



Reluctant Press presents:

Cynthia's Humiliations

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Cynthia's Humiliations

By Maureen Glasgow

Cynthia stood, warming her backside at the fire. She finished her drink.

"I'm in the mood," she laughed. "Think I'll have me another." With that, she started towards the bar. "Mom?" She asked my mother. "Like one?"

My mother smiled and put her magazine down. "This is boring. Yes dear, I'll be daring. A nice glass of sherry sounds perfect."

I had the remains of some ice in my glass. Rattled it so that it made a faint rattle against the glass. "You never asked me dear, but I think I'll have one as well."

Cynthia stopped her progress and turned to face me.

"How many is that, Roger?"

I snorted. "One, dear. Just one."

She sighed. "Sorry dear. You get silly after one. Would you like a soft drink instead?"

I blinked. I knew that Cynthia was starting to get ideas about my drinking – totally erroneous, mind you. But this was the very first time she had stated such objections in public. "How many have YOU had?" I asked, hearing the sort of childishness in my own voice.

Cynthia cocked her head. "I think this will be my third. Why?"

"Just strikes me that what you're saying is very unfair. That's all."

She shrugged. "Darling? We're not all that old, but I think we're very aware that life is *not* fair. Now? Would you like me to bring you a soda? Water?"

"Thank you. But no. I'll get my own drink later," I said huffily.

She shook her head, then went to the bar. She poured herself another drink and Mom a glass of sherry, then started back again. But she was facing me now and stopped.

“Roger? I've no wish to be disagreeable, but please don't even think about another alcoholic drink. I'm really not in the mood for a fight or an argument, but I think I might get very angry tonight.”

She was in a very plain cashmere twin set, pink in color with a single strand of pearls around her neck and matching pearl earrings. A gray skirt with a faint pattern and sensible shoes. She'd started to use the plainer clothes like these for the past week or so, totally going away from the pretty clothes I preferred her in. She was still feminine of course, but seemed more businesslike. Very sure of herself.

“I wasn't thinking of anything alcoholic,” I said stiffly. “Not from what YOU said of course. But you might want to complain only when you see me overindulge! That would be fairer, don't you think?”

She handed Mom her drink, then went back to stand in front of the fireplace again. Took a drink.

“That's probably fair, Roger. I don't really CARE what reasoning you use tonight – just don't have any more alcohol! I also think that if you're restricted to one drink, your chances of getting drunk are slim. But if I see that you can't handle THAT? Then I'll think about limiting you even further.”

Mom laughed. “Boy Cynthia! Something's got into you tonight. Something wrong?”

Cynthia shrugged. Looked like she wasn't going to say anything, but then took some more of her drink and burst out.

“I'm just feeling all awry and wrong somehow. Like I don't seem to fit in somehow!”

Mom was sympathetic. “Sorry, dear. Can't be the change of life yet, you're far too young. Maybe just boredom?”

Cynthia looked unsettled as she thought. But then she said, “Don't think so, Mom. I know that the amount of writing I do isn't much, but I've had my share of being poor. Ever since Roger married me, I've had an easy life and think I enjoy it.”

“Maybe you should help him catalog the library and write the family history?”

Cynthia laughed and you could see the tension leave her shoulders. “Don't think so, Mom. That would bore the living hell out of me. Frankly, I don't see how he doesn't go nuts himself.”

Then she took a slug at her drink before speaking again. “I'm not that old, Mom, but I'm starting to look at the unfairness between the sexes. The males seem to have this, this . . . smugness? This sense of superiority. They get born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Destiny's children so to speak. Us females seem to be put on earth with nothing more to do than please them. Get all frippery and feminine. Smile and say 'yes dear' – things like that!”

“You really ARE an a terrible mood Cynthia!” Mom laughed. “That why you've started wearing plainer clothes?”

Cynthia blushed. “That might be a part of it, Mom. I'm just getting this terrible feeling of . . . something, with a lot of it directed at poor Roger here.”

Mom blinked. "Roger? Us girls can get mad at our husbands now and then, but I think you understand that he's not to blame, surely. He's certainly not mean to you and is probably the most affable. . ."

"That might be part of the problem too, Mom!" Cynthia interrupted. "He's affable and sweet – but he seems to have this whole male outlook, King Of The Castle sort of thing."

Mom laughed out loud. "I see where you're coming from. I got mad at his dad, poor thing, for the same reason. Just didn't seem fair somehow. Then I used to look at Roger and see what you're talking about right now. It was if he could do no wrong. He was a male and all of us gals – including me – had to stand back in awe!"

"Exactly!" Cynthia laughed.

"Hey, c'mon you two! Don't you think you've dragged us poor men over the coals enough for one night?" I laughed.

The two women looked at each other and laughed. Then mom smiled reflectively. "But to tell the truth, Cynthia? Roger didn't always . . ."

Suddenly I had a good idea of what she was going to say. "Oh mom! Not THAT! That was embarrassing! *Please* don't. Not in front of Cynthia!" I interrupted her quickly.

Mom sighed. "I can see where you'd be embarrassed dear, so I won't say much. I just wanted to defend you against Cynthia here." She saw my face, so she spoke to Cynthia. "He didn't have it ALL easy you know. Two of his cousins came her one time – twin girls and REAL tomboys - and I'll say nothing more than this. They took him down a peg or two." She looked at me. "Is it all right for me to say that much, darling?"

"Well," I grumbled. "It's just a time in my life I'd sooner forget!"

Cynthia just gave me a strange look, but I breathed a sigh of relief when she changed the subject and talked to Mom.

* * *

Cynthia and I were getting ready for bed later on. I had cleaned my teeth and gotten into my pajamas and was just on the point of slipping into bed, when she smiled.

"Why don't you tell me about those cousins of yours, huh?"

"Twin girls who visited us for a few months. Their mother was in hospital," I said innocently. "When she got better, they left."

"That all?" she smiled.

I shrugged. "That's about it."

"Oh. Was it one peg they took you down or two? Your mother didn't go into details."

I blushed. "Please dear? It was a subject I'd rather not discuss. It was embarrassing for me."

She was in her robe and pajamas as well. She came to me, smelling clean and soapy. I flinched a little. She had been smelling so lovely until recently. "Why are you flinching,

dear?" she asked, putting an arm around my shoulders. "Cynthia's not going to hurt you. Why don't you tell her ALL about it. Come ON now!"

"I really would rather not talk about it, dear," I mumbled.

With her arm around my shoulders now, she pulled me down onto the bed, so that we were sitting together. "But, dear? You shouldn't have secrets from me now, should you?"

"It's NOT a secret dear!" I said, as forcefully as I could.

"Dear?" was all she said, and somehow I was flat on my back and she was straddling me. She looked down with a gentle smile.

"When I used to wrestle with my sisters, I was always the strongest. I made them say uncle all of the time when they gave in." She patted my cheek. "Now I know I just took you by surprise, but I have the strangest feeling that if we wrestled? Know what? I think I'd win. Now, am I being silly or not?"

"I don't fight girls," I said huffily.

"Good. That makes you easy to beat. Now tell Cynthia all about those two horrible cousins – or you may just have to fight your wife – who's a girl, if I remember correctly." Her smile widened. "And wouldn't it be *awful* if she beat you? Made you say 'Auntie'?" She laughed outright. "See what a feminist I'm becoming? Making you say 'auntie' in defeat rather than 'uncle'?"

"They really didn't do that much!" I said in surrender.

"So?" she said, sitting up and pulling me beside her, then pulling her head onto her breast. "Tell Cynthia all about it. Trust me, you'll feel MUCH better. Tomboys?"

"They were pretty mean!" I blurted. "Not bad at the start, but wanted to play all sorts of silly, and rough games. I didn't, so they got nasty." I shrugged. "That's about it."

"Beat you up?"

"Well, not really."

"Mmm. Call you names?"

"Yeah. A lot of names!" I admitted.

Cynthia laughed. "Oh c'mon Roger. *Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me,*" she quoted.

I felt myself cower into her. I felt the strength in her arm and felt my mouth tremble. "Far worse names, Cynthia."

"Come on, darling!" she cooed. "You can tell me! Come on."

"Sissy."

"Well, that's a terrible thing to call a boy. But was that all?"

"I can't remember."

"Try for Cynthia. C'mon. Try."

"Sissy, queer, pansy – girlie!" The words came out with a rush.

"That must have been *awful*! Did you fight them – even if it was two against one?"

"Yes. Well, not really. They were SO mean!"

"I understand perfectly! That's what my sisters used to say about ME, though they knew better than to fight me. The twins beat you up, huh?"

"Well, not...not really. They had me do chores."

"Chores? I don't understand. Didn't you have Elizabeth then, or somebody like her?"

"Yes. Elizabeth had just started as a part time maid, but with us being teens, Mom thought it was good for us to do chores around the house."

"Such as?"

"Making beds."

"Ah! They made you make their beds?"

"Yes."

Cynthia giggled a little. "Well, dear, that's not *too* bad, is it? Here I was, thinking it had been a terrible time in your life – and all it was was two rowdy girls taking advantage of you. I really think you were making a big fuss over nothing! Shall we go to bed?"

"Oh yes!" I said gratefully, glad to get away from the subject.

* * *

It was the following night and all three of us were back at the fireside. I was doing the daily crossword. Cynthia was in another twin set and straight skirt outfit, but although I didn't like it too much, I didn't show my dislike in any way.

"You seem a little better, dear!" Mom said to Cynthia.

"Well, I must say that Roger telling me how his two cousins gave him such a terrible time helped me considerably! I mean it actually helped me to realize how males don't always have it so easy," Cynthia said earnestly.

"I'm surprised that he told you everything," Mom said. "After all the fuss he made last night!"

"Ah well. Husbands shouldn't have secrets from their wives, should they?" Cynthia laughed. "And I used some of my womanly wiles on him to have him tell me what they did."

"Yes!" Mom giggled. "A pair of scamps! That's what they were! Embarrassing the poor boy like that!"

"Yes!" Cynthia laughed. "Calling him names. Making him do chores!"

I had this *terrible* feeling. I was still sensible enough to follow Cynthia's ruling about having one drink but Mom was well into her second sherry, not something conducive to her being quiet. My feelings of dread were justified.

"I'm SO glad he told you," Mom said. "I knew he felt badly about what they did to him – but men are SO silly, don't you think? Can you imagine a girl feeling bad if she was made to wear male clothes and do male things?"

"Silly!" Cynthia answered in full agreement and gave me a cold look that Mom couldn't see.

I swallowed.

"So, they called him...what was it again, darling?" Mom looked at me. "Tiffany? Wasn't that it?"

I had to nod in agreement, my heart sinking.

"Then they got my old clothes from that trunk. Even I had to admit how stunning he looked in my clothes!"

"But it wasn't as if it was EVERY night, was it?" Cynthia asked carelessly as if she already knew the answer.

"Oh no!" Mom giggled. "They didn't get around to that until what?" She looked at me. "The fourth, fifth night they were here?"

I had to sigh. My whole shell of pretense was going away fast now. She took that as agreement.

"Though I thought that putting him into their and my clothes for the rest of their time here was a bit much." She looked blearily at me. "But it didn't harm you, did it, dear? You learned some useful things? Right?"

"Right, mother dear," I answered, not altogether untruthfully.

* * *

I got into my pajamas and got ready for bed. I studiously avoided Cynthia's eyes in the hope that she would let things pass. It didn't work. When I came out of the bathroom, she was sitting, dressed for bed, on the edge of the bed.

"Why don't you come here, darling?" she said sweetly, holding an arm out as an invitation for me to cuddle into her.

It was impossible to resist, so I went and sat beside her. I allowed her strong arm to embrace me and pull me into her.

"Last night? You didn't tell me the WHOLE truth did, you?" She was being SO understanding that I felt guilty.

I heard myself sigh and answer. "No"

"A sort of lie?"

"Yes."

"But you won't lie to me any more?"

"No."

"So tell me what happened between you and your cousins. Don't tell me any fibs or untruths now! I might have to spank you if you do. You understand?"

My wife was threatening to SPANK me! My whole being shuddered but I had to admit that she probably could and it seemed to fit into the theme of the conversation. Humbly, I started to tell her what had happened.

She was *so* nice as I stepped through the degrading things that my cousins had put me through. She kissed and cuddled me, told me that anyone in my shoes would have acted the same. She told me that my cousins had exceeded the bounds of Mom's hospitality when they dressed me as a girl and made me do their girlish chores, while they stood around and sniggered at my girlishness. She was even aghast to discover that Elizabeth had stood by and allowed me – wanted me – to help her! She had helped to hide me from Mom, as I did beds and laundry – in a dress and apron that she provided! She had even laughed as I staggered around in high heels that were far too big for me.

I finally admitted to myself that confession was probably good for the soul as Cynthia took me in her arms that night. Yes, I was very relaxed, which probably amounted for my acceptance of Cynthia as she took the more aggressive role in our lovemaking that followed. I found it strange, although nice, to be lying there in bed without having to act like the confident male as she gradually excited me, then slowly mounted me, fitting herself around me. Yes, I have to admit that she had a confident mien as she looked down on me then worked until I exploded – but it WAS nice! Unusual perhaps – but nice!

In the darkness, she cuddled me and I laid in beside her happily. “Do you realize what you’ve just done?” she whispered in my ear.

“Not really,” I whispered sleepily in return.

“Silly! I was getting all hot and bothered about the inequities between men and women, and you're letting me know that they can be overcome!”

“I *was*?” In my sleepy state, I was finding what she said confusing.

“You're amenable, dear! Not some dyed-in-the-wool macho man! Willing to let a girl stretch her wings!” She gave me a tender kiss. “You are such a NICE husband! A *perfect* man!”

What was I supposed to do – argue?

* * *

The following day before we left to go downstairs for breakfast, she hugged me passionately.

“Lover!” she giggled. “I'm going to the gym this afternoon. I'll be home long before dinner. Now, here's what I'd really like . . .”

“Don't know if I fancy going to a gym,” I murmured. “But if I have to, I guess I'll manage . . .”

“Roger? Hush! I don't want you to join me. I want you to stay home and get everything ready for me!”

“Huh?”

“Yes! Have my bath all nice and hot – lots of bubbles. Then I'll want you to pick what I have to wear for dinner and the rest of the evening. Won't that be sexy?”

“But Elizabeth will be here this afternoon. Shouldn't we . . .”

“Silly! It's a sexy thing between you and me. You, getting me all sexed-up and into wearing something nice. Me, coming home all sweaty and grimy and having you to take care of me! Doesn't that sound wonderful?”

I didn't have to think much. The whole idea got me kind of excited, to tell the truth. Cynthia has always been sexy enough but not the most intimate woman in the world, if you know what I mean. This sounded like fun. The gym isn't too far away, but she agreed to call me on the cell phone if she was held up. Otherwise, I was to have everything ready by six on the dot.

There was no indication that anything was delaying her so, around ten minutes to six, I started picking out undies and a skirt and blouse for her to wear for the evening. I carefully laid them out on the bed, enjoying the sensuous feel of her undies. It would be SO nice to see her dressed properly again. Then I ran her a steaming hot bath and put in oodles of scented crystals and bubble bath powder to give at least eight inches of frothy, scented bubbles. Quite frankly, just doing all that aroused me somewhat. I've always been slow to become sexually ready, but a combination of her clothes and the steamy hot scented atmosphere really turned me on.

She arrived right on time. As she had said she would, she still showed the results of her workout, hair pulled back and streaked with sweat, workout clothes all stained. She sniffed appreciatively at the air as she came into the bathroom. She started peeling off her clothes. Then she stopped.

“A change of plans, I think! Get undressed with me. Okay?”

The thought of having a bath with her was so daring! So exciting! Shyly, I sincerely wanted to abstain, but realized what a coward I'd look, so I slowly stripped off until I was naked as well. (I couldn't help but notice, why she felt the need for a gym was beyond me. She was lithe, nicely wide in the shoulders and slim in the waist. Rather slim in the hips and, though not tanned, has a complexion that verges on the olive so it would look as if she's tanned all over. Little or no hair, except for a blonde bush at the genitals.) On the other hand, even though I am slim, I have no definition of muscle and, am really very soft and white. Soft tummy, soft everywhere. There was no comparison really, but she didn't seem to mind.

Then she did something that confused me. “Hold on a second,” she said, then produced one of those flowered shower caps – and proceeded to put it on MY head! Then, as I sputtered, she carefully tied a little ribbon at the front that fitted the cap to my hair.

“Now!” she said happily. “In you go!” With that, she was shepherding me into the luscious warm, fragrant water. “Okay! Sit down and lie back!” she said, and I did.

“Isn't that lovely?” she asked as I did what she said.

“Yes. Kinda perfumed but nice. Come on then.”

She looked puzzled. “Come on then – and what?”

"Aren't you coming in as well?"

"Oh that? That's what I meant by a change of plans. No sense in wasting a lovely bath on me so you just relax and enjoy it. I'll take a quick shower and be right back! Now just lie still!" she added.

I was dumbfounded. What a waste! But the bath was lovely and relaxing and, to tell the truth, I wouldn't be surprised if I had a bit of a nap because the next thing I knew, Cynthia was kneeling beside the bath, all fresh and scrubbed looking and smiling down on me.

"My! Don't you smell lovely!" she said, starting to touch me.

"Like to come in beside me?" I offered shyly.

"Silly! You look so nice and peaceful. You smell *so* nice! Just lie there and let Cynthia bathe you."

Then her strong, graceful, hands were stroking me with a lovely smelling perfumed soap. "Oh here!" I protested, though not very strongly. "That's not becoming!"

"Hush, my little darling!" she said. "Let Cynthia enjoy you! Make you feel wonderful too."

Then, as I couldn't help but loll helplessly in the womanly fragrance, my wife slowly and methodically, masturbated me. A few times I tried to lift my arms – to do what I don't know – but she quietly and firmly told me to behave. As I said, she did everything slowly, hardly touching my penis at all but making me undulate under her hands and completely in her power. I don't really know how long she spent on me, but the water was getting tepid as I looked up into her strong face in complete submission and supplication.

"Please, darling?" I said softly.

"Of course, you sweet little thing you!" she cooed, and laid her warm hands on me. Even she giggled as the force of my ejaculation lifted the spurt of semen high in the air. She caught most of it in her hands and washed them in the sink. Then she practically lifted me out of the bath and dried me gently with lovely warm towels.

I had no strength. I felt completely exhausted, but she powdered and perfumed me and I didn't even protest, then she led me back into the bedroom.

The clothes I had picked out for her were still on the bed. With a smile, she picked up the blouse and, before I knew it, was holding it up against ME!

"Such a pretty blouse!" she said.

"Yes, it is. But why aren't you putting it on – and what are you *doing*?" I asked sleepily.

"Oh, it's a bit feminine for me now, so I won't put on, if you don't mind."

"Mmm," I said, disappointed. "I thought it would look nice on."

"Oh, I'm sue it *would*!" she said agreeably. "I was just looking to see how it suited *you*."

I found myself blushing deeply. "No. That's silly!" I mumbled.

"Well, it wouldn't look too good on you if your face was all red like that!" she laughed, and took the blouse away. "Let's get dressed and go down for dinner. I'm starving!" she said.

I wasn't impressed by Cynthia's choice of dinner clothes. She wasn't even wearing a skirt, for goodness sake! She looked nice, mind you, but I never was one for women in pants, tailored though they may be. As usual, Mom had beaten us to the kitchen and had set the table. We went and kissed her hello.

"My! You smell nice, Roger!" Mom smiled as we kissed. "Much nicer than Cynthia, I might say!"

Cynthia spoke up. "Perfectly understandable, Mom. The sweet dear prepared a bath for me. I wasn't in the mood, so talked him into taking it instead, while I took a shower. Doesn't he smell luscious?"

"Lovely!" Mom said agreeably. "Now if you two will sit down, I'll serve up tonight."

This was quite common. Elizabeth came in most days and would leave a series of dishes for dinner ready to be cooked. Mostly Mom, and sometimes Cynthia would put the stuff in the oven and serve it up. The other two would tidy off the table and soak the dishes for Elizabeth to do the following day – very simple. Mom was a good cook though and would sometimes make a dish or a meal. This night was simple though.

We all had a glass of wine with dinner and were sitting around quietly with our coffee after.

Mom finally spoke. "I don't mean to offend you Cynthia, but you seem to be dressing down these days. Not very pretty. Very plain, and it seems such a shame for such a nice-looking woman like you. Is there something wrong?" She was sitting back in her chair, relaxed; her tone showed a little concern, but no criticism.

Cynthia smiled. "Oh no, Mom. Nothing's wrong." Then she sipped her coffee, put it down and spoke slowly again. "Well, there IS something. I don't know how to say this, but I've taken a real spite at the male sex these days."

This got me upright in my chair. "You're not saying that I've . . ." I interrupted her.

She laughed. "No, Roger. No indeed. I couldn't ask for a nicer, more affable husband than you. When I said 'male sex,' I meant exactly that."

"You've lost me dear?" Mom interjected.

Cynthia searched for words. "I'm finding their sense of superiority, their smugness, the inherent 'feeling' that WE males are BETTER than YOU women – insufferable. Even YOU, Roger, have a lot of it!" She pointed at me as she said this.

"Now I see!" Mom laughed. "I got mad at men for exactly the same reason. The unfairness of it all." They both laughed.

I was indignant. "I think that you're inventing things Cynthia – and I'm surprised at you, Mom. There's a natural order to things and surely you can't blame a whole sex for following the rules that have been set up for centuries! Surely?"

Cynthia thought before replying. "You're right, Roger, but only in a way. The rules may have been okay back when man was the breadwinner, had to go out and fight tigers or whatnot. But in today's society we're all equal, or should be anyway."

"But we ARE equal, Cynthia!" I argued. "You trying to say that I boss you around? That's really far-fetched and nonsensical!" I laughed heartily.

She thought again. "But let me ask you this, Roger. I think I'm probably stronger than you. You agree?"

I reddened, but answered truthfully. "Probably."

"And we're about the same when it comes to smarts?"

"Definitely!" I said. "Though you are probably smarter than me."

She laughed and nodded at mom. "You brought him up tactful, didn't you?"

"Tactful *and* well-mannered!" Mom laughed.

"So?" Cynthia spoke to me again. "It seems, by the rules, that I should make myself pretty for you. I should defer to you. I should do what you say."

"Makes sense to me," I replied. "You are FAR prettier than me. Far more decorative. It would be an awful waste of time and money for me to get attractive for you."

"Hey! Nonsense!" Mom was aggravated. "When the two girls were here, you looked pretty damn . . ."

"Aw, MOM!" I complained. "Enough of the two girls. I'm older now!"

"Didn't you realize how sweet you looked in the bathtub tonight? How pretty?" Cynthia laughed. "That's ONE of the reasons I'm feeling strange about everything!" She pointed at me again, but was talking to Mom. "He looked SO nice, SO vulnerable! I was getting in love with him again!" Then she paused before pointing at me again. "Why should it be MY responsibility to look pretty for YOU? I've done it for a few years. I figure it's YOUR turn!"

"GO, GIRL!" Mom laughed.

Cynthia suddenly lost her humorous expression and looked pensive. "You know? I was only kidding just now, but there was something in what I said. I *enjoyed* doing that to you, Roger. You were, well, sort of, in my power. I was – in charge. I liked it."

"But Cynthia?" I broke in. "I've always made my self look clean and attractive for you. I mean it's not as if I walk around in dirty underwear or have repulsive habits. I don't really know what you want."

She laughed again, her humor restored. "Frankly, love? I don't really know what I want myself." Then she sobered up and looked at me seriously. "Roger? I may not know what I want – but I DO know that I want things to be different!"

I laughed sincerely. "I'm SURE I'll be the first to find out when you do!"

The other two joined me, and we all laughed together.

That night in bed, I went to cuddle her. She let herself come into me, but then got restless. "Sorry, dear. This isn't what I want."