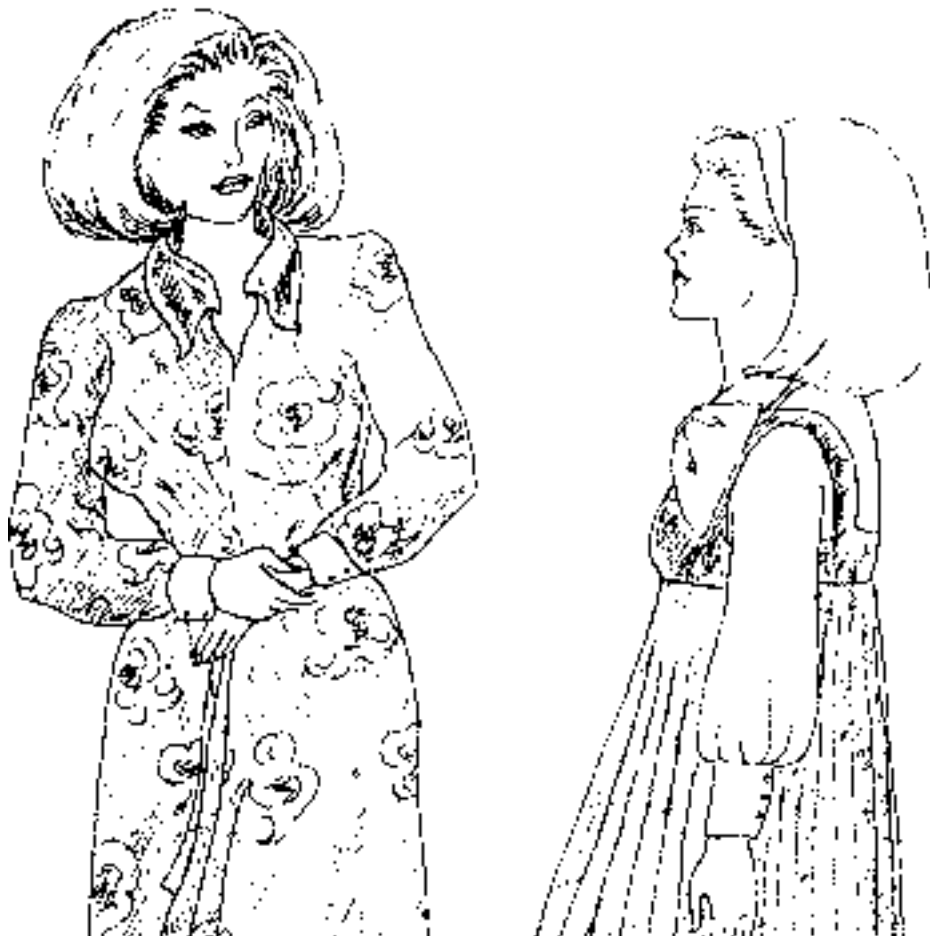


# SCHOOLMATES

*By Elizabeth Anne Nelson*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'YOUNG ADULT' NOVEL

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**“SCHOOLMATES”**  
by **Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

**INTRODUCTION**

It isn't easy being a child despite all the lovely stories we hear about “happy childhoods.” Yet, there are times we wish we could relive our own childhood days as little girls rather than as little boys. What other changes would take place this time around?

So let us step into a fantasy land where we shall find four who discover that those days can be relived...

And changed...

“The Uniform” tells how a Mother finds a way to help her son learn how to respect her authority when she decides to start over again with his education, causing him to realize that military school isn't the only place where you wear a uniform and are taught discipline...

When Carol met Mrs. Trumbull, he thought that by marrying her, life would become like the land of “Milk and Honey,” but she decided that he must be taught anew the lesson that every child knows: that adults may provide all that a child needs, and thusly, the same adults will decide everything that the child needs...

Ida saw no reason why he shouldn't please the strange, old-fashioned ladies who offered to help him. After all, it was really just another way to work during the summer to earn his tuition by pretending to become their “Little Miss Prim...” Wasn't it?

Bobby was sent to a reform school to teach him how to become a useful member of society, only he had no idea how thorough his “Correction” was to be...

So, let us join our little schoolmates to see what they will learn...

## **"MILK AND HONEY"**

**By Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

It isn't that I'm lazy exactly, it's more like I'm the smart guy who soon learns that there are those who have it made in the shade and those who don't, and all you really need is a system to put yourself in the land of milk and honey.

Of course, you can work hard and all that jazz, but why bother?

Sure, I did the college bit, settling for a BA in Liberal Arts, but once I got out of college, I found Uncle Sam didn't want me anymore because I was under five feet tall and had a few problems that I'd just as soon not discuss. A Liberal Arts degree isn't very useful in business as the personnel managers told me, commenting also on the fact that I really didn't look mature enough to handle an executive position. Perhaps with a few years of experience as a trainee, my experience might offset this, but...

In short, college had been largely a waste of my time.

I took a job working in an office as a trainee, earning just enough to make ends meet while I looked for the golden solution..

It didn't seem to come.

Well, unlucky in business, lucky in love, it seems, for the opportunities I lacked in business seemed blanketed by the fact that my usual luck with women just skyrocketed. With four sisters, I had learned a lot about women and the fact that I only had to be aggressive twice, in the effort to make contact and in the clinches. After meeting a conquest, I played the shy Wally Cox bit, allowing them the chance to Mother me until they trusted me enough for the end results. Of course, my financial situation was at first a bit shaky for dating, but then I learned something that opened my eyes to great possibilities.

It seems that by playing on the maternal sympathy bit, I could get the girl to help pay the way.

And this led me to a great idea.

The idle rich could afford to be idle, and the most idle were the women.

It seemed only fair that since women wanted equality, there must be one woman willing to be a Sugar-Mommy, to excuse the pun.

I was quite willing to play the kept bit and entertain her friends as long as there was a large enough staff to handle the house and she kept me in the style I wanted to become accustomed to.

The first stage was to get into the party circuit. Fran, my oldest sister, had married an account executive who maintained his contacts through the social register. It was fortunate that Mom and Dad had been wealthy enough before they died to establish their daughters in the best families in the state; all I had to do was connect my family background to the party circuit and I could be accepted, if I played my cards right. Fran gladly accepted my escort services for those feminine guests who might show up without a date, and thus, the golden doors opened.

I discovered that one of the advantages of being in the “in group,” was that others paid the bills to hold parties to stay “in”. If you consider four hundred of the wealthy who each sprung for a party, you only needed to sponsor just one yourself and for the next five years you would have a free ride. And, since my sister was the one paying for the party when the time came, all I needed was a basic wardrobe, which was worth the initial investment, and my sister's MG or Caddy to pick up my “dates.”

The next point I learned was that the best way to be available was not to be interested, just social. Nothing frightens a rich girl more than a male fortune hunter. A fellow just willing to attend functions and able to be a “safe” and “acceptable” escort was all that was needed.

And., my family ties made me acceptable.

My “cover” was that I was disappointed in love after selecting one of my former flames who had been killed in an accident, so no one could verify nor disprove my story.

It was sad and full of emotional appeal, and told in just the right places, like with my sister. it worked like a charm and I was considered “safe.”

The next step was to find my quarry.

Upstate there is a little community called “Riverside,” and Fran was invited to attend the wedding of her old college chum, Dora White. Miss White was to marry into the Washburn millions and so it was a very elaborate wedding to be followed with a wedding ball to be held at the VanGross home, a family friend.

Mrs. VanGross provided us with a place to stay in her home during the social weekend and I was selected to serve as escort for a Mrs. Trumbull. Mrs. Trumbull was a widow, heiress, and Chairperson of the Board of Trumbull Investments. She spent her time either operating her vast empire from her Riverdale estate or New York penthouse suite. It was quite unusual for her to come to such events, but Gloria Trumbull and Mrs. VanGross exchanged social obligations as friends.

We arrived late Thursday night and before we retired, Mrs. VanGross explained the schedule for the weekend, offering to me the use of her chauffeur and car. She was a wonderful woman, so involved with her charities and the care of her lovely niece, a charming little girl who had recently undergone major surgery for some feminine disorder and therefore entertained her aunt's visitors like a little princess from her bedroom under the ever present gaze of her rather prim Governess. It was quite clear that Mrs. VanGross loved the child and was determined to give her everything her heart desired.

That next morning, I attended a rather formal breakfast at the Trumbull home, undoubtedly to be inspected by my weekend date. The breakfast was served on the bal-

cony of her personal dining room overlooking the river. The maid who escorted me to the balcony, curtsied and explained that Madame would be a bit late since she was completing some overseas calls.

After a few minutes, Gloria Trumbull floated into the area dressed in a Dior hostess gown to accept my greeting and offer her brief apology. She was a rather beautiful woman of rather Juno-like proportions, with the grace of a Goddess to match. She was my senior by several years, closer to Mrs. VanGross's age than my sister's, but this seemed to be to my advantage for she accepted our differences in height with amused toleration, unlike a younger woman who might be too self-conscious of this factor.

The tall, black haired woman was particularly lonely for meaningful social companionship, a fact that soon came out in our polite breakfast conversation as I turned on the charm, acting in a somewhat passive role allowing her to combine her somewhat masculine drive with her motherly instinct.

She was polite in her inquiries about my background and hobbies. She discussed little Helen's illness with a concern that revealed a womanly interest in children as much as the fact that she regretted not having had a child herself. She was interrupted by business calls and spoke briefly on the market situation with a knowledge that easily explained why she had doubled her own fortune. It was clear that she was married to her business.

I listened, was impressed, and came to the conclusion that she could be influenced with the right tactics to consider marriage as a solution to her social needs.

In short, she was the jackpot, and all I had to do was find out how to play my cards to win. At least she had accepted me as her escort and I had my foot in the door. Our breakfast ended with all the arrangements for my taking her to the wedding itself settled.

The Washburn wedding would undoubtedly be the social event of the year for the little community of Riverdale. The Cathedral was packed with friends and relatives. The whole affair was like a royal pageant with all the pomp and circumstance needed to satisfy the dreams of any starry-eyed bride. But, I think the show stealer was not the bride but an adorable little flower girl whose angelic beauty combined with a poise far beyond her tender years drew murmurs of delight from everybody.

"Do you really believe she was adorable?" Gloria asked, sitting back in the limousine as it moved towards the Country Club where the reception was to be held.

"She was a little angel. But, there's something about little girls that age," I replied, folding my top hat. "They are naturally so very dainty, like little Helen."

Gloria laughed and leaned towards me to say, "Your little flower girl was an eleven-year-old boy, Dora White's little brother."

"Oh, come on now!" "Oh, but, yes! He was being punished for some little misdeeds."

“Well, whatever, he made an adorable little girl, and I think they were perfectly justified in selecting him. After all, he no doubt deserved the punishment and he was certainly an angel because of it. I suppose it's one way to make him behave.”

“It must have been awful for the child,” Gloria noted with an amused smile. “I never much cared for being all sugar and spice when I was a little girl, except for when I was very young, and he probably liked it less.”

“Little Helen certainly doesn't seem to mind all the frills and the privileges of being a little princess. Why, she was simply surrounded by that sugar and spice you talk of and she didn't seem to be complaining in the least!” I observed logically.

“Helen has been made into a very docile child under the control of a very demanding Governess who is more like a Nanny than a tutor,” Gloria observed, shaking her head. “The poor child has no choice as her every movement is directed towards being a perfect little lady.”

“And towards having everything she would ever want,” I countered, seeing that I had hit on a topic of interest to her. “She must love being pampered. I think some people have it perfect!”

“Perfect? How is that?”

“Why, not having any responsibilities and still having all they want.”

“Hardly,” she murmured, only to smile to herself as she looked at me rather curiously before shrugging. “However, I do agree that certain children adapt very well to the little angel role. But, I didn't. I guess I was a bit of a tomboy and my poor Mother had a fit. Yet, girls are much better than boys to raise. I wish I had a daughter or a niece like little Helen. I imagine I would spoil her quite like Helen is!”

“I envy any daughter you might have,” I replied casually as we pulled up to the Country Club driveway entrance.

The reception was little more than a social cocktail hour and snack that ended early enough for everybody to go home to prepare for the wedding ball. The ball itself was a huge success with grand march and all.

After the ball, Gloria suggested that I stay for a late cocktail when I brought her to the front door of her home.

Her butler served us cocktails in her library office where she excused herself to clear up a few business matters. While she handled her affairs, I glanced through the library shelves, noting that most of the volumes dealt with business management and finance. It was clear that she didn't have much time for light reading.

When she finished, she suggested a walk on the balcony to take a look at the river in the moonlight. As we walked, she asked why I hadn't married and so I explained to her about my broken heart, deciding that the time was appropriate.

She was sympathetic but suggested that a year should be enough for mourning. I countered by suggesting that perhaps that was also true in her own case. She noted that she hardly felt willing to become a housewife, even if the idea of having a child attracted her. She felt a bit old for babies. I protested this but agreed that it didn't

seem fair for her to have to become a housewife when she gained so much from her career. Perhaps she might find a man willing to permit both.

She dismissed this by saying that most men might feel threatened by having such a dominatingly successful executive for a wife. Of course she might marry a man who was creative, like an artist or such, who wouldn't be so very competitive about money.

"I have never cared for the literary or artsy types," she mused, leaning against the railing to gaze at the river. "It seems to me that you should marry someone, even if I don't want to become involved in such problems."

"Well, it has been in the back of my mind," I replied quite thoughtfully, trying to keep to the topic, but not close her mind by allowing her to define her desire not to marry. "But, to be honest, I am a bit afraid." I looked down, trying to look embarrassed. "Women make me so uncertain since she died." I paused. "I'm a bit shy, I guess."

She nodded knowingly. "I suppose you're trying to overcome this by an active social life?"

"Well, yes... but..." I shrugged. "It doesn't seem to work. I was quite aggressive about such things before... but now I don't know if I could love again."

"Perhaps if a woman understands your problem," she offered sympathetically.

"Perhaps, but you're the first woman I've had the courage to tell this to," I admitted, placing my hands into my pockets and looking away, trying the little boy approach. "It isn't easy."

"I think I understand," she murmured, placing her hands on my shoulders and instinctively drawing me close to turn me and impulsively kiss my forehead. "It must be very difficult."

"I'm not very big, and most women my age are only interested in the tall, masculine, aggressive types. I yearn, but..."

"Of course. I'd love to help you. I could be your Fairy God Mother."

That was hardly what I had in mind, but I looked up at her and placed my arms around her neck and stretched to my toes to kiss her, accepting the comfort of her embrace. She smiled, running her fingers through my rather longish hair, making a little curl with her fingers before cupping my cheeks in her hands to bend and kiss my lips.

"Would you like to come over tomorrow for lunch?" she suggested. "I have the afternoon free and I had planned to ride about the estate. Do you like to go horseback riding?"

"It would be pleasant, but I left my riding habit at home."

She looked down at me for a long moment as if measuring me and then an amused light came to her eyes. "Perhaps I can arrange that. I will see you for lunch."

"Excellent," I agreed, accepting her hand to walk back to the library where we had one last drink before we kissed and parted.

Shortly before late noon, I arrived, dressed in a sports shirt and slacks, to be ushered into a private dining room where a delighted Gloria greeted me and spoke during



the meal on how much she enjoyed riding and how pleased she was to learn that I liked to swim also because she had a beautiful indoor pool as well as her olympic-size outside pool. She wondered if I played tennis and I agreed that I enjoyed playing although I had some trouble with my backhand.

She asked me where I had learned to dance and I explained that with four sisters my parents considered my learning how to dance and play the piano as being part of the package arrangement with their instructors.

We talked briefly of my sisters and I. She was quite amused to learn that as the youngest I had had a bit of a “hand-me-down” problem with their most masculine clothes. She wanted to know if I had ever dressed or been dressed as a girl, and I admitted to a few amusing incidents when I was little but asserted that I wouldn't have undergone being a flower girl!

She laughed, highly amused at the idea, but tactfully changed the subject to my college days and my present job agreeing that I should have a better paying position, even offering to help me locate one, but I demurred, saying that I hoped for advancement soon.

“I have had some problems locating suitable riding clothes,” she noted, finishing her coffee and rising. “But, I do believe I have a suggestion.”

Leading the way upstairs, she opened the door to a charming spare bedroom.

“You may change here,” she offered, pointing to the bed. “Your riding habit is on the bed.”

“Thank you.”

Walking to the bed, I picked up the scarlet riding britches and almost fainted in shock. They were styled for a woman, more specifically, a girl, judging by the fashion shop label. “What in the world?”

“They belonged to me when I was quite a bit younger,” she observed casually, as if it really wasn't important. “They were in storage. I had planned to give them away someday anyway. Judging by the size, I should say they will fit you fine.”

“I hardly think I would wear...”

“Oh, come on now,” she laughed as if surprised. “I don't believe anyone but my staff will see you, and they are absolutely loyal. The bridle path is entirely on the estate.” She looked a bit disappointed.

“Well, to humor you then,” I sighed, realizing that I could hardly allow my pride to interfere with my objective. “Although I may feel a bit silly.”

“Cute,” she corrected, giving me a kiss and leaving.

Deciding that I had little choice, I slipped out of my clothes to discover that she had provided a complete set of underthings as well. Trembling over the idea, I decided that if I wore everything, she might be highly pleased with her little whim and that would be to my advantage.

The cotton vest and panties fit perfectly as did the stockings, white, satin and lace ruffled shirt-blouse, britches, and matching scarlet coat with black velvet collar. Sitting on the bed, I found the boots to be a bit tight but basically a good fit.

Walking to the dresser mirror, I was quite surprised to see that I did in fact look like a junior miss, if not younger. My hair was a bit unruly for a young girl, but it did have that short summer tomboy tousled look. I wasn't too certain that I wanted to be seen by her dressed like this, but before I could change my mind, a knock sounded on the door and she entered, dressed in a matching outfit.

"Why, you're simply darling!" she laughed, taking my hands to take a better look, causing me to blush. "Why, you blush like a school girl too!" she teased.

"Please, it's hard enough to be dressed this way."

"So? I thought you liked to be pampered," she retorted with a smile, to pick up the riding cap from the dresser and put it on my head, fastening it with a bobby pin. "You won't die," she murmured, handing me a riding crop. "Let's go, Darling."

Before I knew, I had walked with her past a smiling maid, who curtsied as we passed. In a few minutes, we were at the stable where the stable hand held my mount, a beautiful bay Morgan, addressing me as "Miss" as he helped me into the sidesaddle without my request. I blushed and tried to protest that I was a man and not a girl and should have a saddle befitting my sex.

I could see that Gloria was amused over this little incident and I guessed that she hadn't explained the facts to the young man, so I knew it might be more embarrassing to straighten him out than to politely thank him and play the role of little girl.

During our ride, we passed by the river where we dismounted to walk our horses through the woods to the grassy slope of the bank by a landing where we sat and chatted a bit about the weather and other incidentals.

She then suggested that I stay as her house guest some week soon. When I countered that it wouldn't be proper, she laughed and noted that maybe one of my sisters could come along to chaperon...

If not, I shouldn't worry since the estate was very secluded if she wished it to be, and she knew I would be discreet. Of course, if I were afraid of my reputation, well..."

I laughed, knowing that I had made it to first base, and if I planned to win her, I had better accept her offer. My vacation was soon so I suggested that I come then. She asked me how long my vacation was and I answered two weeks, so she merely extended her offer by a week.

She then helped me remount, much to my blushing chagrin, and we rode back to the stable.

I left to return to The City with my sister, telling her how I would not be going to the coast for my vacation this year as usual.

Sis was quite surprised by this change of plans and kept at me until I had to admit to my new vacation plans which also surprised her a great deal.

“Why, Gloria Trumbull is old enough to be your Mother!” she protested in disbelief. “You can't be planning to marry her, or she you, right?”

“Who mentioned marriage?” I countered with a shrug. “She's merely a woman who craves masculine companionship. I guess we just understand each other, and I have already accepted her invitation.”

“Look, we've known each other for years. I changed your diapers!” she argued. “And I know when you have something planned. If I had known that you were going to use me to marry my friends...”

“Your friend? She hardly knows you!” I stated flatly. “She's a friend of Mrs. Van-Gross, not Dora White.”

“It's the same thing.” My sister was now too angry to let the matter drop. “I suppose it's her money you're after.”

“What gives you that idea? Besides, you married your husband for his money and social position, and don't give me any malarkey about romantic love, I'm too old for that!”

“I happen to love John very much,” she replied with a toss of her head, and it was probably true, now. “It's different with a woman; they have certain expectations in life that...”

“Allow them to live off the fat of the land,” I stated, finishing her sentence.

“If I had known...”

“Come on now, sis, you're not going to stand in the way of my happiness just because I want the same things out of life that you have, are you? She's ripe for the picking and you're not going to stand in my way.”

“I owe it to my friend to warn her,” she stated, leaving my apartment in a swirl of furs, causing me to know that I had made an awful mistake by telling her the whole truth.

I soon found out that she had in fact discussed the matter with her sisters and they all agreed that she should go to Riverdale to tell Gloria. I tried to argue her out of this, but she was determined not to be used and I was dismissed by her butler when I tried to call again to change her mind. The next day, she left for Riverdale.

As vacation time neared, I knew that the opportunity of a lifetime had been destroyed by my own sister, so I decided to go to the beach to drown my sorrows in a lost weekend or two.

But, to my complete surprise, an invitation came to my apartment from Gloria stating that since I had not written to confirm my coming to her home, she had taken the liberty of writing. She went on by writing that she had had a very interesting discussion with my sister and she was delighted to discover how much I really cared for her, saying that it was a most amusing way of making a marriage proposal!

Now that was a bit of a surprise to me, so I went to my sister's home to find out what had happened at Gloria's. Sis greeted me at the door and ushered me into her living room as if completely delighted to see me and greatly amused by something.

“What did you say to Gloria?” I demanded, sitting in an easy chair.

“Why, I just told her everything, Dearest,” she replied with a broad smile, offering me a cocktail. “I should enjoy that cocktail if I were you,” she added, making herself one. “I shouldn't think that Gloria would approve of your drinking anything that strong!”

“What did she say?” I asked, wondering what in the Hell was going on.

“She was furious, at first,” sis replied, sitting on the couch across from me. “But, she and I had a most curious little chat about your ideas on marriage. She's quite concerned about you, and I had to assure her that you did have that little love affair you talk about so reverently. I believe that her main concern, however, is not over the passive condition of your sexual prowess.” She smiled as if completely amused, “But, if you are capable of loving an older woman, a Mother image, so to speak, well...”

A bit stunned by her frankness, I could only listen.

“What happened then?”

“Why, she gave me the name of her doctor and suggested that I have him give you a blood test for the marriage. She was perfectly charmed by you and I think she actually does want to marry you.”

She reached over and picked up a slip of paper from the coffee table. “Here's his name, and this is the name of her lawyer. She wants you to talk to him about the marriage certificate business.”

“But, I thought that you were completely opposed to this?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I wouldn't want to stand in the way of your happiness, and I'm sure that she will treat you with the loving care that your truly deserve, Dearest One. I'm sure of that, for we had a very delightful chat and I wouldn't miss your wedding to Gloria Trumbull for all the world! In fact, all of us plan to come, since she wants your sisters to be her bride's maids. I'm sure you won't mind.”

“I guess not,” I replied, too happy to care.

Leaving her home, I went to see the doctor after making an appointment which was granted the moment I called.

Her doctor gave me a complete physical before taking my blood test, ending my examination by giving me a prescription bottle of vitamins, suggesting that I take them regularly each day because he was quite concerned with what appeared to be a vitamin deficiency in my blood sample. Accepting his kind offer, I went to see Gloria's lawyer.

He ushered me into his office and made quite a fuss over me. It was quite clear that much of his practice depended upon her business and he wanted to be sure that her husband-to-be was properly impressed. He explained that Gloria had called and wanted me to sign several legal papers to be sure that everything was in order before the marriage. He seemed a bit amused by the whole business, but was very careful to see to it that everything was properly signed and notarized. Thanking me, he took a business card from his desk and handed it to me.

“Miss Trumbull suggested that I recommend a tailor to you,” he noted, handing me another card. “She has arranged for your credit here. It's an unlimited account and she suggests that you order a complete wardrobe and give your old clothes away. I'm sure that you understand that it would please her very much.”

“Of course,” I replied, seeing that the card gave the name of a very exclusive tailor. Whatever she wanted, she'd get, as long as everything for me was first class!

The tailoring shop was extremely pleased to see me and their manager himself took my measurements and laid out a wardrobe for me that included everything I could ever wish for. He suggested that the wardrobe be sent to my new home along with my wedding tux, and I agreed.

When I arrived at my apartment, I was greeted by a moving company executive who said that he was sent by Gloria's lawyer to handle the moving of my belongings since I shouldn't be concerned with such mundane details. It was all very efficient and rather pleasing to my vanity.

It was like being a prince.

Her lawyer contacted me the next morning, indicating that a car would take me to the airport that afternoon and that Gloria's private jet would take me to Riverdale. The wedding would be next week, but Gloria thought that I should move to her place along with my sisters for the weekend.

I had already given my boss my notice so all that I had to do was dispose of my rather meager belongings and conclude my business with the moving company. I took a suitcase and soon I was on my way to Riverdale, and by late afternoon, I was ushered into the library to meet my bride-to-be.

Gloria quickly kissed me and explained that she had arranged for a simple wedding ceremony at her place with a minimum of fuss and bother. My sisters would be up on Monday.

And then she suggested that I freshen up for supper.

I can't say that I really understood Gloria's casual acceptance of the fact of our upcoming marriage. It all seemed like she was concluding some sort of business arrangement and it irked me a bit to think that she hadn't really discussed anything with me. In fact, I hadn't even proposed... really! She just took everything for granted!

The weekend passed quickly with Gloria spending most of her time either making wedding plans or dealing with business matters. I was left to spend my time swimming or acting the role of a man of leisure.

Her housekeeper introduced me to her staff, including a woman in her sixties who had been Gloria's Governess and who now lived on the estate in a splendid retirement. It was all very interesting but I wondered why everybody seemed so amused by the fact that Gloria was going to marry me. Perhaps it was a bit of a surprise to them...

Monday afternoon, my sisters arrived without their husbands or families and we all spent the next few days discussing the wedding until the big day finally dawned.

The wedding itself was indeed a simple affair with my sisters acting as witnesses since they were the only ones who attended. I was a bit surprised, but it appeared that Gloria really didn't want the wedding to be an affair since it was her second and she had no immediate family to invite. The minister was a friend from New York who handled the wedding with dispatch before leaving us to a quick wedding supper.

My sisters all congratulated me and retired leaving me alone with Gloria who suggested that we retire to her room for our nuptial rite.

My pajamas were laid out on the huge, canopied bed. As she changed in the bathroom I quickly undressed, beginning to wonder if I had really been wise in all this. Frankly, I began to feel guilty about the whole thing. I put on the silk pajamas and sat on the end of the bed to see Gloria enter dressed in a white satin gown with matching peignoir.

"Well, Darling," she murmured, pulling back the covers to look at me. "Are you really all that shy?"

"I..." My mind was too confused to think of what to say, for although I wanted to crawl under those satin sheets and hide, I couldn't! I was actually without any real sex drive or desire...

"Darling," she murmured, taking my hand into hers and half pulling me to her side. "I'll help you," she whispered, holding me close as her fingers reached down and slipped my pajamas bottoms off. With amused delight, she held me close in the coolness of satin that surrounded me like some strange power that took from me all my ability to respond although I caressed the bounty of her beauty wondering at the perfection of her womanly form. She was magnificent in the pale pink light of the night stand lamp and I could only look, wondering if my story was somehow suddenly true, because I was completely, helplessly, impotent!

"But, Darling," she whispered, holding me closer as her hand slowly drew up the skirts of her gown, "I can't do it alone. You must try!"

"Please," I cried, holding on to her as my free hand tried to bring my body awake, but my body was passive except for a desire to be in her arms.

She suddenly rolled away from my caresses, to sit up in bed and push a nearby switch to turn on the room lights!

"I don't think we're going to get very far this way," she suggested, pulling the satin covers away and placing her hand in my lap with tender interest, causing me to blush in sheer embarrassment. "I've heard of frigid wives, but this is a bit too funny for words."

"Please, Gloria," I protested as her fingers caressed me and then withdrew with a humiliating final pat. "I..."

"Oh, well," she sighed, turning off the lights and pulling me into her warm arms before covering our forms. Caressing me again, she held me close and to my utter chagrin, fell fast asleep!

The next morning, she rose from bed early to leave as I slept. It was not until an hour later that I was awakened by a maid carrying a breakfast tray. She placed the

tray on my bed and curtsied with an amused smile to withdraw. I finished breakfast and then arose to go to the bathroom, leaving my pajamas bottoms on the bed and noting that all my clothes were gone.

Once in the bathroom, I cleaned up and tried to manipulate myself only to see that it was still hopeless. I was incapable! Not only that, there was a curious change I had not noticed until that moment while looking into the mirror. Removing my pajamas top, I took a good look at myself from head to toe, so to speak.

My normally sparse body hair was almost nonexistent now and my skin seemed softer to the touch as if I had gained a thin layer of baby fat. I saw a scale, so I weighed myself. I hadn't gained a pound, but the mirror showed that I seemed plumper, especially around the chest and hips. Taking a closer look at my face, I noticed that it too seemed softer and younger without the thin crows feet I once worried about. It was as though I had lost years of aging within a week or so!

Suddenly, another door leading into the bathroom opened to reveal Mrs. Gaines, Gloria's elderly Governess and another woman of about thirty, dressed in a starched gray uniform very much like that worn by an English Nanny!

"Good morning, Dearest," Mrs. Gaines announced, causing me to grab a towel for protection. "This is Mrs. Taylor, my assistant."

"If you don't mind," I protested coldly, wondering what on earth they were doing here. "This is not the place for a social call."

The two women laughed.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Taylor apologized. "We thought that you were dressed and wanted to show you your apartment. It adjoins that of your... er, wife..."

"I think that can wait," I suggested, getting a bit confused by their obvious amusement and lack of courtesy. "By the way, where are the things I wore last night?"

"Your clothes are in here," Mrs. Gaines replied, nodding towards the door they had used to enter the bathroom. "Why don't you dress a bit more modestly?" She picked up the pajamas top and handed it to me, causing me to accept Mrs. Taylor's help in putting them on. "This way."

Shrugging, I followed her from the bathroom into a dressing room similar to my wife's but with pastel walls, a large vanity with vanity sink and a wall of mirrored sliding closet doors.

Wondering if my clothes had arrived, I slid one of the doors aside to check, feeling that I should slip into a pair of slacks and a shirt.

But, before my amazed eyes hung a row of satin, silk, organza, and velvet dresses!

Disbelieving my eyes, I hastily slid the other doors open to see that the closet was filled with such clothes; dresses, skirts, jumpers, play suits, sunsuits, blouses, night-gowns, dressing gowns, party gowns, tea gowns, afternoon frocks, house dresses and slips of all descriptions, all hanging in rows before my frightened eyes!

"What in the Hell is this all about?" I demanded, my voice rising like an angry child's!