

TROPHY HUSBAND



Tiffany
MILLIS

Copyright © 2009, Mags Inc - All Rights Reserved

TROPHY HUSBAND

By Tiffany Mellis

Please don't misunderstand me when I say that I enjoyed interacting with the ladies who participated in mother's script reading group. It wasn't as if it was *that* often for goodness sake! Only when it was mother's turn to host the group, or when someone would come down with something unexpectedly – that I would fill in for that person. It was the cause of some tittering amongst the ladies at first, especially if I read a female part, but after a while it became commonplace enough that my attendance as a participant caused nary a ripple and, with them being constantly in need of characters my participation became even more common. So? It wasn't altogether a personal choice of mine, was it? And? To be perfectly honest, I enjoyed myself amongst the ladies. Felt sort of daring and dashing, if you know what I mean.

I'm well aware how *non-macho* a statement like the above appears. But there again? Being macho has always posed a problem for me. Father being dead when I was too young to know him. Me not being robust, slight of build and delicate constitution. Brought up by a mother who, though loving, firmly believed that children were to be seen, not heard. Tutored through my school years by a succession of lady tutors (Mother could not countenance the possibility of a male live-in tutor). To be perfectly honest, I'm positive now that many of these ladies did not like men. They were never mean to me that I recall, but I think that some of the sterner ones would often come down on me if I showed any signs of overt masculinity. Helped shape me.

Whatever that I could have been, I am – and still am - totally ignorant. Of course, I read lots of books though, there again, mother and my tutors did have a tendency to censor any literary works that stressed anything overtly masculine. Please don't get me wrong – I didn't have to read "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" ad nauseam – but I wasn't exposed to Treasure Island, or its ilk either. Anything like "The Four Musketeers" or "No Orchids for Miss Blandish"? Forget it!

I *was* allowed to watch television but, again, she imposed a very strict censorship on what I could watch. Of course, like any child I misbehaved by watching forbidden shows when she was out – but somehow or other, she'd find out and after a few spankings done publicly, in front of the maidservants - I was inclined to conform to the parameters she imposed. At times I did secretly wonder why I continued. It had to be someone within the ranks of the serving girls who was probably betraying me, yet I'd often be careless about what I was watching in front of them or the tutors, often staying with programs even though I found them boring. The spankings hurt physically and mother made a point of ensuring that I suffered maximum embarrassment, yet although I also underwent severe humiliation during them – there was *something* – I don't know that appealed to me.

I *must* have had feminine leanings all along. I mean, what boy wants to learn how to cook – unless he sees a lifetime of being a famous chef in front of him – which I assuredly did not. What boy applies pressure to his mother until she teaches him to knit, crochet, and embroider? *I* did. I look back in a kind of wonder. Remember doing these things with absolutely no shame. Shake my head a little at the memories.

What am I supposed to do at making these disclosures – blush? Can't say as I feel like it. On the Internet, I now see things about sissies and suchlike but to tell the truth I never felt particularly girlish as I learned the fundamental aspects of being a housewife. Nowadays, speaking in terms of being a boy scout? (Not that I would ever be allowed to join such an organization!) I see myself as having simply getting myself *prepared*. Some of you readers may sneer and ask if it was perhaps *feminine* intuition? I can't answer that charge. I honestly don't know.

Anyway? By the time I'd reached adulthood, I was reasonably content. A virgin – a fact that didn't particularly aggravate or annoy me. Slight of build and certainly anything but strong, I lived with mother in an environment of comfort, contentment, and security. We lived on the outskirts of a small village in the midlands, and made only sporadic visits to any of the larger towns – a trip to London was considered a major event and, actually not always looked forward to with any degree of pleasure. By that I only mean that I was content in our quiet, pastoral, life.

Yes, I masturbated. Had no idea of what turned me on at all – everything was decidedly nebulous as I'd lie in bed, tissues wrapped around my upright member, and stroke myself until ejaculation. Was it the healthy, athletic blondes who filled these fantasies – or did the clothes they wore have something to do with it? No idea! The only thing I knew for certain was that *nude* women did NOT excite me in the slightest - not at all. I could look at catalogs of beautiful, nude, young ladies (don't ask me where they came from) – and they did nothing for me at all. The day I discovered a company called Victoria's Secret produced catalogs with gorgeous young women in incredible lingerie and in FULL living color was indeed a day to be remembered! Now they were SOMETHING!

But, to describe the lifestyle that mother and I led, as being quiet would probably be an understatement. We got on well and there was practically no friction. Had a few girls come in from the village to perform the necessary cleaning and a cook who arrived early in the morning and left immediately after dinner, leaving the meal cleaning up to the girls – who then left after performing that particular chore, leaving mother and I to our own devices. On cook's days off or when she was indisposed, I generally did the cooking. At first

this was under mother's direct supervision but as the years went by, she gradually learned to trust me.

I will admit that I learned to leave the pursuit of any of my more 'feminine' activities until after all of the women had gone – and made sure not to leave any evidence lying around. I wasn't particularly ashamed, but after overhearing a few whispered comments that were made by some of the younger girls and feeling myself to be the focus of some scathing glances from them, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor and left any knitting or similar activity until later in the evenings when mother and I could sit and chat at the fireside, indulging ourselves in the occasional glass of sherry. Made VERY sure that everything was always tidied away out of sight before going to bed.

Getting back to the script-reading club. This was part of a nationally organized group, specifically formed for women. Although they were, by their own charter, banned from refusing male membership, there was no question that most males who wished to join in the activity had to join the National Organization – which took a great deal of courage on any male's part. As I've indicated, I may have had feminine tendencies, but had not the slightest inclination to join as a member – at least until Dorothy Maddox and Mrs. Klein joined mother's little group. After that, I really had very little choice.

I first heard of these two ladies during one of our nights at home. I was involved in cross-stitching a pattern of flowers onto a round tablecloth that mother had particularly admired. As she had developed a touch of arthritis in her hands anything of this nature was generally left up to me. Plus, I think she enjoyed our togetherness more when I was involved in this type of pursuit.

As I'd been taking a sip of sherry and didn't have my eyes on what I was working on, it was easy to see the smile playing around mother's lips as she bent over her crocheting. "Oh!" she said. "Something quite amusing came up today Alan. Forgot to mention it before. Looks like we may have a few new members in our little script reading group."

I asked. "Amusing? That's a peculiar term for you to use about new members mother. And that little smile? You've got something you're not telling me, right?"

She looked up and realized I'd seen her facial expression. Now, her eyes widened innocently though theatrically. "I don't know what you *mean*, dear boy. After all, you know one of the ladies - Doctor Klein's wife. You know her – the attractive blonde lady?"

"Wow mother! You've finally got a looker in your group!" I interrupted. Then I paused for a second. "But what's with the innocent expression? Why do I have the feeling that there's more to this than you're telling!"

She shook her head slowly and patted the back of her head gently. "You've hurt me terribly! You implying that *I'm* not a looker? And the other lady is a newcomer to town, a Dorothy something, so what gossip could I possibly be refusing to indulge in?"

I sighed theatrically then put my embroidery down, got up from my chair and went and knelt at my mother's feet. Took the slipper off her right foot and started massaging it through her nylon stocking – something she absolutely dotes on.

"Come on mummy! Stop all of this fooling about! Tell Alan all about it!" I whispered.

She giggled and arched her foot. "Oooh! You little devil! Mmmm! I'll give you five minutes to stop it! Maybe ten? Then you can do the other foot!"

I knew she would tell me sooner or later so did as she wanted and, after a few minutes of my ministrations, she sighed happily and said. "Well, it's all idle speculation of course." Then paused.

"Yes?"

"Well there's been rumors about the doctor's wife for years. She has always seemed to make a lot of trips, and nobody was quite sure about where she was going to, or what for. Lots of food for thought and idle speculation"

"Aha! Clandestine meetings with a man! How exciting!" I purred.

Mother arched her eyebrows, shrugged in a peculiar way, and grinned like a Cheshire cat. "A man? Did I say anything about a *man*? You're jumping to conclusions again young fellow!"

I was puzzled by her tone. Knew there was something there and said. "You've lost me, mother – I thought that's what . ." and then the idea hit me. "Mother!" I giggled. "She has a *lady* friend?"

Mother relaxed contentedly and lifted both of her feet into my lap. "Did I say you could stop working on my feet? Get to work young man!" Then she nodded. "That seems to be the consensus of opinion amongst the ladies in the group anyway – they're all acting *so* scandalized! As if something like that was totally unheard of!"

I was immediately ashamed and embarrassed at my reaction. Somehow, the idea of two women making love to each other has always interested me, the idea of two sweet scented, smooth, soft bodies intertwined – kissing softly? I think the phrase is that it turns me on. Anyway, I wasn't sure if mother felt my erection through her nylon-clad feet and tried very hard to shift so that she wouldn't. She gave no indication though, so I continued to massage her feet, waiting for the erection to subside, but it did take a while. (I do wish to state, for the record that I find the thought of this activity between two women attractive, but two men performing in a similar manner? I mean I can't imagine any kind of delight in kissing some hairy person – so do not find this appealing at all).

I also was quite taken by my mother's attitude. We had never discussed any kind of sexual activity before – certainly never lesbianism – but she seemed very accepting of this, not an attitude I ever would have expected of her. Got myself lost in those thoughts for a moment.

With these feelings careening around in my head to distract me, I wasn't being too quick on the uptake. Sensed that mother was looking at me with some expectation in her eyes, but then it dawned on me.

"Good grief mother! You're saying her and . this other lady . . that it's the two of *them* that are becoming members? Oh wow! I can see why the group are so up in arms! Anyone trying to blackball them? Aha! Can I come to the next meeting?"

She shook her head reprovably. "Alan – that's disgraceful! I don't concur with your findings at all! Did I even intimate such a thing?" Then she laughed. "You are a disgraceful young man! I thought I'd brought you up properly! But to answer your questions? Every-

one in the group is *delighted* to have new members – and I don't see as how I can keep you away. The next meeting's here!"

* * *

My favorite light reading material are Romance novels (Don't laugh. You expected something different?) so I'm well accustomed to the concept of love at first sight. Until I saw Dorothy Maddox though, I was fairly positive that such a thing was just an overused short cut for many authors to save them work in describing the complexity in human interrelationships where a mutual attraction is involved. Love at first sight indeed!

When I saw her come in through our front door, however, that assumption was absolutely shattered. I felt as if my heart stopped! What made this even more amazing to me was the sense that she immediately felt the same way about ME! The pair of us must have looked like idiots for what seemed an interminable amount of time – talk about us being struck by lightning mutually!

But in real time it couldn't have been long because no one else seemed to notice and, believe me, *any* group of middle-aged women are VERY perceptive. What one doesn't pick up, another one will. Trust me.

Anyway, let me describe Dorothy. Older than me. Well into her thirties – maybe even in her early forties. Certainly not a *pretty* woman but her carriage and piercing blue eyes immediately indicated a very high level of self confidence and when she revealed perfect teeth in a smile, her face took on a warmth that belied the charisma evident in her whole bearing.

Dark hair, full and thick although not quite shoulder length with maybe even a few gray hairs showing? Truly amazing how it complemented her eyes.

Height? Probably around five eight or so without benefit of heels. In them, she seemed about five ten – very imposing to someone small like myself. Clothes? Simple but elegant. I discovered later on that she was predisposed to tailored jump suits and pants, but that night she wore a conservative pleated, gray wool skirt, a silk shirt front blouse in a dark blue, a maroon blazer and conservative shoes. A plain gold chain showed at her neck, matched by a bracelet and hoop earrings. A fairly large diamond ring sat on her right hand, but that was the only article she wore of ostentatious nature. There was nothing resembling a wedding ring on her hand.

As usual, I had been given the task of making drinks and passing out canapés and various other munchies. In a swelter of internal emotions, I got into that task immediately. You will probably be thinking that I was wearing some apron? **Not** true! In those days I wore nothing of that nature at all in company. Naturally, while doing my cooking chores during cook's absence I had to wear one of mother's – but that's neither here nor there

It turned out that Mrs. Klein had been delayed so, as Dorothy had not met any of the group until that point, it fell to mother to make the necessary introductions. I could feel my heartbeat accelerate and the palms of my hand get moist as they drew closer and closer to me. Finally, mother was saying. "And this specimen is my one and only son Alan. Alan, please put that tray down and allow me to introduce you to Dorothy Maddox. Dorothy

has just recently purchased the old Trafford manor but has been too busy having it renovated for social activities – at least until now.”

“A pleasure Ms. Maddox,” I said, offering my hand, after putting the tray down.

She turned that beam of a smile on me. “If you want to be accurate, you should call me *Miss*, but that sounds far too young for me and frankly? I’d rather you just call me Dorothy.” she said, enveloping my hand in hers. “You’re a very brave young man!” she added, smiling.

“Brave?” Mother asked.

“Not too many males willing to surround themselves by a group of middle aged women, is there?” Dorothy laughed, then added sotto voce “My goodness! Don’t tell anyone else I said anything about the group being middle aged ladies, huh?”

Mother laughed in return. “You DO believe in calling a spade a spade, don’t you? But don’t worry, I won’t tell anybody – and Alan? You’d better not quote her either – if you know what’s good for you!” Then she linked her arm in Dorothy’s and led her away.

A few minutes later Lynn Klein arrived, a little breathless from hurrying. I was quite surprised when she shook everyone else’s hands, waved a greeting to me, but kissed Dorothy hello. It wasn’t anything other than a quick kiss, the kind that women are seen exchanging all the time, but by being *different* than how she’d greeted the other ladies, immediately denoted that she and Dorothy might have had a special relationship. Okay, they were friends, where none of the other ladies in the group fell into that category, but it was almost as if she and Dorothy were daring anyone to say anything.

As I indicated before, Lynn Klein was a very attractive woman. About my height, maybe a little taller, but willowy in build with shoulder length blonde hair, always impeccably made up and manicured – and to the best of my recollection had never been seen – not in our vicinity anyway – in anything other than skirts and blouse outfits or dresses. Blue eyed with a disconcerting way of appraising people straightforwardly. Was certainly not, ever, to be construed as a dumb blonde. Naturally, her husband being the local doctor, she was well known in the area and though she seemed to keep her distance was generally thought highly of – at least amongst mother’s circle. Okay, this may have been unusual considering what I knew now – but maybe the women in the know were more accepting of a lesbian type relationship? They certainly had shown little restraint in vilifying another lady who had been having an adulterous affair with a local butcher. Like a bunch of well-mannered piranha fish I’d thought at the time, taking small but deadly bites out of the poor woman.

As mother was the hostess, she was the person who assigned the roles to each individual in the play that was to be read that night – and there was no appeal. There was always some good natured complaining though when someone would feel she had been picked on – either given too short a role, or too long. Surprisingly, I never heard anyone complain about being given a male role to read. As was often the case, some were given multiple parts to narrate and, considering that the plays to be read were kept secret until the night of the reading, I was constantly amazed at the small amount of errors that were made. Some were made, obviously, but anyone who did goof badly was ragged on something

fierce. (I sometimes wondered if it was the fear of this that made them all concentrate so much).

That night, I had only two small parts to read. One male, one female and as I was out of the action completely from early on in the second act, concentrated on setting up the refreshments then helped mother distribute them at the break.

To tell the truth, I'd been doing a lot of fantasizing, with Dorothy paramount in my mind, but common sense had finally won out as I realized that she was Lynn's mate of choice and that she must therefore be basically attracted to females. Accordingly, I reluctantly convinced myself that I must have misread her reaction to me – probably the way a light had caught her eye, or something like that. I sighed and went about my business.

The ladies were all laughing and chatting at the break while I was kept busy refilling teacups, supplying biscuits and so on. Once though, when I was coming through from the kitchen with a fresh pot of tea I saw Dorothy and Lynn chatting and it looked as if they were searching for something or someone. Then, from the surreptitious way they glanced away when they realized I'd seen them, I got the strangest feeling they'd been looking for ME! Had an awful feeling. Had Dorothy been laughing about me to Lynn?

Then, just before sitting down after the break, I suddenly found Lynn standing beside me.

"Hi Alan. How are you?" she asked. "Sorry I was late in getting here. Haven't seen you in a long time. Would have enjoyed a chat if we'd had a little more time."

I was immensely flattered, though somewhat confused. This attractive woman had always passed me with a smile or a wave, but had never had a *chat* with me in her life – nor had she ever indicated the slightest interest in having such a thing.

"That would have been lovely Mrs. Klein," I answered vaguely.

"Lynn for goodness sake!" she laughed, laying a warm, soft, hand on my arm. "What's with the Mrs. nonsense?" Then "Tell you what? Don't you do volunteer work in the library regularly?" she asked.

"Yes Lynn" (I loved the sound of her name in my mouth and the warmth of her companionship). "I shelve books there once a week. Will be there tomorrow as a matter of fact. I've been . . ."

"Great!" she interrupted. "Look, we're about to start reading again and I don't have time to explain, but I'd like to ask a favor of you. Could you make lunch at the Pleated Apron (A local intimate restaurant) at, say, one o'clock? My treat. I'd be very grateful. Can you make it?"

Wild horses couldn't have dragged me away from that prospect. She grinned as I told her so then – to everyone's surprise – gave me a quick peck on the cheek and then went to her place at the table. Moments later, the reading started again. As I said, I didn't have too much to do, but did some generic clean up, my mind in a whirl. What on *earth* was going ON?

Another strange thing happened after everyone had left. I was trying to figure out a way by which I could talk about Dorothy while helping mother clean up. Hemmed and hawed around the subject until a strange look came into her eyes for a second. Then she

disappeared for a minute and reappeared with something of a pinkish/mauve hue over her arm. "Here. Put this on," she said, handing it over to me.

"What on earth is this?" I said, taking it from her.

"An apron. What do you think? I'm tired of seeing you get your clothes all dirty when you're working around the house."

I slipped the loop over my head, only slightly dismayed to discover that the bib and skirts were quite full – and ruffled to boot, but felt I still had to protest. "It's kind of frilly, is it not mother? And if I'm to wear something like this, why not you?"

"Because *you're* the one who's turn it is to do the dishes," she replied, coming around to my back and tying me into it and, like just like any woman, tying me in with a pretty bow.

Her answer made sense, and it was true – it *was* my turn to do the dishes, but I felt strange somehow. I'd worn aprons before, but this felt different somehow. As if I'd taken some drug to make me weak and helpless.

"Now come along dear!" she said firmly. "and stop dithering about. We don't want to be cleaning up all night, do we?"

"Okay mummy," I said, then blushed. "Good GRIEF!" I said, shaking my head. "Where did *that* come from? I haven't called you that in *years!*"

She paused in what she was doing and looked directly at me. "And I've missed that SO much Allie" she said coming over and giving me a hug. "I've missed it so much! Would you mind very much if I asked you to start calling me 'mummy' again? All the time?"

"Allie? Mummy, it's been years since you called me that too! What's got into us?" I laughed.

"Just a little giddiness I suppose," she said, laughing herself, then changed the subject. "What did you think of Dorothy?" She grinned. "Not that you're interested, of course!"

"Miss Maddox?" I asked, quite pleased with the disinterested tone I managed, ignoring her teasing.

"Don't hand me that line!" she said, lightly punching my arm. "You looked like a rabbit in front of a snake when she came in!" Then she sobered. "Though? To be quite honest, I thought she might have been just a teeny bit? Smitten with you as well!"

My heart lurched at her words. Was it possible? But I opted for the light approach. "But mother – mummy – didn't you tell me that she was only interested in girls?"

"That's true," she admitted. "But I'll swear . . .?" her voice tailed off. She shook her head in a puzzled way and looked as if she wanted to change the subject.

But there was no way in hell that I was going to let this conversation wind down. "Mummy? Tell me, honestly. What did you think of her?"

She eyed me carefully, then a little humor broke through. "Got a little crush on *MISS* Dorothy, have we?"

I blushed. "You didn't answer my question, mummy. What did you think of her?"

"She's old enough to be your mother," she said quietly. "Almost."

“Answer the bloody question mummy!”

She inhaled noisily before she spoke. “A very handsome woman. Smart. Sophisticated. Knows what she wants. *That* answer good enough for you?”

“Not quite. You think she might like me?” I asked softly, my brain whirling.

“Yes. It sounds silly, but yes, I think she does. At least that was the impression I got.”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

“What should I do mummy? I’m lost. Never felt like this before,” I wailed, surprising both of us I think.

“You asking for my advice. That what you want? Seriously?” she asked in a tone I’d never heard her use before.

“Seriously.” I said firmly.

She took my hand in hers. “The dishes can wait. Time for a little mother -” . . . she paused for some reason . . . “- to son talk” she said. “Let’s sit on the sofa.”

We sat down angling towards each other, our knees practically touching. For some reason, I started feeling as if I’d left my ‘normal’ world and had entered one, just a little bit different where mummy and I, instead of being mother and son were two *girl* friends. I had to shake my head to make this impression go away. Then it dawned on me that it was the ruffled, pinkish, apron I was wearing that had to be creating this impression. I smiled at my own idiocy – what on earth would I think of next? But mummy was talking. Still with that tone in her voice.

“Allie? I just want to confirm something. Are you definitely attracted to this woman?”

I blushed a little. “Yes mummy.”

“You want advice on how to attract her. Yes?”

I nodded mutely.

She sighed. “You’ve got to understand something dear. I don’t really know this woman, so any advice I hand out may be awfully skewed. Totally wrong. I don’t think it is, but I have to warn you anyway. Understand?”

“You sound awfully serious mummy.” I said.

She sighed again. “Well, I *am* serious because it’s advice that I thought I’d never have to give and I’m terrified of hurting your feelings.”

“You couldn’t do that if you tried mummy.”

She laughed. “Very well. Let’s see. Where to start?” She started ticking off her fingers as she spoke. “One. She’s older than you. Two. She’s bigger than you. Three. She started up her own business from scratch and is well off. Four . . .”

“Yes mummy. I know all that,” I interrupted. “What I’m . . .”

“Just setting up the facts as I see them. Don’t interrupt darling. Okay?” She interrupted me in turn. Waited for my nod before continuing. “Four. She has a great deal of personal

charisma and self-confidence. Five. Think I've just described an attractive, outgoing, successful, person – and one that attracts you. Right?"

A small smile crossed my face. "If I'm not interrupting?"

She patted my thigh through the apron, then gently fingered the ruffles as she answered. "Sarcasm does not become you darling. It wasn't *that* long ago that I put you over my knees and gave you a spanking. Don't think I couldn't do it now, if I wanted." She issued this warning, but with a smile.

I ignored the thrill that coursed through me at her words and pretended a grimace. "Sorry mummy. To answer your question? Yes. You described her very well and, yes, she attracts me."

She nodded. "That's better. You darling, on the other hand. Are quiet. Not very strong? Certainly not aggressive. Quite content to stay at home and keep your ancient mother company. True?"

I bowed my head formally.

"And you also think that she's attracted to you. Correct?"

"I don't know mummy. I certainly hope so."

"But at the same time there are definite indications that she's also attracted to Lynn Klein. Right?"

I sighed. "I certainly wouldn't argue with you there, mummy. I think you're absolutely correct."

She looked at me for a few seconds. "I'm not changing the subject but I did see you having a chat with Lynn, right before we started after the break. What was that all about?"

"Wants to meet with me for lunch. Has a favor she wants to ask of me."

She stroked her chin. "Mmmm. How do you see Lynn?"

I shrugged. "Very attractive. A pleasant personality. Always nicely dressed."

"Feminine? Masculine?"

"VERY feminine."

"You attracted to her?"

"For goodness sake mummy. She's married!"

"Please answer the question Allie. You attracted to her?"

I thought, then shook my head. "No mummy. From what I know of her, she's nice – but I'm not attracted to her in that way, if you know what I mean."

Mummy nodded her head imperceptibly. "All right then. Let's get back on track. You're attracted to a woman with all the attributes of a successful male. As far as we know, she is attracted to feminine women. She may also be attracted to you. On the other hand? You are NOT attracted to a distinctly attractive girl – that most men would give their eyeteeth to possess. Is what I'm getting at becoming apparent to you?" She patted my thighs again. "Please don't blush Allie. I'm not trying to offend you."

"I can't help it mummy," I said weakly.

"What? Being girlish – or . . ."

"BLUSHING!" I said indignantly.

"Oh dear. I *have* offended you dear. But please let me say something in my own defense?" she said contritely.

It was my turn to sigh. "I guess so."

"I saw the reaction that took place between you and Dorothy from the minute she came into the house. Afterwards, when we started cleaning up, I was pretty sure that you wanted to discuss her with me. Frankly I couldn't see a way out of avoiding the conversation – not that I really wanted to, understand? Had the feeling that we were going to get to this point – and wanted to prepare you that my answers might not be what you wanted to hear."

"Prepare me? What are you talking about?"

"For what I was going to say. Gave you a pretty pink apron to wear – with lots of pretty ruffles."

"But you said . . ."

"Never *mind* what I said! You put it on – and let me tie a pretty bow at the back. Then I Got you to call me 'mummy' – then started calling you Allie – an androgynous name if ever I heard one. And a little while back? I threatened to put you over my knees and spank you! Tell me *Allie*, do you think that a masculine male would allow himself to be treated in that fashion?"

I was shocked at the words she used and her tone of voice, but had to answer. "No mother."

She started to pull me into her embrace. And spoke kindly and softly "Allie! It's 'mummy' now! You're a *sissy*. MY little *sissy*. And that's what *sissies* call their mothers. Correct?"

"Oh, I see what you're getting at now!" I moaned, nearly weeping.

"Allie darling! Call me *mummy*!" It was more of an order now than a request, but I couldn't disobey.

"Yes mummy,"

"That's my girl." She said, kissing me as I started to cry.

It took a while for me to settle down, but when we resumed our conversation, it was obvious that our relationship had changed. She was now giving her *daughter*, advice on how to catch a *man*.

"You can't hurry this though darling," she cautioned me. "For one thing, I don't think she'd like you coming on to her – that's going to be her job. I think we want to start making you prettier, but not too quickly, people would wonder . . ."

"Prettier? Oh god mummy! *Prettier*?" I laughed self-consciously.

"That's what I said. That's what I meant! Now just stop being silly! Weren't you intending to get your hair done tomorrow, before you go to the library?"

"Well, I was intending to go to the barber, my hair is getting a little long."

"No barber for you dear. It's Elaine's from now on. She'll fit you in tomorrow if I ask her."

"Elaine's! You're kidding, surely!" I couldn't stop blushing!

Mummy laughed at my red face. "She has quite a few male customers, so you won't stand out that much. But I want you to start getting her to style your hair. Nothing too feminine to begin with – let's see how Dorothy reacts before we take anything to extremes."

"Ha ha ha," I started, but weakly.

"Ha ha nothing! Let's get back to cleaning up Allie. And, if you don't mind? It might be a good idea for you to learn how to swish that apron of yours. Men and masculine women find that kind of thing attractive."

I smiled, thinking that she was kidding. She wasn't.

The following morning I presented myself nervously at Elaine's Hairdressing and Beauty salon. Elaine herself greeted me and apologized that as I hadn't made an appointment she couldn't spend too much time. "But your mother tells me that you've decided that I'm to be your regular hairdresser from now on?" I nodded, mute with a sort of mute fear. "Good! Then we'll set you up with regular times then. Today? I want to start and shape the style. Maybe I'll personally do you the next appointment too. After that? I'll probably hand you over to one of the girls. Is that okay?"

Still somewhat paralyzed by what was happening, I could only nod.

She only spent about thirty five minutes on my hair and at first sight I didn't think there was that much difference in my appearance, but she did lighten the shade a little – not even a full shade – as she told me. She also plucked a few of my eyebrows as they didn't line up with her idea of what my facial structure should be – something like that. It felt strange, but somewhat nice to be pampered. I also notice that women seem to feel that it's perfectly all right to have their appearance improved – a lot different than what guys get in a barbershop.

I must have looked a little different though because a few of the volunteer ladies at the library looked a little puzzled and asked me what I'd been doing – that I looked different somehow? I fobbed them off by telling them that it must have been the 'haircut' I'd just had. This seemed to satisfy them.

When I met Lynn at the restaurant for lunch, she came and gave me a quick kiss of greeting. "Had your hair done Alan? It's very nice. Suits you. Had it lightened a bit, did you?"

She smiled knowingly as I blushed and stammered something utterly asinine, then linked her arm through mine in a very friendly way and walked me to our table with the hostess leading the way. I felt rather silly when the girl pulled MY chair out for me!

Lynn saw my consternation. Grinned. "I'm the hostess Alan. It's the protocol around here for the staff to defer to the guests at the table." She laughed. "So don't make noise! I don't need any macho nonsense from you!"

So meekly I sat and had my chair pushed in for me, then looking around the place discovered a little to my consternation that I was the only male there. Then remembered that it was a favorite luncheon spot for many of the village's women, so consoled myself a little with that point.

"That's a very attractive perfume you're wearing Lynn," I said.

She preened a little. "You noticed? How perceptive. It's Dorothy's favorite. She has it made up for me."

She must have seen the shocked expression come over my face as she made this comment, linking herself to Dorothy. Shook her head. "Oh Alan! Dorothy and I are lovers. Going to tell me you didn't know? I'm sure it's all over the village by now. I'm pretty sure that the play-reading club were well aware. Mean to tell me that they never filled you in?"

I coughed and choked a little. "Well, I had heard . . ."

"Of course you did! Enough of that nonsense! I invited you here to ask a favor. But first of all? Let's order."

We, or should I say, - she - ordered drinks, then shrimp salad with a glass of white wine for each of us. As we sat with our drinks, waiting for the food to be served, she told me why she'd wanted us to get together. "You know that Dorothy's bought the old Trafford place and is having it renovated?"

"I had heard something about that, yes." I answered.

"Well? I've basically been in charge of the renovations, but I'd like a hand."

"You asking *me* for a recommendation? I'm afraid I don't know anybody in that line of work Lynn. Sorry."

She laughed. "Alan? I'm asking *you*. I'd like *you* to give me a hand. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"But I don't know anything about . . ."

"Alan? Be a dear. Just say you will. Stop all of this blathering!"

"But won't Dorothy object? I mean to say . . ."

She stopped me from speaking by raising a finger to her lips and turning the searchlight of her gaze on to me. "Dorothy won't object. Trust me." She said calmly.

There was something in her eyes that was telling me just to just stop making any objections. "When would you like me to start?" I asked meekly, blushing at the thoughts that were inundating my mind..

"I've got my car with me. After we finish lunch okay?"

I blinked at her speed, but managed. "That's fine Lynn. Is it okay if I call mummy and tell her?"

"Of course dear. I think it's very nice and sweet of you to let your *mummy* know where you'll be. Why don't you do that?"

She was talking to me as if I were a child! I mean, she isn't that much older than me - a couple of years tops, but I was intimidated, there was no question about it, so didn't make

any comment. We chatted about inconsequential things for the rest of the meal then, as she was paying, I went and called mummy.

"Mmm!" she said, not sounding surprised at all by the developments. "Very interesting. Very interesting indeed! Is Dorothy going to be out there?"

"I don't know. Don't think so. Didn't get that impression." I said.

"Well darling? Why don't you go off with Lynn – but don't forget. I'll want to know *everything* that happens! No secrets please! Are you happy with your hair?"

"Oh yes. You haven't seen it yet but I think you'll like it. On the rest? I won't forget mummy. I just can't figure out why she's asked me to help her."

"Maybe get the *male* viewpoint?" mummy said seriously – then spoiled it by giggling.

"Oh mummy!" I squealed indignantly, then blushed as I found Lynn standing right behind me, grinning. "Got to go!" I said hurriedly into the phone. "Bye mummy" and hung up.

Lynn and I chatted about village matters as she drove us to Dorothy's house. The old Trafford place had been a fine home at one time, but had fallen into some (slight) decay. As we drove up the long gravel driveway to the front of the house though, I could see signs of recent restoration everywhere – new landscaping, exterior paintwork and what looked like sandblasted stonework. There was also a bright looking conservatoire off to one side of the house that I'd no recollection of, but there again, I'd never been at the house that much so I wasn't sure if it was new or not.

Lynn parked her car right at the steps leading up to the front door. The house was locked, but she pulled a key from her handbag and ushered me in before closing the door behind us.

It was immediately apparent that the house was well into redecoration. The paintwork was all fresh and new and a great deal of furniture was scattered around. Lynn led me over to a large table where sketches and swaths of fabrics lay in profusion. "Here. Bring this portfolio along, would you? I'll carry these fabric samples. Want to see what you think. Let's look at the bedroom first." she said, then led me upstairs into what appeared to be a sumptuous bedroom in the making.

A circular king-size bed dominated the room. What surprised me was the canopy over it with luxurious looking drapes cascading down, softly pleated and held at various places by velvet cords. There were drapes already installed at the windows and they, like the canopy, were very diaphanous and seemed to fall in a range of pastel shades.

"Wow!" I said.

"Like it?" Lynn asked.

"Oh yes – but whose bedroom is it?" I asked.

"Why do you ask?" she said, a glint in her eye.

"Well?" I coughed diplomatically, searching for the right words. "It's lovely – but it doesn't seem quite her – if you know what I mean? Kind of feminine? Dorothy doesn't strike me in quite that manner."

She grinned. "I'd tell you that you're very perceptive – but even a blind man could see that." She grinned. "But even Dorothy, has to consider other people's tastes TOO – if *you* know what I mean?"

Her meaning was all too plain, and I blushed furiously. She laughed out loud. "Oh Alan! You should just *see* your face! No wonder Dorothy . . ."

I waited for her to finish, but she coughed, then looked at me enquiringly. "You were saying?" she asked in an obvious attempt to change the subject.

But I wasn't going to let her off that easily. "I wasn't saying anything," I said. "It was you that was speaking. Something about Dorothy?"

"Oh. Must have slipped my mind," she said, but I sensed something evasive in her manner. Wanted to press the issue, but she started showing me the sketches of the chairs and divans for the room and asking what fabrics I thought best. Now, I've never considered myself as having good taste in this sort of thing, but she seemed genuinely impressed at my suggestions and comments – and told me so.

About a half hour later I heard a car drive up and halt out front. "Who's that?" I asked.

Lynn shrugged. "Might be the interior decorator, but I doubt it. She's not due back here for a few days. Might be Dorothy."

At this news, my stomach turned noisily. Lynn couldn't help but hear it and gave me a searching look. "That you being nervous? What are you nervous about? Dorothy doesn't bite. Don't be scared. She's a real pussy cat!"

It WAS Dorothy! My breath caught in my chest, she looked so vital and alive as she came prowling into the room a few seconds later. "Hi honey!" she said to Lynn – and went and kissed her on the lips! Right in front of me! Then she came over to me. "Hi Alan. Welcome to my new house to be!" And, before I could do or say anything, she embraced – and kissed me – also right on the lips! And? To further shock me, I got the benefit of a tongue tip inserted into my mouth for a second or so as well!

"MMMM!" she said after she broke away. "You taste good!"

"Dorothy? Behave yourself! You've got the poor boy terrified!" Lynn said, shaking her head.

Dorothy swung her eyes around to me again, a smile on her lips. "You're not scared of me Alan, surely? An old broad like me?"

I gulped, and knew it had been noticed. "Well? You do seem a little . . eh . . overbearing. But in a *nice* way, of course!"

"You're SO cute! Why don't you come here, over to me, huh?" she purred.

I could not believe what was happening. She's been in the room for less than a minute – and here she was – coming ON to me! In front of her girlfriend! I stood, gaping at her, transfixed.

She crooked her finger and beckoned me towards her. "Alan? Didn't you hear me? I told you to come here!" She was still smiling, but a little more dogmatic now.

Smiling inanely at my own lack of backbone, I approached her until I was standing just a foot or so in front of her.

"Much better," she cooed. "But just a little closer, please?"

I was looking shyly down at the floor now, so didn't see her arms come up, but the next thing I knew, I was wrapped in her arms in a warm embrace.

"Look up at me please." She said softly in my ear.

I did as I was told and looked up into her nice eyes. Eyes that had kindness and just a touch of laughter in them. "You find me attractive, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I whispered.

"I thought so. Just wanted to make sure. May I have a kiss then. A proper kiss?" she asked next.

I nodded shyly. A perfect imitation of a rabbit in front of a snake.

"Then put your arms up around my neck, okay?"

In the shoes she was wearing her normal height advantage over me was increased. I felt practically tiny as I stretched my arms up and around her neck. Now, she put one hand behind my neck and pulled me into her for another kiss – a proper one this time.

It was relatively chaste. Her tongue tip did gently slide along my lips, moistening them a little, but for the very first time in my life, I understood just how soft and full my lips were as hers met mine. It was a lovely feeling. I felt desired, warm, and protected all at the same time. Our lips fitted together as if they'd been designed that way.

"Mmm!" she hummed as she lifted her lips away. "Very nice. Very nice indeed." She turned to Lynn who had stood by the whole time. "You like him?"

Lynn smiled. "Yes. But only after a fashion of course."

Dorothy spoke to me next. "Do you like Lynn?"

"Yes. But why are you asking? I'm lost."

"I want you two to be friends – so why don't the pair of you kiss. Nicely now?"

"Oh *Dorothy!* You're nuts!" Lynn laughed – but she was coming towards me, smiling invitingly with her arms opening and, before I knew it, I was in her arms with our lips meeting! She pulled back for a second. "I hope that you don't mind me being so aggressive. It's not my normal nature."

"That's okay by me," was all I could get out before her lips were on mine again.

This kiss was lovely too – but in an entirely different way. Sensual, yes. Her lips were full and soft, just as mine are but where Dorothy's had been somewhat aggressive, Lynn's were softly welcoming and, somehow, gave the impression of being curious about me. Her body up against mine was also soft and very, very, feminine and sweetly scented. She kissed me for quite a few seconds that second time, then stepped back. "Oh YES Dot. I can see what you like there." She told Dorothy.

Then she did something peculiar. "Stand still a sec Alan, would you?" she said, then came up to me and lightly traced around my lips with the tip of her finger, brushing them

lightly a few times in some areas. "Much better!" she said approvingly, before stopping and backing off. I had no idea of what she was talking about, but then Dorothy put an arm around my shoulder and started asking questions about what we'd been talking about and the ambience of the room took a decided shift away from the sexual to the pragmatic.

It wasn't long after that the phone rang. Dorothy picked it up then handed it to Lynn. "It's for you. I think Frank needs you."

"Nuts!" Lynn said, but took the phone and said "Yeah?" then repeated it a few times, then finished "I'll be there in about a half hour." Then she paused, then added "Frank? Don't be unreasonable. You know that it's at least a half hours drive – and if there's any traffic, it'll take me even longer. "Yes. Well then, no need to apologize. I'll be there as quickly as I can."

She put the phone down. "Drat! Frank has a new patient - a Mrs. Darnley. She's complaining about pains and he doesn't want to examine her without a nurse being present."

"I thought his nurse at the office did that sort of thing." Dorothy said.

"Yes, she does. But unfortunately he's making a house call on Mrs. Darnley. Much quicker if I go along and help him out." She shrugged. "That's what comes of having been a nurse. Though I must admit, the poor darling doesn't ask me for help too often." She picked up her purse. "Dot? Can you drive Alan home? It's a bit out of my way, and I'm sure he'd appreciate it." She playacted a leer at me, and grinned as I blushed.

Naturally, Dorothy said she'd drive me home and seconds later, Lynn was gone – after kissing Dorothy and, with a sly grin, me. She shocked me by sticking her tongue quickly into my unsuspecting mouth, but her smile told me all I wanted to know – she was only teasing. Didn't stop a start of an erection though.

Alone with Dorothy! What can I say? I was nervously waiting – but with a great deal of anticipation – for her to come on to me. But, dare I say it? She was a perfect gentleman. Yes, she walked me around both the interior and exterior of the house showing the place off, and yes, her arm was around my shoulder a great deal of the time but as far as any advances on her part? None. Of course I was disappointed!

Mummy was very glad to see us when Dorothy saw me home. It turned out that the cook had requested the night off and, thinking I'd be home in plenty of time to make dinner, mummy had agreed. "Allie? Why don't you go and make us some drinks while I try and talk Dorothy into staying and having dinner with us?" she said almost as soon as we arrived.

"A home cooked meal? You won't need to do much talking!" Dorothy laughed. "But I should have brought a bottle of wine or something . . ."

"Nonsense!" Mummy said firmly. "You brought my little Allie home – and he's more precious than any wine."

"Allie? That what you call him? Yes he is a little treasure, isn't he? But may I use your bathroom?" Dorothy said.

I was just about to go and start making drinks when Dorothy left. Mummy had a very strange expression on her face. "Why are you wearing lipstick?" she whispered.

“Eh? What? What are you *talking* about?” I said indignantly walking over to a mirror and examining my lips – and she was right. I was wearing lipstick! Not a lot mind you, but it was easily discernible. I stared at my reflection, then it dawned on me. Probably one coat of the cosmetic had been applied when Dorothy kissed me, then another layer when it had been Lynn’s turn. That was why she’d caressed my lips with her fingertip – she’d been blending the residues of the lipsticks – making it look as if I was wearing it voluntarily!

Shocked, I put my hand up to wipe the offending color from my lips. “Oh GRIEF!” I said.

“Huh? What are you doing? Stop *that!*” Mummy said quickly.

My hand was halfway to my mouth as I stopped and stared at her.

“Listen!” she hissed. “I don’t have much time! Are you still keen on Dorothy?”

Dumbly, I nodded.

“Then for the rest of the night, while Dorothy’s here? I want you to do what I tell you to do? Understand?”

She didn’t wait for my answer, but saw my reaction.. “Good! Now go and put on that pink apron – NOW! It’s in the kitchen! I’ll let you know when you can take it off! Now *PUT IT ON!* Then come back to me and let me tie the bow! Quickly!”

There was an element of impatience and command in her voice that I didn’t recall ever hearing before. Shocked as I was, I nevertheless hastened to do her bidding. By the time Dorothy returned I was ensconced in my frilled pink apron with a pretty flounced bow at the back. I was also blushing to match as mummy had whispered happily in my ear as she’d fussed with the bow. “Your lipstick is almost a perfect match for your apron. How fortunate!”

It is almost impossible to describe my feelings when Dorothy saw me in my feminine get up – and made absolutely no comment – did not react in the slightest! Definitely not negative – just accepting. I mean, I’d have been embarrassed if she’d made a teasing remark, and shamed if she’d said anything derogatory, but it was as if I was wearing simply what I *should* be wearing – that’s all. I’ll admit to being a little put out by this and the fact that as I was now expected to prepare dinner, I wasn’t allowed to join the ladies in having a drink. Probably fussed a little bit – could feel my apron swish indignantly about me, but then I caught a warning glance from mummy and decided to cool it.

The meal was nothing fancy. Some baked chicken thighs and lemon broccoli over wild rice, followed by ice cream over a purchased cake, but Dorothy waxed enthusiastically and her compliments made me blush ‘very prettily’ (her words). Flushed and distracted I was actually quite glad to get away from the women as I did the dishes, while they moved from the dining room to the den – taking drinks with them of course. I didn’t know how I felt – wanted to be in with the womenfolk, yet didn’t. Certainly I didn’t want to do the dishes – but was happy NOT to be in with them. Talk about being mixed up.

The women seemed to be getting on like a house on fire – I could have sworn they were telling dirty jokes! Maybe they weren’t but they sure got quiet when I came close, grinning at each other like naughty schoolboys – then laughing bawdily once I had departed. I had never, ever, seen my mummy behave in that fashion.

The whole scenario seemed warped. I felt like a young girl serving two MEN! It was embarrassing, but yet fitting somehow when Mummy saw me taking off my apron. "Allie?" she said. "That tablecloth you're embroidering? Would you be a dear and see if you can finish it quickly? I'd really appreciate it?"

"Tonight, mummy?" I wailed a little.

"YES dear. Why not. Have you anything better to do?"

She smiled as she said this, but I knew better than argue.

But a shock awaited me when I discovered the old bag I kept my embroidery project in. It was hanging in my closet – instead of sitting on the floor where I normally kept it. Then I realized that, hanging beside it, was a floral garment – what mummy would call a housecoat. Shiny material, rayon I think, with long bloused sleeves cuffed in white and fastened with large bright buttons – that matched the fasteners going down the front. A note was pinned to it with a scrawled message – totally unlike mummy's normal writing – *Put this on to do your embroidery! Don't dare argue and be quick!*

And again, there was absolutely no reaction from Dorothy as I appeared in my floral silky garment with my sleeves fastened, then sat beside her and began to do my embroidery.

"He's very talented, isn't he?" she said to mummy, picking up an edge of the tablecloth I'd already completed and examining it. "I could *never* do anything this delicate!"

"Oh yes! Very talented indeed. You should see him crochet. Has done some lovely stuff for me!" mummy replied.

"You've trained him well – he'll make some lucky woman a *lovely* husband some day." Dorothy said – and kept a perfectly straight face as she said it.

"Yes – a perfect man!" mummy cackled then laughed uproariously. "Knows the ways to really please a lady!"

I felt like crying with humiliation when Dorothy joined in, but concentrated on my stitching instead. Knew how domesticated I looked.

Now, mummy is far from being a malicious or unkind woman and I suppose that what she did next was for the best. She excused herself and said she'd return in a minute or two "So don't you be taking advantage of my Allie!" she said, wagging her finger playfully at Dorothy.

Dorothy laughingly said that she'd try to behave, but put a possessive arm around my shoulder before mummy had left the room. "I like your mother very much. You love your *mummy* too?" she asked. Then, before I could answer, she added "Of course you do! Anyone can see that! making her nice tablecloths, crocheting pretty things for her!"

Not only was she now talking to me as if I were a girl. Her tone of voice and the manner she used was that which a grown woman would communicate with a *little* girl! But somehow? Again it seemed right and fitting that she should talk to me in this way. I didn't know how to respond, but she sensed this and gave me a sympathetic hug. "I realize that this may be difficult for you – but please understand that I DO appreciate what you're doing!"

When mummy came back, she had a brown picture album that I'd never seen before. She sat down on the couch on the other side of me with the album still closed. "Why don't you put your embroidery down Allie. That way, you and Dorothy will be able to look at the photos together."

"Can I suggest that he sits in the middle, between us?" Dorothy asked. "I'm sure I can see perfectly well!"

"Certainly!" Mummy said.

And, sitting there in my pretty floral housecoat, and my pretty pink lips, a grown woman embracing me on one side and mummy explaining what was being shown on the other, a photo album was opened up on my knees and the contents displayed.

Other than some photographs of mummy, grandma, and a little girl there were no other subjects.

"When Allie's daddy was alive," mummy started, "He used to travel all over. Sometimes, he'd ask me to go along and do his secretarial work for him. As it entailed going to some different parts of the world that I'd never get to see otherwise, I couldn't resist – especially when we had a built in babysitter immediately available – my mother. Only thing was? She couldn't abide *boys*, just could not *stand* them! Naturally, I felt bad about what she did – but Allie didn't seem to mind – and I felt that he was so young that he'd forget all about it."

"Grandma made me dress like a girl?" I asked indignantly, realizing now that the pretty little girl in pink and yellow frou frou dresses in the picture was ME! Not only that? I was smiling and lifting my skirts to show frilly panties – sitting on grandma's knee with her smiling indulgently as I powdered my nose while concentrating into a compact mirror like an adult girl – LOTS of similar pictures!

"Ooooh! What a pretty little girl you made Allie!" Dorothy cooed.

"His grandma called him *Helen*," mummy informed her, then turned to me. "And you liked it much better than Alan. You used to cry so much when we'd to make you back into a boy when your daddy came home! Wanted your pretty dresses back!"

"Helen? Oh, I like that! Such a nice name!" Dorothy enthused.

"Yes," mummy said. "I preferred it too," but his daddy just would not accept it and, as his lecturing career began to wane, we didn't need to have Alan babysat so much. Then my mother and husband died both about the same time, and that was that."

Dorothy looked at me fondly. "Didn't you miss your pretty dresses terribly when you grew up?"

Mummy spoke before I could answer. "To tell the truth? I think he must have excised all memories of how much he enjoyed being a girl when he'd been little. I found out that if he was naughty? A day or so in panties and dresses was enough to get him behaving again. Almost as if he then saw it as a *punishment*? Then, as he got older? The cost of pretty dresses being what they are, I just spank him when he misbehaves."

"*Misbehaves*? Present tense not misbehaved. *Past* tense?" Dorothy asked.

Mummy had the grace to look embarrassed. "Oh dear Allie. Let the cat out of the bag, didn't I?"

"Mummy! How could you!" I said, almost weeping with humiliation.

Dorothy hugged me tight. "That's perfectly okay *Helen*. Even big boys need a spanking now and then. I mean, I'm not into corporal punishment myself, but I'm sure your mummy only does it for your own good! Isn't that true?"

"Well? To tell the truth Dorothy? I think this needs to be said! Sometimes, I think he *wants* a spanking! Just can't *wait* to get over my knees!" Mummy said.

I started to weep softly. Things had got completely out of hand. It was as if I had no pride left!

"There there Helen," Dorothy whispered softly. "Just go ahead and have a nice cry. We won't laugh at you. Some boys just realize that they could be much better than they are and just *need* a little spanking now and then – isn't that right?"

"I guess so," I snuffled.

"Yessss. Now just keep your head there and rest a minute while I talk to your mummy. All right? Or do you need a tissue to dry your tears?"

"No thank you Dorothy. I think I'm okay now." I answered, my head down on her shoulder, nuzzling into her neck. She patted me tenderly and maternally, then spoke to mummy.

"Well? It's been a delightful evening, but I must be going shortly. Thank you so very much for your hospitality and sharing your son's little secrets with me. I've learned SO much! It's been most informative, but before I go?"

"Yes?" Mummy responded.

"I think it must be apparent that I'm very attracted to your son?"

I couldn't see mummy's face from where my head was, but I heard the slight trace of amusement in her voice. "It does appear that that might be the case, yes."

"Then would you have any objections if I were to start calling on him?"

"With what in mind, may I ask?" Mummy said, her tone getting careful now.

Dorothy hesitated, obviously searching for words. "To see if we *could* construct a meaningful – and long term relationship, I think."

Mummy sighed happily. "I don't see why not then. You will be welcome any time you care to call."

"One stipulation if I may?"

"That would depend on what that stipulation might be," mummy said after a short delay.

"I do not wish to allow him to drive an automobile. I am not advocating imprisonment, I simply do not want him to drive . . ."

"But Dorothy! I can't . . ." I wailed.

"Helen! I don't want to chastise you needlessly but when your mummy and I are talking? Please ask for permission before you speak, please?" She addressed mummy again. "I'm simply suggesting that any time he goes out or anywhere where a car is needed that he is accompanied by you, myself, or Lynn. Does that create any problem for you?"

"Can't say that I see any problem with it – but may I ask why?" Mummy asked.

"Yes. It's really two things. The first is that I feel that Helen should learn that I have a certain amount of authority in our relationship – and that I can use it to control some of the things he might want to do. The second? Perhaps he could use his time at home to be further exposed to skills he might need in a relationship with me – if you catch my drift?"

"Ah yes. I see. Housewifery to be exact?"

"Yes. So you agree to the stipulation?"

"Yes. Though you must understand that Alan – Helen – could outshine many women in today's ranks?"

"Don't I have any say in this?" I asked plaintively.

"Of course you do my little sugar plum," Dorothy answered. "But just not yet. Okay? Now up you get – and maybe wash your eyes with cool water – they're all puffy with crying, you silly little goose."

With that, she helped me to sit up, gave me a quick kiss and then was gone in a matter of seconds.

"Oh mummy! How *could* you!" I said accusingly, the moment I heard Dorothy's car start.

"How could I *what*?"

"Make me keep that lipstick on! Make me wear this housecoat! Tell her about Grandma dressing me up as a girl! Telling her that you SPANK me! I'm a grownup mummy! That *wasn't* fair!"

She pursed her mouth and exhaled through her nostrils. "Tell me. Has Dorothy shown an interest in you tonight?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"But nothing! Did she complain about your lipstick? Your pretty housecoat?"

"No."

"Didn't she compliment you on your cooking and your embroidery?"

"Well . . . yes."

"So you've nothing to complain about, do you?"

"She treated me like a little girl"

"So? Did she complain about that either?"

"No. But oh mummy. I was so embarrassed!"

She suddenly smiled at me. "I'm sensing you want something. Is that the case?"

I blushed. "I don't know what you mean."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. But I'm about ready for bed and don't want to mess about. If you want what I think you do? Ask me nicely – now. If you don't? I'll say goodnight."

"Please don't go mummy." I said softly.

"Ask me nicely now," she said just as softly, slyly, invitingly. Smiling.

"Must I mummy? Must I ask?"

"Yes – *Helen*. You must ask – and nicely." Saying this she sat back down in a straight back chair and looked up at me.

"Will you spank me mummy. Please?" I said, my face flushed.

"Yes. If you really want me to. Have you been naughty – *Helen*?"

"Yes mummy."

"Well come over here to me and I'll unfasten your pants. I think I'll spank you on your bare backside tonight – seeing you've been a naughty girl. Does that seem fair?"

"Yes mummy," I said as she undid the front of my pants and then pulled them and my underpants down, over my erection. Then I positioned myself over her knees, face down.

"You DO have the sweetest, softest, little backside," she said, giving me six soft loving pats. "There! Was that enough? A nice little spanking - for a nice little girl?"

"Yes mummy," I said, my face aflame with embarrassment and humiliation as I righted myself and tidied up..

"I'm glad," she said cheerily. "Now let's get off to bed. See you in the morning!"

"G'night mummy. Thank you." I gave her a kiss and went to the bathroom adjoining my bedroom. Pulled some facial tissues from the dispenser and wiped my face off and then to bed – where I slowly masturbated.

Over the next few weeks, I realized what Dorothy's curtailment of my driving meant. It took a little while before I realized that I was now virtually chained to either mummy, Lynn, or Dorothy. Not that it was unpleasant mind you, but the constant exposure to feminine aspects of life – and not much else – gradually began to effect changes in me. The continuing dependency left the mark.

To begin with, Mummy started preparing me for a role that Dorothy wanted me to portray in the next play reading – that of Babe, in the play "Crimes of the Heart" where I played the youngest – and prettiest of three sisters. Naturally my fears were assuaged by promises – *guarantees* – that I would not have to dress the part, but voice coaching was obviously called for. As I have always had a soft voice, this did not seem to be an unrealistic ideal but for one reason or another I just seemed incapable of satisfying either mummy or Lynn. After a few days of constant (though kind) criticism, it was decided that I should speak in my 'Babe' voice at all times.

This meant that I had to speak softly and with the feminine tendency to lift ones voice at the end of each sentence – and to do it with everyone I came in contact with. Lynn was actually much kinder than mummy and was more inclined to praise me, even when I knew I was making mistakes myself. Mummy was never mean, but demanding. I was

made to speak in the desired way even to the maids or the cook. At first they would look askance at me but after a while just accepted my new voice as is. There were other things happening to me as well as to my voice, but more on them later.

Dorothy was very understanding. I had to read to her almost every day and she was very supportive but would occasionally sigh at what were becoming obvious memory lapses. It was mummy who found the cure for those. One afternoon she took me shopping with her. It wasn't in the village thank goodness just to a nearby town. There, she took me into a lingerie boutique where, to my chagrin and horror, she had me measured to determine what bra size would fit me. She then bought six matching bra and panty sets in bright, primary, colors. "You can start wearing the panties tomorrow as a reminder. Perhaps then, you'll not forget that you're trying to please Dorothy."

"But she doesn't complain about my voice as much as you," I groaned. "Mummy, I *can't* wear these things!"

"Yes you most certainly *can*!" she retorted. "And Dorothy does not have the responsibility of training you – that's MY job, and I won't have you let me down! I'll give you three days. If the panties don't work? We'll go to the bras."

Four days later, I had started regularly wearing panty and bra sets under my regular clothes. For the first day, I think my face was red the whole time!

I don't know if it was the unfamiliarity of the bra straps putting various sensory actions on my body, but if they were supposed to be reminders of my femininity, they were very successful. My voice softened and became practically undistinguishable from that of a young woman. At that point I then canvassed mummy with an idea to discarding them, but she silently shook her head and wouldn't even consider my request.



Frankly, I couldn't blame her because other forces had been at work on me – namely Dorothy and Lynn. I now carried a small handbag with me when I went anywhere, and I had an unmistakable scent of perfume around me. On top of that, although I certainly didn't overdo it, I wore full makeup – foundation, lipstick, blush, mascara, eye shadow and liner – those cosmetics were the reason I carried a handbag – simply to carry my makeup and compact. I now wore makeup from morning until night – that was why the servants were becoming so accustomed to my effeminacy. That, and the easily discernible lines of my new lingerie were reason enough for the reactions I got from them – not always overly sympathetic – even mildly contemptuous I may add.

The perfume was first. Looking back? All things considered I had absolutely no way of stopping it. It came about this way.

One afternoon, I was giving Lynn a hand out at Dorothy's house. Again, she came home early but by this time, I realized that this was not pre-ordained. Yes, she owned her own company and, as such, could theoretically take time off any day or any hour she wanted. Reality dictates, however, that success requires a steady hand on the helm and squalls are not always easy to predict. Dorothy did have people she trusted to run things in her absence but had two major personal projects going at the same time as well as work – namely me, and the house. Accordingly, she grabbed the time off when she could afford it – that was all.

Lynn and I were hanging drapes in one of the spare rooms when Dorothy appeared out of the blue. Happily, both Lynn and I greeted her and demanded our kisses – which she doled out in a most satisfactory manner. Having been working in close proximity to Lynn all that morning I had again, been impressed by the scent she wore though hadn't made any comment about it.

Snuggled contentedly in Dorothy's embrace, however it suddenly dawned on me that I'd never detected any perfume on her. Naturally, she always smelled clean and fresh but now that I thought on it, I'd never detected so much as a trace of cologne or perfume about her.

"Dorothy?" I started.

"Yes, my little sugar plum?"

"How come you never wear any perfume?"

"Oh Oh " Lynn said in the background. "Wrong question sweetie."

"How come?" I asked innocently.

"Here, let me show you," Dorothy said, linking arms and leading me over to the table where Lynn's handbag lay. "You don't mind, do you Lynn?" she said as we went.

"No. Not at all," Lynn said even though she started to giggle a little as she was starting to cross the room towards the table.

"You see," Dorothy said, opening the handbag and looking inside, "I really DO enjoy the smell of perfume, but only on other people. On me? Most perfumes seem to react to my skin chemistry or something - badly – and smell worse. Now, since you mention it? Lynn, will you do the honors?" As she said this, she handed the tiny bottle of scent to

Lynn, who unstopped it and approached me applying some to the tip of her forefinger as she did so.

"She likes her girls to wear this. Almost like putting her mark on us. If you want your independence, you shouldn't have said anything!" Lynn said, smiling as she lightly applied some behind my ears.

"But I'm not a girl," I said disbelievingly as she continued to apply light traces to my throat, and wrists.

"Of course you're not a girl!" Dorothy said, giving me a strong hug, "But you're the next best thing – and now? You smell Deeelish!" With that, I was given another lovely kiss. I remained nervous, but what was I to do?

The three of us went out for dinner that evening to a relatively new restaurant. Attempting to give an upscale ambience, the dining area was quite dark, whereas the bar was very well lit. Lynn squeezed my thigh when the waitress referred to me as 'Miss' when taking our orders although Dorothy didn't seem to notice the error at all. That was the first time that Lynn jocularly tried to 'escort' me into the ladies room. Horrified, I resisted, but had the scary feeling that with a little more insistence on her part, I'd have been in there.

The following day I was given my very own bottle of scent, with matching cologne and bath powder. From that point on I wore it every day, only avoiding it on days when I was sure I wouldn't be meeting Dorothy. Of course I was embarrassed! It was delightfully feminine and Dorothy complimented me on it – which delighted me. On the other hand I learned that the female side of the equation discerns scents, where the male side does not – but I could see the questioning looks I was beginning to get from our female acquaintances.

In my opinion, my introduction to wearing the lingerie created a major fissure in any remaining masculinity I had. It can be argued that the use of perfume could have been explained away as evidence of a man's cologne but what Dorothy had made for Lynn and myself now was far too pretty to come even close to a man's product. And? Women generally have a MUCH more acute sense of smell than men do. There was no fooling them – not a chance. The use of the scent may be perceived as a much lesser thing than the wearing of bra and panties – but it started the leak that finally drained away my masculinity and replaced it with a flood of femininity in practically no time at all.

Lynn and I were now regulars at Elaine's salon every week – with my hairstyle, fingernails and toes becoming more and more feminine. The girls openly called me 'Helen' now and I'd given up being embarrassed about it. Elaine had, as she'd indicated earlier, put me on to two very pert and pretty young operators once my style had been 'established'. One morning, lying there, waiting for my facial masque to get removed, I felt –somehow- that the girls were working a little more diligently on my manicure and pedicure. There seemed to be a tension about them and, instead of the normal light-hearted chitchat, the conversation seemed terse and very business like.

Lynn was being done beside me and had her masque removed first. I had my first intimation of trouble when I heard her laugh and say "Oh girls!" But as nothing else seemed to be forthcoming, I settled down and waited for my own masque's removal.

Once it was taken off, my face was exfoliated with a soft scrub, then I had lotion applied, then removed. But then, Instead of being allowed to sit up, I was kept in a semi-reclining position. "Hey!" I said. "Let me up girls."

"In a minute. Just hush!" I was told curtly. Then I knew what they were doing to me.

What I saw in the mirror when I was finally allowed to sit up - was a girl in men's clothing. I wore full makeup with lipstick and nail polish (on my fingers and toes) exactly the same shade as Lynn's. There was very little could be called androgynous about my hair now. It had been lightened again and was now a soft wavy framing my face nicely. Womanly.

"Oh Jesus!" I moaned.

"Don't you like how you look now Helen?" One of the girls asked quietly. "We thought it was about high time."

"Yes. He likes it just fine!" Lynn answered for me. "Now tell me what shades and makes of cosmetics you used. He's negative now, but I can pass it on when he's a lot more sensible."

She made me give the girls an outrageous tip – then hug and thank them with a kiss. "Like a proper girl should" then she took me to the mal for a handbag – and then for the cosmetics which would match what the girls had put on me – then naturally, others of different shades and hues. I was about to react when I saw the amount of the bill, but as she paid for everything with one of Dorothy's credit cards, had no real reason to complain.

This brings up a point. Reflecting on it now, I realize that once I knew that the purchases were not coming out of my own pocket, I got the first taste of the pleasures of being a kept man? At the time there was an internal glow that I couldn't quite explain to myself – but I can see now that it may have been caused by the fact that someone *powerful* – like Dorothy - thought enough of me to spend money on me – simply so that I could look *better* for her? It was quite a heady feeling to tell the truth, even though I couldn't justify it at the time. I think I was beginning to accept my liking to a 'kept woman'?

At home that night, mummy saw me come in with my handbag - and her kiss as we met, letting her see my makeup up close. "Yes Allie" (She had reverted to calling me that) "you look SO nice. Were you out with Lynn today? I'm sure that Dorothy will approve."

I had to giggle. "You're being snide mummy. What do you want me to do? Admit that you were right? That I make a fair looking woman?"

"Wouldn't hurt." She snorted a little "I don't think I've been wrong yet, have I?"

I'd reacted badly the previous week when she'd provided me with some high-heeled slippers to wear at home.

"For goodness sake mummy!" I'd complained. "What are you trying to do? Make a *woman* out of me?"

She'd looked at me with amazement. "Why are you being so difficult Allie? Of course I'm not making a woman out of you – I'm trying to make you into a *man* that appeals to Dorothy! Isn't that what you asked me to do? If that means that you look and act in a certain way, do you have some complaints?"

I blinked, amazed myself at what she'd said. "You think that Dorothy wants a man – in bras and panties – that wears high heeled shoes? That what you think she wants?"

"You DON'T think that?" she asked disbelievingly.

"Well, I'm not one HUNDRED percent sure!" I obfuscated, "But she hardly ever notices anything I wear! So what difference does it make?"

"Allie? Face up to the facts. Dorothy seems to like pretty men – as well as pretty women like Lynn Klein. You fit that bill! I'm not pretending that I know exactly what she wants of you, but my thinking is this – if you ever become too feminine for her taste, I'll bet she'll let you know quick enough!"

"Well, I think it's a LOT of trouble to put me to when you're not even sure what she wants!" I grumbled. "*High heels* for goodness sake!"

Her reaction stunned me. "DAMMIT!" she yelled (this from a woman who *never* swears and *rarely* loses her cool). "Don't you UNDERSTAND?"

"Huh?" Was all I could get out. She was scaring me!

She walked right up to me. Stared me in the eye. Shook her head. "Allie? I don't give a good GODDAM what Dorothy Maddox wants! I want YOU to be happy. I also want a good match for you. I'm almost positive that *you* want to be feminine. What *she* wants is immaterial!"

"You're saying that *I* want to dress up and all that stuff?" (I was happy at the level of indignation I managed to work up).

"Yes Allie. That's exactly what I'm saying. You have to learn!" she said simply. "I don't want to hurt you darling, but yes, that's what I'm saying." She took a hold of my hand. "Sweetheart? A *real* man doesn't allow those kind of things to happen to him . . ." She shook her head slightly and looked questioningly at me.

And, standing there with my new hairdo, my immaculate makeup, my handbag containing my cosmetics under my arm, I had the grace to look sheepish at remembering that conversation. Also had the gratitude to say "Thanks mummy. I'll start wearing the slippers you bought me tonight."

"About time," was all she said but her precise meaning was open to interpretation.

At home, my life then became one of pastels and luxury fabrics. I finally realized (slowly) that I was on a personal journey that mummy was taking me on to determine just how far I wanted to explore the world of the opposite gender. I still had mental obstacles to overcome, but had gradually accepted my increasing desire to attract Dorothy and act upon it. I became "Miss Helen" to the maids and often helped the cook to increase my cooking skills – though was NEVER without being bodily covered by a frilly concoction of an apron of course. Naturally, I continued to practice for my vocal role as "Babe" in the reading for the Play group..

It seemed eminently reasonable when mummy said "Darling? If Dorothy has maids? Shouldn't you get used to having one of your own?"

"What's to know mummy? We've had maids for years!" I said not understanding when she shook her head and laughed gently.

“Oh dear! You have so MUCH to learn!”

It took quite a while for me to get used to having a girl act as my personal – lady’s – maid. Her name was Betty and she seemed to be a girl from the village. I wasn’t allowed to interview her, which aggravated me somewhat, but mummy put her foot down and told me that I had no experience with maids. Until I was used to my very own, I would have to rely on her expertise.

I was incensed at first and hard to get along with. No WAY was I going to let anyone help me dress, or undress. Was mummy so stupid as to figure that I couldn’t *bathe* myself without assistance? Couldn’t apply my *own* bath powder or dry myself?

But gradually I succumbed. Betty was SO nice and obedient. SO helpful. SO adept with her compliments! So considerate of anything I was feeling! One would have to be a thoughtless brute to hurt her feelings and so I started allowing her to help me now and then. I grew to luxuriate in her soft hands readying me for bed or helping me dress in the morning! She’d be so comforting – look away when I had my panties and bra on or something. I got to love confiding in her. Asking her for advice on how to make myself more attractive for Dorothy – and she was SO helpful.

And with my makeup and hairstyle? Was it so incredible that I opted for more androgynous clothes to wear when going outside now? I mean – no WAY was I going to wear skirts for goodness sake! But who is really capable of telling a male from a female sweater, huh? Okay – maybe the colors I wore were a little diffused and pastel. Maybe the blouses underneath them were a little silky? Who cares! I was now going out with Lynn almost daily and, if some people were stupid enough to look at me askance, who cared? I mean, MEN have as much right to wear lime green pants and Chartreuse shirts as anyone, don’t they? In addition, it was almost like a game that Betty and I had started playing where more and more, where it was her that would tease me into outer clothes that weren’t all that masculine.

“That’s MUCH nicer!” She’d say of a feminine sweater that seemed to pop up from inside my clothes collection (Of course I knew all of these things came from mummy, but elected to just pretend it was a happening – the clothes fairy godmother?).

“*Too* feminine?” She’d add. “I should say NOT! Who could possibly think that?” And the two of us would giggle as I’d fondle the pale blue Angora sweater with faux pearl buttons. Then I’d put it on, and the next thing? I’d be wearing it.

During this process, I lost my virginity – in a most satisfying way - shortly thereafter. It came about this way.

It was about a week before and Mummy had to go to London to meet with our legal advisor about something. An old friend of hers had called inviting her down there, so she thought she’d kill two birds with one stone and spend a four day weekend there. I pretended apprehension but I was SO thrilled when I discovered that Dorothy was going to be able to spend most of the time ‘looking after’ me at her place. It made sense after all. I had got SO dependent on mummy that the very thought of being left to my own devices was scary. I did not even have to point this out to the women – it was generally assumed now that I needed to be looked after.

I was not so thrilled when mummy demanded that I take Betty with me. Felt that I was being encumbered with a nanny, so to speak. Of course I liked Betty – it was just that I thought she might encumber what might happen between Dorothy and myself. I think that I hoped that Dorothy and I would get together and didn't want one of my immediate household to see what went on. I don't know. Needless to say, I could see for myself where mummy was coming from, but am afraid that I stamped my feet petulantly.

"Oh dear! You're being very naughty again!" Mummy sighed at that point. "I think it time for you to get another spanking."

I flushed. "Please don't talk that way mummy. Betty will hear! Plus I'm adult now!"

"I'm sorry dear," was what she said – and rang the bell for my maid Betty. Seconds later, she appeared. To my horror, mummy said. "A long time ago I discovered that when I disciplined my son, I discovered that it was a lot more effective when I spanked him in front of the servants. He needs to go over my knee just now and I thought it would help for him to be disciplined in front of you. I assume that you knew all about this?"

"Oh yes ma'am!" Betty said, curtsying. "The other servants have told me all about it, so I'm well aware of it. But he hasn't been spanked in quite some time?"

"True." Mummy laughed. "I must be getting old or he's been behaving. I'm not sure. But the time has come again, I'm afraid. Helen? If you'd come to me please?"

Before I even started to complain, Betty spoke. "If I may make a suggestion ma'am?" She curtsied again.

"Of course Betty. What did you have in mind?"

"Begging your pardon ma'am? I was wondering if it might not be a good idea for me to spank him?"

Mummy laughed. "You? What on earth?"

"Well ma'am. You indicated that you wanted the discipline to be effective – and I thought that having a maidservant like myself do it, might be very productive."

"Mmmm!" Mummy said. "You may have a very good point there. Anything else?" Then she spoke abruptly to me as I started to speak.

"You brought this on yourself dear. Now be quiet and hear what Betty is saying! If you don't, I may have BOTH of us spank you. Now be quiet!"

Betty spoke again. "Really ma'am? Helen is most gracious at times – but doesn't always want to take my suggestions? I really think that he needs a firm hand – and if he's aware that I can spank him? He might be more amenable to doing as I tell him in the future."

Mummy turned to me. "Now Helen. Don't you think that Betty has made a few excellent points?"

"Mummy?" I heard my weak voice. "This is degrading! Betty is my MAID - for goodness sake!"

"Do you realize?" She asked severely, "How like a snob you sound? I asked you if you agreed that her points were excellent. Now do you agree, or don't you?"

"Mummy? Please . . ."

Mummy shook her head. "I think you'd better do it Betty. Helen gets SO emotional at times! Can't get a logical answer from him! And they say that women don't have any logic!"

"As you wish ma'am." Betty curtsied and went over to a straight back chair, then smiled at me as she sat down. "If you'd come over here sir?"

I looked from my implacable mummy to the equally confident eyes of Betty and knew I was about to be spanked. Started to cross the room, slowly, to Betty. She smiled encouragingly at me, but spoke to mummy.

"If you don't mind me saying ma'am? I think that maybe his lack of logic may be because you're doing such a good job of making him look and act like a girl?"

Then as I went to go over her knees she said to me. "And drop your pants please sir?"

Half crouched, I looked at mummy imploringly. "Please mummy – no?"

Mummy looked sorrowful, but shook her head. "I hate to say this dear, but you brought this on yourself. She's the boss now so why don't you just do as she says?"

"I think I should spank hard ma'am?" Betty asked as I slackened my belt and dropped my pants. Leaned over her knees – felt very embarrassed that my erection was rubbing against her thigh and hoped she wouldn't say anything about it.

Mummy giggled a little. "By all means Betty! Very sensible! Can't have him thinking that a spanking from you is to be taken lightly, can we?"

"That's another thing ma'am? Before I start?" Betty said as she positioned me over her knees."

"Yes?"

"He's not wearing proper panties just now ma'am. Just wears them when he is in the mood."

"You don't think that's right?"

"Goodness gracious NO ma'am! All of this changing back and forward? I think he should be getting used to proper clothes without any distractions." She gave me a whack and I let out a small squeal. . "Like for example?" she said. "He's wearing those ugly men things just now and has shown that he doesn't like me to say anything about it!" Gave me another whack – it was sore! I squirmed.

"You think he should be wearing panties all the time?" Mummy asked.

"Yes ma'am. Absolutely! Not just panties either. Some other lingerie takes a little time to get used to – and pretty lingerie might help stop him from getting those silly male ideas!" She was whacking me again and I was squealing and pleading.

"Makes sense to ME." Mummy said. "Just do what you see fit. I don't think he'll ever complain to you again. Honestly! Just look at him crying like a girl. I don't know why, but I keep expecting male behavior from him."

Betty gave me another spank, then paused. "Talking about male behavior ma'am. I don't know if I should mention it – but he DOES seem to enjoy being spanked. Has definite signs around the groin, if you know what I mean?"

"Oh yes. He's *always* done that, but being his mother I wasn't very sure about what I should do. I was pretty sure that he went and masturbated afterwards – but I didn't want to interfere. You know how mothers are?"

"Well ma'am? It strikes me as being a dreadful sort of waste. I think that it is another perfect way to have him link lingerie with pleasure . ."

"I don't know what you mean?" Mummy interrupted. "Pleasure? I thought he got enough from being spanked?"

Betty laughed a little. "Oh yes. That too. But I'm talking a different kind. I can't get up right now – but ma'am if you could get me two pair of nice satin panties – I could demonstrate?"

I heard mummy get up. "Two? Why two? But I must say you've aroused my curiosity. I won't be long." And I heard her leave the room.

"Please Betty?" I started but flinched as she hit my backside again.

"I'll only be a little while. Now behave – or would you rather I gave you a few more slaps?"

"Behave." I said.

It wasn't long before I heard mummy come back into the room and come over to us. "Will those do Betty?" she asked.

"Perfectly ma'am. All nice and lacy – and I meant to ask for pink, but forgot. These here are perfect." Then she started to tug at me. "Turn around now Helen. Spanking *all* done!"

Now I was lying on my back, though still over her knees and gazing up into her eyes. Hung over the back of the chair were a pair of pink panties. In her hand what looked like a white pair. "I made you cry!" She said softly. "Poor little thing!" She took my hand and raised it to my mouth. "Now put your thumb in there and do NOT take it out until Betty says that it's okay for you to do so – she may spank you again if you do. Understand? Just put your thumb in there. You may nod if you like – or say baby goo-goos. But that's all. Nod now!"

I nodded, just as mummy spoke. "You're treating him as if he's a baby?"

"That's just part of it ma'am." Betty said as she fitted the white satin panties around my upright penis. "You see I figure that him wanting to be spanked and dressed up? It's probably some fixation about babyhood. Think that this may be a good step for him. See how his eyes are lovely and wide? So vulnerable!" She stroked me. "Nice?"

I started to take my thumb out. "NO! Just goo-goo now!" She chastised me firmly, and stroked me gently some more.

"Ooooh!" I gurgled around my thumb, then totally helpless I lay back in Betty's arms as she slowly masturbated me, with me unable to stop making happy little baby noises as

she took her time. Finally, I squealed as I came into the panties. And, as I looked up clearly, there was mummy looking down.

“Very GOOD Betty! Now Helen? Why don’t you thank Miss Betty?”

I saw Betty blush with pleasure. “Oh Mistress! He doesn’t have to say *that* to me! I’m just the maid around here!”

“Nonsense! If Helen is going to subjugate himself to women? I think a little deference on his part will help after you’ve gone to the trouble to take him in hand! Now thank Miss Betty Helen!”

I took the thumb from my mouth. “Thank you Miss Betty!” I said meekly.

“But what are the other pair of panties for?” Mummy asked Betty.

“For him to wear ma’am. Letting him know immediately what I’m expecting of him!” With that, Betty started getting my shoes, pants, and under shorts off. Putting the panties on me. Talk about the shame! Pink lacy panties no less!

“We won’t have any more trouble with your underwear, correct?” Betty asked me.

“No ma’am.” I said, docile as a little lamb.

That night, in the privacy of my room, Betty was doing my hair. “I hope you didn’t mind me taking the initiative Miss Helen, but I truly could see that you were not meeting the mistresses desires. On top of that, there’s something else I think I could say?”

“No Betty. I can see now that you only did what you thought was right. I’ve no hard feelings. Just want us to be friends, just the way we were.”

She patted my shoulder. “But I wanted to say this in private dear, that’s why I left it until now.”

“Sounds interesting Betty. What big dark secret do you think we should keep from mummy?”

I saw her reflection blush. “Well – I think that sometimes you might want a spanking that wouldn’t be so sore? More sexy like?”

It was my turn to blush and I was going to deny it, but heard myself admit that this, sometimes, was true.

She spoke again. “I kind of liked what I did today – but wouldn’t want to hurt you if you hadn’t done something naughty – so I thought that – if ever you were in the mood . . .?” She blushed even more furiously, this time.

“That would be SO wonderful!” I mumbled, face still crimson.

“Just one thing I’d expect?” She said firmly.

“Yes?”

“That you wear your prettiest lingerie for me when you want that. Is that a deal?”

I nodded shyly.

Betty and I settled down into a new relationship. Yes – we were still friends, but she maintained the separation between a maid and her ‘lady’ – although there were changes. She laid out my outfits now and although she took a few days in weaning me through the

types of lingerie, I still ended up with total female underwear under my outer clothes which though not totally masculine – still gave me some indication of being a male. But then, she drove us to Dorothy's house.

It was the first night that mummy was gone. Something magical was in the air from the very beginning. It was a warm, sultry, night and the maids that served us dinner were in full dress uniform. I was surprised to see Betty there – she had become my 'personal' maid and was too snooty for this type of humdrum activity, I thought – but she seemed very satisfied, swishing softly about with the other girls in very pretty uniforms and aprons. I was quite surprised to find that Lynn had also brought along her personal maid – so there was no question about it – we were suitably staffed.

Dorothy, Lynn, and I were lolling around after dinner lapping up liqueurs around the flickering lights given off by a lovely fire and giggling – perhaps we'd all had a little too much to drink, I don't know. I was quite jealous as Lynn had unpacked her stuff in the master bedroom while I'd been shunted off to a spare. But Betty had unpacked my stuff for me then helped me dress. That had been nice but was now another source of dissatisfaction. I was wearing a matched set of undies that I'd never worn before – absolutely fabulous! Teddies, matching bra and panties – and what was now commonplace, a garter belt and stockings. All in a lustrous plum-colored satin. And yet I couldn't very well let anyone see them, could I? I mean – after all? A *man* has his pride, no?

So, with this internal mix of various jealousies I can be forgiven if I didn't quite catch Dorothy's first words, but was brought back to the present by the tone of her voice. "Helen? *Alan*? Wake up! I just asked you a question!"

"I'm sorry Dorothy. Was daydreaming I guess. You were saying?"

"Nothing much," she replied. "Just that when you were a little boy and your – *mummy* – went away on trips, she'd leave you with your grandma. Right?"

"Yes. That's right. Her mother." I explained to Lynn.

"And now? Your mean old mummy has gone and left you again! Don't you miss her?" Dorothy persisted, although it was perfectly obvious she was teasing.

I shrugged. "Well, I'm all grown up now, but yes, I like mummy and *do* kind of miss her."

Lynn got up onto her knees and worked her way tipsily over to my place on the carpet. "Aw! *Poor* little Alan! Mummy's gone and left him with mean old Dorothy and mean old Lynn. Poor little thing!" Then she reached over and kissed me on the mouth. I certainly wasn't going to object as she felt, and smelled, so lovely. Kissed her back and felt her hands fondle me softly. To my surprise I got an immediate reaction. This was highly unusual as I'd started thinking of Lynn as an older sister and knew that she reciprocated in this outlook – as a matter of fact, she'd taken to calling me 'Sis' fairly regularly.

"Know what his grandma did while she had him?" Dorothy asked nobody in particular, but I replied quickly. "Oh Dorothy! No need to bring *that* up!"

Lynn brightened. "Oooh! Sounds interesting! What did his grandma do?"

Dorothy didn't answer her. She took a sip of her drink and looked at me owlishly in answer to what I'd said. "But? I thought you liked being dressed up in pretty little party

dresses! Wasn't it her that started calling you Helen? And didn't you *cry* when you had to go back to being a boy when your daddy came home?"

"Aw! Poor little Helen!" Lynn mewed and kissed me again. "Can't blame you! Who'd want to wear ugly boy clothes when you should be wearing frillies, right?"

"Aw Dorothy," I pleaded. "You don't need to bring all that old stuff up, do you?"

"Matter of fact? Yes!" she giggled softly. "I was just thinking. Lynn? You're close to Helen's size are you not?"

"Close. Maybe my clothes would be a little big on him."

"Why don't we find out? Betty? Come over here please. We want you to go to my bedroom and get some of Lynn's clothes. Think you could do that?"

I hadn't seen Betty in the room but she was there alright. She smiled and curtsied prettily. "Yes Ms. Maddox. Any particular outfit?"

"Oh yes!" Lynn laughed. "Here, let me tell you . . ."

I squealed and giggled girlishly as Lynn and Dorothy tickled and teased me while divesting me of my shoes and socks, pants and shirt. Was, naturally, ashamed as my lingerie was brought to everyone's attention, though secretly delighted at the attention it generated and the compliments I got. Within a few minutes Betty returned with the clothes I was going to be wearing.

They weren't flashy-feminine, that's for sure – but, oh my! A full satin slip in a deep pink – didn't match my own undies of course but did complement them somewhat – but a full length, jet black, velvet skirt? A deep blue pull-on blouse with a 'V' collar and full sleeves with HUGE cuffs and six pearl buttons per cuff? Naturally, I protested, but Lynn and Dorothy ignored my tiny protests. Made soft little humming noises as they dressed me properly.



I was into the slip and skirt pretty quickly, when Dorothy looked over at Betty who was still standing by. "Betty? Why don't you go and see if you can find something . . . you know . . . something to build up Miss Helen's breastworks? He's – she's – a little light in that area."

Betty curtseyed. "Yes ma'am. But not wanting to appear too forward Miss Helen? I thought you might be needing something along this line sooner or later. I hope you're not offended."

"How on earth could you possibly offend . . .?" Dorothy started, then began to laugh as she saw the breast forms that Betty had produced from somewhere. "Oh, I see."

Lynn spoke to Betty. "You any idea how to attach them?" She put her hands under her breasts and lifted them a little "As you can see? I've never had the need to enhance my bust line and her?" she hooked her thumb so it pointed at Dorothy. "She's never been interested either – though for different reasons. God knows what Helen would look like if either of us attempted it – probably look like a female Quasimodo! Think you could?"

"I'm sure I could fit Miss Helen in no time," Betty said confidently. "But may I suggest that I fit her in private?"

I felt strange following her into the bathroom – it was almost as if I were being *led* by a maid. MY maid! Naturally, I hadn't put my blouse on yet so was carrying it, my slip and bra exposed above the waistband of my skirt – which was very heavy – and felt very sensual as I walked.

"Here we are Miss Helen. Lets get your slip out of the way so's we can see your bra, shall we?" Betty said. She said then came towards me and started taking a hold of the shoulder straps of my slip and pulling them off my shoulders and down my arms.

I suddenly felt weak, cold, and nervous. "I'm . . . I'm . . . not sure that I . . . that I like you addressing me as Miss Helen," I stammered nervously, crossing my arms in front of me defensively and suddenly conscious of how white and soft they looked.

A small smile – was that a flash of contempt I saw? – flashed across her face as she stood back a pace. "Miss Helen? Do you feel that I'm not being respectful – miss? The other ladies call you Helen now and I've done it before. Or am I wrong?"

"No . . . no . . . It's just . . . I don't know . . ." I tailed off.

"Well then! You're just a little nervous because of them making you wear this pretty skirt and that blouse, huh?"

"No . . . well . . . maybe . . ."

"Miss HELEN! Will you just stop *fussing* and let me get your breasts attached!" she snapped. "And take those arms of yours out of the way! The ladies will be waiting!"

"I'm sorry," I said meekly and dropped my arms and stood there submissively while she adjusted my bra, made little marks, then took my bra off and started to place the first soft wobbly looking breast against me, lining it to the marks she had made.

"Aren't you going to use adhesive Betty?" I asked meekly in an attempt to get back into her good books.

"No miss. These things are state of the art. There is some kind of adhesive that's activated by the heat of your skin. A few minutes and they'll feel like part of you. I'm sure you'll love them – make you feel just like a girl! You better watch! Ms. Dorothy might not be able to keep her hands off of you!"

"Won't they come off in the shower?"

She giggled. "I should hope not! No miss, you get a special solvent with them so that you can take them off if they feel uncomfortable or if you get a bad reaction."

"I assume you brought the solvent with you?" I asked nervously.

"Would you hold *still* miss! There that's them on. To answer your question? No. I forgot. But you'll be going home in a couple of days anyway, won't you?"

"Does that mean I'll have to . . . have to . . ."

"Keep them on until you go home miss? Yes, I'd imagine you will. But be a good girl now and let Betty get you all dressed up in your nice clothes! Go and show Miss Lynn that she's not the only pretty girl around here!"

I hadn't realized that the blouse front opened to the extent that traces of the lace on my slip and bra showed and that two soft pale orbs of flesh sat comfortably bouncing in the bra cups – and showed tantalizingly little flashes as I rejoined Dorothy and Lynn. I was far too excited to dwell on the fact that Betty may have – note that I say *MAY* have – patted me on the backside as we left the bathroom. I almost turned to reprimand her, but suddenly found myself frightened of this young girl who I'd been thinking of as a friend. Decided to leave it until later.

Lynn had gone and changed as well – absolutely gorgeous in a floor length, blue raw silk evening gown, being sleeveless and practically backless, it showed off her lithe and beautiful body to perfection.

"Well there you are. It's about time!" Dorothy chided me. "Now Helen? You and Lynn come here and stand in front of me. Link arms and come and stand here." She pointed to a spot about two feet in front of her. Lynn and I giggled a bit like two silly schoolgirls, but did exactly what she said. I was *SO* sexually charged! Could not believe the sensations coming from my new clothes, my new breasts – and the warm, ultra-feminine body hip to hip with mine.

Dorothy fixed her bright blue eyes on me – very direct. I tried to hold her stare but couldn't. Felt her come close to me and fondle my breasts ever so slightly as she spoke over my shoulder. "You did an excellent job Betty. I know that these breast forms are not cheap. Let me know what they cost and I'll reimburse you. You can leave now but before you do? Be so kind as turn on the CD player, would you?"

I heard Betty say "Oh, thank you ma'am" then the slight sounds of the CD player shifting to its first selection, then the door closing behind her.

"Okay girls. Now I want you two to get *really* friendly. Know what I mean?" Dorothy asked.

"I'd rather be friendly with *you*," Lynn said to her seductively.

"Me too!" I said.

“Later!” Dorothy said, chuckling. “Right now? I want you two to turn each other on – that’s what I want to see! Turn and face each other, then you can embrace nice and close. Then dance nice and slow. Just a few dances – but I want to see those little soft hands at work!”

I was a little uncomfortable at first, having my hands on Lynn’s bare back – she wasn’t wearing a bra – I found that out fairly quickly as I suddenly felt her nipples becoming firm. Then she snapped my bra strap, just a little, but it was amazingly esoteric. We both giggled softly and started to shuffle around to the seductive romances of Julio Iglesias. Then as the minutes went by, we started losing our inhibitions – and sisterly restraints. Our lips met and slid together, the taste of our lip glosses merging. Our fingers were playing feather-like over each other’s breasts and outside and inside our skirts. Our breathing became quicker – and our dancing – if it could be called that, got slower.

Suddenly, Dorothy was there, slowly guiding us over towards the couch. I could see the gleam of sweat on Lynn’s upper lip and felt my own body heat was at fever height. I think both of us wanted Dorothy but were almost incapable of separating from each other. We sat down with a thump on the sofa.

“Oh you two scamps! You’re making me *cream!*” Dorothy laughed. “But Lynn? I want you to understand something. I’m going to take Helen first. You second. Okay?”

“Mmmm. Not *me* first?” Lynn mewed.

“No sweetie. Helen first. But would you do something else for me that I think she’d like?”

“Okay – but you owe me - big time!” Lynn giggled.

“I want you to go over her knees – for a spanking!” Dorothy said.

“By HER? Ooooh Yesssss. But not a hard one, right?” Lynn purred.

“Absolutely? *Absolutely!* Now slither that gorgeous body over Helen’s lap. There, that’s a girl!”

Seconds later I was staring down at a gorgeous, rounded backside, tightly sheathed in blue silk I felt altogether wrong, but very excited. Slowly pulled the hem of her long dress up over her legs.

“Ooooh! Stop it you beast!” she squealed, shocking me for a minute. Then she wiggled very suggestively and giggled. I discovered that I had a major erection! And I became immediately concerned that I’d ejaculate with all of the sexual frisson going on between us.

But then I had bared her panties – absolutely beautiful figments of a designers imagination and then, mindful not to hurt her, I gave her ten spansks – very lightly – while she squirmed and wiggled, squealed as if I were killing her! It was fantastic! My breasts were heaving up and down by the time that Dorothy said. “Okay Lynn. Good job! Now Helen? Now that you know how to behave, why don’t you get over *her* knees, huh? Just for a trial run?”

I had no idea what she was talking about but as Lynn pulled me over into the proper position, she gave me a sharp spank on my backside but seeing as it was on the outside of my skirt, didn’t hurt. “AHA! Me fair beauty! Finally Have you in me power!” she bel-

lowed then, as she lifted my skirts and slip to bare MY panties for spanking, I squirmed and squealed – slid all over her lap as she stroked, rather than spanked me – and once or twice I felt her finger poke me gently in the anus.

“None of that now! Helen’s a good girl! Don’t be corrupting her!” Dorothy said warningly to Lynn. Then, she was sitting down beside me. “My turn now Helen. Why don’t you just slide on over. Lynn? Want to go mix us some drinks at the bar? See you in a little while?”

I didn’t make as much noise with Dorothy. Somehow, knew that was not what she wanted. But I did squirm and wiggle delightfully all over her lap. And then, she turned me around so that I was now staring up at her. She bent over and kissed me, her tongue forcing its way delightfully into my mouth. When she withdrew, she said. “Helen? I know we’re not married, but I’m going to be proposing to you pretty soon. Gonna take you tonight as my girl. Give you some idea of what you’re looking at once we get hitched. Okay? Any problems?”

“Please Dorothy?”

A soft smile played about her lips. The fire in the fireplace was going down, but it was the most romantic lighting I could have ever imagined. “Is that a ‘Please Yes’ or a ‘Please – No’? she asked.

I arched my back upwards and pouted my lips. “Please Yes?”

“That’s my girl!” she whispered, then slid the front of my skirt and slip upwards. Her experienced hand then undid the fasteners at the crotch of my teddies, then pulled my panties down all the way and off my legs. Then, to my surprise, I felt my very first condom being fitted around my penis. Didn’t care for that at all.

“But I’m clean, Dorothy – honest!” I mewled.

She laughed softly. “I know that – you little silly! But think I want you to mess up Lynn’s clothes, huh?”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said, then “Oooooooh!” as she sunk down onto my shaft, her moist warmth fitting me like a glove. Then, to my total embarrassment I came in a gush– “Oooh Oooh Oooh!” I mewled.

“Helen! Tell me you didn’t just come! Goodness gracious!” She was slightly disgusted.

I felt like crying. But only because I’d disappointed her. To me, that sharp pumping climax and orgasm had lifted me to heights I’d never imagined. Knew that my now flaccid penis must have come close to filling the reservoir of that condom – and maybe more, before it died.

“I’m sorry!” I whimpered.

“That’s perfectly okay darling, ” she said sympathetically after a moment. “I probably should never have overloaded your circuits like that. You’ll be better next time, won’t you?”

“I’ll try,” I said, though I wondered how I could possibly contain myself if that wonderful thing ever happened again.

But later on that night, I did. Not tremendously well, mind you, but enough to earn me a pat on the backside and an "Attagirl!"

We had lain there for a while, then she whispered. "Sugar plum? I'll have to take care of Lynn now. I hope you don't mind?"

I did. Knew that whatever service that Lynn provided her would HAVE to be better than me! But was starting to realize (faintly) that Dorothy came first, long before myself. I still couldn't altogether hide the whine in my voice, when I said "No darling – of course, I don't! I hope you have a nice time!"

Okay. When I sniffed, she laughed. "Aw sweetie. I'm hoping that we're going to be one big happy family here. Please don't get jealous. Okay?"

"I'm NOT!" I snapped, then my eyes started to leak. "I . I . I just wanted to m . m . m . make you happy!" I wailed.. "And L.L Lynn is SO much prettier than I am! It's NOT fair! And I was SO awful that first time!"

"Can I make a suggestion?" she asked calmly.

"Yuss!" I snuffled.

"Go and find Betty. Tell her that she's got the right to go through Lynn's stuff. Okay?"

"To do WHAT?" I complained.

"Find Lynn's NICEST nightgown and negligee – for YOU!" she said suggestively. "Later? Who knows. You may want to join me and my other girl for a little frolic in the hay?"

Almost bereft of reasoning power as I was, her offer made me prick up my ears. I mean, I KNEW that Lynn had an awesome selection of lingerie. Just to be allowed to go through it was a large inducement. To be given the pick of it to wear later with Dorothy was a treasure above measurement! A second chance? And I sold my masculine soul for a mess of feminine potage!

Actually, I was smart enough to put myself totally in Betty's hands. She wasn't exactly enthused about me going to her room when she'd thought her day was over, but about an hour later, she had me refreshed and beautified and, in a stunning teal nightdress and negligee, there I was – all ready to compete for Dorothy's favors again.

And, dressed as I was and feeling like I did, I was finally allowed into the master bedroom. There, though not a star, I acquitted myself well enough to win my spurs. Or is that too *masculine* a term to apply to my actions? Whatever it was that I did, I finally laid nestled in Lynn's arms, with a sated Dorothy beside us and all three of us slept the sleep of the just.

The following morning rolled around. To even attempt to go back to my previous half man half woman stage was patently ludicrous – I mean, I was now blessed with a set of fairly large breasts that would have been difficult to conceal. This, combined with my pretty hairdo and makeup – and Lynn's delight in finally being able to have a girlfriend she could dress up? I spent the rest of that weekend as a girl.

During that time, I learned a few things. Dorothy was going to marry me – that was certain.

I'd been concerned about how Lynn felt about this – but she was absolutely delighted. She told me. "Dorothy? She likes girls! No question about it – but she also likes a man inside her too and it would be very politic – maybe. She's in the process of opening up an office close by and thought she'd try and get a husband who could look after the house while she was at work. I knew that minute she met you, that she was interested. – and when I saw how you reacted to her? I was delighted for the both of you!"

I wondered about this bit of me taking care of the house but didn't think about it too much. On top of that I was delighted because I felt that Lynn and myself were becoming the closest of friends.

I'd also wondered about how her husband, the doctor, thought about the time she spent with Dorothy. She sighed. "Frank? Dorothy set him up in practice and we owe our financial success to her. For this, he's grateful. He's never had what you'd call a healthy sex drive, but I think even he was getting kind of fed up with how much time I spent in London. Now that Dorothy's moved here, she and I being together won't be quite as noticeable because I won't be absent so much. I'm not altogether sure that that line of reasoning is correct, but I really don't care a great deal. We'll be circumspect and that's all that really counts."

I did find out one other thing that made me more than just a little nervous. Now I was expected to be dressing as a woman – full time!. Not only that? I would be the one wearing the bridal gown at our marriage – and would legally become Mrs. Dorothy Maddox and my Christian name would become Helen. There was nothing negotiable about this. Bluntly, for the reasons I just mentioned a few paragraphs back, this made a lot of sense. I just was nervous about it was all.

"I've spoken to the minister at the church. She's really broadminded, but wasn't too keen how the laws looked upon you wearing a wedding gown." Dorothy said. "But then I pointed out that it was still a heterosexual marriage – and was there any church laws that specified what clothes had to be worn by either sex? There aren't – so she's quite happy!"

Mummy came to pick me up on the Monday morning when she got back. I wore one of Lynn's floral dresses, sleeveless and long. White gloves, white shoes, white handbag – and a floppy straw hat. Mummy didn't seem too surprised. Lynn and I went seriously shopping that afternoon, but well away from our local stores. I had no problem in passing.

My public debut was at the play-reading group where I was to play 'Babe'. In keeping with my role, I wore a short pleated kilt-like skirt and a conservative, bottle green, twin set. The ladies all thought I looked – and performed very well. Dorothy and I also announced our engagement and, like any blushing prospective bride, I shyly displayed the gorgeous ring on my finger. Everyone applauded when it was announced that Dorothy had put forward my name as a member of the association.

My reception in the village? Maybe a little off at first but after? It was as if nobody had ever thought of me as being anything but a woman. By this time though, word was spreading that Dorothy was opening what was going to be a fair sized establishment that would employ many of the villagers – and this may have had *something* to do with it. She seemed incapable of putting a foot wrong as far as they were concerned.

We were married in a very private ceremony one mid-week evening in the local church. As I said, I wore the wedding dress. Felt like a bride – and enjoyed the experience tremendously. Mummy gave me away and Lynn was my Matron of Honor.

EPILOG

I was now settled in at Dorothy's house – sorry, OUR house – and about three months later I was feeling quite restless. Mummy had opted to stay where she was and Lynn and her doctor husband had gone off on some trip. Dorothy, as usual, was busy. Betty had moved in with me and was now my personal Ladies maid. We had another young girl – Deirdre – as a junior maid, and a Mrs. Field – the cook.

This particular morning I had just finished reading my morning newspaper over my breakfast dishes. Then it dawned on me. I'd been hearing a very faint noise for some time, but it hadn't really registered. What was it? A very faint tinkling noise.

Intrigued, I left the dining room. Yes, the noise was louder now. A bell? Sounded like the china bell I rang to get Betty's or Deirdre's attention. But it couldn't be that, surely? Where had I last put it?

I was fairly sure that the noise, whatever it was, was coming from upstairs. On my tip-toes (for what reason I don't know) I climbed the stairs. The tinkling noise was coming from behind one of the doors – and was now becoming obviously the sound made by the maid's bell. Still moving slowly and quietly I went down the hallway – and there it was! Coming from Betty's room!

I knocked softly on the door. Heard Betty call "Come in!" so I opened the door and went into the room.

To my amazement, Betty and Deirdre – both in full dress uniforms, were lying about indolently. Betty on the bed, Deirdre on the sofa. Mrs. Field was also sitting on a chair, smiling genially at me. Betty was ringing the maid's bell.

"Well Helen! Took you long enough! Close the door behind you" she said.

"Huh?"

She shook her head theatrically. Spoke to Deirdre with an affected drawl. "Tell you dear? The staff that one's expected to get on with nowadays? Terrible!" Then she turned her attention back to me. "Helen? Please close the door behind you."

Strangely intimidated, I did so.

"*That's* a girl! See what you can do when you listen?" she beamed. "Now just stand there. Legs together please – and if you don't mind? Cross your hands over your front. You must know how to do it. Seen ME do it often enough. There! *That's* it!"

She continued. "I've been watching you quite a lot Helen. Getting rather bored are we?"

"I. . . What's this all about. . ."

"Just answer my question please. You ARE getting bored, are you not?"

I had to smile. "You're quite perceptive Betty. Always were. Yes, to tell you the truth, I am."

Her smile widened even further. "See girls?" she said to her companions. "What did I tell you? Helen's bored. Doesn't have enough to do!"

She looked at me again. "Well? I've got an idea that will help us all! Deirdre? Undress Miss Helen, would you dear?"

Deirdre got up from the couch and approached me, smiling. "May I, Miss Helen?" She then began to unfasten the buttons at the back of my dress!

"Whoa! What are you doing Deirdre?" I asked, starting to panic, but automatically obeyed her when she pulled my dress down to the floor and told me to step out of it.

I stood there in my slip, now trembling. "It's all right Helen," Betty said gently. "Now why don't you help Deirdre out of her uniform. Just go ahead and do it please."

The fastenings of her uniform were underneath her lace collar at the back, and a few buttons. As I gradually unfastened her from her dress with trembling fingers, she untied the strings of her lace serving apron. The satin of her uniform felt slippery.

She stretched her arms out from her, and waited for me to pull the bodice forward and off, then let her step out of the skirts. I was left, holding her dress in my hands.

"Now Helen? Put on *your* uniform. There's a girl." Betty said. "Deirdre? Give her a hand."

Numbly, I was stepping into the black satin skirts, then putting my hands through the puffed sleeves. Now, Deirdre was humming happily as she fastened the buttons up the back and then the tricky little fasteners under my lace collar. Then, in the quiet of the room, Mrs. Field still looking on fondly, I had my maids cap and apron put on me.

"Now Helen? Help Miss Deirdre into *her* dress. It's your job – so don't forget to curtsy now!" Betty was saying – and so I then assisted Miss Deirdre into MY dress –



and I didn't forget to curtsy. All three women nodded approvingly. I blushed at this silent praise.

Betty was speaking again. "Now here's what we're going to do for you, Helen. You see? I got to thinking. Here's you bored because you don't have enough to do – and us poor girls have far too much to do! So why not swap out a few times a week, huh? Today's normally Deirdre's day for polishing the silver and helping Mrs. Field with lunch dishes. So now YOU can be Deirdre for today – and she can be YOU! *Then*, later on this week, you can be ME for a day. Then another day? You can be Mrs. Fields drudge. Not so much fun perhaps – but if you're too lazy? Maybe she'll take you over her knees? Doesn't that sound like FUN?"

"Why are you doing this to me Betty?" I asked meekly.

"First things first Helen. When you are doing Deirdre's job? Me and Mrs. Field should be addressed as 'ma'am'. Miss Deirdre is, naturally, Miss Deirdre. And you will curtsy when you speak or are spoken to. Understand?"

I heard Deirdre giggle at my back as I took the sides of my apron in hand and curtsied. "Yes Ma'am. But may I ask why you're doing this?"

She came over to me. Started making minor adjustments to my cap, took a few tendrils of hair and pulled them down to sit on my brow. Answered my question as she did so.

"Frankly Helen? You may find this difficult to believe, but I'm doing it for your own good. You see? I couldn't believe that a grown man could act the way you did around your mother – and hanging about with a bunch of middle aged ladies at the play readings? Then I remembered something I'd run into at a class in Abnormal Psychology I took when I was at the uni. Looked up some of the articles – and came to the conclusion that you need – *really* NEED to be dominated. Your mother filled that need for you when you were at home. Your – husband Dorothy – filled it when she was courting you. But now?"

She paused and sighed happily. "Now? You've got ME. And I figure I'll make good use out of you. When you fill in for Deirdre, you'll learn how to be a good housemaid. When you fill in for me? You'll be promoted to Lady's Maid – learn how to do hair, do laundry, iron lingerie – all that nice stuff. I'll just BET that Ms Dorothy will just about *faint*, the first time you do her hair!" She grimaced. "Though I feel I should warn you. I know you like to be spanked – but you might find Mrs. Field's brand of spanking a *lot* different than what you're used to." She patted my backside. "A LOT! I have the feeling that she might be very demanding!"

I hugged myself, but couldn't help giggling. "But what if my mummy or Lynn come around to visit?"

She shrugged. "Well? It depends I guess. If you're backing Deirdre, you'd open the door for them, naturally. If you're my girl? I'll probably give you enough time off to chat with them. If you're working for Mrs. Field? I don't know. We'll see how it works out. Now Helen? Enough chatting. You've got silver to polish!"

##

Light on His Feet

By Tiffany Mellis

He heard his potential mother in law Doris talking to his fiancée when he was not supposed to hear.

“Dawn? He’s light on his feet. What in hell are you marrying *him* for?”

Dawn laughed. “Mom? We’re *sleeping* together now and then for Christ’s sake. He’s NOT gay! Now what do I have to do to convince you? Get pregnant?”

“I’ve always wanted a grand child,” Doris said thoughtfully after a short pause.

“Not in the cards mom!” Dawn said briskly in reply. “Desmond may not fit YOUR idea of manliness – but trust me – there’s not that many single heterosexual males out there. Not only that? I have a business to run. I may just be getting started – but I’ve no time for babies. Not now!”

He heard Doris sigh. “Okay – he can function in bed according to you – and I’ll believe you.. But he’s SO small! Doesn’t have a muscle on him. Not much hair either from what I can see! Damn near *pretty!*”

Dawn laughed. “He’s got plenty hair up top – must admit he’s smooth everywhere else. But I like him that way!”

“Big dick?” Doris asked tartly.

“None of your business mom!” Dawn replied, just as tartly.

“Aw c’mon!” Doris muttered. “The apple doesn’t fall THAT far from the tree and don’t try to tell me that you’re not interested in that aspect!”

“What in hells name are you TALKING about!” Dawn countered. “He’s big *enough* to get by!”

"You're NOT going to tell me that you've never had a *real* man on top of you?" Doris countered quickly. "All hairy and sweaty – and pushy? Big dick under his pants? Making you all soft and squishy? Creaming in your panties?"

"Aw mom!" Dawn sighed, but laughed understandably. "I'm almost thirty – and yes, I've enjoyed men. But if they are well built? They're so self-centered! So pushy! Want their own way all the goddamn time!"

Doris sighed again. "That's MEN dear. They're not like women at all. Different but essential. Desmond? He's too damn NICE! And what kind of business does he have? Works some computer crap from his home. Doesn't have a steady income."

Dawn got defensive. "Mom? He helped me out tonight. I was in a bind and ran out of time. Called him! He's a good cook and on his own, came to help me. Spent an awful lot of time helping me out. You have to admit that the meal was lovely!"

"Yes it was," Doris conceded. "But that's the sort of thing you normally call for a *woman* friend to help you with – A chef maybe – but not a *man*!"

He had to go into the kitchen then and interrupt them as he knew he couldn't stand around that hallway too long. The house was full of women and he didn't want any of them coming by and catching him. He put on a face when he saw the women there in the kitchen "Hi Doris! Hi Dawn! Didn't know you were in here," he said.

Frankly, he was terrified of Doris. Like Dawn, she was taller than him. Seemed to like him well enough, but always seemed to be looking down with amused condescension. Knew that, deep within himself, she was right in many of the things she was saying. He did have a resounding lack of faith in his own masculinity. Knew that he wasn't gay by any means – but knew that his fear of women wasn't entirely normal either. He always *wanted* their company and although he wasn't swish in any way that he knew of, always felt more comfortable in being in a group of women than amongst men. Dawn was one fine looking woman too – and up until now, he'd been a little puzzled by her interest in him – but now he was well aware that the shortage of *real* men had something to do with it.

"Hi" they both said, then Dawn looking a little embarrassed excused herself, mumbling something about her guests, took off. Self consciously, he went to start doing some dishes. To his surprise, Doris came up to his back very closely. Then to his shock, put her arms around his waist! "Well?" she whispered seductively in his ear.

"Eh? Eh?" he stammered.

"You heard me! You were listening to everything I had to say to Dawn. I saw your reflection in that mirror, and all I'm asking is WELL? Are you a little swish? A little on the gay side, are we?"

"No, Doris! You know I'm *not*!" he mumbled.

"I don't know of any such thing!" she declared quietly. "You feel nice and soft – weak – like a woman! And you stood out there and let me make implications about you. Most *real* men would have burst in here and yelled at me but you just stood there!" She turned me around to face her. "Now sweetie?" she asked mockingly. "Just tell mummy – look her straight in the eye – and tell her that you're not gay!"

"Mom?" he started, but she interrupted.

"That *won't* do sweetness! I want you to call me *mummy*, and look me directly in the eye!" She shook him a little and he felt how much stronger she was than him.

He tried, but couldn't look her in the eye. Kept saying "Mummy" again and again, but couldn't raise his eyes to meet hers.

She finally laughed a little. "I know that I intimidate you Desmond – but do you want to marry Dawn? Get my permission to be my son in law?"

"Oh yes, mummy!" He managed.

"Well I know a way to prove to me that you're *not* gay. Want to try it?"

"Oh yes, mummy."

"Well I'll want you to follow my lead. What I'll want you to do will be obvious – but not a word to anyone – including Dawn. Got it?"

"What're you going to do?"

"Never mind. You going to follow my lead?"

"Yes."

She reached over to the kitchen sink where a pot lay ready for washing. Pulled a wooden spoon out of it all coated with gravy and stuff. Looking him in the eye, pushed him backwards a little, then proceeded to wipe the spoon all over his shirt! Just in time, because they heard Dawn's footsteps entering the kitchen.

"Ooooh Desmond! I'm sorry! Didn't see you. What a mess! Told you that you should have worn an apron long ago!" Doris was saying apologetically.

Dawn rushed over. "Oh Doris how could you have been so careless!" she yelped at her mother it being obvious that she hadn't seen it was deliberate. "And some people just leaving. Want to say goodnight to him. Compliment him on his cooking I wouldn't wonder! What a mess!"

"I normally keep a few here," he said stupidly, then saw the flash of hatred in Doris's eyes and knew he should have shut up.

"Shit!" Dawn said. "I'm sorry dear. You did have one clean one left – but I hope you don't mind. It went with an outfit I had on yesterday and I must admit that I wore it. I haven't had time to get it cleaned along with your other ones."

"Wear his clothes much, do you?" Doris said, her god humor back.

"Just now and then," Dawn admitted. "Men's shirts are SO comfy."

"Makes it that turn about is fair play," Doris said.

"Huh?" Dawn said.

"You can lend him one of yours. Tit for tat. Who's to complain? Nothing too effeminate. I was thinking of that brown and white polka dot of yours?"

"Oh Mom! That's a *girl's!*" Dawn said, but now there was a questioning look in her eyes as she looked at him in a pleading sort of way.

And he saw the expression on Doris's face. Knew that she expected him to step up to the plate. "Doesn't sound SO awful?" he gulped.

The polka dots were just a bit big for a man's shirt. On top of that, the short sleeves were puffed out a bit. Not too bad – but girlish enough. The buttons were give aways in that they were kind of big and some sort of faux pearl – but the rich satiny material fitted him well, even though he had trouble fastening the buttons.

"Looks *fine!*" Dawn said with some falseness, while Doris stroked his back "You can hardly tell that it's a girls blouse!"

So with a red face, he said goodbye to a number of the guests. Being women, they were perfectly aware of what he was wearing and the fact that most of them had seen him in different clothes before, raised a few questions. But the few questions that were raised were easily explained by a few words – "Kitchen accident" being the most commonly used and understood.

Finally, the three of them were alone. "You're not intending to spend the night?" Doris asked him.

"Didn't have it in mind," he explained. "Dawn has a big meeting early tomorrow and we didn't see much sense in it – especially as she might be gone for a few days. She's going to drive me home though."

"That's silly!" Doris said. "Taking you home wouldn't be too much out of my way. Save Dawn for tomorrow."

He would have probably gone along with that idea anyway – even though the look on Doris's face told him that he'd better be agreeable, so he pretended eager acceptance.

Dawn fussed a little bit, but the idea of some extra sleep was too attractive for her, so after they'd said our goodbyes, he found himself in Doris's car.

It was a summer night so he didn't have to wear anything over the blouse. It didn't take Doris very long to start. "Must admit," she said laughingly. "You look nice in your blouse. How do you feel?"

He tried to make light of it. "That's like asking a man if he's stopped beating his wife yet. There's no answer that doesn't get him in trouble."

"True. But you'd never *beat* your wife – would you? More like *her* beating up on *you*. Those sleeves make your arms look all nice and soft. People that wear clothes like that are certainly not the type to go around beating up an anybody!" Then she laughed again. "Though dear? I think that there IS answer to my question. Most men if asked if they enjoy wearing a woman's blouse would get all indignant – maybe even angry. You just sit there and blush. I even tell you that you look nice in it – and you do nothing? Frankly dear, I think you *enjoy* it."

She was SO close to the truth, yet for all the wrong reasons.

His mother had died at an early age and his father had drifted off leaving him in the care of an old maid aunt. She did not like boys at all but soon discovered that she really enjoyed finding a reason - any reason – to humiliate him – and that involved dressing him up as a girl. That had become commonplace to the extent that he'd spent more time in

dresses than in pants. Not only that, she ensured that he was never trained in anything that could remotely be described as masculine. That is why he'd been so delighted when Dawn had become interested. She had no clue when it came to housework – and though she had NO idea of how great he was as a housekeeper – seemed to love it when he'd demonstrate his skills around a house. He had to admit that that evening had been a breakthrough of sorts. Maybe he'd enjoyed himself too much?

He was always shy and docile as a male. With Dawn it had never been brought to the fore. She was bawdy and lustful in bed and made no ceremony of them getting together. Naturally, he'd been able to get away with my normal docile behavior – but now Doris was starting to see him in his true light. Not quite catching on to the fact that he was always sexually aroused by a woman exerting her will – or strength over him – but close.. He really couldn't deny them anything at all. She was now accusing him of enjoying the wearing of women's garments – but thinking he was swish – or gay. When the truth was more complicated.

He enjoyed being subordinated to women – and wearing something soft and feminine at their bequest? Made him all soft and gushy inside. Almost identical to what Doris had said when talking about a woman with a real man.

She looked at him lazily and brought the car to a standstill on a grassy verge. "Describe me dear?" she said. "Please?"

He was surprised by her request, but then complied honestly. "You're very attractive, Keep yourself immaculate. A little taller than me, even in your heels. Will that do?"

She looked at him, a sort of lazy expression in her eyes. "Find me attractive?"

"Oh yes!"

"Not too old?"

A shocked expression crossed his face. "Not in the slightest! You don't look your age at all. I know you spend time in the gym – but even your skin is damn near flawless!"

She smiled. "Let's have a little test. I saw that little tent at the front of your trousers, the minute me and Dawn put you in that blouse. You've admitted that you find me attractive? So if you're the man you say you are? Why don't you make love to me just now, huh?" And she pulled her skirt hem up a fraction and smiled at him. Cut off the engine.

She was wanting HIM to make love to HER! Wanted him to be the male aggressor! Stared at him with lustful eyes. The erection he'd had since he'd put the blouse on disappeared immediately.

He swallowed. "But in a car?" He said, saying the first thing that came into his head. "Not enough room! You'd be uncomfortable!"

"It's not because I'm Dawn's mother? Too old?"

"Not at ALL!" He said gallantly. "Just doesn't seem proper in here."

She laughed at him openly. "Not *quite* what I'd have expected from a normal male. And I see that your erection has gone down?" She started up the car again, much to his relief.

He felt that he had shrunk. She seemed so BIG and powerful now. All he wanted to do was get home and hide somewhere. But he simply sat in his car seat and waited. But then, the cut off to his home passed by.

"I'm sorry Doris," he said. "But that was my cut off."

She stared at him. "I think that my daughter wants to marry a little fairy. Naturally, with me wanting grandchildren, you've no wish to deny me a small test, do you to prove that I'm wrong?"

He could only stare at her and they continued to her house.

She took his hand as if he were a little child and led him to her bedroom. There, she smiled at him. "Time for another little test. Maybe I've been unkind, asking you to perform like a man, while wearing a woman's blouse. – but we can correct that right now. So I'm going into the bathroom to change. In the meantime, why don't you take all of your clothes off?"

"Please Doris? I don't want to do this," he mumbled.

She stopped. "Are you a little gay sissy? Who can't get it up for a woman?"

"You don't understand Doris!" he stated.

She interrupted. "D'you know that when Dawn was a girl and wouldn't do what I asked? I'd put her over my knees. You're bigger than she was – but she was tougher than you are I think. Is that what you want? A nice spanking from me?"

"Please Doris? No." He was mumbling now, his eyes downcast.

"Just do as I ask then – and don't take too long!" she said and disappeared into the bathroom.

When she came out, she was wearing a very feminine negligee and nightgown set in a lacy yellow. Smelled delightful and looked at him expectantly. He sat, totally naked on the edge of the bed,

"Well than? Are you going to do your stuff? Why is it I don't see an erection there. Going to admit that you're just a little sissy now?" She stood in front of him, her womanliness accentuated by her flowing garments.

"I'm NOT gay!" He said miserably. "You just don't understand!"

She paused now. "You keep saying that. Hold on and let me try something else." With that, she undid her tiny ties at the neck of her negligee and took it off, throwing it on the floor. Then, smiling at him, she pulled her nightgown off over her head and dropped in on the floor too. Stood in front of him, in her magnificent shape. "Well?" she said invitingly. "I still don't see an erection!"

He blushed.

"But I think I am beginning to get an idea?" She laughed quietly. "Let's try *this* and to his surprise, lifted up the nightgown and fitted it over his head. – shall we? Now help me" she laughed, then added. "well – would you look at that nice erection? My goodness! Shall we get this pretty negligee on as well? Stand up my little fairy princess!"

"I'm NOT a fairy!" He eased, almost weeping.

"Maybe you're not gay! But you ARE enjoying this – aren't you? SO pretty!" she added, now stroking his cock through the diaphanous fabric of the nightwear. "Now come over here and we'll make you smell properly!" she giggled. "Put some nice perfume on you. Then we'll make some love, huh?"

Meekly he followed her to the dresser and gazed at her helplessly while she applied nice smelling scent to him. Then she led him back to bed.

There she laid him on his back. Kissed and fondled him, straddling him after a very short time. Lifted his negligee and nightgown and started to fit herself over him – and then saying how pretty he was. At that point, he shot all over her. She sighed, then used tissues from the side of the bed to clean herself off.

"I've heard," she whispered in his ear that premature ejaculation may be a sign of homosexuality? But I think you were just enjoying yourself too much. Is that the case?"

Shamefaced he nodded in agreement. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Probably as much my fault as yours, but I can't have you doing that again!" she said matter of factly, and turning him over face downward started to spank him. Not heavily enough to make him cry – but enough to let him know that he was being spanked.

She spoke to him between spanks. "After this, when I straddle you? You'd better hold yourself in. I have the feeling that you might enjoy going over my knees – but you won't enjoy that! In second place, you may have the male equipment – but when we're together? You're the girl – and I'll expect you to behave accordingly. Got that?"

He flinched as she gave him an extra hard spank to finish, but nodded in full agreement with what she'd just said.

She went and put on a plain nightgown, then came back to bed. He cuddled into her happily and fell asleep. She woke him up during the night and this time, he performed a lot closer to her satisfaction, finding himself making appropriate noises of satisfaction underneath her. He found himself wondering about Dawn – but what Doris was doing to him was far too close to his real wants. To his amazement, he found himself thinking "Doris will take care of it" – and feeling quite content about this.

In the morning he woke up to find her lying beside him and looking at him. "I've been doing a lot of thinking about you," she said. "Stop me if I'm wrong. Okay?"

He nodded, wondering what was coming.

"You like doing girly things?"

A shamed nod.

"Stop that blushing! Dressed in girly clothes?"

Another nod. Not so quick this time.

"But you're GOOD at girly things. Right?"

"Yes."

"Thought so. Now does Dawn know about all this?"

He plucked helplessly at his lacy nightgown. "I don't think so."

“Mmmm. I’ll have to do some thinking about her. But I have an idea – maybe. But I have a group of ladies coming over tonight – and you’ll come in handy. I wasn’t looking forward to all the work in getting the house ready – but you’re good at that, aren’t you?”

He couldn’t help the proud expression on his face.

She laughed. “I’ve got ALL sorts of things for you. But I’ll have to look out some proper clothes for you. Thank goodness we’re about the same size. I’ve been putting on a little weight recently so some of my stuff should fit you just fine.”

It was his turn to laugh. She was kidding – surely. But as he was showering and removing any hair from his body, which wasn’t much, she was looking out some stuff for him. She even found a pair of falsies for him. Once he was dried and powdered to her liking, he tried to protest, but she just laughed at him kindly and gave him a few spanks. Once he had his falsies adhered and his – her – lingerie on, she had him try on a few dresses. Finally picked a fairly light floral one. Then she shaved his eyebrows and used an old method to pierce his ears and put posts in. Then she washed his hair and set it in curlers, Covered it with a turban. Found a pair of high heels for him.

It didn’t seem to take her too long, but it was close to lunchtime as she sat, carefully applying red polish to his fingernails. She apologized for doing this as his nails weren’t actually good enough for a manicure. “But I don’t have false nails for you – and your nails aren’t bad – and with my girlfriends being the way they are? You’d better have your nails done, even though they won’t stand close inspection.”

“But I don’t understand,” he said. “What can they possibly have to do with me?”

She paused and eyed him up. “You may not understand this dear – and I don’t think that you do. But your days as a man? They’re done.”

She spoke with some finality and he almost pulled away the hand that she was working on, but she gave him a stern look and he let his hand stay passively where it was. “But Doris? I don’t quite understand,” he said softly.

She considered a moment before starting to brush his nails again. “Well dear? It’s like this. I’m a member of a small group of us ladies. Unfortunately we’re all either widowed or divorced. Accordingly? It’s hard for us to get a man – or otherwise, a good old fashioned fuck.” She laughed. “And we can get quite horny at times!” Then she continued.

“Then you come along. I see right away that you’re not much of a man and figure that you’re gay – as you know by now. See you good at ladylike things and don’t pay too much attention to you. But then Dawn starts making noises about you and she – and I start paying closer attention.. Still think of you as gay and don’t want you as a son in law. Frankly, that was why I wanted to get you off on your own last night.”

“But you find out I’m not gay – so what is all this then?” he butted in, waving his hand with the nails painted already..

She laughed. “So I discovered that you made not a bad fuck when you’re dressed properly. Not good mind you – but you can learn I think. It hasn’t been proven yet, but I’ll bet by this afternoon, I’ll know that you make a great little housewife.”

He blushed but had to admit. “I don’t think you’ll find any room for complaints on that score”

"I thought not – but we'll see!" she said. "I have a LOT of housework for you to try your hand at before the girls get here. That way, I'll know for sure!"

"And if I pass?" He asked smugly.

"Why? You'll become one of us girls. Just like us – with one major difference, of course."

That shook the smugness out of him and he looked at her to see if she were kidding, but her face remained bland. "But Doris? That sounds crazy! I'm not a woman!"

She simply nodded. "Right now? You're probably nicer than a lot of women – but I agree that a few minutes would give you away. But you'll be in this house under the constant care of me – or one of the other girls. Won't be long before we have you walking and talking properly. After that? Some trips to the beauty shop? Nicer breasts? You'll at least LOOK the part."

He had to laugh. "But what FOR? What about Dawn?"

"What for? Are you being *stupid*? Me and the girls will pass you around as needed. First off, you'll make a great little ladies maid. Second? You'll probably find yourself taken to bed quite a lot. I think that some of the girls might be a little shy about having to treat you like a girl to get you there. But once they find that you have the male appendages that can be used? I think you'll see the shyness wear off. If they don't want you? You can be my housemaid on a permanent basis." Then she glowered a little. "Dawn may pose a problem when she finds out my plans for you – but like I said? I may have an idea. Now, let's see what kind of lunch you can make."

Everything she said just seemed so *practical*. Obviously, it was just plain silly – but he was in a dress, heels, and makeup. She was treating him as a girl. She was expecting him to show that he could – would – perform as a girl. Much of his life had been based on the fact that he would act like a girl when so ordered. It just seemed so *natural* somehow! He practically fell into the routine.

Lunch was no problem – Doris was no mean cook herself and maintained a good larder. She didn't offer to help, but he could feel her testing him. He was given a small load of her undies and general laundry to do – and she watched carefully as he folded and ironed what had to be done. She had him make some sewing repairs to her undies and was actually very impressed with his skills there. She left him alone in some instances – vacuuming and dusting and so on, and he saw and heard her on the telephone, but just went ahead and did what he was supposed to do. She did make some fairly slight attempts at changing the way he walked and sat – but explained that she'd cover these areas in more detail, later on.

As the day wore on, she had him do some light duties as her personal maid. There he wasn't as good and she chastised him verbally for becoming excited at seeing her undress and being in the nude when he had to powder her – but all in all she was very pleased with him. For her friends coming she had him shower and change into a fairly conservative wool dress over some nice Royal Blue undies. Then she unpinned and brushed out his hair. Having been fairly long, it wasn't too bad she said – although never having been styled as she wished before, it needed more gel than she wanted. Nevertheless, when she

was finished he made a fairly presentable young girl.. Impulsively, she kissed him – then laughed as he blushed prettily.

Her five friends – Alice, Fay, Megan, Lupe and Dorothy all arrived close to each other. They were all in Doris’s mold. Well kept and well dressed. Gave him some curious glances as Doris let them into the house. They were particularly curious when Doris deflected all questions pertaining to him until the were all settled down with drinks in the sitting room. Then she had him go and stand in front of the ladies – and twirl. “Notice anything?” she asked lightly.

“I think she’s a man?” Fay said a little diffidently – and then some of the women agreed – but slowly. Not wanting to hurt any feelings if they were wrong.

“You’re absolutely right ladies,” Doris said. “That’s the man was going to marry my daughter!” Then she made no other comment as the women all talked at once.

“Does she know he’s gay?”

“Does he dress like a girl ALL the time? He’s quite pretty you know!”

“What do YOU think about all this Doris?”

And a whole bunch of like comments. Finally with a smile she held up her hands . “Let me explain girls.” And she did.

After she had finished, there was some silence then the questions began to flow. She didn’t try to explain her mistakes in thinking of me as gay – but her descriptions of her actions – our actions? – and her thoughts since made me blush.

“Let me try something Lupe,” she said, pointing at her friend. “You have a fairly large house with a part time maid. You also have a strained wrist, which cuts down on your own participation in doing work around the house. Then, excuse my bluntness, your sex life sucks. Correct?”

Lupe, an attractive Spanish looking woman blushed but admitted that what Doris said was mostly true – especially the sex bit - as she explained.

“Well?” Doris said. “Here we have Desmond. Dresses nicely and – take my word for it – a JEWEL housemaid. When you take him to bed? He has NO willpower to resist – so you lift up his skirts, and what do you find? MALE genitalia – at your service! A walking, talking, do- the- housework – *boy toy*. Good for what ails you! He’s not good at playing the masculine role – but dears? He’s AVAILABLE!”

There was some female chatter at that point, but her point was getting across. Megan was the next to talk. “So? You want to rent this little jewel out Doris? How much? I’m fairly well off, but...”

Doris laughed. “Nothing. You’re my friends and I think he needs to be kept occupied. I’m not sure as yet how Dawn will take to the knowledge that he’s not really son in law material – but I may have something in mind that could work. I don’t know for sure yet – but I’m thinking that nobody should get him for more that a week to begin with.”

“Can I get him for next week?” Dorothy asked shyly.

And all the women roared!

The Doris said? I've just had an idea!" She turned to him. "Now you're mine for this week. But just as a little sample for the girls? Why don't you belong to any of the girls that want you for – say – an hour or so tonight, huh? But don't let them get you over excited now! Tonight you're mine" and they all laughed as he got red.

"Me FIRST!" Lupe broke in. "I was going to take him until Dorothy interrupted. Can I try?" she asked Doris.

"SURE!" Doris laughed. "But I think we'll have to come up with a better name than Desmond, don't you think? Can't have a little maid called *that*, can we?" Then she turned to him. "But no sense wasting time, *Priscilla* - go and sit on Lupe's knee – but don't be straining her wrist now!" Then she turned to the other ladies. "I've always liked Priscilla as a name – sound so effeminate. But we can always change it if it's no good."

"I think Priscilla is a lovely name? Don't you dear?" Lupe smiled as I approached her shyly and she smoothed her skirts. "Want to sit on my lap?"

There was a collective gasp of appreciation as I obediently smoothed my skirts and sat down into her embrace.

They put on some music and Lupe was much appreciated because she let him dance with many of the ladies – taking the girl's part of course.

But later in the evening, the bell rang. "I think that's Dawn," Doris said and she has a man that I know with her. Now he's not much to look at, but he's got a VERY large thing down there – " and she lightly touched her groin area – "But no stealing now! I think that Dawn has been with a little sissy for far too long now – so let her get a little. Okay?"

There was a collective groan of pretended (at least he *thought* it was pretended) disappointment from the girls, as Doris went and let Dawn and this rather ugly guy – Roger – in. He was embarrassed at being in the company of so many women – and naturally Desmond was introduced to him as Priscilla. Dawn didn't recognize him at first, but then her mouth opened – and she actually pointed as if she were going to say something. But then she just looked at Doris and grinned a little. Hugged Roger and smiled prettily at Priscilla. She also made quite a point of using his new name at the slightest opportunity..

And it was disgusting the way those women buzzed around that man! Soft and feminine, exclaiming at anything he said – as if he had the slightest semblance of sense – which he didn't. Fluttering and touching him all the time – *disgusting!* But you could tell that he lapped it up – and Dawn made a point of staying close to him and he could have sworn that once she made a point of 'accidentally' touching him at his groin – and Desmond – Priscilla – couldn't help but gape jealously at the tent that formed itself there. (Doris even asked him a few seconds later if maybe HE fancied Roger? From what she had heard, he had a way with ALL the ladies!).

But finally, Dawn and Roger left – with Dawn making quite a point of kissing Priscilla and saying how she wanted to see 'her' again – real soon! Naturally. He blushed girlishly, which she wasn't slow to point out.

And Priscilla settled into his new life as if he's been born to it. Quickly learned that sometimes 'his' ladies wanted him to lie and let them use his male 'bits'. Sometimes roll over – and use him as if he were a girl. Frankly, he got to like the attention. They dressed

him – and treated him – nicely. It didn't take long before he appeared – and thought of himself – as a girl. Wasn't too long after that when some of the ladies considered him more of a 'companion' than anything else. But he still had a 'thing' for Dawn. Know what I mean?

Then one day, she called. Doris showed her in then left them alone. She kissed him Hello. "Do they call you Desmond still?" she asked softly.

He blushed under his makeup, very conscious of her strong arms still on him.. "Well, to tell you the truth, they still seem to have this thing about the name 'Priscilla.'"

"That IS a lovely name – and that dress!" she said. "Taffeta?"

"I don't know," he said carefully – although he knew perfectly well. Couldn't help but run his hands under the material to make the rustling sound that he had learned to love.

"Oh!" She giggled, pulling him into her and kissing him again. "That SOUND! Drives me crazy!"

"Women DO have a tendency to make a fuss over that material!" He said gently and as if he understood the proclivity of senseless women.

"Oh, you MEN!" she laughed, pulling him gently over to the couch. Somehow, her hand was up his dress, playing with the fullness of his slip. He found himself relaxing into her arms.

"I've *really* missed you!" she said, kissing him firmly. Then she added. "That lipstick on lipstick? I'm not used to it!"

"I thought that Roger would be providing you all the satisfaction you need nowadays," he couldn't help and said jealously.

"Oh! These vulgar men!" she said playfully, stroking his real feeling breasts under his lacy bra. "Not like YOU!"



Somehow, he was on his back on the couch and his dress and slip were up – and his panties down.

“You MEAN that?” he whispered as she straddled and fitted herself on him.

“Of COURSE dear! What else?” she whispered, starting to move up and down. “I need a maid for next week. You available?”

“You better ask Doris,” he said.

The end