



Reluctant Press presents:

Daddy's Shoes



Louise Paynter

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

DADDY'S SHOES

By Louise Paynter

CHAPTER 1

Tracy and I have been happily married for seven years; we have a daughter, Lucy who is four years old, who we adore completely and who has made us very happy. Nearly a year ago I joined a new company for a more senior job and we moved to Sandsbury Underhill where we found a nice detached house on a newish estate. It was just perfect as it was easy access to shops and schools for Tracy and Lucy and not too far for me to commute to work each day.

We missed our old friends of course but we felt sure that we would make new friends easily. Our im-

mediate neighbours on both sides were about the same age as us, very friendly and helpful. We got on especially well with Ron and Christine who lived on our right hand side as they also had a daughter called Rosie who was about the same age as Lucy, and in the same class at school. The two girls were always in each other's houses playing together at weekends. Tracy and Christine helped each other out with babysitting during the week and taking the kids to school so they had plenty of time to get to know each other and talk about our families.

Christine didn't like babysitting at the weekends; she made it clear that Saturday night was a non-negotiable time as she and Ron liked to spend the evening together. Fair enough, everyone needs time to themselves and we had thought nothing of it. Ron and I went to the local pub for a beer occasionally and talked about the usual things that men talk about, and were comfortable in other's company.

I've enjoyed dressing in women's clothes ever since I was a young teenager. It's the sensual feel of smooth silky clothes on my skin and the light clingy feel of some types of fabric swirling around that really turns me on, coupled with the feeling of fresh air around my legs when wearing stockings and a pair of sexy stiletto-heeled shoes. I'd always been close to my mother and I think I was jealous of my sister who was two years older than me being able to stay indoors and help my mother with the cooking or sewing. I invariably had to go outside with my father and help him by holding bits of wood for him to saw up or to fetch tools for him.

When we were small, Mother always bought our clothes for us and didn't take us shopping with her. We

all know that there's not much choice for boys; I used to reckon that Mother spent 90% of the time looking for clothes for my sister and 10% looking for clothes for me. Obviously she was more in tune with what my sister would like whereas the clothes she bought for me were designed to withstand the rough-and-tumble all boys were thought to subject their clothes to. In consequence, they tended to be all shades of grey or green or beige so as not to show the dirt, and thick and heavy so that they didn't get torn.

When my sister got new clothes, she'd immediately dress up in them and show them off to Mother and Father who'd tell her how pretty she looked and how they suited her. She positively beamed in their praise. When I was dressed up to go out somewhere, all they said was how smart I looked. I just looked like a miniature version of my father. I wanted to be good-looking and beautiful. That doesn't mean I wanted to be a girl; I was happy being a boy but I was so jealous of all the lovely things that girls could wear. I thought it unfair that I was stuck with the boring clothes that I had, and wished I could have some more colourful and interesting clothes instead.

When my sister was about twelve years old, she had her first bra. It was supposed to be a secret between Mother and her but I knew something was happening as there were whispered conversations between them. One day I saw it in the laundry basket in the bathroom and picked it up to see what it was like. It was plain cotton with a pink rosebud pattern printed all over. I remember being very excited as I examined it and held it up against my chest to see what it would look like. Something told me that it would be wrong to put it on so I reluctantly placed it back in the basket and tried not to think about it again.

That summer my sister had a new summer dress and there were the usual admiring comments when she tried it on. I thought she looked very pretty; the dress was beautiful with a knee-length full skirt, a square neckline and wide shoulder straps in white broderie anglaise. I fell in love with that dress. My prayers were answered a couple of days later when I saw it in the laundry basket. Before I had my bath that evening, I put on my sister's bra that was also there, padded it out with a pair of socks, then put on the dress. I thought I looked beautiful too. I loved the shoulder straps and the fullness of the skirt swishing around my legs. I was hooked and thereafter I would try on any of my sister's clothes that I found in the basket and also some of my mother's. Obviously they were too big for me but they smelt of her perfume. They made me feel very close to her and I could pretend that I was her daughter.

As a teenager I continued to wear my sister's clothes when I was at home alone. I was also able to wear my mother's clothes as I got bigger, although I had to use more socks to fill her bra than my sister's. I wore Mother's shoes until my feet outgrew her shoes. I had to buy a pair of heels of my own and also some makeup and a cheap fancy dress wig. I thought I looked superb, although in reality I probably looked a fright. When I moved away from home to go to college, I had more opportunity to dress up and got a few clothes of my own. I only dressed up for myself and didn't go out anywhere or meet other transvestites.

I told Tracy about my cross-dressing before we were married. I think we both thought that it would go away when we settled down together, but the desire to dress up has never gone away. Nowadays she is not happy with me dressing up, so I normally do so only when she is out during the day or in the evening. Now

that we have Lucy, the number of occasions has become a bit limited. Tracy has never wanted to talk to me about crossdressing or to listen to what it means to me, but she doesn't try to stop me, as she says that she reluctantly recognises that I need to dress up occasionally for my own peace of mind. I keep a small suitcase of the few clothes I've got, some of which I've had for a long time, in the bottom of my wardrobe, along with a wig, a couple of pairs of shoes and some makeup.

One Sunday morning we were a bit boggle-eyed as we had been out the night before with some friends and hadn't got back until late.

Four year olds don't seem to understand the word 'lie-in' and Lucy had crawled into our bed at seven o'clock ready to start playing for the day. Fortunately, after breakfast, Rosie came round to our house to play with Lucy. They were able to amuse themselves, and we could sit down for a cup of strong coffee. The two girls had come into the kitchen for some juice and a biscuit and were chattering together as little girls do. I noticed that they were looking at Tracy's shoes that she had kicked off when we had come home last night. Rosie said something to Lucy that I didn't think I'd heard right so I asked her what she had said.

"My Daddy's got a pair of shoes just like those," she innocently repeated.

"Don't you mean Mummy?" asked Tracy, looking at her pair of red three-inch stilettos on the floor.

"Oh, no. Mummy's got lots of colours of shoes but I don't think she's got any red ones. And besides, Daddy's feet are much bigger than Mummy's." And with that bombshell of information, the two girls disappeared off to the sitting room to continue their tea party game.

Tracy and I looked at each other in amazement. I was amazed as I had never thought of Ron as being a crossdresser. Tracy didn't think that any other men did that sort of thing, certainly not someone living on our estate, and especially not someone living next door to us. "Well, I wouldn't have believed it. What should we do?" I mumbled at last.

"We keep quiet and ignore what Rosie said. There must be a simple explanation. What Rosie said doesn't mean he's odd, or that he dresses up like you," said Tracy, trying to make the incident disappear from her mind. I was quite glad to change the subject as Tracy can get a bit upset if we talk about cross-dressing; she is in a frosty mood for a couple of days after the issue has been discussed.

We might have left it at that and carried on as normal but having heard that single comment from Rosie, we both started observing Ron and Christine more closely over the next few weeks, although we didn't tell each other at the time. In the pub, I had steered our conversations over a pint towards female impersonators or transgender issues a couple of times but Ron had always cleverly and quickly steered us onto another topic. But I had a good chance to observe him closely at short range in the pub, even though the lighting wasn't brilliant. He didn't have a strong beard growth so his skin looked a good colour with no five o'clock shadow, his hair was always neat and fairly short and his fingernails were always well-kept. Perhaps a little long for a man, but nothing extreme. In short, he looked like any regular, normal guy. He did have a small gold stud in one ear, but there was nothing unusual in that, although on further inspection I noticed that he also had his other ear pierced. But I knew his secret. Or, at least, I thought I did, and noth-

ing in his appearance would say that it wasn't impossible.

Tracy had been thinking about Ron and crossdressing ever since Rosie had told us about the shoes. He looked so normal and seemed to be a model father and husband, not someone who would indulge in perverted practices like dressing up in his wife's clothes. She knew about my dressing-up but saw that as a deep flaw in my character. She thought that I was in a very small minority of men who did that sort of thing. We found it impossible to have a meaningful discussion about the subject, so that I could tell her what I really felt about crossdressing and how important it was to me.

So she had been very confused to find out about Ron's shoes and our suspicion of his crossdressing, and she was intrigued by the revelation. Perhaps I wasn't quite so odd after all, perhaps other men, perfectly normal men, did this sort of thing as well. She also wanted to share her feelings and worries with Christine and find out how she coped with this enormous problem, if she could find a suitable way to do so. She resolved to keep her eyes and ears open to learn more about our neighbours, although she didn't say anything to me about it.

One day, maybe a month after Rosie told us about the shoes, Tracy said to me, "I've been thinking about Ron. You know that they never go out on a Saturday night. Perhaps that's when Ron dresses up. What do you think?"

"Hmmm, I suppose he could," I said, wondering what this was leading to.

"Well, I've been checking out Christine's washing. She seems to have a lot of very nice lingerie on the line

sometimes, and I could swear there were two sets of things. And there were definitely two dresses on the line the other day that I've never seen her wear."

"Yes but like you said, there might be a simple explanation and we have no evidence that he dresses up like me. Anyway, I thought you weren't interested in talking about me crossdressing."

"I know, but it's intriguing. I thought that normal men didn't do that sort of thing and that crossdressers were such a tiny proportion of the population that you were a rarity. I never thought that I'd hear of, or meet, another crossdresser. I'm just curious to find out if it is true."

I wasn't sure about this line of discussion. I managed to change the conversation to talk about where we would take Lucy at the weekend, but Tracy's comments stuck with me and gnawed away at me. A few days later, I said, "Well how about confronting Ron and telling him we know all about him?"

"You're joking, that's much too confrontational. He'd be embarrassed and really angry and we'll make enemies of them both. We need a much more friendly approach."

"How about if I tell him I'm a tranny first, then ask him if he is as well?"

"I don't think that's a good idea either. He could just deny it and then what do you do? No, it would be good if we were all together so it's friendlier. I'll try and think of a plan. Perhaps you could be dressed up when we get together."

"I'll think about it," I said. Which meant I'd think about it, and then say no. That idea seemed a bit risky. I wasn't at all sure that I suddenly wanted to appear in

front of the neighbours in a dress, even though I thought Ron was also a tranny.

CHAPTER 2

The next day, Tracy was talking to Christine at the school gate while waiting for the girls to come out of school. It's now or never, thought Tracy, "I think our two husbands share the same hobby," she said.

"Oh, what's that?"

"I think they both like dressing up."

"You mean fancy dress?" questioned Tracy, looking a bit defensive. "Is that what you mean?"

"No, I mean dressing up in women's clothing," replied Tracy in a quiet voice, making sure that none of the other mothers could hear her.

"Do you mean to say you think Ron is a crossdresser? What on earth makes you think that?" whispered Christine. "Do you mean Jim is as well? I mean, does Jim do that?" At this point, Christine was looking very confused, but fortunately the girls appeared from the classroom clutching their school bags and a painting that they had done in class. The conversation came to a halt whilst the paintings were admired. The walk home was taken up by general chatter from the girls about what they had done that day, so it was impossible to continue the previous discussion. Tracy thought that she had completely blown it and had revealed Jim's secret and had got nothing back from Christine, but when they got home Christine said, "Why don't you come in for a cup of tea. I think we've got lots to talk about whilst the girls play together."

A few minutes later, they were sat at the kitchen table with cups of tea in front of them. "The walk home was useful to help me clear my mind after the bomb-shell you dropped at the school gate," said Christine. "I'm not going to deny that Ron crossdresses, but how did you know?"

And so Tracy related the story of the shoes. Christine was horror-struck and made a strong mental note to talk to Rosie and make sure she didn't say such things in public again.

"I really didn't know that there were many men who dressed up. I thought that Jim was the only one, or at least a rarity. I never thought that I'd find myself living next door to another."

"Where have you been? There are many men out there who crossdress. The percentage of men in the general population is much higher than you'd imagine. I've met quite a few when I've been with Ron and they've all been very nice, their wives as well."

"You've met their wives as well? Do you mean their wives go out with them?"

"Not all wives of course, but those that are comfortable with their husbands crossdressing have a good time going out with them. Shopping, parties, restaurants, theatre or weekends away. It's all good fun. So, are you one of those wives who support their husband or are you a kill-joy like lots of others?"

"Well I'm a bit neutral really. I don't know much about it, and I find it difficult to talk to him about crossdressing. I thought that Jim and I were all on our own with what I see as his big problem, and I worry about our long-term relationship."

“Hmm, I don’t really see it as a problem, but it would be much better if the two of you tackled it together rather than leaving Jim to sort it out on his own, whilst you wrestle with your own attitude in silence and isolation. You’re never going to be totally happy, are you? He’ll be frustrated and you’ll not know what he is doing and will imagine the worst. Whereas you could help him to liberate his true inner self. The rewards for you would be very positive.”

“Do you think so?”

“I *know* so. I’m sure that most wives wouldn’t have chosen to have their husband to be a crossdresser but if that’s the situation, then the best thing is to come to an agreement you are both comfortable with and enjoy it. There can be positive advantages for your wardrobe and your sex life as well.”

“My wardrobe and my sex life. What do you mean?”

“Well, we have a rule in our house. I can wear anything of Ron’s when I like, but he has got to ask me if he wants to wear any of my things. That means I’ve got nearly twice as many clothes as I need, although I wouldn’t dare some of the things he has. Also he appreciates how much pleasure I get from new clothes, and can hardly complain when I get anything new.”

“I can see some advantages there. And what about...”

“Ah, sex. Well I’m not going to go into any details but take it from me, I really enjoy going to bed with Ron as either a man or as a woman. Don’t misunderstand me, I’m not interested in a relationship with another female, but I can enjoy sex with another woman

when that woman is Ron. You look confused, but believe me, you can only understand it if you've done it."

"I'm am getting confused but what is clear is that you two don't see it as a problem at all, and you've made it work for you both."

"That's right. With the right attitude, you can make anything work. What you need is to be able to talk to Jim about how you can fit Jim's needs into those of the whole family, whilst respecting everyone else's needs. Also talk to other people who understand the situation and can tell you how they cope and what they do. There are some very helpful people around, including me."

"How did you find out about Ron crossdressing?"

"Ron and I were thinking of moving in and living together for some time, but I knew that he was a bit reluctant for some reason. Later, he told me that he realised that he had to come out of the closet as it were before we got serious so one morning when we were lying in bed having just woken up, he confessed."

"That sounds like a shock."

"It was, as it was completely unexpected, but I didn't want to lose him. My initial reaction was that he could continue to do it in private but I didn't want to be present at the time. He asked me if he could email me some photos so that I could see what he looked like. I guess I must have been curious as I said yes. We kept talking about it; eventually I consented to see him dressed. When I saw him dressed, I thought he looked OK, although I was a bit jealous of his legs and figure. I thought about it for some time; eventually I decided that I would accept him crossdressing because once I

saw that it was still Ron under the clothes, I realised I had nothing to worry about."

"But why do they do it? I can't understand why men should want to dress up in women's clothes."

"Why do crossdressers do it? I don't think anyone really knows, least of all the guys themselves. Some people reckon it's that the parents fault and has nothing to do with the guys themselves."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if the parents had always wanted a girl, and brought him up like that or if they kept him in dresses and curls for longer than they should have done. Maybe they used to dress him in girl's clothes as a punishment, or his father wasn't a good male role model, or his father was too masculine for a sensitive or artistic child."

"I don't think any of those apply to Jim."

"Or maybe he was jealous of a sister who seemed to get more attention than he did."

"I don't think so."

"I don't think we can blame the parents for everything. I think there are other reasons to do with our society at large."

"Like what?"

"Well, we all idealise womanhood as the basis of all that is good and true and desirable. Some men want to be like that as well, but it doesn't fit in with the male persona. So they dress as a woman to experience beauty and the satisfaction that it brings, and therefore identify with their love object. Being a woman."

“Hmm, I see. He is very close to his mother, so that could be a factor.”

“Maybe, another good reason is that the human male is one of the few animal species that is not prettier than the female. This used to be the case in previous times and still is in some other cultures, but is severely limited in our modern culture. Men’s clothing is heavy, plain, coarse and dark compared to women’s clothes and very limited in style and colour. So it could be that a man needs to enter the wonderful world of women’s clothes to fulfill his desire to dress up more colourfully.”

“I think I would put Jim in that category, as he is always moaning about the lack of choice or colour in his clothes.”

“It could also be that living up to the ‘normal’ male personality of being aggressive, dominant or forceful is too much for some men and they need to relax and just be true to their inner feelings once in a while. True relaxation can come when you put your own identity to one side and adopt the personality of another person, especially one of the opposite gender who is passive, accepting and non-demanding. We all have to live up to the image that other people have of us due to our background or job or position in society. Sometimes we all want to be someone else with a completely different set of expectations.”

“I know exactly what you mean. I sometimes day-dream what it would be like to be someone different with a different lifestyle.”

“Exactly. So a crossdresser can instantly become another person just by putting on a dress and some makeup. It’s like a safety relief valve on all their emotions and problems. I know that Ron’s job as a section

head means that he has to have a dominant, commanding role all the time at work. When he comes home, he just wants to switch off and relax. He wants to just be his true, gentler self."

"Wow, I never thought of it like that. I didn't realise that Jim might be responding to those sorts of stress or pressure."

"Be warned. If you inhibit all his actions and emotions, he'll become depressed and irritable and he'll blame you for not being able to do what he wants, and your relationship will suffer."

"You'll only find out by talking to him about it. Tell me, what does Jim look like?"

"You mean dressed up?"

"Of course. I know what he looks like in a pair of trousers. What does he look like in a skirt?"

"OK, I suppose. He doesn't dress up when I'm around, and I don't think he's very good at putting on makeup, but the times that I have seen him, he just looks like a man in a dress to me."

"Have you tried to help him? A little advice on clothes or makeup?"

"Oh no, Jim doesn't ask for help. He knows that it upsets me so he keeps himself very much in the closet. I don't know how we can be more open with each other about him dressing up."

"That's a pity. I'm sure he would welcome all the help you can give him. Why don't you try to help?"

"It's always upset me to think about it but it's like the gorilla in the corner of the room. We both try to ig-

nore the subject, but it won't go away. But after listening to you, I think I could make an effort to talk to him about it. But what about Ron? Does he look good as a woman?"

"He doesn't just look good, he looks gorgeous. If I was a bloke, I'd really fancy him. He gets some very admiring looks when we go out, which isn't very often nowadays."

"Oh, gosh. That sounds very intriguing. I'd love to meet him..."

"Her," corrected Christine. "Why don't we all get together so that the boys could share their secrets with each other? I could cook dinner for the four of us one evening so that we could all talk. I know that Ron would be more than happy to talk to you and Jim."

"Sounds interesting. I'll check it out with Jim. If he's OK, then we can do that."

"Wait a minute. I've got a better idea. How about it being a surprise? It'll be even better if we have dinner at your house. Jim thinks that he knows about Ron crossdressing but isn't sure, so you can persuade him to be dressed up ready to spring a surprise on us two, and hope that Ron will admit that he also crossdresses. If Ron likes, he can nip back home, put his female clothes on and join us again."

"I'd be more than happy to cook dinner for us. And I think it'll be fun to be a complete surprise for the boys. We might as well have some fun at their expense. The thing is, we've got to act normally and not tell the boys that we've had this conversation at all. Do you think that Ron will be OK with that? It'll be a big shock for him."

“I think he’s had bigger shocks than that before now. It can be quite rocky being a tranny but this sounds like it could be fun. I think we’d better make it a Saturday evening rather than midweek. I’m sure I can persuade Ron to come.”

“That’s brilliant. Just one more thing. If you can influence him on what he is going to wear can you get him to wear his, I mean her, red stilettos? Let’s make it Saturday week if that’s OK. I’m looking forward to meeting Ron, and also winding Jim up about the evening.”

As she walked back to her house, Tracy’s mind was in turmoil; she was thinking that she might have got more than she had bargained for. There was a real danger that Jim might be embarrassed if Ron was as well-dressed and good-looking as Christine had said. *I need to do some major planning*, said Tracy to herself.

CHAPTER 3

When I’d got home from work that evening, I could tell that Tracy was excited and had something to tell me. At last we got Lucy to bed and she told me that she had asked Christine and Ron to come to dinner one evening. She had even persuaded them to come on Saturday week.

“I’ve asked them to dinner, so that you can come dressed up. Then he’ll see that you’ve showed him your secret and he can come clean as well.”

“I’ll think about it,” I said. Which, as usual, meant I’d think about it and then say no.

“Jim, if I had to wait for you to make a decision, we would never do anything. I think it’s a great idea and I’m sure you’ll be OK.”

“It’s alright for you to say that. I’ll be the one wearing the dress in front of the neighbours. Crikey, it’s only ten days’ time.”

“Don’t panic. You’ll be fine. But I think we’ve got a bit of sorting out to do before the event. First off, we’ll need to look at your clothes,” said Tracy. “Now go and get that suitcase of yours out so that we can look at it.”

I’ve only got a limited number of clothes but I laid them out on the spare bed so that Tracy could check them over and suggest what I should wear. She looked them over with a critical eye, shaking her head a bit. “My goodness, have you got that old blue dress of mine? I thought that I’d thrown it out a couple of years ago. It had gone out of fashion even then. You can’t wear that. And that green dress is a bit too old for you as well. I’ll put them all in the laundry basket and wash and iron them for you later this week.”

The next week and a bit flew by swiftly. Tracy said that I had to look perfect so I had my hair cut so that my wig would fit comfortably and I washed my wig. Midweek I shaved my legs to make them look a bit more attractive. Tracy suggested that I should shave my arms and the rest of my body to complete the look. I wasn’t sure that that was necessary but it didn’t matter, so I did it. I really felt different after that and couldn’t stop looking at myself in the mirror when I was undressing at night. Although I’d not been very hairy, I was now looking slimmer and definitely more attractive to myself. It was such a lovely feeling running my hands over my smooth legs and it was so much easier

to dry myself after a shower that I wished I could be like this at all times.

Tracy manicured and filed my nails to a more even profile. I had to admit that I liked them looking well-kept rather than the more usual rough edges that they normally had. I was surprised that Tracy was being so helpful in improving my appearance as she had never shown so much interest before. I wasn't going to argue and I was very grateful. It was also nice to be able to talk openly with her about dressing-up rather than it being the gorilla in the room it usually was.

I was on tenterhooks all week and only just stopped myself saying something to give the game away when Ron and I went to the pub on Wednesday evening. He asked me if there was a special reason for the invitation. "We normally stay in on a Saturday but Christine said that Tracy had impressed on her that there was something special going to happen. Sounds intriguing. Give me a clue."

"You'll have to wait and see," I replied. I certainly hoped that there would be something special about the evening, but I was still terrified about the outcome.

On Saturday morning of the dinner party, I was panic stricken. What if we had misread the situation? I would look like a fool and even worse, everyone on the estate would know about me. "I can't go ahead with this," I said to Tracy at coffee time. "It'll be a disaster. I'll just wear my ordinary clothes tonight."

"Nonsense, everything will be fine. Now come upstairs with me. I've got something to show you." And with that, she led me up to the spare bedroom.

Instead of my old clothes on the spare bed, there was an array of new clothes spread out like sweeties in

a sweet shop. There were two sparkly tops and a short skirt to go with them, and two dresses. One was short, green and sparkly, but the second one was red with a low V-neckline and a short skirt. It looked fantastic. I was dumbfounded and couldn't wait to try it on. "Is all of that for me?" I stammered.

"Absolutely, my darling. We need you to look good tonight, so you can take the pick of what you'd like to wear. Now you're going to have to wait till later until you can put them on. Let's close the door so that Lucy doesn't barge in, and let's hear no more excuses or reasons for not going ahead as planned."

"Cool," and I kissed her, "you're fantastic."

"I know."

"By the way, what are we eating?"

"I thought I ought to theme it for you boys so we'll start with queen scallops on a salad with a warm lemon vinaigrette dressing, then the main course will be hen au vin, and..."

"Hen au vin, what's that?"

"It's like coq au vin, but this is a girls night, so no cock allowed."

"Queens and hens. I can definitely see a theme developing here. What's for pudding?"

"I've made something which I've called breasts of passion. It's a surprise so you'll just have to wait until later to see what that is."

"Sounds interesting. I'm looking forward to it already."

In contrast to the previous few days, Saturday passed slowly. I played with Lucy, then took her over

to her grandparents as she was having a sleep over with them for the evening. I did a few jobs whilst Tracy was busy in the kitchen. Time passed slowly as I couldn't wait to come inside and get showered and dressed in my new clothes for the evening. Eventually I couldn't wait any longer and got into a refreshing hot shower. As I rubbed the shower gel over my smooth skin, I felt terrific. It was so sensuous and sexy. And I felt just the same as I dried myself with a towel. In fact it was much easier to dry my smooth legs rather than the previously hairy ones. *There are a lot of advantages to being a woman*, I thought.

Tracy had already had a shower and was half-dressed, waiting for me in the bedroom, "Right, let's get you ready," she said with a smile. "Here, these are for you," and she gave me a new bra with delicate lace over the cups and a matching pair of knickers. "I thought you ought to have something special to wear with your new dress, and your old undies looked a bit tired. Here let me help you put the bra on," and she stepped behind me to fasten up the hook and adjust the straps. Then she reached forward and slipped a bra insert into each cup. "Every flat-chested girl's secret," she giggled. Every time I put a bra on, I love the feeling of the slight tightness around my chest and seeing two protuberances in front of me as I look down.

"You haven't got time to keep looking at yourself, you know. Now you need some tights," and she gave me a pair of sparkly tights to put on.

"It's makeup time," she said, when I had put them on, "and I'd better do it for you, as the last time I saw you made-up, you looked like an old tart on a rough evening."

Thanks a lot, I thought, I know I'm not very good but I get confused with all the differing advice you read in women's magazines. "I'd be very grateful if you would," is what I actually said.

Well, she was brilliant. I just sat there on the edge of the bed whilst Tracy sat on a chair in front of me and got creams and powders and whatever else from a selection of tubes and bottles and jars and applied them to my face. The most difficult bit, for me, was keeping still whilst she put mascara on my eyelashes. I was under a dire warning if I moved so much as a muscle whilst she was doing that. Eventually she was finished to her satisfaction and reached over to get my wig. She wouldn't let me see what I looked like until she had fitted the wig and styled it to perfection.

I had chosen to wear the red dress so the last thing was some lipstick in a bright red colour to match the dress. Then she allowed me to stand up and look at myself in the full-length wardrobe mirror. I didn't believe my eyes. Whenever I put makeup on, I always felt it was not quite right, but I didn't know what I was doing wrong. I always overdid it or didn't put the colours together correctly. Although I was usually happy enough with my efforts, I knew in my heart of hearts that the overall effect was not as good as it could be. But with the experienced effort from Tracy, the effect was unbelievable. I really looked like a woman. She had somehow made my eyes look wider and brighter, she had made my cheekbones stand out more and she had made my jawline look less prominent. I couldn't believe it was me, but I thought I looked absolutely fabulous. "Not bad what a bit of paint can do is it?" she smiled.