



Reluctant Press presents:

Group Therapy

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Group Therapy

By Maureen Glasgow

JUDITH:

My name is Judith Mills. Doctor Judith Mills to be exact and if I wish to be pedantic about it. Unfortunately, I am in the field of Psychology, so unlike my contemporaries in the medical profession am not granted that honorific unless I demand it. (This I would never do, though I will admit that sometimes I like my clients to refer to me in that manner). I am a widow in my forties and though I have a daughter in her twenties, forgive me if I do not reveal my own age, as I am somewhat vain with regards to my appearance – and? Frankly it is of no import to what I write of here.

I am successful in my field and travel extensively, the need for which will become obvious as the reader continues through this account. Considering my degree of success, I still have an initial reluctance to divulge what I do for a living. This amuses me because I am well aware that it shows my own acceptance of the widely held belief that masculinity is the superior gender. Bear with me and I'll explain.

First of all, I must stress that I *like* men. A real man is kind, courteous, and considerate. I prefer to think of him as stronger than a lady. Smile at my foibles if you will, I am a chauvinist. My husband, before he was killed, was a lovely man with many of the attributes that I now find admirable. True, I probably did not appreciate him as much as I should have and showed my disapproval of his tendency to procrastinate, but on the whole I consider him a cut above most males of today. (Although I must admit that time and distance DO have a tendency to lend enchantment).

The men I tend to disapprove of are the others. The ones who feel they are 'superior' and that women belong on this earth only to serve *them*. The ones who

have been brainwashed into believing that they carry this mantle of superiority over their shoulders as some God-given right to look down on the female sex, regardless of what they have done to merit this. Statistically speaking, Gaussian distributions alone prove that some men have to be more feminine than some women, but this fact seems to be completely ignored.

I will not go into details, but relatively early in my career I had a lady patient who was suffering the tortures of the damned at the hands of her husband – a beast. As it so happens, I was involved at that particular time in investigating an old Scottish male disciplining methodology called “Petticoat Training” used in the taming of unruly boys, though must admit that I did not see the possibility of utilizing such a tool until I met her husband at a cocktail party on one occasion.

I had never thought to inquire into his physical size, so was amazed to find that he was rather dainty. I know I blinked rapidly when I realized who he was, my blinking being my attempts at controlling my laughter. My patient was not a large woman by any means, but for her to be controlled by this tiny little man was ridiculous. It may not have been – well it was not – professional, but I devised a plan for a reversal of the status within that marriage.

First of all, I had her undergo some physical training. Not that she really needed it, but I wanted to have her build up her confidence. I was taking a chance that he would be threatened by this and was concerned that he would reciprocate by doing the same. He did not, however, reverting instead to sneering at her efforts and ridiculing her at every opportunity.

In conjunction with her training, I had her start some of the initial components of the petticoat training. I will not disclose them here, but even I was surprised at their effectiveness to the extent that I held back from implementing more, before it dawned on me that he had become a very willing participant and that his wife could – and should – pile on the appropriate indignities.

I ended up feeling rather sorry for the poor feminine creature that he became, but that is neither here nor there. His wife was amazed and delighted at her new powers over him – and as she moved in a very wide and affluent circle it wasn't long after that, that I had a very nervous young newlywed girl approach me – referred to me by that same client. My interest was piqued at this statistical inference that there was a sizable universe of similar cases out there – and my new career was underway. Without any advertising whatsoever, I have made a very good life for myself since then by teaching women how to feminize their husbands or boyfriends.

Naturally my clients span a wide geographical area. I sometimes establish an office in a major American city if I see the need, but this is always temporary and I use it more for a place to collect my thoughts and assemble teams of specialists in male domination than anything else. Over the years I have used many such ladies to assist me on a contract basis, dismissing them when a particular job is completed.

I have a rather staid demeanor, though have been told that I am quite good looking. I had a tendency towards plumpness early on in my career, but by careful

dieting and exercise, have a rather attractive figure now. Befitting my position as a professional – and as a mother, I dress very conservatively in 'sensible' skirts, blouses, and if the occasion warrants, tailored skirt suits – I'm partial to Chanel.

It is only fair, I suppose, to admit my fondness for splashy lingerie. I have a 'thing' for it I suppose and spend an inordinate amount of time and money in acquiring custom tailored articles of exotic materials – satins, silks, lace and in (very) bright and eye-catching colors. Naturally, I would never dream of allowing any of my lingerie to show under normal circumstances, but how I love to be dressed in 'sturdy' conservative fabrics – with the feel of satin or silk garments caressing my every move underneath, and loving how a true aspect of my personality is so concealed!

But, as modern parlance would have it, I should cut to the chase.

My daughter, Janice is indubitably the apple of my eye. Sweet, lovely, and highly intelligent. I could claim the credit for this but am well aware of the monsters that many of my contemporaries in Psychology have reared, so will just assume that she is what she is - in spite of me. She is quite manipulative I fear, but comes by that trait honestly in my opinion.

For reasons that should be quite obvious, I have not told her what I actually do for a living. She is aware that I am a psychologist of course but is under the impression that I work as a consultant to large industrial concerns with Human Resource problems. Luckily, her own interests are focused very much on fabrics and textile design, so she tends to dismiss what her old fuddy-duddy mother does with ill disguised yawns.

Becoming rather well off over time, I had bought a rather nice house for her in La Jolla, an area close to San Diego when she attended college in the area. To tell the truth, it was mainly as an investment as well as an attempt to give her somewhere stable to live, so was larger than she needed. After she graduated however, she decided to make her home there permanently – so I recently provided the funding for her to open her own boutique in the San Diego area. I also use the house as a home base – more like a vacation place I must admit, as my work keeps me very busy in other parts of the country, keeping me from seeing Janice as much as I'd like.

Janice is, and always has been, a very sensible girl. Well aware of the temptations that young ladies face I had provided her with a maid/companion (Melanie) who had worked for me as a specialist in some of my 'conversions' early in my career but wished to settle down. I paid her well and she turned out to be a marvelous chaperone and companion for my daughter.

I am intending to pay an unscheduled visit to San Diego. Melanie had written me one of her cheery, chatty, letters. Reading between the lines though, it seems that a romantic interest has popped up in my daughter's life – a young man by the name of Peter. I am NOT an interfering mother, but this sounds as if my daughter is getting into a little more of a romantic liaison than was usual, and I think I'd better do some surreptitious snooping.

JANICE

I've got the world's best mom, but she must think she's got an idiot for a daughter. I think I'm supposed to be unaware of the purpose of her visit. Coming to spy Peter out, that's what she's doing.

(That Melanie! She's a dear, but I'm gonna get my own back on her, honest to god! Bet she tattled!) But truthfully? I'm relieved that mom is coming. Hate to say it, but I value her advice, and I think I need help.

All my friends gave up their virginity eons ago. I didn't. I've just never cared for guys. Sure they can be fun and all that, but they get kind of stupid when they start thinking with that thing between their legs – and they can't seem to figure it out that I might not care for the idea of having their thing in between *my* legs – if you know what I mean.

I figure that some people reading the last paragraph are gonna say “Latent lez – that's *her* problem.” And I could see that it's possible. I did have an awful crush on Ms Edwards, my Home Economics teacher in eighth grade, but that never went anywhere. Just please don't get me wrong. I *do* like the idea of sex, and there's been more than once when I've thought – 'aw the hell with it, lets get over this virginity hurdle thingie' - but then something seems to get into my mind, and I cool down. Don't ask me why. I don't know. (Truly? Sometimes I think it might be that I have revulsion to being *under* a guy physically. I know that sounds silly – but again, it's the way I feel).

Now? Along comes Peter, and I've no idea of how I really feel about him. I *think* he's a virgin too, but don't know how to prove it. He's shy and sweet sometimes and I just love him to pieces. Then he's arrogant and nasty – and I would love to crack him over the head with a two by four. On the opposite side of the coin, there are times when he's so sweet and nice that I feel like kicking him on the butt and then, when he's mean and nasty I get sweet little tingles between my legs. You catch my drift? I'm confused. I'm hoping that with mom being a psychologist and all, she can maybe give me some pointers. Can't quite figure out how to ask her though.

On top of all this internal confusion? I'm opening up my own business – a boutique. I've had three seamstresses going full bore for a month now. They are sweet Mexican girls – and wonderful! No! I am not a sweatshop! I pay these ladies well above minimum wage and I knocked out some walls in this house to give them a decent size room with a lovely view. Melanie picks them up in the van every day at 8.00am and takes them home at 4.15 or 4.30pm. I had a little problem with the zoning people and am well aware that I can't bring on any more workers – but if my boutique takes off – and it will – I can move them somewhere else. Anyway? I don't think they're unhappy – not if the singing and laughing that goes on there most of the day is any indication. Also? To tell the truth? Even I'm starting to get impressed with the level of inventory that's beginning to pile up on the tables down in that room. Just hope that I can sell it when the store opens!

Even with myself, Melanie, the big sewing room and mom coming, I still feel that we rattle about in this house! I can see why mom bought it in the first place

but the amount of profit she'd make on it now if she sold? She'd pay a gazillion dollars in taxes. But it's in a lovely area, and I'm used to it now – so I guess it's home.

Getting back to the business. I'm doing most of my own interior decorating for the boutique, but have been working quite closely with the woman, Ann Mattson who is the overall coordinator for the mall. We don't always see eye to eye – she can be a VERY tough lady when she wants to be, though I suppose that I can too – but we generally get on just fine.

Peter is her assistant – though I think she scares the hell out of him at times. She uses him quite a lot and, actually, he's pretty good. Very up on what foot traffic is and the pedestrian flows around the mall. Came up with a GREAT idea for a window that I thought was just going to be dead space. (From one of the busiest escalators you can't help but look right in it. He pointed this out and suggested something that I'm positive will be a beacon for my boutique, and sure to draw customers.). He is also very knowledgeable about light levels and has recommended a series of inexpensive controls that will allow me to control the 'mood' of my store in different sections by the intensity of the lighting. He also is very much into the fabrics used in the undies and outerwear I intend to make. He was kind of shy about showing this at first, but coming along in that regard nicely. We've had some interesting discussions on that subject recently.

Okay, okay. He's an interior decorator of a sort, and I know the kind of inferences that are going to be drawn from that. He's also quite small – smaller than me even, but he is not, repeat NOT gay!

True, he did not come on to me – but he sure responded with a lot of interest when I came on to him! We've been out on a few dates now – and I even took him home to meet Melanie (Boy! Did she scare the hell out of him!) But she told me later that she thought he was *very* cute! There was a strange inflection in her voice when she made the comment, I thought – but I'm absolutely positive that she liked him. Melanie does NOT lie – and would have told me immediately if she didn't. She threw more than one guy out of the house when I was going to college.

Mom arrives tomorrow morning. I want her to meet Peter as soon as possible and find out what she thinks. I'll sweeten her up by taking her to lunch at the Casa de Pica in Old Town. It's a tourist trap, but I know that she loves it there – all the bright colors, the mariachis and the Margaritas (she's a sucker for them) and the food – she always gorges there, then complains for days about it.

JUDITH

Well, Janice did it to me again. Keeps taking me to that damn Mexican place where I should know better – but don't, and end up eating and drinking far too much! (Excuse my language, but I do find that once I get down to the Southern climes, I tend to relax my normal standards of decorum).

My flight got in early and my beautiful daughter was there to greet me. My, but she looks grand! Taller than me now (maybe I'm shrinking? – oh god!), tanned –

and the blue eyes in the dark hair? My goodness! She turned a lot of male heads at the airport and the restaurant, but didn't seem to notice. (This made me think a lot. Women as good looking as her? They are usually well aware of the commotion they cause in the male population. Doesn't she care?).

I think she was trying to sweeten me up to meet her boyfriend, as if she needed to! But I went along with the game, gradually showing an interest (minor of course) in hearing of him for the first time – and expressing no protest at having him for dinner the following evening – at our house of course.

She was full of excitement at the thought of her boutique and, after lunch, took me for a quick visit. I think we were both scared of meeting Peter there, so were eager to get away – but I was truly amazed at what she had dreamed up. It looked like a very small, intimate – and EXPENSIVE boutique – but I was incredibly impressed by her growing expertise and sophistication in matters of this kind. Not only that. She took on an aura of maturity and self-confidence there that I would never have believed possible, even one short year ago.

I was tired by the time we got back to La Jolla. The traffic seemed a lot heavier than when I've visited before, but Janice didn't seem to mind, wheeling her car around with a lot more élan than I remembered having at her age. Melanie was there to greet me with a huge hug – but then quickly went and ran a bath for me – which was very welcome.

A little while later, Janice was off taking care of some paperwork, and I had a snifter of Drambuie in my hand, while sitting relaxing in the bath. Melanie was there with me, sitting on the side of the bathtub.

“So? How is he?” I asked.

“Who? And relative to what?” she grinned.

“You know what I mean. How *is* he?”

She shrugged. “You're the expert. Dunno. Could be. I see some of the signs you used to talk about, but I wouldn't bet the farm on it.”

I took another sip of my drink. Thought for a moment. “If I brought him to live here, could you handle the extra load?”

She looked alarmed. “You want ME to try a conversion?”

“No! I'd like to get him here for observation. I have the feeling that Janice might be serious about this one. I don't really have much time but figure I should have an opinion formed within a few days. If he is that way? I can probably swing him – maybe in a few weeks – but I'd need your help.”

“Oh, no sweat. If he *IS* that way, I can always use the help.”

“You're getting old and lazy, Melanie,” I chuckled.

“Not any different than when I was young and lazy. Hell, if he's worth anything about the house? Why not take advantage?”

We both laughed.

I took another sip of my drink. “Janice tell you he's coming over for dinner tomorrow night?”

She reached in. Took my glass. Had a sip from it. Made a face. “Don't know how you can drink that sweet stuff.” Put the glass back in my hand. Smiled. “Yes. She told me. Dinner for three, right.”

“I'm going to be late getting in for it. Don't be worrying about that.”

“Oh? Wheels churning already, huh? Want me to feed him some booze while he's waiting?”

I thought about this. “Don't think so Melanie. Two drinks at the most. If he's on the verge of being drunk, I won't get a very good reading. I'll prime him with wine at the dinner table if I think it necessary”

She looked at me seriously. “Supposing he is a sissy? What happens if that's NOT what Janice wants?”

I returned her gaze, just as seriously. “That's my real concern Melanie. I'm just not sure what she wants. Let's face it. It's not a subject I want to spring on her. You've been with her a lot more than I have. What's your reading on that?”

“Judith dear? I don't have a clue. I used to think that *you* were hard to read, but your daughter has me guessing *ALL* the time.”

“Then I guess we'll only find out by pushing the envelope a little, right?”

She nodded.

JANICE

Well, that's been quite a day. Mom was SO surprised to hear about Peter – the old fraud! At the same time, she was very much in favor of getting to see him. Surprised me that she was willing to have him out to the house for dinner – and tomorrow night at that! I'm glad that she's in favor of him coming here. If we'd gone out for a meal, I'm sure he would have pushed to be host, and the poor dear can't afford it – I know that Ann pays him peanuts, so it would have been awkward. Mom may like that Mexican place – which is cheap. But any other time? She likes pricey stuff.

Her and Melanie have been as thick as thieves. I know that they're old friends more than maid and mistress and probably have much to chat about. At the same time? Bet mom is really digging into what Melanie can tell her about Peter's character.

Anyway, it looks as if Peter can make it here tomorrow night. I called him at home and told him about his need to appear here to undergo a Royal Command performance. Poor dear, he sounds worried. Can't blame him. Melanie scared him last time, and I've told him that mom is a psychologist. He probably thinks he's coming into a den of man-eaters.

PETER

Good grief! What an experience! Doctor Mills! And I thought that Melanie was bad? Whoeeee! Talk about scary!

To be honest though? She is one good-looking woman. Seems very proper mind you, but there are internal fires in there. I can see where Janice gets her looks now. I can also see that both of them are tough, tough ladies. I mean, Ann Mattson my boss? She's tough – but either of those two could have her for lunch me-thinks. Might have to pop an antacid or two afterwards, but that would be the extent of it in my opinion.

I showered and changed at our office at the mall that evening. I was a little concerned because we were later than we'd supposed we'd be, then followed Janice back to her house. Still couldn't believe the size of that place. Not that it's THAT big mind you, but La Jolla has got to be one of the most expensive places in these United States – so it's worth a bundle, I think. The idea of her mother having enough dough to own a place like this? Intimidating, to say the least.

Anyway, her mother isn't there when we arrive. I was pleased as it gave me a chance to have a few drinks and unwind, but Janice was getting antsy as dinner-time approached. Finally, Judith did appear. Looked really tired and apologized profusely, but said she's been caught in traffic – and HAD to have a shower – her feet were giving her all sorts of problems. Too much shopping she explained.

She seemed to be limping a little when she returned, but looked a lot better.

We had a GREAT dinner. The food was excellent. Melanie timed the courses just perfectly, and the wine – Judith kept pressing it on me – was excellent. The conversations ranged all over the place, and I had one of the most entertaining evenings I've ever had. I was stuffed – and said so when I complimented Melanie. She seemed pleased and curtsied formally, but had a glint in her eye as she thanked me that made me uneasy for a moment.

We went to the living room afterwards with our coffee. Judith (she demanded I call her that) sank gratefully back into a large chair. Looked at Janice pointedly. “Darling? Why don't you give Melanie a hand with the dishes? I'd like to chat with your beau.”

Janice laughed. “Oh oh Peter! Third degree time. Mom's going to ask your intentions!” But she got up from her chair and gave me a tiny wave with her hand as she started to leave.

“Close the door behind you please,” Judith said. “Don't want you snooping about.”

Janice laughed, and closed the door behind her.

Judith smiled. “My daughter is quite a character.”

“A nice one I think – and I can see where she gets it from.” I replied.

“Aha! A charmer.” She said, leaning back into the confines of her chair. “But tell me Peter, how are you at giving poor, tired old women foot rubs? My feet are killing me!”

“I don't know,” I said honestly. “Never had the need to give one before.”

“Would you mind? I've never met a man yet who couldn't give a good one – and honest, my feet are clean.”

“What do I do?” I asked.

She told me what was wanted and next thing; I'm kneeling on the floor taking her shoes off – beautiful alligator pumps. And I got quite a thrill from her feet. Tiny, yet plump and soft – and sheathed in nylon the way they were? Very, very, sensual. I took them in between my hands and started massaging them. She lay back in the chair, and practically purred. “Knew it! *Knew* it! You're a natural! Do it some more! Harder! Probe with those fingers! My, you have nice soft hands. Lovely and supple too.”

And honest to god? I find that with her lying back, I'm looking right up this woman's skirt! Not only that? She's got bright crimson undies that look like satin – and jet black stockings - incredibly sexy! I get an immediate erection – and I'll swear she knew, but gave no indication.

“So? What *are* your intentions Peter? Going to propose to Janice?” she drawled lazily, turning her foot just a little.

“I would Doctor Mills. It's just that I don't think I could afford to keep a wife on my salary.”

“Well, at least you're honest. Rub the sole of that foot, would you darling? That's a good boy!” Then she continued. “Janice is quite well off in her own right – her dad started a trust for her many years ago, and I've been adding to it. The big question is.” she paused “ How would you feel being kept by a woman?”

“I don't really know. Never thought about it,” I said.

“I think you're hedging dear. And this is an important point, so please consider it carefully. Suppose you lost your job and had to stay home. How would you react to being the person staying at home, while the breadwinner was out earning the money to keep you? Think. Would this be okay with you, or are you going to give me the typical macho male response?”

I truthfully wasn't sure of how I'd feel so, hearing her wording of the last part of her question, decided to go along with the percentages. “I don't think I'd have a problem with that,” I said.

“Good!” She replied sleepily. “You've done a great job on my feet. Want to finish the job?”

“Sure!” I said brightly.

“Engulf my toes with your mouth and close your lips. Then breathe in and out through your nose five or six times. The moisture is lovely.”

I felt that this was a very intimate thing to be doing with a prospective mother in law, but meekly started doing what she had said.

“Not through my stockings silly!” she said sharply. “Take them off first!”

“Uh?”

“Don't try and tell me you've never taken a woman's stockings off before. Would you hurry up! Don't have all night!” She sounded very impatient with me, so hands shaking and sweaty, I slipped them up under her skirt and undid the

little clips, then frightened that I'd damage the flimsy things, rolled the stockings very slowly down her legs, then off.

She was beginning to let short impatient sighs escape from her mouth, so I quickly enveloped the toes of her right foot in my mouth. Don't ask me why, but it was unbearably sexy, and I started to breathe heavily through my nose.

"Suck my big toe!" she commanded.

Speechless, I took it in my mouth, my lips surrounding it softly. She gave a happy sigh, but after a minute or so. "Now the others!"

We were both sexually charged by the time I had finished the other foot. Her eyes were hot and dark as she looked at me, but she sat up in the chair – and patted me on the head like I was a dog! "Think you'll do, just fine sweetie!" Then she put her stockings on again, seemingly not shy in the revealing way she hiked her skirt up to fasten her stockings. I couldn't keep my eyes away. She saw this and gave me a rather strange smile, but made no comment.

It wasn't much after that when Janice showed up again. We chatted a while, but it was getting late, so I made my excuses and drove back to my apartment, really shaken and sexually disturbed by the developments of the evening.

JUDITH

Well, the dinner and its aftermath gave me a great deal of food for thought. From his reactions to my mild domination tricks, I was fairly certain that Peter could be turned into a sweet and loving little sissy wife for Janice, if that was what she so desired. The only problem, I thought, was in determining the answer to this question. As luck would have it, however, I did get some valuable insights to her sexuality after Peter went home.

Melanie had wasted no time in heading for her room, saying there was a TV show she wanted to catch. This might have been the real reason she left us, but I doubt it. Think she sensed that Janice and I needed a chance to talk.

Naturally, Janice was very interested in my opinion of Peter. I gave her the standard "Very nice young man – but I'd really like to have some more time to get to know him" She was pleased with this, I could tell, but sensed that there was something else on her mind. Without appearing to, I started to draw her out.

I was very surprised to hear that she was a virgin. I did show my surprise I guess, but she just laughed and said that she wasn't THAT pure minded. She'd just never got around to it. What she said, and how she said it left no doubt in my mind that she was telling the truth, so I think I shocked her in turn saying that virginity was a womanly attribute much prized by males, but probably worthless to a girl, so not to get hung up on it too much.

It took her a while to get to the subject that she wanted to talk about – her ambivalence towards men – and what did I think it meant?

"It's not that uncommon dear," I told her. " Lots of women have that outlook. In all probability though, I'd guess that you have submissive and dominant traits fighting it out inside you."

“I think I see what you're saying, but would you like to expand on that a little mom?”

“Don't mind if I do – but keep in mind that you're my daughter – and I might be biased along certain lines in giving you my opinion. Understood?”

“Gotcha mom. Understood. Go on.”

“It appears that you have typical feminine traits. Want your mate to be the strong one in the relationship. See your role as being that of a nurturer.” I paused, knowing that this is where it could get dangerous. “On the other hand, you seem to be fighting those tendencies. Want to be the dominant in the relationship and want your spouse in the wifely role.”

“You're kidding!” she laughed. “You mean, I want a woman for my spouse?”

“Maybe. There's no real harm in that today, but it could be that you might be signaling your need to opt for a feminine husband instead.”

She laughed. “Me? Marry one of those swishy little gays?”

“Not at all! And I'm surprised at you! That's a very derogatory remark! For your information there are many men who embody the feminine ideal – sweet and kind, gentle and nurturing – they only need those aspects of their personality brought to the fore.” And then I added “And they're very often heterosexual to boot!”

“Do you see Peter in that sweet and gentle light mom?” she asked shrewdly.

“I see him as a nice young man” I said, evading the question, then asked the sixty-four dollar question. “As I said? I'd need some more time with him to make a proper evaluation. Maybe you could ask him if he'd like to come and stay with us for a week or two?”

She shook her head. “Oh mom! He'd never come here for a bunch of psychological tests that took that long.”

“I didn't say anything about that dear. I could tell him that I wanted some ways to change the décor here, and ask him to come and stay with us. I could arrange with his boss to give him time off. I'd pay him of course. If he came? I could maybe even get to see the relationship get established between the two of you. May be able to answer your questions while I'm at it.”

She looked thoughtful. “Could always ask. Wouldn't do any harm, would it?”

“Let me call his boss. What's her name again?” I said.

PETER

What a stroke of luck! I almost died when Ann told me about Judith calling.

“You must have made a big hit on the old lady. She sounded very keen to have you go work with her when she called.”

“For how long again?”

“She said something about two weeks as I remember it. But she needs to iron out the details with you. But she'll pick up your salary from here, and pay you ex-

tra for what you get done for her. On top of that? You'll naturally get a commission on anything she buys through a mall store. Sounds very generous to me."

"It does, doesn't it?" I replied.

Then I called Judith as Ann had told me. She verified the offer and asked me if I were interested. Interested? I was dancing a jig while talking to her! This HAD to be an indication that I was a viable candidate for Janice's fair hand!

"When would you like me to start?" I said in way of a response.

"Can you get over here for lunch?" was her surprising answer.

"You mean? Start today?"

"Why not? If that's all right with your boss."

"I don't see any problems with Ann. After all, it's not like we're dreadfully busy – Janice is my major customer just now, and I'll still be available to consult with her when she wants. But let me check and get back to you. Want me to ask Janice if she wants to come with me?"

"No. Don't think so. This is a separate issue from what you're doing with her. I think we need to establish some ground rules, and she'd only be a distraction. Do you have any problems with that, Peter?"

"Not at all, Doctor Mills."

"Good. Call me back if you can make it. I'll have Melanie set up lunch."

Ann was a little surprised at the speed of the developments but said it was okay for me to start any time I wanted. It didn't take me long to call up the few people that my absence might inconvenience, including Janice, and leave them the phone number of the house in La Jolla if they needed to contact me.

Made good time getting to the house. Melanie answered my knock at their door before eleven. Gave me that enigmatic smile again, and led me through to the sun deck where Doctor Mills was reading a book. She saw me coming, and to my surprise got up and advanced, then brushed my cheek with hers – a sort of girl to girl greeting I thought.

She was casually elegant in a lemon yellow linen shirtwaist dress, white sandals, and her hair tied back with a white bandeau. Looked very young and innocent and, if she was wearing makeup, it certainly wasn't much. I sat on one of the comfortable patio chairs close to her. Melanie appeared with glasses of wine for both of us. This I thought was a good idea for, despite the early hour, I was feeling increasingly nervous and thought that a little Dutch courage might stand me in good stead.

The reason for my nervousness? She was looking at me with what I figured was a predatory smile. Very self assured, very much in control of the situation – and me. Then she surprised me by taking the arms of her chair and twisting it to face me more. Smiling, she made a circling motion with her finger to indicate that I should do the same. I did, so that we were now actually facing each other. Her

eyes steady on mine; she raised her right foot and laid it on the cushion of my chair, between my legs!

There was no way that her movement could be misinterpreted. Carefully, I undid the buckle and removed her shoe, then started manipulating her foot between my fingers. She nodded approvingly, then took a sip of her wine.

“Lovely, Peter” was the only comment she made relative to what I was doing to her foot, then she said.

“You're probably wondering why I approached Ann to have you come work for me for a little while?”

I nodded. Smiled as disarmingly as I knew how. “I was hoping that you were maybe checking me out as a potential son in law?”

She laughed. “Ah! So you're more than just a pretty face! Yes, that IS a large part of it.” As she said this, her other foot came up to join the first in my lap. She did pause for a second as I took that shoe off as well, then continued.

“As you are probably aware Peter, I'm a trained psychologist. Trained to pick up a person's outlook on various topics by key words and phrases they use. I'm concerned about a few indicators from our talk last night. Rang little warning bells in my head – probably just a paranoid mother's reaction – but bothersome nonetheless.”

Her calmness and assurance calmed my immediate negative reaction to her actual words, so I was able to collect my thoughts before replying quietly. “Well, I'm truly sorry if anything I said concerned you deeply.”

She held up her hand. “Excuse me Peter. I did not say anything about a *deep* concern, did I?”

“No. But. . .”

“Please do not put words in my mouth or read connotations that were not intended in what I say” she said, before I could finish. I blushed at being chided.

“I'm sorry, Doctor Mills” I said. “Please tell me what concerned you about me. I promise I'll try and rectify it immediately.”

“Now *that's* a lot better!” she said. “But before I start explaining?”

I waited for her to say something, my attention on massaging her feet, again somewhat hypnotized by the feel of the nylon in my hands. After a few seconds of quiet, I looked across into her face and saw the gentle smile there. Then she opened her lips wide, then closed them. Repeated it. Did it again. It was almost as if she was imitating a fish. She shook her head a fraction, as if impatient at my not picking up on her message. Opened and closed her mouth again! It finally dawned on me. She wanted me to start kissing her feet again!

Then, in the most ladylike way imaginable she lifted the hem of her dress skirt an inch or so, in an obvious indication of what was required of me. I mean, how could I possibly refuse her? At the same time, it was patently obvious that if I

were to do as she wished, I couldn't reach her thighs from my sitting position, so had to get up from my chair.

Smiling understandingly, she bent both legs at the knee to allow me to get up, then waited as I knelt in front of her. Dry mouthed, I repeated the same motions as I had in our previous encounter, I gently pushed her hem up to reveal the suspender strap clasps, amazed at the buttery white silkiness of her lingerie, though this time when I removed her stockings, she took them from me and, scarf like, draped them both around my neck. It was a weird situation, but the cool silkiness of the stockings around my neck was nice. In this subjugated position, I took her toes in my mouth, and she started talking again.

“Yes Peter. There were indications that you see women as being inferior to you. Very slight indications mind you – but if they had been more definite? You would not be having lunch with me today. Understand?”

With a mouth full of toes, I could only nod.

“So. To be frank, I wanted you here for a few weeks to see if my intuitions were correct. I did think of asking you to undergo a battery of tests that would probably answered the question in a more comprehensive manner – but they are extremely time consuming and I did not wish to impose. Then it struck me that with your knowledge of interior decorating we could kill two or three birds with one stone. With you staying here full time, I'd get the chance to evaluate how you interact with women, get advice on my redecorating – and you can get to know me better – a win-win situation I think they call it nowadays, right?”

Staying with this crazy woman full time? I hadn't been told of this – but I mean, I'm no male chauvinist pig. What could she possibly come up with – and I'd have all that extra time with Janice! I nodded enthusiastically. As I did so, she wiggled her tiny toes inside my mouth and I knew what *that* signal portended. Started sucking on her big toe first. This time though, it seemed more sexually significant. Once her toe had become lubricated she began sliding it gently in and out of my mouth in a very suggestive manner – the toe taking on an almost phallic symbolism. I was immediately ashamed of my obviously feminine role in this development, but this did not stop me from getting a raging erection – most uncomfortable in my crouched position, but I felt that if I tried to make myself comfortable, my aroused state would be immediately apparent – and to do this in front of my potential mother in law? Good god – No! I suffered the indignity without moving, but becoming more and more aroused with each passing minute.

At that point Melanie came out to see if anyone wanted more wine and to say that lunch would be ready in a few more minutes. The sight of a young man on his knees, sucking feverishly on her mistress's toes, with his neck draped in silk stockings didn't seem to faze her one iota. To my amazed horror, she actually took a seat in my chair and started chatting to Judith as if I weren't there! To make matters worse, she started idly fingering the wispy stockings at my neck and rearranging them by winding them around my neck in different manners. Lightly touching my hair, and saying how with the proper care it could be quite pretty.