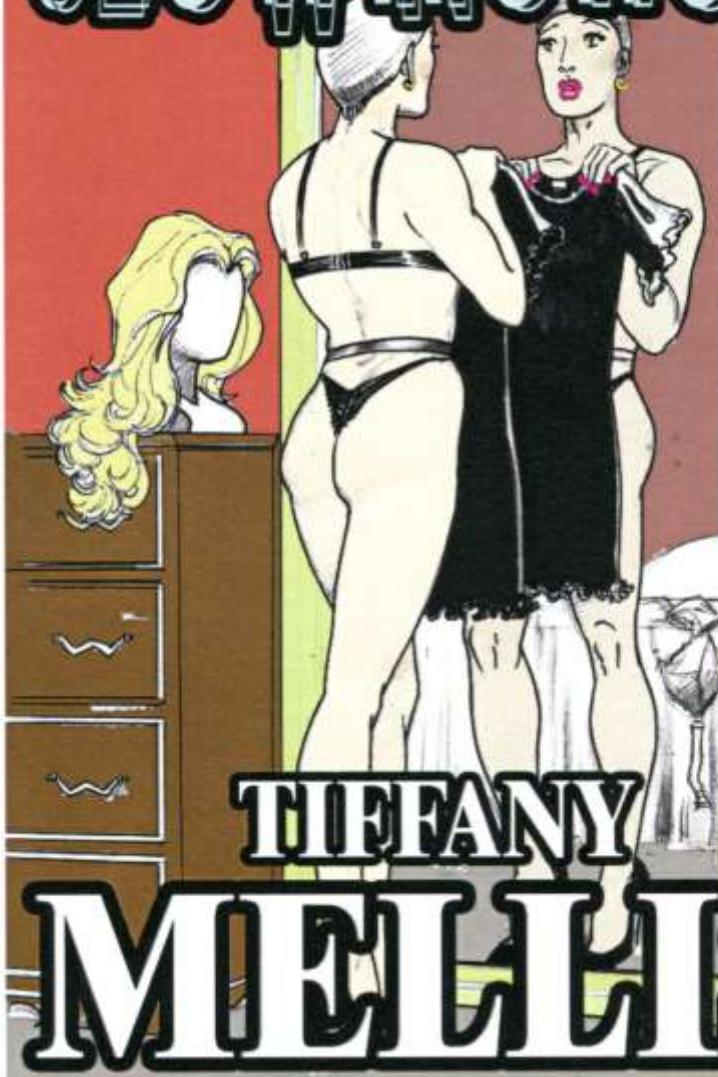


SLOW MOTION



TIFFANY
MELLIS



Copyright (c) 2007

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

MAGS, INC
COPYRIGHT (c) 2007

Slow Notion

By: Tiffany Mellis

I first met Barbara in our home. Joyce, my wife, had asked her around for dinner. It wasn't a dressy sort of thing – more like a 'get acquainted' meal as they were both on some new volunteer board to do with the library or some such thing. Joyce is into all sorts of volunteer duties and had been raving about this woman for some time. Some weeks before, she'd suggested making an informal dinner, and I'd agreed. Soul of hospitality I used to be.

I let Barbara in when she rang our doorbell, took her coat and handbag – dumped them into a spare room. Poured drinks for all of us, that sort of thing. Finally took stock of her as we sat chatting about inconsequential things. Maybe a little broad in the shoulders? Height about five nine or so – a little taller than me? Nice legs under some sort of patterned wool skirt. Shoes? A little young for her outfit? Strappy sorts of things with a medium heel. Nice jewelry – certainly not ostentatious. Plain, but nice quality.

Her hair was medium length. A nice brown and well-tended. Makeup? Not a lot, but applied with care. A VERY striking pair of eyes though. Greenish? Big? After a while they seemed to view me with a sort of amused detachment. Made me discomfited somehow. But I shrugged that aside and the three of us had a very pleasant meal – a little wine and some liqueurs along with our coffee afterwards.

Then Barbara surprised both Joyce and myself. “Shoo!” she said to Joyce, waving her towards the sitting room. “That was a lovely meal, and I can't leave you with all of those dishes – you must be tired!”

“Don't be ridiculous!” Joyce laughed. “I didn't ask you here to do dishes! Stay where you are!”

“No.” Barbara said. “If this were a formal thing? I'd leave you alone. But it wasn't. Just a lovely dinner to welcome me into your circle of friends.” She pointed at me. “Even Alan was commenting that you were looking tired, just a little while ago.” She looked at me. “Not the BEST thing to say about a lady – but you meant no harm and, let's face it, she put together a

lovely meal without much help from anybody as far as I can tell. I think that you and I should tidy up. Okay?”

“If I'd have known that comment of mine would get me work to do? I'd never have made it!” I laughed. Then I spoke to her. “But you DO have a point. I'll give you a hand.” I looked at Joyce. “So just be quiet my dear. Bugger off and sit down. Can I pour you a drink in the meantime?”

You could actually see her relax, and the tiredness show. “No Alan, I don't need a drink. What I have is fine. You guys sure you want to do this?”

“Absolutely!” I said positively.

She nodded. “Very well then. Alan? I know that you don't know where things are in the kitchen – but do your best to help Barbara. Okay?”

“Of course!” I said, as Barbara said. “He doesn't know?”

Joyce shrugged, but that was all as Barbara and I headed into the kitchen.

She gave me an amused look as we got in there. “Strange territory for you in here, huh?”

I gave her an abashed grin.

“Afraid so,” I said.

“Boy! That Joyce is good to you. I hope that you appreciate her! Now where are the aprons?”

Her guess was better than mine and she found two hanging on hooks behind a larder door. Deftly, she slipped one over her head and was holding one out to me.

“I'll pass.” I said.

“But your clothes might get dirtied?.” She said.

I shrugged. “No big deal.”

She put the apron back where she got it. “I assume that you DON'T do the laundry?”

“You got THAT right,” I laughed. “That's Joyce's job!”

“Mmmm.” Was what she said and she gave me a curious look. Then, “Well, let's get this show on the road!”

* * *

Later that night, Barbara had left and we were getting ready for bed. Joyce wore her pajama and robe and sat at the dressing table, creaming off her makeup.

“I DID thank you for helping Barbara out – didn't I?”

“Oh yes. Very nicely too.”

“Good! I must admit that it was unusual to see you helping around the house. But she **MUST** be a mind reader – I was definitely tired.”

“Well, I'm glad I was of some use.” I said. “Would hate to do all that work, and not be appreciated!”

She laughed. “Don't press your luck dear. If the two of you hadn't pitched in, I'd have had to do all that tidying up and dishes after she left – and I wasn't in the mood. That's all – it wasn't some immense amount of work that was involved, you know?”

I shrugged. “You never could leave the place untidy, could you? Goes against the grain or something. I would have left it for the following morning.”

She laughed again – a little shortly this time. “Considering that that was the first time I've seen you help around the house in a **LONG** time? Your ideas of what constitute good housecleaning practice don't mean a lot to me.”

“Huh!” I snorted. “Then I'll withhold my offer to help the next time!”

“I guess I should be grateful for what I get!” she riposted. “But know something?”

“What?” I was climbing into bed.

“I think she fancies you!” She half turned from the mirror and smiled at me.

“Fancies me? I don't think so!” I said.

“Men. So bloody stupid. Can't see anything unless it's waved underneath your noses!” She examined her face in the mirror, switched off the light at the dressing table, then headed for bed.

“Well! She never said anything to **ME!**” I said nervously.

“Oh, don't be like that!” Joyce said, slipping into bed beside me. “I don't think she expects you to do anything. Barbara strikes me as being perfectly capable of going after what she wants – and I got the definite feeling that she's interested in you.”

“You don't sound very put out about it.” I said, though I couldn't help the bitterness appear in my voice.

She sighed. “Oh dear! Are we going to go through this all over again? We agreed some years ago that we were not getting along in bed together. I'm a submissive – and so are you to all appearances! We just kept waiting for the other to make all the moves. If I remember correctly? You had **NO** problems with us not divorcing – you get the pleasures provided by my money. In the meantime, I enjoy having the privileges that being

married brings – and although I don't have a major sex drive, I can take care of it when I need to. And my dear? So can YOU! Now – if Barbara wants to come on to you but you don't want it? All you have to do is deny her. If you can't do that? Well, I have no objection to see you getting SOME sex. I think you've been deprived quite some time!”

“Maybe she was coming on to you?” I asked.

She sighed again. “Truthfully dear? I wouldn't have minded. I've been out with girls now and then. I prefer a real man, but she IS attractive so I wouldn't have said 'no' to a little roll in the hay. You know that I detest telling lies and I've never made a huge secret of our agreement so that when I asked her for dinner originally, I was sort of half thinking that she'd come onto me – but I think I'm savvy enough to see that it's you that she's interested in. Don't really mind. I have a boyfriend just now, so I'm taken. But you and Barbara together? It might be interesting!”

“Well!” I said bravely. “It takes TWO to tango!”

She had just settled back into bed, but my comment made her rise onto one elbow and look at me in an amused fashion. “That so?” She asked.

“Yes!” I said, but my blush gave me away. She giggled softly and put out the light.

In the darkness, I thought about Barbara. What Joyce had said really didn't come as a terrible surprise to me – I'd sort of had a feeling – you know? The woman definitely attracted me – but I knew inwardly that I was totally hopeless – worthless – at making any kind of advance. Cursed my inability silently. Hoped against hope that she would come on to me – but dreaded the embarrassment of having her wait for me to make all the moves – and the humiliation that would be bound to follow when my lack of manly characteristics would let me down again.

That's what had happened with Joyce. In early days I'd been younger and a lot more hopeful about nature taking its course – but the awful memory of the two of us fumbling about under the bedclothes - and my absolute incapacity to be outgoing had doomed our lovemaking to a disaster from the start. I still blushed with the shame of it having been her that finally cleared the air between us. No, I didn't like her going about with other people, but she was discreet about everything – and though I seemed doomed to only masturbation now and then – it seemed preferable to the lonely life I'd be forced to lead on my own. She seemed happy enough with the arrangement – had once or twice even set me up with other shy people of the opposite sex – but finally she'd seen that I would have to work things out on my own. Now it appeared that I might be embarrassed by my own ineptitude again. I finally fell asleep.

* * *

It was about a week later. I'd browsed around in the library then went to the local park for a short walk to get my appetite up. Found some stale bread and fed the ducks in the pond. Their quacking made such a racket that I didn't hear Barbara approach.

"Hello Alan!" She said. "Enjoying our little feathered friends?"

I jumped a little. "Wow! You scared me a little. Sorry. I wasn't expecting anyone. Come here often?"

She smiled gently. "Didn't mean to scare you! Sorry. No – I don't come here very often, but saw you and, as it's about lunchtime? I thought you and I might . . .?" She didn't expand. Just looked at me with that placid amusement in her eyes.

"I . . . Oh . . . I . . . I'm afraid . . ." I stammered.

She put a hand on my arm. "Now don't be silly Alan! Let's just finish feeding your ducks – and I'll take you to lunch. Now don't give me any nonsense about you being busy! I have a fair idea of your routine now – so shall we?"

"How come you know my routine?" I had to ask.

Her eyes got even more amused. "Because I was interested. Can we go now? My car is right at the park gates and, knowing you don't have a car with you, I felt that it was time for me to get to know you." She smiled again. "I'm VERY interested in the husbands of my new cohorts. Is that a good enough reason to ask you to lunch?"

If I haven't mentioned it before I am very weak willed and Barbara had self-confidence galore. On top of that, I was sort of scared of her – and had the strangest feeling that she was perfectly aware of this. To make matters worse? I was sure that she approved of this relationship between us absolutely! Knew that I was ready for the taking and that this was positively what she wanted. But naturally I tried to assert what little power I had.

"Only if you let me buy lunch!" I said gallantly, throwing the last of my bread to the ducks.

"Don't be silly!" she said calmly. "Now come along."

The restaurant was very nicely laid out and private. I'd never eaten there before, but could see by the ambience that it was pricey. I'd also seen immediately that with her late model Mercedes, Barbara didn't have many money worries, but I felt somewhat underdressed for this place. I mean I was neat and tidy, but it seemed that my casual sportswear was a bit too casual, if you know what I mean. On top of that, although the ambience was such that a clear view of the surroundings was broken up by banks of shrubs and flowers, most of the customers there seemed to be well dressed women. My companion seemed to be well known by the staff of

waitresses though- they all had a smile for her and I saw more than one appraising glance sent my way. A sort of interest?

I should add here that I am not unattractive. At just under five foot six I am small and, though I am not muscular by any means – I don't have enough discipline for a gym – I am slim, even though I have a good appetite. I have all of my own teeth – and a good crop of hair on my head. Joyce has told me that I have nice large eyes – somewhat placid – but a pleasant smile. A regular, if rather bland face. Altogether a fairly nice package. Small, but certainly not bad other than that.

Let's face it, Joyce is the one with money in our family and, through her, I've gained the savoir faire to eat just about anywhere, but I will admit that being a little frightened by my companion, and by not being dressed altogether appropriately, I felt intimidated. This was NOT helped, when I discovered that Barbara was holding out my chair for ME!

“Don't you think it's my place to escort you into your chair?” I managed to ask.

She looked a little puzzled. “Are you some kind of a chauvinist?”

“No.”

“Well, you're MY guest – so please let me act as host – will you?”

Unwillingly, but having no choice, I sat and let her guide the chair under me.

“Comfy?” She asked.

“Yes. Thank you.”

She smiled at me, a little on the wintry side. “You're welcome. Now Alan? No more nonsense if you please? I asked you here for a reason. You are my guest, so I shall do the ordering – and the paying. You will not give me any trouble, will you?”

I felt myself relax contentedly. “Aha! So you had a REASON for asking me here! Now I feel better! What can I do to help, my dear?”

She nodded. “First of all, let me order?”

“Absolutely!”

She ordered double martinis for both of us, then without looking at the menu she ordered salmon in a dill sauce for me (one of my favorites!) and a sea bass for herself – with a bottle of a white Riesling to go along with the meal. The waitress took the order and assured us that our drinks would be delivered quickly.

Feeling a lot better now, I was content to soak in the lovely atmosphere of the pace for the small time it took for our drinks to be placed in front of us. I took an appreciative sip, then smiled at Barbara.

“You were going to tell me what I can do to help you? If it is within my power? It is yours!” Impressed by my own grandiloquence, I took another sip.

She took a sip from her own drink and surveyed me calmly over the glass. “You seem to be a little nervous darling – may I call you darling?”

“I’m not ner , , nervous.” I stammered. “But the term darling?” I smiled weakly. “I’m not too sure about that. I . well. . . I AM married and . and Joyce might not . . well .. take too kindly to that . . that . . kind of expression?”

She placed a hand over mine. “Darling? You ARE nervous – and I just love that in you! You are so nice and shy. So diffident! Not like the normal pushy male at all! On top of that? I’m well aware that you and Joyce have – what do you call it? An open marriage? Now, I think we should get together! I think that you’re absolutely perfect for me!” She smiled at me, invitation clearly in her eyes. “I’m not being TOO forward, am I?”

I swallowed. “Certainly not – but I really don’t think that you know about Joyce and . . .”

She patted my hand. “Of COURSE I do darling! She and I have had quite a few revealing talks! Now why don’t we just have a nice chat over lunch? I’m dying to know all about you!”

“A gentleman never tells!” I laughed.

She looked at me with a hint of surprise then laughed openly. “You’re joking of course. How delightful! Now tell me about your childhood. Don’t leave anything out!”

She steamrolled me in the nicest way possible, but still got me to divulge the facts about my bringing up. She seemed quite taken by the fact that I had an elder sister and had lost our father at an early age – but that my sister and mother had been wonderful to me. I don’t think she believed me – half felt that my childhood should have been a scene of sexual trauma. Seemed quite taken by the fact that I had no terrible secrets to divulge. Maybe there was even a tinge of disappointment there?

She did seem to brighten up by the news that I had been bullied at school by bigger, more athletic boys, but the fact that I’d had a bigger, more warlike sister had put a stop to all of that.

“So you depended on Emily to stand up for you?” She asked.

“I did NOT!” I responded vehemently. “I stood up for myself quite a lot. Took quite a few drubbings in the process. But it was a small town and she would find out what was going on sooner or later and would step in. The bullies soon learned that it wasn’t worth their while, so stopped tormenting me.”

“Mmmm!” she said.

Barbara went on to my few years of college and asked how I'd met Joyce there. She seemed quite aware of what had transpired over the years so didn't ask too many questions. Actually seemed quite bemused by what she had heard and seemed to do a fair amount of thinking as we chatted over lunch. Nevertheless, she seemed to have reached a conclusion by the time we had finished – I never saw any financial transaction between her and our waitress so was a little flustered when she stood behind my chair and I realized that lunch was over as she pulled it out for me.

I had assumed that she would either drop me off at the park or at my house. I actually preferred the park, not quite knowing what I'd say to Joyce – not that I thought she'd care – I just wasn't too sure how to handle the situation, but it was all academic because suddenly I found us going through an electronic gate, and we were in a gated community where it seemed that Barbara stayed.

“Nice place you have here?” I said, pointedly looking at my watch. “Never seen this place before. Nice and secluded.”

She saw me looking at my watch but ignored it. “Oh yes. I picked this spot out. I really like it and thought that you'd like to see my house.”

“I may be rushed for time? Joyce may have some honey-do's for me?” I stated, laying in an excuse for later. “But I'd really like to see your house.”

“Wonderful!” She purred. “I have some etchings you might like.”

“Etchings?” I asked dumbly.

She laughed. “Or whatever turns you on!” She gave me a sidelong glance and I was suddenly nervous. I was made even more nervous by the fact that she put a possessive arm around my shoulders once we entered her spacious home.

“Let me give you a quick tour – before we get down to business.” She purred and pulled me to her. I can't say I was surprised by her strength, I've never been strong myself and just about everyone – Joyce included – turns out to be stronger than myself. Nevertheless I felt quite captive as she toured me quickly through her house, held closely into her side as helpless as a little child is with its mother. I must admit that I was impressed. A fairly small home – three bedrooms and two bath – but more than enough for one person. Well furnished with a lot of privacy from her neighbors – it seemed that the lots were much larger than normal.

We had just got back to her open bar when she simply turned me around to face her and kissed me. Let me say that it was highly sexually charged and her tongue found the inside of my mouth. I wanted to respond, but she was able to hold me firmly with one hand, while the other gently stroked my groin and the erection I had. I was dazed when she finally let

me go and I actually staggered against the bar as my legs were so weak. Deftly, she poured two drinks of Scotch over ice that she got from a small refrigerator next to her bar. "Here darling!" she said. "Fortify yourself with this!"

I really didn't want the drink, but holding onto the glass gave me a semblance of normalcy that I needed badly.

"Excuse me! A quick call I have to make!" she said and picked up a cell phone that was nearby. She dialed a number then spoke into it quietly with her back to me so that I couldn't hear what was being said. She finally put the phone down and smiled.

"That was Joyce. I told her where you were and. . . ." she coughed. "Told her that you might be busy for a while. She was SO pleased to hear that you and I are getting along so well." Her voice lowered and she added. "She made it a point for me to tell you that you MUST remember everything that went on between you and me – she wants you to tell her in every detail when you get home tonight – IF you get home tonight."

She then smiled and beckoned to me. "Time for you to come to Barbara, my little pussy cat! I want you SO much! Come here now!"

"I'm not very good at this!" I quavered.

She smiled. "I'm good enough for both of us. Just you let Barbara take good care of you!"

And she did.

That night, Joyce would not let me sleep until I had detailed everything – and I mean EVERYTHING that Barbara had done to me – and the little amount she'd allowed me to do in return.

"You mean you just had to LIE there? Joyce asked me. "Let her mount you? As if she was some kind of stud?"

I couldn't stop blushing. "Pretty well Joyce. The second time she. . ."

"Second time!" Joyce laughed. "She must have had something! You and I never made it more than once!" Then she relented. "Dear? My fault as much as yours, but tell me. When she really kissed you – did she allow you to kiss her back?"

"Of course!" I said indignantly. "I wasn't altogether a piece of meat you know!"

"Wanted you to twine your arms around her neck?"

"A little bit – though she really preferred me to lie still." I admitted.

"But you really LIKED it?"

“Oh Joyce!” I said, almost weeping. “Yes – I couldn't help it - but she's NOT my wife. You are!!”

She laughed lightly. “Don't worry about it darling. I like both of you – and if you're happy? Well I'm happy too!” She kissed me.

“It won't happen again! I've got too much pride for that!” I exclaimed.

“Huh?” Joyce asked.

For the next few days I stayed in the house. I claimed I wasn't feeling well, but inside I knew that I was avoiding Barbara. Don't get me wrong – I knew she'd given me the best sex I'd ever had but, at the same time, remembered my own reactions and didn't trust them. Okay, I hadn't ever been good at being the aggressor, but with her? I was the docile, submissive one in the relationship. So I did NOT like what I'd started to become. I could not explain this to Joyce of course but, at the same time, hoped that Barbara would, maybe, get involved with someone else if I made myself absent long enough. I made excuses when Joyce tried to get me to get out of the house. Naturally, I had the strangest feeling that she didn't believe my excuses of illness, but I kept them up anyway.

Then one afternoon, Joyce was getting ready to go out. For once, she wasn't nagging at me to go and do something with myself, just busied herself at getting ready. I didn't have anything to do – did a crossword, watched a little TV, picked up a book – and was generally bored. Just as Joyce got her coat on to leave, the doorbell rang. As she was closest she went there.

“Oh Hi!” I heard her say. “I thought you had changed your mind. C'mon in.”

I wasn't expecting anything, but then Joyce appeared, ushering Barbara in!

“Barbara SO wanted to see you Alan and I felt that seeing her would help you feel better. I have to leave now, so have fun you two!”

As she turned to leave, I managed a surprised – and weak – “hello” to Barbara but she was crossing the floor towards me even before Joyce had left, saying “Hello my little pussy! Come to Barbara!” So there was absolutely no hope that Joyce was unaware of what was going on. I'm not even sure if she was out of the room totally before I was in Barbara's arms, my face being smothered in kisses.

To make things worse, I found myself being manhandled – gently – but manhandled anyway, across the room and without being able to do a damn thing, felt Barbara sit down – and pull me down onto her knees.

“Time we had a little talk pussy! You've been avoiding me, haven't you? Now don't lie! I've been talking to Joyce and she's been telling me about you – so don't be telling me any untruths. I don't want to get mad – and

you don't want me that way either. So speak up! Why have you been avoiding me?"

I mumbled, but managed to get it out. "I felt uncomfortable Barbara! I just don't feel right!"

"Mmm. So the sex was all right?"

I blushed furiously. "Yes. But it's like I haven't any say in what goes on."

"But pussy? You're a little submissive! That's why Barbara LIKES you! I'll admit that you're not the usual run of little sissy and I have some problems knowing how to treat you – but you're built to do what you're TOLD! I can see that, and I just feel that once I figure out how to train you? You'll be a sweet, happy, little pussy submissive!"

"But I'm not that! Not a submissive!" I tried to be strong, but my voice was faltering.

She kissed me. "Of COURSE you are! Think I don't know one when I see one? You say you want more say in what goes on? More say to do what exactly?"

"Well? I should be more aggressive?"

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard! Joyce and I have talked and she didn't go into details, but you two haven't had any sex for a while?"

I blushed again.

"And if you REALLY wanted sex – do you think that Joyce would – could – stop you?"

"That type of behavior wouldn't be very gentlemanly of me!" I protested.

"That's true. But your behavior is more ladylike than manly – if you want to look at it honestly! I kiss and cuddle you – lay you on the bed and mount you. Is your behavior manly? I don't think so!"

"But I don't want to be a . . . a . . . softy!" I said, and even I could hear the despairing lack of confidence in my voice.

She kissed me softly. "But men like their women to be soft and feminine. Smell nice and feel pretty. Isn't that true?"

"Yes."

"But you could have had Joyce be all of those things – if you'd REALLY wanted them, could you not?"

"I guess so." I said miserably.

"But you didn't want it enough! Now? It's ME that wants YOU to be all of those nice things – and truthfully? Aren't you just a little curious? I've dealt

with little soft sissy boys all of my life – and I think you'll be delightful! Now turn those pretty lips up for a kiss!”

“But I'm not . . .” I started to say, but was silenced by her lips on mine.

* * *

Joyce came home about two hours later. I was now ensconced on Barbara's lap in the sitting room, my mouth still red and bruised from her kissing and her lipstick all over, my eyes all drowsy from having had sex and had my head turned up to be kissed when Barbara felt that way.

“Hello you two!” Joyce said brightly. “Been having fun?”

“Well, I have!” Barbara laughed. “But I'm not sure about my little pussy here.”

Joyce came over to where we sat and looked down on me. Then she chucked me gently under the chin and asked me maternally. “I must say that you look like a contented little pussy Alan. Was Barbara nice to you?”

I nodded sleepily.

“Good!” My wife said happily. “I like to see you happy.”

“Me as well!” Barbara said. “My little pussy isn't going to run away and hide from me anymore – are you darling?”

She grinned contentedly as I nodded again.

I had awakened somewhat by bedtime that night. Ashamed, I tried to go at a different time than Joyce, but she would have none of it. Again, she sat creaming off her face while I got ready for bed. She smiled.

“I'm so glad that you and Barbara are all straightened away. She's quite handsome, isn't she?”

“Well – she's certainly not pretty.” I admitted sourly.

“Certainly not. Very strong looking face. Are her arms strong too? She certainly gives that impression.”

I looked at my wife. “What do you want me to say? That she has a strong face and strong arms – unlike me?”

Joyce put her tissue down and looked at me in the mirror. “Dear? She HAS a stronger face than you – very determined looking. As far as being physically stronger than you? I'd be willing to guess that she is. I see no shame in admitting that she's stronger than me.” She picked up her tissue and dabbed at her face again, then smiled at me. “You want to tell me that you're stronger than her?”

“No.”

“Well stop bitching about it dear. I'm damned if I can see why you're getting so worked up. Somebody WANTS you! Something wrong with that?”

“I guess not.” I admitted wryly.

“Hooray!” she said sarcastically but with humor. “That's a start anyway. Now come to bed. Maybe tell me what happened today?”

I flushed with the memory. “I'd rather not.”

“Fine dear. I'm sure there'll be other times!” She switched off the light at the dressing table. Came to bed.

* * *

There wasn't much sense in me hiding any more. It was abundantly clear that Joyce was determined that I 'have a good time' and would open our doors to Barbara at any given moment. It was also abundantly clear that Barbara was not bound by the usual rules – and if she wanted me? I was available. I argued with myself that I could run away – but to what? I had no money to speak of – and certainly no skills. I was just a lonely little rabbit out there with no burrow where I could safely hide – and a ferret was in love with me, and had the resources to track me down and find me whenever she felt like it.

It didn't take her too long.

A few days later I had just come out from having a mid-morning coffee at a local coffee shop. She looked like she was waiting for me. “Hello darling!” She said, greeting me with a kiss. Then she added ominously. “You're NOT glad to see me?” And I reacted quickly sensibly.

“Oh! But I AM Barbara! Must have been thinking of something else!”

“Much better! Then kiss me hello properly!”

Knowing exactly what was expected of me, I said 'Hello' and kissed her – applying air kisses on both of her cheeks, smiling as I did so. One girl to another.

“Yesss!” She whispered in my ear. “So glad I found you! I'm right in the mood for your company – want to come along to my house?”

It wasn't really an invitation but I made sure that she saw how happy I was. It wasn't far and she seemed to be on foot, so it didn't take me long to discover that it was me that had to link my arm in through hers and companionably, we went to her house.

“Just in case you're worried about what Joyce might think?” She said. “I'm just off the phone – and she wants you to know that she wishes you to have a simply wonderful time! Now isn't she lovely?”

Agreeing that my wife was, indeed, lovely to wish her husband into the dominating arms of another woman, I nodded. Then we were at Barbara's house. Quickly, she ushered me in then into her sitting room, where she indicated what I was to do and within minutes, I was sitting docile and soft on her lap.

"I've been thinking!" she said after giving me a quick kiss.

"About us?" I asked nervously.

"Of course – you silly thing. Came to a conclusion too."

I lifted my head pretending interest. Well 'pretending' is the wrong word. I was interested. Maybe it was something that might get me out of my current predicament, but once she started I could tell that, if anything, I was deeper in it.

"Seems to me." She started. "That you were brought up as a boy."

I almost got humorous at that point – what did she expect? But she continued.

"So? I have a lot of brainwashing to get through to help you accept a lifestyle that I'm sure that you're unaccustomed to – but I'm sure that you'll end up loving."

"A lifestyle?" I gulped.

"Of course! I like my boys to be all soft and sweet. Wear pretty clothes. Be undemanding – do as I want in other words."

"I don't know as if I'd like that - not very much." I said, adding the last bit hastily.

She had picked me up and was carrying me into her bedroom, talking as she went. "Of course you wouldn't! That's just what I'm trying to say! You definitely have some of the prerequisites already. You're sweet and nice and obedient. Nice and weak, so I don't have THAT to overcome! But you've never been taught how sweet and nice it is when you are given girl things. Neat fabrics that feel like heaven – just about any color. Soft behavior – not expected to make hard decisions, just do as you're told. Doesn't that seem attractive to you?"

"I'm not . . . I'm not . . ."

"Trust me!" she said soothingly and was now kissing me as a prelude to our sex. But there was something different! She was slowly undressing me! I could pretend that I struggled but frankly I was starting to want sex too much and whatever she was doing to me – it was slow and pleasurable. Finally, I was down to my jockey shorts with my outer clothes littering the bedroom carpet.

Then it was a little embarrassing to be adjusted centrally on the bed as if I were a little child, but it didn't bother her any. Kissing me, she put a pillow under my head, then made sure I was comfortable.

“Stay right there!” she gurgled. “I want to get ready too!”

It was the first time I'd seen her undress and although she kept her bra and panties on she was a beautiful specimen. Tanned all over, lithe and powerful, and though her physique just hinted at it, her musculature was there, silk smoothness itself. Bare except for the bra and panties, she pulled me to my feet then worked me slowly over to the full length mirror so that our reflections were looking back at us.

“Now my little pussy? Who do you think looks the stronger there?” She was hugging me as she spoke.

“You do.” I replied honestly and breathlessly.

“Right! And which of us is the weak, soft, pale thing? Normally reserved for the female of a twosome?”

“Me.” I said helplessly.

“So physically? I'm more of the man than you are?” She cocked her head waiting for my answer.

“Yes. I guess so.” I blushed.

“Which one of us does what he's told?”

“I do.”

And who does the telling?”

“You do.”

“So mentally I'm more aggressive, more masculine than you?”

I just hung my head. Then felt myself being picked up and carried back to the bed. I buried my face into her firm breasts as she did so, ashamed at my lack of backbone. Tenderly, she laid me down centrally as before, my head on the pillow.

“I'm sorry for disturbing you.” She said. “Just wanted you to get some idea of my reasoning. Now, you're in the center – right?”

This was totally alien to our normal quick sex. Now she was kneeling on the bed ignoring any answer I had in mind, semi-straddling me and smiling down, as if in anticipation.

“Hands up, pussy! Above your head!”

I would have questioned her, but she was moving my arms to the desired position almost as if I were surrendering, both my arms raised above my head, but flat on the bed.

Now, she was wrapping something about my wrists that I hadn't noticed before and I knew I was being tied to the bed.



“Good little pussy!” She gurgled as she finished tying my arms then worked her way down. “Open you legs a little would you darling?”

Obediently I found myself doing as she asked, and then as she let out a small satisfied grunt, I knew I was being tied to the bed posts by silk scarves at the legs as well. Helplessly, I looked up at her as she now straddled me, her smooth legs sliding down over my waist, her backside sitting softly on my erection. Still smiling, she worked herself up and down against my hardon.

“Well!” she said. “Ready?”

I looked around me wildly, scared out of my mind now. “I don't understand what's going on Barbara. Please?”

“Trust me my little pussy. Just TRY and overcome all of that masculine brainwashing you went through. Okay?” She reached forward so that her

breasts were practically into my face, then leaned back again. Smiled down and slowly took the metallic top from a lipstick tube.

“Now hold still – but pout for me a little, darling. I KNOW that you're not used to this, but just try and keep an open mind. Okay?”

“Barbara? Please?”

“Just hush a wee while my pretty little thing. Pout now please?”

Now, submissive and docile, I lay under her as she methodically and slowly put a red lipstick on my lips, then she started to put some eye shadow on me – but didn't like something, so plucked a few eyebrows. Then I HAD to lie still as she applied mascara to my lashes, a little eye shadow – then blusher to my cheeks.

Then, to my shame, she produced a wig – not flashy, but a nice feminine waved dark brown, that fell around my shoulders. Tenderly, she lifted my head from the pillow then slid the wig on to place. Adjusted it, then pressed it on my head, I figure to set it somewhat in position.

Now she got up and went to the dresser. Came back. “Can you see?” she asked waving a hand mirror in front of my face. I really didn't want to look, but curiosity made me. A girl like face was looking back. Soft weak eyes and a pouting mouth. Soft, sultry, eyes. Finally I tore my eyes away from what she'd made me – but Barbara was there now, waiting for me to look at her, which I couldn't resist.

“Not so bad, huh? Can't call me crazy altogether? Nice looking broad, aren't you, huh?” She smiled at me. Then she produced this great large pair of shears and started towards my groin!

“Please!” I screamed. “NO! Leave me BE! I'm SORRY!”

She actually looked befuddled for a short moment then she laughed as she caught my thoughts. “No, my little pussy. I'm not making a girl out of you – not yet!” Then she proceeded to use the scissors to cut through my underpants! Left me as nude as a jaybird as she took the remnants of my underwear and tossed it casually aside.

“Other than your hardon missy? There's not a manly thing about you, is there?” She asked as she straddled me, fitted a condom around me, and fitted herself around my penis. Looked down on me with a triumphant smile. “And I won't take too long to get rid of that, will I?” Then she started lowering and raising herself on me, asking if I were her little pussy. At this point she demonstrated that I was so obedient that I wouldn't come until she let me – and shame of shames? It worked. Finally, after I pleaded, she had me meow like the little pussy I was, and then she let me discharge.

I'd thought she was finished, but she got up from me and cleaned me off, then herself. Didn't untie me, just let me lie there in my femininity. “Letting

some of the niceness soak in.” Was how she explained it. Then after a little while, she came and leaned over me.

“Sore? My little darling?”

“A little bit.” I admitted.

“Well. I want to take no chances of having your male thingie get in the way for a little while. How's it going?” And she caressed my penis! As I oohed and aahed, it rose again!

“Just as I thought!” she laughed. Then another condom was being fitted to me.

This time, I was longer in coming, but once I did, she got up and cleaned us off again. This time though, she untied me and allowed me to get up. Stiff and sore, I did, very aware of my feminine appearance. With raised eyebrows, she handed me a pair of lacy pink panties.

“I don't like you much in pink.” She said. “But it's symbolic – for your first pair of panties. Nice – don't you think?”

“This your idea of making me a girl?” I asked as I stepped shyly into them and adjusted them to me. “If so, it ain't working.”

She smiled. “Rome wasn't built in a day. You don't have an erection right now – do you?”

“I wish!” I said and had to laugh. “Too sore!”

She laughed along with me. “You see pussy? I wanted you to forget all that masculine bullshit that you've been fed. Just wanted you to feel the niceness of the panties – without distraction – and they DO feel nice – huh?”

“They're all right,” I said though secretly I knew that what she was trying to tell me was correct. They DID feel nice. Damned if I was going to admit it though.

“Good. Now want to take off your wig and makeup?”

“Got THAT right!” I said smartly. “No catch?”

She shook her head. “No catch. They served their purpose. You can take the wig off and if you know how to cream off your makeup, the stuff's in the bathroom.”

“I don't understand. What are you doing?”

She shrugged. “I made you up like a girl. Treated you like one. Had sex that you seemed to like. Just introducing you to the other gender side of things.”

“If you're finished – then what's with the panties?”

“Oh them? Just to remind you constantly of today – and what I want you to become.” Then she hesitated. “I DID forget something. I have a dozen pairs of panties looked out for you to take home with you. That’s what I want you to wear from now on. I hope you don’t mind?”

I tried to laugh but couldn’t. “You want ME to wear women’s panties?”

“From now on. Yes. Do you have a problem? You just said they felt all right – and I think you might have been pulling my leg a little. I realize that it’s no small thing to ask of you, but face it. They feel all right – mean a lot to me – and nobody’ll ever see them!”

“Oh no? What about Joyce?” I felt myself start to pant.

She peered earnestly at me before she answered. “I don’t think she’ll care. Tell you what? She doesn’t like them when she sees you wearing them? The deal is off. I won’t bug you again. But if she doesn’t mind? You throw away all those masculine uglies you’ve been wearing as underpants. Deal?”

I stepped back from her in a sort of fright and she shook her head regretfully. “I don’t see what the big problem is. I think we both know that I could MAKE you do this – but I’m trying to leave it to your sense of fairness!”

“My sense of WHAT?” I couldn’t help but show my astonishment at her words.

“Fairness. I want one thing. You want another. I think that what I want gives us a pleasant sex life. You’ve already tried YOUR way and damn near ruined a marriage and there’s NO way that you and I could enjoy each other’s company in a sexual way now.. In the sex we’ve had you have enjoyed it – and don’t even THINK of telling me otherwise. If you’re fair to me, you’ll do what I want. Simple as that!”

“But it’s not fair to Joyce!”

Barbara laughed. “That’s good! You’ve driven her away to get a decent sex life on her own. Was that fair? I haven’t asked her if she’d mind you becoming my girl. Not directly – but I’m willing to bet that she only wants you to become true to yourself now. Is doing what I want that bad?”

“I don’t know, but . . .”

“Dear? I’m losing patience with you. Would you like to put your clothes on and go home just the way you are? Wig? Makeup? ” Her voice was getting a little frigid.

“No.”

“Good. Then put your pants on over your nice panties, get yourself cleaned up and you can then go home okay? On top of that? I think it would be taken very well if you thanked me for your nice panties.”

It was getting beyond discussion and I could see that she was getting riled. "Thank you for the panties Barbara." I said meekly.

"Think you'll get to like them?"

"Don't know for sure Barbara. But I'll try."

"Much better. Off you go and get cleaned up. Your new panties are in that Lingerie shopping bag marked "Oooh La La" . You won't forget them, will you?"

"Oh no."

* * *

Barbara didn't come in to my house, but was still a little cold to me. It was confusing then to be welcomed by Joyce as if I'd been away for a long time on some hazardous mission. Where Barbara had been on the distant side, Joyce was warm and motherly. Spoke to me in a soft, cooing voice.

"Oh darling!" she said, kissing me on both cheeks. "Was everything all right? You look very tired. Come along with me and tell me all about it."

Let's face it. I had become used to the panties physically, but it was as if I couldn't forget they were there. Something seemed to have been taken out of me. Sure, I was tired – sex twice in a row did that to me, but I felt shorn somehow. Weakened? As if I'd had one layer of masculinity taken away from me. Even more defenseless than I normally felt.

"It was really okay!" I mumbled defensively. "Nothing to worry about!" Though I went along weakly when she put an arm around me and led me.

But then I let out a 'hey' of surprise as Joyce had found an easy chair in the Sitting room, sat down – and had pulled me down as well, so that I was sitting on her lap! Not only that? She had pulled my head back so that it rested on her shoulder.

"Whoa!" I said tiredly, but had no resistance when she kept holding me.

"It's much more comfy to have a nice chat this way!" She whispered. "Tell Joyce all about it. Barbara wasn't mean to you, was she?"

"Mean?" I swallowed.

"Didn't have to spank you or anything?"

"Certainly not!" I muttered indignantly, then to my absolute horror, I started to cry. I just felt SO subdued! Even by Joyce now!

"She wasn't - - didn't . . . I mean she . . ." I sobbed incoherently.

"Have a GOOD cry!" Joyce soothed me. "Girls have learned over the years that a nice cry can do a world of good! Poor little thing! It must be stressful for you having Barbara teach you how to behave differently. Now tell Joyce all about it! After you've had your cry of course!"

I lived up to my pink undies as I ended up lying in her arms and blubbering about being made up like a girl and treated like one, with Joyce wiping away my tears with soft kisses and making soft motherly sounds. She did interrupt me a few times.

“Did you say that your wig was a dark brown?”

“Yes.”

“I don't know. Don't you think you'd look nicer as a blonde? Say a nice ash blonde?”

“I don't know.” I mumbled.

“And I hope that the lipstick and makeup she put on you wasn't all cheap and tawdry?”

“I don't think so?”

“Well! I hope not! But when you saw yourself in the mirror. Were you pretty?”

I blushed a deep shade of red. “Oh Joyce! I couldn't tell! I'm a MAN for goodness sake! Surely I couldn't be described as pretty?”

“You blush SO well! Can't blame me for thinking you could get pretty!” she laughed. “But you will remind me to tell Barbara that I think you'd be far nicer looking as a blonde? You won't forget, will you?”

I looked into my wife's smiling face and weakly promised to remind her to make her suggestions to Barbara on how to make me more feminine.

“Now darling?” She said coyly. “That's a lovely bag you have with you. Lingerie?”

“Yes.” I gulped, almost ready to cry again.

“For ME?”

This was something I hadn't thought about. Oh grief! “It's panties – for me.” I said quickly. “Barbara wants me to start wearing them full time!” Then I added hopefully. “Unless you object?”

“Why should I object?” she asked, puzzled. “May I have a look?”

I nodded and she reached down and went into the bag where I'd laid it beside the chair. Lifted out a handful of multi-colored, lacy, satin panties.

“Oooh! They're lovely!” She patted my cheek in play. “Now WHY should I object to these? They're briefs and I normally don't wear panties of that style. But why should I disagree to YOU wearing nice things like that? Why don't you go and put on a pair? Let me see them on you?”

“I'm already wearing a pair. Barbara wanted me to start wearing them immediately.”

“You sly thing! What color?”

“Pink.”

She made a tutting sound. “Pink is NOT your color dear!”

“I don't want to wear panties at ALL, Joyce!” I protested.

She tutted again. “I can see your brainwashing coming in to play! Now don't you see that all of the things that Barbara is doing is only for your own good? What's wrong with panties? I wear them all the time. I'd even bet that Barbara does TOO!”

I looked at her in amazement. “But you're BOTH women for Chrissake!”

“You'd better not let Barbara hear you use words like that! Not ladylike at all!” Her voice had a tart edge to it at that point.

“But I'm NOT a lady!” I yelped, almost weeping with frustration.

She was getting upset. “First of all, you point out that both Barbara and myself are women! I don't take offense at that. That's what I AM.” She picked up her cell phone. “But do you want me to call Barbara and tell her that you just implied that it's okay for HER to wear panties – but not YOU?” She started to dial!

“Please Joyce? Don't!” My eyes were starting to water again.

I could hear the dial happening. She looked at me somewhat coldly. “Are you going to stop all this nonsense? Wear your panties like Barbara wants?”

“Yes.” I said humbly. Then I could hear a tinny. “Hello – Barbara here.”

Joyce's face got calm. “Hi Barbara. Joyce here. I just wanted to say how much good I think that you're doing Alan . . .”

The voice at the other end said something, and Joyce responded.

“Oh dear! I can sympathize with you and how difficult it must be! But I can see a BIG difference in him already.” Then she paused.

“Oh yes. He was grumbling a little bit about the panties, but I think he sees the light now. After we finish here, I'll make sure his old underpants are readied for the goodwill pickup. Tomorrow I'll make sure that he's properly dressed. Just like you want!”

I tapped her on the knee. She looked at me but spoke into the phone. “Hold on a minute Barbara. My little darling wants to say something. She turned her head to me.

“You asked me to remind you – about the blonde hair?” I whispered subserviently. I had sensed that she was getting upset. This way? It wasn't anything she'd miss anyway – and I made some brownie points.

“Oh yes! Isn't he a little sweetheart?” She laughed. Then “Hold on a minute Barbara – of course you can talk to him!” She handed me the phone.

“You didn't say that being a blonde was what you wanted!” Barbara said as soon as I was on the phone.

“It was . . . It was . . . Joyce's idea, Barbara!”

“Well I think it was nice. What kind of blonde wig should I get you? Bubble cut? Down to the shoulders? Peroxide blonde – all brassy and girlie?” It was just an additional embarrassment to me but I could tell she was enjoying the conversation.

Meekly, I piped up. “Joyce said something about Ash blonde? But I don't know about the length. She'd probably be the best judge.”

“Of course she would! That's a good little pussy! Now give her the phone back please.”

Barbara was speaking nicely to me now – more as if I were a little child – a girl child – but it was better than the evidence of frigid politeness she'd been showing towards me when I left her. Gladly, I turned the phone over to Joyce. Found that for some reason I felt happier and more secure on her lap now. Settled back with my head resting on her shoulders quite happily. Let my mind wander sleepily as the two women had a fairly lengthy conversation. Didn't pay much attention, just heard Joyce say “I agree” quite a lot.

Finally, Joyce closed the conversation. Kissed me. “My! You've turned into a real sleepyhead. Did you hear what Barbara and I talked about?”

“No. Not really.”

“Well, it was the very first real chance we had to talk and I'm SO impressed! She really wants to help you – just as I do – bet we determined that even though it might be a little difficult for you, we will just have to be firm and make sure that you do as you're told. I told her what a big change there had been in you already and even though she was delighted she felt that you could be improved even more.”

“But I've been very good!” I complained. “You even said so yourself!”

She looked at me fondly. “Yes! So you won't raise a fuss if I suggest that you get rid of all your body hair today? It won't be too much of a bother – and I can give you all the stuff you need, so that you can have a nice nap – then you can get all nice and smooth for Barbara and me. Okay?”

I yawned sleepily. “Okay Joyce. If that's what you girls want. I guess I can do that.”

“Fine! Then after that, you can change and let me see how you look in a pair of your new panties?” She smiled. “You DO blush so prettily Alan. I never noticed it before. But come along and we'll put you down for a nap.”

I found myself giggling. “A nap? Put me DOWN? Come on Joyce, I'm not some kid you know!”

She kissed me tenderly. “I know how it must sound pussy – but Barbara and I agree that it's best for you if you start seeing us as figures of authority – almost as if we were your mummies. We want you – no – expect you to do as we ask and figure out that if you start off by accepting our authority, everything else will come so MUCH easier for you. So let's get you down for your nap, shall we?”

It was ridiculous – she didn't quite undress me – but it was close. As it was still afternoon, she didn't feel that me putting on my pajamas was called for – but she had me strip down to my panties – which she adored! “So cute on you!” She said, patting my ass as I climbed into bed, with her holding up the bedclothes. Then she TUCKED me in! Kissed me softly and hoped that I had a nice, restful, nap!

The worst of it was that I found myself looking up at her gratefully and kissing her back softly, feeling warm and cuddly as I did so. I fell asleep quickly.

* * *

“Be honest now! Don't even TRY to say that you don't feel marvelous!” Joyce smiled at me as I stood in front of her – minus all of my body hair – dried (by her) in a large warm fuzzy towel and powdered in some flowery scented talcum. To make matters worse, she had given me a flowered quilted housecoat to wear – flowered in pink with large rounded collars and the type that buttoned up the front.

“Now come ON Alan!” She had said, producing the housecoat. “Yes – I know it's feminine, but do you expect me to see how you feel without that body hair in your ratty old plaid dressing gown? I mean – it's not like I'm asking you to wear a feminine negligee or anything, is it? I mean – be FAIR!” She stroked my arms. “Now please tell me that you don't feel scrumptious!”

I was dazed. The warm water and the showering had weakened me. On top of that, her solicitous behavior as she had ensured that I had shaved and used depilatories had made me feel even weaker. If wearing panties had stripped one layer of masculinity away from me, standing there in the pink, frilled, housecoat in front of my wife had almost totally emasculated me.

“Doesn't it feel just lovely?” She pressed – then pulled me into her. Stroked the housecoat so that I could feel the smooth nakedness underneath.

“Yes.” I admitted slowly, enjoying the sensuality.

“Finally!” She crowed in triumph. “You admitted it! Now let’s get your panties on. I looked out a pair of periwinkle blue for you that I just adore!”

I hadn't really noticed but she was dressed in some very nice lingerie under her robe herself. Once I had stepped into my panties – which she admired very much, she threw off her robe and put on a shimmering cocktail dress.

“You look very nice.” I said. “Going somewhere?”

“Oh yes. Didn't I mention it? I have a date with John tonight. Made us an early dinner and he'll be picking me up fairly early as we're going to friends of his for a drink, then going dancing.”

She'd made no secret of her dating other men for quite a long time but even though I pretended to be all modern and uncaring, I still felt the pangs of jealousy. She interrupted my thoughts though.

“I'm SO excited but him! Gets me all creamy just thinking about him. Think you could help me relax?”

“Huh? How could I do that?”

“Be my little pussy doll and brush my hair for me? Just brush it?”

“I don't know if I can . . .”

“Silly! Girls do it for each other ALL the time. I'd even bet that you might enjoy it! Here's the brush!”

So? Standing there in nothing but my flowery housecoat and lacy panties I brushed my wife's hair to help make her look pretty for another man. She smiled at me in the mirror too – as she told me about how manly he was – about the hair on his chest and arms – “Not smooth like you are now dear”. She told me how he kissed her, then kept on until I had to describe how Barbara kissed me. “See?” She smiled when I had finished. “Isn't girl talk nice?”

I finally managed to get some normal clothes over my panties, while she set up a light dinner. “Wish me luck!” she whispered as a demanding horn finally sounded outside. “Don't do anything I wouldn't do!” she said in farewell to me slyly as she took off.

I cleaned up the dinner dishes then tidied up. Watched TV for a while, then went to bed. Joyce woke me up around two in the morning. She was a little high.

“Help me get out of this dress, would you darling?” She giggled. “There's a few back fasteners that are kinda small and difficult for me to get to – especially, (she hiccupped) when I'm a little tipsy!”

Then treating me nicely, but as if I were some sort of sexless thing – maybe another girl – she changed from her undies into nightwear, then joined me in bed. Put her arm around me companionably and started telling me how John had been such a wonderful date.

“So strong! So demanding! The beast (she giggled) wouldn't take no for an answer!” And she giggled as she described how he had gradually undressed her and then made love to her. I finally couldn't take it anymore!

“I can't say I like to hear you going on about him Joyce! After all, I'm still your husband!” I was impressed by how calm I was.

“Silly!” She kissed me! “I don't get jealous when you tell me about YOUR boyfriend! And it's not as if I see you as a MAN for goodness sake!”

I found myself panting with indignation. “Barbara isn't my boyfriend – for heaven's sake!”

“She's NOT? How come?” Joyce was giggling again. “Isn't she the boss? The man of you two? Just like John is with me?”

“Oh stop it!” I said.

“She wants you all smooth – and you get all smooth – just like me? Like a girl? She wants you to wear satin panties – and you do – like me – like a girl?” She giggled again. “Did you know that she thinks you should have been called Helen instead of Alan? Doesn't sound like she thinks that you're her man!”

“She calls me WHAT?” I asked horrified.

Joyce shrugged, a little guiltily. “Maybe I shouldn't have said. It's like a pet name she uses for you.”

“Not right!” I grumbled.

“Oh stop that! She calls you her little pussy! Think that pussy describes men? C'mon! Now cuddle into me – and I'll talk about John – and you can gossip about Barbara! I promise I won't tell her!”

With that, my weak little wife pulled me into her – and I could NOT get away! I didn't try much of course but unfortunately she figured out what I was trying to do – so just held me into her! “Behave!” She giggled.

“Barbara told me what a weak little thing you were – and I must admit that I like it! So just lie there nicely!”

It didn't take long before she fell asleep, but it was long enough for her to go into more detail about what a lovely man John was – and force some girlish confidences about Barbara from me. Naturally, I was embarrassed, but gradually the warmth the darkness and the silky softness of Joyce comforted me and I snuggled in comfortably before she was in dreamland.

The following morning, she was a little shamefaced as she served up breakfast. Finally she blurted out. "I know I was a trifle shit-faced last night, but I didn't blab about what Barbara wanted from you today, did I?"

"Barbara? Today? What are you talking about? I didn't even know we were going to see her today. What does she want?" I heard my voice rising and the nervousness there.

"NUTS!" She said, her head in her hands. "I didn't mean to make you all nervous dear. Barbara just wants to ask a favor of you. That's all. She asked me not to tell. Wanted to see your reaction when she asked you." She shook her head. "I feel like such a blabbermouth!"

"Please dear?" I wheedled. "I don't want Barbara to get mad at me. Can't you give me a hint of what she has in mind?"

She looked at me searchingly. "I don't want to be mean dear. But you ARE sounding kinda scared of her."

I sighed. "Well Joyce? I have to admit that I don't want her losing her temper. If that makes me a coward, then I guess that's what I am. Please tell me?"

She sighed. "You won't let on that I've told you?"

"No. Honest."

She sighed again. Took a sip of her coffee. "Look dear? Barbara is trying to open up your – your – feminine side. Right?"

I nodded.

"And? I want to say that I agree with her!" She added forcibly. "I think she's made you into a happier person! You're MUCH nicer to have around!"

"Maybe?" I agreed cautiously. "But what does she have in mind?"

"It's that kind of negative thinking she doesn't care for." She said sharply. "She's tried to introduce you to the nice things about being a girl – and it's like you fight her all the time! Just like you do with ME at times!"

I looked at her, helpless in the face of this so-called logical thinking. "But Joyce? I'm a guy! How does she expect me to behave?"

"Properly!" She said tartly. "Appreciate what she's trying to do – and how you're not making things any easier! Look! Do you want me to tell you – or are you going to stand around and argue all day?"

"I'm sorry. Please tell me."

"Well!" She said, but I could tell that she was somewhat mollified. "I don't know what she has in mind exactly, but she feels that it would only be fair if she introduced you to some of the less-nicer things about being a girl."

“Less nicer? I don't know what she's talking about. Can't you guess?” I asked.

She thought for a minute. “Maybe put you on a monthly cycle?” She said thoughtfully. “Make you wear Tampax or Sanitary Towels for a few days?”

I looked at her in horror. “She wouldn't do that! Surely?”

Joyce shrugged. “It's a thing that girls have to put up with.” Then she thought some more. “Maybe get you to take a wax job? That can hurt.” Then she shook her head. “Nah. She asked me to get you smooth last night – don't see her doing that. Maybe get your ears pierced?” She grinned to herself. “Maybe a REALLY tight corset? I don't know.”

She was totally unconcerned as she added. “I don't have any idea what she has in mind. All I suggest is that you do as she asks. She'll expect SOME complaints from you, but as long as you act like a good little girl in front of here and do as you're told? I don't see . . .”

I HAD to try some more. Interrupted. “Joyce? Please. I'm not a girl! Can't you see that?”

“Alan? It's not ME you have to convince. Barbara is bound and determined to have you act in a certain way. Up until now, you've done as she wants. Witness the panties you're wearing. If you're gonna change her mind? You'd better get a move on and convince her she's wrong.” She grinned. “Otherwise dear? You better start figuring out that you're her Helen.” She looked at her watch. “I think we'd better get a move on. She asked me to get you over there early.”

* * *

Barbara greeted us as we arrived. Joyce got a perfunctory kiss, while Barbara presented herself in such a way that I knew that a soft kiss on each cheek was what she wanted from me. As I kissed her softly and daintily, I felt her fingernail probe the elastic leg of my panties, pull them out a little and then snap back quietly when she let go.

“Getting used to your new undies?” She asked.

“Yes Barbara.” I answered meekly.

“I meant to ask you?” She asked Joyce. “Did you like his panties?”

“Oh yes!” Joyce said seriously. “I can't say I cared for the pink ones, but the yellow ones he has on today? Lovely!”

“That's my little pussy!” Barbara said in an excited tone, giving me a hug. “I can't believe you picked yellow! Come in, come in!”

I couldn't figure what was so special about yellow – but figured I'd find out – which I did.

She led us in to the sitting room. There she held up something in yellow. "Isn't this lovely Alan? I bought it especially for you – and you must have guessed when you put your yellow panties on! Maybe you're getting feminine intuition?"

"A dress?" I gasped.

"No silly!" She answered coyly. "D'you wish it was?"

"No!" I gulped audibly. "What is it?"

"I want to ask you a favor first? Joyce and I thought we'd do some shopping first thing – and I didn't think you'd want to come with us. Would you mind staying here and cleaning up? The house is pretty untidy. If you would? I got this nice apron for you to wear while you clean up."

I breathed a big sigh of relief, but didn't show my elation. Cleaning house? It was a LOT better than being introduced to Tampax but at the same time, I knew I'd better not look TOO eager.

"Oh – you're right – I'd hate to go shopping with you two!" I laughed. "Wouldn't mind cleaning your house – would give me something to do. But I really wouldn't need an apron, would I?"

"You wouldn't get mad at me for asking you to clean house? Wouldn't be below your dignity as a MAN? Say if I mentioned that my kitchen floor could use a good scrubbing?" She was asking me cautiously here and pretending not to be too concerned how I replied.

"Certainly not!" I said positively.

"Wouldn't object to wearing an apron while you did the housework?"

I took my heart in my hands. "Barbara? I won't say that I'm altogether comfortable with what's going on, but even though I DO have some disagreement, I know that you're trying to help me become a better person, so an apron won't kill me!"

I saw Barbara's mouth fall open in amazement a little and out of the side of my eye saw Joyce's look of approval. Then Barbara recovered her aplomb.

"Thank you, my little pussy! Now let's get your apron on, shall we?"

"I don't think I've ever seen an apron quite like that!" Joyce exclaimed softly as Barbara tied me in at the back and I knew that I felt even weaker as I could feel it flow about me. It may have been an apron – I don't think there was any doubt about that – but it was a summery plaid in yellow and white and full skirted with the skirt pleated in such a way that it seemed to come out from a small waist. I mean, I'm thin – but I really don't have much of a waist – but it looked as if I did!

The neck was square and hemmed in white and a full bodice with the material going all the way back to tie – with a FULL bow at the waist back

and a smaller bow at the neck. I could not see – just felt Barbara's smile as she imprisoned me within it.

“Can't say I have either!” she answered Joyce. “SO practical – and yet so attractive! SO darling!” She smiled at me. “Turn, would you darling? I like the way the skirt falls below the knees, yet have a feeling that it must bell out nicely. So turn, would you pussy?”

And in my dress-like apron, I turned and pirouetted in front of the two women as they smiled at each other and commented on how cute I was. They even laughed and commented that maybe I should wear pink aprons if I was going to blush so nicely – they would suit my coloring so much better.

Barbara showed me where all the cleaning stuff was before they left. Frankly, I was glad to get rid of the women. My act – because that was what it was – had got me out of trouble. Okay, it was embarrassing, but there wasn't anyone to see my shame as I acted the scullery maid and scrubbed the kitchen floor. While it dried I tidied up a little. Found out that a big Golf tournament was finishing up and watched a good deal of that. Vacuumed a bit. Polished some brassware. Certainly did not goof off, got some work done and had a reasonably pleasant afternoon.

The women were gone for a fair while but got back in well before dinnertime. They were carrying some parcels and had a jovial air about them. Well pleased with their shopping trip. Gradually, however, I started feeling a growing coldness from Barbara.

“What did you DO today, pussy? Did you scrub the kitchen floor like I asked?”

“Oh YES Barbara! First thing!”

“Then?”

I found that I was quite nervous as I detailed what I'd been doing. Especially when she went and stood by the TV set. Felt it.

“And pussy? Watch some TV did you?”

“Ah. Yes. Well. That big tournament was on.”

“Golf?” She had a lazy tone to her voice now, and I could sense unease coming from Joyce, but didn't dare look.

“Yes Barbara.” I admitted. “But I did tidy – and vacuum – and dust - and .”

“Mmmm. TV set is still warm – so you had that on for a while?”

“Well – maybe – but I wasn't watching it ALL the time.”

She pointed to a magazine. "Wouldn't you think that that belonged with the others?" She pointed to a grouping of the magazines of the same type on a coffee table.

"Ah! I'm sorry. I didn't see that."

She nodded as she walked to a chiffonier and ran a finger in through some artwork. "What is THIS? Dust?"

"I'm sorry Barbara. I didn't see that." I was dry mouthed by this time.

She looked at Joyce. "What do you think?"

Joyce shrugged. "Up to you, I guess."

"No arguments?"

"Like I just said. Up to you. I won't raise a fuss."

Barbara smiled gently at me. "Take your shoes and pants off please?"

"Huh?"

"And while you do that? Let me explain. Take them off now – please?"

I took a quick look at Joyce, but she just gave me a disgusted look for some reason. Barbara had taken a threatening step towards me in the meantime, so I kicked my shoes off quickly.

"Let me explain pussy!" She said kindly. "I've been introducing you to the feminine side of things. Let's face it? I'd like you girlish – I can maybe even understand that you're fighting me - even though I feel that your girly tendencies won't allow you."

"I don't fight you Barbara – well, not much. Honest!" I said.

"Maybe so. But reach up under the skirts of your apron. Step out of those male pants!" She wasn't fooling, so I did. Suddenly felt even more feminine, facing her – almost in a dress now. Panties rubbing against the apron.

She spoke severely to me again. "You see Helen? Girls are brought up to do jobs properly. Not half done – with one eye on the TV. When they do the work that they were meant to do? They excel! If I'd left a maid in here today? This place would be SHINING! But it's NOT, is it?"

"Maybe not exactly?" I offered weakly.

"No. It isn't. Is it? Now why don't you come over here to me, huh? I think you need a nice spanking. That way, when I leave you with a job to do after this, you won't disappoint me, will you?"

"Are you going to spank me?" I asked. "Please don't? It's very insulting."

"But it's for your own good. Don't you see that? It's going to hurt, and you're going to cry. But next time you'll know better. Don't you think? And

for your information? Some girls actually don't mind being spanked. You might even learn to enjoy it! So come on over here, pussy. I think you need a good, thorough, paddling!"

"Barbara? In front of my wife? Please don't. It's very shameful!" I was asking her, very softly now.

"Do you think I shouldn't?" Barbara asked Joyce.

Joyce looked at me from across the room. Shook her head and replied. "I can see why your impatience is being strained Barbara. Frankly? I think you have been more than patient!" She spoke to me. "Alan? Stop being so difficult! Do as Barbara tells you!"

Barbara was sitting in a straight back chair. "Come here Helen!" she said, beckoning to me.

"Please don't call me Helen?" I asked as I went and started forward over her knees.

"I should call you something else?" She asked, pulling my apron skirts aside and baring my yellow satin underwear. "I'm just about to spank you for not doing your housework correctly – and I'm going to spank you on your panties? What else do you think I should call you?"

I felt her pull the skirt of my apron aside, stretch and apply a sharp slap on my lacy, satin, backside.

Ooooooh!" I yelled. Until then, I suppose I felt that a spanking would probably be painful and humiliating – maybe at a childhood level? She, however, was one adult spanking another adult and not holding anything back. I started to squirm and wiggle, but discovered absolutely now that there was no doubt about who was the stronger between us. Soon I lay, actually crying and snuffling as her hand consistently rose and fell on my backside. Finally, she stopped.

Then, I was turned around and sat on her lap. Cradled while Joyce brought over some tissue and wiped my face free of tears and snot. I couldn't meet her eyes. Finally, Barbara spoke to me.

"Did that hurt?"

"Oh yes Barbara! It hurt!" I snuffled.

"But you realize it was for your own good. That you needed it badly?"

"Yes Barbara."

"So after this, if you're asked to DO something – you'll take really good care to make sure that it's done properly? Especially if it's a girly job?"

"Oh yes Barbara."

"And if it's any woman?"

I didn't know exactly what she meant, but wasn't about to disagree. Nodded vigorously.

“So, if Joyce asks you to do something, you'll do what she wants?”

“Yes.”

“Good. So go and sit on her lap and say you're sorry for being naughty in the past, that you'll be a good little girl in the future! Go on now!”

Joyce smiled gently at me as I shambled over to her then spread her legs so that I could sit on her lap. Cuddled me as I leaned my head onto her shoulders.

“Well? You got yourself spanked, didn't you?”

“Yes Joyce.”

“I hope you see that Barbara simply did it for your own good?”

“Yes. I was naughty.”

“You're going to stop being naughty?”

“Yes. I'll be good.”

“For me as well?”

“Oh yes!”

She hugged me tight. “Are you offended when Barbara calls you a girl now?”

“No Joyce.”

“You feel sorry for not doing a proper job of housework – like a REAL girl would?”

“Yes Joyce.”

“Like another try to show her how good you can be?”

“Yes Joyce.”

“Remember how I thought you might look good as a blonde?”

“Yes Joyce.”

“Well, guess what? When Barbara and I were shopping today, she bought you a brand new blonde wig. Do you think she might like it if you tried it on – maybe let ME put a little makeup on you? While you tried your housework again?”

I did gulp at this, but nodded as happily as I could.

“Come along then, and I'll make you nice for Barbara!”

A little while later, Barbara actually BEAMED as Joyce presented me to her again. I was in my blonde wig and still without pants, so it looked even more like I was a girl wearing a dress. “Oh Helen! You’re SO pretty! Hasn’t your wife made you look cute? Just like a real girl for goodness sake! Your makeup is perfect!”

Then she giggled even more as I took both sides of my apron in my hands and, just like Joyce had taught me, curtsied! “Thank you Barbara!” I said sweetly, pouting my mouth and batting my eyelashes in a very suggestive manner.

“Ooooh!” Barbara laughed at Joyce. “Do you mind if I have him for a moment or two?”

“Certainly not!” Joyce giggled.

“Come here then Helen!” Barbara ordered. When I did, she took me on her lap for a little while and, with my wife watching, proceeded to treat me like a girl – messing up my makeup in the process, running her hand up my skirt and caressing my panties as I made tiny little screams of protest, while Joyce looked on fondly.

After Barbara let me up, I spent the rest of the day and evening doing the housework – when I wasn’t serving the girls a drink or catering to other wants. We sent out for pizza and had our meal in a very informal manner, though Barbara thought it a good idea that I start to curtsy Joyce as well. So the day passed, both girls lolling around and having a good time, while I worked. Finally, Barbara said she was satisfied and let me change back into my normal clothes – putting my pants on and taking the apron off – “Until next time!” as she pointed out.

“Is the house done to your satisfaction Barbara?” Joyce asked.

Barbara nodded. “It’s nice but I’ll probably ask Helen to come over here and do it again.” She turned to me. “Would you mind doing that, Helen?”

My eyes went down. “I’m sorry I disappointed you Barbara. I’ll try harder next time.”

“Good girl!” Barbara said.

* * *

“She called you a girl! A number of times!” Joyce said as we arrived at the house.

“I know!” I said dolefully, expecting Joyce to tease me, but I was wrong.

“You don’t sound too happy about this!” Joyce said exultantly. “But it means that you’re coming along – just the way she wants you to. A girl! You’re learning!” She closed the car door then she looked at me closely and sighed. “I can tell that you’re not as happy as you should be. Let me get a few parcels from the trunk. You can give me a hand.”

She had a few bulky parcels so I took some and carried them. Didn't think too much of them, after all, she had been shopping with Barbara and I figured that the parcels were stuff she'd bought for herself. As it turned out, I was right – but only partially. A few were for me but she waited until we were in the house before she handed two to me.

“I really liked those aprons that Barbara got you. So here's a few more.”

I felt my eyes widen. “You said aprons – with an 'S'. I thought she only bought me one!”

“Well? You were wrong. You only saw one. She figured that you'd probably get fed up having to wear the same one over and over again.”

“But what did you buy me aprons for? I don't need them around here!” I protested.

“It's that kind of attitude that makes me realize how correct I was. At Barbara's you do housework and fetch and carry stuff. I won't say you're perfect – but today you did a bad job of housework – then after a good spanking you did a MUCH better one. You got Barbara so upset that she made you wear a nice wig and makeup. From then on you were much better behaved.”

She paused and looked at her watch. “Now. Starting now? Things are going to be different around here. What I want you to do is open up those aprons, put one on. Then put on a little lipstick and make us both a cup of tea. After that? You can open up the parcels that are for me – then help me put them on. Last thing before we go to bed? I liked you brushing my hair the other night. You can spend a few minutes on that. Is that okay – Helen?”

“This isn't FAIR!” I grumbled. “Joyce? I've spent a whole day cleaning house. I'm tired!”

She nodded. “See what happens? You get freed from being told what to do and you start becoming naughty. I'm sorry dear – but once you have your apron on? Take your pants off, like you did at Barbara's – it looks MUCH more feminine that way – before you put your makeup and some perfume on. Then you can come over my knees for a spanking. It's obvious that you don't respect me enough to realize that I'm only trying to help you please Barbara. So do it, will you?”

“You're SERIOUS!” I said and laughed a little.

“Of course I am!” She was saying it with a smile. “Did you notice that when I told you that you deserved a spanking that you were asked to take your pants down – and put on perfume? If I have to tell you again? I'll ask you to do something else. Now? Going to be good?”

I blinked in disbelief but didn't say anything. She shook her head and took off her jacket. Smiled at me. “You're not getting it Helen. When I tell you

to do something? I want it done quickly. Now? As well as the lipstick and perfume? I think some nice blusher might be in order. Doesn't that sound nice?" She took a step towards me.

"I must say that you're braver than I thought. But I'm pretty sure now that you're just a soft little weakling and that I CAN put you over my knees." She took another step.

"Please don't Joyce?" I heard myself plead.

"Sorry dear. I think I've let things get out of hand. But tell you what? You do what I tell you and come over my knees, admitting that you require a spanking, and I won't hurt you."

"I'm NOT arguing Joyce. But what do you mean?" I knew that tears of shame and humiliation weren't far away.

She brightened. "You're getting better by the minute! Later on I won't give you any explanation, but for the first time?" She thought for words. "I THINK that you going over my knees has tremendous psychological effect. From now on, you'll know that I can spank you – and tend to behave. To emphasize this? I'll spank you very lightly on your panties – but you'll squirm and squeal as if I WAS hurting you! Doesn't this sound like fun?"

"Not really, Joyce."

"HELEN! Last chance! Go and start getting ready. NOW!" She wasn't smiling any more.

The aprons were the same design as what Barbara had got for me. The colors were different – one being blue, the other green. I put on the green one then, in front of Joyce's laughing eyes, I kicked off my shoes, reached under my skirts and loosened my pants, then kicked them off. She pointed at the dressing table and I went there. Put lipstick on, then blusher, then dabbed my hair with some White Shoulders perfume. Joyce was sitting on the bed and motioned me over.

"Let's see what kind of job you did with the makeup."

She checked me out closely. "Not bad. Not bad at all. Now, over you go!" Gently she tugged me forward.

"Why am I spanking you?" She asked me kindly as she arranged me over her knees.

"I've been naughty?"

"A very good choice of words. Not masculine at all. Just what a young girl would say. But why were you naughty?" She was lifting my apron skirts slowly.

"I wanted you to think I was a man?"

“Quite a good answer again! When Barbara spansks you? I'd suggest that you answer her, just like that – make a VERY good impression!”

Then she gave me a very light spank on my panties. “But WHY would I take you for a man? Wearing pretty panties – and an apron that looks just like a dress?” She snapped the elastic and giggled softly as I let out a soft “Oooh!” of surprise, though didn't answer her question. She patted my backside again.

“That was a NICE noise you just made! Barbara calls you her little pussy! Think you could meow for me? Maybe squirm around while you did?”

It didn't take long before I knew what a picture I made – squirming and softly squealing on her lap, meowing like a pussy cat – squealing like a little piggy-wiggly as she caressed and patted my panties, and giggled as she snapped the elastic of my panties. Then her finger slid down the back of my panties and I let out a little “oof!” of surprise, as her index finger gently entered me!

“Oooh!” She cooed delightedly as I now squirmed desperately to escape. “This is something NEW! And from the feel of it? I think you're enjoying this too!” And my shame, knowing that she could feel my erection was dreadful – and yet I could not escape as I lay there, now squirming and squealing even more as her finger slowly picked up intensity and depth.

“Oh please!” I mumbled. “Oh please!”

“My little sweet!” She cooed. “Here, turn over! This is even more fun that spanking you!” And with that, she eased me around until I was on my back, staring up at her as she continued to work her finger in and out of me.

She kissed me on the lips, then put her head back thoughtfully. “You know? You look so soft and vulnerable. All dewy and virginal. Never had this before, have you?”

“No.” I said, and I was trembling.

“You kiss just like a girl – and with the lipstick and perfume? It's awfully hard for me to tell the difference. Like this, do you?”

“Y . . Y . . Yesss?” I managed.

“Well then? You want to be ready for when Barbara does this to you, do you not?”

I could only stare at her, my body now undulating under her hand.

“I think you DO!” She giggled. “All soft and helpless. Now lift those pretty lips and tell me you love me. Come along now! Pretend you're my girl and that I'm your man!”

Obediently, I started to do as I was told, but a terrible pressure was building up inside me. Suddenly I simply halted and stared at Joyce, then screamed softly to her surprise as I ejaculated.

“What?” She asked, surprised. Then she kissed me softly on the lips.
“Well, well Helen. Liked that, did you?”

“Please Joyce? I didn't mean to!” I mewled.

“You'll know better next time. Won't you? Silly girl! You've made a mess of your panties – and your nice new apron. Isn't it nice that you have other panties – and another apron? Come no now! Isn't it?”

“Yes Joyce.” I whisper, exhausted and full of shame at my performance.

* * *

The following day delineates a brand new hierarchy. I don't even wait for Joyce's raised eyebrow to get into a fresh pair of panties – navy blue this time – and slip my new, blue apron on over my normal clothes. I then take my panties and apron from the night before and, though I rinsed them before going to bed, rinse them both out completely, then wash them by hand before putting them in the dryer. Later on, Joyce stands over me as I iron the apron and makes sure that I know how to make it fresh and appealing if I ever mess it up again. I am now her inferior – and there is no doubt about it at all. But in all honesty? It starts to feel right and proper to me.

I am especially nice to her because there is something I wasn't to ask. I was still not absolutely sure that I needed to ask her permission to do as I wanted, but thought it politically wise to ask – just in case. Finally I plucked up my courage.

“Joyce? I've been meaning to ask if you had any objections if I went golfing with my friends this afternoon?”

“Mmmm. With Eric and John?”

“Yes. We normally get together once a month or so, and the date has been set for a while. Of course if you don't WANT me to, I can always call them up.”

She looked at me vaguely. “Well. It's not that I don't want you to. It's just that they ARE men you know!”

I'm afraid I looked at her blankly, because she burst out laughing. “That DID sound kinda silly, didn't it. Of COURSE they are men. I was just thinking that Barbara may not feel that masculine company is the best thing for you just now?” She smiled as she looked at me. “I mean that you're coming along SO well! Don't want you backsliding, do we?”

“It really is just a game of golf, darling. Not like we're going out boozing or anything like that.” I spoke very mildly.

"I guess that's fair." She said. "But why don't you ask Barbara? I don't think she'll object too much to you giving a little time with the boys."

"I don't suppose you'd like to ask her for me?" I said as off-handedly as I could muster.

She smiled at me. "One thing a wife learns to do is wheedle things from her husband. It won't do you any harm to start learning how to do that – will it?"

"No. Of course not!" I said as if phoning Barbara didn't scare the hell out of me.

"Well?" She asked - and handed me her cell phone. I might have reconsidered, but couldn't very well back out now so took it from her, trying to play down my sickly grin.

Barbara answered. "Hello?"

"Hi Barbara. Alan here."

"Who?"

"Alan."

A pause, then. "Oh Pussy! I'm so sorry. What's going on? Did you miss your Barbara?"

I knew better than tell the truth. "Yes. But I thought I'd check and see if it would be okay if I played golf today?"

"And you want a partner?"

"No. Not exactly. I have two friends and we have a regular game set up. I just wanted to make sure it was okay by you. That you didn't have anything in mind for me."

"Oh." The disappointment was obvious. "Men friends I assume?"

"Oh yes!"

"Not rough and rowdy I hope?"

I had to snigger. "No Barbara. They're not that way at all. We've just golfed for a long time now. Not really very good, but it's a thing."

"A man thing I guess?"

"Ha Ha! Not really. Just friends!"

"Well?" She sounded reluctant. "I guess I can't refuse my little pussy, can I?"

"I hope not Barbara!" I tried to sound properly meek, mild, and yet confident. "I'll be VERY good. Honest!"

"I'm not really that keen. You know?" She sounded hesitant, so I pressed my luck.

"Honest Barbara! I'll be good!"

She suddenly sounded cheery. "Very well then darling! I'm SURE you'll behave! Have a wonderful time!"

I couldn't believe she had been so easy and babbled my thanks – almost as if she was doing ME a favor! But I guess that was the way my mind was starting to work. We chatted a while – during which she was very nice, and then I hung up.

"Looks like everything was okay?" Joyce asked with a smile as I put the phone down.

"Whew! Yes. Thank you Joyce for being so nice." I said, thinking to make sure that I didn't burn any bridges with her.

"You're welcome dear." She said. "But if you have the time? I have a nice blouse I'd like hand washed and hung up?"

"No problem dear!" I said grandly. This was something new, but as Joyce had explained it, the more exposure I had to feminine things, the better I would suit Barbara. Naturally, I took particular care in washing and wringing it out very gently. We had an outside thing in the backyard where her fine stuff could be hung to air dry and I must admit that I felt strange going out into a semipublic area with my apron on – but Joyce insisted that this exposure was good for me, so I didn't quibble. I saw her smile as I hung up her blouse as she watched me from inside.

* * *

I can't say I was any too happy at Joyce driving me now. She told me that driving my own car might be giving me false ideas about my independence – and we didn't want that, did we? I was scared that either Eric or John would see me arrive and tease me. Figured that calling her later when we were finished would be another problem, but I'd find a way around it somehow. Luckily enough, the guys weren't around when Joyce dropped me off. Getting her farewell kiss was nice – but it was more like two girls kissing goodbye than anything else. I was thankful that the guys weren't there to see that either.

In any event, I was there, all ready when they drove up – Eric driving. To be honest, we stick together because we're all very alike. Small and probably weak. John is divorced and lives with his mother and Eric is married to a VERY bossy woman. Eleanor by name. I mean, she makes Joyce look like a wimp! Naturally, you would never think this to hear the three of us talk – deep voices, a little sly boasting about our female conquests – whistling under our breaths if a good looking woman came by. That kind of thing. Good ole boy talk! We all strolled in to pay for our

game and get the carts. As usual, Eric and John were in one cart, and I was to be by myself in the other. And there was Barbara!

“Well hello Alan!” She said as if surprised. “Fancy meeting YOU here! I just came down by myself for a game. Got room for a fourth?” Then she came and kissed me! The guys missed the girlishness of the kiss, but I was still flustered as I made the introductions. They were SO impressed! Here was this damned good looking woman who wanted to play with us! Naturally, they just about fell over themselves to have her join us.

“I'm not bad – but I haven't played in a while – so you guys won't get on my back?” Barbara laughed.

“Don't worry. We're not that good.” We all admitted modestly. In truth, we weren't even CLOSE to being good. Just weekend hackers at best.

She looked nice in a floral skirt and a polo shirt, a white visor on her hair. Very confident. I also found out that I was to share the cart with her and noticed that her clubs, which were already there were a good advanced make – but definitely used – which should have given me some warning, but didn't.

We got off in turn, with us three guys driving from the white – not championship - blue tees. I was quite proud, we all hit our drives exceptionally well – right down the middle of the first fairway. Then we all drove down to the red, women's tees about forty yards in front of ours – the women naturally, being weaker than men, getting an advantage. John wished her luck but suddenly as I saw her take a few lazy practice swings, had a premonition of trouble.

With no visible effort she drove her ball almost 150 yards longer than us three. Naturally, we all were enthusiastic about her great drive. But then proceeded to try too hard on our next attempts making us look even worse than we were. Barbara, when it became her turn again, easily wedged a shot to birdie length from the hole – which she putted for her three – while we guys were shooting sixes and sevens.

The next few holes weren't any better. She was nearly a scratch golfer and made the three of us look totally inept. Finally at the fourth hole, she put an arm around me at the driving tee and announced that I would be keeping her company. The two other guys looked shocked at this – I mean I was now playing from the Ladies tees! Absolutely unheard of!

Then at the next hole, she laughingly suggested that it would even the game up more if we three played the Ladies tees – while she went to the championship blue tees. Neither Eric nor John wanted to do this, but the course was fairly empty and (after I got a look from Barbara and said it was fair) they joined me.

And now, Barbara started cracking the whip. Jocularly, of course – she started referring to us as “you girls!” and laughingly called me Helen –

Eric became Erika – and John was Joan. Then she 'helped' our swings by coming in behind us and grinding her groin into our backsides as she controlled our swings. By the time we had reached the end of the ninth hole, we were three extremely cowed 'girls' totally under her thumb.

John suddenly remembered an appointment he HAD to make so he and Eric quit, making all sorts of apologies and going to drive off.

“Bye Erika and Joan!” Barbara went and kissed them. “It was lovely playing with you girls. Maybe we can make it a regular foursome?”

From the red faced excuses and hemming and hawing that they gave out, I knew that I would never see them again, especially when Barbara put her arm around me and kissed me gently on the cheek in front of them. “I guess Helen and I will just have to finish the round. Right Helen?” Then she kissed me again as I nodded in submissive agreement. “That's a good girl!”

We stopped for a bottle of water and a candy bar, then drove off from the tenth tee. I started to whimper when my drive barely went seventy yards. Then I was silently weeping from the shame and humiliation I'd just been put through. She stopped the cart in a wooded area. “I'm sorry my little pussy – but you were just bound and determined to play with those boys! I TRIED to tell you that I didn't like it – but you would argue with me – wouldn't you?”

“But you said it was okay!” The tears were coming now.

“Well? Sissies and girls have to learn what their men mean when they argue. Now I've got something nice for you.”

I could only stare at her. She was undoing my shorts and pulling them down!

“What are , , Barbara! What are . . .” I stammered. Then I saw her pull her skirt down and she was putting it ON me! “Nice panties!” she laughed seeing mine. “Go with this skirt just nicely!”

“Oh please don't!” I wept.

“Hush and fix your skirt properly!” she said firmly, pulling my shorts up her legs and fastening them. “It's an elastic waist so you just need a minor adjustment. Do that, then come here and let me make you up.”

“Please don't? I said weeping a little again.

“I call you Helen. You're wearing nice blue panties and a lovely skirt. You play golf like a girl! Now come here Helen.”

I walked around the cart and sat on her golf cart side as she pulled cosmetics from her bag. “Glad you've stopped that womanish weeping,” she said. “Now pout prettily.”

A minute or two later I said. “Isn't that a lot of makeup Barbara?”

She shrugged. “Not too much. Think you want to play some more golf?”

My heart leaped. She was going to let me stay in the relative obscurity of the cart. “Not if you don't want me to play?” I said softly.

“Just be like my girl, driving for me while I finish. Would you like that?”

“Please?”

“Fine then. A few more touches should do it.” She giggled and some bracelets were put on my arms, then clip on earrings – then a visor, just like hers with my hair combed out into a sort of modified pony tail. There was no escaping it now. I KNEW that I looked like a girl, driving her boyfriend around.

It wasn't so bad. Not really. She was so good a golfer that the time was short and I got a sort of warm possessive glow, realizing that this good looking athletic woman was attracted to me. Yes. I was becoming the female in our hierarchy, but it seemed to be becoming of less and less importance. A few times when things were quiet, she had me get out of the cart with a golf club in my hands, then get behind, and guide me with her arms wrapped around my waist. Dressed the way I was – how else could I feel but even more feminine? It wasn't too long before I enjoyed having her at my back. Even found myself giggling a few times as she suggestively dry-humped me when nobody else was around.

Once we got back to the club house it was embarrassing – but she pointed out to me that no one in their right mind would EVER assume I was male – and she was right. I drove to her car and she was gentleman enough to unload both sets of our clubs into her car. Then I changed out of my golf shoes then sat in the car as she returned the cart. When she walked back to the car, she smiled. “Enjoy being the girl and waiting for the guy to do the work?” Then she laughed as I blushed prettily. She then told me that she had called Joyce and told her not to worry about me. It was as she started the car that I realized that she had no intention of allowing me to return to my male persona. I was going back to my wife, while wearing a skirt and makeup.

I don't know if Joyce expected me that way, but I got the distinct impression that my appearance was quite a shock to her. I removed the visor immediately, but stood meekly by as she teased my hair into a more feminine 'do' – and now I had to put my apron on over my outfit.

Barbara was SO impressed when Joyce asked me to bring in her blouse that was still hanging outside– then stand and iron it – very carefully. Both women laughed at my amateurish attempts, but Joyce assured Barbara that even though I hadn't been at housework for a long time, I seemed to have a knack for being a good little wife. Barbara had some business to attend to, so didn't stay long. It was humiliating to have to be kissed by Barbara in front of my wife, but it was becoming clearer to me that my position was becoming more and more evident to all three of us. I didn't

have the strength or will to complain - and both women were gradually becoming more comfortable with my new role.

“So you managed to upset Barbara?” Joyce asked once we were alone. She shook her head. “I would learn to stay on her good side if I were you. Though I must admit that she didn't really humiliate you too much. What do you think of your skirt and makeup?”

“I didn't mean to get her mad, Joyce.” I said.

She laughed. “Crazy you may be for allowing two women to do what they want with you – but I never thought of you as stupid. Of COURSE you didn't want to get her mad. Frankly? I don't think she was really that mad. Not really. Just put you in skirts to demonstrate that she could. But you didn't answer my question. She's now got you in skirts and panties. Make up too. What do you think?”

I found myself fidgeting with the material of my apron. Looking at the carpet. “I really don't know what to do Joyce.”

She came over to me and kissed me gently on the cheek. “In retrospect dear? I don't think you ever DID. Now Barbara seems to be taking over all of your thought processes. Wants you to be her girl – all soft and sweet and fluttery. Frankly at the beginning, if I thought you were fighting it – struggling the way a masculine man would against her feminizing him? I'd have left you to fight it out. But I genuinely think it's what you want – maybe internally – but giving up your rights as a man doesn't seem to bother you too much.” She kissed me again. “So why don't I just give you a little lesson on makeup, huh? Then you can watch and start learning to cook – like the little wife that Barbara wants you to be?”

“I don't think . . . I'm not sure . . .” I started to mumble.

“Come along dear Helen. Lot's of work you have to learn. Come along.” She smiled and laid a gentle hand on my arm. Meekly I followed her.

For the rest of that day, I was in the skirt. For the next few days, Barbara was out of town. Joyce was never anything but the soul of kindness to me, but even though she did not have me wear the skirt she was very firm in that I kept myself neat and tidy in my aprons – and that I learn to apply makeup properly. It became a nightly thing for me to work on her hair.

“I don't know how Barbara feels about it.” She said firmly. “But most women like to be fussed over and I don't see Barbara as being any different. We don't usually have maids?” She grinned. “But you darling are the next best thing. So be a sweet little pussy cat and brush my hair, huh?”

She also started to teach me how to put rollers in my own hair and brush them out in the morning. “We won't put in too many darling as you'll have to find out what style and color Barbara will want you to have. But better safe than sorry, huh?”

As time passed I even found myself becoming shy and flustered when she'd praise me for learning to do something well (Girlish of course).

* * *

It was the afternoon when Barbara visited us about a week later. By that time, although I still trembled when I had to answer the door in my apron, Joyce had been quietly insistent. Let's face it, I knew the increasingly feminine picture I made but I just did not have the willpower to refuse. I was therefore, surprised to find her at the door, and it probably showed for an instant on my face. Her eyes quickly took in my apron and my makeup.

Her smile showed her pleasure. "Well! Hello Helen! Aren't you pretty!"

I then did as Joyce had trained me. "Thank you Barbara! Nice to see you again." Then I curtsied. "Would you please come in?"

Her eyes widened even more, but she smiled even more as she came in. "Awfully formal – are we not Helen? Come and give me a kiss! I've missed you."

How can I explain the feeling of acting like a demure little girl and presenting myself for a kiss – with my wife watching proudly as I shyly went into the arms of another woman?

"Mmm!" She sighed appreciatively as she kissed me hungrily for a second then let me go. "You taste – and smell just right! Am I to assume that Joyce has been working with you?"

I couldn't help but blush with pleasure at her compliment. "Yes Barbara. Thank you. Would you like me to take your bag?"

"Lovely," she said to nothing in particular. "Yes dear. I can see that I need some updating on what you two have been up to?"

"No time like the present! Hi Barbara!" Joyce said going forward and kissing our guest. Then she smiled at me. "Take her handbag and put it away dear. When you come back? Why don't you sit with Barbara? I'm sure that she's missed you very much!"

Blushing, I found myself curtsying and going to do her bidding. As I moved away, I heard Barbara say. "Joyce? You've done WONDERS! I'm SO thrilled. You don't mind Helen sitting with me?"

"Not at ALL!" Joyce laughed. "Not all the plaudits are mine though. I'm sure that Helen wants to please you as well. It's just nice to see both of you coming together! Want to come into the Sitting room?"

I didn't hear anything else as I was taking the handbag and putting it away, but I felt distinctly nervous going back into the sitting room. Just in time, I remembered to try and slightly sway my hips to get my apron

swirling nicely. Barbara was sitting on the couch as I came back in. "How nice you look Helen! Why don't you come over here?"

I couldn't help but see the look of quiet approval that Joyce shot me as I crossed the room. There was no doubt as to where I was to sit and I sat on Barbara's knees. Happily, she put an arm around my shoulders and pulled me back into her.

"Comfy, little pussy?"

"Yes Barbara."

She touched my hair lightly. "Do I detect a change in style here darling? More feminine?"

"Yes. But I wasn't sure if you'd care for it."

"It's nice! Joyce put your hair in rollers at night?"

"At first. But I do my own now." I admitted.

"Oooh! Lovely! But would you be offended if I asked you to make it a little curlier at the sides? Maybe a bang across the forehead?"

I looked at Joyce. "I don't think it would be a problem?"

"No problem!" she said confidently. "But it will probably mean more rollers Helen. Any problem with that?"

"I don't think so." I said, and Barbara hugged me.

"Oh, I know how uncomfortable rollers in your hair can be, but I really want you to know that I do appreciate it!" Then she kissed me again- though a little more forcibly this time.

When she broke off, she gazed at me. "And what else has my little pussy been doing?"

"Nothing very much." I said. Then I found myself giggling as she tickled me under the chin and chided me gently. "Now stop being modest and tell Barbara! Come along now!"

"He – I mean Helen! Must get out of that habit!" Joyce said. "Helen's been learning very well," She beamed. "I'm starting to think she should have been a girl all along! Is doing my hair at night!"

"Rolling it UP?" Barbara asked with a smile. "Well I never!"

"In all honesty, just brushing it out – but his – HER - hands are nice and soft." She beamed at me before she spoke to Barbara again. "Very relaxing! I'm sure you'll get to love it."

"I will. I WILL!" Barbara said, her eyes luminous. She pulled me to her and kissed me again. "I think that he and I will be just about perfect! To tell the truth, I've had little sissies before – and they were fun! But Helen here is

different. He may look like a sissy, talk like one – even dress the part – but I don't think he's really a proper sissy.”

“If she's not – she plays the part very well.” Joyce laughed. “If I'd known how to handle him properly when we first got married? I might have got used to him better.” She shrugged. “But I didn't – and I got a taste for the real man. You know the hairy, bossy, demanding type?” She looked at me pityingly. “He's certainly NOT one of those. Helen's not really bad as a person – but I hate to disagree with you Barbara. But he's a sissy.”

“No. I'm getting surer and surer that I'm right! The more I think on it?” Barbara said after a pause for thought. “I think that my little pussy here is a male submissive – but submissive to females only. A man couldn't get him to do what you or I have done! Think about it! He doesn't really want to do girly things – does he?” She pinched my cheek gently.

“No Barbara, I really don't.” I mumbled shyly.

“Don't want to wear pretty clothes? Do my hair?”

“No.”

She hugged me closer and looked at my wife. “Don't you see Joyce? A pansy is not that much fun in the long run! He may cry and pout when you make him pretty in nice clothes – and do girl things round the house. But it's actually what he WANTS! Whereas? You get a submissive? He'll DO what he's told, but he's often against it. AND?” She beamed triumphantly. “That's the most fun of all! Getting them to do what they really DON'T want to do!”

Joyce looked thoughtful. “I guess I don't understand? At first I thought it was ME. Then I thought it was HIM. You telling me that if I'd have bullied him – dominated him – I don't know? We might have been all right?”

“Not if you don't want to be the boss. I do!” Barbara said smugly. “But I was just thinking. Would you mind terribly Joyce, if I took my little pussy cat out for a little while? It's a spur of the moment thing, but there's something I think I'd like to do?”

Joyce smiled at us both. “I've been trying to make him align up with what YOU want. Think I should object now?” She shrugged. “Take long? I don't feel like making a meal tonight. Thought I'd give the little dear more practice?”

Barbara looked at her watch. “Shouldn't take long at all. Okay if I eat here tonight?”

“Okay by me – as long as your little pussy doesn't object?” Joyce replied and smiled at me along with Barbara – both of them knowing I'd never object.

* * *

Barbara had allowed me to take off my apron but had simply stared a negative at me when I'd suggested that I take off my makeup.



“Just get in the car sweetie. You may as well get used to wearing makeup in public. Let's face it, it's nicely applied – not gaudy or anything – so just be my humiliated little pussy and do what Barbara tells you. Okay? This won't take long. I THINK that your personality just craves embarrassment – and I don't want to disappoint you – do I?”

She laughed as I shuddered.

She drove up to the Oooh La La Lingerie store, and I could feel myself cringe as she led me in through the door. A smart young blonde lady approached us.

“Hi! I'm Tracy. Can I help you?”

“Tanks. Would you have a tape measure?” Barbara asked.

The girl blinked, but recovered. “No. But hold on a second. There's one behind this counter.” With that she went in behind a counter, let out an “Aha” as she found it and handed it over to Barbara.

“Thank you!” Barbara said, proceeding to lift my shirt and measure around my chest. “I see you have a sale on bra's today?”

The girl was obviously dumbfounded, but found her tongue. “Oh yes. It'll go on to the end of the week. Any particular size?”

“Yes. I take a 36C” Barbara said. “Helen here measures about 32 around the chest. Would that be about a 34 bra? And I think I'd like him to have a C cup? Maybe a B?”

The blonde blinked. “I'm sorry? I don't understand?”

Barbara gazed levelly at her and spoke very slowly, with her words spaced out. “I take a 36C bra. I have every intention of looking some out – by myself. Okay?”

“I'm sorry.” The blonde said. “I wasn't sure . . .”

“THEN?” Barbara interrupted her. “I want my little friend here to buy some bras – for himself. I haven't BOUGHT any bras for him before and I wondered – what size? I just measured him and he's just over 32 around the chest. I thought you might know what size to get him?”

“I think I could fit him all right,” the girl said, still obviously puzzled. “Any special color?”

“Most definitely!” Barbara said, then turned to me. “I would like you to get two bras – a light beige or oyster – for everyday wear. But what make of panties did I buy you, huh?”

“Vanity Fair.” I said in front of the girl's disbelieving stare.

“Good!” Barbara said to me. “Check the Vanity Fair racks and buy four nice colored bras to match your panties. I like to think of you in coordinated undies. You can have Tracy here to help you.” She turned to the girl. “Would that be all right?”

“That'll be six bras altogether?” The girl asked, starting to regain her aplomb. “Two a neutral color – and four different ones colored to match - to match – his panties? I assume he'll know what colors?”

“You got it!” Barbara said. “But once you find his size? Have him try it on – just to make sure – and then give me a call. Okay?”

“Fine!” The girl said, then added. “Sir? If you'll follow me?”

“Oh! One thing?” Barbara said. “I like to humiliate the little darling. As you can see – dress him up in pretty woman undies. I'm Barbara but call him Helen – you know – that kind of thing? But it IS hard for me to remember at times – but if you could call him Miss – or Helen – it would help to remind him of what he truly is. If you did? I'd make sure that he made all of his future purchases in this store – and I assume that you work on commission?”

“You got THAT right!” The girl laughed. Then turned to me. “Miss? If you'll just step this way?”

“Perfect!” Barbara said as she turned and walked away.

“Wow! That Barbara sure is a pistol!” Tracy said admiringly as she led me to the multi-colored racks of lacy and satin bras. “Want to pick any particular colors?”

“Well? Ha Ha! She sure is a kidder!” I gave a semblance of a laugh.

Tracy stopped dead and faced me. “You mean she was only kidding? You don't want bras at all?”

She looked about to get pretty mad and I knew immediately that I'd been stupid. I looked down at the floor. “No. I'm sorry. She wasn't kidding about that.”

“Was she kidding about me calling you Miss – or Helen?”

I blushed. “No. Not about that either.”

“It might help then if you said what colored panties you like – especially as Barbara said she wanted you in matching stuff. So what's your favorite color panty?”

She wasn't mean, just interested if anything – but I felt like curling up and dying. I mean I'd discussing panty colors – MY favorite panty colors in a lingerie store with a saleslady? She saw my embarrassment and tried to help.

“Pink?”

I knew that neither Joyce nor Barbara liked me in the pale pink, but remembered. “Not the pale shade of pink – but there's a Hot Pink shade?”

“Oh yes! Very sexy! But now that I think on it? What shade panty are you wearing just now?”

“Yellow.”

“Nice! Do you know if it's the Buttercup shade or the Ribbon Yellow?”

“Buttercup.”

“Great! They make a bra in that shade – and here's one in your size – at least what I think is your size. Shall we go and try it on? See if it fits?” With that, she pulled a bra off the rack and started walking toward the fitting rooms!

I stopped cold, even though I must have known that it would come to this. “Tracy?” A asked tremulously. “What? Are you sure?”

She examined me and swung the bra by the straps. “Want to come and get your pretty bra on – Helen? Or would you rather tell Barbara you didn't want to?” She saw my face. “Come along dear!” She said, kindly enough and turned her back on me. Like the little lamb I was, I followed her into the change rooms as she swung my bra by her side.

“I think that's lovely. Don't you?” She asked as she finished fastening the bra fasteners at my back and stepping back admiringly. “It would help if you had some real breasts, but I think you look quite nice. Want me to get Barbara? Let her see?”

I stood there, bare from the waist up except for the yellow bra encircling me. “You think you should?” I asked weakly.

“Isn't that what she wanted? Or do you think you might look better in another color?” She asked me this as if her feelings were hurt by my disagreement. “No?: She asked after I didn't answer.” “Hold on for a moment.”

I was lucky in the extent that the changing rooms hadn't been busy when Tracy had led me there, but now I could hear sounds of someone changing clothes in a cubicle close to me. I prayed for relief. Wanted to die of shame and humiliation, but knew that I lacked the courage. Stood there helplessly as Tracy went. Some moments later, the curtained door rustled and Barbara stood smiling at me, Tracy at her back.

“Oooh!” Barbara said, smiling. “How do you feel – Alan?”

“I feel funny Barbara? Can I please get dressed now?” I asked, and heard the tears in my voice.

“Of COURSE darling! Just put your shirt on over your pretty bra. Get the rest now that you know the size, and we can be on our way.”

I stared at her. “You want me to wear a bra – now?”

She came and patted my cheek. “I wear a bra all the time?” Pointed at Tracy. “Betcha that SHE wears a bra? Why shouldn't you?”

“But Barbara? I'm a man.”

She looked at Tracy and shook her head. “If it LOOKS like a duck? QUACKS like a duck? And DRESSES like a duck? Think it's a duck?” Then she spoke to me as Tracy giggled. “Put your shirt on little pussy and

go and get the rest of your bras? Or would you like to pick out a nice blouse that would show off your lacy undies?"

* * *

We were almost home when Barbara pulled the car over in a quiet wooded area. "I must admit that I'm curious. "How do you feel wearing a bra?"

"Do I have to Barbara?" I asked without any real hope.

"Don't you understand little puss? Nice, lacy, panties in satin are nice. Very ladylike. But let's face it, they serve the same purpose as a pair of jockey shorts that guys wear." She dug into my Oooh La La bag and pulled out some tissue paper packing and started to wad it.

"But a BRA now? That is a girl's garment! When you wear a bra for me, it lets me know that you have put yourself in my hands. Hold still a minute."

She maintained eye contact with me, but took the wad of paper in her hand and slid it in through my shirt collar. Inserted the soft paper into one of my bra cups.

"Not the best, but it'll do to let Joyce see you. Now hold still while I do the other one."

Then she proceeded to get some more tissue paper and was wadding it. As she did so, she continued. "Now Helen? I think it's time that you realized that I want you wearing a bra from now on. Just like the other girls do. You're not going to make a fuss, are you?"

She started to reinsert the new wad of tissue in through my shirt.

"My oh my!" Joyce said as Barbara led me into the house. "Been shopping, have we?" She asked me. "Looks nice. Very natural."

Barbara preened visibly and didn't give me a chance to answer. "Yes. I must say. Took the little darling to the lingerie store and he was as good as gold. Bought him six bras!"

"Six?" Joyce said with a smile. "He doesn't have any breasts! Not yet anyway! Bought him some falsies too? Looks like it."

"No. I just had him put some soft tissue up there for today. Wanted you to see him as if he was properly dressed."

"I don't understand," Joyce said. "But I'm so hungry, I started making dinner." She turned to me. "So why don't you go and put your nice apron on? Maybe freshen your makeup? There's salad and some stuff cut up in the kitchen – so why don't you get dinner going. Barbara and I can have a drink and she can explain what she means."

"Okay Joyce." I said agreeably and as I started for the kitchen, but heard Barbara say.

"I think that both you and Helen are due an explanation of what I have in mind, so if you don't mind, I'll explain it to both of you after dinner?"

"Sounds good to me. Want a drink? I'm going to make one." Joyce offered.

"Sure!" I heard Barbara say.

Dinner was a simple steak and salad and once I cleaned up, we settled down in easy chairs, although I sat on Barbara's lap – this was becoming second nature to me now – and found myself snuggling in. Barbara even gave me a sip of her Gin and Tonic and I relaxed even more.

"You were going to fill us in on your plans for Helen?" Joyce asked after taking a sip of her own drink.

"Yes. I hadn't really formulated them myself until I did some heavy thinking." Barbara said. "I have to admit that I had sissies before – and I usually got them into girl's clothes." She grinned. "A sort of Wham - Bam – Thank you ma'am kind of thing." She gave me a cuddle then continued.

"But something told me that this little pussy was different. At first I was going to push him along – you know? But the more I saw, then saw that you had no objection? I figured out that taking it slow was the way we BOTH needed."

"Why you?" Joyce asked.

"I think I'm getting attached to the little darling. Maybe I'm getting older?" She laughed. "I don't know. But I started to figure out if I take things slow and easy? It'll draw out his embarrassment – which I KNOW he secretly loves – and gradually makes the life I offer more and more acceptable. Okay, I kinda rushed him at first and he was kinda negative but look at him with his panties now. Just slips into those nice lacy things without a moment's thought."

"Ah?" Joyce said. "So you want him to accept the wearing of a brassiere in the same way?"

"Exactly!" Barbara said. "A few months of wearing his bra – it'll just be like second nature to him! Will feel all lost without his pretty undies!"

"Mmmm." Joyce said, and though it wasn't evident, I knew her well enough by this time to know that there was a little disappointment there. Wondered what was going through her mind.

"No falsies then?" She asked.

"Not for a while. The poor baby would be embarrassed if I asked him to go out with me and he was showing nice, soft, rounded breasts, don't you think?"

"But wouldn't it be simple just to have him remove them?"

Barbara shook her head slowly. “I think it would just confuse the little pussy – tits one day, then none the next. I figure once we start, we’ll just keep it going. Won’t be too long before he’s just nice and comfy with his new shape!”

Joyce nodded, but again I sensed some disaffection. Me? I was scared out of my mind! Barbara had no intention of allowing me to escape wearing the bras and, from what I could tell even Joyce was going along with it – although I could sense some reservations.

She broke in on my meditations though. Looked at her watch. “We DO have some time Barbara, and I was just thinking. I don’t think that Helen can do his own hair - not the way you describe it just yet? Why don’t we all go to the bedroom and I can roll his hair the way I think you want it. That way we have less chance of goofing it all up.”

“A wonderful idea!” Barbara said.

A little while later I had learned something. Joyce had been rolling and pinning some of my hair for quite some time – but now I was finding out what having my hair rolled up really entailed. As she finished, I stared at my reflection in a state that somewhat resembled awe. My head was now almost totally covered in pink plastic rollers of about three different sizes, with some actually sitting horizontally across the top of my forehead.

“Now go and let Barbara have a closer look dear before I wrap your head up in a turban.” Joyce said, tapping me on the shoulder.

“Oh MY!” Barbara smiled. “I think that you’ll have a very uncomfortable night Helen.” Then she looked at Joyce. “You don’t think those bangs will be too long over his forehead?”

“Not sure.” Joyce admitted. “But we can always cut them if you want.”

Barbara changed the subject by pulling me onto her lap. “I know that you have to go to Joyce to get your turban on – but I wanted you to know how much I appreciate what you’re doing.” She smiled softly at Barbara. “He looks SO soft and vulnerable.” She kissed me. “So WEAK! It’s like when you take the glasses from a person who wears them all the time – their eyes look so naked somehow. Put a male into some makeup and roll his hair? Looks so defenseless! Makes me want to take him to bed!” She cuddled me. “You don’t get mad at me referring to you as being a male, do you?”

I hung my head and she laughed. “The day MAY come my darling when you’ll be upset if someone thinks of you as a man!”

Joyce laughed. “I see what you’re saying. I have some pretty nightgowns that I’ve never used – pretty sure they would fit. Bet Helen would look nice. Interested?”

Barbara shook her head. "Probably too soon. Let's get the little darling used to the new hair style first."

"Whatever you think." My wife said.

Barbara looked at her watch. "Well, time for me to go. Up you get Helen and get your hair finished. I'll just let myself out."

She got up after me, then kissed me goodnight and waved at Joyce. A few minutes later I could hear her car start up, then leave.

Joyce finished tying up my hair in a pale green chiffon scarf that she spent some time searching for – which confused me as there was a blue one close by, but I said nothing. "Early yet. Wanna watch some TV?" She asked going to her closet.

"Sure!" I said, starting to head for the door.

"Hold on!" Joyce said behind me and, when I turned, she threw a diaphanous nightgown and negligee at me. Green I noticed – which explained the scarf she'd wanted. "Put these on now." She said.

"But Barbara said . . ."

"I don't care what Barbara said. You'd look silly with your hair up like that going to bed and pretending you're a man in pajamas."

"But Joyce? I am a man."

She shook her head. "Hate to say this dear, but you're not. Not to me at least. I see that Barbara is interested in you – and I like you well enough that I consider this good for both of you. She has this notion that if she makes you do things slow you'll become the kind of man – girl – whatever – she wants. But I think she's wrong. So you'll start doing what I tell you. I'd rather you didn't let on to her what I'm going to make you do – but that will be up to you. Now I'm going to watch TV. Put your new nightgown and peignoir on then join me. Okay?"

She was halfway gone when she stopped and came back. Shook her head. "She's right about one thing though – so keeping you in a bra full time is the thing to do. I'll buy you some sleeping bras tomorrow. They're lightweight and won't bother you under your nightgowns – because as of tonight, that's what you'll be wearing to bed, but for tonight, you may as well keep on what you have."

"Take the padding out though?"

"No. She's talking nonsense there. I'll get you some nice falsies tomorrow. While you're in the house you'll wear them. You may as well start looking like a woman as much as you can when she's not around."

"I don't understand, Joyce." I said.

“You don't need to. Just dawned on me that that gown has some ties that have never been used. Just get your other clothes off and your gown on – and I'll fit it to you.”

The nightgown was green and had lace embroidery at the hem, the cuffs of the long wide sleeves, and the neckline. Satin ties were fashioned in such a way that they fitted under the breasts and tied at the back. It was very feminine and I said nothing as Joyce fitted me into it and the peignoir.

“Quite nice!” she said approvingly. “Better get you some nice slippers too, now that I think on it!”

And we went to watch TV – and then went to bed. The rollers made sleep difficult, but I finally fell over. It felt strange – but nice – feeling the material of her nightgown beside my own. Very sexy, I thought sleepily – but she made no sign.

* * *

Joyce took the rollers out and brushed my hair out the following morning. I think she covered up her embarrassment by giggling a little.

“Jesus Helen! I think I did too good a job! Barbara sees you like this she's gonna drag you into bed!”

I looked at the feminine creature who stared back at us from the mirror. I knew that the clothes and the makeup helped with the illusion, particularly the gown and negligee – but it was almost a girl who was looking back. Joyce hadn't colored my hair, I knew this, but the soft and wavy hair seemed to capture highlights that made it look lighter, and the bangs across my forehead transformed my normal somewhat angular face into a soft oval.

“Christ Joyce! I look like a girl!” I moaned.

She shrugged. “Well? I must admit that that was the idea, but maybe we've gone a wee bit too far?” She admitted, although there was a lot of pride there in what she'd done to me. “But let's get you out of that robe and into something more mannish. Maybe that'll help?”

She did brush my hair a little differently but was adamant about me wearing a bra and makeup. From a distance, once I had my pants and shirt on, I could possibly pass as a man – but close up? I was androgynous to say the least. I had a very strong feeling that my days on the outside of the house were numbered.

I was absolutely right as was proved later that day. Let's face it, I didn't have much need to go out – maybe to hang up Joyce's undies in the back yard – she had learned to like her undies air dried and ironed but, other than that not much. Eric called me once for a chance game of golf – John was busy – but I turned him down. He was nonchalant as could be and

asked how Barbara was doing. I asked him slyly if he was interested – and could practically hear him blush on the phone. Anyway, I declined.

Barbara had her own business – I wasn't too sure of what it was – but for the next few weeks, I only went to lunch with her once. Naturally, I wasn't wearing any falsies – nor at Joyce's demand – any of my new undies (Which I didn't understand at all!) - but both Barbara and Joyce demanded I wear my makeup so I did, realizing that it was becoming second nature to me now. It was the place that Barbara had taken me before but I'd lost whatever male confidence I'd had. Now, with my makeup and recent experiences I had acquired girlish ways and they probably showed. The waitress saw this, but didn't care. I was now Barbara's date – NO question about who was who now. To my surprise, Barbara took me home right away after the meal. She did stop in a shady spot and kiss me some – but no lady could have ever had a sweeter gentleman. Her hand never even strayed! Not once! To be honest I was a little disappointed.

For some reason, Joyce was elated when she had me, in detail, describe what had transpired. Immediately had me change back into my full lingerie and heels. Freshen up my makeup – put clip on earrings and bracelets on. Then a dress.

You see, the day after Barbara's last visit there had been a major change. She had left me with the idea that she was about to get me some stuff – but nothing major, you know. I kept myself busy cleaning up after breakfast, tidying up. Small stuff. Even when Joyce came home with a bundle of parcels, I didn't care. Just assumed that she'd bought some stuff for herself when she'd been in the ladies store. Her first words clouded that issue immediately.

“Helen?” She said, waving the parcels. “Come and sit with me, we need to talk.”

“Okay.” I said, put my duster down and followed her. She sat in one easy chair and I sat across from her.

She looked a little embarrassed. “I know I said I was going out for a few things, but the more I thought about it? The more I think that Barbara is wrong.”

“Wrong? For wanting me as a woman?”

“Don't be SILLY! She's not THAT wrong!”

“Sorry,” I mumbled.

She shook her head laughing. “You DO have the silliest ideas at times!” Then she pulled herself together. “ But as I said, I think Barbara is wrong with all this 'slow' business. It sounds logical enough – but let's face it dear. She tells you to put a dress on? You put it on. She tells you to keep it on? It STAYS on! True or not?”

“True, I guess. But what are you getting at, Joyce?”

“Look. I want her to want you. I have my own agenda – but I really want you to be happy – and you won't BE happy unless Barbara is happy! Make sense?”



“Does to me.” I admitted. “But what are you getting at?”

She sniffed. “I don't think that Barbara wants to admit it – but I think she's stuck on you. Wants you permanently, but all of her conquests of males have been on a short term basis.”

“Well she did say that she treats most males quickly.” I agreed. “But why should she want me any different?”

“Don't know!” she answered succinctly. “But she's treating you differently. What I'm thinking? Get you ready for her. Don't wait for her to do this and that to you. Get you all primed so that when she does strike? You'll be ALL ready for her!”

“But I thought I WAS ready?” I said, honestly enough.

“You ARE silly! Must be what male synapses you DO have! From now on? We're going to try and do away with anything male about you.” She paused. “That's what made me stop and think this morning. Hell – you're almost like a girl now! Holding you to pants and shirts is just plain non-productive! Your time for proper clothing is here, my girl!”

A little while later I finally regained my senses. “Joyce? You can't mean this!”

She regarded me coolly. “I don't know what you're going ON about! You're walking an awful lot better in those high heels than I ever thought you would. You're all smooth from being shaved not that long ago. I'll redo your hair – that mannish style I tried this morning is all wrong. Otherwise? I don't think you have a thing to complain about!”

I pulled at the straps that descended from my garter belt and held up my nylons. Then I cupped the slip and bra that held in my false breasts. The slip matched my undies and came just about to my knees. The corset didn't match the rest of the undies perfectly but its shade of light blue almost matched the rest. I'd complained that I really didn't need a corset – which was true – but Joyce had maintained it would do wonders for my shape, which was probably true as well. But I plucked at my underwear helplessly.

“Honestly Joyce? I don't think Barbara would approve of all this!”

She gave me a fish eye. “I don't want Barbara to find out what I'm going to do to you. There's truth in that. But ask me if I really give a shit! She'll find out when it happens. I've NO problems with you getting rid of your falsies and getting into some semblance of male things when you know she's coming. But if she DOES find out? Ask me if I CARE! Now let's get you into one of those nice dresses I bought you!”

I suppose my timing could have been better. Standing there in matching satiny lingerie, with nylons and high heels – hair in an androgynous style – lipstick, blusher and eye makeup is not really the best time to refuse to put a dress on – because you're a MAN? Isn't really the best time.

Joyce sighed and started walking slowly towards me. “I really don't want to do this, but can see why Barbara felt she had to spank you – it sort of established the pecking order between you two. Now I can see that I should do the same thing.” She kept walking., her eyes fixed on mine.

“Not going to spank ME!” I pouted defiantly, somewhat confident. Okay, I couldn't stop Barbara. After all, she was lithe and athletic – but Joyce? My

soft, shy, feminine wife? Come ON! What had happened before was because I was too weak. Now I was going to stand UP for myself!

“Of course I am!” She said. “And I'm sorry, but I'll have to hurt you some. I don't feel right about it but I can't have you arguing with me about this or that. Not when there's a lot I have to teach you. So maybe it's best.” She sighed as she lifted her hands up in an aggressive position.

Suddenly, I knew! Knew that I had no chance of winning against her. Knew that I may have kidded myself about Barbara being athletic, or stronger – it didn't matter one iota. I was submissive where women were concerned, had no strength whatsoever. I backed away from Joyce and attempted a smile.

“I'm sorry Joyce. I'll put on the dress. Won't argue.”

“Sorry dear.” She sounded sincerely consoling. “But it's something I have to do. Can't have you feeling that I'll get all soft and weak when the chips are down.”

“I won't! Promise!” I said, but had no more room to retreat, but there was no stopping her. With the last vestige of pride, I put my hands up to defend myself. Suddenly, my wife and I were grappling together. To my horror, she started to laugh.

“For goodness sake Helen! Surely you can struggle better than this?”

“Please stop Joyce, I'm sorry!”

She pulled me into her now and pinned my arms with one of her own. Smiled gently. “Oh Helen! I really had my doubts about what Barbara and I are doing to you, but you're now all soft and weak like a girl should be. Admit that you're not acting!” She shook me gently.

“I'm not really strong.” I admitted.

“Of course you're not. Anybody can see that! But you're exactly the way a girl should be – if that's any consolation!”

With that, she sighed and pulled me over to a chair where she sat down and pulled me with her. “I guess I needed convincing all along. Now? All I intend to do is convince you. Sorry dear, this is going to hurt!” With that, she easily turned me over so that I was in the classic pose for being spanked.

“Do you have . . .” Then I let out a squeal as her hand – a soft hand really – landed a terrible blow on my rump.

My wife then proceeded to spank me into tears. What made it worse was the fact that she used a hairbrush after some whacks at me – it was hurting her hand she said. Then, she suggested that I better learn to behave 'properly' if Barbara ever decided to spank me in earnest. Not only that, she continued to spank me hard until I'd learned to do exactly

what was wanted. So I lay right there – too frightened of her to even try to get off – learned how I should wiggle and squeal, wave my arms around weakly – and cry of course – all of which I learned to do exactly as she wanted.

Finally, she stopped and turned me over to look up at her. “No sense in you putting makeup on just now.” She told me. “Go and wash your face in cold water, then in about an hour I’ll give you a more detailed lesson on applying makeup. I want you GOOD at that stuff. Once you’ve washed your face you can put on the red dress I got you. Okay?”

Tearfully, I nodded.

That was the start. From then on, Joyce was teaching me the rudiments of being a wife. Don't get me wrong, she was always nice. Firm but nice. I got up in the morning and after I showered put on my undies and stockings. She let me choose whether I wore a blouse and skirt or dress that day. Naturally, I always had an apron. She did buy me some of the half aprons – more suitable to a feminine demeanor she thought. I took full care of the house now – and it wasn't meanness on her part. She took the job of teaching me to be a housewife seriously – right down to all of the mundane tasks. Made sure I could change a bed – do laundry – how to iron most things properly – vacuum and dust – polish brass. You name it – she tried to cover that subject.

I was never out of a bra. During daytime I wore falsies and a normal bra. At night, under my gowns, she bought me lightweight lacy bras. It really didn't take a great deal of time for a bra to become second nature to me. Another thing? I could try to explain how she forced me to sit down for the bathroom, but that would be a lie. The very first time I wore a dress I went to the bathroom standing up. Frankly? I felt all stupid. From then on, I sat – as I should.

On making myself feminine? How to put makeup ON – and how to take it off. Personal hygiene (I think she tussled with the idea of assigning me 'times of the month' where I would use Tampax – but desisted). But any male sloppy habits I had? By God, she didn't take long in getting rid of them! She taught me how to walk and how to sit down. How to stand while doing nothing – how to smile. How to serve – ZILLIONS of things! But I was a quick learner and had learned that it was best to please her.

There was ONE thing that embarrassed both of us I think – but she started with it as well. About the third night after Barbara's visit, she approached me with this 'thing' in her hand. “It's NOT a good sign if you ever see or find this!” She explained. “It's a vibrator and if Barbara hides it from you, it means that you're not satisfying her. Now, we're not going to have any sex, but I want to show you how to use one properly.”

I think embarrassment may have had something to do with it, but that first night did not go well at all. The second night, she showed me TWO. “I made a mistake last night.” She explained.

Then in bed she demonstrated. Used one vibrator on me, while giving me the other one to use on her. She never relented to say that she had a good time – but I could tell by the tremble in her voice and her musky smell that she was being turned on. For myself, we soon learned that I had to wear a condom. I probably fought the whole idea of having a vibrator inserted inside me – and having to duplicate what was happening to her – but it wasn't too many nights before I was becoming lost in the sensory experience of lying there in my wonderful feeling nightgown – rubbing against hers – and kissing and touching her in all of the right places – while she did the same to me. I was extremely disappointed when she smiled and said that I acted the part of a lesbian lover very well – and stopped it – although we did kiss and cuddle a lot after that.

Barbara was gone a fair amount and the few outings we had I was able to change into some sort of male clothing – although I couldn't understand why Joyce wanted my gender changing to be noticed. I felt it was wrong, but went along – that was my nature after all. To do as I was told. Naturally though, the pretence I had of being a male was uncovered, in a most unexpected way.

It was one afternoon and Barbara was out of town. I was SO scared of going out in public. Joyce thought I was nuts – assured me that I would pass now – even took me out for a car ride – but I was still frightened. Joyce wanted me to go down to a local store to buy some condiment or other, but panicked, I pleaded enough that she agreed to go. I was in a nice blue full skirt and white peasant blouse. White heels.

I was dusting in the hall as she left – but she hadn't even got the door closed, when I heard voices coming in! Froze for a moment, but then the door opened wide and Joyce came in, shooting me an apologetic look – with my sister Emily! (It seemed that there was some two week conference in town that a coworker of hers was supposed to attend – but he'd fallen sick at the very last moment. Now, here she was on a surprise visit and Joyce, having caught her at the front door had no other option but to let her in.)

“Hello!” Emily said on seeing me. Came forward with her hand out. “I'm Emily. Alan's sister. And you are?”

“Oh dear!” Joyce said behind her. “Sorry Alan. Emily caught me by surprise. I didn't have time.”

“Alan?” Emily said, surprised. Then she surprised me by cocking her head to one side and examining me. “This isn't some kind of joke. Is it?”

“No Emily. I can explain.” I said weakly.

“Don't think you need to. You're a nice looking woman Alan. Or is that your name now?”

She turned to Joyce. “He's always been on the girlish side to be honest. But don't you have a problem with this?”

Joyce exhaled. “I don't have a problem with him looking, dressing, and acting like a girl. Matter of fact, I'm helping him. But it's a long story – one that this isn't the time or place for. But are you staying here? If so, where's your luggage?”

Emily laughed. “It's at the convention hotel – but you were heading someplace Joyce when I arrived?”

“Nothing important.” Joyce said.

“Look? I promise not to interfere. But why don't you go ahead. Let me sit down with my baby brother.” She giggled suddenly. “Or is it baby-sister now?”

“Aw Emily! Knock it off! Let me say hello properly!” I said.

It wasn't until we'd finished kissing and hugging that she looked at me. “Are you complimented or offended by me if I say that meeting you is like meeting a girl? Just like it. The kiss and everything?”

I blushed in answer.

She and I had quite a long talk with her asking the questions and me doing the talking. She didn't say much, then when Joyce came back, we all sat around.

“One thing I'd like cleared up.” Emily said firmly to Joyce. “You don't seem to really want a feminine man, yet you are getting Helen all gussied up and acting just like a woman. Now, I can understand all of this modern 'open' bullshit in a marriage – but this doesn't make any sense. What's on your mind?”

“I really don't think I want to discuss this yet.” Joyce said.

“Knock it off. I think you love my brother – but it sounds as if you're setting him up to be this – what's her name? - Barbara's - broad. It seems that he's that way inclined – but you have something at the back of your mind.” She shrugged. “I like you as a person Joyce, but if you don't come clean? I'll start sticking my nose in to your business, and I don't think you want that. Now, what gives?”

Joyce thought a moment. “I think that what happened between Helen and myself was a real shame. Neither of us knew what we were doing and we finally stopped having sex because all it did was hurt both of us. I'm submissive – but I think I'm more aggressive than he was, because I went out to find it.” She paused. “And I think I did. I've fallen in love with John – but there was no way that I would leave Helen . . .”

“His name is Alan, Joyce.” Emily said.

“No it is NOT!” Joyce replied firmly. “Anyway, I was not going to leave the poor dear – then Barbara showed up – a VERY interesting woman. I thought originally that she and he might have a good roll in the hay – and he'd get over his terrible shyness with her. Then? I think he got to her. He's not a natural sissy you know – and I think she sees him as a sort of challenge. I don't know . . .” She paused.

“Don't know WHAT?” Emily asked.

“I think she would like to marry him!”

Emily snorted. “She wants a husband?”

Joyce looked at her calmly. “No. She wants a WIFE.”

* * *

It was some evenings later. I was as nervous as a cat. Emily, Joyce and I sat waiting for Barbara in the bar. We had reservations for four in the restaurant, but I had been in dire need of a drink when we got there and Emily and Joyce had agreed that I needed to get calmed down before Barbara saw me. Accordingly I was digging into the alcohol.

You see, we were all gussied up for a nice dinner and it was my first time out, all dressed up. Earlier on I'd known that Emily wanted to meet Barbara and was suggesting a 'group' meeting in a restaurant. Joyce hadn't been overly keen at the start, but had finally agreed. Both women listened kindly to what I had to say – then ignored me completely.

As I said, it was a few days later since Emily's arrival and some drastic changes had been made. My ears had now been pierced. Where I had been smooth before – I was now waxed to an even greater degree. My toenails had been pedicured and polished. My fingernails were not deemed perfect enough so even though they had been rounded and manicured into womanly ovals, were now the base for acrylic nails whose polish matched my toes. Expensive false breasts had been purchased for me and now nestled almost naturally inside my bra cups. Late that afternoon I had soaked in a steaming hot, sweetly scented bath and had been the recipient of body lotions and powder once I'd been dried. In other words, I'd been primped and perfumed for the evening. My hair was now lightened into more of a blonde color – and fixed into a womanly style.

Joyce had picked my outfit with care. I'll not pretend that I had no idea what was going on – but I had no idea of what level of detail my sister nor my wife would want to cover. At the same time, I was pretty damn sure that the subject wasn't going to be frivolous – my dress was far too conservative – though my lingerie was away out of class to what I'd become used to.

I don't know the material used, but it was buttery soft and had a wonderful sheen to it. If I said I didn't want to wear it now – I'd be lying. To be

perfectly frank, proper lingerie is the ONLY covering when a body is soft and sensuous. Everything fitted perfectly now. There were no garments that didn't fit like gloves – the bra, panties, garter belt and stockings, or the full slip. I had to admit that the feel and pull of the straps that encased me now were distracting as I was reminded in almost every step and movement of what I wore by gentle tugs and movements of silk around my body – but it was pleasant – even sexually stimulating.

Joyce held my dress so that I could step into it. Full and lustrous it had a high roll neck and fitted my body almost like a sheath, although it did have small cap sleeves. It was in a pale pink satin with an overdress of white gauzy Swiss dot giving more of a full impression as it wafted slightly with every move I made. The dress fastened with a lot of small fabric colored buttons up the back, the overdress tied at the back of the neck with a fine satin ribbon that matched the proper dress underneath.

“I think this is quite symbolic? Do you agree?” Joyce asked as she slowly fastened me into the dress, standing behind me.

“I don't think I see what you're getting at?” I asked, conscious of the fact that I was being enclosed completely in femininity.

“Easy!” Joyce said. “You weren't really a sissy when I started out – but I don't think that anyone can deny that you don't make a pretty woman now – in actions as well as looks. And?” She grinned. “Barbara may have contributed – but I think that you're my very own creation now – and a pretty one at that!”

With a small flourish, she closed off the tiny hooks and eyes at the very top of the dress then gently tied the satin laces that held the overdress closed. “Lovely!” She said admiringly.

Some moments later, once I was completely ready to go I had to agree that she may have been biased – let's face it I WAS her creation – but I made a nice looking woman.

And now, here I was. Sitting in a fashionable eating hole – just another well dressed women along with another two – and waiting for a fourth. Emily and Joyce were dressed stylishly as well. We looked like three, fairly successful, women on the town. What would Barbara THINK when she saw me? I wondered.

Her thoughts weren't that difficult to fathom out. She knew Joyce of course and although I was dramatically changed she had no difficulty with identifying me. Once Joyce introduced her to Emily, she kissed me hello.

“My!” She said appreciatively. “Been doing some work and keeping secrets from me? Or do I owe this transformation to Joyce?”

“Both of us, I guess.” For some reason I found myself whispering.

“Anyway! I could use a drink. Shall we get started? I'm pretty sure that you girls have something to discuss.

We had finished our meal before we were going to talk, when a familiar woman made her appearance. She knew Joyce of course – and me, even in my current form. It was Eleanor – my friend Eric's wife! She greeted Joyce warmly then got introduced to Emily then Barbara, then she turned to me

“You look SO precious Alan!” She said, smiling and giving me a girly kiss. “I never figured that you'd be so nice!”

“You don't seem surprised Eleanor?” Joyce asked.

“Not really. I have my sweet little husband with me – and he told me all about that game of golf.” She turned to Barbara. “You certainly made an impression on my little dear – that's why he was too shy to come over and meet you again.”

“I can't understand that!?” Barbara said, putting an innocent look on her face – but laughing. “I thought that Helen and his two friends were just darling!”

“That's why I wanted to talk to you when Eric pointed you out a little while ago.” Eleanor said. “You've made SUCH a difference to Alan – or should it be Helen now - and I wondered if I could learn some stuff from you?”

“That sounds like fun!” Barbara laughed. “But Joyce, myself, and Emily had something to discuss. Would it be possible for you to take Helen back to your table for a little while? Let us finish our business, than you and I could talk?”

“Wonderful” Eleanor said. “Come along Helen! Eric will be SO glad to meet one of his oldest friends again!”

I looked at my companions, not wanting to leave, but I could tell immediately that both Emily and Joyce wanted me away from their talk with Barbara. Helplessly then, I was led back to Eleanor and Eric's table. I saw Eric's face as he saw us approach, and suddenly realized something for the very first time. He was even more embarrassed than I was! His actions told me. He was now in the company of one very dominant woman – and one damned attractive one! I wasn't the small nondescript male I'd been all my life. Suddenly, I started to enjoy being what I had been turned into!

“See? I told you that was Alan – sorry Helen!” Eleanor said to him. “Isn't he pretty?”

Eric simply looked sulky and gulped. Made some incoherent noises. I actually started feeling sorry for the poor guy. But then Eleanor surprised me. “Come and dance with me Helen!” She said – and she is the kind of person that I don't refuse.

There was a small quiet dance floor with a half dozen couples there, two of them woman on woman, so I knew we wouldn't stand out. "Okay," I gulped, so now we were heading onto the floor and I hadn't sat with Eric at all – something I had the feeling he felt glad about. When we got to the floor, I sort of stood, waiting for Eleanor to come to my arms, but she grinned. "Don't be SILLY Helen!" she laughed- and I went into her arms.

To tell the truth, she was much better in the male position than I'd ever been. On top of that, I fitted into the female role with no problem at all. It was more fondness than sexual when she caresses my backside. "You should have been a girl all along! Just like that pantywaist husband of mine! You're so nice a soft! Just like a husband should be!"

I wasn't positive what she meant, but blushed as I thanked her. Then she made no secret of the fact that she wanted to grill me on what had happened – and (a surprise) how I really felt about it. She didn't finish with me until almost two more dance numbers had gone by – at which time she noticed that my three women had finished with their talking, At that point she let me go back, then she joined Barbara, and the two of them went to the bar like two long-lost buddies. I'd have asked Eric to join Emily, Joyce and myself – but thought he was probably happier as he was.

Barbara came back some while later and we all had coffees before finally taking off and saying our goodbyes to her. She had given me a very searching look as if I should know the answer to something, but when I asked her what was going on, she simply kissed me and told me to hush up. I wasn't too unhappy as she was kissing me and quietly telling me how much she had missed me. Then we all said goodnight.

I pumped Joyce and Emily on the way home but they made it very clear that they didn't want to talk about what had happened between them and Barbara. They did go to some lengths to convince me though that it wasn't negative. I'd find out in good time. Emily did look at me in a strange way as she took off from our house to go to her hotel – but other than a kiss, told me nothing.

Now it was just Joyce and myself in our bedroom. I was sleepy – the excitement, the drinks – and Barbara had got me all wound up – and now I was hoping to sleep. I sat at the dressing table and Joyce was slowly talking to me, asking about Eleanor and Eric. Gradually unfastening my dress, then asking what I really thought about Barbara. At that point, I think I started to be honest with her – told her how much I was attracted. How I felt when she kissed me.

She undid another few buttons. "You know that Barbara has some male tendencies – and wants – don't you?"

"Kinda hard to ignore!" I laughed sleepily.

"You don't mind?"

“I don't think so. Not anymore.”

There was a short pause, then she had her hands under my armpits and was lifting me up. My eyes were half closed, and her fingers were back at work, undoing my dress. It just felt SO nice! Then she was nuzzling the



back of my neck and her hand was sliding down my back, feather touching my slip. Lovely. I leaned back.

“Don't stop! It's getting me all sexy! Keep it up and I'll tell Barbara!”

“Did you really mean what you said about Barbara?” But it was a much deeper voice than Joyce's. I opened sleepy eyes – and it was Barbara who was standing at my back, slowly pulling my dress down from my shoulders.

“Where did YOU come from?” I mumbled, then couldn't help but back sexily into her. I'd been wondering slightly why she hadn't come home with Emily and Joyce – but then I knew why. She'd gone home for something and as I backed into her hard groin, I knew what was being offered to me – knew it was time to put up – or shut up.

“I may not be very good at this?” I said, backing in to her even further.

“I think I heard you say that before – and I'll now bet that you can learn”, she said, pulling me in harder and caressing my breasts softly from the back.

I nodded.

“I was wondering how you'd feel about marriage to me? I think that Joyce wants to marry John?”

“Mmm.” I pondered falsely.

I could feel her grin behind me. “I have the feeling that Eleanor may have Eric all ready to be your bridesmaid?”

“Well – let's not wait too long – shall we?” I asked.

The end