



Reluctant Press presents:

Secrets Of Suburbia

Blind Ruth



A 'NEWWOMAN' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2011, Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

SECRETS OF SUBURBIA

BY BLIND RUTH

THE GOOD FOLKS OF SUBURBIA

Westcliffe is a quiet residential suburb of the large city of Dorchester. The good citizens tend to be upper class. This one could tell by the large mansions with their spacious lawns and the hired help employed by the wealthy residents.

The first days of spring were upon the suburb; the tree-lined avenues looked beautiful as the buds on the trees were about to burst into green foliage. When summer came, the whole place would be a Technicolor riot of blues, reds, yellows and violet, even more beautiful than it was now.

This bright Sunday morning, the congregation of the nearby church was emerging after the morning service. The Rev. Allister Dunsmuir was standing outside the church door talking to the members of the congregation as they left. Alison Dunsmuir, the minister's wife, was also talking with some of the ladies. The Reverend and his wife had arrived about eight months ago. They were in their middle twenties. Allister had applied for the position of minister when Rev. Biddle died, not really thinking he would get the position.

Allister was talking to Bruce Calloway and his young beautiful wife, Caprice. The couple had recently married and had come here to live.

Allister Dunsmuir knew exactly who Bruce Calloway was, an up and coming young lawyer, just the sort of man he wanted on the committee to raise funds for the church.

"Bruce, you and your lovely wife must visit me and Alison at the rectory some time for dinner. There is so much I would like to discuss with you and pick your brain. Caprice, I'm sure Alison would like to discuss whether you are interested in joining the women's guild. Women's matters I leave in her hands."

"Thank you, Reverend. If I can be of any help raising funds for the church, I will do my best. I am sure Caprice will be only too willing to help in the Women's Guild, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, I would be delighted to be of any help I can give," she answered in a soft low voice.

Meanwhile, Alison Dunsmuir was talking to two ladies both in their late thirties. "How nice to see you, Camille. We don't often get that pleasure often, unlike your sister Clair, more's the pity."

"I come to church with Camille every Sunday. Unfortunately, unlike her, I cannot come during the week. I have my work to attend to."

"I understand. Your sister is a great help to me in running and organising the Women's Guild." Alison had to rely on Clair Baxter for many things in running the Women's Guild. Clair was the secretary of that organisation long before she came here; she would always take the advice of the older woman in all matters pertaining to the Guild.

"That reminds me, Clair. There are certain matters I would like to discuss with you in private concerning the Guild. I think next Wednesday afternoon after the Guild meeting would be a suitable time, if that is all right with you."

"Of course, Alison. I have no other engagements that day so it would be most suitable."

"If you will excuse me, ladies, there is someone here I would like a word with before she departs," said Alison.

A woman of thirty was in the process of leaving the church. Clutching her hand was a small boy of about four. Petra Mansfield a widow had waited for her son from the small Sunday school class.

"Have you been a good boy, Alex, at the Sunday school today?"

"Yes mommy. We were told all about the baby Jesus. Miss Ellie gave us all pictures of the baby Jesus in a crib."

"Let me see it." Petra's son handed the picture to his mother. "Very nice, Alex. We will pin this up in your room when we get home."

“Yes mommy.”

Petra Mansfield was about to depart to her car in the parking lot when she heard the voice of Alison Dunsmuir.

“Mrs Mansfield, Mrs Mansfield!” said Alison.

Petra Mansfield, still holding the hand of her son, answered, “Yes Alison? How can I be of help to you?”

“I wonder if I could call on you someday this week and have a few words.”

“Certainly, Alison. What do you want to talk about?”

“I would rather leave that till then. Nothing serious, just a little womanly chat is all. I will phone beforehand and we can make arrangements.” The conversation ended there and all parties made their way to their cars to depart.

SISTER DEAR?

Camille and Clair Baxter had returned to their mock Tudor home. Above the mahogany door was a brass plaque on which was emblazoned “Bella Vista,” the name given to this mansion by the present residents. The mansion was really too big for the two women but that did not worry them. In fact, only two of the bedrooms were ever used. In their living room, their maid brought a tray on which were placed two Dolton cups and saucers, a cream jug, a sugar bowl, a coffee pot and some rich tea biscuits on a plate.

“Shall I pour out the coffee, ma’am,” the maid said, addressing Clair Baxter.

“Yes, please do, Angie. No sugar for Camille. Is that right, dear?”

Camille Baxter was removing a pin from her hat that attached it to her hair. "Yes dear, I really am looking forward to a cup of tea." The small blue grey straw pillbox hat trimmed on the back with a straw bow and long blue grey feathers was now removed by Camille and placed on the coffee table in front of her.

Clair Baxter lifted the hat "That's a nice hat, Camille. I've never seen you wear it before."

"I got it on sale in Harrods. Today is the first time I have worn it, dear. I'm glad you like it."

The tea now having been served, the maid was dismissed by Camille Baxter. Turning to Clair, she said, "I know Alison Dunsmuir was going to make an offer for me to join the Women's Guild, but I just do not have the time, Clair dear."

"I know that, dear. You have the business to attend to. I will explain things to Alison. I'm sure she will understand. Besides, with one of us on the committee, I think we are doing our bit for the church."

"I know you really put yourself into it as secretary. Sometimes I think nobody really appreciates the work you put in for that guild. And it is all unpaid. When we came here, we agreed that I would work while you looked after running the house."

"I do so like the work of the Guild. I call it God's work. I have already planned out what Alison is going to talk about next Wednesday."

"You know already, Clair?"

"Of course. Alison Dunsmuir may think I don't but it is clear that funds need to be raised."

"So what are you going to do about it?"

“The ladies of the Guild will hold a sale of home-baked cakes, apple pies and scones. This will be combined with a Bring and Buy Sale.”

“I may not be able to go to the Guild meetings but I will do my bit by baking what I can.”

“That is so nice of you, Camille. Your apple pies are delicious. I think that is why I love you,” Clair said, patting Camille hand.

No more was said. The two graceful ladies retired to their rooms for afternoon rest and prepare for dinner. They had to dress properly in their lovely evening dresses even if no one else would ever see them.

In her room, Camille took off her morning dress and placed it in the wardrobe. In her petticoat, bra and knickers, she lay on top of the single bed. She removed a black satin blindfold from her bedside table drawer, placed it over her eyes and tied it at the back of her head. She was now in complete darkness and would rest, the better to restore her energy for the coming week.

Clair Baxter sat before her bureau in her bedroom scribbling notes about the forthcoming sale of the Women’s Guild. These she would present to Alison Dunsmuir although she had not as yet asked for them. Clair Baxter was already one step ahead of the young pretty wife of the minister. Clair, as an older, wiser woman, could and would teach her many things.

Clair looked at the beautiful rococo-style lacquer and bronze mantle clock on the bedside table which was now chiming four o clock.

It was time she dressed for dinner. She shut her notebook and placed it in a drawer of the bureau, then closed the bureau. Opening a wardrobe, she removed

her dress for dinner. It was a lilac silk jersey dinner dress, with a fitted draped bodice, a low V-shaped neckline, padded shoulders, long inset sleeves, and an ankle-length straight skirt with a gathered front panel. Clair held the dress against her body. Was this too young for her? she wondered as she looked at the deep V at the bodice. After all, in a few weeks she would be forty. She decided to wear it. Her hair had been styled yesterday at Marion's; she had made a nice job of dressing her hair away from her face.

Opening her jewel box, she removed a pair of gold drop earrings, set with coloured stones; this she considered would go nice with the pure gold crucifix she always wore. This crucifix hung from the gold mesh chain around Clair's neck. Depending on what kind of dress she wore, this crucifix would sometimes disappear down between her ample breasts. This being all the jewellery she wore, she commenced dressing.

Like Camille, Clair removed her more sombre dress, appropriate for the pious Christian woman she considered herself to be.

Clair Baxter stood in the bedroom in her underwear. Her underwear she had no intention of taking off, being clean and freshly put on right after her shower. Clair Baxter's underwear consisted of a pink crepe de chine brassiere with darted cups, narrow shoulder straps, back fastening, and lace trim. The lace was repeated on the hem of the matching short knickers. A white lacy garter belt was holding up the brown stockings clipped to it.

Clair, having now slipped the evening dress over her underwear, was in the process of fitting a pair of black leather tapered-heel shoes as she sat on the chair before the dressing table.

Having completed her dressing, it was time to see Camille who was worn out from her work. She drove herself too hard, thought Clair, but that was her nature. After knocking on the door of the room in which Camille was resting, she was told to enter.

Camille had instructed the maid she did not to be want disturbed; the only person who would dare to do that would be Clair.

On entering, Clair looked at the blindfolded Camille. "Tired, darling?"

Camille, who was in the process of untying the black silk blindfold, answered yes.

"Camille, you drive yourself so hard, maybe it is time we took a vacation together. It will do you good. I could give you a massage. You know how you always respond to that, darling."

"You're right but where will I find the time for a vacation? I'm up to here in work."

"You will just have to reschedule things and find the time. Do you remember what happened to Petra Mansfield's husband?"

Camille certainly did. It was three years since he died of a heart attack and left Petra Mansfield with her son Alex to bring up, the poor woman. It was all from overwork; he had so much on his plate, a rest would have done him good. If Camille didn't watch it, she could go that same way.

"Dear, whether you like it or not, I'm going to give you a massage," ordered Clair. Clair had learned that art years ago but rarely used it except on Camille.

Camille knew the routine by now so she turned to lie on her stomach, shutting her eyes to receive the relaxing massage.

Clair unzipped her dress. She put it on a nearby chair, then went to the adjoining bathroom. There she removed a bottle of sweet smelling oils from the cabinet, then came back to where Camille lay on the bed. The shoulder straps of the black satin petticoat that adorned Camille's body were eased off and delicately taken down to Camille waist. Doing so exposed the black brassiere Camille wore. Clair now undid the hook and eye at the back of the bra; Camille raised her body to allow Clair to take the brassiere off completely.

Having poured some oil on her hands, Clair laid the bottle on the bedside table. The oil she now kneaded into the shoulder blades of Camille, massaging and rubbing it in tenderly into her skin. Camille felt more relaxed and sighed as Clair eased her shoulders with the light touch of her fingers.

"You do that so well, Clair darling."

"Do I?" said Clair. She stopped for a moment. Then she planted a soft kiss between the shoulder blades of Camille. She then placed a hand underneath Camille body, to cup and caress the breasts and fondle the nipples. Camille's nipples hardened from the stimulation they were receiving and moans of pleasure emitted from her throat.

"I don't think I should go any further, Camille. It's your time of the month, isn't it?"

"Yes. That is why we sleep in separate rooms when either of us is unwell with the curse, as you know."

"I so look forward to when we can share our bed together again."

“Very soon, Clair. My period will end by tomorrow. Then we can make love again. You do love me, darling, don’t you?”

“Of course I do. How you could ask such a thing after the length of time we have been together?”

“Well, you seem to be eyeing up Alison Dunsmuir. I’ve seen that look before and it got us in trouble. I don’t want our cover blown, Clair. Everyone here thinks we are sisters although we’ve never actually said that to anyone. I know you are inclined to younger woman. I forgive you, though, because I love you so much, Clair.”

“I am not taking the full blame for that incident, Camille. You had a hand in it as you know very well. You were never caught like I was, though.”

“Caught red-handed in bed with the Vicar’s daughter. By her mother, no less.”

“She was a sweet and innocent young woman then, an easy lay.”

“That was only because you had prepared her well, but let’s let bygones be bygones. Her mother was all for exposing us to the papers if we didn’t get the hell out of town immediately. That’s what led us to come here six years ago. We changed our names and let everyone think we were sisters, all for a quiet life. If anyone found out about our past, you would be drummed out of the Women’s Guild and I would lose my good-paying job.”

“Then we must make sure it never happens.”

“Yes, so you must keep away from Alison Dunsmuir. Understand?”

To Clair, that was not as easy as it sounded; she and Alison would be in close proximity with each other during their work for the Women's Guild. Alison was like that Vicar's daughter, sweet and innocent even if she was older than her.

CLAIR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE WAYS OF SAPPHO

Having been sent by her parents to an all-girl boarding school, she was led into the ways of love between members of her own sex. Amorous feelings arise among young girls when there are no males around. Some girls would forget about their innocent fumbling with other girls and become more interested in men. Clair was not one of them; her interest in women remained. When she was at university, she found many willing partners of her own sex to experiment with. Later, after she had left university and was working, she came across one such partner in a bar she sometimes frequented.

"Well, hello there, Clair darling," she gushed. "I haven't seen you in ages. You look simply divine! Come to my place for a drink. We must simply talk over old times, sweetie."

Clair took up her offer and ended up having a tumble in bed with the woman. In the morning at breakfast as she sipped a cup of tea with this woman, she heard something of interest.

"Have you heard about the "All Girls Club," darling?"

"What is that all about, Debra?"

"It's for women of our persuasion. A better class of women go there. I've met some nice refined ladies there and I am on very friendly terms with some of the. I'm sure you would like it, Clair. Are you interested?"

Clair was always on the lookout for like-minded female company. "Yes Debra, I'm interested. Tell me more."

"Good. As a member, I can vouch for you but I must warn you, the yearly membership fee is not cheap. There is a disco every Friday and Saturday night but that may not be your style. You can even stay overnight if you wish; that is included in the yearly fee. I have stayed with a woman companion and we shared a bed together. My overseas clients have never seen anything like it for women. Are you still interested?"

"Yes, certainly. When can I join?"

"It may take a few weeks to get things moving but you have started the ball rolling."

Clair gave Debra a kiss as she left her flat. Maybe this was the place she had been seeking. She would be among her own kind, no need to seek them out anymore.

The club was situated on an obscure street near the centre of London, not easy to find unless you knew about it. There were no signs advertising the premises; from the outside it was not impressive. That had been deliberately done to keep prying eyes away; the members would not wish it to become a place that the general public could find.

All this impressed Clair. When she and Debra entered the hallway, an elderly grey-headed lady greeted them. "This must be your candidate, Debra. The committee is assembled to approve of her. If you will follow me, we shall proceed to the committee room."

The woman led them up a staircase and on to a floral carpeted corridor. As she walked along the corridor, Clair saw a number of prints of famous lesbians throughout history. The elderly woman stopped in front of a double door, knocked, and was told to enter. They entered into a room set out in Regent style, with furniture of that period to match. In front of Clair was a long narrow table with women on either side of it. One chair was vacant; this the elderly woman who led them sat down upon.

At the top of the table sat an impressive woman in her mid-sixties with strands of white showing through her auburn hair.

Above her chair on the wall was a large oil painting of a naked woman. Clair was told that it was an impression of Sappho painted by a member of the club. The painting had been evaluated at several thousand pounds.

The white haired woman rose and held her hand out to shake Clair's. "I am Francesca, chairwoman of our committee. Welcome, Clair. Do not be afraid. This is just a mere formality, your credentials have already been checked out."

"How would you know anything about me? I mean..."

"My dear, it is our business to know all about those who seek to enter these walls. Debra phoned that you wished to be admitted to our club. Contacts were im-

mediately made at the places where you were educated. I can say there is no barrier for you entering. You have the right credentials for the club. We do not want those who think sleeping with the right woman will help them climb the social ladder. That is not what this club was ever intended for."

A woman near the top of the table now spoke. "I am Abigail Trotter. Everybody calls me Abby. I am the treasurer of the club. We will have a discussion regarding club fees and rules. I know many people don't like to discuss money matters but it has to be done if our club is to survive."

"That is all right. I have brought my check book with me as suggested by Debra. No time like the present to get down to business," said Clair.

All committee members were impressed by the way this young lady went about things. Clair was left alone with the treasurer as the other committee members dispersed to go about their business. Fees were explained by Abby. Clair then made a cheque made out to the "All Girls Club."

After that, Abby said to Clair, "Follow me, dear. I will show you the club facilities." Abby opened a door to a room containing two rows of plush seats. In front of these seats was a cinema screens.

"This is our film theatre."

"Film theatre?" Clair said.

"Yes, I can see you are puzzled. During the week, we show films of a lesbian nature. We run two films a week, one on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, then another Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Sunday is a double feature. There are sometimes educational films."

“Educational?” queried Clair.

“Yes, like the history of lesbianism, famous lesbians in history and things like that. Very interesting,” finished Abby.

“Have you ever shown ‘The killing of Sister George’ or ‘The Children’s Hour,’ Abby?”

“Yes, have you seen them?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“They are not scheduled at the present but I am sure they will turn up again soon.”

Clair was led back to the hallway, then into a large room off it. “This is the club room with a bar and disco floor,” said Abby.

As Clair looked round the large room, she saw posters advertising some holiday or other.

“You said everything here is of a lesbian nature, Abby. What have these holiday posters got to do with that?”

“They are places where one is likely to meet a woman of the same persuasions as you. The Isle of Lesbos is a favourite here. I was not really impressed with it, but many members still go there. The club acts as an agent for some of the travel companies.”

On leaving the club room, Clair was shown two rooms, one converted to a beautician, the other into a hairdressing salon. There was also a fully fitted gymnasium with weights, fixed bicycles and other equipment to keep fit. A number of women in track suits were engaged in their workouts.

Opposite the club room was a small room; on the door was a brass cross. Abby explained this was the

club chapel where members could come along to pray if they wished. "There is a chaplain who comes here on Sunday and conducts a service. If you wish to talk to her about any problem you may have, she will listen and try and help," Abby explained.

Clair found there was even a kiosk that sold books on lesbianism fact and fiction. Clair quickly came to the conclusion that this was the place for her.

The first months flew by for Clair. She met many woman and shared a bed with some of them. One mid-week night while she was talking to a woman she had had a fling with, the chairwoman of the club sat down beside the two women.

"How are you finding things, Clair? All to your liking, I hope."

"Yes, Madam Chairwoman. This place is better than I had anticipated. I have met many friendly woman. There is no awkwardness between us for we all know why we are here."

"I am glad to hear that, Clair. We are all open with each other but you must not press any woman if they are not inclined. I'm sure you understand my meaning." By this time, Francesca was gently stroking the top of Clair's hand. Clair was not shocked by the older woman's advances towards her. In fact, Clair wondered what it would be like in bed with her; she surely would learn much from this woman. Francesca had kept her body in the best of condition so Clair willingly let Francesca carry on seducing her.

Francesca Harrison had a way with seducing younger women and seemingly never failed. She had taken a fancy to Clair since her introductory meeting some months ago.

“Are you staying the night, Clair?”

“I wasn’t really planning on it, Francesca. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, if you were, I would have invited you to my room for a night-cap before you retired and a friendly chat, that’s all.”

“That’s very nice of you, Francesca. I might just change my mind and book a room now. I certainly would like a chat.”

Francesca said, “Don’t bother going to the desk, dear. You can phone from my room.”

“Very well,” said Clair.

Francesca held her hand out to Clair. Then both the elder and the younger woman left the club room arm in arm as women do. Francesca Harrison’s room was on the first floor, not far from the committee room where both women first met.

Once inside that room, Francesca asked Clair, “What do you wish to drink?” Francesca was now walking over to a small cocktail cabinet.

“Bacardi and coke please.”

“No problem, dear. A gin and tonic for me.” Francesca poured the two drinks out, came over to Clair, handed her the drink and bid her to sit beside the coffee table as she took up the other chair.

Francesca Harrison was a well-known fighter for lesbian rights and had appeared on many discussion

programmes on television. Clair asked Francesca many questions about her appearances on those programmes. Francesca she was used to that since she had come out a long time ago.

But that was not what mattered at present; it was this young woman in front of her that she desired. Francesca rose and held her arms out. "Come here, my dear. I wish to kiss you."

These words did not shock or frighten Clair. She come to this room knowing that the older woman was seducing her.

Clair responded to the request and was embraced by Francesca who now gently pressed her lips to Clair's mouth. Clair returned the kiss with passion.

"I've wanted those sweet lips of yours ever since I first saw you. Give them willingly to me, sweetness." Francesca again pressed her lips to the young woman. Clair drew her breath in, overcome by passion.

Clair found the older woman slowly running her hands through her blonde hair as their lips pressed excitedly together.

The kissing ceased; Francesca offered her hand to lead her younger partner towards the French Empire-style bed with its figured walnut panels and ormolu mounts.

The nimble fingers of Francesca were already behind Clair and at the zip of her dress, pulling it sharply downwards, loosening it off Clair's shoulders so that it would fall to her feet. Clair slipped her shoes and stockings off. She was pushed onto the bed and found Francesca on top of her, hands on the waist band of the black nylon knickers she wore. Not for long as they were being pulled down by her older partner.

A red lipstick mouth was descending on the precious spot between her legs; hands and fingers were parting the black pubic hair covering Clair's cunt. Clair lifted her legs onto the shoulders of the older woman to give her easier access to the sacred spot she desired. Clair soon felt the tongue of the older woman enter inside, lapping and tormenting her clitoris which was swelling from the attention and adoration it was receiving. Francesca was a wise disciple of Sappho and knew how to get the best out of her young partaker. She stopped her ministrations for now; they would be resumed at a later time.

Francesca turned her attention to the sweet young breasts of her lover, so inviting to her roving tongue that was now flicking over them. The nipples were swelling nicely for our lustful chairwoman. She considered Clair one of the best lays she had had in a long time; this certainly would not be the last time her young companion would sleep in her bed.

The following morning when Clair awoke, she heard the running of a bath. Shortly after, Francesca appeared at the bathroom door with a white towel draped round her. "I have just drawn a bath for the two of us to freshen up after last night's activities."

Clair quickly rose from the bed to accompany her lesbian friend in the bath. When Clair entered the bathroom, she saw the bath itself was large enough to hold two persons comfortably. She had never seen a bath as wide as this before. Francesca in the soapy sweet smelling bubble bath water. The smell of lavender drifted through the room. It would indeed be a joy to be in that bath beside her lover of last night.

Clair expected more lovely lesbian play between her and the chairwoman; she was not to be disappointed.

Once in the water, she placed herself between Francesca open legs, her back to the older woman, resting her head on the chairwoman's breasts. A soapy sponge was washing down the back of Clair; every so often the older woman would stop and plant a kiss on the wet surface. Francesca placed the sponge on the wire mesh holder in the bath, leaving her hands free. And free they were to caress the beautiful breasts of her young companion. Clair could feel her mounds of womanhood swell with the movements of the hands of Francesca. Clair leaned her head back and put her hands up to embrace the neck of Francesca who lowered her head to plant kiss upon kiss on Clair's sweet mouth. Clair's was welcoming all the attention her older lover was giving her. Francesca shifted her attention to between Clair's legs. Clair approved.

"Come on, Clair, let me feel you want this. I can give you all the love you want."

The tables were turned and now Clair was at Francesca's breasts. Both women laughed and frolicked in the water hands going here, there and everywhere. Clair was learning the art of lesbian love. No better teacher could she have than Francesca Harrison.

Their ablutions over, Francesca stepped out of the bath and held a large white bath towel to wrap round the young woman who had given her so much pleasure. Clair willingly let the towel be wrapped round her. Francesca slowly dried her and intensely caressed Clair's intimate private parts with her fingers, accompanied by little giggles of delight from Clair.

Francesca stopped as her young companion was now fully dry. She pointed to a wicker chair and indicated for Clair to sit on it. Francesca placed a rubber mat in front of the chair and kneeled on it. Her hands took Clair's legs and placed them one at a time over each side of the chair. There spread out before her eyes was the wondrous sight of Clair pretty little pussy which Francesca was now about to feed upon greedily. Her fingers on each side of the pretty quim, Francesca's tongue was quickly licking the moist pink fleshy inside. Clair was wriggling uncontrollable on the chair above Francesca.

In short order, Clair had the most powerful orgasm of her entire life. Her lover had satisfied her beyond anything she had ever imagined. Their sexual encounter finished, both women departed from the bathroom to dress. There was a knock at the door and a maid entered with breakfast on a tray for both women. Francesca poured out two cups of tea. As they sat at the table, she chatted to her young companion of the night.

"Are you going to work this morning, Clair?"

"I don't think. I'll phone in that I am delayed. I can always make the time up later. What about you?"

"I've enough I can do here without being at the office," Francesca said, pointing to a number of documents lying on a desk.

Then a thought came to Francesca's mind. "Maybe we could spend the day together."

Clair replied, "Maybe we could."

The two beautiful ladies spent the rest of that day exploring all the possibilities of lesbian love.

Clair Sheppard had been a member of the "All Girls Club" for a year now and had just renewed her membership. Everyone knew she was the Chairwoman's favourite. She and Francesca spent much time together at the club and at Francesca's stately home.

Francesca had gone abroad for a few weeks on business. At the club, Clair spotted a woman on her own sitting at a corner table. She went over to the woman. "I haven't seen you before. Hi, I'm Clair Sheppard." Clair held out her hand to the woman who was about the same age as herself. The woman took Clair's hand and they shook.

"I'm Millicent Murphy but please just call me Millie. Pleased to meet you, Clair."

Clair sat down beside Millicent. "Just recently joined, have you?"

"Yes. I've been so busy with my work that this is the first time since my approval I've had time to relax here."

"Would you like some company tonight, Millie?" Clair asked Millie. She rather liked the look of this woman, about the same age as herself. It was perhaps time she moved on from Francesca. She would always consider Francesca as her mentor in lesbian love and look up to her but now might be the time for the fledgling to take up her wings and fly.

"That would be nice, Clair. What would you like to drink?"

"No, I'll get the drinks, seeing it's your first time at the club. What would you like?"

"A highball please, Clair."

"The usual for me, Betty and a highball for the lady sitting at that table. Put it on my room bill."

"Sure, Clair. I'll bring the drinks over to your table. New girl tonight? I haven't seen her here before."

"Yes, just met her. Her name is Millie."

Clair with her new friend. "What line of work are you in, Millie?"

"I'm an architect. What do you do?"

"I work as an advisor for a company that supplies supermarkets with goods, mostly clothes."

"Architect. That must be an interesting job. Designed any buildings that I may know of?"

"Not really. Most of the buildings I've worked on are not even in this country. I've just come back from Asia. Countries there are expanding to sell their wares to the West. But let us not talk work, Clair."

"What do you do for relaxation then, Millie?"

"Tennis if I can find a partner."

"Do you really? I would like to give you a game but it has been since I've played."

"Would you really? My club is on the outskirts of London. Would you like to come along, say tomorrow, or is that too soon?"

"I would but I have no suitable skirts or even a racket."

"Don't worry. I can supply all. You are about the same size as me and I have plenty of tennis rackets."

“Splendid! It’s a date. I look forward to it even though I expect you are going to thrash me. It’s ages since I was on a court.”

The following day Millie was whizzing down the country roads on the outskirts of London in her open-top MG, Clair in the passenger seat beside her. Both women made for the changing room where Millie had her own locker containing her rackets and tennis clothes.

Millie handed Clair a skirt and blouse, shoes and a racket. “Ready, Clair?” said Millie, holding out a hand to take her partner on to a court.

“How many sets, Clair? Three?”

Clair Sheppard who had not played tennis for many a year didn’t think she had enough puff to play that long and replied, “Two will be sufficient.”

Millie said that Clair could serve first. There was no doubt Clair was rusty; Millie won against Clair’s service. When it was Millie’s turn to serve, she ran Clair ragged all over the court. Clair knew she was going to be beat soundly but the sight of Millie’s flashing skirt and short panties excited her. The match over, both women made their way to the communal showers.

Clair was not going to waste any time with Millie. As soon as they entered the shower, she put a hand between Millie’s legs. There was no objection. Clair knew this woman wanted to be played with.

Giggles came from the shower as the two women frolicked merrily in that shower. Hands touched every part of their bodies.



A long relationship start with that moment. Eventually the two women moved in together. Some time later, because of a problem with a vicar's daughter, their names were changed. Millicent Murphy changed hers to Camille Baxter while Clair kept her first name and took the Baxter surname. The women moved to a town far away from where they had caused all that trouble and settled down. They let people think they were Camille and Clair Baxter, sisters. It was better that way. No hassles.

For now let us leave the two sisters who never were sisters. We will visit them again. It is time to catch up with another of the aforementioned congregation.

MOMMY'S LITTLE DARLING

Petra Mansfield arrived back from church to her home. She parked the car in the garage, unbuckled her safety belt, then her son's. Taking her son's hand, she led him into the adjoining kitchen.

"Marie, make up a salad. I'll take it on the lawn. It's such a hot day, we need something cool, don't we, Alex?" said his mother.

"Yes, Mommy," replied her little son.

"Now go to your room ,Alex and pin that picture of the baby Jesus above your bed."

"Here, Mommy," said her son, clutching the photo.

"Have you any drawing pins about the kitchen, Marie?"

"Yes ma'am," said the cook, opening a table drawer and handing a box of pins to her mistress.

"Thanks, Marie." Petra lead her son out the kitchen and up the stairs to his bedroom.

“We will pin the picture here above your pillow so that the baby Jesus will always look down on you and protect you, Alex. You must pray every night to the baby Jesus. Promise Mommy that you will.”

“Oh yes, Mommy. I promise I will.”

Petra Mansfield kissed her son and gave him a hug. “You’re a good little boy, Alex.” Her son reminded Petra so much of her late husband, Alexander. It was a happy marriage, all ten years of it, like that young couple she saw talking to the minister the morning she and Alexander arrived here right after their honeymoon.

“Mommy will come to your room tonight and pray beside you, Alex.” Her son nodded his head.

“We must dress you as you will be going outside to the lawn for lunch.”

Petra was opening drawers, taking light, summery clothes out for her son. She dressed him in the clothes and placed a sun hat on his head.

“There we are. Take some of your toys out your play box so that you can play with them on the lawn. Show me what you want, sweetheart.” Petra left her son merrily playing away. Going into the kitchen, she asked Marie to keep an eye on her son as she was going to change and take a shower.

“Very good, ma’am. The salad is ready. I’ll take it out to the lawn, along with the trifle for Master Alex and stay there till you appear.”

Petra made her way to her bedroom which was next to her son’s. She made sure the door was firmly shut, then looked around to see no one was about. She opened a drawer in her dressing table and withdrew a pair of her panties. These concealed a bottle of white wine. Pulling the cork out quickly, she put the bottle to

her lips and took a swig, then another. "That's better," thought Petra.

Petra was a secret drinker and kept the wine bottles hidden; she would buy then when she was alone in town so that no one would know. She had prayed in church just this morning for God to intervene in her problem? Recently she had been feeling yearnings to have sex again. Petra felt she was being disloyal to the memory of her late husband, tried to fight it and found solace in the bottle. If only she could be like those pious Baxter sisters.

Having put the cork on the bottle, she wrapped the panties round it, then placed the bottle at the far end of the drawer, pushing petticoats and panties over so she could close the drawer.

Divesting her clothes, she entered the bathroom, stepped under the shower and turned the cold water tap on. Surely the cold water would wash these urges out of her body. Standing under the shower head, Petra let the water pour down her body. After she considered she had had enough, she turned the cold water tap off. Lifting the large blue towel off the heated rail, she vigorously rubbed herself down. With that done, she left the bathroom and started to dress. No slip and no stockings, just a bra and panties, the summery green dress with yellow daisies patterned on it and a pair of brown open-toe sandals. Petra was now ready for lunch with her son.

Meanwhile Alex was happily playing with his toys; Marie the cook had come out to watch him as instructed by his mother.

"Mommy is going to say prayers with me tonight, Marie. Isn't that nice?" said Alex.

“You are a lucky boy to have a mommy that will do that, sweetheart.”

Marie looked at the small boy with a tinge of jealousy; he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. This boy would want for nothing, unlike her grandchildren. Her son-in-law had run off and left her daughter all those kids to bring up. Petra Mansfield was a very rich widow with two houses; soon they would be leaving for their summer house and not come back here till fall. Marie would not be required till fall and therefore unemployed. Master Alex would be sent to the best schools and university. He would be a doctor or a lawyer, maybe a scientist, with a fortune to inherit. Yes Marie was jealous of this boy.

By this time Petra had arrived to see her son play with his toys. Petra Mansfield did not want any aggressive toys for her son. She had been a pacifist in her university days, participating in many anti-war demonstrations. So nothing of a military nature was every considered. If Alex' grandparents gave him any toys of an aggressive nature, Petra would dispose of them.

A cold lunch was served by Marie. Petra dismissed Marie to carry on with her duties as cook. As she left, Marie remarked, “There is thunder in the air, ma'am.”

“Do you really think so, Marie? It has been such a lovely day up till now.”

Petra looked at her watch. “Come on, Alex. It's time you had your afternoon nap.”

“Do I have to go to bed now?” her son pleaded.

“All little boys need their sleep to grow into big strong men, Alex.”

Petra led her protesting son to his bedroom and prepared him for his afternoon nap.

Dinner was now over. Petra made sure he was put to bed early.

As Petra led her son back to his bedroom, he said, "Mommy, you promised you would say prayers with me tonight"

"I haven't forgotten. We will get you ready for bed, then kneel at your bed and pray together."

"Yes, Mommy."

Soon Petra had her son dressed in his blue pyjamas. Petra placed him at the side of the bed, then knelt beside him. "Now let's pray, Alex. How do we start?"

"Please God, make me a good boy for my mommy. And watch over my daddy who is now up in heaven with you. Take care of my mommy who is so good to me and loves me."

Having completed his part of the prayer, Alex looked through his clasped fingers at his mother. "It's your turn, Mommy."

"Keep your eyes shut while Mommy prays," smiled Petra.

"Please God, makes me a good mommy for Alex. Make Alex love his mommy and be a good boy.

Bless this house and everybody in it."

She paused upon completing her half of the prayer, then continued. "There we are, Alex. Now it's time you had your beauty sleep, you have nursery school to attend to in the morning." Holding the bed covers back, Petra tucked her son in. She bent down and gave Alex

a kiss on the forehead, put the light out and left the bedroom.

Petra made her way downstairs to the living room to read a book. The book was a romantic, weepy, novel but Petra wasn't really all that interested in it. She looked out the living room window; rain was lightly falling. Maybe it was time she went to bed.

Sitting on the bed, Petra pulled the cork out, held the wine bottle to her lips and drank. The rain was heavier and the thunder louder now but that did not stop Petra from taking another swig of wine.

A flash of lighting lit the room up. A cry came from her son's room "Mommy, Mommy please," cried her son Alex.

Petra quickly put the cork on the wine bottle, put it under the bed and made her way to her son's room. She switched the light on to see her son huddled under the bed sheets.

"What is it, Alex?"

"I'm frightened, Mommy."

Just then, another flash of lighting came and the little boy hugged the pillow. Petra lifted her son up into her arms. "It is only stupid old thunder, Alex. It won't harm you." Petra gave her son a kiss and a hug.

"I'm scared Mommy," said Alex. "I don't want to stay alone."

"Okay, for tonight you can come and sleep in mommy's bed." Taking his hand, she led him into her room and placed him in her bed.

"Go to sleep and be a good boy. Mommy is here to protect you." Petra gave her son a kiss and a cuddle.

The thunder was rumbling in the distance. The storm was passing and Alex had fallen fast asleep.

In the morning, Petra woke first. "Alex, Alex, it is time to get up."

Her son slowly opened his eyes. "Do I have to, Mommy?"

"I'm afraid you have to, darling. You want to be a clever boy and grow up like your daddy, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so, Mommy." As his mother bent over him, he got a whiff of the delicious perfume she had sprayed on herself this morning.

"Mommy, you smell so nice."

"That's very nice of you to say, Alex. Mommies should smell nice. That is what mommies are for."

Petra led her son back to his room, dressed him for school, then led him back down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Marie served orange juice and Cocoa Pops for Alex, coffee and French rolls for Petra. Marie was somewhat surprised to see Petra still in her nightdress which had never happened before. It was only when she caught a glance from Marie that Petra realised what she was wearing. "Marie, please see that Alex gets on the school bus this morning. I have to go to my room and dress."

"Yes ma'am."

In her room, Petra pulled the half-full bottle of wine out from under the bed. She removed the cork, took two slugs from it and placed the bottle back in her lingerie drawer. She had to find something that would occupy her time and get her off the bottle, she just had to.

Night time had fallen in the suburb of Westcliffe. There was no sign of thunder or lightning this evening. All was peaceful as Petra was about to put her son to bed. "Now let us do our prayers, Alex."

"Mommy, can't I say them beside your bed and go to sleep there? It's so nice and warm there beside you, Mommy. Please."

Petra looked at her son. "Well, maybe just this once but only tonight."

"My Mommy is the best mommy in the world!" her son gushed.

Mother and son said their prayers and Petra placed her son in bed beside her. Petra Mansfield made a mistake letting her son sleep beside her that night because it did not end there. He would sleep next to her the next night and the next and so on. She was turning Alex into a Mommy's Boy, a boy who would do all that his mother said without question.

It was during one of her binges that she got the bright idea of buying her son a little girl's nightie. Didn't he look sweet lying there beside her, the darling little angel? Won't he look even better in a lovely nightdress, her alcohol-filled brain thought.

A little drink the following morning gave her the courage to go to a shop that sold girl's clothes and purchase the nightie. It was a lovely pink satin long nightie that came to the ankles with a pretty little pink bow at the neck.

"For your daughter, madam?" enquired the elderly shop assistant.

“Yes, it’s to be a surprise.”

That night, Petra had a few drinks again before she took her son to her room to put him to bed. Petra said she had a surprise for him.

“What is it, Mommy?”

“You’ll see. Now prepare yourself for bed, Alex.” This he did and saw that his mommy was hiding something behind her back. When he had nothing on, Mommy brought what was behind her back out. It was a parcel wrapped up in fancy coloured paper.

“What do you think this is, Alex?” said Petra in a slightly slurred voice.

“I don’t know, Mommy,” a curious Alex answered.

“You are a good boy, are you not, Alex?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“Then close your eyes and Mommy will put this nightdress on her little darling.” Petra opened the parcel and placed the dress on her son.

“Open your eyes, Alex.” He did. “Isn’t that nice? A pretty little girl’s nightie.”

“But it is for girls, Mommy.”

“Yes that is right but little boys should not sleep with their mommies. Only little girls can do that. If you have a girl’s nightdress on, that will make it okay.”

“Yes Mommy, if you say so.” Mommy had said it was all right and he always did what Mommy told him. So it was that Alex wore his first item of feminine clothing. It would not be his last.

After putting the nightdress on her son, Petra gave him many hugs and kisses. He did look look like a sweet little girl in that nightie. ‘Maybe he might look

better in a little girl's skirt," Petra alcohol fuddled brain thought. "I'll dress Alex in girl's clothes. Who would know if it's done in private?"

Then a thought came to Petra. In a few week's time, she would be leaving to go to her summer house till fall. No one there would know anything if he was seen all the time in girl clothes. They would look nice together as she and her 'daughter' walked along the promenade. All the other mothers would be so jealous of her ersatz daughter, Alexandria.

Petra was now planning the entrance of her son into the secret world of girlhood. As the time came near to depart for the summer, Petra told Marie to clean the house up. The "Sea View," as the house was named, was well over a hundred miles from Westcliffe so Marie was sent for three days to clean out the house.

Marie knew when she came back, Mrs Mansfield would dismiss her for the summer. She had already applied as a cook at some restaurants with no luck so far. Mrs. Mansfield and that son of hers could lie back and soak the sun up all summer while she had to slave away. Life just wasn't fair.

Little Alex, or Alexandria., would kneel beside his mommy's bed waiting for her to say prayers. Alex was proud to wear this lovely pink satin girl nightdress; it was so different from his pyjamas; it made him feel different from other boys! The nightie felt nice and soft against his body. Were all girl clothes like this?

Petra was pleased by how her son had taken to wearing the nightdress. Maybe she should dress him in girl's clothes before they went on holiday. This could be done secretly at night when Marie had gone home and they were all alone. So Petra purchased a number of items of girls clothing she kept locked up in a large

trunk for which only she had a key. That trunk would be taken on holiday with them. At night, the trunk would be opened and various items would be placed on her son to see how they looked on him. If Petra did not think they were right on Alexandria., back they would go to the shop to be replaced with something she thought more suitable for her son/daughter.

Petra was convinced she was doing the right thing putting her son in girl clothes. Girls were less inclined to have aggressive tendencies and were a lot more anti-war. Maybe some of Petra's rebelliousness was expressed in dressing her son in girl's clothes.

One night after Petra and her son had said their prayers, Petra asked, "Do you like wearing the night-dress, Alex?"

"Yes Mommy, it is so nice."

"Good. How would you like to wear a dress? But you mustn't tell anybody, it is just a little secret between Mommy and you."

Alex thought for a moment. "Yes Mommy. I won't tell anyone."

Petra was glad to hear her son say so. She opened a cupboard inside a large brown trunk; inside was all kinds of girl clothes. Alex had never seen so many items of girl clothes in his life.

Petra held up matching petticoat and knickers in a light soft blue colour. "What about these, Alexandria.? Aren't they pretty and nice for you to wear?"

Alex looked at the lingerie his mommy was holding up before him. He did want to put the knickers on.

“All little girl clothes are nice. Now what about a frock? Do you see anything in there you want to wear, Alexandria?”

“What about that one, Mommy?” he/she said, pointing to a blue nylon frock with a red rose design on it.

“Yes, that is a nice dress. We will take that one and these white ankle socks and these.” Petra had withdrawn a pair of black Mary Jane shoes.

“Come here till your mommy dresses you all up in your girl clothes.”

Petra placed the clothes on the bed and proceeded to remove the white nightdress from her son. Petra removed the light blue nylon knickers from the bed and held them before her son to step into. This he did as Petra adjusted them snugly around his waist. The petticoat was next; she put on his body, followed by the white cotton ankle socks. “Hold your hands up, Alexandria.”

Alexandria’s mommy was now slipping the blue dress over her son’s head, smoothing it down, then buttoning up the back of it.

“Sit down, Alexandria!” He did on his/her mommy’s dressing table chair as Petra approached with the pair of black Mary Jane shoes. Once they were placed on his feet, Petra told her son to stand up and walk around the room. Alexandria wobbled slightly. Petra dismissed this as she figured her son would get used to the low heels of the shoes.

She would have to let his hair grow longer so that by the time they arrived at “Sea View,” she could take him/her to the ladies hairdresser, all dressed in girl fin-

ery. What about makeup? No, that would be too perverted for a boy as young as she!

Alexandria was so young; even his voice could pass as female and male. Only later in life would the difference be noticed by anyone. But why was Petra thinking in terms of later life? This was only for the holidays, wasn't it?

SUMMER AT THE SEASIDE

Petra and her daughter Alexandria. had been at their summer home more than a week now. Everything had gone smoothly; all there accepted Alexandria as her daughter. There wasn't even any fuss when she took Alexandria to the hairdressers and had her hair styled. Now she looked like the typical girl of her age with two braided pigtails. Petra became friendly with the other mothers in the nearby mansions; she hadn't seen these families the previous year. Therefore they knew nothing about Alex. Two families had little girls about the same age as her Alexandria and they let the girls play together on the white sandy beach. That pleased Petra; her son/daughter was being accepted by other little girls.

Alexandria was even invited to one of the girl's birthday party, as she excitedly told her mommy.

"When will that be, Alexandria?"

"I don't know, Mommy."

"Don't worry, I'll check with Mrs. Drummond. You will need a party dress and a present for Ginny, won't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, Mommy," she replied, a little curious as to what wearing a party dress would be like. Alexandria had been to a few parties before but never as a girl. The

girls she saw at those parties always seemed to have nice fancy dresses that swayed round their bodies as they walked. The girls looked so nice in their dresses; would she look like that too?

Petra asked Fiona Drummond about the party and was informed it was the coming Saturday at five p.m.

“Good, that gives me time to buy Alexandria a new party frock. She is growing up so fast, I don’t think her present one will fit her,” she lied.

“I know. Children grow so fast these days. Ginny is getting a new dress too because it is her birthday,”

“I bet she is all excited to get her new party frock, just like Alexandria.”

“Petra dear, I would advise you to go to the Dallas store in town. They sell the nicest party dresses for little girls. Not only that, the prices are very cheap but the frocks don’t look cheap. That is where I’m taking Ginny.”

“I really appreciate that, Fiona. Alexandria may only wear the dress once. The next time she goes to a party, she may be too big for it.”

The following morning, Alexandria found herself in her mother’s car on the road to the nearby town of Boggle Bay. It was a town where many antique shops flourished due to the financial situation of the residents.

Having parked in the multi-storey car park, Petra and Alexandria made their way to the store. The six-story building stood right at the very front of the main street that ran parallel with the sandy beach. It was taller than any of the other shops there.

Petra looked at the direction sign just inside the store's doorway. "Come, Alexandria, it is the second floor for us." There were various sections on that floor: dresses, school uniforms, underwear, coats, shoes but Petra could not see anything about party dresses. She made her way to a counter where an assistant had just finished serving a customer.

"Yes Madam, can I be of help?"

"I'm looking for a party frock for my daughter here."

"I'll get the lady who serves that counter." The assistant left and came back with an elderly woman.

"If Madam will follow me, we will help you out." The elderly woman led them past a number of counters till Petra and her daughter stood before a counter that had a sign saying 'Party Frocks' above it.

"What sort of frock had you in mind, Madam?" asked the sales lady.

"I'm not sure. It's Alexandria's first party," answered Petra.

"I see," said the sales woman. "If Madam will allow me, may I make a few suggestions? I think I can suggest a number of party frocks that will be suitable for your daughter."

"Please do," Petra had no idea as to what she wanted for her fake daughter, never having been in this position before.

"If Madam will go into this cubicle and undress her daughter down to her knickers, I have something in mind I think is just the thing for a little girl going to a party for the first time."

Petra took Alexandria into the cubicle and unbuttoned her daughter dress. She now stood in just her knickers, white socks and small flat girl shoes. No sooner was that completed when the sales woman appeared with a dress over one arm and a number of other items over the other.

Placing the items and dress over a chair she addressed Alexandria's mother. "She can keep her knickers on at present; there is no need to take them off. I will show you the proper pair to wear under the dress when fitted."

So saying, the sales lady held up a pair of white satin knickers; there were three rows of white lace going down the knickers and stopping where the legs began. The bottom of each leg was trimmed with white lace with four equally-spaced white bows.

"They are simply heavenly," exclaimed Petra. "Aren't they, darling?" she said, looking at her offspring.

"Oh yes, Mommy" said Alexandria. She wanted to put these knickers on as quick as she could but it seemed that would not happen for a little while yet.

"Let us slip the petticoat on first." This the saleswoman placed over the head of Alexandria; it fell nicely down her body. The petticoat was a mass of white frothy lace from the waist downwards. It stopped just above Alexandria's knees.

The white satin dress was now fitted; it looked lovely. The two trailing parts at the back of the dress were now tied into a large white bow.

"What do you think of that, Madam?"

“No words can describe the beauty of this dress and my daughter does justice to it,” Petra said, giving her daughter a cuddle.

“Yes Mommy” answered her daughter.

“She does look nice, Madam. I have a pair of white ankle socks and a low-heeled pair of shoes that go well with the rest. Shall we fit them on now?”

After these were fitted, the saleswoman told Alexandria to walk across the cubicle floor. As she did so, her dress swayed from side to side and bobbed up and down. The mass of white frothy lace looked lovely as an occasional glimpse of Alexandria tartan knickers would be seen. Petra withdrew a chequebook from her handbag. “How much?” she asked the saleswoman. Petra was pleased with herself because this girl’s party dress looked just the thing for her son!

The day of the party came and Alexandria was excited that morning as her mommy dressed her in all her finery; at last she would be wearing the white satin panties she longed to put on. How delicious they felt against her skin!

Alexandria’s mommy had bought an small inexpensive jewellery set as a present for her daughter to give to Ginny at the party. The set consisted of a multi-coloured necklace, silver-coloured bangle, and a pair of gold-style earrings. Alexandria could boast that she did not need clip-on earrings as her mommy had had her ears pierced. There was a booth in the store’s dress department for that purpose. Petra had also purchased earrings and a few necklaces and bangles for the son she was now spoiling as her daughter.

Everything ready, it was time to go to that party. Petra parked the car in front of the mansion that Ginny

lived in. The front door was opened by Fiona Drummond with her small daughter standing by her side. "It is nice to see you, Petra." Both women kissed each other on the cheek as if they were lifelong friends. The little girls standing beside their mummies did the same thing.

"Alexandria," said her mommy, "are you not going to give Ginny her birthday present?" Alexandria who was holding the jewellery set handed it shyly to her little girlfriend.

Ginny excitedly opened the fancy wrapped box. "Mommy, look what Alexandria has given me!"

"That is nice of Alexandria; did you give her a kiss for such a nice present?" This her daughter immediately did. Alexandria was getting used to receiving kisses. It was nice to kiss and be kissed and she liked it.

Fiona Drummond led Alexandria and her mother into the large living room where a large number of children with their parents were gathered. Petra and her daughter mingled with mums and a few dads.

Fiona Drummond clapped her hands for attention. "Children, Mr. Giggles has come to amuse you and do his magician tricks. After that, you will all sit down to eat and Ginny will have her birthday cake. She must blow out all the candles, don't you, Ginny?" Her daughter nodded her head.

"Now boys and girls, let's hear a big round of applause for Mr Giggles." A man made up like a clown with a big red nose entered the room to much laughter from all. Fiona Drummond gestured to the parents to leave their offspring and come with her into the kitchen.

“That should keep them amused for an hour or so. As you can see, there are all sorts of drinks on the table. Help yourself.” The parents broke into small groups, chatting amongst themselves. Fiona went around, mingling and thanking the parents for the birthday presents their offspring had given her daughter.

“You’re not drinking, Petra. Here, have a gin and tonic. Let your hair down. That’s a very nice dress Alexandria has on,” Fiona said, handing Petra a full glass.

Petra Mansfield had been off the booze since she had started to dress her son in girl clothes. The idea of her son being her daughter gave her something else to think about. But now she was off her guard and automatically accepted the drink.

“Thank you, Fiona. If it hadn’t been for you, I may well not have seen it. We went to that Dallas store. The lady there was most helpful.”

Fiona Drummond was handing Petra another drink which she also took without thinking. Petra was reverting to old habits.

The party was now over and the parents gathered their offspring to leave.

“Did Mommy’s little darling have a good time at Ginny’s party?” said Petra in a slightly slurred voice.

“Yes Mommy, it was great and Mr Giggles was fun.”

“Was he?” Petra answered, not really taking in what her false daughter was saying. She and Alexandria were now in Petra’s Renault, about to leave. Petra first stalled the engine but finally got the car going, a bit erratically.

A man with his wife and son watching Petra remarked, "That woman's drunk."

"I hope not. There is a little girl in there with her," answered his wife.

Petra did get away from Fiona's house safely; luckily there was not much traffic on the road at the time Petra's car swayed from side to side as she drove home.

On getting out of the car Petra had to steady herself by holding on to Alexandria for a few moments.

"Are you all right, Mommy?" queried Alexandria.

"Of course I am." Petra straightened herself up and, taking her daughter's hand, made into the house.

Staggering slightly, she led her daughter to her room.

"You were the belle of the ball, weren't you, darling?" said Petra, slurring her words.

"Mommy," said Alexandria.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"A boy kissed me in one of the party games today."

"Did he? Well, you must get used to that. You are a pretty girl and pretty girl's get kissed often."

"Oh," said Mommy's little darling.

"Come here my dab...r...lading" said Petra her voice well-slurred now. Alexandria did and her mother encased her in her arms.

"Who is the prettiest little girl in the entire world?" More hugs and kisses to Alexandria from her mommy.

“Repeat after me. Alexandria is the prettiest girl in the entire world.”

“I am the prettiest girl in the world” Alexandria giggled.

“Of course you are, darling, and don’t ever forget it.” More hugs and kisses between mother and ersatz daughter.

“You must leave Mommy and go to your room and play. Mommy has a sore head and has to lie down for a rest.”

Alexandria made for her play box, took a Cindy doll out and clothes for it. This was a doll her mother had bought her. Petra thought if she was going to bring her son up as a girl, then Alexandria must be put in the right environment, hence the doll.

Alexandria started to dress the doll, taking the same care she had seen Mommy take when she dressed her. The doll was put into a small pram which Alexandria happily wheeled round her room.

After about two hours, Petra came around, her head still thumping. She would have to watch herself with the bottle. It wasn’t a serious problem yet but if it got out of hand, she might have to go to a drying out unit.

Having combed her hair and redone her makeup, she proceeded to her daughter’s room. As she entered, Alexandria was happily playing with her doll. It was a perfect picture she saw before her. Why should she spoil it all by bringing her daughter up as a boy?

“Happy, darling?” asked Petra.

“Yes Mommy,” answered her ersatz daughter.

“Then how would you like to be a girl for the rest of your life and be Mommy’s darling forever?”

Alexandria gave thought to what her mommy had said. "It would make me so happy to be a girl."

"It would make Mommy very happy as well." No more was said as mother and daughter were in each other's arms, kissing.

THE NEWLYWEDS

Bruce and Caprice Calloway arrived back from church that spring morning. Having parked the car in front of their lovely mansion, they got out the car and made their way into their mansion. Bruce put a hand around Caprice's slim waist.

Caprice wore a lace-trimmed satin bra over a silk T-shirt with high round neck. She also had on a fitted waist-length cashmere cardigan with rouleau tie fastening, long sleeves with frilled cuffs, matching neck and hem line. A transparent silk mesh knee-length skirt with fluted hem, was worn over shorter silk underskirt. A leather hip belt with metal ring fastening held the skirt up. To go with it were leather shoes with ankle straps, open toes and platform soles. A diamond necklace and matching drop earrings, the small ruby-encrusted watch on Caprice's left hand and her gold wedding ring were her jewellery. Bruce wore a white shirt, blue tie and summer-weight black suit.

"Let's go right to the bedroom for a bit of fun, sweetheart," said Bruce Calloway in a playful mood.

"I don't know, Bruce. Aggie is in the house. What will she think?" Aggie was the cook and maid combined. She was in her fifties.

“Who the hell cares about Aggie? It’s not her I’m taking to bed. Caprice.”

In Caprice’s mind was the absurd image of her husband in a sexual pose with Aggie and she giggled. Caprice was not giving any resistance to her husband as he led her towards their bedroom. They passed near the kitchen when Aggie spotted them. “Mr Calloway,” she said, “what do you want for lunch?”

Bruce stopped. “I don’t know. What were you thinking of, Aggie?”

“What about Chicken Maryland with potatoes, peas and carrots? Will that be all right, sir?”

“I think that will do. What do you think, Caprice?” She nodded her head in agreement.

“That’s it, Aggie. I’m going to have a lie down. I’m am a bit tired out.” Bruce and his young bride swiftly left Aggie to make their way to the bedroom.

As Bruce Calloway shut the bedroom door, he swept Caprice into his arms.

“You’re so beautiful, Caprice. I am a lucky guy.”

“Do you really think so? I’m trying to be the wife you want.”

“You are and I admire you for it. You’re the perfect lady.”

“That’s why I go to elocution and etiquette lessons every week. I want to be the perfect hostess to the influential people you mix with. I owe so much to you, darling.”

“Let’s cut the small talk. You know what I want.”

“Yes, of course, dear.”



Bruce manipulated Caprice towards their double bed, turned her round and pushed Caprice onto the bed, face down. He pushed her dress up to expose Caprice's black silk knickers and honey-coloured seamed stockings. The stockings were not attached to suspenders; a white silk garter with black lace edging was holding them up.

Bruce's was now running up and down a stocking seam. Caprice shivered in anticipation of knowing what was to come. Bruce's attention now focused on the black silk knickers his wife wore; his mouth descended on the outside of them. He planted kiss after kiss on that patch. Little whispered moans emitted from Caprice. Bruce stopped to remove his trousers and shirt.

He resumed his kissing on Caprice's buttocks through the black silk knickers. The eager hands of Bruce were now on either side of the knickers, ready to pull them down but not yet. The rear of the knickers had become damp from all the kissing Caprice's husband was giving them.

Both Bruce and his wife were worked up. Bruce pulled the knickers down to resume his kissing on Caprice bare bottom. But what is this we see between Caprice's legs? A penis, small perhaps but a penis nevertheless. It is apparent that Caprice is a she-male. The kissing continued but not for long as Bruce massive erection was anxious to place itself within the waiting anus of his she-male. wife.

Caprice felt her husband's member enter her back passage. Caprice was now fully plugged by the large penis. It nestled in that place, an orifice many men had entered in the past. Caprice had been a she-male.

hooker in the past. She wasn't proud of it; necessity had forced her into that ancient profession.

The immense love stick of Bruce lay deep inside Caprice's aperture, waiting for the pleasure Caprice would give it. Caprice, well-skilled from past experience, was preparing her sphincter muscle. It tightened around the shaft of her husband's penis, squeezing it. Caprice was going to milk it till her anus overflowed with Bruce's love juices

"Caprice, you're wonderful. I love you," said Bruce as he clasped her back passage tighter to him. Then his love for her was apparent as fluid poured out his member into that sexual opening at the back of Caprice.

Bruce, having dispensed his liquid love inside the rear opening of his wife, withdrew his flaccid penis and lay exhausted on the bed. Caprice rose to remove the rest of her clothes except her stockings; those remained on her shapely legs.

Caprice, now on top of Bruce, thrust her breasts forward for her husband's approval. He put his hand up to caress each in turn. The nipples became erect from that stimulation. Bruce pulled each breast in turn down to his mouth to take the hard nub in his mouth to lick and suck. Little moans of pleasure emitted from his wife. Caprice's small hand wrapped itself round her husband's penis which was slowly coming to life again.

A stiff standing penis was now in sight thanks to her skilful work on it. Caprice moved her body so that she could take advantage of this erection. Raising herself, she came swiftly down to take advantage of her work. Bruce's erection was fully plunged in the rear opening of his wife. Caprice was on top of her husband, facing him.

Caprice rode her husband like a horse and moved up and down. That was fitting as Bruce was hung like a stallion. The fun came to an end when Bruce shot his love for Caprice inside her.

Two naked bodies lay on the bed, resting. After a short time, they rose to shower together. On leaving the bathroom Caprice, said that Bruce should go on for lunch while she dressed; she would join him in a little while. Having put her underclothes on and redone her makeup, she withdrew a light summery dress from the wardrobe. Holding the dress against her body, she saw in the mirror a body that better looking and more expensive than the one she had started out with.

HOW THE BOY BECAME CAPRICE

At seven, or was it eight, he became interested in her mother's clothes. Why, he could not answer; she just did. Something compelled her to put one of her mother's dresses on. Yes he did try to fight it; he was told it wasn't right for a man to wear women's clothes. Benny, for that was her name then, may well have conquered his compulsion it had not been for circumstances. It was typical that he helped his mother with the housework on Saturday mornings; his father said he had to do this to earn his pocket money for the week.

One Saturday his mother said that an old girlfriend she had not seen for ages was coming to town on her way to a holiday and would stop over for a few hours. Could he manage the housework by himself this one morning?

Benny's father was at work, therefore was left on his own to do the housework. He hadn't thought much about it till he came to his parents' bedroom. He made their bed and tidied up. Then he noticed a dress had been thrown over a chair. He had seen his mother wear it before.

A peculiar feeling came over him; he had the chance now to do what he had only dreamed of: wear a woman's dress. Benny stopped his work and lifted the dress. What would he do with it? His hands were shaking just holding it. What would happen if his father or mother caught him? The urge to wear this dress was so powerful. He quickly removed his outer clothes and stood in just his underpants and vest. His trembling hands placed the dress over his body; the dress of course was too big for him at his age. That mattered not to Benny. As he looked in his mother's dressing table mirror, all he saw was a dark blue dress over his body and stitched-on black belt waiting to be buckled. Benny fastened it but even so the dress was still loose on him. He walked round the room, looking at himself in the dressing table mirror.

Benny found opportunities to dress in his mother's frocks whenever he could. Those were happy days. Unfortunately, happiness does not last. One day when Benny thought there would be no one about, his mother caught him.

"Little boys do not wear their mummy's clothes. That's bad!" she said.

Benny feared the worst and his intuitions were right. His mother immediately put him over her knee and thrashed him. She thought that had taught him a lesson never to do it again. She was wrong; all it did

was make Benny careful next time he wore a dress to make certain that no one was around.

As Benny grew up, no more did his mother see him in a dress and she came to the conclusion that spanking had been the cure. How utterly wrong she was. Benny studied engineering at college and got a job where he would have to leave home to live in the town where the company factory was located.

Maybe he would find a nice girl and marry, thought his mother. Benny did find a few nice girls but had no thought of marrying them, this opportunity gave him a chance to get women's clothes and wear them. He even came across a club where crossdressers could go to in their finery every week. He became friendly with a few. His first night there someone asked him what he was called; he hadn't a female name then. He came up with Caprice because had a girlfriend at high school called that. Caprice it was from then on.

For a few years all was going well for Benny Then one day, he was called into the manager's office. The manager told him to take a seat. "There is no point in beating about the bush, Benny. As you can see, there is no work coming in. The company is going to have to make reductions in the work force. This is hard for me to say but, unfortunately, you are being paid off along with many others. You can look for a job while you're still here. I will turn a blind eye to any absenteeism during that time. You will receive severance pay and any holiday pay due you. I will give you a good reference. I will be sorry to see you go. There's not much else I can say."

Benny left the manager's office with a heavy heart. Where would he go? Where would he even start to look for a job?

He went to the labour exchange but every job he applied for had hundreds of other applicants. He was getting nowhere fast. His severance pay was being eaten into. He was making as many cuts to his budget that he possibly could to make ends meet.

He still went to the transgender club where he could dress and relax and talk with like-minded friends. He was sitting with a girl named Mandy one night. Mandy asked how things were. Caprice told her she had lost her job and was having difficulty finding another.

"I am so sorry to hear that Caprice. There maybe one just round the corner, you never know. Cheer up," said Mandy. The conversation drifted to other matters. Mandy left the club about eleven and gave Caprice a kiss which was usual between girlfriends in the club. Caprice had another drink, then phoned for a taxi to go back to her flat, still dressed as a girl.

Caprice applied for more vacancies with no luck. Things were getting desperate. She would do anything to pay the rent.

Once more at the transgender club, Mandy asked her if she had had any luck finding a job. Caprice told her of her plight.

"Maybe I can help you, Caprice. How would you like to come to my house, say tomorrow afternoon about two. I know of something that may or may not be of interest to you."

CAPRICE STARTS LIFE AS AN WORKING GIRL

The next afternoon, Caprice took the bus to Mandy's flat, all the time wondering what Mandy had

to say. The door was opened by Mandy wearing a dress. This surprised Caprice because she was under the impression that Mandy, like her, only dressed when she went to the transgender club.

“Come on in, Caprice” said Mandy as she kissed her on the cheek. “I’ve made some soup and sandwiches. I think that should be enough for the two of us. We’ll eat them I shall propose something that may be of interest to you.”

As they ate, Caprice said she was sorry she had not come dressed. “Don’t worry. I dress all the time and that’s something we will discuss in the line of work I am proposing.” When they finished lunch, Mandy poured out two cups of tea and placed them on a small table alongside the plates of sandwiches.

“Caprice,” Mandy said, “for all the time we have known each other you don’t really know what I work at, do you?”

“No, I never asked because it is better not to ask these questions at the club.”

“Did it never cross your mind to wonder why I left every night at eleven?”

“I just thought you were going home.”

“No, I was going to work. I am a she-male. hooker. I am neither proud nor ashamed to say that.”

“Oh,” said a surprised Caprice.

“I am offering you an opportunity to come on the streets with me till such time as a job turns up. You may have to swallow your pride but it is an offer made in friendship. What do you say?”

"I... don't know what to say. I am completely floored, Mandy. When I came here this afternoon, I never expected something like this."

"I've offended you. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have mentioned this."

"No, you haven't offended me. I believe your offer was sincere but I need time to think."

"I understand perfectly. I was in that position at one time. The next step has to be yours."

Caprice went home that night with a lot on her mind. Caprice did not know what to do. She tossed and turned that night, restless in her sleep. Caprice spent all day thinking; then her mind was made up.

The following morning after breakfast, Caprice dressed in woman's clothes, something she did not usually do except when she went to her transgender club.

Soon Caprice was sitting beside Mandy, talking over a cup of tea.

"I have come to a decision Mandy. I very carefully considered everything and I have decided in favour of joining you. But I am a bit frightened."

"Don't worry, Caprice. I will put you right, trust me."

"Where do I start?" said Caprice.

Mandy looked Caprice up and down. "Well dear, you have one advantage. You look beautiful. What kind of dresses do you have? Any short ones?"

"This is probably the shortest I have. Why?"

"Hmm, not short enough. In this game, you have to sell yourself. The punters want to see what they are

buying. You have a nice pair of pins so you have to show them off. They want to see breasts too. Do you have implants, Caprice?"

"No."

"Pity. The customers like something nice to feel. I had implants put in when I started out in this game. I'm afraid that is what you will have to do before you put one foot on the streets," said Mandy.

"Oh," said Caprice looking at Mandy's boobs. She never thought they were real before this conversation. "I am not sure where I could get the money for that. How much are we talking about?"

"A couple of thousand pounds. I could always loan you some money."

"I couldn't take that. You have done so much for me already. There must be some other way. Let me think." Mandy and Caprice said nothing for a bit as they sipped their cups of tea.

Caprice was the first to break the silence. "I think I have it. If I sell my car, I could raise that money. The only thing is I may be stuck for my rent."

"Then move in with me. The couch can be turned into a bed and you can pay rent out of your earnings. What do you say?"

"It certainly is one possibility. How long do you think it would be till I could have the operation?"

"Oh, two, three weeks. You can move your stuff in here and I can give you one or two outfits to wear for when we go on the streets."

There were plenty of cosmetic clinics willing to take Caprice's money and perform the operation. The

breasts she picked were not too big or too small; ample would be the best description for them.

It had taken just over four weeks from talking about implants until they were inside Caprice. Caprice felt rather proud of them now that they were a permanent part of her body. Mandy advised her that it would be better for business if she did not wear a brassiere.

Mandy showed Caprice a number of outfits she could wear, all miniskirts that stopped well above the knee. Garter belts and stockings only, never wear pantyhose, Mandy advised, because the punters could lose their desire while you struggled to get them off.

High heels were the order of the day, the higher the better or boots that came to the knee or thigh.

When it came to panties, Mandy took great care because they would be flashed to the clients to attract them. Mandy had spent a lot of money on panties of pure silk and satin edged with lace.

Mandy had to teach Caprice the “tuck” so that her penis would disappear into the cavity between her legs, a must if she was wearing short outfits. Johns did not want to see a male members bulging underneath pretty little panties even if they knew it was a she-male. with ‘something extra.’

And so Mandy prepared Caprice for her first outing. Caprice was well capable of putting her makeup on but not the way that Mandy wanted it. Gaudy jewellery adorned Caprice: big hoop earrings, a number of bangles on each arm and what seemed like rings on every finger.

When Caprice was ready to go out that first night, Mandy opened Caprice’s handbag and put a spray into it.

“What is that?” asked Caprice.

“It’s mace. If any of the customers get funny with you, just use it on their face.”

Caprice said nothing but she wondered if she was doing the right thing. This sounded dangerous, but she had taken the plunge so no backing out now.

Soon the two she-males were on their way to walk the street.

Mandy had left for work a bit earlier than she usually did; she wanted to introduce Caprice to the rest of the girls. It was to show that Caprice was a girlfriend of hers and that she was all right. In the past, there had been fights if the girls did not know the newcomer.

The taxi dropped them off at Branson Street, a small dead end street. A john would drive down one side of the street, turn and come up the other side, which gave all the girls a chance of being picked up. Some girls had regulars and they all stood at the same spot every night to make it easier for their regulars to find them.

After the introductions, Mandy walked to her spot with Caprice. The spot was not on the sidewalk but up some steps in front of a locked door to a four-storey lawyer’s premises. At that time of night, there was no one in the building.

“Why are we here, Mandy? I thought we just walked up and down the street.”

“No need to. Whenever cars come into the street, step out onto the sidewalk and displays your goods, sweetie.”

“Oh, I see. Wouldn’t we not do better business in Queens Square, though?”

“No, that is where the real girls ply their trade. There would be eruptions if we went there. We leave them alone and they leave us alone. Any john who comes into this street late at night knows what type of women we are and everyone is happy.”

After about ten minutes, a car entered their street. The car stopped opposite where Mandy and Caprice were. A girl came forward and the car window was rolled down. A conversation took place between the girl and driver. After a minute, the passenger door opened and the girl got in. The car quickly made for the bottom of the street, a dead end, turned, swiftly turned came up the other side and exited the street.

“Where are they going, Mandy?” asked Caprice.

“That’s one of Liz’s regulars. I expect they are going back to his flat,” replied Mandy.

“How is business?” asked a girl who had just arrived.

“Quiet so far, Jill. That’s the first punter I’ve seen since we came tonight.”

“I’m a bit short of money tonight. I hope it picks up.”

Just then, another car appeared. Both Mandy and Caprice stepped out to the street. The car stopped at Mandy, a door opened and Mandy slid into the passenger seat. As she shut the door, she said to Caprice, “Good luck, kid.”

Jill turned to Caprice and said, “That was one of Mandy regulars. You a girlfriend of hers?”

“Yes I’m staying with her at present,” Caprice answered, then held a hand out in friendship to this Jill. There were more cars coming into the street now and

Jill was picked up by one. Caprice was now stepping out to each car as it entered.

Then one stopped at her. The window rolled down and the man inside said, "Is Mandy about tonight, sweetheart?"

"I'm sorry, Mandy was feeling a little sick and isn't here tonight. Can I be of any service to you?"

The man looked her up and down. "What's your name, sweetie?" Caprice told him. "Okay Caprice, do you do blow jobs?"

"Yeah, I do blow jobs. My lips are the sweetest your prick will ever receive but it will cost you real money for that kind of excellent service."

The man and she haggled about the price. When they finally agreed, it the car door opened and the car quickly drove away. "I haven't seen you around these parts before, Caprice," said the man.

"I just moved to town a few weeks ago," Caprice lied.

Caprice put her hand on the crotch of her client and rubbed it up and down. "That's nice, honey but stop for now otherwise I will explode in my pants."

Nothing more was said as the car sped on in the darkness. The car left the city limits, heading out towards the country. The car finally left the highway onto a darkened side road and stopped after about ten minutes.

"Okay sweetie, do your best on my dick," said the john.

"Sure but let's see the colour of your money first." Mandy told her to always get the money first.

“Sure honey, business is business.” He went into his back pocket and pulled out a wallet bulging with bills. The man counted out the bills and handed them to Caprice who put them into her purse. The man unzipped his fly, pointed to a hard erection and said, “Get started, honey.”

Caprice hadn't expected this; she was under the impression the action would take place on the back seat of the car. She unbuckled the seat belt and went on her knees in front of the driver's seat. It was very cramped down there in front of him. She put a hand on the erection and moved it up and down. “Get on with it,” said the man above her. There was nothing to do but to take this man's member into her mouth which she now did only to feel the man clamp a hand behind her head; there was no way she could get out of his vice-like grip on her neck. The only thing she could do was carry on sucking till this man exploded.

“I'm going to cum, you little sweetheart,” yelled the man, tightening his grip on her head even more.

And come he did, flooding her mouth with goblets after goblets of his creamy white juice. Caprice coughed and spluttered as it went down her throat.

Caprice was glad when it was all over. She was finally released from the tight grip and could take a breath of fresh air.

After the act was over, they drove back in silence to town where the man dumped her off near to Branson St. Caprice asked some of the other girls if they had seen Mandy. One of them said that Mandy had come back while she was away and had been picked up again. “I don't think you will see Mandy again tonight, dearie.” Then looking at her watch, the girl said, “I

don't think there will be any more business. I would advise you to go home."

There was a taxi rank not far away so Caprice made her way there. When she got back to the flat, there was no sign of Mandy, Caprice made her bed up and went to sleep.

The following morning Caprice awoke to the smell of ham and eggs being fried. "Hello there, sleepy head" said Mandy.

"What time did you get in?" asked Caprice.

"Must have been five or six. Why?"

"Aren't you tired out from being on your feet all those hours?" asked Caprice

"Not at all. One gets used to it, but I wasn't exactly on my feet," Mandy giggled. "Now let us have breakfast. Tell me all that happened on your first night out." Caprice described all that had taken place the previous night.

"Very nice. I see you charged extra for the blow job. You're catching on quick. There is something I forgot to tell you. That just reminded me. Tonight I'll put some rubbers in your purse."

"Why?"

"It's entirely up to you but I try to persuade the punters to use them; if they refuse, I charge them extra. Some girls will not have anything to do with customers who do not wear rubbers and I don't blame them. I go to the clinic about every three weeks for a check-up. You can come with me next time, Caprice. I make it part of the foreplay by rolling the skin on to their member."

Caprice read a book to fill time till the night, she made dinner for both of them later. Mandy was surprised and thanked Caprice for the meal. After dinner, both girls watched some television till it was time for them to depart for their night's work.

Once in Branson St., they took up their position of the previous night. "Business is good tonight," remarked one of the girls nearby.

Just then a car pulled up in front of Mandy and Caprice. Both stepped down the stairs to stand at the car's passenger door. A window rolled down and Mandy put her head inside to talk to the elderly man. "I don't want you tonight, Mandy. Who's your friend?"

Mandy explained it was Caprice, the passenger door swung open and the elderly man said, "Right, honey, get in." This Caprice did. It wasn't long before Caprice's customer had a hand on her knee, rubbing it. Caprice opened her legs to give the man easy access to her panties, which he took advantage of.

He was gently rubbing her thighs then on to her vital spot. "You've certainly acquired that trick well. I like someone who takes care of their customers. Some of your compatriots need a lesson on that. A bulge in their panties can put some of us men off. Now take your knickers off."

The man took his hand away to concentrate on his driving. Caprice wriggled in the seat, pulling her black silk panties down over her shiny black ankle boots with the five inch heels. Having done that, she put the scrunched panties into her handbag.

Caprice mentioned to her gentleman about safe sex and rubbers. "Good idea. Fit one on before we start."

The car soon stopped at the side of a darkened roadway, off the beaten track. The elderly man had taken his seat belt off and was caressing her with kisses on her lips which she responded to in like manner. The man was very passionate in his kissing and soon his hands were caressing her breasts through her tight sweater.

“Get it off now.” Caprice quickly removed her sweater; she had no brassiere on. Lips were soon on her breasts, sucking and licking. Her nipples became erect with all the sucking and kissing. After a while, the man said, “Come on.” He got out and went into the back seat. Caprice followed and soon the two of them were lying on the back seat, kissing and cuddling. Caprice fitted a rubber on the erect penis of her client, giving a rub to the hard member as she did so.

Soon the kissing stopped. “Get on the seat and kneel. You’re going to get this hard-on up your backside.”

Caprice did in the knowledge that this would be the first time any man had entered her anus. Caprice was a little apprehensive about receiving the red and rampant penis of her client. Mandy had prepared her for such an eventually by teaching her how to lubricate her anus.

On her knees, she felt the man’s hands around her waist then felt something probing at her anus, stabbing at the entrance. Suddenly it was inside her, gliding in easily. It felt wonderful. The man pushed his penis in and out.

“Come on, move your arse or we will be here all day,” said her customer.

Quickly, Caprice did just that. His motion was slow to begin with and got faster.

"That's a girl! We are getting somewhere now. I'm going to grind the arse off you. Keep it up."

He may be over sixty but he was going like hammers and tongs. It was taking Caprice all her effort to keep up with him, moving her body up each time he would thrust into her. This man was fucking her brains out! Caprice had to admit she loved every minute of it. It looked as if Caprice would fit into her new role as a hooker.

The man eventually came and she felt the rush of his juices inside her. Both of them adjusted their clothing and got back into the car's front seat.

"Here, have a slug," said the man, taking a hip flask out his jacket pocket and handing it to Caprice.

"What is it?"

"Kentucky Wild Turkey. Go on, have a snort."

Caprice put the flask to her lips, swallowed a few drops and coughed. "God, that's strong."

"Yes it is. It will put hair on your chest," said the man as he roared with laughter.

Caprice had been a working girl some three months now and had quickly learned the ropes. She had now bought her own outfits and any money she owed Mandy had been paid off. In fact, she found herself rather well off compared to her previous job. But there were risks that she had not yet come across.

It was late into fall when she had a most unpleasant experience. One night after midnight, a car pulled up. She stepped out from her place and went up to the car. Eventually, she and her prospective client came to an agreement about the price. Caprice was soon in the warm car. The driver was someone she had never seen before on the street. He was a young man, nicely dressed in a smart black suit, white shirt and tie that looked like of a university tie with a coat of arms on it. Caprice started as usual by putting a hand on the man's crotch and gently rubbing it up and down.

She asked in a friendly sort of way, "What's your name? I'm Caprice."

"Never you bloody well mind and take your hand off my crotch."

Caprice found herself in the man's flat; she concluded that this man was not single, maybe divorced or separated. The man went over to a cocktail cabinet, poured some drinks, then came over to Caprice who sat on a low divan. He handed her a drink.

"What is it?" asked Caprice.

"A gin and tonic," said he.

"Thanks very much, sir, but I don't drink that."

The man's eyes looked deeply into Caprice's. "Listen bitch, you'll drink it and like it. That was her drink. Drink up NOW."

Caprice lifted the drink and started to sip. The man put his hands round her throat and gently squeezed. "You have a nice white throat just like hers. So smooth. Does it feel nice when I do this?" Again the man gave a squeeze on her throat. Caprice did not answer. That only made the man more agitated. "Tell me, BITCH."

Caprice was frightened. She picked up some sort of madman. She started to cry. "Yes, it is nice. Please let me go. I'll do anything you want me to."

"That was what *she* said, the whore. Her throat was so nice and smooth like yours it just had to be squeezed." He again gripped her throat. Caprice moved not one inch. If she did, this man would strangle her. If she only knew what the woman had done to this man, she might be able to humour him.

"Who was this woman? Did she do you wrong? I'm not like her. I only have love for you, trust me, darling." Caprice had the feeling she was fighting for her life.

"That bitch two-timed me." Again his hands descended on her throat. Caprice was distraught and cried out, "I'm not that woman. I love you." Caprice put her hands round the man and unloaded kiss after kiss all over him.

"Do you really love me like you used to? Show me darling."

Caprice came to the conclusion that she was now Cassie, whoever she was. Playing along might be the only way out for her.

"Yes, yes, I'm Cassie here and I do love you. I want you now. Show me how we used to love, undress me. I want to feel your stiffness inside me. Do it now and quickly. I can't wait."

The man had unbuttoned her skirt; his hands were on her panties, pulling them down. Caprice was worried about what would happen when he saw her cock. Maybe he was in a trance but nothing happened when her cock was exposed. Quick to seize on that, Caprice hand was on the man's crotch, rubbing.

“Come on, get your pants down. I want your prick inside me.” The two were on the divan naked ; Caprice presented her tempting backside to this man. His hard cock went into her rear end.

“Oh Cassie, Cassie, I love you so much. Why did you ever leave me? See how much I love you?” He was thrusting deeply into Caprice’s rectum and she pretended she loved it.

“Give me more! I want your love to fill me like you used to do. Show me all your love for me. I will always love you till I die.” It worked and soon Caprice’s small hole of a back entrance overflowed with white liquid.

“You stay there, darling. I’ll make us a cup of tea and when we are revitalised, I want you to love me again like old times.” Once in the kitchen she immediately made for the stairs and out of the building.

The night was cold and freezing; that mattered not to Caprice as she ran to anywhere. She was soon on the outskirts of the city. She didn’t have any money; that had been left in her purse in the man’s flat, along with her fur jacket. She made her way across the city to her place. She only hoped Mandy was in the flat by now.

She knocked on the flat door to no answer. She almost battered the door down till eventually Mandy appeared in a long black nylon nightdress.

“Thank goodness you’re here, Mandy.” Caprice collapsed, sobbing, into Mandy’s arms.

Mandy supported Caprice into their living room and put her on the settee. “Lie there and I’ll get you a cup of refreshing tea.”

This done, Mandy put an arm round Caprice. “Tell me all about it, sweetheart.” Between sobs, the whole story came out. “You poor thing. You are going to

come into my bed tonight. I think we will give the street a miss tomorrow night." Mandy helped her girlfriend into a nightie and into bed beside her.

The morning saw Mandy with her arms round Caprice, holding her tight. "Feel better, darling?" asked Mandy.

"A little."

"You know this should be reported to the cops, dear."

"I don't know. It could make waves for the rest of the girls. I would rather leave alone for now, Mandy."

"Caprice, I love you and would not wish you to come to any harm." Unexpectedly, Mandy's lips descended on hers, a kiss not of the usual kind between the two she-males. They had kissed before but only on the cheek.

Caprice did not draw back and accepted the kiss. There was a strained silence between both she-males. Then Mandy spoke. "I'm thinking of having the op."

"Why would you want that, sweetheart? Are you not satisfied the way you are?" said Caprice.

"I don't know. I just feel that I should be a full woman. When I go to the clinic in a few weeks, I will make an appointment to see the doc about the op and have him put me on hormones."

"But what about the street?"

"I've been thinking about that. After the op, I could always go to Queen Square. There are some transsexuals who operate there. I have also been in touch with one of the madams and she said I could work from our flat. She would send her customers to me and would

take a cut of the fee. It would mean I could work not only at night but during the day as well."

"But would that not give us problems?" said Caprice.

"How do you mean?"

"If neighbours saw a procession of men going in and out of our flat they would be suspicious, particularly if they had small children."

"I thought of that. We would move to Brentwood. It is well known that a number of prostitutes operate there."

"But what about me, Mandy? I'll be in the flat as well."

"Ah, that's the beauty of it. You will become my maid and welcome the gentlemen as they come in. As long as you do not prostitute yourself, we are safe. You will take their money so that none will ever be in my hands. That way I can't be accused of soliciting myself for immoral purposes. If anyone comments that many men seem to be coming to the flat, well, I just have a lot of boyfriends! What do you think, sweetheart?"

"You certainly have put a lot of thought into this, Mandy. I will tell you how I feel about being your maid as we get nearer the time."

"I'm talking about a real maid, none of that French maid stuff, Caprice."

"Sure." No more was said and both pretty she-males left their bed to make breakfast.

Caprice and Mandy had been to the health clinic for their check-up which they got every three or four weeks. Caprice was waiting for her girlfriend, sitting on one of the folding chairs in the waiting room.

Mandy came out the door, exited and flush. "I'm on them, Caprice," she said, holding a pill box.

"I'm so happy for you, Mandy. Don't you think we should have a celebration tonight?"

"Sure. It's not every day a girl can say she will be a woman in every way. I feel so happy right now." Mandy kissed her girlfriend.

Caprice had never felt so near to Mandy as she did right then. She wanted to hold Mandy's body close to hers, not like she did with the men she was with at night; that was for sex only. This was different, this was love, something she thought she would never have.

That night the two went to a high-class restaurant to celebrate. When Caprice looked at the pills, they did not seem anything out of the ordinary. They could even have been aspirins but these pills would help make Mandy into a full woman.

After dinner, as they entered their flat, Mandy gave Caprice a very passionate kiss. "I love you, my darling and I desire you tonight. Please come to bed with me." Mandy wanted to give her body to Caprice in an act of love for her and Caprice wanted to give that love. How she wanted that lovely body in her arms.



Quickly and silently, both she-males. undressed. Hand in hand, they made for the bed. Mandy threw back the satin covers to let her lover slide in, than caressed her firm breasts. How delightful, how erotic, how loving it felt as they expressed their love to each other. Having shown their love and devotion to each other through their breasts, they now fondled and caressed their erect penises.

“I love you so much, my darling,” whispered the husky voice of Mandy.

“And I love you too,” answered an equally excited Caprice.

“I want you inside me. Show me your love for me, Caprice.”

Caprice rolled her lover onto her stomach and put her hands on Mandy’s hips. There was no need to tell Mandy what to do next; he had been in this pose with her punters many times. But this time, she was doing it for love and the person entering her anus loved her. Mandy arched her body and felt the penis of her lover enter her love tube. She warmed to her task and pushed her backside up to meet her lover’s penis. “Let it stay there, don’t move. I want you deep in me. That stiff member expresses your love for me. How heavenly.”

“Only you give me a stiffness like this, Mandy. Let’s lie in peace for a while and share our pleasure.”

Caprice’s penis lay deeply inside Mandy, not moving one little bit for many minutes. Caprice kissed her lover all over her back and left the red lipstick imprints there as a witness to that act.

The time was coming to end their sex act. Caprice’s penis was pulled back, then again thrust deep inside

her, the motion repeated and repeated till a cry from Caprice signalled the end was near.

When the act of love was completed, both she-males wrapped arms around each other and fell asleep.

Caprice had been on the streets for a year when one bright spring night a couple of police paddy wagons arrived on the street. She and the other girls found themselves being herded into them. Patrol cops were stopping the kerb crawlers and taking names and addresses which was disastrous for business.

Having arrived at the Precinct, the girls were shoved in to cells. One of the girls asked what they were there for. A big sergeant answered, "The usual, dearie; soliciting for immoral purposes."

"I never did anything immoral in my life," she said, hitching up her skirt to expose a very pretty pair of panties to giggles and laughter from the other girls.

"How could I think such a thing of as nice and sophisticated a girl like you?" replied the big sergeant.

"Okay girls, you may as well know, City Hall is on a crack down of you lot and we only obey orders," said the big burly sergeant.

"Why?" asked one of the girls.

"Don't you read the papers? The Festival of Art, Music and Drama runs for the next two weeks and City Hall wants a cleanup for the tourists," the friendly sergeant answered.

Caprice who had never been arrested before, gave Mandy a dig in the ribs. "What happens now, sweetheart?"

"I don't know but it looks like we are out of business for at least three or four weeks. The punters will be frightened off. That's a worry I'll have to sleep on."

"Do you really think we will be back on the street?"

"Sure, this kind of thing has happened before. It will all blow over, just you see," said Mandy.

The next morning saw all the girls before the magistrate giving a lecture about their morals and how the city was on a cleanup. "It's Geordie Porgy!" shouted one of the girls. "It's little old Honey Buns here. Remember me?"

A red-faced magistrate looked at the girl. "Silence in court or I'll put you behind bars right away."

The girl looked at the magistrate and said, "Old Geordie Porgy wouldn't do that to his little Honey Buns, would he?" There was much laughter and merriment among the girls.

The magistrate had indeed himself been a kerb crawler at one time and had picked up this woman from Queens Square a few times.

In the end, the girls were given severe fines and warned to keep off the streets. All the girls knew they were in for a hard time for the next four or five weeks at least.

When Mandy and Caprice arrived home, Mandy withdrew her cell phone from her purse and dialled a number. "Hello Maggie, Mandy here. Need any girls? Yes, we'll be there tomorrow, thanks." Turning to Ca-

price, she said, "We are in business again. Pack your bags. We are going on a seaside trip tomorrow."

"How is that?"

"An old friend runs a number of girls at Blue Water Bay and lucky for us, she can use us."

The following morning, having caught the ten o'clock train, they two arrived at Blue Water Bay by one. They were soon at Maggie Pringle's house on the outskirts of that seaside resort.

"How nice to see you again, Mandy. Who is this girlfriend of yours?"

Introductions were given. Maggie Pringle was a woman in her mid-fifties. She had been a streetwalker at one time but found it more profitable to act as a pimp to the girls in this town.

"How long do you think you will be here, Mandy?"

"I would think about four weeks till things blow over."

"We are in the middle of the summer season. We could do with you and your friend till it's over. What do you say?"

Mandy looking at Caprice. "We could stay that long. It would give times for things in the city to settle down. What do you say, sweetheart?" A nod of the head came from Caprice.

"You know the rules, Mandy. They are just as before. I make the arrangements and I get my cut. Okay?"

"Sure, Maggie."

"Then in that case, I am putting you two in the holiday flats I own. Mandy will be in the centre of town and Caprice at the north end, okay?"

A man of about twenty-three came in the room,
"Yes, Maggie?"

"Take the girls to their flats. I have the keys here."
So saying, she handed two sets of keys to Harry. Harry packed the entire luggage into the trunk of the Ford Granada and soon they were on their way.

"Haven't seen you girls here before."

Mandy explained and asked if he was Maggie son. Harry laughed at that. "I look like it and could be, I guess that but I am not afraid to admit I am Maggie's toy boy. I'm not complaining. See this?" He was holding up an arm upon which was a watch. "It's a Rolex worth thousands of pounds. This is made of pure gold. I fuck her and get my rewards."

Harry departed after having stopped at the flats and helped the girls with their cases. The girls were left to sort out their belongings. Caprice had just got her things in order when the phone rang. "It's Maggie. I have just sent a man up to you. He should be there in next ten or fifteen minute. Bye."

Caprice had not expected things to happen so fast but she was ready for her customer when he came to the door.

While Caprice did much more business than she had on Branson St., Maggie was keeping the biggest percentage and only giving the girls enough to live on. Maggie knew she had the upper hand while there was a clamp down in the city and she took advantage of it. Sometimes after a heavy night, the girls would not get up till after ten in the morning and even then would find Maggie had sent a few punters over. Caprice found it was better to not bother putting clothes on because they would only come off again quickly. Maggie

worked the ass off both girls; she knew they could not complain as they needed the money however small it might be.

Their ten week stint soon came to an end and they went back to their flat. The cleanup had died down and it was back to business as usual on Branson St.

Six months after coming back from Maggie Pringle's place, one night Caprice picked up what she considered a nice, well-spoken man. He took her to his flat and they had sex in his bed; she didn't think much more about it. Then he picked her up the following week and the next and next. By this time, he had given Caprice his name as Bruce Calloway. Caprice had to admit she rather liked Bruce who was now her regular John. He wasn't rough with her but gentle and dare she say it, loving.

It came as a surprise to her when one night Bruce said that he was willing to set her up in a flat so that she would be available to him only. "I'll have to think about that, Bruce. Please don't rush me." No more was said.

Caprice mentioned this to Mandy "What a chance to get out of this hell hole, darling. There are girls out there who would give their right arm for what you've been offered. Being a kept woman is not so bad. At least you would know where your next meal is coming from. I certainly will not stand in your way."

Caprice took Bruce Calloway up on his offer but was sorry that she and Mandy would have to split up for now.

The flat was in an upper class residential part of the city of Eastwood. Bruce Calloway, an up and coming lawyer, could be in any part of the country or even

abroad on any given day. At these stressful times, he just wanted a woman at home for him, not even to have sex with her necessarily. But when the urge came on, she would be there to attend to his needs. Bruce made Caprice an generous allowance of money every month for food and clothes. Caprice had never been much of a cook but felt she must make an effort for her provider so she went to cooking classes. Bruce appreciated that.

Bruce Calloway was falling in love with Caprice. Of course he knew what she was; that night he picked her up on Branson St. was the first time he had ever picked up a she-male. It was something that had been in his mind for years and he felt he had to try it.

Bruce wanted to go further. He wanted to marry Caprice. He wanted her to meet his parents.

He asked her to marry him and Caprice spluttered, "Have you been drinking, Bruce?"

"Of course not, sweetheart. This is genuine. I want you to be my wife, what's wrong with that?"

Caprice did not know what to say. Was it even possible for a person in her position?

"I don't think we can marry, Bruce."

"Why? Don't you like me, Caprice?"

"Of course I like you and I'm grateful to you. You took me from the gutter to where I am now and I will never forget that. But how can we marry? You know I am half-man, half-woman. How can we marry?"

"Don't worry your pretty little head about that, darling. There are places where same-sex couples can marry. And after we get married, I want to introduce you to my parents."

That last sentence definitely worried Caprice more than the marriage part. "What are they going to say when they find out about me?"

"Nothing. Who is going to tell them? They've been looking for me to get married for years so now they have their wish."

"I will have to think about it, Bruce. It is a big step for me."

Mandy visited Caprice in her new home from time to time; on her next visit, Caprice told of Bruce's proposal.

"That's great news, darling. I'm so happy for you."

"But I love you, Mandy."

"Caprice, I love you but this is different. This is your chance to get out of the gutter and be something. Bruce is going to go far in this world. You must go with him He is a good man."

"Do you really think I should marry him with you on my mind?"

"I beg you not to miss this opportunity. Forget about me. I'll survive without you somehow."

"Oh Mandy, hold me and kiss me. I love you so." Caprice broke down in tears and Mandy put out her hands to embrace her sweetheart and lover. It was heartbreak for both beautiful she-males. This would be the last each of them would see of each other.

It was with sorrow that Caprice accepted Bruce's proposal although she never showed that emotion to him. Having made that decision, Caprice came to the conclusion she could no longer remain a she male and informed Bruce that she would be having the full oper-

ation. Bruce was delighted at that news but wanted to marry Caprice irrespective of her condition.

Caprice made an appointment at the clinic and was given permission to go on hormones. If all went well, an operation would come in about eighteen months.

PRESIDENT & SECRETARY OF THE WOMEN'S GUILD

The minister's wife Alison Dunsmuir and Clair Baxter were discussing certain matters pertaining to the women's guild. Both women sat down at the table.

"Clair," said Alison, "there are certain matters I want to bring up without any disturbances from the members of the guild."

"I know it is all about church finances. I too have been thinking about that and I have a number of ideas. Here, look at these." Clair Baxter pushed a sheet of paper in front of Alison.

"I do not know what I would do without you Clair. May I take this home and study it more fully?" Alison eyes stared in admiration of the older woman.

"Of course Alison, take as much time as you want. I think we should aim for a bazaar or fair sometime near Christmas." Clair Baxter had put out her hand to hold Alison's and was patting the back of it slowly and drawing her fingers slowly and lightly over it. Clair Baxter was a disciple of Sappho and took great delight in seducing Alison Dunsmuir. She knew that young and lithe body would be in her arms in due time. Clair Baxter had all the time in the world for her plans for Alison.

The meeting between President and Secretary of the women's guild came to an end. They would meet on

the next week at the rectory, some afternoon when Alison's husband was out on parish business.

The afternoon had put Clair in the mood for a romp in bed with her supposed sister.

"How did the meeting with Alison go, Clair?"

"Very well. Things are working out nicely."

While Clair had been satisfied with how things were turning out with Alison, their meeting had left her with a sexual desire which she had to fill. Camille felt a hand on her breast to which she had no objection. Breast play was only the beginning of their foreplay. Soon, Clair turned Camille onto her stomach, then spread Camille's bottom cheeks wide open, entered her tongue into that crack and licked it out. Camille squirmed and wriggled; her breathing became faster. Camille's eyes stared out into space as she madly pushed her rear end towards Clair to help that loving tongue probe inside her.

Alison Dunsmuir was a worried woman after the meeting with Clair Baxter. Why did she keep thinking about the older woman? They were thoughts a ministers wife should not have, evil thoughts. That touch kept haunting her. Never in her life had she had feelings for someone of her own sex of a sexual nature. Alison quietly prayed to God to drive these evil thoughts she had about Clair Baxter out of her mind. Alison did not realise she had been manipulated by one of the best pupils Sappho ever had.

After the service on Sunday as Alison was talking to several women, Clair asked Alison, "Which day is all

right for our meeting, Alison?" Alison Dunsmuir was dreading that question but at the same time, her heart fluttered at the thought of their next meeting.

"Will..." She stopped. Her heart was thumping. "Will Tuesday afternoon around two be all right with you, Clair?"

"Perfect, my dear." It had taken Clair months and months to get this far. Soon the prize would be hers.

Clair sometimes thought that she got more pleasure from pursuing the prey than the actual act of sex with the women she eventually caught. She would be like a cat playing with a mouse, tormenting it, till eventually she pounced.

Tuesday came. Clair had arranged her clothes for that meeting. They were a severe black skirt and jacket, a white button-up blouse, black ribbed stockings and black low-heeled shoes. Clair chose the severe school mistress look so that Alison would know who was in charge of the proceedings.

Before leaving to go to the rectory, Clair went to the garden and picked a bunch of flowers in blue, red and green and placed them in the back of her small car. Clair looked at her appearance in the car mirror. She had not overdone her makeup; just a little bit of plum-coloured lipstick, slightly powdered cheeks and that was all.

Having arrived at the rectory, Clair was greeted by Alison. "These are for you, my dear," said Clair handing the bunch of flowers to Alison after entering the drawing room.

"Oh thank you, Clair. There was no need to bring anything to me. You are so kind."

As Clair handed the flowers over, she kept her hand on Alison's hand. She could feel the sweaty palm of the minister's wife as she gave Alison a kiss on the cheek. Alison had been kissed on the cheek before in her line of duty as a minister's wife. But this kiss was different in a way she could not define.

"Maybe you have a vase for the flowers, Alison?" This snapped the minister's wife out of her thoughts.

"Yes of course. Give them to me and I'll get one." Alison took them from Clair, left the drawing room and went to the kitchen where she took a large crystal vase, filled it with water and placed the flowers into it.

Alison arrived back in the drawing room with the vase of flowers.

"Flowers are such pretty things, aren't they, dear?" Clair paused for her next sentence to make an impression. "You know Alison, You look as pretty as these flowers."

Alison's face went a bright red from the praise she was receiving from the older woman.

"Don't be ashamed of it, Alison. You are beautiful. I would not mention it if I didn't think so."

"Yes, well, Miss Baxter let us get on with the work we came here to discuss."

Clair smiled to herself. When she was addressed as Miss Baxter, it meant that Alison was fighting her passions.

"Very well, Alison. I have brought my plans along in the basket I'm carrying." So saying, Clair opened the basket, withdrew sheets of foolscap and laid them on a table before the young and pretty minister's wife.

"I propose that we use the church hall on a Saturday for our bazaar. We would have to collect items well before the date we set. There is much work to be done before that date. What are your thoughts, Alison?"

"I think say the first or second Saturday in December would be about right."

"Good thinking, Alison. What time in the day would you be thinking? I would say from ten in the morning till perhaps four or five in the afternoon."

"I think you are right. All the women in the guild would have to be involved that day. Do you think we will pull in a lot of money?"

"Of course we will, Alison. Have faith. With you as our leader, we will succeed."

Alison Dunsmuir was on a high with all the praise Clair was giving her; it was like a drug.

"I just do not know what I would do without you, Clair," she said with admiration of the older woman.

"I do my best but you are a great President, Alison. I think we make a great team, don't you?" Clair said with smiling eyes to Alison.

Clair Baxter was buttering up Alison and it was working. Clair wondered if she should strike now or hold off for a little while. Their afternoon's business being finished, Alison suggested they take a cup of tea before Clair left.

Sipping her cup, Clair said, "Tell me, Alison dear, are you interested in the arts?"

"Yes. I took art at university and I've always had an interest in culture."

Clair smiled to herself. This was working out perfectly. "Wonderful. Why don't we take next Monday afternoon to take in the exhibit at the art museum?"

Monday came and once again Clair was dressed in the sombre outfit of the previous week. Having stopped in front of the rectory, Clair honked the car horn. Alison emerged in a bright summery dress of white with yellow sun flowers printed on it and wearing a big floppy yellow sun hat.

Opening the passenger door, Clair commented, "That's a nice dress you're wearing today, Alison dear and you do it justice."

The Art Gallery was soon reached and Clair and Alison made their way to enter the gallery. The current exhibition was entitled "THE ART OF SEX AND LOVE BETWEEN THOSE OF THE SAME SEX."

A separate floor was set aside for this exhibition Clair and Alison proceeded to it. In front of them as they entered was a large portrait of a naked man with a number below it. They had to look at the exhibition's brochure to read about the painting.

The brochure described it as "Self-portrait of the artist as a homosexual."

Clair glanced at Alison; there was no sign of shock on her face. This particular room was devoted to men making love to each other. Clair walked slowly round the room, occasionally stopping at some of the pieces and studying them for a while.

Then the women came upon a sign outside one large room that read: "THE LOVE A QUEEN SAID WAS NOT POSSIBLE"

Upon entering, the first painting both women saw was of two beautiful women in long flowing Victorian

dresses, holding hands. Beneath it, the caption read, "Two ladies who loved each other." There were more paintings of naked women in poses of a sexual nature. Clair again glanced at Alison, then sat down on a long bench in the middle of the room.

"Well, what do you think of these paintings of our own sex. Look at these two women. Can you see in the expressions on their faces how deeply they love each other?"

"I know nothing about love for a woman so I cannot comment. Have you ever experienced such love between women, Clair?"

"No," she lied. She hesitated, then whispered in Alison's ear, "Just once, I would like to see how love was made between women." Alison felt a little uneasy.

"Do you know the queen who said it was not possible for women to make love to each other, Alison?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Who was it?"

"No less than the great Queen Victoria and if Queen Victoria said that, then there can be no shame in women making love with each other."

That was a funny bit of logic, thought Alison. There was something exciting stirring inside her, a feeling she had never had before about making love to another woman.

Clair knew that tomorrow would be The Day from the flushed look on Alison's face.

That night as she lay in bed, the face of Clair Baxter kept reoccurring in Alison Dunsmuir's mind. Then she thought about the paintings she had seen and of the pleasure of the faces of the woman depicted in them. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. Was this

something she desired? She would never know unless it was done to her or she did it to someone else. Clair Baxter's skilful manipulations were working well although Alison did not realise it at the time.

CLAIR CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL

Tuesday morning saw the Dunsmuir house full of activity as breakfast was being served. "What have you planned for today, dear?" asked her husband Allister.

"Clair Baxter is coming here this afternoon so we can discuss details about the forth coming bazaar. I mentioned this to you the other week."

"Oh yes, I remember. I wish I could be here but the weekly meeting with other ministers takes place this afternoon. By the way how did the visit to the art gallery go? I hear there is some adverse opinion of the paintings there. Did you see anything objectionable?"

Before Alison could answer, her husband added, "I expect I will have to write a letter to the Times about it."

"But Allister," said his wife, "How can you write such a thing if you haven't seen the paintings?"

"I don't need to see them to know how degrading these paintings can be." There was no reply from the minister's wife. The lesbian scenes she had seen had made an impression on Alison.

No more was said about the matter. At ten, Alison's husband left for his meeting; he would not be back till five that afternoon. Alison hurried to the bedroom and pulled a number of dresses out of her wardrobe; she held each one against her body to see how it looked. She finally settled on a light green summer dress, one that Clair had not seen before. Alison looked in the

dressing table mirror, then sat down to touch up her makeup. It seemed everything she was doing now was to please Clair.

The door bell chimed. There stood Clair, flowers in one hand and basket in the other. Once inside, Clair put the basket down. She presented the flowers to Alison and kissed her on the mouth. As she did so, Clair left hand went to Alison's crotch and slowly rubbed it. There was no resistance as Alison shut her eyes.

Clair broke the silence. "Forgive me Alison, I told you I would like to try sex with a beautiful woman and you are that beautiful woman." Then after a pause, she continued. "Maybe I should resign as secretary. Have I offended you, Alison?"

"No Clair, it is I who should step down with the obscene thoughts I have of you."

"Oh," said Clair in mock surprise. "You must never do that! This guild needs you. You are our leader and you must stay for all our sakes, Alison."

"If I must stay, then so must you. It's settled."

Clair made an advance towards Alison. She put a hand round her waist, pulled her in, then placed a kiss on her mouth. "Is this how we should start, Alison?"

"Yes, Clair. How sweet your lips are upon me."

The women embraced each other, kissing passionately. Their lipstick became smudged, which mattered not to either of them.

"Maybe we should rest, Alison. I am getting out of breath. Do you desire me, Alison? I certainly desire you."

“Come with me,” said Alison. She held out a hand taking Clair and lead her towards her bedroom. Once there, Alison sat on the chair in front of her dressing table and pointed at a chair for Clair to place herself upon.

“Alison,” said Clair.

“Yes?” she answered

“Would you remove your dress only and let me gaze upon your beautiful body?”

“If it pleases you, I will.” Alison removed her light green summer dress and sat upon her dressing table chair in just her panties and brassiere.

“Can... can I touch you please, Alison?”

“I want you to.”

Clair rose and came over; she placed a hand on Alison’s brassiere. Then she stepped back. “I think for today that is as far as I can go. You must forgive me. Maybe some other day.”

Alison was a little disappointed. “Put your dress back on, Alison. We must end this for the moment.”

The ice had been broken. It would be easy sailing from now on for Clair.

The following Tuesday, Clair did not dress in black. She put on a light grey suit skirt and jacket, a white satin button-up blouse, beige stockings and a pair of brown crocodile shoes. Underneath, she wore a grey petticoat and white corset, the suspenders of which held up her stockings.

Clair had not brought flowers this time; there was no need to stand on ceremony. There was a deep kiss between the pair in the drawing room, then Clair’s

hand on the front of Alison's skirt at that vital spot between her legs.

"Alison, let us not waste time and proceed to your bedroom; my desire for you is overpowering. I think I have overcome the problem I had the other day."

The women proceeded to the bedroom where Clair whispered in Alison's ear, "Let me remove your dress." Holding Alison close to her, Clair pulled the zipper down to reveal a white satin slip covering Alison's white satin bra and panties. Clair's hands wandered along the outside of Alison's panties but not yet inside them. The slip was quietly removed and placed on the dressing table's chair.

"You are so beautiful, Alison."

Alison sighed as she felt a hand inside her panties. Clair removed the panties without any resistance. A swollen clitoris was protruding inside them. Clair placed the middle finger of her right hand gently on the protrusion and slowly rubbed. Alison was contorting in pure ecstasy; she wildly pulled Clair towards her and kissed her passionately.

"God, I love you, Clair. I want to do the same to you now," yelled a highly excited Alison.

"Then you must take my knickers down. I want you now! I need your hand inside them."

A shaking hand proceeded to ease Clair's knickers down. Clair's fingers were now inside Alison, skilfully bringing her to a climax she would never forget.

The two amorous women stood with their fingers inside each other's body, both sighing in pure pleasure. Alison Dunsmuir had entered that exclusive club for women who have sexual desires for their own gender. Let us leave our two lovers for the moment and see

what other secrets can be unearthed in this quiet community.

AUNTY CAPRICE

Summer was coming near its end and Caprice Calloway had just returned from the meeting of the Women's Guild (she had been invited to join that spring by Alison Dunsmuir). As she parked her car in the garage, she saw a little girl on the front lawn, searching for something.

Going over to the girl, she asked, "Have you lost something?"

"Yes," the girl replied, "my bouncy rubber ball. Can you help me find it, Miss?"

"Of course, where do you think it went?"

"In there," the child said, pointing to some rose bushes.

"Wait here. It will be very jaggy in there. Let me look."

Caprice saw the ball near some roses and very carefully made her way to the ball, keeping well clear of the thorns. She came out with the ball and handed it to the small girl.

"Thank you, miss," said the small girl politely.

Caprice bent down to the girl. "And what is your name, honey?"

"Alexandria," she answered. "That's a very nice name. Where do you live, Alexandria?"

Alexandria did not answer the question right away. She looked at Caprice. "What is your name, pretty lady?"



Caprice laughed; she was quite taken by this little girl. "I'm called Caprice, dear."

“That’s a nice name, I like that,” answered Alexandria.

“Will your mommy not be looking for you, Alexandria?”

“My mommy is ill, Caprice.”

“I am sorry to hear that.”

Alexandria did not know but Petra, her mother, was on the bottle again and had a hangover that morning. Alexandria had dressed herself and went out to play. If Petra had known that, she would have been angry with Alexandria because she was trying to keep little Alexandria secret.

Taking pity on the little girl, Caprice said to her, “How would you like to have some ice cream with me, Alexandria?”

“Oh yes, I love ice cream and jelly.”

Both of them made for the kitchen where Caprice opened the fridge, took out the ice cream and found two bowls to put it in. Spoons were then placed in the bowls.

Again Caprice asked where Alexandria lived. Just then, both heard Alexandria being called. “It’s my mommy!” exclaimed Alexandria. Caprice took Alexandria’s hand and left the kitchen to see a worried-looking woman walking along Arcadian Avenue, shouting Alexandria name.

Caprice walked down the lawn as the woman came along the street. “Is this your little girl?” she enquired.

“Yes! Where you have been, Alexandria?” said Petra.

"I've been with Caprice, Mommy," said little Alexandria.

"She has been as good as gold, Mrs...."

"Mansfield. I've been looking all over the place for her! You are not to go annoying people, Alexandria. Stay home like a good girl."

"She wasn't any trouble at all, Mrs. Mansfield. Alexandria is welcome at any time."

"I like you, Aunty Caprice."

"You should not go calling people aunty, Alexandria. They may not like it if they are not really your aunty."

"I don't mind, Mrs. Mansfield. You're a cheeky little thing, aren't you, Alexandria?"

"Yes, Aunty Caprice," said Alexandria.

"Now off you go back home with your mommy."

"I want to kiss my Aunty Caprice before I go," demanded Alexandria.

Caprice bent down and received a kiss on the cheek from Alexandria. Caprice waved her hand as Alexandria left with her mother to return home. Caprice thought to herself that the little girl was the first friend she had made on the avenue.

The hormones were doing their work and Caprice was developing a large bottom, much to her pleasure. Her penis was useless now; that was what she wanted and the clinic was pleased with her progress. If all went well, the operation would come sooner than she had expected. Memories of Mandy were still in her mind but she had to try to love Bruce; what he had done for her should never be forgotten. If he wanted to make

love to her, she must never refuse, no matter how tired she felt.

Meanwhile, Petra Mansfield, having taken Alexandria back to their home, sat, worrying about herself and her son who was now her daughter. After coming back from their summer house, Petra had not rehired Marie as a cook; Marie knew that Alex was now Alexandria and dressed in girl's clothes. She kept Alexandria out of nursery school, deciding to educate her daughter herself. This was fraught with difficulties, though. She was hitting the bottle which led to events like today's when she had had a hangover and did not know where her so-called daughter had gone. What if someone discovered Alexandria's real gender? What would she do about it? Then there was the question of what to do with her son. Should she leave him in girl's clothes or did she want to send him further along the female path? If she/he was to go all the way and become a woman, it may be advisable to have her see a child psychiatrist although Petra did not know how to begin that process.

Petra could see that Alexandria liked Caprice Calloway. Maybe it was good for her to have an older woman she could call aunty. They seemed to enjoy each other's company.

And so it was one afternoon that Alexandria excitedly ran to her Aunt Caprice home and knocked on the front door. Caprice looked at Alexandria and could see from the expression on the little girl's face that there was something wrong. Lifting Alexandria up into her arms, she asked her, "What is the matter, sweetheart?"

"It's my mommy. She is not right, Aunty Caprice. Please come."

Caprice put the little girl down and quickly made for the home of Petra Mansfield. On entering the living room, she saw Petra Mansfield stretched out on the carpet, a glass in her hand. Clear liquid was spilled on the carpet and there was a bottle of gin on the table. It didn't take Caprice long to sum up the situation. Petra Mansfield was drunk.

"Is Mommy all right, Auntie Caprice?" said Alexandria.

"Yes," lied Caprice. "Stay with her. I will get a glass of water." So saying, she proceeded to the kitchen, found a tumbler and filled it with water from the tap. She came back to the living room and gave Petra a couple of light slaps on the face.

Petra Mansfield slowly opened her eyes, still in a daze. "Where am I?"

"In your house," said Caprice.

Petra rose unsteadily to her feet, assisted by Caprice who placed her on an easy chair then put the glass of water to Petra's lips to sip. In a few moments, Petra was now fully conscious. As she came round, Petra saw Alexandria and opened her arms. "Come here, my beautiful daughter." Turning to Caprice, she said, "Isn't he a pretty little girl, Aunt Caprice?"

Caprice thought had misspoken because she was drunk.

As she sobered up, Petra kept calling what looked like a little girl 'he.' Caprice ignored it but doubt entered her mind. When Petra started to sober up, Caprice gave her a severe lecture. "I have never been a mother but if I was, I would take better care of my child than you seem to be doing. Aren't you ashamed

of yourself? If the authorities were to hear of this, you could lose Alexandria to some children's home."

"Forgive me, Caprice. I *am* a good mother. I would go to a drying out clinic but who would look after Alexandria while I was away?"

"I see your problem but you must be more careful with your little girl. I will say nothing of this but if it happens again, it's my duty to report it for Alexandria's sake. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do. I am so sorry for all this trouble." No more was said between the two women and Caprice left, thinking about Alexandria.

That night, Caprice was heavy in thought about her small friend Alexandria and came to a decision. As she slipped into the satin-sheeted bed, she said to her husband, "Bruce what would you say to having a little girl here?"

"Caprice, you and I know you cannot have children so why are you saying this?"

"There is a little girl down the road. Her mommy has a problem with drinking." Caprice went on to describe the events of that day.

"I see. Does Petra Mansfield know about your idea to have Alexandria live here while she goes to a drying-out clinic?"

"Not yet but if you are okay with it, I shall inform Petra. She may not want it but we will see, I guess."

Having been informed of Caprice's idea, Petra Mansfield said she would have to think this matter over.

Petra Mansfield definitely wanted to go to the clinic not just for her own sake but her son/daughter's as

well. But if she left Alexandria in the care of Caprice, would his/her little problem be discovered? What if she told Caprice all about Alexandria? No, that was too risky. She would warn Alexandria to be careful while with Caprice.

“Alexandria, how would you like to stay with Aunt Caprice for a week or so? Mommy has to go to hospital. You and Aunt Caprice can come and visit me.”

“Oh yes, Mommy, I would like that!” Alexandria stopped and looked at her mother. “Are you not feeling well, Mommy?”

“It’s just something that needs to be sorted out. Nothing for you to worry about, sweetheart.”

“I love you, Mommy. Say you will never leave me.” Alexandria put her small hands round her mommy and kissed her.

“Mommy will always be here to love you as you love me.”

Caprice had fitted out a room for her small friend Alexandria. Petra brought Alexandria to Caprice the day she was to be admitted to the clinic. “You will be a good girl for Aunty Caprice while I am away and come and see me, won’t you, Alexandria?”

“Yes Mommy,” answered her pretty daughter.

Alexandria and Caprice waved as Petra left in her car to go to the clinic.

“Now let’s go to your room and sort out the things you brought with you.” Caprice took the case Alexandria had arrived with and started putting various items

in drawers and wardrobes. "You have very nice clothes" commented Caprice.

"Yes, Mommy buys me nice things. I love Mommy," answered Alexandria.

As it was a nice day, Caprice let Alexandria play on the lawn with a doll. "What's your dolly's name, sweetheart?"

"Mommy bought her for me before she went to hospital. She doesn't have a name yet. I know, I shall call her Caprice after my Aunty."

"Very nice, Alexandria. She will take dinner tonight and sit with you and Uncle Bruce and me."

"Who is Uncle Bruce?" enquired Alexandria, never having met Caprice's husband.

"He is my husband. You'll like him, he's a nice man."

"When I grow up, I shall marry a nice man like your husband."

Caprice laughed. "Well, I hope you find a nice man. Will I be invited to your wedding?"

"My Aunty Caprice will be at my wedding because she is my best aunt."

Caprice roared with laughter; this little girl had brought happiness to her.

That night, Alexandria sat at the table between Caprice and Bruce, feeding and telling her doll to be a good girl for her aunt and uncle. A bemused smile was passed between Caprice and Bruce.

After dinner, Caprice said it was time for little girls to go to bed. Since the night of the thunder and lightning storm, Alexandria had slept with her mother.

"I usually sleep with Mommy, Aunty Caprice," said the little girl.

"Oh, do you? Well, big girls sleep on their own. When your mommy comes out of hospital, she will see how you have grown up. You want that, don't you?"

"Oh yes and I can put on my nightie by myself and dress myself. I'm a big girl now, Aunty."

"You do that and Aunty Caprice will come and tuck you in."

Caprice led Alexandria to her room, left her to do other things, then heard a voice saying, "Aunty Caprice." Caprice left what she was doing and went to Alexandria's room. There she stood in a lovely blue nightdress. "Are you going to give me a goodnight kiss, Aunty Caprice?"

"I am and then I will tuck you in bed." Caprice did just that. "Is that everything, Alexandria?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then you must go to sleep. Sweet dreams." Caprice bent down and kissed Alexandria.

The following morning after breakfast, Bruce Calloway had left for his office.

"Alexandria, I am running a bath for you. We will be going to see your mommy this afternoon. You do want to be nice and clean for her, don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy unusually puts nice smelly things on me after she bathes me."

"Does she indeed?"

"Yes." Then Alexandria whispered to Caprice, "I expect your nice smelly things are better than Mommy's."

Caprice giggled. "You better not tell your mommy that, sweetie."

Caprice ran the tub and put in the liquid that would make it a bubble bath. "Take your things off and go into the bath while I get a towel to dry you." Alexandria removed her girl's clothes having completely forgotten her mother's warning about exposing herself to others who knew nothing about her condition.

Caprice came back into the bathroom to see Alexandria up to her neck in bubbles, giggling.

"So you like bubble baths?"

"Yes, Aunty Caprice, it is so much fun. Mommy sponges my back, will you?"

"Of course I will. Now where is that sponge?" Having found it, Caprice soaped Alexandria's back and front.

"Now it is time we dried you and put some nice smelly stuff on you," laughed Caprice. Alexandria rose from the bath all covered in bubbles to be wrapped in the towel Caprice was holding out for her. It was only after Caprice dried her that she discovered that Alexandria was not a girl. It shocked Caprice but she said nothing to Alexandria. She sprinkled some lavender talcum powder on Alexandria and dressed her. She would not do confront Alexandria about her condition; one never knew what harm could be done by mentioning it to her. It was Petra Mansfield who would have to be confronted about this.

Caprice led Alexandria to her bedroom. "Alexandria, what would you like to wear for your mommy? What is her favourite dress she likes to see you wear?"

Alexandria rushed to the wardrobe, opened it and withdrew a blue satin dress. "This one, Aunty Caprice."

"Do you have a favourite dress, Alexandria?"

"Yes Aunty Caprice, this one," she said, holding the same dress up.

"I see but why is that?"

"Because my mommy likes it, I like it too."

"Do you like everything your mommy likes?" asked Caprice.

"Yes, I love my mommy. She knows what is right for me," said a smiling Alexandria.

"Very well, darling, then we must dress you as your mommy would want." Caprice had gotten some of the answers she wanted.

Now all dressed, Caprice and Alexandria made for Caprice's car to go to the clinic. It was not a hospital but Caprice let her small companion believe this; anything else might confuse Alexandria. After Caprice enquired at the reception desk, a nurse came and led them to the room, then left Caprice and Alexandria with Petra.

Petra was sitting on a chair. "Where is mommy's darling daughter, Alexandria?"

The little boy/girl ran to her mother and they embraced each other. Caprice observed this happy greeting; it was obvious there was mutual love between mother and child.

"Has Alexandria been a good girl, Aunty Caprice?" her mother asked.

“As good as gold, haven’t you?” said Caprice looking at Alexandria who nodded her head.

“How are things in here?” asked Caprice.

“Driving me up the wall. They made me go cold turkey the other day.”

“You have to bare it, not just for your own sake but Alexandria’s too you know, don’t you?”

“Yes. I do it for Alexandria even if it kills me.” Petra broke down in tears. Caprice held her close to her.

Little Alexandria who did not understand what was being said, stretched her hands up, put them round her mother’s neck and kissed her. “Don’t cry, Mommy.”

“It is just mommy’s illness, darling but I will get well. Then we will have happy times again, won’t we, darling?”

“Yes, Mommy. I love you, please get well for me.”

“Take good care of my darling, Caprice. She means all to me.” Caprice took a small white handkerchief trimmed with lace out of her purse and wiped Petra’s eyes.

The conversation turned to other matters and the rest of the hour passed till a bell sounded to signify the end of visiting. Petra kissed her daughter good-bye and Caprice and Alexandria left.

The drying-out process took a lot longer that was expected and there was no doubt Alexandria missed her mother. Caprice did her best to amuse her and took her to the clinic as often as was possible.

Petra Mansfield could have discharged herself at any time but she knew she would have to endure the process for Alexandria sake. The love for her daugh-

ter/son was always with her, motivating her. Petra saw worse cases than herself in the clinic. For Alexandria's sake, she must never reach that state.

Caprice and Alexandria came the day she was discharged to bring her back home to her mansion. There was no doubt Alexandria was pleased as she kissed her mommy. Having gotten Petra settled in, Caprice said she would bring Alexandria's things round the next day. Petra Mansfield thanked Caprice most sincerely for all the help she had given in her absence. It was evidence of a friendship one could not buy.

That night as Alexandria prepared herself for bed in her mother's room, she said to Petra, "Mommy, I'm a big girl. I will sleep in my own room from now on."

"And who said you were a big girl?" Petra laughed at her son/daughter.

"Aunty Caprice, Mommy."

"Oh, she did. Well, maybe she is right. You do that and tomorrow we will organise your room better. It's a boys room and not good enough for my Alexandria."

The following day Caprice arrived with the cases containing Alexandria's clothes. Alexandria was busy playing on a swing out on the front lawn. Caprice helped Petra put the clothes in wardrobes and drawers. Now, she decided, would be the right time to ask about Alexandria.

"I know you have just come out of the clinic and I don't want to worry you, but I have to ask you why you dress your son in girl's clothes."

Petra Mansfield turned red-faced. "Whatever are you talking about, Caprice? I have no son, you are mistaken."

“Petra, I am here to help you. There is no doubt that Alexandria is of the male sex. So do not call me a liar.”

Petra began to cry. “I cannot deny it. I do dress my son in girl’s clothes but things may be getting out of hand and I don’t know what to do. I trust you, Caprice. But how can you help me?”

“I also have a secret. I trust you also not to tell my secret as I will not tell Alexandria’s. I will tell you mine then you must tell me all about how Alexandria came to wear girl’s clothes.”

Caprice then told her all about her being a street walker, not leaving out any of the sordid details. Petra told her story. When she finished, she felt much better that someone else shared her secret, someone should could trust.

“Petra, as far as Alexandria is concerned, don’t you think she should see someone qualified to deal with her condition. There are doctors at the clinic I attend who have handled such problems before.”

“Do you really think they can help me Alexandria?”

“I will have a word with some of the doctors and try and make an appointment for her.”

“You are a real friend, Caprice.”

Caprice left feeling happy that she had offered friendship to Petra. She arranged a meeting for Petra and Alexandria.

At the clinic, the child psychiatrist said Petra should carry on bringing up Alexandria as a girl. In time, the clinic would supply hormones; she must bring Alexandria to the clinic every month. The psychiatrist said her education must continue and explained there were

governesses Petra could hire who understood such children as Alexandria. One such person was hired.

All was at peace in the Mansfield household. Aunty Caprice was a frequent visitor there and she enjoyed playing with Alexandria.

A year or so passed and Caprice was near to her sex change operation. "That's good news, Caprice," said Petra. "I will visit you in hospital as you did for me. Can I bring Alexandria with me?"

"I don't think it is a place one would want to bring a small child, a ward full of women who are having sex change operations."

"Someday Alexandria will have that operation as well, and I want her to see there is nothing to be afraid of."

Surgery Day came; Petra and Alexandria visited Caprice in the ward as she lay in bed. "Are you not well, Aunty Caprice?" asked Alexandria.

"Oh, I will be all right. It's just an operation to remove a lump down between my legs that should not be there." Then looking seriously at Alexandria, she said, "Do you know you have the same condition too? Someday that too will have to be removed from you."

"Oh," Alexandria answered, a bit concerned.

Caprice cuddled the little girl/boy. "Don't worry. Once it is removed, you will be the happiest girl in the world, just like me."

"That was nicely put, Caprice. I'm sure it removed any fears she may have had."

The day Caprice was released from hospital, Bruce picked her up and their marriage began to go on to a higher level. Caprice was learning to love her husband;

as a hostess, she was very pleasant company. Bruce Calloway had much respect for the effort she was putting in to be the perfect wife.

As for Alexandria, Petra Mansfield decided she would tell the community about her. With Caprice by her side, she made the announcement one Sunday in open church. Petra was surprised at the support she got, not only from the church members but from the minister as well. "We are all God's children. Bless little Alexandria Mansfield," he said.

Caprice Calloway was not going to reveal what she once had been of the two so-called sisters, Camille and Clair Baxter. Neither was the Rev. Allister Dunsmuir's wife, Alison, going to say a word about her meetings with Clair Baxter every week in the rectory. These secrets remained firmly locked up in their hearts.

What other secrets might be revealed in this quiet suburb of the great city of Dorchester?

###