



Reluctant Press presents:

St Valentines Day Prank

Charlotte Mayo



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY PRANK

BY CHARLOTTE MAYO

Chapter One

This morning I received a Christmas card from Spencer. I receive a card like this every year which means every year I feel sad. My barriers come crashing down as I recall those awful, awful events of the late Fifties which started with an innocent practical joke and ended up by altering the whole course of my life.

The dust has finally settled on those painful events that took place some fifty-odd years ago in 1955. I feel it is finally time to put pen to paper and tell the whole horrible story. First, though, I must ask you to excuse my writing. I am not a man of letters and I got little in the way of qualifications at school so I apologise for any ill-fitting phrases or badly strung-together or clumsy sentences. Such as it is, the story will out.

My name is Kenneth Staunton and I was born in 1937 to a middle-class family who resided in Surrey, England. The Second World War was raging as I grew up; Mother retired to the country to live with relatives during the war so we escaped, as a family, largely unscathed. I had an older sister, Susan, who was two years my senior; we weren't close.

At the end of the war, the family got back to normal. Father returned from doing his bit in the RAF (he had a desk job) and went to work in the City. Mother, meanwhile, went back to baking and cleaning and keeping the house tidy – the traditional British housewife.

Then came 1955 – Elvis Presley and the birth of Rock 'n' Roll. Susan worked as a secretary and spent all her pay on clothes. Every Saturday night, she was down at the Lacarno

Club and danced the night away with a string of admirers, each competing for her favours. Inevitably she would wind up getting into trouble with Father for coming home late. On more than one occasion, I crept out of bed and peered through the banisters when Susan returned home. Father would always wait up for her and bellow as soon as he heard her key in the latch,

“SUSAN! Get in here!”

Susan would walk to the study, not a care in the world. She would then be subjected to the most awful scolding and occasionally a sharp smack, slap or spanking that sent her scurrying to her room in tears and me back to my room to play with the one-eyed snake. I know it sounds perverted but I actually enjoyed it when Susan got into trouble. She was so bossy and full of herself, I just loved it when Father took her down a peg or two. Susan was slim, blonde, flirtatious. She had a lot of admirers; maybe I was a bit jealous of all the attention she got, how lads would pretend to be my friend but would really just want to meet Susan. In short, I didn't like her and she didn't like Father. That is where the story begins.

I was rather gawky and self-conscious; I worked as a telegram boy for the Post Office – the GPO - delivering telegrams around town. When my story opens, I had been employed there for three years, having left school at fifteen.

Mother wasn't particularly fashion conscious so it was Susan who opened my eyes to a new world of female clothing and behaviour. Hair curlers, perms, nail varnish, girdles, stockings and suspenders, perfume, the dents her stilettos made in the lino. It all intrigued me, as did the rustle of her skirts, the smoothness of the silk of her slips that hung on the dryer by the open fire or the nightdress and negligee she sometimes wore on a Sunday morning when having breakfast after a late night out. Not that I got to see her more intimate things, you understand but I did get to smell her shampoo and perfume and soap. I would know where she was by the rustle of skirts and gaze amazed at her small waist constricted with a large waspie belt. I got to see her coquettishness and experience her moods, her crying on the bed, her passion for boys, her bossiness, her rudeness, her slamming of doors, her selfishness. Her tantrums.

Mother and Father soon came to the conclusion that they had one of those new-fangled “delinquent teenagers” on their hands and tried to rein her in. Mother supported Father but always stood behind him as she was too mousy and timid to get involved. Father doled out the punishments: verbal warning, slipper or hand spanking, banishment to bedroom, no food – it was fairly common fare for a Fifties family.

Out of all her admirers, two were the most persistent. First was the brash and boastful Danny, who was tall and good looking and with whom she had a few dates. Second was Spencer who was 21, just down from Oxford University and a bit of a geek. Spencer and his parents went to church every Sunday and we would often meet in the congregation and talk to him. Spencer would look admiringly at Susan who, of course, loved the attention. Father didn't like Danny who he blamed for leading Susan astray and wanted her to form an attachment with Spencer who was the “right sort of boy.” Apart from flirting, Susan had no intention of dating Spencer.

In contrast to Susan, I was liked by Mother and Father. I did as I was told, I did not answer back, I did not have mood swings or throw tantrums. I was a good boy – albeit one who had a carefully honed sense of humour – a product of reading Beano when younger. By the time I was a teenager, I loved Marvel comics and I used to lay on my bed reading *Crimefighters* and *Spythriller*, not realising that my world was about to turn into its very own comic strip.

To be honest, the practical joke was not something I thought up on my own. Quite often, my friend Frank would come around on a Saturday after we had finished work at mid-day. We would get together to make models of World War Two aircraft. Because Father had been in the RAF, I loved flying and reading books about planes. Anyway, we were in my room and I was telling Frank about “sis” (who I must admit, fascinated me with all her comings and goings and tantrums). Frank said:

“Why not send this Spencer character a Valentine’s card and pretend it’s from her?”

This seemed like a great hoot; planning the joke took up the rest of the afternoon. We went out and bought a card, then Frank wrote it, putting a number of little “clues” in the card. One was that it was from “the girl who lives behind the big brown door.” Another was, “You’ll see me again when the bells are pealing”. If that wasn’t enough, I secretly popped it into Spencer’s jacket pocket when it lay folded up on the pew in front of us at church that Sunday.

Frank had come up with a little phrase to really get Spencer’s hopes up; it went, “On Saturday, 19th, knock on the door at 7 PM and I will be in heaven!”

Monday was St Valentine’s Day and Susan got about three or four cards (one from Spencer). The week passed and I had forgot about the card sent to Spencer – or at least Frank’s invitation.

That was until Saturday night. I saw Susan sitting on her dressing table stool making up her face – she was going out. My heart missed a beat as I recalled Frank’s invitation and looked at my watch – 7 PM.

Dead on time, Spencer knocked on the door. Mother opened it with a cheery, “Hello, Spencer.”

From my vantage point on the landing, I watched as he was welcomed into the house and Father offered him a drink.

Susan was still busy in front of her mirror, the wireless was on and she probably had not heard the door. As she got up and took her coat and handbag from the bed, I scurried into my bedroom. I heard her slow descent and another knock on the door – Danny.

I don’t know how shocked Susan was to see her two admirers, one emerging from the dining room and the other by the front door but it must have been a moment of total confusion. As I tried to cover my head and ears, I heard the shouts,

“What’s *he* doing here?” Danny asked.

“I was invited!” Spencer retorts.

“SUSAN, have you been two-timing these gentlemen?” Father shouted loudly.

“NO!” Susan bellowed.

Then it happened. A punch was thrown, there was a scuffle, there was the sound of a smashing vase. Father was shouting, "GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE THIS INSTANT!"

A door slammed. Danny said something rude to Father. There was peace at last, until...
"SUSAN! COME HERE!!"

I sneaked out of the room and looked over the landing. Spencer and Danny had gone. Father had hold of Susan by the wrist and was leading her to the study. Mother was standing by the front door in tears.

It wasn't long before Susan was over Father's knee, receiving the spanking of her life. She howled in pain and screamed and fought like a tigress but Father was having none of it. He held her down over his knee and spanked her beautiful white bottom until it became crimson, blotched, red and raw. Father was in such a rage that he left the study door open – something he never normally did – and Mother and I could see poor Susan receiving the punishment. Not that Mother watched; she was so distressed she ran to the kitchen in floods of tears.

I watched the spanking unfold. If I'm honest, I'd have to say I enjoyed it immensely. Oh, I felt guilty, of course I did, but Susan was such a little minx, I knew she deserved it. Maybe not for two-timing Spencer but certainly for stringing the poor chap along. Though Father was strict, she wrapped him around her finger with her flirtatiousness and female charms. She often got me into trouble, which was one of the reasons I liked the idea of the hoax card.

It wasn't long before she was pulling her skirt down and running to the sanctuary of her bedroom. She was so distressed she gulped air and panted through the tears as a young child does. Once she landed face down on her bed, she fairly howled with pain.

After a while, I approached her door and slipped in.

"Are you all right?" I said softly.

"No, I'm not ALL RIGHT! GET LOST! GET OUT! GO ON, GET OUT!" And she threw her stiletto at me just in case I hadn't gotten the message. I left the room but as the night wore on and the sobbing subsided, I could not resist going to see her again. I had sat in my room listening to her sobbing, knowing I was responsible. The guilt of what I had done started to hit me. I was beginning to feel uneasy. What if the truth came out?

"Susan, look," I said when I crept in for a second time, "I'm sorry for what's happened, really sorry."

"What do you have to be sorry about?" she said, her voice calmer.

She looked up at me and the penny started to drop. She then sobbed, "You don't care if Father punishes me_ normally."

"I_I do care," I said.

"GET LOST!" This time a flying hair brush followed Susan's words.

After the second aborted mission, I spent the rest of the evening in my room trying to concentrate on making models. I fell asleep against a back drop of sobs coming from Susan's bedroom. The next day at breakfast, her face was red from all the crying. Still, she had chosen to wear a very tight-fitting skirt, teamed up with a thick white jumper. I couldn't help but notice that her buttocks kept moving on her seat as if she was trying to get comfortable and that her face lacked the normal potions she applied to it. Everyone was quiet.

"You'll go to church this morning, Susan."

"Oh, but I can't, Father. I'll see Spencer."

"That was not a question, Susan, that was a statement. You *will* go to church this morning. Do I make myself clear?"

Susan dropped her head and stared at her empty cereal bowl. "Yes, Father."

"Perhaps when you see Spencer, you can apologise to him for sending him a Valentine's Day card and suggesting he knock at 7 PM. I suppose you thought Spencer would not know it was you but he's University educated, is intelligent and has prospects. You could do far worse but you are too blind and stupid to see it. And another thing, my girl, you will not see Danny ever again."

Susan released a little sob, took her handkerchief from her sleeve and pressed it to her eyes.

"I didn't send the card, Father," she said. "Please believe me, it wasn't me"

Father stared at her long and hard. I think he was seriously considering belting her. Instead he released a sigh.

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's liars. You wrote the card, you will live with the consequences."

I suppose the guilt I felt must have started to show in my face as I blushed and was decidedly uncomfortable. Mother was looking at me in that strange way of hers. I tried to eat my Shredded Wheat as if all the commotion had nothing to do with me.

Some moments later, Susan looked up and her mouth dropped. She stared across the table at me; in that moment she had an epiphany. "You!"

I didn't have to say anything. Both Mother and Father turned to look at me, my reddening face, my sweaty hands.

"Kenneth, is this true?"

"It was a joke," I said. "It was all Frank's fault."

"I'll talk to you, young man, when we return from Morning Psalms," Father said.

We set off for church; all the way there I was scared to death. Once in the church, I sat as nervous as a ferret on the pew, knowing I was for the high jump on our return. Fortunately, Spencer and his parents did not attend, which meant the only worry for Susan was how to sit on the hard wooden surface without actually touching it. She wriggled continuously throughout the service. Father gave her such a look, I thought she might actually be in for another good hiding.

But no, it was my turn. On our arrival back home from church, I was taken to the study, bent over and given six of the best with his cane, a harsh implement Father rarely used. I was then told to go to my room and write a letter of apology to Spencer. With wet eyes, I wrote a long letter to Spencer which I showed to Father for his approval. I was then sent down the road to post it (the road being over a mile in length). By the time I finished, I had missed dinner and was sent to my room for the rest of the evening.

That should have been that. End of story. Nothing further to report. Over the next few days, Susan and I didn't talk and sat at dinner with daggers drawn. There was such an atmosphere between us that Mother often sent one of us up stairs which set off howls of protest from the other about the malingerer who had managed to skip the dishwashing duty. The week passed by in such an atmosphere. Susan and I had never got on well but this incident tipped the balance. We really despised each other after the events of the weekend.

About ten days later, Spencer paid Father a visit and was shown into the study. They must have been in conversation of over an hour. Both Susan and I were mighty curious as to what Spencer had to say. Of course, neither of us would show the other how interested we were in Spencer's visit. Eventually, he left and shook hands with Father at the door.

"Susan, Kenneth come down here. You too, Eileen, if you like, for it concerns the whole family."

Mother, Susan and I stood in Father's study.

"As you know, Spencer has come to see me. He is still most distraught at the way young Kenneth played him for a fool."

I went to speak but Father held up his hand.

"He feels that Kenneth should be punished further and he feels that you, Susan, should be party to the punishment as you, too, suffered at the hands of this prankster. He has persuaded me, perhaps against my better judgement, that a good way for Kenneth to be punished is for him to take on the role of the St. Valentine's Day card writer. That is to say, Spencer naturally assumed the writer of the card was Susan. But it wasn't Susan, so who was it?"

"Kenneth?" Susan tried.

"No, not Kenneth but Susan's younger sister. Surely no man would send a St. Valentine's card to another man? Would they, Kenneth?"

"No."

"Can we assume you are a girl then?" father asked.

Slowly, I nodded, not daring to look up.

"Spencer certainly thinks so. He wants to humiliate you by taking you out and parading you around town dressed as a girl. And I have given my consent."

Mother was perplexed but Susan was smiling

"I am happy to help in any way I can, Father," she said.

“Spencer thinks you should be allowed to dress him up. We have agreed that the punishment will commence at 7 PM next Saturday when he comes to call. Before that hour, you will put Kenneth in a frock and do what you have to do to him. You, Kenneth, will take your punishment like a man.”

Nothing more was said about it. All week my heart pounded with fear at the thought of Susan dressing me, painting a clown's face on me and sending me out on the street with Spencer who would drag me around town whilst everyone laughed and poked fun at me. I was actually physically sick and could not eat or sleep.

I dare not tell anyone. I knew my fears would play into Susan's hands and I knew that once Father made up his mind, there was no turning him. Mother would have been my only salvation but she was so meek and mild that once Father had made his mind up, she would not listen to my fears. I could not even tell Frank for fear of ridicule from my colleagues at the GPO. No, I was all alone.

Chapter Two

That Saturday, Susan set to her task with great diligence and gusto; I was called to her room at 5 o' clock precisely and told to strip down to my pants and sit at her dressing table. I was shaking like a leaf. Father had warned me that another dose of the cane awaited if I disobeyed Susan's instructions so all I could do was follow her orders. But what would she do to me? The face that stared back at me from the reflection in the dressing table mirror was pale and very smooth; despite being eighteen, I was only shaving once a week and had few hairs on my body.

Soon the powder brush was being whisked across my face. Then came the rouge, the eye shadow, lipstick and mascara. My face wasn't my face at all but that of a female that emerged before my eyes. Little had I realised how dextrous Susan was with her makeup brushes. Those years spent practising in front of the mirror had certainly paid off. I sensed her enjoyment at her artistic flair. Sometimes she would mumble under her breath, debating what colours to use, but never once did she speak to me; it was as if I was a mannequin.

When she finished, I was made to stand up and take off my pants and slip into a pretty pink pair of silky French knickers. Then Susan attached a suspender belt to my waist. I sat on the bed and pulled up tan-coloured stockings which she attached to each suspender in turn. Next, she brought forth a girdle which I was told to hold as she fastened it around my thin waist. She managed to trim off a few inches for it pulled me in and made it difficult to breathe. A bra was added and rolled-up stockings formed the breasts, then petticoats were laid on the floor. I stepped into them and she pulled them up and tied the stiffened nets onto my waist. My heart was racing. I started to feel something strange. My body shivered but not because of fear. No, the fear had dissipated and I started to feel a strange, quirky pleasure. I was eighteen, a virgin, naïve about sex; now I had soft girl's clothes on my body and I felt something I had not felt before. A feeling of warmth enveloped me. I wanted to tell Susan to stop. I knew it was wrong to feel what I was feeling, to actually like the sensation of being dressed in girl's clothes. Doesn't the Bible tell us that,

A woman must not wear men's clothing, nor a man wear women's clothing, for the LORD your God detests anyone who does this. (Deuteronomy 22:5)

Hadn't the vicar once preached against the modern fashion for men to care for their appearance and put Brillcream in their hair? Such acts, the vicar concluded, could only lead to effete behaviour and homosexuality.

Yet Susan seemed less concerned about the devil taking my soul than ensuring my waist was nipped in. She was so professional and so entranced by her task, I knew it was not possible to stop her. All I could do was surrender to her will. At last, she took a beautiful blue silk dress with full skirt from her wardrobe. She placed the skirts on the floor and I stepped into the circle formed by the waist of the dress. Susan manoeuvred it up over the petticoats. The bodice was tight against my chest and newly-formed breasts. Once in place, she drew up the zipper at the back and fastened the eyelet. The dress pulled back my shoulders and made me stand straight.

Then, Susan straightened out the skirt and fussed with the hem. The warm sensation I felt earlier grew ever larger. From the end of my toes to my finger tips, I felt a tingling, a feeling of being alive and wanted and loved. I could smell Susan's perfume on the dress and feel the softness of the large bustling skirt. I started to feel aroused.

I had not looked at myself, I had not dared, but now I turned and saw my image in her long, stand-alone mirror. The mirror reflected a boy? A girl? With short back and sides, I looked manly but the feminine face and the wondrous dress told a different story. Susan went to her cupboard and pulled forth a black item which she started to shake – a wig.

"Sit down," She ordered.

I sat on the edge of the bed, the glorious skirt crumpling beneath me as I compressed the petticoats that itched my legs. She pulled on the wig and adjusted it, hooking hairs out with a comb and patting it down. The wig was jet black and in the form of a bun which was fashionable. She applied some more lipstick and retouched my eye makeup. Then she painted my nails and added jewellery and perfume and gave me a pair of high-heeled court shoes to wear. Fortunately, I have small feet.

"There, now you are ready for your date," she said. For the first time that evening, she smiled.

I sat on the bed nervously glancing at my reflection in the mirror; was that really me? I felt nervous at the thought of leaving the warm confines of Susan's bedroom. Susan went to her wardrobe and took out a black coat, gloves and a handbag. Slowly, I realised the true horror of the sentence that had been passed upon me: I was to go out, dressed as a girl, with Spencer. I was eaten up with fear for I felt certain I would be mocked. My mouth was dry, I wanted to cry.

Soon there was a knock on the door – Spencer.

I could hear him speaking to Father, then Father called upstairs.

"Come on, Kenneth. It's time to go."

Susan helped me on with the coat and I followed her downstairs. My steps were tentative in the shoes. Slowly, I made my way down stairs; my face was like a furnace beneath the thick, heavy powder. I was scared to look up from the stairs for fear of tripping but when I reached the last step, I looked at Spencer, dressed smartly in a black jacket and matching trousers. He let out a low whistle.

“Kenneth, before you go out, I want a word,” Father said.

Spencer and I exchanged smiles, his smile was one of warmth and my spirits lifted. Perhaps this was not a punishment; perhaps he did not want me mocked? Perhaps he would protect me?

Once in the study, Father had different ideas and my newfound confidence quickly evaporated.

“Kenneth, you look like a clown in those ridiculous clothes of Susan’s and that is what Spencer intended. It is your turn to be punished. You will be mocked and humiliated tonight, rest assured. Take it like a man and we’ll say no more about it. Spencer is a fine, up-standing, intelligent man from a good family and, in normal circumstances - if I saw you dressed like you are tonight – my God, I would thrash the living daylights out of you. Spencer has devised this somewhat ingenious punishment for you, though, and I feel that you owe it to him, to your sister and to your family to be brave, not cry and accept the ridicule that is to come your way.”

With that he shook my hand and said, “That’s my boy.”

I followed Father out into the hall and soon I was leaving the sanctuary of the house, walking very carefully towards Spencer’s car. Already my ankles ached and my feet felt sore. Spencer opened the door of his MG for me and, very carefully, I manoeuvred myself onto the soft leather seats, I pulled my skirts inside and when ready, Spencer closed the door.

“I say, Kenneth,” Spencer said once he was in the driver’s seat, “you make a remarkably fetching girl but – dash it - I can’t call you Kenneth all night, so what’s it to be?”

I was amazed; he wanted to call me by a girl’s name!

Spencer clicked his fingers. “What about Elizabeth, after our dear, young Queen? Yes, Elizabeth it is! Such a pretty name.”

I nodded. The engine of his MG ZA Magnette sprung into action and soon the car was moving away from our house.

He drove to the main road and instead of turning into town, where I had imagined he would take me to maximise his entertainment, he turned left and we drove out into the country. As way of explanation he said, “I’ve booked a table in a small restaurant in a village called Lindhaven. I thought there might be too many hawks in town.”

Too many hawks? But wasn’t this supposed to be my night of punishment.

After a half-hour, Spencer stopped outside a small restaurant. Taking exceedingly good care not to rip or tear my dress or spoil my appearance in any way, I lifted myself from the low car seat and stepped out. My feet sank into the gravel of the car park. Spencer took my arm and guided me to the restaurant door.

“Can I take your coat, Madam?” The Maitre d’Hotel asked. I handed him my black coat and he led the way to a small table at the rear of the restaurant. One or two diners looked up but no one really stared at me and I could hear from their continued conversations that my presence had not caused any disquiet.

The waiter pulled out my chair and I sat down. The serviette was whipped across my lap in that professional way of waiters. I sat, trying to calm my erratic breathing, trying to take in the fact that I was wearing a dress in a high class restaurant. Spencer was talking in hushed tones and soon a bucket of ice and Champaign was served. I took a few sips. The bubbles made me feel quite giggly.

Fortified by drink, I started to relax – especially as Spencer kept telling me how pretty I looked and that I made a “damn fine woman.” He said this in a fake American accent as if imitating the films we all used to watch. It was strange. Here I was, eighteen years old, a boy or young man, dressed as a woman and no one seemed to take any notice. The bodice of my dress felt tight against my chest, the girdle constricted my waist and I could not get used to the mass of material which lay around my chair.

It was funny being a woman, so unnatural. Yet in the dreamy way that Spencer looked at me and in the odd glances I picked up from other, male diners, I realised something else – a woman could hold a man in her spell by her attractiveness. Amazingly, I was doing just that! Me - gawky, skinny, Kenneth Staunton who had never had a girlfriend or even kissed a girl! Suddenly, I felt wonderful! To be the recipient of nothing but smiles, good-natured nods and looks having been convinced that I would be stared at, mocked and teased was such a relief, I was almost ecstatic.

As I settled into my role and let Spencer talk endless about himself and the plans he had to make a “name for himself” in the City, I started to feel very happy and very alive. I let Spencer’s words wash over me like a warm breeze, just like a good girl should. As he spoke, I sipped my wine and contemplated that I had achieved something quite remarkable. I had passed in public as an attractive woman. I had a talent for female impersonation.

Spencer sent for the bill and the night was over. Before we left, I went to the Ladies bathroom. I inspected myself in the mirror and realised that I actually did make a “damn fine woman.” I was slim, the dress I wore was stylish and my makeup perfect. Susan, far from punishing me, had actually done her level best to make sure I came through the ordeal unscathed. Being in skirts for the first time is such a peculiar experience; the rustle of the fabric, the soft scent on my skin; the ache in my ankles caused by my high heels (Susan had actually given me a low pair to wear!) which I was trying walk in without bending my toe to grip the sole the whole time – it was all so wonderful! The stockings felt itchy on my smooth legs, yet despite the discomfort, I felt a blanket of security encompass me. I ran my hands down the bodice of my dress, felt my smooth, slim body beneath, ran my hands over my full silk skirts. I glowed with pleasure. My ardour was checked by the restricting undergarments I wore, but fortified with Champaign, I stood to attention, feet together so my dress swung about me. I shivered, ran my hands over the front of the dress. And, in that beautiful moment, standing in front of the mirror in the Ladies room at La Cage restaurant, looking at my reflected image – the image of “Elizabeth” – I experienced the most amazing orgasm ever. I shivered with delight.



I came back to the table. Spencer was waiting for me. I followed him out of the restaurant, smiling at the other diners as I passed. When I reached the door, the Maitre d'Hotel got my coat and helped me on with it. He smiled at me as I mouthed a "thank you." I felt his eyes moving up and down my body and for the first time, I knew what a woman means when she says that a man is mentally undressing her.

Spencer was too much of a gentleman to be lecherous. He took my arm and guided me back to his car. Once inside, I smiled; the confidence and feeling of relief that came over me was enormous. I had not slept a wink all week for fear of what would happen to me, yet here I was back in his car, having survived the test. I knew I would sleep well, I knew that!

"Thank you, Spencer," I said, "That was not as bad as I expected."

He laughed. "What did you expect?"

"Mockery, ridicule. Father told me so."

Spencer turned to me and lifted my chin, like they do in the movies. "Elizabeth, my dear, your Father is a very kindly man, but he doesn't understand, for his eyes are blind and he doesn't see what I see, what Susan sees and maybe what your Mother sees. You were born to be a girl."

I shivered. My spine tingled. Such a heretical thought!

Then, Spencer placed an arm around me, pulled me to him and kissed me – on the mouth! His tongue wrapped around mine and he kissed me, snogged me, as they say in the flicks. And I'm afraid to say I responded. And, he just went on kissing me!

I got out of the car as elegantly as I could. With a fluttering wave to Spencer, I walked up the drive. They were all there to meet me; Mother, Father, Susan.