

Paradise For Fools



Susan Strange



A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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PARADISE FOR FOOLS

By Susan Strange

I suppose you could call it a paradise for fools. It was the wife who started things going. It all started one Saturday morning. There I was, my head buried in the racing column of the newspaper looking for a winner. I do like a flutter on the nags on Saturday. I've won a few pounds at times but then so has the bookie, otherwise he wouldn't have that Jag and his manor house. I studied the form guide for the three o'clock at Newmarket. Prince of the Palace looked a good thing in that race good jockey and I always fancied Guy Harwood, the trainer stable. The price was good, giving odds at 16:1. *I'll put £20 on that, easy money*, I was thinking. What else was I going to spend the money on?

Then I heard the words "my dress." It was the wife addressing me. My Dress? What race is that in, I

thought. I looked at all the horses listed in alphabetical order for all the meetings that day but there was no My Dress.

“What race is that in, pet? I don’t see it here.” Pearl—that’s the wife—sometimes backs a horse, usually because she likes the name. With her luck, it’s usually a winner.

“You weren’t listening you old fool, were you? I asked if you would like to wear my dress.”

I looked at her. Pearl could be a bit of a joker at times. “Very good, pet, that’s a good one. For a minute I thought you were serious.”

“Oh but I am, Alex!”

Pearl and I had been married about thirty years. She was the girl next door and we were sweethearts at school. I never looked at another woman, she was the one for me. We had a couple of kids, a boy and a girl. She was a good mother, the children loved her. Sally and Bill have grown up, married, and had kids of their own. Pearl and I live on our own. She still retained her good looks at 49.

Pearl just lately had been acting funny I couldn’t put my finger on it till one of the lads at work said the same about his wife. “It’s the menopause, Alex.”

“Menopause? What’s that got to do with it, Harry?”

“Some women do strange things. Take Tessa for instance, all she wants is sex unusual sex. I’m not complaining, mind you as for sex many years ago between us. But now it has started up again.”

“Unusual sex, Harry? What’s that?”

“I can’t tell you now, Alex. It’s not for innocent ears,” he laughed.

To humour Pearl, I said, “But your dress would never fit me anyway.”

This was true for Pearl always kept herself in trim took. She took keep fit classes while I had rather let myself go. I should have kept my big mouth shut for Pearl had gained a victory.

“I wouldn’t let that worry you, Alex, we can always get a dress to fit you.” What had I let myself in for?

“There’s no time like the present to go shopping for a dress. I know what I’m looking for.” Once Pearl gets her teeth into something, she never lets go.

So there I am sitting in the car like a fool with Pearl giving me directions to go to some shop or other to get a dress for ME. “Here we are, Alex, that’s the shop over there.”

I had expected to be at some department store but what I was looking at was a fancy dress shop. I followed Pearl into the shop where there were all sorts of fancy clothes for men and women. Pearl approached the woman at the counter and had a conversation with her. I kept hearing words like “is he?” “will he?” coming from the woman behind the counter and every so often she would look at me, then carry on the conversation. What the hell were they talking about?.

Eventually Pearl motioned me to come with her and took my hand. “This way for your dress fitting, Alex.”

What was I doing? I must have been nuts, meekly walking behind my wife to have a dress fitted on ME!

“There we are, madam,” said the shop assistant, putting me and Pearl into a cubicle. “Don’t worry, we have all sizes. We will have him in a dress in no time.” That conversation didn’t exactly fill me with hope. Then the assistant added, “I’ll hand you a pair of knickers to hide his modesty while we fit the dress.”

Pearl then put her piece in. “You know they have to be long white frilly ones, yes?”

“Yes of course, that’s what the other men obtained.”

What was going on? What other men with long frilly knickers? I was having a bad dream. I was going to wake up in a minute.

“Right, Alex, get stripped. What you waiting for? I’ve seen you many naked many times.”

“Yes but that woman...”

“I think she has seen many a man naked before. Besides, these knickers will hide your penis so get on with it.”

What do you do when your wife is telling you to put a pair of knickers on? Well I did it because Pearl and I never had a cross word in our life. I felt stupid standing there in just a pair of women’s knickers.

“Here we are!” said the assistant coming into the cubicle with a long dress over her arm. MY DRESS. I mean, to me one woman’s dress looks like any other woman’s dress.

“Alex doesn’t have all the knickknacks yet but we’ll get them in time.”

“Oh yes, I can help you there. I know someone that will give him breasts.”

Christ, I wasn’t in a skirt yet and they were talking about me having breasts. Just what had come over Pearl? While my mind was cogitating, a dress was flung over my head.

“Not much of a woman,” commented the assistant.

“I know. There is a lot of work to put in before he really becomes one like the other men but I’ll show her the way,” said my Pearl.

“Do you think he’ll be one in three months’ time?”

“Oh yes, that’s plenty of time. He’ll have the breasts by then.”

“It’s a good fit and we can sort out the hips and backside same as we are going to do with the tits. Once that is accomplished, her whole body will fit this like any woman,” said Pearl.

“I’ll throw in the stockings petticoats and shoes and bra and such like so they can be tried at home. He’ll soon get used to wearing women’s clothes like the other men have. It’s great that you woman are doing so much to get your husbands into skirts and dresses,” said the assistant.

Other men? Husbands? What was going on? Was Russell Estate (where Pearl and I live) being turned into a lot of poufs wearing frocks by their wives? By the sound and look of things, I was being numbered

among them! We made our way back to the front of the shop. I had taken off the dress.

"I'll mark you down, Mrs. Dolan. as one of them that has come with her husband for a fitting. There are still a few wives to bring their husbands in."

"It's so kind of you, Beryl, to give us these dresses for free. It will save some money."

"When you ladies in the Women's Guild said you were going to do something unusual to raise money for charity, I felt I couldn't charge you for the hire of these dresses. It's only fair that I help out too."

"It was our President Mildred who came up with this idea of doing the can-can dance with a chorus line of men. They will be well drilled. Liz, who used to be a chorus girl herself at one time, is going to teach them. Liz is a hard taskmaster, she won't stand any nonsense. The people coming to the concert won't believe they are watching men and not women. Their makeup will be par excellence. Wilma will attend to that," finished my beloved wife.

On the way back home, I said to Pearl, "You never asked me to be one of these chorus can-can girls."

"I couldn't let the other girl's think I wasn't doing my bit for the Guild so I put your name down and that's it."

"You might have consulted me first, pet."

"Alex, I just knew you would do it for me, won't you?" Pearl had that look I've seen before. It's a look that has me doing all she wants like a lap dog. I'm a sucker and I always fall for it. For the rest of that day

Pearl was all sugar and spice to me, buttering me up. Like a fool, I fell for it. Dinner came and I was looking forward to a hearty meal. Pearl served up lettuce and carrots nothing else.

“What’s this, pet?” I questioned.

“Your dinner, Alex,”

“Where’s the steak and kidney pie and the mashed potatoes we usually have on a Saturday night?”

“They’re out from now.”

“Out, Pearl? Why?”

“You have a bit of a tummy, Alex and you’ll need to lose weight for that can-can chorus line. You need to be fit for it is strenuous work doing the high kicking and all that. I’ve signed you in on the keep fit classes I go to every week.” Pearl had apparently planned this all out before she sprung it on me.

“I’m going to look a right nana, the only man among you women.”

“No you’re not. Sadie will be there as well.”

“Who is she?”

“It’s not a she, it is Larisa’s husband. They come every week to the classes. Nice couple. Sadie keeps his body fit and he course insisted to be one of the can-can girls. Larisa gives Sadie great support in that and helps in every way she can with her dressing.”

“Sadie is a funny name for a man, pet. What is his real male name?”

“You know Alex, I don’t know. Larisa keeps calling her Sadie. Sadie this Sadie that. Sadie comes dressed in women’s clothes to the classes. Larisa says it gets her into the feel of the part she has to play as a can-can dancer. Sadie gets on well with the other women.” Pearl kept giving me an up and down look as if she was thinking about me going in a skirt to this keep fit class.

“Oh no you don’t, Pearl! Get out of that. I’m not coming dressed as some sort of pouf.” She just gave a sigh.

“We’ve got an invite to have tea with Larisa and Sadie tomorrow afternoon. I said we will go.”

“Who are this Larisa and Sadie, pet? I’ve never heard of them before around here.”

“They moved here about three months ago. Bought their own house. Nice house and it’s all done-up fancy.”

“I take it you’ve seen the house and this Sadie in his male clothes, pet?”

“Larisa has invited me a few times but Sadie has always been in a frock. Larisa says she likes that. Keeps him in mind of being a woman for the can-can dance. She buys him skirts and things like that.” Pearl gave me the once-over again.

“You can forget about that. I’m not going there tomorrow dressed in a skirt.” Pearl sighed again and I was beginning to think this Larisa was a bad influence on her.

Later that night in our bedroom Pearl became all funny again and put on one of her most beautiful night dresses. "Don't you think this is a pretty nightie?" she said coyly.

"You would look pretty in anything, pet."

"Do you really think so, Alex? I do love you, you know." Pearl snuggled up to me, something she hadn't done in a while. She got my defences down and I was vulnerable. We made love. There I was resting in the afterglow of our union when she whispered seductively, "Let's do it again with my nightie on you."

I had made the excuse earlier that her dress wouldn't fit me. I couldn't use that this time for the nightie was easy fitting and would not restrain me in any way. Besides the offer was too tempting and what did it matter? Pearl can be a bit of a *femme fatale* at times and twist me round her little finger. Well, as you probably guessed, I did put the nightie on. Pearl had a smile in her eyes as we made more love.

So there I was in the morning still with the nightie on in bed beside Pearl. "I'll just take this off, Pearl."

She put a hand on mine. "Don't worry, darling, keep it on for now. I've plenty more. You just lie there and I'll bring your breakfast in bed." I watched Pearl get out of bed in the nude. She has a fine figure, my wife. I've seen other men give her the once over but they can't have her, she's mine. I watched her slip another night dress on and admire her curves as she leaves the bedroom. What a wonderful night of love we had. I hadn't had Pearl's body like that for a long time. I was lying there thinking of all the wonderful love of the night not realising Pearl had just won another victory as I still had her nightie on.

So there we were standing outside this house nice garden and garage built on to the house. The name-plate on the door said Preston. I knocked on the lion head brass knocker. A pleasant looking woman answered.

“Oh it’s you, Pearl. Do come in. This must be your husband we’ve talked so much about.”

They’d talked about me? What had they to talk about me? It was a very nice living room living room and I was being led around, seeing all sorts of modern furniture. We sat on the fancy chairs.

“Sadie will not be long. She just adores visitors. Gives her an excuse to beautify herself and slip into a nice frock. I can’t keep her away from the mirror at times,” Larisa, his wife, said in a matter-of-fact way as if this was a common everyday occurrence. “I’ll show you some pictures I took of Sadie in her can-can dress the other day.”

Larisa handed Pearl some photos and she seemed to be looking at them with admiration. She handed them to me. “Isn’t she absolutely beautiful, Alex?”

I looked at them. The person in the photos didn’t look like a man.

“Here she comes!” said Larisa. I looked up from the photo. A right stunner was gracefully gliding into the room. Then it hit me. This was a man!

“This is Alex, Sadie,” his wife introduced me.



“Oh hello there. I’ve heard so much about you. It’s nice to meet you in the flesh.” This Sadie held out a well-manicured hand with pink nail polish on the fingernails and a ring on her finger. I rose and shook her hand. She smiled pleasantly, her shapely body filling the pencil slim dress perfectly. Sadie didn’t take the hand, she kissed me on the cheek.

I turned red as I’d never been kissed by a man before. She sat down beside me and crossed her legs and what shapely legs they were in her honey-coloured nylon stockings. I wanted to run my hands up and down them. I kept reminding myself that this was a man, THIS WAS A MAN?

“I do believe you are going to be one of us, Alex.” The voice didn’t sound even remotely like a man’s.

One of them? What was the game here? Was she, I mean he, one of *them*? What kind of man wears women’s clothes. What was I thinking about? Pearl already had me signed up for this can-can thing so I was going in a frock whether I like it or not. I guessed I was going to be one of them. Next thing I knew, this Sadie was rubbing a leg against me. Good thing Pearl couldn’t see it. I’d have kneed him in the balls if there hadn’t been women present. Then I thought that maybe he didn’t have any balls based on the way he/she was dressed. I was confused again.

Just then Larisa said tea was served. Thank goodness I could get out of this embarrassing situation. Sadie sitting opposite me was acting all prim and proper as if her leg never touched mine. She was having a conversation about ladies fashions. It was way above my head but she seemed very knowledgeable. Pearl and her wife thought so for she had their attention.

“Your new dress arrived, Sadie. I’ve put it in your room. Maybe you could try it on while I have a chat with Pearl. Then you can show it to us.”

Sadie was all smiles “Oh yes, I’ll just do that and Alexis will give me a hand.” I was looking around for another woman when this Sadie took my hand.

Pearl piped up with, “Sadie has a nice collection of beautiful dresses. You’ll like them, Alexis.”

So all of a sudden my name gets changed to Alexis just like that and Pearl seems to approve? What was going on here?? So there I was hand-in-hand with this pouf. He/she had a nice wife who wasn’t a bit worried about him in a skirt by the looks of it. If anything, she encouraged him. I could only guess what kind of relationship went on between them in bed, or elsewhere for that matter.

“Isn’t it lovely?” said Sadie as she ripped the paper off the parcel containing the dress. “I simply must try it on. Alexis, you’ll give me a hand of course.” I will?

“Zip me down the back.” Sadie turned her back to me to do that. Like an idiot I was doing it and suddenly there she stood in just her bra knickers and stockings. “I’ve some nice underwear. I’ll show you them after, Alexis. We girlies can share our frocks and undies and things, can’t we? I’ll see yours when Larisa and I visit your house.”

What’s her game? I was thinking. I hadn’t any frocks or undies yet, only the dress and petticoat and such that was given to me at the fancy dress shop yesterday. And as for showing me her underwear, she certainly was doing plenty of that at the moment. While my slow acting brain was thinking this over,

Sadie interrupted my thoughts. “Be a sweetie and zip me up, Alexis.”

I was looking at Sadie’s back and could see her bra which appeared to contain real breasts! What the hell was happening between Sadie and this wife of hers? Without even realising it consciously, she had me zipping the back of the dress up. There she stood in a slinky low-cut black evening dress, admiring herself in the dressing room mirror. She looked gorgeous and if I wanted to make love to her, this would be the time to do it for there was no one here to see. I very much doubted that Sadie would object for she was giving me obvious encouragement with the footie game. I would never do that to Pearl, though. I had never cheated on her, I love her too much. Besides, this was a man. It was, wasn’t it?

She took my hand again. “Come on, Alexis. I have to show the ladies this dress.”

So there we were back in the living room. Sadie was giving a fashion show to ohs and ahs from his wife and mine. Sadie loved all this and swayed round the room in her new dress. “Give us a twirl, sweetheart,” said his wife. Sadie was only too happy to oblige; her dress swirled out to reveal her shapely legs and lovely white knickers. There was no doubt that Larisa was excited by this display of her husband’s finery and femininity.

“Come here, my darling, and get your reward.” Big sloppy kisses transpired between the couple.

Pearl looked at me. I knew what she was thinking. She wanted to put me into a dress like Sadie had on. *Oh no, you’re not,* I said to myself. *I’m a man, damn it!* This Larisa was leading her astray. Just what was

said between the two wives when I was away with Sadie?

“You’ve still to see my undies,” said Sadie. I thought I’d seen plenty of them with her twirls. She took my hand again and lead me back to her room. She opened a drawer and there were all her frilly undies. “Larisa likes to see me in these.” Sadie was holding up a pair of filly white knickers. “I’ll give you a loan of them. I’m sure Pearl will be delighted to see you in them. It’s so nice having wives who appreciate us girlies in our dainty undies, isn’t it, Alexis?”

I was sure his wife did from the way she was acting with him. I just hoped she was not contaminating my Pearl. She was putting the undies into a bag with some other things. They were going in the bin when I got home. Pearl was *not* going to see me prancing about in woman’s knickers. Things were bad enough as they were without me giving any encouragement to Pearl.

Sadie and I were back in the living room, her hand in mine. “Pearl, I’ve given Alexis a loan of my undies. He is going to put them on for you back in your house.”

I never said any such thing but Pearl got a smile as wide as the English Channel. “I’ll be delighted to see them,” she said, holding the bag containing the frilly undies. There was no way I was going to get at them now.

Time to go and Sadie was kissing me on the cheek again like I was a woman. Larisa was watching and smiling at her pretty husband approvingly. “It’s our house next time, Larisa,” said my Pearl.

“Okay and Alexis can show off her frocks like Sadie did today. I just know she is dying to do so. These girls are *such* show-offs, Pearl.” Larisa was all sort of giggly and her hand went round Sadie’s waist. Just what had this Larisa been up to with my Pearl?

It was a short drive back to the house. “Pearl, what’s Larisa talking about? My frocks? I only have that fancy dress you hired yesterday.”

“That’s all taken care of, Alexis; Larisa has given me some dresses she had for Sadie before they did the keep fit classes. Now Sadie is too slim for them so you’ve got them. Beautiful dresses they are, I must say.”

“Where?”

“In the trunk. We put them in when you and Sadie were putting that frock on her. Larisa is so helpful and they are such a nice couple. Here we are, Alexis. Now give me a hand to get your dresses out the trunk.”

What scheme have my wife and this Larisa hatched up between them to get me in a dress? Larisa was the ring leader, I was certain and Pearl just fell in with her. Then it entered my mind that this must have been planned in advance for we could have easily walked from our house to theirs. Pearl needed the car to take these dresses home. There were a couple of big cases and I lifted them out the trunk.

“We’ll put them in the spare room. I’ve plans for that,” says my beloved. Larisa was behind this, I thought. I was sure the room was going to be turned into a ladies room like Sadie’s. That was another

thing. Didn't Larisa and Sadie sleep in the same bed? Why did they have separate rooms? But I wasn't interested in that at the present. I was more worried what their plans were for me.

"Alexis dear, clear the spare room out. During the week I'll get the painters and decorators in."

I ignored the fact that she was calling me Alexis. It was Sadie who started that and it was sticking. "Pearl, why are the painters and decorators coming here?"

"Because it's time that room was sorted out. It's a pig sty, Alexis."

With that, she took my hand and up to our bedroom we went. There on the bed she had laid out various items of ladies wear. She smiled for she knew that she had won a victory again. "Okay Alexis, take all your clothes off."

Well, she is my wife and I'm not shy at undressing. So there I was standing in the nude before her. "Right, Alexis, we will start with this."

Pearl lifted a lace-in corset that looked like an item of torture. She wrapped it round me and clipped the front. Then at the back she took the end of the loose laces and pulled them as tight as she could.

"Take it easy, Pearl. I can hardly breathe."

"If you would lose some weight, this wouldn't be necessary." Then she gave an extra yank to prove her point. She patted my bum. "It is sticking out nicely. That's good."

“Is it?” I thought I’ve seen some women with big bums and men running after them for a feel. I hoped no one was going to do that to me. Pearl was fitting a black bra on me, clipping it at the back and adjusting the straps. She popped in a couple of fake breasts which filled it to capacity.

“Maybe in the future these won’t be needed,” my Pearl said.

Whatever could that mean? She soon had a suspender belt on me now, stockings attached and a pair of knickers up my legs. I told Pearl that I must look like a fairy.

“No you don’t, Alexis. I like you and if your wife likes it must be alright.” That to me sounded like something out of Larisa’s hymn book. I had a petticoat now on and a big floppy frock over it. “Sit on the stool before my dressing table, Alexis.”

“Why”

“Because I’m going to paint your face so you’ll really look pretty, darling.”

I couldn’t believe myself. I was letting my wife put makeup on my face. I was becoming one of them poufs I keep talking about. What could be next?

“There we are, dear. You only need one thing and here it is.” Pearl stuck a blonde wig on my head. I looked in the mirror. Oh my God, I was a pouf! I had on lipstick, powder, blusher, eye shadow, mascara, and even lip gloss. “Now your hands, dear.”

“What are you going to do now, Pearl?”

“What do you think, darling? I’m going to put your nail polish on.” That Larisa dame was behind it all and had a lot to answer for.

Pearl was pleased with herself when it is all finished. “Now don’t you think that looks better, sweetheart?” Pearl looked excited the same way that Larisa was when Sadie did her fashion show. Pearl kissed me like she had never kissed me before. For just a moment, I forgot how I looked.

“You’re getting excited, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am, Pearl. What did you expect?”

“We will have to put a stop to that same way Larisa did with Sadie. You never see her with any unsightly bulges, do you?”

Just what the hell did that mean? Her wife done something about that bulge, something drastic perhaps and planted a seed in Pearl’s mind? Things were becoming scary. Why was I going along with all this?

Everything was moving at a fast pace. Larisa turned up one night on her own. Pearl had already done one of her makeup sessions on me as we greeted Larisa at the door. “Oh, doesn’t she look so much better in a dress?” said Larisa with a look of approval to Pearl. Then she gave me a big sloppy kiss on the cheek. I had never kissed any woman before except my beloved Pearl. “Where is Sadie?” I ask.

“You’re missing her, aren’t you, Alexis? One of her girlfriends dropped in. Well, you know how it is with girlies, they seemed to get on so well. I couldn’t take her away, they were having so much fun. But you were missing it, Alexis. I’ll give Sadie a good talking to

and make sure you can have fun with them next time. I'm sure Sadie will be delighted for you to join in their girlie fun." I was sure she would and what was this 'girlfriend' stuff and all that nonsense. By this time, Pearl was in earnest conversation with Larisa.

"I'll show you it, Larisa, then you can give me your advice. Alexis dear, put the polka dot dress on while I take Larisa to see the spare room." Pearl had me eating out her hand. The spare room had been cleared out by me and Pearl has the painters and decorators in. It did look nice and seemed more womanly. Although at the present there was just a blue fitted carpet, the walls were done in a "heavenly pale pink," as Pearls called it.

They seemed to be taking a long time in the spare room, long enough for me to get that dress on. Since that first makeup Pearl did on me, every night when I came home she plastered makeup on me. She'd get me in some dress or other and at weekends I was never out of them the whole day from dawn till dusk. Then into bed in a nightie I'd go. Just what was my beloved Pearl doing to me and what was that devious Larisa planning in the spare room with my wife. *You're an old fool*, I said to myself, *letting these women trample all over you. Look at you with this blue and white polka dot dress, admiring yourself in the mirror, hoping Pearl is going to approve of it. You're nothing but one of them Nancy boys the lads in work keeps talking about.* They showed me one in the papers that had a sex change. I Wouldn't have been the least surprised if Sadie had had one, the way she was acting. Maybe that's why she had a room of her own.

Now I was sitting on the couch, adjusting the dress nicely round me and looking at the flat pumps Pearl

put on my feet. Christ, I was even getting excited for I wanted to display this dress to the ladies.

“What’s coming over you, Alexis?” I thought. Alexis? I used to be called Alex and now I was thinking in terms of being Alexis. After I’d finished my self-admiration, Pearl and Larisa appeared in the living room.

“That is a pretty dress you have on, Alexis,” beamed Larisa.

“Yes,” said my Pearl. “Tell you what, Larisa. We’ll make a cup of tea, then Alexis can do a fashion show for us while we sit watch and admire her.”

“How delightful!” said Larisa. “I do like to see a man in a dress.”

She’d probably seen plenty in her time, I thought. Who was I to be critical, though? There I was, sitting like a Nancy boy getting excited for the. Truth be told, I couldn’t wait to show my pretty dress to the ladies!

They were back, sitting leisurely on the couch, sipping their cups of tea. “Alexis looks so excited, Pearl dear. She just can’t wait to show off that dress! You know how it is with these girls. Sadie is the same.”

“Now darling, let Larisa see how I taught you to show off the beautiful dress,” Pearl beamed to Larisa. I was so excited as I rose and started to walk across the living room like some high class model.

“She walks so elegantly, Pearl dear,” commented Larisa.

“Yes and it is all thanks to you, Larisa dear.”