

WOMANVILLE



Blind Ruth



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright ©) 2014

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

Womansville

By Blind Ruth

You've probably never heard of the place for it is a closely guarded secret amongst women. For those who have found the place it is Heaven, a somewhere that many women have dreamed of. And why should it be named so, as the name suggests a place for women only.

It is a place where only those who wear women's clothes may reside. Yes men are there but they are all in a frock; even boys are in skirts. That is the law for no one is permitted to wear any type of clothes but women's.

There are the usual types of relationships including married couples of course with both parties in skirts. If they have a family, all their offspring are paraded in dainty girls clothes, whether male or female.

'Sissy' is a word one would never hear mentioned in the polite society of Womansville. Boys are encouraged by mothers, aunts, and stepmothers in the finer arts of girlhood and taught such by their Mama. It is fair to say that the female of the species outnumber and dominate the males in Womansville. And all are, of course, dressed in women's skirts.

NEW TOWN/NEW LIFE

Claire Morgan pulled her car to the side of the road. In front of her the road sign read, “Womansville City Limits.”

“Mother, why have you stopped?” asked her pretty red-headed daughter.

Claire heard her but at this moment Claire’s thoughts were far away. She was thinking about that article she read in a woman’s magazine years ago of such a town where there were women and women only. That was only a dream for her then; she was a business woman, a successful one with her own company. A large conglomerate made an offer for her business that she could not refuse. Claire could retire at 38 and follow her dream. Maybe after a while when her batteries were recharged she would return to business matters. For now she was about to relax among others of her own gender.

Claire Morgan turned to her daughter. “I was just thinking of my dream of coming to this town. For years I have thought of it. We are about to start a new life in a new town away from the hassle of business. For you, my darling, there will be plenty of new girlfriends to meet. Does that not excite you, Gayle?”

Gayle Morgan was the product of a relationship Claire had with her then-husband Gilbert, a man she had never gotten along with. It ended in divorce. As Claire got involved in her company she had no time for sex which Gilbert was always looking for and rarely got.

Gayle had been brought up by governesses most of her life, her mother being too involved in matters concerning her company. Gayle thought going to Womansville would an opportunity to get to know her mother better now that she was no longer involved in business matters. That was in Claire’s thoughts too for she had no time to get to know her daughter, flying all over the world for the company.

With these thoughts, Claire started the car engine and off they went. The outskirts of town passed, Arcadia Avenue was the place Claire was looking for. She had picked it based on the estate agent's recommendation. Even before that, Claire had to present herself before the town council and be vetted as a suitable person to live in the community of Womansville.

Claire had driven for some time through the town. "I think we are lost, Gayle. I only visited the house once and have lost my bearings."

"We should ask the first policewoman we see, Mother," her red-headed daughter said.

"Good idea," replied Claire. They drove further but there was no sign of the law anywhere. A little frustrated, Claire pulled up at the side of the road. "No sign of the police anywhere."

"Then let's ask this woman walking on the street towards us, Mother."

Claire wound her car window down. "Ma'am could you direct us to Arcadia Avenue please?"

The woman in a pretty white summer dress with red rose patterns on it sweetly smiled. "I'm afraid you have missed the turn. It was three roundabouts back; you should have turned right. Nice place Arcadia Avenue, nice folks live there. You must be new to the town?"

"Yes that's right, this is out first time here. I was rather hoping to ask a policewoman but no sign of any, ma'am."

"The name's Doreen Linley but call me Doreen. We are all on a first name basis here. Policewomen are hard to find around these parts for there is hardly any trouble. I expect Hester Browning Chief of Police and her Deputy Abigail Miller are at the local high school talking to the children about road safety. Hester and Abby are all the law needed around these parts. The girls do a good job which is why Womansville is such a peaceful town."

“Thank you, Doreen. I’m Claire Morgan and this is my daughter Gayle. I’ll turn around and find Arcadia Avenue thanks to your direction.”

“Yes, you do that, Claire. Who knows, we may meet again. I’ve some friends down Arcadia Avenue way.” Doreen gave a friendly wave as Claire and her daughter departed.

“What nice people around here!” said Claire addressing her daughter.

“Yes, so friendly and helpful. I think I’m going to like living here.”

“Me too,” answered Claire.

Arcadia Avenue was eventually found along with the house with a nice spacious lawn to the front of it.

“Oh Mother, this is truly magnificent!” gushed Gayle on entering the house.

“You like it, darling? I’m so glad, I was afraid you wouldn’t. Wait till you see the rooms. I know there is still some furniture to arrive but in a few weeks all will be here.”

Claire Morgan took her daughter by the hand and up the winding marble staircase both ascended.

On the landing Claire opened the door to her wide and spacious bedroom. The floor was covered in natural Oak Rustic Parquet block floor tiles. There near the bay window overlooking the lawn below was a highly ornate four poster bed made from oak with a canopy above. The oak panelling on the bed was carved in intricate detail. The canopy above was painted in delightful colours with scenes of angels and cherubs. At both sides at the top were blue-coloured curtains with a ribbon tied in a bow holding them bunched together. The bed itself was vast. The sheets and pillows were of the finest satin. This was a bed of pure luxury for Claire to indulge herself in and why not? She deserved

it, she said to herself. This was what she had worked for, a life of ease.

“Oh Mother, this is truly wonderful! Such delicious luxury that you have surrounded yourself with.”

“Yes darling, you have only seen the half of it for my fantastic wardrobes is still to arrive in the next few days.”

“And what of my room, Mother?” asked daughter Gayle.

“Follow me, darling.” Claire walked over to a connecting door that, when opened, led to her daughter’s room. It was not as large as her own but a lot bigger than Gayle’s previous bedrooms.

“I have not done as much in your room because I want your input as to what you want. We will purchase whatever you fancy, darling.”

“Oh Mother, I love you. You’re not the strict mother I may have thought you were but then we really never saw much of each other, did we, Mother?”

“No Gayle, we did not. I’m hoping we can make up for that now in Womansville. Your happiness is all that matters to me.”

“Oh Mother!” Gayle Morgan threw herself into her mother’s arm. Mother and daughter kissed and hugged each other.

“I really think we are going to love it here, Gayle.”

Gayle glanced out the window in her room. “Mother, there is a woman coming up our garden path to the front door.”

Claire looked out and saw a woman in a black skirt with a white apron over it and a basket in her hand. She was now at the front door and pressed the button. The Westminster chimes were heard in the house.

Claire and her daughter opened the front door.

“Sorry to have disturbed you. My name is Alicia Roberts, your next door neighbour. I thought you folks, having just arrived, would be tired out so I’ve brought you some soup and a bit of meat pie.”

“That’s very nice of you, Alicia. Come on in. My name is Claire Morgan and this is my daughter Gayle. There is still a lot to do to the house yet so you must excuse the condition of the place.”

“Don’t worry about that, Claire. It was the same when I first came here.”

Claire and her daughter led Alicia Roberts into the living room which was below Claire’s bedroom. There in the centre was a glass-topped table with six modern seats surrounding it and a sofa in one corner of the room. There were a number of pictures on the walls; prints of artists such as Renoir, Cezanne, and Rubens. There were numerous bookcases, a television and easy chairs nearby.

“Gayle, be a dear and make a pot of coffee for ourselves and Alicia and we can chat.”

“I’m afraid I’m not in my best dress to greet you. This is the maid’s day off. She deserves it, Rose is a hard working girl. Anyway, I like messing about the house. I’ll be better dressed when you come to the welcome party we have arranged for you and your daughter,” said Alicia.

Claire Morgan raised her eyebrows. “You’re having a welcome party for my daughter and me?”

“But of course. We always do on Arcadia Avenue so you can get to know your new neighbours. We’re a friendly lot around these parts. That won’t be for some weeks yet till you sort yourself out. It is in my house, I wouldn’t like to impose on you. Just tell me when you’re ready and I’ll take it from there.”

“That is most kind of you, Alicia. As I said to Gayle, I think I’m beginning to like it in Womansville.”

By this time Gayle had entered with a tray and coffee pot and cups. She placed them on the glass top table, poured out the coffee, then passed the cups round.

“You must drop in on me whenever you find time, Claire and of course your beautiful daughter as well. I will reciprocate your hospitality. Jenny and Danielle always did, they had this house before you, Claire.”

“Oh yes, so the estate agent told me. Two sisters were they?”

“No, I don’t think you could call them that,” answered Alicia.

“Mother and daughter like me and Gayle?”

“No, not that either,” replied Alicia.

“Oh,” thought Claire. There was only one conclusion to be drawn; they must have been lesbians. Well, that was to be expected in a town called Womansville.

“Lesbians,” exclaimed Claire.

“No,” answered Alicia, “although there are many such relationships here, we all live in peace and harmony with one another. One never questions another’s sexuality in this town.”

“If they are not sisters or mother and daughter what sort of relationship had they?”

“The usual type of heterosexual relationship. They were husband and wife. Jenny was the husband.”

“I was under the impression that all within Womansville were women or girls,” said Claire, a little bit disillusioned.

“Sorry to disappoint you, Claire. It is hard to tell who are men and who are women here at times for everyone here wears skirts, dresses, and frocks. You will get used to it. A word of warning, though. Never but never call any boy you may see in a skirt a sissy. That would not be fair to his mother, aunt or whatever female relative that is bringing him up to be a girl.”

“I just want to lead a quiet life and let everyone do their own thing.”

“Good, Claire! With that attitude you’ll get on well here in Womansville,” said Alicia.

While her mother may have been somewhat disillusioned, Gayle was not. She had had a few boyfriends, some a bit dull. The thought of finding one in a skirt fired her imagination. It was going to be fun finding out which local girl had that little bit different under their panties! Yes, Mother was right; new town, new life and new fun.

Six-year-old Louise Palmer was about to give a piano recital before her mother and lady friends. “Aunties,” Mother had told her to call them. Everyone was an Auntie to pretty Louise in Womansville. Mother had told her she was so talented that Mother’s lady friends must hear her beautiful daughter play.

There was no doubt that Louise was talented and had a career ahead of her as a concert pianist. Beautiful, she stood in her gorgeous soft voluminous chiffon frou-frou dress with elasticised ruffle with twirly tutu pettiskirt in a peaches and cream combination. The outfit was completed by masses of ruffles in 100% soft nylon, white ankle socks, cute white ballerina shoes with a bow on the front.

There stood this vision of loveliness, a six-year-old girl, admired by her aunties. Louise was nervous she



had never given a recital before; Mother had reassured her all would turn out for the best. It was in this state that Louise stepped forward to seat herself on the piano stool. She lifted the back of her dress, exposing a little of her pink panties which descended on the soft cushion on the stool. Her "Aunties" had briefly seen the pink panties, causing knowing looks to pass among them.

Louse launched herself into a Chopin Polonaise followed by Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," not the easiest of pieces to play for one so young. Louise was indeed a child prodigy, a genius, and her mother felt it was only right she should exhibit these skills.

Having finished, Louise rose from the stool and curtsied to the delight of her aunties. For a moment there was silence, then thunderous applause from the ladies assembled. Louise's mother Mildred stepped forward, hugged her daughter, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You were magnificent, Darling. I am so proud of you." Mildred's daughter shivered with excitement in her mother's arms. Unfortunately the excitement of the occasion had gotten to little Louise; she had an "accident" and wet her panties.

"Louise, maybe this has been too much for you to take. I understand. I think it's better that your nanny take you back to your room where you can rest after. It's past your bedtime."

The long oak clock standing near the piano read ten minutes to five, well past Louise's naptime. Mother was always strict that she have her beauty sleep.

A mature-looking woman stepped forward, "I shall take the little lamb to her bedroom, Mildred. I expect you and Louise's Auntie have much to discuss. I shall leave you ladies. Come Louise, kiss your Mother and Aunties before we depart."

This Louise did, receiving many kisses and hugs from her so-called aunties.

“Thank you, Nanny Beatrice. I shall visit my darling later tonight. Ah, here come the waitresses with our afternoon tea and scones.”

Louise and her Nanny departed with a wave of Louise’s hand to all there in her mother’s drawing room.

Tea and scones were handed out to the ladies and conversation began.

“When do you think Mildred will have her daughter doctored?” asked one lady of another.

“That would certainly be nice, Rachel. That is Mildred’s decision, why don’t you ask her?”

That question was put to Louise’s mother; it was no secret among the assembled ladies that several mothers, aunts and even stepmothers in the community of Womansville had had their offspring, or those they were responsible for, ‘doctored’.

It did not shock Mildred Palmer for she had put considerable thought to that decision.

“I will need to consult with Amanda on that, won’t I, dear?”

“Yes Mildred, why don’t you drop into my surgery and we can discuss this,” said Dr. Amanda Houston.

It was well-known if any mother wished her precious darling doctored, Dr. Amanda Houston was the one to see in Womansville.

Nods of approval from the ladies, then someone said, “Don’t put it off too long, Mildred.”

That led to further conversations between the ladies about doctoring. “Takes the aggressive instinct out of them,” voiced one lady to more nods of approval.

Meanwhile Mother’s Little Darling was being led hand-in-hand by Nanny Beatrice to her bedroom. Louise’s bedroom was what one would wish for any

six-year-old girl: vivid pink wallpaper, pink bed sheets and satin pillows on the single bed.

“I think I will bathe you after such an exhausting time playing for your mother’s lady friends.”

“Yes, Nanny Beatrice,” answered the sweet Louise.

Nanny Beatrice departed to the adjoining bathroom where she ran the bath, then sprinkled the sweet smelling bath salts in the warm water.

When she returned to the bedroom, Louise was in the process of taking off her clothes.

“That’s right, Darling, just leave then there. Nanny will sort that out after. Now give me your hand, Darling.” So saying, Nanny Beatrice led Louise to the bathroom. It wasn’t hard to determine what sex Louise was. However neither Louise’s mother nor Nanny Beatrice had ever made Louise any the wiser that she was not a girl. Louise had been brought up as a girl ever since she was born.

Now back in her bedroom. Nanny Beatrice had taken a long length white sateen girls nightdress with the name Louise embroidered at the top, with its hem frilled with lace, from the drawer. This she placed over Louise’s head and it slithered down her body. “She is sweet,” thought Nanny Beatrice, “but it will be all the better for her when she is doctored.”

“Louise, what is it we now do?”

“Say our prayers, Nanny.” Louise kneeled beside her bed and said her prayers, hands clasped together. “God bless Nanny and especially my Mother.”

“You are a good little girl, Louise. You will be rewarded for such I’m sure but always remember to obey your mother.”

Nanny Beatrice tucked Louise into her bed, then opened the bedside table drawer and withdrew what looked like a pair of Angora mittens. Louise held her

hands out for this was a nightly ritual. Her hands were put into the mittens. Beatrice, with a silk cord, tied them to the front of Louise with the cord. Louise's hands were immobile but would be released in the morning.

It was Nanny Beatrice who first suggested it to Mildred. "Young persons like Louise, their hands can wonder at night and play with themselves if you see what I mean."

"Yes of course, Beatrice. We want none of that for Louise is to be a proper little girl at all times. You have my approval to do as you say."

It was never explained to Louise Palmer why her hands were tied at night just that it was for her own good, her mother said.

Louise, now tucked in her bed, received the customary kiss from Nanny.

The following morning, young Louise was up bright and early. She sat before her dressing table mirror, Nanny Beatrice behind with an ivory-backed hair brush gently brushing Louise's long blonde hair. Nanny took meticulous care as she brushed Louise hair. Nanny Beatrice had already dressed the young girl for Mother's inspection, not that there was ever any fallout between mother and Nanny. Nanny Beatrice was always open to any suggestions as to how much more that Louise could be feminized as was the girl's mother. Eventually Louise's mother entered the room.

"Let me do that, Nanny," said Mildred, relieving Nanny Beatrice of the brush to continue the good work started by her.

"Louise, you pleased Mother so much yesterday afternoon that I will buy a new dress. What do you say to that?"

"Oh Mommy, I love you so!" answered the six-year-old Louise.

“Then does Mother get a kiss from her pretty little girl?” Mildred bent her head down to the chair that Louise was sitting on to receive the expected kiss from her so-called daughter.

Nanny Beatrice stood at the side of the chair watching the delightful scene of mother and daughter kissing each other. Beatrice had ribbons and a tortoise-shell Alice band in her hand, waiting to attach them to her little charge.

While Nanny attached the coloured ribbons to Louise’s long hair, Mother waited patiently till nanny was finished, then placed the Alice band on her daughter’s forehead to hold the hair in place.

“You know, Mildred, that was an excellent performance Louise gave yesterday. However it is my opinion that it will be so much better if she...” Beatrice lowered her voice to almost a whisper. “If she is doctored,” she finished, hoping Louise would not hear.

Louise had heard a strange word. Just what did ‘doctored’ mean? she thought. Why did Nanny whisper it to Mother?

There were more delightful thoughts in Louise mind: a new dress! Mother would take her to Madam’s Laverne boutique. Louise knew it had a children’s section.

“Welcome Mildred! How can we be of service to you today? Is it a chic outfit that you wish for yourself or something for the little miss?” Madam Laverne addressed Mildred with a hint of a French accent. Laverne du Charleson personally knew all her customers personally; it made for good business.

“Nothing for me, Laverne, although I may look round the boutique for there are some afternoon teas I

may be attending. My daughter Louise is looking for a dress.”

“Ah yes, the beautiful Louise. I am so sorry that I could not attend yesterday afternoon. Work, you know. However I have heard glowing reports from others. Only this morning Crystal Burroughs raved about your talented daughter and she should know. Now I shall take you to the children’s department and leave you with Beth the manageress who will give you all her attention.

“Beth, will you please attend to Mildred and her delightful daughter Louise? Give them your personal attention.”

“At once, Madam. What sort of dress were you thinking of for your daughter, Mrs. Palmer?”

“Something really girlish. Frothy, lacy. Maybe you could show me something.”

“But of course, Madam. We have a few nice dresses that may be what you are looking for. If you’ll follow me.”

So saying, the elderly Beth Forsyth led Mother and Daughter to a number of frocks made for sweet little girls.

“What do you think of this, Madam?” said Beth holding a sleeveless blue spot pattern prom dress with ribbon detail waist and rear, and a full mesh skirt.

“What about this?” Beth was now holding a dress featuring a mock top Shirred skirt. It had a floral print to the skirt and appliqué flowers on the black top. Beth then held another dress; a pink designer number which had a pleated chiffon overlay with a bright all-over floral design. It had pretty appliqué flowers on the top with sequin details and a tie back waist.

“It is so difficult! They’re all nice and dainty, perfect for my Louise. Let me think.” After considerable thought, Mildred Palmer decided to take all the en-

sembles. She just *had* to lead Louise deeper into girlhood.

“Excellent choice! Of course Madam would wish for some delightful lingerie to go with these frocks. Just look at the finery displayed here.”

What Mildred saw were cute little panties in all colours covered in masses of frothy, frilly lace. Then she was shown slips made from the finest of silk and satin. These she must have. Her precious Louise deserved to be smothered in girlie things.

Then Beth softly said, “We have brassieres for girls that may have problems, Mrs. Palmer. I think you know what I mean.” Beth Forsyth may not have been an “Auntie” to Louise but knew she was not born female. The word ‘problem’ was code for describing a boy that had not yet been doctored.

Mildred was more than interested. “Yes, do let me see. It’s time Louise was prepared as to what she will be in the future.” The special padded bra was added to Mildred’s previous purchases. “Money well spent,” was her thought.

Their purchases had excited Louise and her mother. Mildred simply must see Dr. Amanda Houston about doctoring Louise. It always had been in Mildred mind to do so but the sooner the better.

And if that had not been enough to persuade Mildred, who should she meet in Madam Laverne’s Boutique but Gloria Riverton, another child prodigy, accompanied by her mother. Gloria and Louise were great friends; their mothers encouraged them to be for in the language of these parts both little girls had problems. However Gloria Riverton’s mother Helen had partly bypassed that problem.

Gloria had a great singing voice which Helen realised, having heard her daughter sing in the local church choir. The potential of her daughter’s future did not escape Helen. As Gloria was born male, there was only one way to preserve that voice: castration.

Helen Riverton had Dr. Amanda Houston castrate Gloria so this gift from God would not be wasted. She hadn't exactly 'doctored' Gloria; that could be happen at a later date. However, to Helen, her daughter was at least halfway there.

The young girls were happy to meet each other as one would expect; they were great girlfriends. Helen Riverton had what one might call a superior smile on her face, knowing that her Gloria was castrated and Louise was still of the male gender under her panties.

"Have you been to Dr. Amanda yet?" asked Helen, knowing full well the answer.

It hurt Mildred but she tried to put a good face on it. "I have an appointment with her next week."

"Have you indeed? Gloria will be going to Italy soon to have her enchanting voice trained, won't you, Darling?" Helen smiled at her daughter.

"Yes Mommy. Madam Callas said she had never heard such a delightful voice in one so young, didn't she, Mommy?" Gloria beamed up at her mother.

"That she did, Darling. She also said she was going to devote all of her time to train that voice to perfection. Nothing but the best for my precious little girl!" A smiling mother and daughter looked at each other.

Mildred vowed one day she would show Helen Riverton just how good her daughter was as a pianist. She would make sure that Louise would be doctored long before Gloria.

Claire Morgan and her daughter had now been living in Womansville several weeks. As Claire lounged on the patio at lunch one afternoon, Gayle spoke.

"Mother, I'm bored"

“Bored, Gayle? I thought you have made new friends here.”

“I have, Mother, good ones too. However they all got jobs. During the day I am the only one in the house. Most afternoons you are at some afternoon sophisticated garden party or tea party, not that I am complaining. To see that you have new friends and enjoy life makes me happy. But I think I need a job, Mother, something to occupy my time.”

Claire looked at her daughter. “Gayle Darling, I’ve been enjoying my new life of pleasure and and not thinking about your enjoyment. I am pleased to see that you do not want to be idle. We must see about you getting a job here. After all, you have been to university and have degrees. What sort of work were you thinking of, Dear?”

“I don’t know, Mother, anything to be out of the house during the day.”

“I’ll see what I can do and take it from there. Speaking of parties, if you remember Alicia is going to have that welcoming party for us Saturday night so pick your best party dress.”

There was no doubt Claire Morgan was enjoying her new life of party rounds. She seemed very popular among her new women friends. She would get a new gown for this welcoming party. Everyone said Madame Laverne’s boutique was the place to go. There she would be attended to hand and foot. Claire Morgan had had no time for the finery of womanhood during her hard business life. She would indulge herself in the luxurious gowns and lingerie that previously she had no time for.

Claire Morgan got the attention she wished for from none other than Madam Laverne herself.

“Madam wishes a gown for this party on Saturday evening. Nothing but the best. I shall also be present; I would not wish to see the name of the House du Charleston disgraced by Madam wearing a bunch of rags. I will advise you as to what to wear to bring out your beauty and it must be black. I have just the thing. Remove your dress please.”

Observing Claire standing in her blue knickers and white bra , Madam exclaimed, “Oh dear, that will never do, Madam. For such a dress as you will wear on Saturday, your lingerie is disgraceful. Do not fear for I show you our delightful lingerie which no woman would be ashamed to wear. You must realise you are woman, you are feminine you are the *femme fatale*, you are here to pamper yourself in femininity as all do in Womansville.”

Those were the words Claire longed to hear and Madam Laverne knew it. She could always quickly size up her customers. Claire was being pampered and loving it. She was being attended to hand and foot like a Lady.

“Black is your colour. Here, I have brought this dress, not the one you will wear on Saturday. I will personally make that for you after I take your measurements. This is just to give you some idea of the finished product.”

So saying, Madam Laverne held up a halter-necked full beaded tulle bodice backless dress with a sexy dress court train in black and a split in the dress on the right side.

“Well, what do you think, Madam?”

Claire looked it up and down. With the split on the right hand side and backless, it seemed so embarrassing and so sexy. Was it really her?

“I don’t know, Madam Laverne. Is it really me?”

“Of course it is! You have a beautiful body. Your legs are magnificent so let the whole world see them. Why

not? You are a woman. Always remember that first and foremost.”

Madam Laverne was right; Claire was here to pamper herself in womanhood and the finery of her sex and be a woman again, away from the world of hard nosed business men.

“Now that we have that settled, let me show you our lingerie; delightful brassieres, petticoats, and panties to grace that pretty body of yours.”

Claire, now in the heavily-scented lingerie department of Madam Laverne’s boutique was astounded to see the vast range displayed within.

“I did say black was your colour, Madam Claire. I think this delightful French lingerie bustier is a must for you. Feel the fine tulle of black lace; see the embroidered red flowers with a ladybug on each cup. Magnificent luxurious detail in front, with adjustable straps brightened with flower embroideries. This truly is a must in your lingerie drawer. Madam has a personal maid?”

Claire hesitated for a moment. “I do have a maid but it depends on what you mean by the word ‘personal,’ Madam Laverne.”

“That is easily explained. Does she help you put your clothes? Does she advise you what you should wear to afternoon tea parties or when entertaining lady friends at home, any of those things?”

“No, not exactly, Madam. My maid Hattie just does menial work around the house. However now that you mention it, I always wanted an assistant like that. Now that I am leading a life of luxury here in Womansville, I want one. ”

“Madam Claire, you need one with your endless round of afternoon tea parties, entertaining lady friends, and such like. She will make all the decisions as to how you should be dressed. For this coming Saturday, I personally will dress you before you go to the

welcoming party. However there are some women I would recommend that are worthy of becoming your Personal Maid. Having said that, shall we proceed with the rest of your lingerie?"

Claire Morgan spent a vast amount of money on her lingerie collection, spoiling herself with knickers of all sorts, camisoles, and the like, things she had dreamed of but had no time for in her business life. This was life in Womansville, smothering herself in silks, satin, lace and, of course, meeting new women friends. When she thought about it, she had a lot to thank Madam Laverne for' she really felt like a Lady.

The following morning Claire consulted her diary on what was planned for the day ahead. She needed a diary for her social life had taken off with a whirlwind of afternoon teas and garden parties and she loved it. "Doreen Lindley at 3 PM," it said. That was the nice woman who had given her and Gayle directions to Arcadia Avenue. Doreen had extended an invitation to her house for afternoon tea.

Claire showered, talced herself, then sat naked before her dressing table to apply her makeup. Just what should she wear after Madam Laverne's lecture. How she wished that Personal Maid was here now to advise her. She just needed to know which dress was appropriate for this afternoon occasion.

Claire open her wardrobe. Maybe what she had within was not appropriate for the smart set in Womansville. There was not much she could do about that at present. Maybe new clothes would be purchased on the advice of her Personal Maid. Money was no object as long as she fitted in with the smart set here in Womansville.

Claire lifted what she had been told was a flattering floral purple dress. She was not so sure now. In fact,

after Madam Laverne's talk she was not sure about any of her dresses or lingerie. Finally, Claire made a decision. Tight or wrong she would go bare-legged with no slip, heeled sandals a pair of black panties and that was it. The weather was warm so Claire felt this was the right outfit for today but there was doubt in her mind. That doubt would be taken away once she had a Personal Maid.

"It is nice that you could make my afternoon tea, Claire darling." Kisses on the cheek were extended between Claire Morgan and Doreen Lindley as was now customary in Claire's social life.

"A little bird tells me you were to Madam Laverne's boutique yesterday. What sort of dresses did you buy? We must know," said Doreen Lindley.

Claire blushed. "It's a secret. They are for the Saturday night welcoming party at Alicia Robert's home."

"Did you hear that, girls? A secret at Alicia Robert's! We can't wait, can we, girls? I think everyone here will be there. Laverne has some magnificent outfits; only the other day I bought a wonderful evening dress myself. I'll be wearing it on Saturday."

There were seven women present at the afternoon tea, all dressed in delightful colourful tea dresses. Then the beverage was served.

"Tell me, Doreen. My Gayle is looking for a job. Would you know of any?"

"Has she any qualifications, Claire?"

"Depends what you mean by 'qualifications'. She has been to university and has degrees, if that helps."

“Sarah Rogan is retiring in a few months from the library. I expect they will be looking for a replacement,” said Barbara Shields, one of the ladies present.

“So she is and your daughter seems to have the right qualifications, Claire. I would advise she applies for the job,” added Doreen Lindley.

“Thank you, ladies, you have been most helpful. Gayle will apply tomorrow.”

“That is what we are all here for in Womansville; to help one another,” Barbara said.

Claire Morgan felt happier as she explained to Gayle about the job in the library.

“Oh Mother, you do care about me! I will apply this very day. I’m so excited and I love you.” Kisses were exchanged between mother and daughter.

“Word of warning, Gayle. You haven’t got the job yet, maybe that would be the time for kisses.”

“I know, Mother but at least you care about me. I think we are beginning to know each other better. Coming to Womansville has been a wonderful change for me.”

“I’m so glad you feel that way, Gayle. You are a nice, intelligent girl. I see no reason why you shouldn’t get the job but I would, wouldn’t I, being your mother” Claire laughed. “To other matters, dear, have you thought about what to wear on Saturday. It is important as Sarah Rogan will be there. You won’t be replacing her for she is the Head Librarian and I am informed that position is already decided. However Sarah will be interviewing all applicants for the open job. You should make a good impression on her on Saturday.”

“I understand perfectly, Mother. Maybe you could advise me?”

“I’m afraid, my darling daughter, from what I’ve learned from Madam Laverne, my dress sense is unreliable. However I shall ask her to advise you what to wear for she is coming to help me dress on Saturday. And speaking of that, I am adding a Personal Maid to the staff in the house. She will live here unlike the other domestics who all stay in Womansville.”

“Why not, Mother, for there are plenty of spare rooms here.”

“She will be at my beck and call all day, assist me with my toilet in the morning, arrange my social dates, assist with the afternoon teas and cocktail parties here in the house and so forth. By the way, Gayle, I am thinking of giving this house a name. What would you suggest?”

“Like what, Mother?”

“Oh, I don’t know, something more grand than 43 Arcadia Avenue. You and I are going to be important people here in Womansville,” proudly said Claire Morgan.

**

Saturday morning arrived, a very busy day in the social life of Claire Morgan. A light breakfast was followed by a bath, after which she perfumed herself, then dressed. She was now ready for the 10 AM visit to the hairdresser, Lynette, who would be her permanent hairdresser. At least once a week she would visit for a new hairstyle. She just had to do that to show off for her new girlfriends.

“I think an upswept hairstyle is in order for today, Claire. It’s your welcoming party at Alicia Robert’s tonight, isn’t it?” Everybody knew everybody else’s business in Womansville.

A few hours spent at Lynette's, then came the beauty parlour owned by Pauline. Apart from the facial, she was having a manicure and pedicure things she done without for years. She relaxed on the soft cushioned chair watching the young Pauline file and shape her nails, then apply the undercoat followed by the red nail polish.

When she finished, Pauline asked, "Shall I make an appointment for next week, Claire?"

"Yes dear, in fact you can make a recurring weekly appointment for me and charge it to my account. I have so many social dates in my diary these days. One must keep her appearance up, mustn't one?"

Claire Morgan left Pauline's beauty parlour in a good mood, feeling happy about herself. She must hurry for Madam Laverne would soon be at her home for the fitting of the dress.

Hattie the maid knocked on the door of Claire's boudoir. Claire who had been resting on the four-poster bed after such a hectic morning, answered wearing a dressing gown covering a brassiere and panties beneath.

"Ma'am, Madame Laverne and another woman wait in the drawing room to see you."

"Bring them at once to my boudoir, Hattie."

"Yes ma'am," said Hattie with a curtsy which her Mistress had instructed her to do to her at all times.

Claire wondered who this other woman was; Madam Laverne had said nothing of bringing another woman with her.

The mystery was soon solved on their entry to Claire's so-called boudoir. After the customary greet-

ing between women in Womansville of kissing each other on the cheeks, Madam Laverne spoke.

“Claire, I have taken the liberty of bringing the woman who will be your Personal Maid. This is Mademoiselle Yvette Mandau. I know her family well from my time in France. She has been such the Personal Maid to two ladies and I thoroughly recommend her.”

“Your word is good enough for me, Madam Laverne; she is hired as of now. I wonder if she could help my daughter Gayle with her preparations for the coming welcoming party.”

“Surely, Madam Claire, just show me your daughter’s room,” smiled Mademoiselle Mandau. Claire opened the connecting door between her boudoir and Gayle’s bedroom. Gayle was also in her bra and panties.

“This is my new Personal Maid, dear. She will advise you about what to wear tonight.”

“I am so glad about that, Mother. This is very important to me for I want to impress Miss Rogan.”

Claire left her daughter in what she was sure were the safe hands of Mademoiselle Yvette. Returning to her own boudoir, she faced Madam Laverne. “I am completely in your hands, Madam. Where should we start?”

“First, before anything else, let us do the check list we went through the other day in my boutique. You bathed early this morning, took a light breakfast, had the appointment at the hairdressers, went to the beauty parlour, then rested as I advised?”

Claire answered yes to all.

“Good, then we shall begin. I have brought your gown. Now take out the lingerie we agreed upon for tonight, then remove the dressing gown.”

This having been done, Claire stood before Madam in her bra and panties, somewhat embarrassed for she had never stood before a mature woman in just her lingerie.

“Come come, Madam. The state you are now in will be common place with your Personal Maid every morning.”

“Remove your underwear so that I may fit the bustier.” Claire stood completely naked before Madam; she had no time to think about that matter as Madam Laverne had quickly fitted the bustier to Claire’s body. At the front of the bustier the criss-cross laces were being tightly pulled, forcing her breasts upward and outward, held firmly before her. While that was happening at the front, the opposite was happening at the back where Claire’s derriere became prominent behind her.

Claire Morgan sat on the petite French chair with the Cabriole legs before her gold French-style dressing table. She liked what she saw in the mirror and the two side mirrors. She held a leg outward as Madam fitted a black nylon seamed hold-up stocking with a lacy top to each of her legs. Having been told to stand up, Madam Laverne held a black silk pair of panties with lace trim on each leg against Claire. These were slowly pulled to her waist and smoothed down by Madam Laverne.

Madam Laverne held the dress which Claire had purchased at Madam’s Boutique. This she stepped into; it was carefully taken up her body and the halter neck clipped behind her neck.

“Sit!” ordered Madam. Like an obedient dog, Claire sat once more before her dressing table while her black peep-toe pumps with three and a half-inch heels were fitted to her feet.

“You may rise and look at the vision of loveliness that has been sculpted from this sophisticated finery that adorns your body. Voila! Behold the beauty who

is indeed a Lady. I give you Lady Claire. The mirror does not lie. Look!"

Such words made Claire happy. She was indeed a woman of class. This welcoming party had started well.

"We are almost ready to depart, Madam Claire, except for a must for all fine ladies such as yourself: a cape." Madam Laverne produced a luxurious cashmere & fox fur black cape with a crystal clasp at the neck.

"But Alicia's house is only a half-mile down the Avenue, Madam Laverne."

"I am well aware of that, Claire, but one must make an entrance especially on such an occasion."

The one thing that Claire Morgan wanted more than anything else was to be noticed.

"I shall take you in my car and bring you back home that you may indulge in strong drink if you wish as I don't drink alcohol."

A large crowd had assembled at Alicia Robert's house by the time Claire, her daughter Gayle, and Madam Laverne arrived.

"Let me take that delightful cape, Claire, so that you and Gayle may mingle with the ladies present." So saying, Alicia Robert eased the cape off Claire's shoulders at the entranceway to her drawing room.

Once relieved of the cape, Alicia took Claire's hand to take her into the crowded drawing room. It surprised Claire that there were so many women within; she hadn't expected that.

Alicia clapped her hands. “Everyone, this is Claire Morgan and her pretty daughter Gayle. Please make them welcome and introduce yourselves.”

“Oh, what a GORGEOUS woman!” was heard from a woman in a large floppy white hat. Claire immediately looked in the direction of the voice and blushed profusely.

“Claire Darling, you simply must sit beside me and tell me your story. I mean, where have you been all my life?”

A woman in her thirties was patting the chaise lounge beside her.

A white-haired woman then spoke. “Are you the Gayle Morgan who applied for the job in the library, dear?”

“Yes ma’am,” Gayle replied.

“Good, then it looks like I can combine business with pleasure tonight. I am Sarah Rogan, the head librarian here in Womansville. I do the interviews of those applying for the vacancy in the library. You are lucky, Gayle, you just got your application in by the closing date. I have already interviewed the others. Alicia, have you a nice quiet room where Gayle and I can go and have a talk?”

“Sure Sarah, follow me. I’ll keep some sandwiches and canapés aside for when you come back.”

As Sarah Rogan and Gayle, departed her mother sat beside the woman who had called her gorgeous.

“Let me introduce myself, darling. They call me Crystal Burroughs. I’m so glad I came here tonight. How is it that we’ve never met before? Alicia tells me you’ve been to a few parties and soirees around here yet we never crossed paths. Anyway, now we’ve met and can take it from there.”

Just then Alicia arrived back from taking Sarah and Gayle to a private room.

“Ladies, I had hoped to have little Gloria Riverton here to sing but Helen tells me it would be well past her bedtime. I think you can understand that, however the Hayden Trio will play some sedate music before dinner is served. Thank you.”

Three ladies began to play quiet background music while the ladies continued to talk.

“That is a pity. Such a beautiful voice Gloria has. Have you heard the child, Claire?”

“No Crystal, I’ve never met the child. Have you?”

“Many times. Such a sweet girl. Have you been to church recently?”

“No, I can’t say I have. Gayle and I only arrived a few weeks ago.”

“Then you must come tomorrow for Gloria sings in the church choir. It may be your last chance to hear her for a while.”

“Why would that be, Crystal?”

“I forgot you are new to these parts Claire. Gloria is one of those children who have a problem.”

“Problem? What kind of problem would that be?”

“You know she was not born of the same gender as you or me. Helen, her mother, realised she had an excellent singing voice but that voice would be lost as she grew older. There was only one decision she could make.”

“What would that be, Crystal?”

“Castration of course. That was the consensus of all in the Womansville community and Dr. Amanda Houston promptly carried it out. This gift from God

had to be preserved. Little Gloria will soon be leaving Womansville to be trained by the great Madam Callas herself.”

“Will she indeed, Crystal? I thought the age of castrating boys was long past. Are there many boys in skirts around Womansville?”

“Plenty, Claire. I take it you’ve never heard of six-year-old Louise Palmer, another child prodigy. She’s a wizard with the piano. It’s common knowledge around town that she will soon be doctored by Amanda Houston.”

“Doctored? I’ve never heard of that.”

“You’ll soon get to know the language round these parts, Claire. A ‘problem girl’ is one who is not a girl and ‘doctored’ refers to a girl who will have the operation to make her one.”

“Such quaint terminology. I must remember that.”

Alicia appeared again to direct all to the dining room where a delicious meal was served.

Claire and Crystal sat together, exchanging their life stories with each other. Claire promised Crystal that they would meet at the church on Sunday and that Claire would introduce her and daughter to Pastor Susan Albright.

Later that night. Gayle entered the dining room very excited. “Mother, I’ve got the job at the library.”

Sarah Rogan said, “A very beautiful and intelligent girl, your daughter Claire is. There was no question as to anyone else after the interview. Gayle will work directly under me for the next few months till I retire.”

Mother and daughter arrived back home that night, elated. The thought that she was gorgeous registered in her brain. It had come from a woman; she had never expected to hear that from one of her own sex.

In her boudoir, Claire removed her clothes and stood naked before the glorious gilt full-length oval-shaped Cheval glass mirror with an ornate crest at the top. Claire could see her body from every conceivable angle. Claire liked what she saw.

There was no doubt Claire Morgan loved herself and wanted others to do so as well. It was in this moment of self-passion that she found her hands unconsciously being placed between her legs. Hands lovingly caressed that which was between her legs to excite herself, something she had never done for years. Not since Gilbert had made love to her and failed to arouse her, had Claire had to resort to masturbation, beside a sleeping husband. Maybe that was why she devoted herself to her business; it was her passion. In that, she was a successful woman.

This, however, was a completely different matter. This self-abuse was for Claire's personal pleasure. This pleasure had been fired no doubt by the wonderful word that woman, Crystal, used: gorgeous.

Claire Morgan was hypnotised by her own body as she observed its shape in the oval glass mirror, from the swell of her breasts which did not sag for one of her age, to the nipped-in waist, to the prominent bottom, made more so when Madam applied the bustier. Her shapely legs, how pretty they had looked when she wore the black seamed stockings.

Claire's fingers had touched her clitoris; she was mesmerised as she watched the uncontrollable action of her fingers on that part of her anatomy in the mirror.

Some inner thought compelled her to sit on the petite bedroom chair with the French Cabriole legs. There she could sit and pleasure herself until she was satisfied. Claire wanted the pleasure she could derive from this devotion to herself. The facial expression she saw in the mirror encouraged her to prolong the pleasure coming from the fingers that agitated her clitoris. Eventually that crucial stage arrived with an uncontrollable surge.

Claire Morgan was an exhausted but satisfied woman as she slipped naked between the satin bed sheets of the four-poster bed.

The following morning, Sunday, Claire Morgan was being attended by Mademoiselle Yvette Mandau.

“While you are at church, Madam, I shall appraise your clothes and lingerie and we shall decide what apparel is best suited for Madam.”

“Yes, please do that, Yvette. I will accept your valuable advice. I have also decided that it would be better if you moved into the room my daughter at present occupies; I shall inform her this morning. It is best that you should always be near to me for dressing purposes. You shall also be in charge of the domestic staff; maids, cook, and the rest. What is your advice today for church wear, Yvette?”

“This is definitely a day for your best finery for you will exhibit it among the fine ladies there. You want to show yourself off to the best advantage, Madam.”

“Yes of course, Yvette. I am so glad you are here to guide me.”

“Let me see your hats, Madam.”

“I’m afraid I do not have any.”

“Oh dear, that is a must for any lady. We must take a trip to the millinery first thing on Monday. I have a few with me, Madam. I am sure we will find one that is suitable for you.”

Claire felt better that these things were now in the capable hands of Yvette Mandau and she could concentrate on her social life.

“That is so nice of you, dear. There are many things I would wish to discuss with you such as arranging garden parties and soiree’s but we must hurry to meet Crystal Burroughs at church.”

Claire duly arrived at church to be met by Crystal in a wide-brimmed floppy hat with a daring red outer brim. It was perfect to get her noticed which it did.

“Claire darling, you simply must sit in my pew beside me,” Crystal gushed.

“But of course, darling. What a nice hat you are wearing. Wherever did you purchase it?”

The customary kisses were exchanged to a wide smile on the face of Crystal.

“I will tell you as we sit together in church.” Crystal entwined an arm in Claire’s as she led her into the chapel.

After the service, Claire stood with Crystal outside the church, having been introduced to Pastor Susan Albright.

“I hope you liked our little church, Claire. Will we see you here often? I do hope so,” said the pleasant-looking woman somewhere in her fifties.

“Yes, I think so, Pastor.”

“Just call me Susan. I am glad you brought Claire and her lovely daughter, Crystal. I will be more than pleased to grace your soiree next week.”

“It was Crystal who enticed me to come here this morning to hear the wonderful voice of Gloria, Susan.”

“Ah yes. Gloria Riverton such a talented child. Her mother must be so proud of her little one. She will shortly be leaving the choir to study under the great Madam Callas. I think a going-away party would be in order for Gloria and her mother.”

While Pastor Susan Albright was talking to Claire, Mildred Palmer was in earnest conversation with an elderly grey-headed woman.

On Monday morning Faye Winters was having her corsets tighten by her partner Harriet Greenstone.

“You seemed to have had a long conversation with Mildred Palmer, dear.”

“Yes, she asked me if I would be a surrogate grandmother to Louise. I said I would have to consult with you, dear.”

“I wouldn’t hesitate for one minute; you must prepare the way for Louise to be doctored.”

“What worries me is that while she will lose her male member, I still retain mine, although it has not been functional for some time as you well know, Harriet.”

“That has never been any cause for concern to me, Faye. We have had our good times to remember. We will grow old gracefully in love, maybe not the sexual love of our past but a lasting love. However, in that respect I have seen Dr. Amanda about the revival of the sexual side of our relationship, maybe not as vigorously as before but a longer, more lasting coupling, the doctor tells me.”

“I love you, Harriet. Nothing would make me happier than to make love to you once more.”

Both women kissed; one was technically male, the other female.

“I feel so much better after our talk, Harriet. I will invite Mildred and Louise here very soon so that little Louise may meet her Grandma. Mildred tells me both of Louise’s grandmothers are dead but she knows nothing of that so I will be introduced as her grandmother. She will not be any the wiser.”

“I expect you will handle the situation delicately and wisely, dear. Now let us finish your dressing for there is breakfast to make and knitting to complete.”

The two grey-headed old dears were well known in Womansville and respected. It mattered little that one was really male. In fact, it was hard to tell which was which.

At the milliners Claire was not only accompanied by Yvette but Crystal Burroughs too. “More money spent wisely,” thought Claire Morgan as a number of hats were purchased on the advice of Yvette and Crystal and charged to her account. Claire and Crystal became constant companions. Together they would go for dress fittings to Madam Laverne’s morning soirees and such like. Both were by now familiar with the ins and outs of each other’s homes. Crystal lived in a magnificent mansion on a hill overlooking the town of Womansville; the view from her spacious drawing room was simply stunning.

Claire was to find out that Crystal, like herself, had been a business woman, made her money, and was becoming tired of the rat race. She felt he should spend more leisure time among her own sex. In Claire, Crystal found a woman with a similar ambition to enjoy life as a woman here in Womansville.

While her mother was bonding with her new lady friend, Gayle was working hard in the town library under Sarah Rogan.

The thought that there were women in skirts beneath which was signs of a different gender had not left Gayle Morgan mind. It was with that thought that one lunchtime she approached a girl in the library she had become friendly with.

“It has fascinated me since I first heard about it that there are women and girls right here in Womansville that underneath their skirts are male. Do you know of any?”

Carla Summerfield looked at her friend Gayle and giggled. “There certainly are many in town, Gayle. Everyone here knows that. You must have seen old Faye Winters and Harriet Greenstone at church. Nice old dears, aren’t they? Faye is actually a man but no one would ever mention that to her face.”

“Is she really, Carla? I would never have guessed it, such a sweet old lady. Are there any about our age?”

“Oh yes. Are you interested? If so, I can certainly introduce you to a few.”

Gayle blushed and tried not to sound overly enthusiastic about it. “I am, let us say, curious for I have never knowingly met one before.”

“Okay, Saturday night I’ll take you to a club that is full of boys our age dressed in frocks and skirts. I can tell you there will be some fabulous outfits to be seen that will make you ashamed of what you are wearing.”

“I can’t wait, Carla.”

“You wouldn’t be the first woman that got involved with a man in a skirt here in Womansville.”

Gayle Morgan never responded to her friend. Her mind was already thinking of the coming Saturday.

Gayle Morgan didn’t exactly know what she wear should come Saturday. If the boys wore fab dresses as Carla suggested, maybe she should dress down and not cramp their style. Yes, that was it; she would put on a plain cotton dress, nothing fancy. She consulted with Yvette and both came to the same conclusion.

Outside the club, Carla congratulated her on the sensible dress she wore. "You'll get your eyes filled with wonderful ensembles here I can tell you. Like a bunch of peacocks they are, each trying to outdo the other."

On entering the brightly-lit club, Carla was greeted by a buxom barmaid. "Long time since we were graced with your presence, Carla," said the barmaid.

"I've brought my friend Gayle. She wants to meet some boys in frocks, Gretchen."

"Ya, she'll see plenty here this night." Gretchen giggled again with a trace of a German accent. "What will you are having?" Gretchen asked.

"It's only fair I buy, Carla for you brought me here. What's your poison?" Bacardi and Coke for herself and a glass of white wine for Carla, ordered Gayle.

Both young women sat at a nearby table to the bar.

"It's quiet at present but it will fill up in an hour or two, however you have already met your

first man in a skirt."

"Have I?" queried Gayle.

"Well, I shouldn't call her a man any longer for Gretchen has had the op long time since. Watch her when the disco starts or she runs up and down the bar and rings the bell there."

The night had moved on and the place was packed. The disco was going full swing.

"Now's your chances, Gayle. Ask some nice girl for a dance."

"But how will I know if it's a boy or a girl? I really want to dance with a boy in a frock."

“I would think they’re all boys in a frock, Gayle but to make sure, pick the girl in the most fabulous dress. Then you’re on a winner.”

Just then, a girl in a tight puffball yellow dress that she was having difficulty walking in minced up to her.

“Say honey, how about a dance?”

“Me?” questioned Gayle.

“Of course you. You are a real girl, aren’t you?”

Carla laughed. “There you are! It’s fallen right into your lap.”

Gayle found herself on the disco floor dancing, if that is the right word with someone who was having difficulty walking, never mind dancing, in this tight puffball outfit.

“Isn’t this fun, Gayle? My name is Cathy. I like you. How would you like to come to my place after?”

Just like that, Gayle had found herself picked up by a man in a frock. Having come this far, she couldn’t refuse. Besides, she really wanted to see if this person was a man under the dress. Gayle wasn’t interested in girls, never had been but if this was a man, a whole new world had opened up before her.

Carla watched Gayle and Cathy on the dance floor. She had done her good turn for the day. It was time to leave for she didn’t think Gayle would notice as she was preoccupied with Cathy.

The disco was now in full swing. Gretchen running back and forth behind the bar and ringing the bell in time with the music. Her full skirt would swing and sway, every so often showing the white petticoats and black nylon vintage fully-fashioned stockings beneath. Her husband Belle, the owner of the bar in his black cocktail dress would give her a kiss and a cuddle. The waitresses in their attractive red skirts would mingle with the customers serving the drinks. Occa-

sionally a hand would slip between their legs to squeal of delight, a “stop that, Ma’am” and a big smile on their face. Of course one never knew if ‘Ma’am’ was male or female. Come to that, the waitress herself could well be of the male sex which added to the fun.

Gayle had completely forgotten about Carla; she had found what she had come for: a man in a skirt.

There she was in Cathy’s flat pouring out a Bacardi and Coke.

Gayle; came straight to the point. “Are you really a man, Cathy?”

“There is certainly no subtlety with you Gayle is there? Do you really want to know? Just pull my dress up and take my panties down and you’ll soon know the answer.”

“No, I really couldn’t do that, Cathy. It just wouldn’t be right at present.”

“Okay then, if you won’t do it, I will.” So saying, Cathy Hudson pulled her dress up and her panties down to her ankles. Gayle Morgan saw for the first time in her life a man in woman’s clothes. “Touch it, Gayle.”

While this was very erotic and she wanted to touch it but something inside her told Gayle this was not yet the time to do so.

“No, I can’t. My mind has isn’t ready for this situation. Give it time. Why do you dress in such women’s finery, Cathy?”

“There is no easy answer to that and I sometimes wonder myself.” Cathy was adjusting her dress and sitting beside Gayle.

“Then tell me how it all started.”

“That’s the easy part but it’s the ‘why’ I cannot explain. I must have been five or six at the time. My sister was eight at the time. Some perverted thing inside me wanted to see what she wore underneath her dress. The best opportunity to do that was to sneak into her room when she wasn’t around. I delved into her knickers drawer and pulled out a pair of red nylon knickers which I lost no time in putting on. From then, at every available opportunity I was in my sisters room trying every pair of her knickers I could find.

“All good things must come to an end. One day I was in a bright blue pair of my sister’s knickers when in walked Mother.

“What is the meaning of this, you little pervert? I won’t have it! Remove them at once and report to my bedroom after tea.”

“Tea was only an hour away; it seemed the shortest hour in my life, it flew by so quickly. I could hardly eat as Mother looked sternly at me.

“I shall retire to my bedroom. I expect to see you there in the next ten minutes.’ Mother promptly left for her bedroom. I reasoned she had not taken me with her to prolong the suspense.

“I timidly knocked on the door of the bedroom. In a dulcet tone, Mother said ‘Enter’. I entered to behold Mother in her finest lingerie. I had no idea why she would dress that way in front of me and it didn’t matter. What it did do was impress me about how much more beautiful Mother’s underthings were compared to my sister’s.

“I stood before her as she unbuckled my belt and took my pants down. In no time I was over her knees, which her white nylon slip covered, I felt comfortable lying against the white nylon. Mother used the belt she had taken from my trousers to beat me on my behind. It mattered not as I felt the cool nylon seductively rub against my skin at the beating went on.

“The only lesson I learned that day was how much better underwear mother had than my sister.. Even if I had to take a thrashing now and then, it would be worth it to get my hands on it.. Things just progressed from there and here we are.”

Gayle was impressed by the story. “Have you had any girlfriends or boyfriends?”

“Girlfriends, a few but when they found I liked dressing up in their clothes, it soon finished. When I heard of Womansville and that I could dress in skirts forever. I knew what I had to do and here I am.”

“You’ve had girlfriends here then?”

“Yes, a few. Girls here usually know what to expect when they are looking for a girl. They are either lesbians or tyranny fanciers. Which are you, Gayle?”

“At the present I am definitely not into girls but the boat is out on your type of woman, Cathy.”

“Then I must persuade you my type is your type.”

“That you must but time is becoming late and I must fly.”

“Can we meet again, say some time this coming week?”

Gayle had struck up a good repartee with Yvette; she liked the older woman. She could confine in her in a way she couldn’t with her mother.

“You like this Cathy then, Gayle?”

“Yes but I really don’t know how to approach her.”

“Aggressively, Gayle, is the best approach with a man in a skirt.”

“What do you mean by ‘aggressive’? You know of such things?”

“I know of many things, Gayle. I have been in this world longer than you and experienced a lot. Such a person as Cathy s looking for a woman who appreciates her life style and who would dominate her; lead her further into womanhood, bond with her. Do you think that is a role you could fill?”

Gayle was silent for a while thinking; she had never thought of herself as a dominant woman by any means. When she thought about it, Gayle Morgan was beginning to like the decision her mother made in coming to Womansville. She was finding the real Gayle; the fun-loving transvestite dominating woman. There was only one type of man she wanted: one dressed in women’s clothes with an active member below.

“Thanks Yvette, I know where I’m going and what I must do. The road ahead is clear.”

“Think nothing of it, Mon Cheri, I am only here to help your love life.” Yvette smiled.

Gayle, being a librarian, had access to many books on the subject of transvestism, which she had plenty of time to read and study. One such book written by Dr. Vera Burton interested Gayle. In one chapter, Dr. Vera writes about cases of young boys wearing their sisters’ and mothers’ clothes. On being discovered, often as not the child would receive punishment. It never seemed to deter them; in fact it typically encouraged the boy. Some looked on their mother as who they would like to emulate in their dressing, even seeking a woman who would force them to dress in her clothes, dominate them, force them to put her clothes on. Such a dream spurred that type to seeking the woman of their dreams. The chapter inspired Gayle. She knew what she must do.

Faye Winters sat in front of Dr. Amanda Houston. "Well Faye, what can I do for you today" Dr. Amanda asked in a cheerful voice.

"It's sort of embarrassing, Doctor. From what Harriet tells me, I will have my... err, sexual powers restored again."

Amanda looked at the old dear sympathetically. She liked both of them; they were a shining example of transgender love if ever there was one.

"Faye, that wasn't exactly what I said to Harriet. She has somewhat misinterpreted it."

"I knew it was too good to be true," Faye sighed.

"Listen carefully and I will repeat what I told Harriet. I read an article recently in one of the medical magazines about how elderly males may recover their sexual desires."

"But Doctor Amanda, I have never lost my desire for sex with Harriet."

"I am glad to hear that, Faye. It is so nice in elderly people such as you and Harriet. I understand from Harriet you cannot get an erection?"

"That is indeed true, Dr. Amanda."

"The simple solution is Viagra which would be a short-term answer in my opinion. What I said to Harriet was you should have a testosterone injection. It's not not a guaranteed success by any means but percentage-wise more successful than a pill."

"I am more than willing to take that chance, Dr. Amanda. I owe that to Harriet for her happiness, our happiness."

“I would like to see that fulfilled; you both deserve sexual happiness in your old age. I can start treatment next week when everything arrives. However I must warn you, don’t expect an erection from the first few treatments. This takes time, and remember you may never have one if it fails.”

“I am well aware of that, Doctor but if you never try, you will never know.”

“Good Faye, that’s the attitude. Come here in n a week’s time and we will start the procedure. I think once a week for the injections. If all goes well, I will leave it to you and Harriet as part of your love play.” Dr. Amanda Houston was ever one to encourage the elderly in their love play. It was so rewarding.

“Oh very nice, Mon Cheri. Have you tried then on yet?” Said Mademoiselle Yvette looking at the Granny boots Gayle held before her.

“Yes, Yvette and in the heel size you suggested. I may need to walk about the house in them till I adjust to the height.”

“True, Gayle, but it is worth it for that wonderful feeling of power you will have over Cathy. You must tell me how this romance is going so far.”

“I haven’t taken any steps to dominating Cathy yet. We have kissed and cuddled these past few weeks. I shall strike on Saturday night.”

“You have done as I recommended, Mon Cheri.”

“Yes, no perfume, very little makeup as you said.”

“It is your own body scent she has to smell and recognise, even in the dark. As to the other personal items, what have you done?”

“For the last two weeks I have worn the same knickers.”

“Excellent, Gayle! You will, I expect, have devised a means that she will handle them?”

“That is all worked out, Yvette. I have even soiled them.”

“My sweet, you are doing all the right things to ensnare this transvestite. You must tell me of your progress.”

“I’m afraid that domineering one man in a frock may not be enough for me, Yvette. I’ve got the bug to conquer more.”

“And why not?”

“I want Cathy to have breasts.”

“You are young, Mon Cheri. Enjoy it while you can.”

“Did you have fun when you were younger, Yvette?”

“I still do. I confess to being bisexual. I make no apologies for my behaviour and why should I? It is nobody business but my own.”

“I am fascinated, you seem like such a wonderful woman.” There was no doubt Gayle Morgan was under the spell of the older woman.

“Maybe some time, Mon Cheri, but at present your thoughts should be concentrated on this Cathy and the fun you will have with her.” Yvette gave a friendly pat on Gayle’s buttocks as she departed her room to a giggle from the younger woman.

Cathy Hudson was caught by complete surprise on Saturday night when her girlfriend Gayle walked into

her flat. For there stood Gayle in her Granny-type ankle boots, tight black leather skirt, upswept hair, and black stockings.

“Kiss your Mistress’ boots NOW.”

To Cathy Hudson, the order was like her mother telling her she was about to be punished.

Cathy knelt before a dominate Gayle and her lips touched the black shining boot.

“That’s a good girl. We know where we stand. You may rise and kiss your Mistress’ hand for allowing you the privilege of kissing my boots. As a reward you may remove my knickers. Keep and wear them in my presence. Come here that I may remove your knickers.”

Gayle relaxed on the soft cushioned armchair as Cathy stood before her and felt a hand go up her skirt. Her white cotton knickers fell and she was told to step out of them.

That done, a hand was already caressing her limp penis which needed no encouragement to become erect.

“Remove my knickers and hand them to me!”

Gayle opened her legs to allow Cathy easier access. Cathy had to kneel once more before her girlfriend and push the black leather skirt aside to put her hands of the offered knickers.

Cathy was sexually excited for the couple had never been at this stage in their lovemaking before and Gayle was caressing her erection again.

Cathy’s excited hands touched the white satin soiled knickers and removed them from her body. Gayle’s knickers were handed to her; she turned the inner gusset outward. Gayle crooked her little finger to Cathy, then placed the pair over Cathy’s face, covering it.

“Don’t remove them till I tell you. Now inhale and smell the aroma of the one you love.”

Gayle watched the in and out movement of her knickers on Cathy’s face as she breathed, it was all so erotic. Gayle let it continue till she was sure Cathy knew her body scent.

Gayle Morgan was not a virgin by any means, however she had never had sex with a man in woman’s clothes, which was what was about to take place.

“You may stop and keep my present to you. I expect to see you wear them always in my presence.”

“Yes, Gayle my love.”

Gayle crooked her finger once more while with her other hand leading Cathy by her erect penis towards her.

Within seconds, Cathy’s erect penis was inside Gayle. She loved every minute of it, her legs over the shoulders of the kneeling transvestite before her.

“You will be going to the clinic soon to have breast implants, Cathy for my greater pleasure. I’ll make the arrangements.”

Gayle had taken Cathy’s life over. She had never planned on getting breast implants but was now informed that she would have them. She was under the spell of this woman.

Gayle was revelling in the power she had over this man in a skirt. There was nothing like it. What fun she would have fondling Cathy’s breasts! But why wait? There were she-males right there in Womansville. She had met them when she and Cathy returned a few times to the club.

Fun Time was here at last. Gayle had never had such fun as right there in Womansville. Gayle was more than glad her mother had brought her there.

Cathy more than filled her pussy with her juices that night, much to Gayle's delights.

Gretchen looked up from where she was pulling a pint. "Hello there, Gayle, Cathy, I'm afraid, is not here tonight."

"I know," replied Gayle, seemingly unconcerned. "I'll have my usual if you please, Gretchen, over there," she said while walking towards some tables where a few transgender people sat.

"Sure." Gretchen watched Gayle as she walked towards the table. "That one fits in nicely with the crowd, becoming a regular. God knows what she is about," thought Gretchen.

Gretchen continued watching as the tight-fitting leather skirt on Gayle outlined her shapely body. The black Granny ankle boots with the spiked heels added to her confident manner. Gretchen had seen it all before; Gayle had all the makings of a woman who loved being in the company of women who have that extra something under their knickers. Gayle was becoming a Queen in this environment, eagerly sought after. If that was the lifestyle Gale pursued, she would not be short of lovers. Gretchen kept an eye on her for the rest of the night, interested to see how she operated.

Gayle Morgan had targeted one Stephanie Bunting, a known she-male. She immediately walked over to the table Stephanie sat at.

"And how are we tonight, Stephanie?"

"Oh hello there, Gayle. I was too occupied in my thought to notice you there"

Gretchen came to the table with Gayle's Bacardi and Coke.

As the night wore on, Gayle and Stephanie seemed to become friendlier and were seen on the disco floor often.

Gretchen kept an eye on them even when she was running back and forth behind the bar and ringing that bell to the disco music. Well before closing time, the pair made an exit hand-in-hand. Gretchen turned her thoughts to the coming rumpy-pumpy with her husband, the skirted and pretty Bella.

“Tell me Mon Cheri, how is your love life progressing?” asked Yvette.

“Couldn’t be better, Yvette. I’ve been in bed with two guys in frocks. One has already gotten breasts and for the other I’m making arrangements for implants.”

“Splendid, two boys in frocks running after you. Fun, isn’t it. You’ll feel all the better for it. Tell me all about them.”

“Have you had that, Yvette, two men running after you?” questioned Gayle.

“But of course, many times. I know the delicious feeling. One penis was never enough for me. Why have one when you can have two or three or more?”

“Oh, you are a wicked woman, Yvette,” laughed Gayle.

“That may very well be true, Mon Cheri but it is the wicked women in this world who have the fun, I say. Don’t keep me in suspense any longer, I want to hear of your erotic escapades.”

“Seeing that you insist, as I said, I had a desire that Cathy should have breasts. I told her so during our lovemaking. She put up no resistance and I wouldn’t

have expected it seeing that her penis was buried in my pussy.”

“And neither would I, my sweet. You struck at her most vulnerable time,” interrupted Yvette. “You’re learning fast!” the elder woman added.

“I suppose I am, thanks to you. To continue, I soon will have the pleasure of handling them. I look forward to that. Meantime I became friendly with a she-male called Stephanie Bunting. One thing led to another and we ended up in bed in her flat. I do have to say she has wonderful breasts and I think she is eating out of my hand. The sex with her was even better than with Cathy. What better thrill could there be than having her member inside me while I play with her breasts? I lost count of the times I came that night. I was in pure ecstasy! I’ve never felt anything like it and I’m hungry for more of the same.”

“I’ll bet you are and why not? You’ve got me excited just telling your hot adventures. I may need a fresh pair of panties, Mon Cheri.”

Then in a more serious tone, Yvette asked, “You are taking precautions against any unwanted pregnancies with this lifestyle?”

“But of course. However, if I did become pregnant, it wouldn’t worry me. I would look forward to bringing up a child.”

“You would marry then, Gayle?”

Gayle Morgan thought for a minute. “No, no, I could never do that and tie myself down when there are so many men in frocks to experiment with.”

“Now who is the wicked woman, Mon Cheri? “What if the baby is a boy?”

“Oh, it will be brought up as a girl from day, one dressed in the finest of girls clothes. I would so look forward to that bring up my little boy as a girl. I would relish dressing him/her in frilly lingerie and fancy

skirts. And what better environment than here in Womansville for all her/his little playmates, whether male or female, will look so cute in their frocks. However that situation has not arisen yet. We will take things as they come.”

“Food for thought, Gayle,” added Yvette.

“I do want to look my best, Harriet,” said Faye Winters as she sat at breakfast with her elderly partner Harriet Greenstone.

“Stop worrying about it, Faye. You’re like a hen on a hot griddle. You will make the perfect grandmother for little Louise, I’m sure.”

Both elderly grey-headed women sat at the breakfast table in their beautiful matching pink brushed nylon nightdresses.

“I’ll help you dress for the little girl.”

“Will you, Harriet darling? I’ll feel so much better for that and your opinion too.”

“For heaven’s sake, Faye, you would think we’ve never dressed together before.”

“I know, it’s just I’ve never been a grandmother before and a grandmother is supposed to be a wise person for her little granddaughter.”

“Dear, I have no doubt that Mildred Palmer knows what she is doing.”

“Whatever, I have to prepare the way for Louise’s doctoring. Whatever I say to her has to be believable.”

“You see? Mildred was right in picking you, Faye. That is precisely the attitude she was looking for. You



are going to be a hit with little Louise. Now get into that bedroom and let's start."

While Faye Winters and Harriet Greenstone were busying themselves in dressing, in the Palmer household, Nanny Beatrice was dressing Louise for the forthcoming meeting with her "grandmother".

Louise's little heart was beating faster now that the day was here. She was so excited she was to meet her Gran for the first time.

"She is a nice woman, Louise, and you must be on your best behaviour for your Gran," said Nanny Beatrice with brush in hand as she combed the long golden locks of Louise's hair tenderly.

"Is she, Nanny?" queried Louise as she sat with her long hair falling on the shoulders of the blue gingham dress she wore.

"Of course she is, Louise. All Grannies are nice old ladies and they love their granddaughters so you must do as she says. She may come here one day to hear you play the piano."

"I could play the piano at her house, couldn't I?" Louise said enthusiastically.

Nanny Beatrice laughed. "Granny Winters doesn't have a piano, dear. I'm sure if she had, she would love to hear her darling granddaughter play. She is such a sweet old dear, you'll just love her and she you." Nanny Beatrice had played her part in preparing the meeting between Louise and Faye. She and Mildred knew this was a vital meeting to prepare the way for little Louise's doctoring.

Harriet Greenstone was adjusting Faye's bra straps. "There we are, dear. Don't you look the matronly figure? That corset has pulled you in the right places. hasn't it?"

Faye admired herself in the dressing table mirror; the brassiere pulled her breasts up nicely for they were

beginning to sag. It had been a long time since she had the implants put in. That was the only part of her body she had sacrificed to femininity; her male member was still intact. That was only fair to Harriet for their love-making. But at present that part was useless. Hopefully the testosterone injections would restore their sex life once more. Faye knew Harriet loved her even if wasn't successful. But life would be so much better if sex was resumed between them.

The black nylon slip was eased over Faye's head by Harriet. "There we are, dear. Just the dress now."

Both looked at the dress lying on their bed. "It doesn't make me look like a trollop, Harriet?"

"Now when did you ever wear any kind of suggestive dress? You know I would never allow you to wear that type of dress. Stop worrying so much, dear. You look like any nice respectable grandmother."

The floral print dress was soon on Faye; it came down to her ankles. With her flat brown shoes she looked like any nice grandmother.

"There we are, dear. Don't you look so nice and serene, waiting to meet your granddaughter?"

"Thanks, Harriet." Faye gave a tender kiss on the cheek of Harriet.

Even for all the reassurances, Faye Winters sat on the sofa fidgeting.

Then the doorbell rang. "This is it," thought Faye, "you're on. Whatever you do, don't flub your lines." She quickly rose. The door opened and there stood Mildred Palmer with Nanny Beatrice and little Louise at her side.

"A long time you took to visit your old mother, Mildred. This must be my pretty granddaughter Louise. Why have you not brought the darling child here before?"

The welcoming had caught Mildred off guard. "Well, don't just stand there. Come in and give your old mother a kiss."

"Yes, Mother," Mildred hesitantly answered for she wasn't sure where all this was going. Maybe she had made a disastrous decision in picking what she thought was a sweet old lady. Maybe everything was going to get out of control. Hesitantly, Mildred gave the kiss on the cheek to her supposed mother.

Without prompting, Faye lifted Louise into her arms. "Aren't you the pretty one! Imagine your mother not bringing my pretty granddaughter to see me? Maybe I should spank her, Louise? She was not above that when she was a little girl. What do you say, Louise?"

Louise giggled at the thought of her mommy being a naughty girl. "I like you, Granny Winter."

Mildred Palmer breathed a sigh of relieve.

By this time all were in the drawing room, Harriet Greenstone had deliberately kept in the background for she did not want little Louise asking awkward questions as to who the other elderly woman was. At present, Louise was more occupied in meeting her new grandmother.

"I just knew you would be a pretty girl, Louise, for beauty is in our family. Wait there, I have a present for you." This turn of events had taken Harriet by surprise for Faye hadn't said a word about it to her.

Faye returned with a small box, sat down and addressed Louise. "Come here, darling." This Louise did. Faye opened the small box; within it was a heart-shaped locket on a fine chain. She removed it, placed it and snapped the catch at the back of Louise's neck.

"Oh Mother, you shouldn't have!" said Mildred, examining the necklace which was made of gold. On the front Louise's name was inscribed. Inside on one half

was a portrait of Faye. On the other half was inscribed, "From Her Loving Grandmother To Her Pretty Granddaughter Louise."

"Oh Mother, you shouldn't have. This is very expensive."

"I only have one granddaughter so why not spoil her?"

"Louise," said her mother, "kiss your Granny and thank her for this wonderful gift she has given you. You will wear this locket always, wont you, darling?"

"Yes Mommy," said Louise as she kissed her supposed Granny on the cheek.

"I think it is time for dinner," said Faye.

The meal over, all retired to the drawing room once more where cups of tea were served by Harriet. Faye had Louise once more on her lap and the two seemed to be in earnest conversation. Harriet rose and made a sign to the other two ladies and all three left. Little Louise never noticed.

Now was the time for serious talking to Louise to prepare the way for her to be doctored.

"Louise, your mother tells me that you are a talented little girl. And that you play the piano very well."

"Yes Granny, and all my Aunties come to hear me."

"Do they, Louise? Why have I not been invited? I shall give your mother a severe talking-to about this. Anyway, you are one of the privileged few who will have to be doctored to preserve that talent. Not many little girls in Womansville are doctored and you would want that to please your old grandmother, wouldn't you, darling?"

Louise thought about it for a moment she had heard that word once before but no one had ever said what

exactly it meant. She now understood why from what Granny Winters told her.

“Yes, Granny Winters, I would.”

“Well, that went better than I hoped,” thought Faye Winters.

“Good, dear. We must tell your mother of that decision and promise me you’ll give her a row for not having me at these recitals. How would you like to stay a few days with your old Granny some time?”

“Oh yes, Granny Winters! I would just love that.”

“Yes!” thought Faye as Louise sat on her lap, “when that time comes, there will be only one of us without a male member under their knickers sitting on my lap.

“You were really magnificent today, Faye,” said Harriet as she helped her partner ease her brassiere off.

“Do you think so? I hope so.”

“I know so. Mildred told me she was most impressed. I mean how did you ever get her to say she wanted to be doctored. Something tells me Dr. Amanda will be using the scalpel on Louise very soon. It’s for her own good, isn’t it?”

Soon, both the grey-headed old ladies in their pink brush nylons were in bed.

“I’ll kiss you, Faye. You deserve it for all you did for Mildred.”

“I only wish I could do more than kissing, Harriet.”

“There’s time, dear. Everything comes to those who wait. When it does, it will be that much better.”

The couple kissed and Harriet turned the bedside light off.

“Let us pray, ladies.” All present at Claire Morgan’s soiree bowed their heads and clasped their hands as Pastor Susan Albright led the assembled group in prayer.

“Thank you so much, Pastor, for gracing my little soiree,” said Claire Morgan afterwards.

“Think nothing of it, Claire; it is so nice to see that you are fitting into our community. Now that I am here, maybe we could have a little talk.”

“Yes of course, Pastor. What do you want to discuss?”

All the ladies were sitting in the drawing room as maids served tea and crumpets. Claire had hired the same Hayden trio she heard at Alicia Roberts’ welcoming party for her and Gayle. They were playing soft background music as the ladies conversed with each other in their fabulous evening gowns.

Pastor Susan Albright wore a plain black dress, a white blouse with a collar, and a plain crucifix round her neck. But then Susan was not interested in fashion; she was interested in matters of God.

A maid was serving the ladies with a tray of drinks.

“A wine, Pastor?” asked Claire.

“No thanks, Claire, not that I am against strong drink in moderation.”

“Then a tonic water or lemonade perhaps.”

Claire Morgan was now sitting on the chaise lounge with the Pastor. “What was it you wanted to discuss with me, Susan?”

“As you have told me in the past, Claire, you previously were a businesswoman.”

“Yes that is true. Why?”

“I was hoping that with your business knowledge, I could persuade you and Crystal to join our women’s guild. Your and Crystal’s acumen and business know-how could help raise funds for the church.”

“I am pleasantly surprised, Pastor, and honoured to be given that opportunity but you will have to give me time to consider this.”

“Of course, take as much time as need be. I know that you have struck up a good relationship with Crystal since you arrived in Womansville.”

“Yes, we have become great friends. Unfortunately she was not feeling well tonight, otherwise she would have been here. I may talk about this with her.”

“Yes please do, Claire. I shall pay a visit to her and mention tonight’s conversation.”

Claire was rather happy with the way things had gone tonight and that was thanks to Yvette. She had planned everything down to the last detail, even hiring the Hayden trio. It was she who had suggested that the Pastor be invited and informed Claire that a visit to Madam Laverne was in order for the stunning evening gown she wore tonight.

The only regret she had about her soirée was that Crystal Burroughs was not present; Claire must visit her first thing in the morning. They were becoming inseparable; she and Crystal went everywhere together. One daren’t invite one to some afternoon tea or whatever without the other being there. If that happened, it would be the end of the social life of that person for word would quickly spread around their social set.

“How did you think those present tonight thought about my first soiree, Yvette?”

“From what I heard, Madam, it was a complete success,” said Yvette as she helped Claire undress.

“You know I value your opinion, Yvette. I just don’t know what I would do without you. We must plan another one very soon. I did so want Crystal to be present. I miss her.”

“I understand, Madam, she is so refreshing for you, isn’t she? I will attend to that matter and we shall discuss it. Maybe you could persuade Mildred Palmer to bring her daughter Louise to give a piano recital. Little Louise is so talented.”

“That is a good idea. I shall have a talk with her at church this coming Sunday. I hear on the grapevine that Louise will be doctored soon.”

Yvette left her mistress for the night as Claire sat before her dressing table in her long pink satin peignoir that covered a matching mid-length nightie and panties.

Claire was thinking of Crystal and how she missed her tonight. The removal of her makeup was taking longer than it normally did. Her thoughts were unusual thoughts, something she had never experienced before about one of her own sex. Should such thoughts be considered? Should she be ashamed of wanting to touch the flesh of one of her own sex?

Just thinking of Crystal had hardened her nipples as she watched in the mirror of her dressing table. Maybe for present she could not touch her beloved Crystal but thoughts of her could always be fulfilled in a different way.

With those thoughts in mind, Claire had no hesitation in removing her pink panties for easier access to that concealed between her legs. There was no need to hurry that act for she could picture the one she loved with every action of the fingers that explored within her. She imagined each part of her body being Crystal’s. So in her fantasy it wasn’t her who was being masturbated but Crystal Burroughs.

It all ended in a glorious shivering and shaking as juices within Claire were released on the fingers agitating inside her.

Clare Morgan was sitting comfortably on the couch in Crystal Burroughs' home with the magnificent view of Womansville stretching out before her eyes from the window on the first floor.

"I'm so glad you feel better, Crystal. I felt that I must visit you after your phone call the other night."

"Thanks Claire. It was just a summer cold, that's all. How did the soiree go. Well, I hope."

"Yes indeed, a great success. I'm planning another soon. Pastor Susan has asked me if I would join the Women's Guild and help organise events to raise funds for the church."

"She couldn't have asked a better person than you, Claire. I hope you accepted."

"No, I haven't yet for I want to discuss this with you, Crystal. I think raising funds for the church would be much easier if you came on the committee with me. Just think, the two of us together. What a team! It's a natural. What do you say?"

"I hadn't thought of it till you mentioned it. You've sort of sprung it on me. I'll need to think."

Claire sat silently on the couch. Finally, out of nowhere, she softly said, "I love you, Crystal."

Crystal Burroughs never answered that statement; she didn't even look embarrassed.

"I'll get the maid to bring us some tea, dear. You must tell me what you think of the latest creation I

bought at Madam Laverne's boutique. I think I shall wear it at Sarah Rogan's retirement party."

Pastor Susan Albright sat on the same couch that Claire Morgan had in Crystal Burroughs' home. "I admit I'm somewhat jealous of you when I look at this view of Womansville, Crystal. it must be a wonderful sight on a summer's night as the sun goes down."

"It is, Pastor. Why don't you drop in sometime to see it? The door is always open for you."

"Thanks Crystal, I may take up that offer. I have come today in a sort of pastoral visit to enquire about your health and to ask if you would consider joining the Women's Guild."

"Claire Morgan said you might call in and ask me that, Susan. I am more than willing to do that if Claire is also on the committee."

"I would think if you agreed, Claire would also consent."

"Now that you are here, Pastor, I have a matter on my mind that I would seek your guidance on."

"Surely, Crystal. That is what I am here for, to help those in my flock."

"Thanks for that reassurance, Pastor. What I have to say is not easy for me. I have met somebody here in Womansville that I like and I think also likes me. Ours is a loving relationship of mutual respect and trust. She has admitted she loves me. I feel the same way but have never told her so. I may make her hate me should I pursue my desire of her flesh. I would never want that she should think so of me."

Pastor Susan Albright held Crystal's hand; she knew Crystal was talking about Claire Morgan. She

was not here to judge such a relationships. Her job was to comfort those in her flock.

“I am sure this person is intelligent enough not to hurt you should you make your feelings known. However should your advances be rejected, then you must respect this person. I hope this is a comfort to you.”

“It has somewhat relieved my mind, Pastor.”

“That is what I am here for, Crystal. I suggest we kneel and pray before the Lord above for a happy solution to what must be an agonising time you are going through.”

“Yes Pastor, I may feel all the better for that. I hope it gives me courage to tell this person my feelings even if I am rejected.”

Crystal knelt beside the older woman who led both in solemn prayer.

“Oh Lord above who knows everything, guide your simple servant of your ways that she may seek happiness and the fulfilment you wish. May she be forever grateful for whatever outcome she arrives at for she has been guided by you, Lord Almighty. For this we thank you. Amen.”

“I feel all the better for that, Pastor. I feel clearer within myself.”

One afternoon not long after she had been to visit Crystal Burroughs, Pastor Susan Albright received an unexpected call from Claire Morgan.

“What can I do for you, Claire?”

“I don’t know if you can do anything for me, Pastor, but I just have to tell someone. You see, it’s like this. I love Crystal Burroughs.”

“Then I am happy for you, Claire. We should all love one another,” Pastor Albright replied.

“Pastor, it’s not like that. I do love her in the sense you mean but I also wish to love Crystal in the physical way that only women can. I hope I have not offended you Pastor by saying such. I believe you are a Godly woman who understands things of the flesh.”

“I do indeed, Claire. Women have needs. I’m glad you came to me for such matters are not uncommon within my flock. Have you mentioned this to Crystal?”

“Yes but what worries me she never replied to that. I just don’t know what she thinks about me.”

“I would say no news is good news.”

“You must think I am a bad woman for such thoughts of Crystal.”

“I am not here to make judgements, Claire. It is the Lord above who does that.” Pastor Susan Albright could not tell Claire of the confession that Crystal Burroughs had made to her. That would betray the trust people had in her. Susan knew many things within the community of Womansville that must remain locked within her.

“All I can say is that God works in mysterious ways for those who pray for guidance. Let us kneel before the One Who Knows All And Hears All.”

There in the drawing room of her manse, Pastor Susan Albright and Claire Morgan knelt in prayer.

“May this poor servant of yours find the happiness she seeks with your help, whatever way you have planned for her, Lord. Amen.”

Claire felt in better spirits as she left the manse.

“You’ve not found another one, Mon Cheri?” was addressed by Yvette to Gayle Morgan with a laugh.

”Yes I’m afraid I have, Yvette.”

“Afraid, Gayle? There is nothing to be afraid of. My, you are becoming a glutton, aren’t you? Who is it this time?”

“Fallon Tulloch. I didn’t need to chase after her; she came looking for me. She’s a lot older than me but a great lover. She took charge of everything right away. We were in bed in no time and she had no hesitation in telling me to play with her breasts. She liked that and was most amorous. I can tell you her erect penis was forever inside me. I didn’t even need to arouse it for it was ready.”

“I see. And what of Cathy and Stephanie?”

“They still come in useful as a temporary diversion when I tire of Fallon.”

“But you said that Cathy was to have implants for your amusement. Has she?”

“Of course she has, however she was somewhat disappointed when I didn’t turn up the day she had her implants put in. I was too involved with Stephanie then. I told her straight to her face she wasn’t the only she-male in town and that she must wait her turn. You know I have a wish to have two she-males at the same time.”

“Do you indeed? You’re a greedy one, aren’t you, Gayle? You certainly have plenty of choice for double entry. I’ve had that before with two men but not two she-males.”

“What was it like being the meat in the sandwich?”



“Wonderful! Indescribable! There’s nothing like it, my little pet. Hands everywhere and you don’t always know whose hands are doing what to you. You’ll like it. You must keep me informed of the intimate details, you naughty girl,” encouraged Yvette.

The private room in Dr. Amanda Houston’s clinic contained Louise Palmer, her mother, and Nanny. Little Louise was fast asleep. Mildred Palmer looked anxiously at her offspring.

“Will she be all right, Doctor?” asked Louise’s mother.

“She certainly will, Mildred. The operation went without any problems and she is a healthy child. She may be asleep for some time which is only to be expected. She may not have any visitors for a day or two.”

“Thank you, Dr. Amanda, for all that you have done. I feel so much better now that you have given me these reassurances.”

“Apart from you and her Nanny, her Grandmother Faye Winters will be allowed for she has done so much to prepare the way for this operation.”

“Yes she must, Doctor. Louise likes her Granny who could do so much to speed her recovery. I shall phone her this very day that she may visit her grandchild. I know she is anxious about Louise.”

Faye Winters was fussing again about her dressing.

“You’re taking being a grandmother seriously, aren’t you, Faye?” asked her partner Harriet.

“Of course I am! I’ve never had the honour of being one before and may never again. I do love Louise as a grandmother should.”

“You know, Faye, I do think it was a good move by Mildred Palmer to make you Louise’s surrogate grandmother. I’ve never seen you so interested in one so young.”

“It’s such a responsibility and now that she’s had the op, I have to teach her to be the perfect little lady, don’t I?”

“I don’t see any problem there, Faye,” said Harriet as she tightened Faye’s corset and adjusted her bra straps.

When her dressing finished, Faye asked “How do I look?” as she stood before the dressing table mirror in her long black dress that came to her ankles and the black granny-type ankle boots.

“Like some sweet old Victorian grandmother, darling. Now, have you got the presents to give Louise?”

“Yes, candy, sweets, a doll. Have I forgotten anything, Harriet?”

“How could you? You have taken the role of grandmother so seriously. Give me a kiss before you leave to see your little granddaughter.”

The two lovely grey-headed old ladies tenderly kissed and Faye departed.

Louise Palmer was excited when her grandmother entered her room.

“Have you got a kiss for your grandmother, Louise?” Presents were given from Grandmother Faye to much excitement by Louise as she opened each.

“Dr. Amanda tells me you will soon be leaving here to go home. Then you can play that piano for your old Gran, can't you, Louise?”

“Yes, Grandmother Winters.”

“Good, but first of all we will buy you a new frock. You are becoming a little lady, aren't you, Louise?”

“Yes,” thought Louise. She was so lucky; there were not many little girls in Womansville who had been doctored like her and she had her Granny Winters to thank for all that.

Farewell kisses were exchanged when Faye Winters left her surrogate grandchild Louise Palmer.

Faye Winters left in a happy mood. If the testosterone injections would only take effect, how much more joy there would be, not only for her but Harriet too.

“Another one, Mon Cheri? I don't think you should bother wearing your knickers for they seem to be down at your ankles most of the time. And who is the lucky she-male this time, Gayle?” laughed Mademoiselle Yvette Mandau.

“A shy one she is, Yvette. Her name is Pat Young.”

“She couldn't have been all that shy if she found her way into bed with you, could she?”

“Well, it wasn't easy. I had my eye on her for some time and it took a lot of persuading to get her knickers off. But it was all worth it in the end; once it was started, there was no stopping her. In fact, she is chasing after me now.”

“Is she?” said Yvette with a burst of uncontrollable laughter. “It’s good to be young and so energetic in your sexual exploits,” said Yvette, ever the encourager to Gayle.

Pastor Susan Albright had just finished prayers at the end of the Woman’s Guild meeting. While she held no office in that organisation she did attend their meetings. Doreen Lindley had stepped down as head of the Guild as her term of office was up. Pastor Albright made a strong speech advising the Guild that Claire Morgan and Crystal Burroughs, being successful business women, could work together for the betterment of the Guild. In the long run this would benefit the church. She proposed that the two become joint Presidents. The motion was carried unanimously. She had been successful in bringing the two together although nothing of their confessions of lesbianism would be revealed by her.

“Well Claire and Crystal, God does work in mysterious ways and has brought you two together to work for the good of his church. I leave these matters in your hands. I have faith in you both.” With these words of encouragement, Pastor Albright left Claire and Crystal facing each other in the church hall.

“I suppose we better arrange a meeting between us, Claire,” said Crystal Burroughs awkwardly.

“I suppose we must, Crystal. How about my house, say tomorrow afternoon around two o’clock?”

“Yes, that would be fine.”

Both left not kissing each other on the cheek which they usually did. There was a strange atmosphere between them that day.

Gretchen, behind the bar, was talking with Gayle Morgan. She had become very friendly with Gayle for since she had come on the scene, business could not be better.

“Have one on the house, Gayle. The usual Bacardi and Coke?” Gayle nodded her head.

“You take your usual seat and I’ll bring it over to ya.”

Gretchen watched Gayle walk over to her seat, immediately surrounded by men in skirts.

“She’s the Queen among this transgender lot,” thought Gretchen, “since she arrived here they just seem to come out the woodwork. Where do they all come from?” thought Gretchen. Every night it was a different one in a frock. Gayle was certainly sharing her favours around.

Gayle Morgan had decided tonight was the night for a bit of DP from the encouragement Yvette had given her. Which of the she-males should she pick? She was spoiled for choice. She wiggled her finger at Cathy Hudson, the first she-male Gayle met here. Cathy was under her spell and would do whatever Gayle desired.

“Yes Gayle, what do you wish of me?”

“Make yourself available for I shall be leaving soon. Wait at this table, don’t move till I tell you.”

“Yes Gayle,” Cathy answered in a submissive voice, completely under the control of Gayle Morgan.

“Good,” thought Gayle, “that’s one part of the DP entry sorted. Now for the second part.” Fallon Tulloch was not yet in the bar but Gayle expected to see her within the next half hour. True to form, enter she did.

Gayle quickly sat at the table Fallon occupied. A conversation took place between the two. Every so often, Fallon would look at the table Cathy was at as Gayle whispered into her ear.

“It’s a deal, Gayle. Let’s not waste any time. Get her and we’ll retire to my flat.”

The disco had started and Gretchen, as usual, was running to and fro behind the bar and ringing the bell. She stopped as she saw Gayle and the two she-males leave the bar. She knew what was going to take place with Gayle and the two she-males. It made Gretchen randy. She just couldn’t wait to get between the sheets with Bella for a lot of rumpy-pumpy.

Cathy lay on the bed motionless with her penis up Gayle anus while Fallon was on top, her penis inside Gayle’s cunt, in frantic action. Gayle was in ecstasy, her nipples in contact with Fallon’s as her penis went back and forth inside Gayle. Both her bottom receptacles played host to the she-males’s members.

Gayle Morgan was in such a position between the two she-males that she could not move as their members reamed her out, not that she was complaining. It was everything that Yvette had told her it would be and better. This would not be the last time she would be double-entered by two she males.

Gayle closed her eyes, put her arms round Fallon’s neck, and let it all happen. She fainted from all the excitement but that never stopped Fallon who relentlessly carried on. Fallon came and released her love juices within Gayle’s Well of Love.

Eventually the tangled heap of love-drenched bodies freed themselves to clothe their naked bodies.

“Miss Crystal is in the living room, Mistress,” said Claire’s maid Hattie.

“Inform her I shall be with her shortly.”

Claire looked once more at her appearance in the mirror as she sat on the petite French chair with the Cabriole legs. From where she sat looking into her dressing table mirror with its two side mirrors, she could see her face from all angles. A stray hair had detached itself from the styling of her hair which she had done yesterday. Claire patted it into place with a hand and felt the better for it. Now she could face Crystal.

Crystal looked beautiful as Claire came into the living room. She sat with her back to Claire in a dress of the latest fashion and a black pillbox hat that had a wide mesh veil that stopped below her eyes.

“You look simply divine, darling,” were Claire’s first words as she entered the room.

“Thank you, Claire. I have to say that you look splendid yourself. I do like that blue outfit you have on, dear.”

Claire smiled at the praise from Crystal.

“I think a cup of tea and some cakes would be suitable before we discuss matters concerning the church, or would you prefer something stronger?”

“No thanks, Claire, a cup of tea will do nicely.”

Claire lifted a small bell and rang it. In a short time, Hattie entered and was given orders concerning tea and cakes.

“I haven’t seen you in the last week, Crystal. How are things with you?” Claire had made a point of missing all the afternoon teas and soirees she knew Crystal

would attend. She was afraid that they might come together but Pastor Susan had thrown them together and they must now work in harmony for the greater good of the church.

“Oh, I’ve been at few garden parties. You know, the usual.” Crystal stopped, hesitated for a second, and continued red-faced. “I had hoped to see you at some, Claire.”

That answer came as a surprise to Claire Morgan. Confidence came to her again to express what she had said to Crystal the last time they met.

“I feel I owe you an apology for my outrageous outburst in your home the other week. However I would be false to myself if I did not say it was true.”

“And I feel I also owe you an apology, Claire, for not giving you an answer. I have done some soul searching during our absence together to find where my heart lay.”

“And what answer did you come up with?”

“You have been honest with me, Claire and I must admit I’ve had the same feelings towards you from the first time we met at your welcoming party at Alicia Robert’s house.”

“Have you, Crystal? I feel like crying you have made me so happy, darling.” Cry Claire Morgan did, joined by Crystal. As both sat on the sofa, hands tenderly found each other’s and clasped together in a loving way. As Pastor Susan had said to Claire, God works in mysterious ways.

“You know, Claire, I did something I never never done in my life before. I made a confession to Pastor Susan.”

“Of what?”

“That I loved a woman. No names were mentioned but it was you I had in my heart, Claire.”

Claire felt most touched. She must tell Crystal of her own confession to the Pastor.

“I too made a confession to the Pastor that I loved you by name. I knew Pastor Susan would keep secrets of the confession to herself. You know, I think that Pastor Susan has been an intermediary on our behalf to God. Through her prayers we have been guided to bring us together as joint Presidents of the Women’s Guild.”

“I too believe that she has resolved our problem by Divine intervention and guidance from above.”

“Crystal, I believe today is not the time to discuss matters of the Women’s Guild but a time for us to pray together for thankfulness of our finding our love for each other. Do you not agree?”

Claire was answered by a gentle squeezing of her hand by Crystal.

Crystal removed her pill box hat as she knelt beside Claire on the carpeted floor beside her sofa. Both women held their hands together in front of them and smiled at each other in a dreamy sort of way. It was Claire who led the prayer off.

“Oh Lord above, we, your humble servants, thank you for bringing together Claire Morgan and Crystal Burroughs and showing us our love for each other.”

Crystal joined in the prayer.

“Lord, bless Pastor Susan Albright, who acted on your behalf, for being the devout woman she is in bringing our two lost souls together and letting us find our love of each other.”

Both women ended the prayer with, “May it ever be.”

“I feel better for that as if my soul and mind were cleansed of any guilt of my love for you a woman.”

Crystal Burroughs never said a word as she rose from her kneeling position, Her thoughts of making love to Claire were no longer accompanied by a guilty feeling.

“I think now is a time for a small celebration, say, of a glass of wine, don’t you?”

“Here to us and love,” said Crystal as she sat on the sofa looking out on the spacious lawn from the bay window in the living room.

“I think tomorrow at my home is a better time to discuss what we should have today, Claire,” Crystal said as she sipped some white wine from the flute she held in her hand.

“Today has been so emotionally charged, I’ll agree to that. What time would you suggest?”

“Say around one. Why don’t we do a working lunch and we can talk things over while we eat. I have a few ideas.”

“Oo have I. One o’clock is excellent.”

“So you were the meat in the sandwich, Mon Cheri, and no better tasting meat could the two she-males have.”

“It was all you said, Yvette, and better. And it won’t be the last time I will be DP by these wonderful boys in skirts.”

Yvette split her sides in gales of laughter. “I don’t think there is much more you have to learn in that department, sweetheart. Where will it ever stop? Or *will* it ever stop?”

“Never I hope. I haven’t had so much fun since I arrived here in Womansville.”

“You certainly have, little one. Long may it continue. I just hope you don’t run out of she-males.”

“There is no danger of that, Yvette. If anything, Womansville seems to be importing many such people.”

“I’m not surprised, Mon Cheri. No doubt word has gotten out and they’re all making a bee line for Womansville and the favours you bestow to their kind,” laughed Yvette once more. “Keep up the good work!” she laughed. “Have you spoken to your mother lately, Gayle?”

“No, why should I? Mother does her own thing and I do mine. I do know in recent times she has never looked so happy. Why do you ask?”

“Your mother has fallen in love.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Gayle, then thought it certainly wouldn’t be with a man unless he was in a frock for that was the only kind permitted in Womansville. Gayle thought she knew all the she-males in this town. She certainly hadn’t seen her mother with one and surely she would have at some point.

“Who has Mother fallen in love with and how do you know? Has she spoken to you about whoever this woman is for it must be a woman?”

“Your mother’s lips are sealed but you must remember I am bisexual; having been with several women, I am not naive in such matters as I once was. I know the signs for no words need be spoken.”

“I am curious to know who this other woman could be but I’m stupid enough to interfere in Mother’s affairs for we are all adults. I doubt Mother knows anything about me and she-males. Even if she did, I hope she would not be upset. Mother deserves love in whatever form it comes. My father was not the best man one could have.”

“Your mother’s lover is Crystal Burroughs, Mon Cheri.”

“Crystal! I might have guessed. They seem inseparable, always together. I would think Crystal would be good for Mother. I’m happy for both of them. Have you seen them at it, so to speak, Yvette?”

“No but I can sense these matters. From the way they look at each other and other little things others would not see, I just know they are in love with each other.”

“Then maybe Mother and I should have a serious talk. She should know that I know of this love of hers and that all I am interested in is her happiness. She will learn of my own sexual persuasions for I will leave nothing out. Whether she approves or not, it will put my mind at rest.”

“Wise words for one so young, Mon Cheri. I am sure this will bring you and your mother closer together,” said Mademoiselle Yvette Mandau.

Dr. Amanda Houston had just finished giving the testosterone injection to Faye Winters.

“Doctor, I am thinking that may be the last injection. Nothing is happening below.”

“Don’t give up now, Faye, success may be just round the corner. You’ve come so far, give it a few more weeks at least.”

Dr. Houston was beginning to doubt the treatment herself but she mustn’t show any signs of that to her patients.

The good feeling Faye had of success diminished. Faye was depressed when she arrived home to Harriet.

“You look so down, Faye. You’re not your usual self, darling.”

“These damned injections! They’re not working and I so wanted them for you.”

Harriet held Faye close to her. “I love you whether we have had sex or not. The main thing is we have each other and our memories of holding our naked bodies together in love.”

“You’re a good woman, Harriet, and you deserve better than me.” Harriet kissed Faye tenderly on the lips to which she responded.

A strange feeling began to surge through Faye’s body; it started at her breasts which tingled excitedly and hungered for Harriet’s touch. Faye stood there in her floral patterned dress; she quickly took Harriet’s hand and placed it on a breast through the material of the dress. Harriet knew just what to do. She quickly undid the front buttoning dress to expose the white brassiere Faye wore. She unclipped the hook and eye at the back and there she saw the breasts, nipples erect, awaiting her touch which came swiftly. Harriet knew Faye was excited in the place she was so worried about. Harriet’s hand travelled down into the knickers of her she-male lover. Yes there was a stirring and a semi-erect penis in her hand. Here in their living room was not the right place for the fulfilment of Faye’s dreams.

Hands, clasped the elderly lovers made their way to the bedroom. Clothes were stripped and on the bed they went. By now Faye had an erection helped by the manipulation of Harriet Greenstone’s small attentive fingers to her male member. Harriet thought that she must be careful for if copulation did take place, the duration should not be long to preserve the energy of Faye. The erect penis of Faye entered the waiting pussy of Harriet who immediately placed her legs on the shoulders of her lover.



“Slowly, darling, now is not the time to rush matters. We want this to last.” There was a slow build-up to their mutual climax.

“We should do it again, Harriet. I so want your body.”

“No Faye, I’m worried should you lose your power of erection. I think moderation will suit both of us.”

“Yes of course, Harriet. You are a wise woman. I will have a talk with Dr. Amanda about my stamina.

The elderly couple had now sorted out their love life, intensifying the love they felt for each other.

It was now the third meeting between Claire and Crystal to discuss the raising of money for their church.

“I’ve had a look at the balance the Guild has in the bank, Claire.”

“So have I, Crystal. As you suggested, there is enough to hire a shop at the mall. I think the money should be transferred to another bank where the interest is higher, but that can be left at present.”

“Good idea. I have already made enquires about a site in the mall. We could hire it for three months at first. After that, all depends on how the project does. I cannot see any problems there, for we anticipate success, don’t we, Darling?”

“Go ahead and hire the site. There will have to be work put in to prepare the shop as a boutique. I shall order the clothes and lingerie I have told the vendors that it is all for the church which helped knock the price down. The boutique is only the start; when that takes off there are the beauty salon, hairdressers and styling.”

“And the milliners,” added Crystal.

Claire laughed. “You and your hats, Crystal.”

“I’m rather fount of hats, I admit. If the milliners is a failure, it will be dropped, I was always ruthless as a business woman. There’s no time for sentiment even if I do like hats.”

“Well said, dear. I am beginning to get that feeling of being a business woman coursing through my body again after so long of being out of it.”

“There’s one thing that worries me. Well, two actually.”

“And what would those be, Crystal?”

“Madam Laverne and her boutique. Are we not tramping on her toes?”

“Oh Crystal, we are businesswomen, are we not? It’s a dog eat dog world. I would have thought Madam Laverne would welcome a challenge. Besides, Womansville is big enough to support two boutiques. What was the other concern?”

“What name should we give the boutique and who should we have to open on the big day?”

“For the cutting of the ribbon on opening day, I would suggest Pastor Susan. She is well-known and liked in Womansville. As for the name of the boutique, I’m sure we will come up with something before opening day.”

“I think we’ve had a very successful meeting Claire and can congratulate ourselves. A little prayer will do no harm for success.”

“Mother, can we have a talk?” said Gayle Morgan as she sat at the breakfast table in her baby doll nightie.

“Of course, darling. You know you have my attention at any time. What is it you want to say?”

“Well...” Gayle hesitated for a second. “It’s like this. I have been going out with a few boys, she-males actually, and we have had sex. I’m not ashamed of it but I feel that you, as my mother, should know.”

Claire thought for a moment. “That was very good of you to let me know but as long as you are happy, that is all that matters to me. Would you be planning to marry soon?”

“No Mother, there are so many she-males that I could not settle with just one. Does that shock you?”

“If that is your lifestyle, I will not stand in your way. If you remember, when we first came here I said ‘new town, new life’. I think you have found a different way of life.”

“And have you found a new love here in Womansville?” Gayle didn’t hesitate in putting that question to her mother to see how she answered.

“If we are being honest, Gayle, I have found love with Crystal Burroughs.”

“Has that love been... fulfilled intimately?”

“No Gayle, but in time it will be. Right now we are deeply involved in our project of getting this boutique off the ground.”

“Mother, I wish you the best, not only with the boutique but that you should find happiness with Crystal. You both deserve it.”

“Thank you, Sweetheart.” The women kissed and hugged each other.

“Is ‘Claire & Crystal’ a suitable name for the boutique, Crystal. To me it doesn’t matter which order the names are in.”

Claire Morgan stood outside the shop with her partner watching the sign painter writing ‘Claire & Crystal-An All-Woman Boutique’

The two entered the boutique with arms round each other’s shoulders as the finishing touches were put on the counters, dresses were placed on dummies to their best advantage, and lingerie was stacked neatly.

“In 24 hours, we take off, Darling. From what I hear on the grapevine, the boutique is the talk of Womansville.”

“I hear that too which reminds me; the uniforms arrived just this morning for the staff. Come on, I’ll show you ours.”

Claire opened the door of their joint office and opened a parcel which contained two smart made-to-measure black dress uniforms which came to just below the knee. At the top, above a mock pocket, one said Claire Manageress, while the other said Crystal Manageress, in stitching.

“Lovely dresses and lovely material, Claire. Excellent! Everything is falling in place. I can’t wait for the opening ceremony.”

At 2 PM on Saturday afternoon, Pastor Susan Albright stood in front of the door to “Claire & Crystal-An All-Woman Boutique” with a pair of small gold plated scissors in her hand. She held her hand up for silence.

“Let us all pray for the success of this venture on behalf of the church to raise funds for the greater glory of our leader above. Bless Claire and Crystal for their dedication to this cause and the hard work both have put in for it. It is with the greatest of pleasure that I declare this boutique open. Amen.

Pastor Albright then snipped the blue silk ribbon which fell to the ground and she stepped through the doorway to a loud round of applause.

Claire and Crystal stood inside in their manageress uniforms and congratulated the Pastor. Both now stepped forward.

“On behalf of the boutique, we present you, Pastor Susan, with this dress.”

Pastor Susan Albright was in her plain black skirt and white blouse with the Roman collar at the neck, flat black shoes and plain black stockings.

“Thank you, ladies. This is not the usual type of dress for me.”

“I’m sure you will think of some occasion to wear it, Pastor. Give yourself a treat at the Guild’s expense.”

Crystal joined her partner. “Claire and I have a lot to thank you for.” Crystal looked into Claire Morgan’s eyes with love, returned by a loving smile.

“I see that you are confident and that’s a good sign. I think I have placed this venture safely in both your hands.” Pastor Susan Albright took a hand of Claire and Crystal in hers and patted them gently/ “You’re both good women and I’m sure the Lord above will reward you.”

Pastor Susan was given a tour of the boutique, then taken to the office Claire and Crystal shared.

“It is only right, Pastor, that you know of our future business plans for the church.”

“It is proposed in a few months that a beauty salon be set up, followed by a hairdresser,” said Crystal.

“Followed by a milliner,” laughed Claire. “Just our little joke, Pastor.”

“Busy girls. Don’t wear yourselves out. I appreciate what you are doing for our church.”

As expected, that first day was a busy one. Claire and Crystal pitched in by rolling up their sleeves up and serving the customers.

“The takings for the first month have been fantastic Claire, a lot better than I expected.”

“Crystal, I think now is the time to start the second phase of our plans instead of waiting.

“I agree, partner.”

“I would think a month of hard work deserves a bit of relaxation, sweetheart. How about coming to my place Saturday night for dinner and some pleasant conversation, Crystal?”

“You’ve got a deal, Darling. Saturday night it is.”

Faye Winters, true to her word, had bought her granddaughter Louise a new party dress which she was wearing as she sat before the Steinway piano.

Faye sat at the front of Mildred Palmer’s drawing room to hear Louise play. The child was talented.

“We always knew that, Faye, and I have taken steps to secure her future.”

“Have you indeed? May I ask what those may be seeing as I’m her grandmother.”

“Louise is forever talking about her Granny and what a great time she had with you picking the dress she is wearing now. Doreen Lindley just stepped down as President of the Women’s Guild and said she could recommend a reliable agent for Louise. She has been here and heard Louise and a deal was done. Unfortunately it means Louise, Nanny Beatrice, and I may leave Womansville. However that will not be for a year or two.”

“That’s a pity but if it is for the good and betterment of my darling granddaughter then what must be must be. I shall miss her; she has brought so much happiness into my life.”

“There will always be an open house for you, wherever we may be.”

“I thank you for the offer which I am sure I will take up.” Faye left Mildred to praise her granddaughter for the recital.

“I missed the piano recital little Louise Palmer gave the other day, Claire.”

“Why didn’t you mention it to me, Crystal. I could have managed for one afternoon?” The women sat in Claire’s drawing room, sipping small cups of coffee after a light dinner.

“It’s too late now to worry about it; I’m sure there will be other opportunities. I heard little Louise wore a fabulous dress which her grandmother Faye purchased for her, which gives me a thought.”

“I’m already thinking along the same lines but let me hear it from your sweet lips.”

“A thought of starting a children’s section, Claire.”

“Exactly what was running through my mind. Everything is going so fast with the boutique and we’ve just gotten off the ground,” Claire said most enthusiastically.

“We must look into the prospects of that Claire. I am sure there is money to be made out of it.”

“What other gossip did you hear on the grapevine, sweetheart?”

“Do you know Faye Winters was telling everybody that she had been given a drug by Dr. Amanda that has rejuvenated her sexual powers?”

“You don’t say! I guess there is hope for us all in our old age. I’m sure Harriet will be pleased about that. They both deserve that kind of happiness.”

Claire Morgan stopped and thought for a while. “Crystal I would love to make love with you. I’ll let you in on a secret. Remember that night we met for the first time at Alicia Roberts’ welcoming party for me and Gayle?”

Crystal Burroughs nodded her head.

“I’ll never forget that you called me ‘gorgeous’ and what happened that night as I undressed to go to bed. Do you know what I did? I masturbated, yes masturbated over the words, and not just the words but the vision I had in my mind of you, Crystal. That was not the last time for it happened again later, my Darling. I no longer want visions of you. I want the real thing here and now in my bed.”

Crystal Burroughs was emotionally moved by Claire’s words.

“And I also wish the same thing. Problem is, I lack are the knowledge of how to fulfil that desire in the way you wish. I have never been with a woman in that way before.”

“And neither have I, Crystal. I am sure some inner guidance will come and lead us on the way. If you are prepared, come with me to my boudoir and let us consummate our love for each other.”

No words were said or needed as both retired to Claire’s boudoir. Once within, Claire made a suggestion that prayers would be in order to bless their union before any activities of a sexual nature took place. Both women knelt on the parquet floor at the foot of Claire’s oak four-poster bed with the canopy above.

“Oh Lord above, bless this union of Crystal and myself in the love we have for each other. Help us express the devotion we have for each other so that through this love, we can work all the harder for you and the church.”

Claire had started the prayer and Crystal repeated it. They finished together with an Amen.

“Perfect. I suggest that we undress and have a shower together for then we will see each other’s body naked. Nothing should be rushed for I want to fill my eyes with the wonderful sight of your shapely form,” finished Claire Morgan.

Crystal Burroughs felt she too must declare her own feelings, to the woman who would become her lover. “I have already told you of my love for you. I long to see your naked body for I long to hold it close to myself.”

“Then, my Darling, come closer, unzip my dress and feast your eyes on my naked body and in time I will do the same on your naked form.”

Crystal Burroughs delayed no more. She and Claire held each other. The fingers of Crystal went to the back of Claire’s bright blue Jersey dress with the chic A line-skirt which stopped slightly above her knees with its $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves. The nimble finger of Crystal undid the single blue button at the top. She helped the dress off Claire’s body, assisted by Claire.

There stood Claire in her blue coloured panties, blue bra, and blue hold-up stockings. Crystal put a hand on the crotch of the panties. Claire closed her eyes. It was nice but she could cum quickly which she didn't want.

“Slowly, Darling, we have all night.”

Claire removed the dress Crystal wore; a pink chiffon palm tree print layered maxi sleeveless dress. Claire's excited fingers quickly found the concealed zipper at the back of the dress. As the dress fell to the floor, the curvaceous body was exposed to Claire. Both women stood admiring each other's bodies in their wonderful lingerie. Underneath that maxi dress, Crystal was exposed in a black satin pair of French Knickers with Chantilly lace trim at the leg, a suspender belt that held up a pair of black stockings with seams, and Cuban heels.

Crystal unclipped the hook and eye attachment of her brassiere. The soft pliant breasts of Crystal easily fell into Claire's hands to a delightful gasp from the Claire. Crystal bent her head backward to receive numerous kisses on her lips. Claire's hands descended on the black satin French knickers Crystal wore; one made its way under the elastic holding them up. It made its way through the curly black pubic hair to that place Claire had always wanted to possess: Crystal's vulva. Her clitoris was now very stiff. It was a touching, flicking of the clitoris to a loving responses from her lover. The French knickers of Crystal were quickly removed, followed by stockings and suspender belt. Claire lost no time in removing her own undies and, taking Crystal by the hand, they made their way to the bathroom.

The shower was turned on. With scented soap in their hands, both went under the fine, warm spray. Like some young things, Claire and Crystal squealed and giggled as they soaped all over each other's bodies; no part was spared from their probing fingers. Water streamed down their bodies in a soapy lather, leaving its white patterns on their breasts and contrasting

nicely with their black pubic hair as it trickled between legs.

Both women could now see what each desired in all its glory; their sexual urges became all the greater.

The shower came to its conclusion as water dripped from their hair. White towels were taken from the heated rail that had held them, wrapped round their bodies and affectingly rubbed by each woman on the other's shapely body. The two women were discovering the ways that loving women had found countless times through history.

Claire opened her bathroom cabinet and withdrew her talc and small perfume bottle. Crystal took the pink scented talc and sprinkled some all over her and Claire's body, while Claire squeezed the small bulbous pump at the top of the scent bottle. A fine smelling spray settled on their skin.

Crystal had no time to admire the painted cherubs and angels on the canopy above the bed. Claire stretched a hand behind her to above the white satin pillows their heads lay on. A button was pressed and slowly, noiselessly, the blue-coloured electrically-controlled curtains surrounding the bed slowly shut, concealing both ladies from outside view.

The first meeting of their tongues sent shock waves through their whole bodies, pleasurable shock waves, sexual shock waves. Any inhibitions that the two women may have had were gone, helped by the fact that they were concealed from prying eyes. The tongue and lips of Claire now found their way to the voluptuous swelling of Crystal breasts. The nipples of Crystal's breasts were slowly rising in anticipation of the kisses and licking they would receive.

The hands of Crystal had not been idle for they had cupped the breasts of her lover. A moan was to be heard coming from within that bed, Crystal knew not whether she or Claire had uttered it, so involved was she in her ministrations to the breasts of the one beside her.

Claire slowed her action on the breasts before her. These breasts were to be devoured at her leisure. Hadn't she dreamed and masturbated over the thought of possessing them? Now that she had, she would savour their delight.

One breast, the right, was taken in her hand; the tip entered into Claire's mouth and was succulently sucked like one would do to a slice of watermelon. The fingers of Crystal gently ran through the soft hair of her attentive lover. Now was not the time for Crystal to do anything but lie back and enjoy all the attention Claire paid to her breasts. This feeling was one that her body had never experienced before. Not even her husband had ever given her pleasure of this kind. All he wanted was his own pleasure and never thought of her. But that was all in the past. Crystal had found the one who could pleasure her in the way she always wanted and who was not selfish like him. It was with that thought that she cuddled Claire closer to her.

Claire felt a submissive Crystal under her; maybe now was the time for further explorations of her lover's body. A tentative hand made its way between the legs of Crystal with no resistance met.

Claire could see the erect clitoris and vaginal opening of Crystal both of which were waiting for her touch. They would wait no longer as a finger probed its way inside the vulva and stimulated it. From the reaction, Claire knew she had touched the right spots. Claire found a hand of her lover inside her pussy, fingering it, much to her pleasure.

Claire wanted to go further; a kiss on these sexual parts was needed. That would satisfy her longings...for the present. Claire and Crystal found themselves in a 69 position more by chance than planning.

Claire made the most of the opportunity presented and a kiss was placed on Crystal pussy. Crystal would return the same pleasure to her lover, not once but many times.

What Claire had tried so long to suppress and which she no longer could finally happen: a thundering climax. It was time to relax, sleep, regain strength.

Mademoiselle Yvette Mandau had dressed herself in the room with the connecting door to Claire Morgan boudoir. She silently opened the connecting door and quickly stopped; the curtains round madam bed were drawn. This attracted her attention for she could never remember a time when they were closed. She could not see into the bed but could hear. She silently leant on the wall near the bay window to hear and watch. It was after eight that there was finally a stirring within the bed.

“Darling, I’ve never loved anyone so much as I did last night,” came the voice of Claire.

A pause, followed by another voice. “Neither have I, we will do it again now.”

Yvette knew that could only be the voice of Crystal Burroughs. Yvette got her own sexual thrill from listening to the sounds and noises made during their lovemaking.

Yvette’s mind wandered back to the first days she spent in Baroness Elizabeth’s bed. She could imagine what was transpiring between Madam and Crystal Burroughs. It was stimulating her own body; she closed her legs for she felt she was going to cum without any outside stimulation. Yvette shut her eyes and let the erotic voices of the two concealed women get to her as if she was in that bed with them. A silence lingered for a while in her mind’s eye Yvette could visualise what was happening. One—it mattered not which to Yvette—was now between the legs of the other. One’s tongue was in the other’s pussy, lapping the liquid secretions that would be freely flowing from within that sacred opening. Yvette knew from past experience with the Baroness what the pleasure to derive from that would feel like. How she wished she could be a partaker in these pleasures with the two women.

Yvette must remain silent so as not to disturb their enjoyment of each other's bodies. The silence was broken by movement of bodies. It was becoming difficult for Yvette to stop her own emotions from getting out of hand. A hand was put over Yvette's mouth and her legs were held firmly together but even that could not stop a warm liquid from wetting her panties, much to her enjoyment, it must be said.

She had cum and judging from the noises coming from within the four-poster bed the same could be said of those there.

Yvette silently made her way back to her room; there she changed her panties to fresh clean ones. She delayed her entrance back to Madam's room to give the women time to recover from their sexual exploits.

"Madam, are you awake?"

Claire Morgan said, "I forgot about Yvette being next door."

Crystal Burroughs wasn't as worried as her partner. She put a hand above the pillows and pressed the button. The curtains silently opened to reveal those within the bed in their naked form.

"Oh Madam, had I known you had company, I would never have entered your boudoir," Yvette lied.

"That's all right, Yvette. Since you're here, please order breakfast from cook to bring to this bed," Crystal who gave the orders.

"Certainly Miss Crystal, I shall bring it here myself"

Yvette left, having seen the naked bodies of Madam and Crystal Burroughs. Nice mature figures both had, she thought.

"I shall keep that connecting door locked in the future, Crystal. Do you think she saw anything?"

“I doubt it. Anyway, she has already seen us naked. I’m not ashamed of what transpired last night between us, are you?”

“No, we have done nothing wrong. We prayed and Pastor Susan gave a blessing on our relationship, didn’t she?”

Claire and Crystal were to entertain each other in their homes many times. Their sexual knowledge in the ways of women had expanded since their first coming together.

“Claire,” asked Crystal, “do you remember saying that you masturbated when I said you were gorgeous?”

“Yes of course, why?”

“Would you do it again here in your boudoir that I may see you do it before my very eyes?”

“That is a strange request. May I ask why?”

“I have never seen a woman masturbate, especially the one I love. It’s exciting to think that she is doing it for me and thinking of the words I said of her.”

“I will do that just for you, Darling. However if we want everything to be authentic just as it was that night, I will have to wear the same clothes.”

“But of course, Claire. I would not want it otherwise.”

“Then let us set it up for two days’ time.”

“Perfect. I shall wait with the utmost anticipation for the performance.”

“The performance, if you want to call it that, will be for you my love, like the last time I did it.”

Claire Morgan looked through her wardrobe. It had been a while since she wore that long black evening gown, pretty as it was. Crystal had never seen her in it as she had been unwell the night she held her first soirée. Did it matter what lingerie she wore? Claire remembered a pair of pink panties; she searched her lingerie drawer and found them. Why was she paying so much attention to that detail? From what she could recall, they were discarded when she masturbated?

Claire considered that a new hairdo and beauty treatment was in order for her exhibition of self-abuse to her lover.

When the big day arrived, Claire intimated to Crystal that she would need the afternoon off for preparations for the gratification that Crystal would obtain that night.

Yvette helped Madam to dress later that day.

“You look most attractive, Madam.”

“Do you really think so, Yvette? I always value your opinion. This is all for Crystal later tonight.”

“You’re in love with each other, aren’t you, Madam? How nice you have found love, isn’t it?”

“I’ve never felt like this before. You’re a woman of the world, have you ever loved a woman before?”

“That depends on the interpretation of the word ‘love,’ Madam. Sex, yes, and wonderful it was, but love? No.”

“How sad, Yvette.”

“I have no regrets. I am bisexual and I would never change my life. I only wish I could be here tonight and watch the scene between you and Miss Crystal. I can already see it in my mind.”

There followed a very private conversation between Claire and her maid during which Claire learned matters concerning intimacy between women which had never crossed her mind before.

The night had come. Yvette was gone, not wanting to disturb whatever intimacies took place between Claire and Crystal. A delicious dinner had been served and now both sat, sipping white wine.

“Come,” Claire said, holding out a hand with fingernails painted red. Both made their way to Claire’s boudoir. No words were needed; they knew what was to transpire. Claire had set her chaise lounge at an angle so Crystal could sit and watch every movement of her masturbation.

There was no need to tell Crystal to sit and be silent. Claire began removing her clothes. The long black evening gown was removed to reveal a pair of pink panties trimmed with pink lace at the leg and a bra of the same colour. It was like a striptease for only Crystal.

Everything had to be as it was that first time; a naked Claire removed from the petite seat placed before the Cheval mirror a pair of panties identical to the pink mid-length nightie being slipped over her body. A pink peignoir with tie belt at her waist was put on over all. Claire was ready to sit on the petite French bedroom chair with the Cabriole legs. Claire was in a world of her own; Crystal being present was gone from her mind. The peignoir draped over her leg was pushed aside, the nightie was raised and a finger was placed into her panties to play with her hungry, waiting, pussy.

Crystal sexual desires raised as a hand went under her dress into her panties. The sight of Claire playing with herself set everything off within Crystal. That boudoir heard womanly sighs of gratification as climax was achieved by Claire and Crystal.

The silence was broken as both recovered from their sexual exertions. Crystal held a hand out to Claire.

“Claire, why do we not get married?” she asked.

“Why not, Darling? Good idea, Pastor Susan must preside over the ceremony of course. She really helped smooth matters out between us.”

“Well well, ladies, that is good news. You deserve each other” said Pastor Susan Albright. “I am so glad you are tying the knot. That will be two weddings I shall perform soon.”

“Oh?” said Crystal. “And who is the other lucky couple?”

“Faye Winters and Harriet Greenstone have decided to make honest women of each other,” answered the Pastor.

“Well, I never!” exclaimed Claire.

“Tell you what, Pastor. Marry all of us on the same day and the boutique will provide wedding dresses for Faye and Harriet at no cost. Good publicity for the boutique I would think,” added Claire.

“Very well ladies, I take it you will be in wedding dresses too?” said Pastor Susan.

“No, Pastor. This is Faye and Harriet’s big day. We may wear white dresses.”

“Good. Little Louise Palmer will be a flower girl to her grandmothers and play some appropriate music after,” said Pastor Albright.

After the ceremonies, Faye and Harriet left for the “Honeymoon Hotel” in Womansville. Claire and Crystal Burroughs-Morgan, as they now called themselves, spent their wedding night at Claire’s house.

“Crystal, we have always agreed on most matters, haven’t we?”

“I have yet to find anything where we don’t, my love. What do you have in mind?”

Claire whispered something in the ear of Crystal.

“Did they? That sounds most intriguing. It is definitely on the agenda for tonight.”

Later that night the naked bodies of Claire and Crystal were to be seen in the four-poster bed with the painted canopy above. The scissors movement Yvette had described in intimate detail was now being practised by the mature women.

Claire’s stretched full-length on the bed. Slowly, both bodies came together. Claire lifted her left leg while Crystal put her left leg under it. Their pussies touched, rubbing against each other. The rubbing became faster and faster, eventually to explode in a fabulous mutual orgasm.

The two divorced women had found that which they never had with a man: love.

The story of Womansville is never ending for those seeking happiness with someone in a skirt, be it man or woman.

THE END