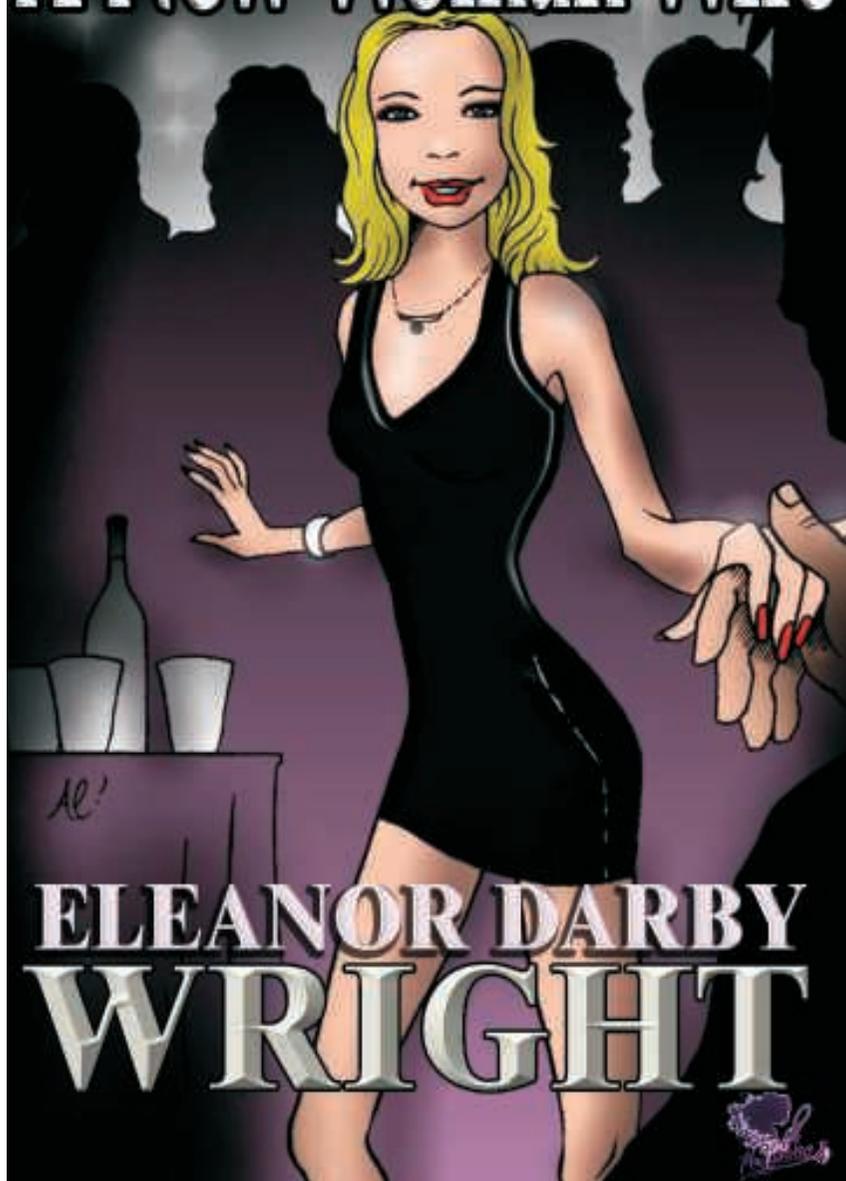


# A New Woman Wife



ELEANOR DARBY  
WRIGHT



Copyright © 2016

Published by 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  
Mags, Inc.  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# A NEW WOMAN WIFE

by Eleanor Darby Wright

## I. THE NEW WOMAN CONVENTION

I didn't expect to meet my wife at a convention of transvestites. I didn't expect to be married and didn't think I was even after it happened. We were only passing through Reno, after all, on our way to California, ultimately, to do a little surfing on Huntington Beach. Well, I never did get to do that. Instead, I got married, to a transvestite. Weird how the world works, isn't it? It was all just a mistake.

## 2 Eleanor Darby Wright

My first mistake was in agreeing to go with Dan and Billy, co-workers at the electronics testing plant in Silverton, on a holiday surfing at Huntington Beach in California. I was at a loose end. I didn't have much money, none of us did, but I had to take three weeks off on vacation. It was the rule.

We reached Reno by driving day and night and day without stopping. I don't know why we didn't take the southern route through Vegas. I think Dan thought it would be too costly. He was always concerned about finding the best deal, the bargain. We went to a motel well off the beaten track because it was cheaper, Dan said, though it didn't seem that way to me. Then, we explored the Strip. We didn't gamble much but we did drink before we piled into the minivan to go back to the motel.

Dan was driving when we spotted the cops, sitting there at the turning we'd have to make. Dan made a quick turn before we got there and pulled in behind a big hotel. We jumped out quickly and sauntered around the front. The cops went crawling past, looking into the parking lot. Then they turned in.

We tried not to look and went in quickly as if we had rooms there or something. Above us there was a sign on the hotel advertizing strip. It declared: 'Welcome to all participants in the TG New Woman Convention'.

"Oh, great," said Dan disgustedly, pointing it out. "I hate conventioners."

We went up the steps and into the dimly lit bar on the left, sitting down at an empty table at the back. Billy slumped in his chair, eyes half-closed. I was feeling it myself.

"I'll drive us back," I said, as a waitress came over, frowning at us. "Two Buds and a Dr. Pepper," I ordered before she got the chance to speak.

The older, blonde waitress hesitated. "You know where you are, don't you?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at some of the other patrons of the bar. There were women everywhere, the dim lights glinting off jewellery and sequinned dresses everywhere in the bar.

"Some kind of convention here?" asked Dan, his back to the bar.

"Oh yeah," she said dryly. "There's some kind of convention here all right. I'll get your drinks."

As my eyes adjusted to the light, I began to see more of the bar. It was filled with women. There was a deejay, and a two level dance floor, over in the far corner, and though there were one or two guys dancing, most of the couples up there were women dancing with women. I saw several of them looking towards us. The music was generally light and romantic.

"Lesbos," said Billy suddenly, grinning, eyes almost closed as the waitress returned. She heard him and her smile widened.

"That's one thing the women in here are definitely not," she laughed, dropping the tab on the table. Then she flounced off to serve other groups, clearly talking about us and laughing over her shoulder as she looked back at us.

"Hey," said Dan, smiling as he turned to look. "We should be able to score here, shouldn't we?"

He said it loudly. The women near to us, seated around a large table, went very stiff and seemed right away to be trying to ignore us. I noticed that many of them were older, heavily and glamorously made up, but, just listening a little while to the voices around us, I got a queasy feeling inside me.

It was Dan, of course, who had the story, returning from the washroom. "Hey, guys," he said loudly, shaking Billy awake as he sat down, "you'll never guess what we've walked in on here. This is a conven-

## 4 Eleanor Darby Wright

tion of drag queens! Yeah, every girl here is really a guy! Queers, fairies, and transvestites!"

A glance at the stiff backs near to us at Dan's rant was enough to convince me he was right. It confirmed the inkling I'd had, though I'd thought it was lesbians at first, by the number of 'hard' faces, tarted up. Oh yes, and all the glittering, extra feminine dresses at the table next to us. And the perfume! Yes, I knew Chanel Number Five when I smelled it. And I was sensing it a lot from the table next to us.

I was definitely in agreement with Dan to drink up fast and get out of the hotel that was 'hosting' a perverted convention. I mean, I wouldn't have cared about lesbians. But drag queens? Whatever was the owner of this place thinking about? As we chug-a-lugged, and Billy dozed, a platinum blonde woman came away from the bar. In a rustle of skirts, she came and sat at our table.

"Hello, boys," she said in a high voice with a lilt to it that I would have called fruity right away. "Nice to see regular people in here for a change."

"We were just going," I said quickly, downing the last of my pop. I reached for the bill but her red-tipped long fingernails beat me to it.

"I'll get that for you," she said with a wide smile of her lipsticked mouth. 'She' was an older person, I saw, about fifty, with a long, beaked kind of nose that reminded me of Sol Bridges, the insurance man back in Silverton who still owed me for the debugging of his computer.

"My name is Amanda Stevens," she said, smoothing her skirts as she crossed her white and silver stockings with a feminine rustle. "I have a proposition for you men if you would like to earn a little money."

"I don't mean to be rude," I said, wondering how any man could do what this fellow was doing. The last

thing we needed was some gay fruitcake coming on to us. "But we only came in for a quick drink."

'Amanda' smiled at me. "Your friend," she drawled, imitating a woman, "said that you were avoiding the police because you'd all been drinking too much. Your sleepy friend has definitely had his share, hasn't he?"

I was annoyed with Dan. Who had he been talking to? He'd had more to drink than both Billy and me in total, but still he'd insisted on driving. Yeah, just your typical male, a loud drunk, I thought with a shiver, as I stared at the blonde, busty, yes 'she' was that, Amanda. But at the same time, I was also very intimidated. I mean, she was a man, wasn't she? A guy in makeup like a woman and a dress like a woman. He was even wearing stockings and high heels!

I don't think I'd ever talked to a man in any kind of dress before, certainly not one in a long, evening gown as this, this 'woman' was wearing. I'd seen them, of course, laughed at them on Jerry Springer, watching a show with Dan, Billy or some other buddies. This was way different! Here we were, having walked right in on a whole bunch of, of, well, of sissies.

"We thought it was a regular bar," I mumbled, taking a swig of the cherry coke they were passing off as Dr. Pepper. "We'll drink and go."

"Oh, don't go on our account," said the 'woman'. She smiled a heavily lipsticked smile. "We love to have regular guys at our conventions. After all, we're regular guys, too."

Dan almost choked on his beer. He did spit up some, propelling a little onto her lovely dress. "Oh, we're sorry," I said.

"Oh, don't be," she said, wiping herself with a tissue left by the waitress earlier. "Your friends seem to have had a lot to drink."

## 6 Eleanor Darby Wright

Billy was staring at her, open-mouthed, eyes half-closed, not a normal pose for him. Dan was coughing, trying to clear his throat.

"That's the problem," I said, knowing that my face was as red as her lipstick. "We did see a cop on the street outside. So, Dan wanted to get off the road quick."

"Oh, they're there because of us," said the blonde-haired woman. She must have been fifty at least, I thought. She was wearing lots of expensive jewellery at her neck, wrists and fingers. Oh yes, and the aroma that reached me from 'her'. Yes, she was wearing lots of perfume, too. "The Transgendered Alliance always draws a police presence. They don't believe we're not out here to break any laws."

"Dressing like that ain't against the law?" asked Dan, as loud as ever, mocking her.

"No, it isn't," she said reasonably, looking at him with distaste. "Nor if we go outside, either, down the Strip. I'm Amanda Stevens, by the way, if you didn't hear me before. I'm the director of our New Woman convention. I think I should warn you that some of the girls, like me, will be over soon to ask you to dance."

"Us? Dance with guys?" asked my partly drunken friend from back home. Dan gave me a look that showed all his teeth. He does it when he thinks something is really hilarious.

Amanda Stevens ignored him. "We have very good contacts with the gay community," she said in her husky, inflected voice. "We usually have a lot of them show up to partner us in our dances. But there was some gay and lesbian protest march this afternoon that turned violent and most of our dates, so to speak, are in jail."

"You don't think that we'd dance with other men?" I asked, feeling sick to my stomach. I shuddered.

Amanda noted my reaction, her mouth firming into a narrow, pink line.

"It's not hard," 'Amanda' lilted femininely at me, leaning forward, showing off the feminine attributes on her chest. She jiggled them, making me gulp in surprise, as surely, they must be real, the way her chest moved. She played with the tab that she'd taken from me. "And, you're not dancing with other men, my darlings. When you dance with a woman like me, you're the man and I'm your cute and adorable girl friend. How about a round of drinks from me for a round of dances with you. Are you boys man enough for it?"

I was shaking my head. "No," I said, while Dan was laughing.

"Then, I'll pay you a hundred bucks each if you will dance with some of the New Women here tonight," she said, opening her silvery, evening purse and taking out the bills. "Since the Gay and Lesbian march downtown this afternoon turned so ugly, oh, I told you that already, didn't I? Well, the cops locked everybody up, all the gay guys who usually come up on this night and dance with us. The girls have really made an effort to be pretty for this dance, a highlight of their week, where they can show off all the feminine tricks they've learned. It would be well worth it, to us girls, to pay you to dance with us."

"Two hunnerd bucksh each," said Billy, his eyes half-closed, his head lolling. I looked at him in surprise. Was he not as drunk as I thought he was? Was it all an act on his part when he did his drunken bit? I'd seen it many times before.

Amanda smiled, took more bills from her purse and put them on the table.

"And all our drinks," Dan added, leering at her.

She stood up to it well. "Naturally, my dear boy," Amanda said, smiling at him. She looked around and

## 8 Eleanor Darby Wright

signalled to some female-dressed figures at the bar and at nearby tables.

We were surrounded almost at once by a bevy of well-dressed glamorous 'women'. "These wonderful men have agreed to dance with us," said Amanda brightly as I felt a lurch in my stomach as the 'women' looked at us in such predatory fashion. But Amanda looked to us as we just sat there, staring at all the feminine dresses brushing against us. I felt my stomach churning.

"Now, boys," Amanda purred girlishly, "you know, don't you, that it's always the gentleman who asks the lady."

"Okay," said Dan, standing up with a smirk on his face. He reached out, grabbed two of the bills, stuffed them in his back pocket, and then took the hand of a very feminine-looking brunette in a black, lace and silk dress. She had a very female figure, even visible cleavage.

"What's your name, sugar?" Dan asked, his smile still more of a leer than anything else.

"Samantha," the brunette whispered, looking at him fearfully but going with him towards the dance floor, hand-in hand, like a debutante, I thought. She looked more than a little apprehensive as he steered her to the dance floor, as well she should. Dan has a bad temper and you don't want to belittle him or get in his way. Being afraid of him was actually a good tactic. He was swaggering as he put his arm around the shapely brunette and began to dance with her.

Billy went off, grinning, with a very tall redhead, his drunken act left at the table. Amanda picked up the money left by my two friends and gave it to me. "I would like the first dance with you myself," she said in her fruity voice, batting false eyelashes at me. "I deserve some return on what I've paid for."

So I walked behind her, my face on fire, and put my arms about 'her' and did a quick-step with her, thinking of the lessons I'd taken as a teenager and thought a waste of money. I could feel everyone looking at me as I went up on the dance floor. It was elevated above the tables. No wonder the 'girls' had looked so tall. Well, actually they were. Several towered over me in their high heels and I'm six feet.

"We're not all gay here," said Amanda, with a bright-red, lipstick smile. I was forced to look her in her dark, vividly made-up eyes. I could feel her skirts swirling against me as we danced. It was quite unnerving. "We're transgendered and of all sorts. Some even brought their wives along, like Pauline and Eva there." She nodded to a pair I thought were twins dancing together. Those 'girls' had their dark hair piled up on top of their heads, their earrings and makeup identical. Even their figures in dark, tight dresses were the same. The music ended and they went off laughing, hand-in-hand.

"Some brought their girl friends," said Amanda, keeping her arm about my neck. "We really are of all kinds in our organization. What we have in common is our desire to dress as women." She smiled. "I have to compliment you, you know. Not many men would act as you have. You haven't ranted or raved or sneered like your friends. You're helping us in our fantasy. All we want, for one night, tonight, is to be treated like pretty women, which we are."

She hummed suddenly, in a very masculine hum, to the song being played. "Don't you just love this tune?" she asked, leaning her long, blonde hair against my shoulder, making me want to retreat, right away. "Sinatra did it best, of course. Oh, I am sorry, dear. Am I leading again?"

Amanda laughed as I broke out in sweat in embarrassment. Her perfume was also overpowering me. I

## 10 Eleanor Darby Wright

pictured everyone in the place looking at me and laughing. But they weren't. The music slowed and the smiling Amanda gave me over to another Samantha, a svelte 'career lady', tiny, who chattered at me all the time in a very female voice, praising my dancing and my bravery.

I noted that there were other couples on the floor besides Billy, Dan, and me and our partners. It was funny but the ones I had thought were guys were actually real women with short hair and in male suits. In a way, it was really more women and men dancing together. But the men were trying to be demure and submissive women. I don't know if it was that or all the previous drink or what but I felt really sick, my whole insides seemingly in motion.

"Some of the transvestites brought their wives," said Samantha brightly, looking up at me and adjusting my hand about her to hold her more as if she was a woman. "Myself, I'm a transsexual, you know, but there are all kinds here. I go for real men."

Samantha flustered me badly but not as much as Brenda, who was bigger and tougher than me, and outweighed me by a hundred pounds. She looked down at me from eyes like Cher's and told me that she was a trucker last week and a New Woman now.

They came at me in droves. Marcia, Tiffany, Kelly, disturbing because she looked so much like my cousin of the same name, another Amanda, Shelley, and then there was a commotion at the door as a large number of guys arrived in a great crowd. The 'girls' began jumping and giggling, waving at the men, sort of going crazy.

"Oh, look!" said Mary Anne, who had real breasts that bounced against me most disconcertingly as we danced. All of the 'girls' wanted to be held tightly as we danced, I noted. Now, Mary Anne took my hand

and almost pulled me off the floor. "The boys must have been bailed out."

The men immediately spread out through the crowd. The waitresses were very busy. Mary Anne let me go and flung her arms about a balding, older man who was regaling the 'women' at the table with his story of bailing out everyone. He looked at me quizzically as he talked on.

"This is Kevin," Mary Anne said to the guy as he wound down. "He's straight. He and his friends were good sports and kept us entertained until you guys finally decided to show up."

"I like straight guys too," said the older guy, smiling at me. I felt my skin crawl at the leer which revealed yellowish, uneven teeth.

"I need a drink," I said, moving away. Our table was now occupied, though, by a group of gay men who were laughing over their exploits, that day. I couldn't see Billy or Dan in the now crowded bar. I did see Pauline, or was it Eva, kissing one man, and then her twin, husband or wife, I don't know which, was there, kissing and hugging him, too.

Then I saw Amanda Stevens. She was waving to me from the bar where she had two young boys beside her whom she was regaling with one tale after another. Each was bawdier than the one before. The boys, only just legal to be in a bar, I thought, laughed uproariously at her jokes, some of which I'd heard before about husbands and wives, not about studs and queens or husbands and drags.

Amanda gave me a scotch and water. I backed a little away from her along the bar, bumping into a girl there who was drinking alone, smiling at the animated scene before her.

"Gee, I'm sorry," I said, looking at her closely. She was not heavily madeup. Her eyes were striking with eyeliner and mascara but she only had light applica-

## 12 Eleanor Darby Wright

tions, as far as I could tell, of foundation and rouge. She had shoulder length, ash-blonde hair and a cute figure in a flared blue dress. She didn't have big finger nails. They were polished and red like her mouth, not long, just shaped a little. I put her down for a girl friend of one of the transvestites.

"I'm Kevin Layton," I said, admiring her smooth skin. There was no bulge in her neck as she took a sip of her wine. "I sort of got sucked into the dancing with my friends."

She looked at me with hazel eyes and giggled. "You were funny trying to dance with Brenda," she said, pushing herself up gracefully on the stool at the bar. One was empty beside her and so I sat up, too, smiling at her.

"She wanted to lead," I said in mock sadness.

She laughed a musical, feminine laugh. "So few men can dance," she said, a lilt to her voice. "I can't help doing that, too."

The deejay put on some classic rock and roll. The gay men who were normally there to partner all the men in dresses, I think that's who they were, from what Amanda Stevens had said, jumped up on the floor with different 'girls'.

The attractive girl beside me began to keep time with the music. "You like rock?" I asked her, sipping on my whiskey. She nodded and smiled. She was very pretty, I thought. So natural, unlike the 'women' I'd danced with, even Samantha. She should give lessons to the New Women in the place. "I didn't see you dancing before," I added.

She laughed and tossed her hair back over her soft-skinned shoulders. "No-one asked me," she said, her eyes gleaming.

What could I do? "Would you like to dance?" I asked her, jumping from the stool.