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# Rush Time

**By Bea**

The phone rang. "I'll get it!" I called down to mom. "Got an idea it'll be John."

"Don't forget that your sister's here too," she called back.

"Nah!" I said, getting to the phone. Truthfully I'd forgotten she was back in the house for a great moment or so. "Al Here!" I said into the phone.

"Hello Al," John said. His voice carried his excitement. "Counting the days, huh?"

"Got THAT right!" I laughed and let out a sigh of relief. John couldn't know of course exactly what my relief consisted of, but he was going to college in a few days, just like I was and he thought that that was why I was so relieved. Wasn't wholly true of course, but close enough.

His voice dropped. "Counting the hours too? I got the mix today. Put it out beside the booze at the barn. Sill on for tonight?"

I breathed a big sigh of excited happiness. "Got THAT right son! Can't wait. Brad and Ed still on?"

"They'd better be!" he laughed excitedly, voice rising. "Everybody's paid their share now. Don't turn up? Just the more for me to drink! Checked the sleeping bags too, Everything's fine. My folks think I'm staying the night at yours. Your mom thinks you're at mine. Brad and Ed have the same set up. Nobody'll EVER think of checking up on us!"

There was a hint of bitterness in his voice. I forget how the four of us got thrown together but we were all nerds at the school. All far too small for anything athletic. All scared shitless of girls. Tonight? We were gonna HOWL! Bought booze up the ying yang and set up a meeting place at an old – but dry – barn. Intended to get pissed out of our minds. Then we'd sleep it off and get home the following day. Everybody thought we were totally harmless – but tonight? We were gonna show them. Gonna get drunker than shit!

I couldn't help but laugh triumphantly in return. "Tonight we're going to HOWL baby!" I said – and then gulped. Anna my stepsister was standing in the doorway, her black obsidian eyes staring maliciously at me. I gulped and spoke quickly into the mouth-piece. "Well? See you later John." Didn't give him a chance to reply, just hung up the phone.

"Hello Al!" she said in that quiet menacing tone. "We haven't had much of a chance to talk, have we?"

"H . . . Hello Anna," I managed after a gulp or two. Then with a false bravado, managed. "Well? You've been busy I guess. We've never had the chance to get together!"

She smiled and settled down on the edge of my bed between me and the door. Patted the bed beside her. "Well, no time like the present, is there little brother? Come and sit beside big sister. Mmmm?"

"Aw c'mon Anne!" I said, protesting. "You're not that much bigger than me."

She smiled awfully then flexed her arm. "I think I've gotten stronger Al, know that? Why don't you come and feel it, huh? Tell me what you think?"

I balked. "Hey! I don't think we need to . . ."

"I'd LIKE you to. Just for old times sake." She was staring at me now.

I licked my lips. "Okay. Ha ha! My, you don't have a big arm, but it sure looks nice and strong, You really DO feel that you're improving." I said, feeling like an idiot as I gingerly felt the brown sinew that she bared.

"Now it's your turn!" she said. "Flex now for big sister. Let's see how you've grown!"

"Please Anne?" I said helplessly but flexed my arm.

She took my bicep gingerly between her forefinger and thumb. "Al? You haven't been exercising much at all, have you? Still all soft and white. Why if I closed my eyes? I'd swear this was a girl!" She looked at me, false concern in her eyes. "I'm SO sorry. But you really do feel weak. You don't mind me pointing it out, do you?" She squeezed my muscle – and it came close to hurting.

"No Anne. That's all right," I murmured.

"Remember when I lived here? The fun we had Indian wrestling! Me trying to strengthen you up? But I couldn't, could I?"

My step sister Anne was just over two years older than myself. Not much taller, or bigger but she had 'something' I guess, an innate confidence I lacked. Once my dad had died and we'd been left with just her mom, it was as if she was determined to show me up. I had spent many embarrassing moments in front of her mom and friends as she'd demonstrated her superiority.

We hadn't seen much of her since she'd been back – a lot of which was me staying to hell out of her way, but she had me trapped now. As you can probably figure out, she scared the hell out of me. She patted my thigh.

"Going to howl tonight sweetie? That what you going to do? How nice to see you turning into a big strong man! I hear that the athletic teams are having a big party tonight. Is that what you're going to do?"

She had overheard my conversation! But how much?

"Not a team," I admitted. "Never made it. Just guy talk with some of the other fellows, you know? Didn't really mean anything!" I managed.

"Does mom know anything about this?" she asked.

"Yes! Of course! Me and John getting together over at his place. Just a sort of last fling, you know - with us going to college and all."

She patted my thigh again. "Oh, a guy thing! I don't know anything about them! Glad to see that you're finally starting to enjoy things like a normal male." Then she paused. "Oh. I nearly forgot. I'm sorry. Helen called! Wants you to call her . . ." and then she paused. "What's the matter Al? You just turned all white! Just as you used to do when I would tease you!"

I fought my horror. "Helen? Haven't heard from her in ages! Me turning white? Feel fine. Honest! Maybe a goose walked over my grave?"

She didn't believe me and I could tell I was in for some kind of grilling, but then I was saved! Mom called me about something she wanted to talk to me about. Now there are people on this world that I am scared of : Helen, then Anne - then Mom. With mom being a distant third. But she does have authority over Anne. Doesn't hit me or anything - says that I'm too small for that. Constantly questioning my lack of prowess in male things. Puts me down something fierce.

"Excuse me Anne," I said. "Mom wants me. Have to go!"

Her nostrils flared a little and I could feel my knees tremble. "Well that's okay for now," she said. "But once you and she are finished, we can have another . . ." Then she shook her head. "Damn and blast. I've got something to do now. But later you and me can discuss this Helen of yours. Okay?"

"Sure thing Anne! Sure thing! But I have to run now!" With that, I avoided her and sped to mom. She had a little chore for me to do and I was never so glad in all my life when I saw Anne leave. Shortly after that I finished the chore for mom, I called Helen.

"Took you long enough dear," she said silkily, when I told her who I was.

"Was my sister took the message. She just told me now. Honest Helen, honest." I found myself pleading.

She snorted a little, but relented. "That's all right sweetie. Be here in about an hour."

"An hour! That's awful early, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes?"

"I wasn't arguing Helen! Far from it. It just seems awful early?"

"You wouldn't be discussing this with me, would you? Feel that you're at my level?" Her voice was hardening. "I don't care for my little sissies getting out of hand."

"Please Helen? I'm sorry. But it looks as if I got off on the wrong foot. I'm sorry." I said in my meekest voice.

"You'll be here then?"

"Absolutely. But may I ask one thing?"

There was a pause while she thought of this. "Okay. Go ahead – but keep it short please?"

"Is there any chance that I'll be finished fairly early?"

"What do you mean by fairly early?"

"Well the sessions usually only last about three or four hours. I was just wondering . . . ?"

Her voice was impatient. "Darling? I can't tell. Might be less. Might be more. But the sooner you're out here?" Then she paused. "You ARE smooth, aren't you?"

"Oh yes Helen, oh yes! Thank you so much! I would never forget that!" I babbled.

She actually giggled a little bit. "Yes. I spanked you once for that, did I not?"

"Oh YES Helen – and I'll never forget again!" I was VERY sincere.

"You're welcome!" she said still laughing a little. "Now be here in an hour!"

I started to thank her, but she cut me off by hanging up without even saying good bye.

I was in a sweat. Should I call any of the guys and say that I might be late? But Helen wanted me far earlier than usual and I was normally only required for three or four hours. Maybe I'd have time to satisfy whatever it was she needed and still get my night with the boys in? I was scared of Anne being on the track now, but Helen hadn't used me in weeks. Maybe this would be the last time she'd need me? Another reason for my big sigh of relief I thought. I decided not to tell the guys. Went and made sure I was clean thoroughly. I'd showered so that was okay, but brushed my teeth, combed my hair into place. Shined my shoes. Grabbed a quick bite from the fridge while mom wasn't looking – then took off.

I got to the house in plenty of time. Parked the car in back then reported to the back door. The girl that answered was quite pretty. Smiled at me nicely, then took the lobe of my ear firmly between her thumb and forefinger then led me, yowling, into meet Helen.. Even though I was still in my pants and stuff, I got a nod of approval from her when I immediately upon being let go, I ignored my throbbing ear and curtsied.

"You're learning," she smiled. "Off you go like a little bunny and change. Terry will give you a hand today."

I had no idea who Terry was, nor why she should give me a hand, but knew enough to shut up. Went into the normal small room to change.

Was immediately surprised. Instead of a cheap set of falsies, Terry – a nice affable blonde, took a great deal of care in checking my bra, made me take the bra off then affixed the better grade false breasts with adhesive. Then I was allowed to put my lingerie on, with her turning her back to provide me with some modesty. That gave me surprise number two – the lingerie was of a much nicer quality than I was used to.

Then, she spent a LOT of time checking out my hair and appearance. Gave me a nice negligee and had me walk in some high heels before she picked a dark pair, which were quite comfortable although higher than I was used to. Then she spent a lot of time in my hair, using a curling iron and mousse. Then my makeup of course. Again, I was surprised at the level of care that she took. She used perfume on me – another thing that made me wince. How was I supposed to cover that up?

Then my final surprise. I was given a close fitting black cocktail dress with a slit skirt to wear instead of my normal uniform! Then Jewelry! Astonished, I was fitted with a gold necklace and my lobes were scrubbed clean and gold earrings – long and dangling – put in my ears. A bright colored bracelet and a slave anklet! I couldn't believe my eyes! Then finally, making sure I was walking correctly, I was led into Helen. She BEAMED at me! "What a pretty girl you make, Alice. Now sit down and have Terry do your nails. You can watch TV while she does, okay?"

I knew it was now or never. She was obviously in a great mood and, with me being dressed and made up the way I was she probably didn't want to muss me up or take the chance that my tears would mess things up if she put me over her knees..

"May I ask something ma'am?" I said, curtsying properly now although the dress made it a little more difficult.

She nodded, I think reading my mind, but admiring that I still had some chutzpah left. "Yes dear, you may."

"It's been a few years now ma'am that I've worked as a maid for you."

"True," she laughed. "You were a naughty little thing at first, weren't you?"

"Yes ma'am. But I thought you were finished with me – me going to college soon and all."

Her head drew back as if puzzled. "So?"

"I just wondered is all," I said lamely.

She smiled, but didn't answer that question if, indeed, it was a question. "Get your nails done Alice, there's a girl."

I knew that at that point I daren't go any further. "Yes ma'am," I said meekly.

Later, my nails all nice and red, and perfumed prettily, I was shocked by being allowed to sit by the fire and – miracle of miracles – given a drink! This allowed my nails to dry and me to think. The fire was nice and warm and, truthfully, my dress felt comfortable on me. I sat there, half dozing and reviewed what had been happening to me. My first worry was the finger polis and perfume. How was I to get rid of that stuff by tomorrow? But that could be figured out – I had some time, after all.

My career as a maid had started with Anne, naturally. She'd had me dress as her maid for Halloween one year, with her playing a Southern Belle, and there was no question about it. Being the perfectionist that she is, she demanded that I play the part perfectly. This involved me wearing high heels on a regular basis around the house – a source of great hilarity for my step mom and, finally, getting my hair done. I was then 'allowed' out

with Anne and her friends – the only male in the group. Nobody was ever apprised of my true identity I thought, but it was the source of great embarrassment for me.

Months later one day at school I was approached, in a friendly fashion, by Helen – one of the nicest looking girls at school. She was a year behind me, but ask me if I cared to chat. It was very private, just her and I, but I sure didn't give a shit – after all, I was a nerd and entitled to nothing seemed to be the way everybody else thought. She even let me take her out after that! I soon found out that there was no way that I was going to be allowed to be the aggressor in our relationship – but as I had absolutely no experience with girls let her take over and soon lay in her arms quite happily as she fondled me..

It turned out that she was a cousin of one of Anne's friends and had found out of my evening as a maid. Laughingly, she suggested that I show her how good I was. Naturally, I had protested but then one afternoon when her mother had been away, Helen 'found' this maid's uniform – and it wasn't long before I was her maid. The shock and horror when a few of her friends turned up and their hilarity at my utter compliance to their orders. Some photographs were taken and, from that point on, some minor blackmail was used on me – what would my mother say? And I became a maid on demand.

I wasn't used too often and was surprised to find out that events had gone by that appeared to have needed a maid – but didn't use me. I certainly wasn't going to complain and, quite frankly, the money was good – the girls ALL paid me. Truthfully? I knew that I was starting to enjoy the feelings that the clothes and humiliations brought me – so was really glad that college had come up in time. Didn't want to think about what I might become if the situation kept up. So far, had escaped both mom and Anne's finding out about me – so now that release wasn't very far away? I was almost delirious with joy.

It was about then, almost in some kind of self-protection that I started meeting regularly with the guys. I think they were just like me – nerds – so needed the feeling of belonging that a group gave us. Had met fairly regularly and boasted – the way guys will of course – but all of us were pretty weak when it actually came to women.

So sitting there in the warmth of the fire, my drink in my hand – and secretly enjoying the soft and lovely fabrics I was wearing? I may have dozed off a little.

"Right Alice!" Tiffany was standing beside me, a black silk wrap with white edging in her hands. "Time to go!"

I shook myself awake and stood as she put the wrap around me. It felt SO nice and I thanked her prettily. Then to my surprise, she led me to a car.

It didn't take us very long before we reached a big house. She led us in through the back and I was led into a nice sitting room. "Just stay there until you're called," she smiled. "You should have some company in a little while." There was nothing in her words by any means, but her smile gave me a little pause, I sat down by the fire.

Not long after, the door opened and another young lady was ushered in by Tiffany. She was in a yellow dress trimmed in black and looked nice, although confused. She stood by the door, looking at me. Somehow, she looked familiar. Then behind her the door opened again, and two other young women were shown in. The three young women were all obviously strangers to each other and to me – yet there was 'something'?

They all smiled weakly at each other, though didn't say anything. Slowly advanced into the room towards me. Then I saw it. Horrified I saw that the three 'girls' were John, Bradley, and Edward! What was also astounding was that they looked so comfortable in their dresses – and moved comfortably in their high heels! They were just like ME! Girly-boys! Just about then, they caught on as well. Gasps of horror and shame burst from all of our lips.

The door opened behind them and Helen came in. "Good Evening ladies! How nice you all look! Now have you met each other yet? No? Why don't you all do it properly then! Take it from left to right, curtsy to your friends and give them your true name – then a little girlish kiss on each cheek?"

Bradley was in green satin, his hair a burnished auburn. He sighed then curtsied. "Hello ladies and Helen. "I'm Bernice!" Then he came and kissed us all! It was awful, but we all knew well enough to greet him. "Hello Bernice – don't you look lovely! That's such a pretty dress!" Or something like that – while Helen looked on, almost laughing at our effeminate display. She let Edwina – in a bronze taffeta gown then Joan in her yellow dress introduce herself. Then she addressed us again.

"Girls? It's very important that you show how nicely you can behave. We have some guests tonight – and if you're naughty? You'll be spanked in public – and I guarantee that you WON'T enjoy it. If that's clear? Give me a nice curtsy – like the sweet girls you are!"

The four of us, ashamed and red faced did exactly as she directed. Then she said, "Be on your best behavior girls. I'll come and get you all in a minute. Maybe you can use this little time to have a small get-together?" With that, she left and I could swear I heard a stifled giggle.

We all looked at each other in horror, all of us unable to speak. Finally, I croaked. "So it wasn't just me?"

Everyone else slowly nodded and it seemed to me that four sets of made-up faces with sultry, mascara'd eyes searched each other's faces with pleading looks for some sort of understanding.. "They got me about two years ago!" Brad admitted.

"They've made me work as a servant – a maid – for them for some time!" I said in some shock, and everybody nodded.

"How do we get OUT of this?" John asked helplessly and us four little sissy boys looked at each other, almost on the point of tears.

"And WHAT are we doing here?" Ed said, panting a little. He fingered his pretty dress. "I didn't know when they made me put on this nice stuff. Thought it was some sort of farewell party thing, you know?"

Just then, the door opened and Helen came in, smiling. "Sorry to interrupt your little gossip girls, but why don't you just follow me out into another room. Okay?"

We all nodded sheepishly. She continued.

"Oh, you're ALL so sweet! I could just eat you right up! But once we get through this first door, I want you all to hold hands like the pretty little debutantes you are, Don't let go now! And once I get you in the main room? I want you to form a nice straight line. Got that? Then I'll introduce you and while I do? Curtsey the audience nicely. Later, if any one



of you is asked a question? Take one step forward, towards the person who asks the question. Curtsey that person and answer the question. Then go back to your place in the line. That isn't too difficult for your pretty little heads, is it?"

We all nodded shyly, frightened to look at this woman who was talking to us as if we were a group of little girls. She smiled. "C'mon then ladies. Off we go!"

Out of that room, we stumbled about a little, embarrassed in our small crowd of sweetly smelling girls in a sort of cloud of satins laces, taffetas and tulles, but finally took each other's soft hands and in our high heels daintily followed Helen into a fairly dark large room with a good sized clearing in the center, a sort of spotlight lighting the four of us. We lined up as directed, about an arms length apart, still holding hands. A smattering of applause came from the audience.

"All right girls. You can let go of each other now," Helen laughed at the audience. "They're all SO shy. But let me introduce them!"

She then did as she had said she would, introduced us by our girlish names. There were a few titters from the audience as she did so,

Once she had finished she spoke to them again. "Now ladies? This is the very first time we've done something like this. These 'girls' you see in front of you were, sort of, taken in, by my group. Over time we have discovered how handy it is to have a male maid – especially if they look nice. Obedient, docile, and at least one of them has proved to be sexually handy to the more masculine of us." (I was too frightened to look! Who was she talking about!) "Anyway? We just hated to see them go off to college on their own. Seemed like such a waste somehow!" She changed subjects. "Now, we think you might have some questions? But first of all, we want to impress on them that we have a lot of data on them – and if we catch them lying to us? We'll spank them immediately. Now please listen up."

There was a short pause then came the sound of male voices over loudspeakers. And then it dawned on me – it was US – at one of our secret get-togethers! And how the audience laughed at the deep voices we put on – and the vainglorious masculine boasts we made!. I didn't have too much time to squirm or wonder how they had recorded us, when a large screen lit up to one side of us – and there John was, getting picked up by Helen, then there I was lying in her arms getting masturbated, while a voice over from the machine plays me boasting about how I screwed her! Then Ed and Brad being dominated – with Ed being the girl- all tearful and weeping as his panties are taken down to a dildo wearing woman.

He four of us were given a moment to collect ourselves as the audio and video machines were turned off and the lights went on. Facing us in a loose formation of sofas and soft chairs were about a dozen women. They were smiling at us. One of them spoke.

"Edwina? When you pee do you do it sitting down like a proper girl?"

Ed curtsied and admitted that he had 'learned' to do this properly. In turn, all of us said the same thing.

"Alice? Do you ever window shop? Want nice things for yourself?"

I swallowed and admitted that I sometimes looked at nice window displays.

"Just window displays?" Helen asked.

Luckily, an audio came on showing me in a lingerie store, fingering the items there – as a woman would.

“Well I thought of buying my mom some undies,” I lied, just in time.

“Edwina?” A rather deep voice came. “Did you enjoy being a girl that time, your panties all down with you being penetrated and all?”

“No ma’am.” Ed answered after a short pause.

“But did it ever happen again?” another voice broke in.

“Yes ma’am.” Ed said. “A number of times.”

His relief was obvious as he was allowed to get back into line.

Then the deep voice again. “Alice? You’re very pretty. Were you ever that kind of girl?”

“No ma’am.” I trembled.

“Mmmm!” A few voices said but the matter seemed to be closed.

Embarrassing questions were asked over the next ten minutes or so, with our answers showing us to have become trained maids with ever growing feminine tendencies. Finally, we were let go and released to the audience. Being treated like women as we all held hands was bad enough. Now, being separated was a million times worse as we each found ourselves the center of a small group of grinning dominant females – with many of them touching us and our dresses on the most familiar way.

Then for a little while they put on some dancing music and we had to take our part with the women taking the male parts – then with a great deal of laughter they made us dance with each other. The look on Ed’s face when they would not let him take the male part under any circumstance. Though I can’t say that mine was much different when the woman with the deep voice demanded that she dance with me a few times. She didn’t say much though. Just commented how soft and womanish I was – and grinned. To be quite honest? She was a nice dancer and I started to feel fairly natural in her arms. She said that her name was really Tiffany – but her hormones liked her to be called “Tiff’.

Then came Helen’s ‘Piece de la resistance’ as the four of us were called back at the same time. Back in the room she complimented us on how well we’d done- and had our uniforms ready for us. They were more farcical versions of French Maids than anything and I think that all four of us felt funny in our short skirts and multi layer petticoats, tiny aprons and silly, flounced, hats – but we still had to go out and prove to the ladies that we ‘knew our true places’ and could perform as necessary.

Surprisingly, we were allowed to drink. We couldn’t drink the amount we’d originally intended for that night, but I think that the other four felt as I did – there weren’t too many chances left before we left for college, so we were all pretty unsteady on our heels as the night wore on and we wended our way between the bar that had been set up – and the ladies, mincing and letting out little squeals as hands found their way up under our petticoats and stroked our false breasts.

I was very tired. Didn’t even care too much at the laughter as us four girly-boys were told to say goodnight properly – and we did – kissing each other naturally now. Wasn’t

too surprised to find myself in Helen's car as, still in my flounced uniform being driven back to the house where I'd changed originally. Almost fell asleep.

Didn't really come awake until I was halfway up the path to my own house!

I struggled in Helen's grasp, but it was futile. Hey! Here! What are you doing Helen? This is the wrong . . ."

"Want me to spank you in front of your mom and Anne?" she cautioned me.

"No but . . ."

"Hush girly!" she said, and rang the bell!

Anne answered it but didn't recognize me. "Yes?" she asked.

"My name's Helen – and I've brought your little brother home," Helen said.

"My little – what?" Anne said, taking a close look at me. Then she smiled. "Why don't you come in. Both of you? Maybe some explanation Helen?"

Mom and Anne had been watching TV, but switched it off to hear what Helen had to say. She had me stand in front of everyone while she explained how she and her cronies had got me and the other three started.

"You mean it was ME that got this whole thing started with him?" Anne laughed, cycling me.

"Mostly." Helen admitted. "But we'd had our eye on him for some time. You see, we've been doing this for years, and once we'd heard what you'd done? It just reinforced our thoughts."

"Look mom!" Anne crowed, lifting my skirts and petticoats. REAL panties! Aren't they lovely!"

Mom glared at me. "You mean you've been acting as a MAID for these girls – for YEARS? And not doing laundry or ironing around here? Pretending that you were a BOY and didn't do things like that? Wish I'd known! Now you're going away to college and missing all of the help you could give me! I always thought you were just a sissy! But I must say that you fooled me! Now I see that it's panties and petticoats and stockings! More than just a sissy, I think!"

"That's why I brought him home like this tonight," Helen said. "You see, me and my friends used to train the little sissies – and then just let them go!"

"Such a waste!" Anne laughed.

"Exactly!" Helen said. "That's why this year – when we had SUCH a good crop, we got in touch with the sororities in the colleges where they're going..."

"Sororities? But that's all girls!" Mom said, then paused.. "You mean . . ."

"Exactly!" Helen laughed. "And the thought of having nice male maids? All sweet and docile! They've all been snapped up. Alice here?" She stroked my head. "Hardly lasted a minute. A girl called Tiffany is an officer of a major sorority – wants him – her – desperately. Frankly? I think she fancies him. But that's why I came to see you I thought you might have some objection – you see, her house will pay for his lodging – and uniforms for the next few years – maybe even some of his 'relaxing' clothes, if you know what I mean?"

“You mean he’d be a girl all the time?” Mom asked and for a minute I had hope.

“Up to you,” Helen answered. “To make sure he was sellable, we adhered falsies to him and painted his nails. There’s only a few days left – and we wanted to see if you’d want him this way, before sending him to his sorority.”

“Sounds good to me, mom. I’ve always wanted a little sister,” Anne said.

“What did you say you called him – her – Alice?” Mom asked.

The end

# Fair's Fair!

**By Bea**

Yes Evelyn I can see that you're surprised! Changed days, huh? I just figured I'd use Joe to serve us all today – sort of surprise you girls – you know?

Not quite Mr. Macho man in that pretty apron is he?

Yes. I know EXACTLY when and why it started. He'd been acting like the Lord of the Manor, telling me to do this – do that – just like he'd been doing since we got married – and me falling for it. Getting all worked up when he'd be out with the boys and come home drunk – and I THINK he was even running around on me . . . Typical macho husband!

Oh positively Shannon! He may look like a little pansy at the moment – but he definitely is heterosexual. No question about that. None at all . . . Not what you would call 'great' in bed – but helped to pass the time now and then. (Giggle)

Like I said? He was running around with the boys, up to all sorts of nonsense – even made me cry when I'd cook a nice dinner for him – and he wouldn't even call. Come in all drunk and ignore ALL that I had done for him! Mean with money too! Controlled all of the money too! Had all that money his parents left him – had that silly little job where his secretary did all of his work! Lazy? Not the word for it! Spoiled rotten! Always moaning about me doing some nice shopping and my spending – can you IMAGINE? I'd buy something nice and sexy – to please HIM – and he'd just bitch, bitch, bitch!

Okay! Evelyn! I can stay on the subject. It was Dolores here – yes you Dolores with your sexy Latin husband that got me started. Yes! Remember that time I was admiring that gorgeous diamond ring you'd just got – and you told me your secret? How to manipulate a husband in one easy lesson? Just pretend to demean your man's masculinity – get him to be mean to you? Then cry and sniffle a lot about how MEAN he is to you? Maybe hold back your affection – or be cold? Then (giggle) he'd buy you something nice to apologize?

Well, I wanted this Ruby pendant – but knew that mean old Joe here would never go along with it – maybe it WAS a little pricey – but I figured that it might be well worth time spent if I could get him to buying me that pendant for being mean to me. (Yes Joe! Our drinks need freshening! Get to it!)

As I was saying? He'd come in one night. Not as late, nor as drunk as usual – but I'd made up my mind to try – so I started nagging at him right away. Called him all sorts of names. Have to admit that I was surprised. It was the first time I'd ever raised my voice to him, other than complain. But he just got this sulky look on his face – and STOOD there! Then I started calling him a pansy and a faggot! Told him how he wasn't a REAL man in bed!

Yes Dolores – that's what I said – and he just sort of cringed. Didn't raise a hand – not even his voice! I couldn't believe it! He started to walk away from me – like a coward! So (she shrugs) I followed him from the hall into the kitchen! I saw some dirty dishes sitting there that I hadn't washed yet. Told him that if he wanted his dinner he'd better EARN it – to go and wash those dirty dishes!

Yeah Shannon. Every word is true! I can't believe my eyes! He goes and starts DOING the dishes immediately!

Yes Dolores! A man – MY husband – doing dishes – like a woman! No, I can't even think of what your husband would do – but I ain't finished yet! I see this little frilly apron there that I keep for show when we have visitors. So I pick it up – and throw that at him. Tell him if he's a woman in bed – he may as well look like one in the kitchen! And his eyes get this big round way and he tells me he can't wear an apron.

What did I do Evelyn? I got to be honest. I was so confused? Almost listened to him! But I could see that my little plan wasn't going to work and must admit that I got a little mad! I just slapped him! Told him to stop behaving like a nattering woman and put his apron on! I'll swear that a few tears came into his eyes but he put that apron on! Got all apologetic on me when I sneered at him for not being able to tie a pretty bow at the back – ended up standing there all shy and demure while I tied him into it!

No, I'm not kidding! I ended up making him do the dishes? THEN I made him serve up the dinner! Even teased him by calling him 'girly' a few times. But I was really too confused to do anything much more. Started thinking that he was probably a lot drunker than he looked.

But the next day? He didn't say a word – just looked all shy. Yes Dolores – he could hardly look me in the eye. So know what I did? A couple of things! Took him gently by the hand and had him admit that he's been very naughty! Yes, can you imagine a grown man admitting THAT? Saying he should help more about the house! Needed aprons to do it!

I've always been a sucker for those old aprons that they had back in the fifties – you know, like Lucy used to wear? I remembered this retro store on the Internet – and had my little sweetie stand by me at the computer. As luck would have it there were three aprons there. That's one of them he's wearing now! Isn't it lovely on him?

Then? The most IMPORTANT thing! I went out and bought that Ruby pendant! When I brought it back I could tell that he wanted to say something – but he didn't – so I had him put it on for me! Around my neck! The little dear finally choked when I had him say how

nice I looked! But he said it – and got all red when I kissed him and said how generous he was!

To tell the truth? I thought I'd get the little pansy to argue with me when I made him get the place ready for you girls – but here he is now – in one of his pretty aprons, and at our` beck and call.

What am I gonna do with him Evelyn? Haven't really figured it out. Can't see that there IS much.

Well girls? It's been a week since you were here. See any difference in Mia?

Oh – I forgot. That's what I call my little Joe now. Joe was FAR too masculine a name for a little sissy – don't you think? I feel that Mia is far more suitable. More feminine – like he's getting all the time.

Oh Shannon? That all you see – that he has another nice apron on? Didn't you see his nice makeup when he answered the door and took your coats?

Oh. Yes. I guess it was dark in the hallway. Never thought of that. But now that he's out here in the light, you going to tell me you don't see a difference? I know that his hair isn't that long yet – but don't you see the difference in styling? Don't you think that a little lipstick looks good on him?

Me? I don't remember what brought it on. Remember last time we spoke I couldn't think what to do with him? I got to thinking about something he said a whole bunch of times. Used to sneer at how us women made ourselves nice for our men. Went to all that trouble to make ourselves attractive! Started to laugh as I thought how great it would be if he started to make himself look nice for ME! Got a little taste of what we women go through!

Don't you dare laugh Evelyn! I know that you're a lesbian and all that stuff – so you don't have to go through all that crap that us NORMAL women go through for our men. We just tolerate you because we all liked you BEFORE you came out of the closet. (Laughs). I'm talking for myself, Shannon, and Dolores – NORMAL women who worry about our looks! Not you! Masculine thing that you are! Even though I have to admit how attractive you are!

But Dolores? With you being an ex-beauty salon operator? Would you look at his eye-brows? To my mind, they're all wrong. I was going to pluck them myself – but seeing you were coming, I thought I'd get your opinion.

Oh! I can see what you're getting at! I would have done them all wrong! Would you like to pluck them for me? Don't be silly – he won't mind, will you Mia? Oh stop that whimpering! It won't hurt as much as that wax job you had the other day! Don't you want to be pretty for me? (giggle)

Goodness gracious! Will you listen to those little squeals he's making! Sounds like the noises he made when I laced him into his corset this morning! Pretending as if he couldn't breathe! Honestly! He's such a baby! If he doesn't behave himself? I might give him a paci-fier and diapers – then put him over my knees and give him something to really cry about! (Shakes her head) Sometimes I feel like giving him SUCH a spanking!