

# TROPHY HUSBAND



Tiffany  
**MILLIS**

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**By Tiffany Mellis**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Brave?” Mother asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Answer the bloody question mummy!”

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

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

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

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

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

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

“Seriously.” I said firmly.

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

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

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

I blushed a little. “Yes mummy.”

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

I nodded mutely.

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

“You sound awfully serious mummy.” I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I bowed my head formally.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Feminine? Masculine?"

"VERY feminine."

"You attracted to her?"

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

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

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

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

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

"What? Being girlish – or . . ."

"BLUSHING!" I said indignantly.

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

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

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

"Prepare me? What are you talking about?"

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

"But you said . . ."

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes mummy,"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wow!" I said.

"Like it?" Lynn asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," I whispered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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