

A Lesbian in Stepford

Extracts from the Diary of Alison Anderson née Heche. Reprinted here with permission.

05/01/2010

Hey Diary, just moved to this new town. Pretty strange place. Women here are very bosomy. I swear not one lady has a boob smaller than a D cup and by average I'd say E cup, but there are a few even bigger than that.

Am I, Little Miss A cup suffering from a case of boob envy? Yup guess I am.

So, let's add a 1950s vibe. The women wear dresses, the men wear plaid shirts and jeans, it's like something out of Pleasantville, too clean and neat.

Anyhoo this job promises to pay well, so in a year or two I'll leave this town rich.

05/02/2010

Went grocery shopping today, maybe it's my dyed green hair, maybe it's the fact my gut is larger than my chest, maybe it's the nose piercings and the tattoos running up and down my arms, but these squares wince whenever they catch sight of me.

I'm happy to add a non-conformist vibe to the place, hopefully a few girls will see me and realise they don't have to dress like Barbie, hell they don't need the attention of any guy to live meaningful lives. Who knows, a few of them might even feel encouraged to drop the preppy act and dress like regular people.

Food here is very good, I mean the store only sells its own brand but what a brand! Feels like an orgasm erupting in my mouth and I'm moaning over every mouthful.

I just had some microwaved noodles for this evening's meal and even they taste divine.

05/03/2010

Started the job today, it's an all-woman team, the other ladies are pretty prim. All of them have capped teeth, flawless hair, and their skin is blemish free, not a zit on display.

Strange and a tad creepy.

The job is standard office work, filling in forms, answering phone calls or letters. Same old, same old. The pay's above average and the place is pleasant enough.

Can't complain, I mean the last job I had, I can remember the bullet holes in the walls, the reek of cat pee, so yeah this is definitely an improvement.

Anyhow one lady kept displaying her engagement ring and the other girls sighed and moaned at how beautiful it was.

Another woman showed up with a notable bloated belly and kept saying how she'd miss them all.

I thought she was talking about maternity leave but no, she's flat out quitting her job and nobody else thinks this a tad disappointing.

It's often lost on a conservative town like this, but you can be a wife and mother and still hold down a job, it's not impossible. I mentioned this fact to a few of the girls and they stared at me in horror, it wasn't so much that their minds were blown by the concept, more like I had blasphemed, by going against the natural order of things.

Yeah, I'm not going to settle here, I'm always applying for new jobs, and soon as I get a plump offer elsewhere I'm out.

05/10/2010

Okay, more creepiness. At work today, the office shut down when a former employee entered pushing a pram with her new baby inside. Smiling tyke, full of sunshine and cheers and no lie everyone else dropped what they were doing and gathered around the baby for a full hour, caressing the kid and muttering coos of admiration and envy.

Ugh, seriously, some of these girls aren't even twenty and their goal in life is to be knocked up as soon as possible.

I've tried to understand it, asked a few childless women why they're so psyched on having babies. Their eyes glint, they look wistful and say stuff like "Oh babies are so cute!" "It's my womanly duty" or "goodness it feels so natural, what's more beautiful than having a baby growing in your belly?"

All of them believe this, all of them see motherhood as inevitable as death and taxes.

Have I stumbled upon a cult or something? Are all women in this town secretly being brainwashed?

I'll make a note to avoid church, least they force me to drink the Kool-Aid and make me a happy little pod person.

05/12/2010

Okay I've made a friend today, the window by my desk has a good view of my apartment's courtyard where there's a playground and a few open showers. What happens is that after a hard day's work a couple of guys from a nearby construction site, arrive all hot, sweaty and covered in chalk, they then strip down to their boxers and let the cool water hit their warm bodies.

So yeah, I've been treated to a daily display of a couple of hunky beefcake boys showering in front of me, If I weren't a card-carrying carpet muncher, I might be interested.

Hell, I kept thinking that my gay male friends back home would love this sight. So today I whipped out my phone and focused on one guy. Got a good angle of him from my window, and somehow, he noticed me and smiled. Struck out a pose and flexed his biceps and pecks.

Sort of embarrassing, he probably thinks I'm into him, I wanted to blurt out this photo wasn't for me, it's for my friends but that sounds like a lame excuse, right?

Guy's proud of his body, no doubt. I imagine plenty of gals in this town will flock to his feet and beg for his attention. Just so long as he's happy with impregnating them as soon as possible.

05/13/2010

I was walking past the local church today and I swear the sign out front read "If you don't get married and have kids, you'll never be happy".

Ugh, cult mentality.

There's no alternative lifestyle here, just regular bars for the boys and knitting circles for the ladies, it's all republican bible thumping folks. A few girls at the office keep asking me if I care to join their church.

I mention I'm an atheist and they look at me as if I've confessed to murder.

And they still beg me to come to church with them anyway, oh please!

05/16/2010

Something's off.

I tore off my bra to squeeze my tits this evening, just a weekly check-up because hey I like playing with my minuscule boobies and I swear they've gotten bigger.

I've noticed that my bra felt kinda tight this past week too. Can't say what that's about, maybe it's a hormonal thing but I've heard at any time in their lives women's boobs can grow for no reason.

Still nothing to be alarmed about, right?

05/23/2010

Took a weekend retreat, back to my old town, man it was fun, the music, the beer, the attitudes, Pam and Delilah were happy to see me and chat about that crap and this crap. Life is good.

Pam's having a hard time with her girlfriend, Delilah's got herself a new cat after the last one was run over, same old shit.

It's hard to remember when you're having a good time but seeing my non-conformist chums taking it easy was a weight off my mind. I'm looking hard as hell to find another job where I'll be able to cut loose in a big city. God knows the humble town of Stepford is driving me insane.

It's not like they'll impale a dyke like me on a picket fence more likely I'll die from boredom.

Anyway, I got one odd remark, everyone I bumped into kept telling me how great I looked. I mean they said my complexion wasn't so pale, my acne had vanished and what was up with my boobs? I was walking with a spring in my step and acting a hell of a lot jollier than I usually do.

Oh well, maybe it was just that I was so glad to see them all.

05/25/2010

A little awkward in work today. My boobs were hurting like crazy because my bra no longer fits, the girls were barking for something roomier and I wanted to tear off my bra there and then.

05/27/2010

Gotten a bigger bra and I'm hoping this'll be the last time. I'm walking a lot too, even going so far as to forsake my usual bus ride instead I'm jogging back home.

It's funny, although I'm a green haired militant dyke, I think these republican types have gotten use to me and they're always smiling and being friendly when I stop and chat with them so maybe they're not so bad.

05/29/2010

Jogging a lot this week, joggers talk about a high you get when you've been exercising way too much, personally yeah, I see it. I feel totally restless, so I jog every day.

Anyway, I think my gut's starting to shrink, not just thanks to the jogging but because I've sworn off junk food too and I'm eating a lot of salads and stuff.

Dunno where this has come from.

My black roots are beginning to show, so it's time to dye my hair again, but the thing is I'm not that inclined to bother. Yeah, I've rocked the "fuck-you establishment" with the whole grass top but after a while in Stepford I don't want to stick out so much.

Insert some dramatic music here because OMG the pod people have taken over my mind.

06/02/2010

Bumped into that hunky guy by the showers today. He's also an avid jogger and he laughingly called me his loving audience.

Turns out his name is Hank and he's a real nice guy.

I told him I admired him staying in shape. I mean I don't want to be fit because society says I have to, only that exercise gives me a buzz and I can tell he's a dedicated athlete.

He asked me how much I could bench, how long I could jog, and I felt like a beached whale when he told me about his exercise regime. But anyway, Hank asked me if I was doing anything Saturday because he'd love to have a running partner and all. Now I did have plans to sit down and apply for jobs this weekend, but I said okay because he's so friendly.

I've got a hunch he might have a thing for me, but c'mon I'm clearly a stereotypical gay gal meaning that I don't swing his preppy way. Besides a guy with his looks has the pick of women.

06/05/2010

Oh, was he ever fast. Keeping up with him was insane.

I tried maintaining a respectable jogging pace, but I was soon a red faced huffing wreck whilst Hank ever the perfect athlete if not gentleman ran circles around me and kept bragging his grandmother could do better.

I called him a stupid fit twit, but at the same time I wanted to prove I could keep this up, wanted him to admit I wasn't a lazy sloth.

Soon I was soaking wet from my own body sweat, had a constant stich and my tongue hung out doglike but still I kind of enjoyed it.

Well he led me across a wooden bridge towards a lake with the idea of flinging ourselves down by the shore. I mean damn the grass was green, the sky was blue, it was a picture postcard kind of beautiful. But as we cleared the bridge something terrible happened.

My bra snapped. The straps tore loose, and my tits flopped everywhere.

I went red, Hank burst out laughing at the sight but on seeing my pissed off expression held up his hands and said, "Cool it, cool it, it's nothing."

Ugh, even writing it down makes me want to die.

Hank held up my shattered bra and said "You were wearing this? No offence but it's way too small for you."

So, he tore off his own t-shirt and wrapped it around me to stop my tits from flying around.

06/12/2010

I hadn't planned on getting in touch with Hank, I mean that hike was something I did because I was kind of guilt tripped into it, but when I bumped into him at the sports store two days ago, I found myself saying yes to another run.

"Let's see how serious you are this time," he said to me.

Yeah me and him ran towards that lake and all around it. I wasn't as big a cupcake as before, in fact I was a rocket and you know what? Even Hank had to admit I was good.

"What do you know?" he said, "you're learning girl."

Anyway, after the long jog we sat ourselves down by the lakeshore and dipped our hot feet in the water.

Well it was lovely, I mean real soothing and relaxing. When I splashed my warm face with cool water I got that feeling of peace. And as Hank's smiled, I couldn't help myself, I blabbed. I don't lie to the locals, but I don't broadcast my atheism or lesbianism either. But with Hank I trust him, so yeah, I talked, and he didn't get offended but nodded and listened.

I felt I could be open with him you know. Felt I could let him know the real me without getting into trouble.

"And why do you want to hang around with me?" I asked

"Because I need a running partner and you seem like a nice person," he replied.

He strikes me as a non-judgemental and decent guy so yeah. I have a friend here.

06/13/2010

Okay, I think my tattoos are fading. Just had them inked before moving here and they glistened a rich black, but now they seem light grey.

Am I seeing things? It's been so gradual, it's impossible to pinpoint. And yet...

I've read a little about how sun exposure and weight loss can do strange things to your inked skin, but I'm not reassured. Why do I feel it might be something else?

06/15/2010

Sigh, another day at work, another mother brought her baby into the office for us to coo over, I was happy to work whilst everyone else stood around and petted the kid but then the mother grabbed my chair and wheeled me towards the lady holding her child. She grinned as if nursing a devilish secret and said, "You hold him."

The whole office watched whilst I spluttered nervously as the new-born was placed into my arms.

I'm uncomfortable around kids. Because I'm so clumsy, one of my worst nightmares is dropping a baby and having it shatter into a million pieces.

The tyke squirmed in my arms, pulling a face kind of like a goldfish before pressing his lips against my boob, hoping for milk. I felt uncomfortable thanks to the suffocating weight of motherhood and I know looking after someone so helpless is beyond stupid old me. I handed the baby back after a few minutes and I swear everyone stared at me with glowing expressions.

"Well," asked Annie Sue "What do you think?"

"Um he's sweet," I replied feebly.

"But" said Angela "isn't holding a baby in your arms the most wonderful thing in the world?"

"Err sure," I said.

06/18/2010

My libido's increased. Dunno where this excess of sexual energy is coming from but I'm masturbating like crazy. I've ordered stuff online, basically trying to find the biggest thickest plastic dick out there. Damn I like being horny but it's getting to the stage where I'm impaling myself on my dildo every night.

But it's not enough. I need a good long fuck with another human being. Anyone will do really.

Trying to find a fellow lessy in a town like this is impossible. One's got to exist, we exist everywhere but I think most gays here are frightened of being disowned by their families if they come out.

My boobs are aching again just like when I went through puberty, and my newer bras are pretty shit at holding them in place.

So once again I'm godamn bra shopping.

It's funny really, anywhere else my boobs would get the leering attention of creeps and perverts, here having a big rack is standard. I'm actually sticking out less thanks to my bigger boobs.

06/26/2010

Something is wrong.

I saw Hank naked and I felt horny.

He was bathing in a spring and I stared open mouthed but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Me and him had hiked up Mt. Little Mouse today. He was excited because it was a place he had always been meaning to visit. I was anxious thanks to the hot sun. Hank called me a chicken but hey people have been known to collapse and bake to death in the sweltering heat, it happens.

So anyway, after three hours of climbing up the mountain, we finally arrived at the summit, gorged ourselves on the spring's water and had lunch in the shade of a big boulder.

I'm grateful to him for helping me off my fat ass although I'm not really a fatty anymore, a few more months of this regime and hello flat stomach with perfectly toned abs.

So anyways I ate my sandwiches and felt a cool breeze coming in from the south. I think I dozed off for a while and when I woke up I heard Hank humming near the spring.

Following the sounds of his embarrassing attempts at singing I snuck up on the guy, with some idea of leaping out and saying boo.

But my jaw dropped. Hank was standing buck naked and thigh deep in the water. I could see his chiselled chest glistening in the sun and more importantly his cock and balls proudly hung between his legs. Firm, tight and huge, Christ he gives stallions penis envy.

I was painfully aware of how strong and powerful he was, and as I gazed open mouthed, taking in his cock, his pecs and his handsome face, I felt my nipples tighten and my pussy moisten.

What's happened? I've gone fifteen years of my life in the full knowledge that I'm gay and only now I'm attracted to a guy?

Hank then caught me ogling him, but he didn't seem to mind, shit he grinned and struck out a pose. Blushing like hell, this confused lesbian turned and fled back to base.

We didn't speak about it afterwards, but I could tell he was flattered.

06/27/2010

Last night was too much.

I tried to sleep, tried to block out Hank's hot body from my mind but damn. Whenever I shut my eyes I saw his big fat cock dangling between his legs. Shit my pussy was on fire.

So, what did I do? Grabbed a rubber dick and plugged myself for hours, cumming three times before drifting off to sleep still thinking about his body.

06/28/2010

I'm shocked at my reflection. Yes, I'm slimmer, that's to be expected but I swear I'm different.

My nose looks smaller than before. My teeth seem whiter and I can feel my hips digging against my waistband, almost as if they've widened slightly. Widened? At my age?

The green dye in my hair is all but gone, revealing my natural black colour.

My tattoos, my beloved tapestry of ink, have faded to such an extent that they're nothing but a light bruise on my skin. And of course, there's the issue of my aching boobs. They hurt, tender as the day they first emerged, and they show no signs of stopping. It's painful!

I can't begin to understand what's happening. Maybe this town is starting to rub off on me.

06/29/2010

Hank is still making me unbearably horny.

I've tried to avoid the guy but catching sight of him by the showers or walking past me to work makes me drool, and I've come this close to grabbing him by the neck and pulling him in for a kiss.

God I'm going to pieces. I think of my old girlfriends, some of whom I loved, others who made me lustful but none of them have summoned up this utter passion I feel with Hank. It's insane.

At work, the girls prattle around inanely about who's knocked up and so on, same old shit. But yesterday one woman I forget her name, showed off her engagement ring and announced nine months from now...

Before I'd think 'oh good for her' or if I'm feeling cynical 'brainwashed, thinking she needs marriage and babies to make her happy' but now I swear there's a tint of envy. She's in a relationship and I'm not, she's going to be a parent and I'm...

Maybe I need a pet. Maybe if I meet the right girl and fall in love and marry I'll be...

Or maybe I'll marry Hank and have his babies?

Who knows?

07/03/2010

My tattoos are gone, and my hair is completely black

I haven't been questioning this but when I was pottering around the apartment all day Saturday, fighting off my restlessness I spent a long time in the shower jerking off hoping to relieve some pent-up energy.

I turned off the water, stepped out, dried my hair and stood in front of the bathroom mirror.

Jeez, I look sexy, something like a fertility goddess, my boobs are BIG! My backside has grown too, and my hips have definitely widened.

I've never looked like this before, and it's been a while since my last haircut, but is it possible for my hair to grow so long in such a short space of time? It makes no sense.

I shudder as I write this down, but it looks like I'm becoming like the rest of the women here. They're bosomy beauties, painfully photogenic and before I thought it was thanks to inbreeding or something...

Something in the water? Something in the food?

I don't know, I just don't know.

My clothes no longer fit, and I don't feel like wearing my usual fashion anyways. Gendered clothes are crap and all, but I don't want to stick out like a loose nail. If this town wasn't so judgemental I'd be at ease, but I can feel their silent disapproval...

I want to disguise myself as some stupid 50s wife, so I can pass amongst the pod people undetected, before I didn't care but after so many months here I just want to fit in and keep my head down.

07/10/2010

I hung out with Hank today. God my feelings for him have gotten worse, a hell of a lot worse. I can't keep this up. He smiles at me and my heart goes a thunder. We spent the whole day hanging out chatting about this and that and he made me laugh a lot, damn he knows some good stories.

We just talked, me about coming out to my parents, how my mom didn't speak to me for a long time and how it broke my heart. Hank told me about having a terrible falling out with his brother when he was eighteen and then his brother was run over by a train.

"Still regret never burying the hatchet," he said

Anyhow I don't know why but after this, both of us feeling kind of down, ended up hugging. Can't explain it, one of those things you do with your friends you just have to do at the time.

And after a while of just hugging, feeling safe in each other's company, we broke off and Hank...

Hank kissed me on the lips.

My heart raced, my eyes watered, and I felt overwhelmed emotionally. I wanted him to love me and I wanted to run away. Some small voice told me this was wrong, this wasn't me but...but...

I wrapped my arms around Hank, drew my tongue into his mouth and was comforted by his beating heart. Oh, I felt loved, god did I feel his affection, I felt so happy, so confused, so light headed.

But this was not me, I'm a lesbian, a stone-cold dyke, this was not me!

Breaking off the kiss, I muttered something like "No, sorry," before hurrying away like a coward. As I ran my boobs began to ache against their confinements.

07/11/2010

I had a dream, I was wearing a gown and walking towards an altar, Hank there stood waiting by the vicar. His face lit up when he saw me, and my heart swelled when I saw the tears in his eyes.

I was floating in ecstasy, but deep down something inside of me snapped, and I woke up shaking.

I can't throw off this conviction, that being here is affecting me. Changing me.

I'm getting out of this town.

LATER

I boarded a train not bringing anything with me save for my laptop and phone. Either I'm fighting all common sense, or maybe I've been deaf to common sense for too long.

My hair's grown down to my shoulders and is fluffing up too, my lips look inflamed and my lashes are longer.

How could I have been so blind over my metamorphosis? What are they doing to me? Have all the girls been, normal, free thinking women whom were brainwashed into being happy little housewives. Ugh I want to be sick!

Since the journey back home takes so long, I fell asleep in my seat and had another vivid dream. I was in the kitchen in a suburban home, cooking a pot of soup whilst the radio played some merry tune. Went into the living room to find Hank my beloved husband sitting on the sofa.

Complete peace consumed me when I dreamt that dream, but deep down I know it's a lie. Like something is making me want it, something is compelling me to give in.

So, I awoke, quivering in fear and as I sat up, my bra gave way and my big tits burst loose again!

I thought running away from Stepford would stop whatever's changing me, perhaps even reverse it but that's not the case.

I'm still getting worse!

Shit!

LATER

I'm scared, really scared, something's gotten into my mind and stops me from doing certain things.

I've booked myself into a cheap hotel and tried calling my old friends, but my body won't let me. It's like pressing a gun against your head and trying to summon up enough courage to pull the trigger.

Yeah calling my friends for help feels like committing suicide. Stupid but that's what it's like! I tell myself they can help me, send me to a doctor and call the police but I so don't want to call them. Against all reason and common sense, I just want to go back to Stepford...

I'm a piece of metal and my new town is dragging me back like a magnet. They've won, haven't they? I can't stop them.

Fuck that!

LATER

I forced myself to ring up Delilah, sobbing that I was brainwashed into being a doting housewife. I must have sounded hysterical or crazy 'cause Delilah just told me to calm down and meet her in Envy, our local gay bar.

I pushed myself out of the hotel and every step I took towards Envy was agony, like I was venturing up the green mile. Some deep-rooted instinct kept telling me to run away.

I remember passing a clothes store which displayed posters of women, real women, dainty and feminine standing around and smiling. They looked photogenic and utterly inviting. They wore dresses, straw hats, high heels. Oh god! I sighed and caressed the poster of a happy young woman holding her daughter's hand as they walked through a field to have a picnic and oh...

I swear I almost came there and then at such a beautiful sight!

But my feet dragged me unwillingly towards Envy, all because some stupid pride told me to be myself, big brother was in my mind demanding I return to Stepford and I kept telling myself that I wanted to be normal.

And Envy? What happened? This place was my paradise before, where I'd hang out with my fellow fags, feeling not like an outsider but accepted, proud that I didn't behave in the way society said I must. But when I entered now and looked around me, it seemed heavy, noisy and humid. I tried to see the crowd as the admirable rebels I knew but I couldn't. All I could see was a group of young people being ugly, selfish and silly. Kind of like cringing at your high school yearbook photos.

I saw one girl wearing a leather jacket with a nose ring and found myself tutting on how she was wasting her looks on such stupid fashion barely able to recall that was me a few months ago. She was holding the hands of another woman who was monstrously fat. Before I'd admire this lady for not giving into society's pressures, keeping her weight however she wanted, but now all I could do was think how dangerous her obesity was to her health. Did she want to drop dead of a heart attack before she was forty?

Those men kissing each other, these women hugging. Why weren't they going straight, if they had straight sex they'd have babies to raise and...and...

I screamed inside a little, staggering back as I realised these thoughts of breeding and popping out babies made my heart burn with desire.

I was this close to no longer fighting it, to embracing it, to letting go and become some homophobic heteronormative homemaker.

I can't overcome whatever force is controlling me. I fled back to my hotel.

07/12/2010

I had another dream.

It sealed me. Something in my mind has snapped and I've stopped fighting.

I dreamt I was lying on my back, screaming in agony as Hank, held my hand. I realised in horror that I was giving birth, a human head was splitting open my sides as it forced its way out of my body, stretching my pussy to unbearable lengths.

Ah, it was a dream, but it felt so real, I could feel my cunt twisting in pain. I could feel the sweat on my thighs and my wet hair plastered to my forehead, I could feel my hand clenching Hank's.

I was having a baby? I was forced to be a mother!

"I can't do it!" I thought "I can't look after a potted cactus let alone another person!"

Another stab of pain and I was told to push, felt the thing slide another inch, oh Christ it was unbearable...

"One more push," said a voice

I wanted to bolt away, wanted to fling myself in my bedroom and goof off and play video games, wanted to be five years old again.

But I pushed, and I heard a baby's voice cry out.

Like that, a switch was flipped in my mind, I was utterly aware of another person, a helpless baby, that I was a mother with a big bold M.

I can't describe it, I just stopped caring about myself and cried out "Is she alright?"

There was the blood-soaked thing, gooey and squirming, held in the doctor's hands. My baby, my baby, a red swollen blob, so cute, so silly.

They handed me my child, I pressed my naked tit against my baby's lips. It pursed its' mouth and began to suck.

Such complete utter contentment washed over me, and I realized that this, above all else is what I want out of life.

And then I woke up.

It's over.

I've given up.

I'm not fighting anymore. I am a heterosexual woman who wants children. Anything else is just stupid.

With that realisation, I rose from my bed and looked into the mirror.

My face is beautiful, long lashes, flowery locks of dark hair with plump seductive lips and bright entrancing eyes. And as for my body?

I admired my large perfect breasts, drove my hands over my wide hips and turned to check out my firm thick rear end.

I'm complete, I've emerged from my cocoon and I'm nothing short of a goddess, a perfect addition to the wonderful town of Stepford.

Everything fits, I no longer care if I'm brainwashed or that in fact I've realised the error of my ways. I don't care if Stepford has stolen my soul or has given me a soul. I don't care at all. All I know is that I want it. I want to have children and I can no longer love a woman, I need a man to love and hold.

I can't bring myself to feel any outrage, the life these friendly, helpful people lead, I want to be a part of it.

LATER

I met Hank at the train station, melted in his tight embrace and purred as he kissed me, loving the feeling of utter bliss as he said, "Welcome home dear".

I know he's my man and I care more for him than any of my ex-girlfriends, I can feel the rightness and naturalness of our relationship too.

He said something about attending church with him this Sunday and I nodded. Ready and willing to submit.

09/24/2010

I've not been back to my apartment in months, dunno if the landlord's thrown out my stuff, I don't need reminders of my old life anyway.

Me and Hank, well I've been living with him at his place, we've been making love every night and it's fantastic. Oh, the hours in bed, exploring every aspect of our bodies, leaves me feeling so womanly. I've taken his cock in my pussy or mouth and he's rammed into me, eaten me out, made me squirm and revel in the mind-blowing sex we share together.

God, he's a god in the bedroom and I'm walking funny from every session.

It's unprotected too, I made a half-hearted attempt to use birth control in the beginning, but my pills went missing (somehow, I think Hank's behind that) and anyhow knowing he can knock me up is such a turn on.

09/29/2010

I've been terribly judgemental and cynical. I know I've always looked down on the ladies at the office, but ever since I moved in with Hank, I've discovered at what a wonderful bunch they are and it's funny finding out how much we have in common.

Susie's into needlework and learning the ropes from her has been fun. Thinking about fixing the tears in Hank's clothes is arousing somehow.

Joanna's giving me advice on how to keep things fresh in the bedroom, I dare say I'll give some of her tricks a try.

And Laura appeared with her new baby today. He's a soft skinned, giggling kid. She let me hold him and oh god, I can't contain myself. Having a baby to love and hold. Oh god I can't wait.

I just can't wait...

Neither can Hank.

10/15/2010

At work, yet another woman announced she was pregnant.

And that woman is me!

When the stick turned blue I squealed, felt the kid at Christmas levels of excitement.

Hank's over the moon and talking about a wedding before the baby comes but wants to wait until I'm showing. Sure, why not? Walk up to the alter with a big pregnant belly. Let everyone know the groom knocked me up, his seed pierced me and I'm carrying his kid.

04/06/2011

Our wedding is in a week's time and preparing for it has been crazy.

I guess this diary's run its course, my belly's so big I'm finding it hard to lean over to write. My baby's squirming too, so I've got to get my priorities straightened out.

I can't hate Stepford, I find that days pass with me barely thinking of my old life. I don't know but I have a hunch that a few years from now I won't even be able to recall being a dyke in the first place and you know what? I'm totally comfortable with that.

I have a loving and adoring partner, a host of wonderful helpful friends in the safest, friendliest town imaginable.

In short, I've got a wonderful life here and can't ask for anymore.

Peace out.

END