

Lady Stocking Lover

2

Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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LADY STOCKING LOVER 2

BY BLIND RUTH

CONSTABLE BLACKMORE BECOMES FIONA, TRANSGENDER WOMAN

“You’ve met before? Josie, this is David Blackmore,” George Bentley said.

“Yes, I remember you, David. So you’re the one that drew the short straw. George explained everything. I’m afraid you will have to stay overnight for there are few things you will have to know. We’ll get you some clothes and make up and a few wigs. Your budget will have to cover that, George. Clothes may not cost you all that much for we will look in some charity shops. A lot of trannies do; if they have a wife or woman living with them who knows nothing of their second life, they usually don’t have all that much money to spend on clothes. Some nice dresses

can be picked up there, hardly worn, some brand new. I'll teach you something about makeup. Some trannies never learn that art very well but I don't think your killer worried much about that."

"I'll have to phone my wife if I'm staying the night, Sir," said David Blackmore.

"Don't worry about that, David. I'll call in and explain everything to her. I'll have to leave you and Josie now for I have much to do."

"I understand, Sir. I'll see you to the door." David Blackmore watched his superior passionately kiss Josephine at the door as he left the flat.

Janet Blackmore was not what George Bentley had expected. She was a bit of a slob and not as pretty she may have been at one time and could still be if she put her mind to it.

"Mrs. Blackmore. David will have to stay overnight at Josephine Briggs' house. I'm sure David has told you that for the purpose of this case he has to dress in women's clothes."

"Another one of them! I expect this Josephine is fucking my husband up the arse, the fairy," interrupted Janet.

George Bentley could hardly control his anger. "I'll have you know Josephine Briggs is a very respectable woman. She is my beloved and we are engaged."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know the woman," replied Janet Blackmore. She added, "I told David I would have to see him in women's clothes before I gave him permission to wear them."

“I was under the impression this had all been discussed between you and David. He will have them on till this case is solved, otherwise my plans are all upset. He will be here tomorrow dressed as a woman.”

The relationship between David Blackmore and his wife was none of George’s business but it looked rocky to say the least, he thought. “I will drop David off tomorrow night.” George left thinking Janet Blackmore seemed a bit of a bossy woman. He certainly wouldn’t want to be married to her. Then the face of Josie came into his mind. How lucky he was to have met her, so different from this Janet.

“I would have put you in a nightie for starters but mine wouldn’t have fit you anyway,” Josephine told David Blackmore. “Have you ever worn woman’s clothes before, David, maybe your mother’s, a sister’s, a girlfriend’s that sort of thing?”

“No never, Josephine. This is a whole new ball game to me.”

“David, trannies want to wear woman’s clothes for different reasons. For some it’s sexual and they want to have intercourse in their feminine finery. The three transgender persons in this case all wore it for sexual purposes. As I said to George, I’m afraid you may have to make yourself available to any man who makes advances to you while you are dressed as a woman. I know your first instinct will be to hit him but that must be avoided. I know you will be disgusted by this but you have to force yourself, David, if justice is to be done. Your name will have to change by the way. You can’t go around calling yourself David in a skirt and stockings. Any ideas?”

“What about Davina or Davida, Josephine.”

“Too obvious. Trannies don’t usually pick female forms of their own names. Their names come from some association with a female. It could be their mother or some woman they have known for whatever reason. Think about it. I’ll make up the bed in my spare room. You can sleep there for the night. I’ll phone the bank in the morning telling then I’m taking the day off. I’ll use a day of my leave for that.”

“You’re going to a lot of trouble just for me.”

“It isn’t just for you. I want to see this murderer caught so the world is a safer place for the girls.”

The following morning, after Josie had cooked and served breakfast, the hunt for woman’s clothes started. Many charity shops were visited. Dresses, skirts, bras, slips and even knickers were purchased along with a few pairs of women’s shoes. Josephine just knew the sizes of everything that David Blackmore needed. She was an expert in this sort of thing. It wasn’t the first time Josie had taken some trannie shopping.

Next was a visit to Yvette, a ladies hairdresser and stylist, and she had a talk with her.

“No problem, Josephine, put her in a cubicle and I’ll bring some hair in.” Shortly, Yvette returned with a number of boxes containing wigs. “We’ll try a few on and you let me know what you like, dear,” Yvette said in a friendly tone while adjusting a blonde wig on David’s head.

“She’s a new girl, Yvette and she’ll be at the club on Wednesday. While I’m here, let’s sort out that date for your wig demo at the club.”

“What do you think of that, dear?” Yvette stood back and pointed at the mirror in front of David.

“She’ll take it and the raven wig and the brunette as well,” Josephine told the elderly hairdresser.

“Oh my!” exclaimed Yvette, “we have a lot of money to spend today, I see. I’ll throw a couple of bottles of hairspray and wig shampoo in for free.”

Josie paid for it all. She knew George would recompense her. As he had told her, Old Blood And Guts in the upstairs office would be footing the bill.

It was now lunch time; Josephine and David arrived back at her flat. “I’ll make us something to eat, David. Then you’ll have to change into some of the clothes we bought this morning. After that we’ll make for Trina’s Beauty Parlour. Pay attention to what she tells you for I’ll ask her to instruct you a lot better than I could. By the way, I’ll help you dress. It’s not easy being a woman.”

Josephine phoned Trina’s parlour and made an appointment for that afternoon. She asked specifically for her. Trina was an old friend and that of the club. Like Yvette, she had been there many times doing makeup demos.

“This is a new girl, Trina. I want you to instruct her as you go along. Listen carefully, David, to all Trina tells you. It’s important information.”

Trina looked at the trannie before her. She reckoned she could do something with that face. She had seen plenty in her time and she was a good beautician. She never failed to transform them into reasonable looking women but this one she could really get to work on. It was going to be a pleasure transforming this man into a very beautiful woman. His wife, if he had one, would never recognise him, or her as she would become. The clothes ‘she’ wore were very nice; a blue and white polka dot dress, blue low-heeled

shoes, honey-coloured stockings and a silver chain necklace with a crucifix. As she worked away with the makeup giving instructions to David, she asked Josephine, “What about earrings?”

“That was what I was going to ask you, Trina. Can you pierce her ears while we are here?”

“Surely. I’ll do it after we finish the makeup. I keep some nice pairs of drop earrings here. They should match your necklace.”

“Trina, while I’m here, I want an appointment for next Thursday afternoon.”

“I’ll note that, Josie. For a boyfriend then?”

“Yes, George is taking me to a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, then after to a Hungarian restaurant where he tells me a fiddler will play that romantic gypsy music.”

“And he’s going to kiss you. I’ve had that treatment before myself,” interrupted Trina. “But it is so romantic. Makes a girl feel wanted,” she finished.

Josephine and David were now back in Josie’s flat drinking a cup of coffee. Josie brought a plate of her home-made scones with butter to eat while they waited for Inspector George Bentley.

What am I going to tell Janet about these pierced ears? David thought. That is only going to confirm in her mind I’m a fairy even though I’m not.

“Have you thought of a girl’s name yet, David?” That took David out of what he thought Janet was going to say to him.

“Um, yes, Fiona.”

“Fiona. Very good. Is there a particular reason for that name, David?” questioned Josephine.

“When I was a boy, my parents took me to Bridlington on holiday one year. We became friendly with another family spending their holiday in the same hotel. They had a daughter named Fiona and she was the first girl I ever kissed.”

“Childhood sweethearts, how nice. OK, from now your name is Fiona.”

By this time George Bentley had arrived and was greeted by a kiss from Josie. “George, I have packed Fiona’s clothes in one of my cases to take to her house.”

“Fiona?”

“Yes, that is what your Constable Blackmore will be known as from now on.”

“Right. Put the the things in my car, Fiona, and I’ll run you over to your home.” Turning to Josie, he said, “You’ve done a good job on her. I don’t see any of David in her anywhere.”

“I think you can thank Trina the beautician for that. It was her that did the makeup. She is good. I’ll give you the bill for that and the wigs and clothes, George.”

“Give me them now, Josie. I’ll get the money and pay you tomorrow night. I can’t have you out of pocket. Besides, it gives me an excuse to see you again.”

“You’re not going to kiss me again, are you, George?”

“Wait and see. Who knows what I’ll do to you, Josie,”

“Gosh, I’m going all goose bumps again. I can’t wait.”

George kissed her and left.

Fiona Blackmore was not certain how Janet was going to receive her when ‘she’ arrived home. If worse came to worse, ‘she’ would pack her bags and leave. George knocked on the door of the council flat. Janet answered.

“I’ve brought Fiona back home.”

Janet Blackmore looked at the woman standing on the doorstep. “Fiona?”

“Yes, your husband David. Her new name is Fiona for the extent of this investigation, Mrs. Blackmore.”

“Yes, of course. Come in, I’ll make a cup of tea.”

“That’s all right, Mrs. Blackmore, I’ve a lot of paperwork to catch up on at home tonight. Fiona, if you bring your case, I’ll be leaving you.”

George left as Fiona Blackmore entered her home. Janet had not said a word yet to Fiona. That was strange, lately she had been very aggressive towards her husband. She would criticise everything he did and make a fool of him like the other night when she called him a fairy. Janet could be a very nagging woman. She had never been like that three years ago when they first married.

“I’ll put the case in the bedroom,” Fiona said nervously. “It’s got women’s clothes in it,” the new

woman said, expecting Janet to explode at these words.

“Has it? You must let me see.”

Those were not the words Fiona was expecting, especially said in a matter-of-fact way.

They went through to the bedroom. Fiona placed the case on the bed and opened it. Janet looked inside and lifted a skirt. It was nothing special, just a plain pleated black skirt.

“It came from a charity shop.”

“Did it? You can get some nice frocks and bargains in charity shops,” replied Janet. The tone of her voice was not aggressive. It was quiet, even gentle, Fiona thought. “Have you had anything to eat...Fiona?”

“I had a coffee and a scone at Josephine’s.”

“We’ll unpack and I’ll make us some tea.”

Janet proceeded to help Fiona unpack, putting dresses on coat hangers in their wardrobe beside her own. Underwear went into her knickers drawer with her own and she put her husband’s makeup on her dressing table.

Janet took Fiona’s hand. “Come on, you can help me with the tea, Fiona.” Fiona reflected that Janet hadn’t held his/her hand for a very long time.

Janet tied an apron round Fiona and put one on herself. “We’ll get you an apron, Fiona. It will be fun working together in the kitchen, won’t it, dear?” Fiona didn’t reply. Whatever the reason for this change in attitude by his wife was, she wasn’t complaining.

At the meal, Janet just sat there looking at Fiona, not saying a word. It was getting late. "I'll need to turn in, Janet for there are some things that Josephine wants me to do in the morning."

"Yes dear, you just listen to all she says. It's for your own good, I mean for the good of the case. Let's go to bed."

"I'll be putting on my nightdress, Janet, Josephine says I should wear these things all the time to get into the swing of being a girl. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, you do that, Fiona." Janet paused and looked at Fiona. She had seen the nightdress when unpacking. A lovely orange nylon one it was. Then she looked back at Fiona. "Keep your brassiere on. It will remind you what you're supposed to be."

Janet turned her back to look out her own nightdress and opened a drawer in her dressing table. She had a nice blue short nightie in there. She would love to wear it tonight but knew that she had put on weight and it would never fit her now. Things were that bad she had to go to Mother Care to buy a nightdress and she wasn't pregnant. She pulled the thing out the drawer. An ugly black nightie, it made her look a frump. But then she was one who had let herself go. There was nothing she could do about that now.

As Janet took her clothes off to put this nightdress on, she saw Fiona pulling her orange nightdress over her head. The outline was of a female form. Something clicked inside Janet. She wanted to hold that female form against her. "Come here, darling."

Fiona turned towards her wife. "Yes, dear."

"Closer. That's it."

Fiona saw Janet's hand slip into her nightie and fondle her penis. "What are you doing, Janet?"

"What do think I'm doing, Fiona? Make love to me. Take me to bed and fuck me."

This was unusual to Fiona for she hadn't had intercourse with Janet for a long time. She certainly wasn't the pretty wife she once was. Even so the request would not be turned down. Maybe this could be the turnaround of their marriage.

Fiona's penis stood stiff and erect from Janet's attentions to it. Janet was pushed on to their bed roughly by Fiona. She didn't seem to mind and willingly opened her legs. It had been so long and she hungered for Fiona's penis inside her. She felt it all hard in her. This was a different experience. Why should it be? but it was. This wasn't her husband's penis, it was Fiona's. She was all screwed up but she wasn't sure she cared about that right now. Fiona had looked so beautiful when she came through the door this evening. She had wanted to kiss her right there and then in front of George, not David but Fiona.

"Kiss me, Fiona darling. I love you. Fuck me again." They were young and their recovery powers were strong. Fiona was quickly inside Janet again. Janet put her fat legs round Fiona's body. She was rather ashamed of the state of her body and hoped Fiona would ignore that for now. For Fiona, it certainly was not the best love making she had ever had with Janet but it was a start. If nothing else, it was different.

Exhaustion eventually took over the married couple. This was one night when Janet never turned her back on her husband.

Fiona had left the next morning to go to Josephine's and Janet sat before her dressing table. She was worried about her sexuality. Why had she made love to Fiona last night. Make no mistake, it was Fiona in that bed with her, not David. Fiona's body was so smooth and clean as she held it close to her, not like David whose chest was hairy. Fiona had told her that Josephine had bought a tube of depilatory cream during their travels and had her spread it all over her body and take a shower. The result was a hairless and smooth Fiona held against her.

The lovemaking was all so completely different from anything she had ever experienced before. It was something new, something different, *so womanly, so feminine*. At that thought Janet felt her clitoris beginning to become erect. What was happening to her? Janet had never had thoughts about her own sex in that way before. What was this Fiona doing to her? Janet lusted to make love to Fiona, not David.

She looked at her face in the mirror. It wasn't pretty these days even if she plastered makeup on it. She lifted the bottom of her nightdress which she still wore and glanced at her enormous bottom. Where had the once lithe and agile Janet gone, the one who had all the men running after? *Look at me, all flabby and useless, lying about the house all day, doing nothing but drinking cups of tea and reading women's magazines.*

She had let herself go. Yes she had said she would look for another man to rile David. She wasn't looking for a man; the way she was she wouldn't have attracted them anyway. Janet didn't really know what she wanted till Fiona arrived on the scene.

Janet looked in the wardrobe and at her dresses. They certainly were nice but she could no longer wear any of them. If she wanted Fiona to make love to her,

she would have to go on a diet to lose weight. But it was Fiona she wanted, not David. When this case was solved, David would return and she couldn't bear that. It would be like returning to square one. That had to be avoided but as she was there there was no way it could. It wouldn't surprise her if David left her, she had been horrid to him. If that happened, any chance of keeping Fiona was lost.

Then a terrible thought entered her mind. Was she a lesbian? She certainly wanted this Fiona and wanted to live with her as a woman but she had a penis. Did that make a difference. Did it mean she wasn't a lesbian? Did she even want Fiona to have a penis? That was all academic at the present minute for if she didn't do anything about her appearance whatever he or she was, Fiona would be gone. Forever.

"George, when you call tonight there are a few things I want to discuss about Fiona." Josephine had answered her boyfriend's phone call during the afternoon.

"Sure thing, sweetheart, just let me know. I just wanted to know how my pinup girl was getting on with David."

"You'll need to stop that sex talk over the phone, George. I'll be all hot when you call tonight."

"Exactly, Josie. I like hot women. Old Blood And Guts nearly burst a blood vessel when I showed him my expenses. I reminded him that he did say he wanted the Mayor's wife off his back, That shut him up. By the way, Josie, next week when we go to the concert in London we will have to stay overnight in a hotel. I'll discuss this with you tonight."

"Not in the same room and the same bed, George! Whatever will happen? You have my heart pumping

like mad. What's a poor defenceless girl to do?" Josie giggled as she put the phone down.

"George, I have been thinking about Fiona seriously and had a talk with her about these murders. I think for the duration that she is dressed in women's clothes, it's best if she lives on her own. If you think about it, the first two victims Bettina and Stella lived on their own. Bea stayed at that hotel, although when Dave was around she stayed at his place. I wonder if a transgender person on their own attracted the killer. Also, the first two victim, Bettina, a transsexual, had the full operation and Stella had breast implants, I'm thinking in terms of Fiona getting breast implant. As I told her, those can be removed after the case is over. I told her to think it over and discuss it with her wife. What do you think, George?"

"It sounds feasible, Josie. You've putting more thought into this than me and I'm supposed to be in charge of the case. It sounds costly, though. Renting a flat isn't going to be cheap and breast implants are expensive from what little I know about this stuff. I imagine you know more about that than me."

"Yes, I know one or two things about breast implants. Could the police not persuade the clinic to cut their cost to help the case?"

"I suppose if the boss said a word in the right ears, it could get a flat landlord to cut his rent. I'll have a talk with him. As for the clinic, I guess we'll have to call around and see."

"Now to more serious matters, sit on my lap," George said, patting the desired spot.



“You’re not going to kiss me again, are you, George?”

“Well, what you think?”

Josie was quickly sitting on George Bentley’s lap, offering her lipsticked lips.

“Josie, have you got any treats for me like the other night?” he asked hopefully.

“Your little dickey will be getting spoiled if I do. I’m afraid not tonight, George. It will be more appreciated when it gets its next treat.”

“As I said on the phone, we will have to stay overnight in a hotel in London. I don’t intend to take my car with me. We’ll go up by train, see the concert, have a meal after and it will be too late to return to Barchester.”

“Will we be sleeping in the same room on the same bed, George?”

“No Josie, I respect you too much for that. We will have single rooms.”

“Oh George, I always knew you were a gentleman. For that, you deserve a kiss.” Josephine Briggs was glad about this arrangement for it would preserve her sexuality till such times as she was ready to expose it. Another passionate session of kissing took place. It was hot and steamy. George pulled out the hanky Josie had given him to wipe the lipstick smudges off his face. “Oh George you’ve kept my hanky. How romantic, you are a sweetie.”

“I’ve not even washed it, Josie.”

“I can’t have that. I’ll give you some clean ones with my perfume on them.”

“Will you, darling? Every time I take one out my pocket and have a whiff of the perfume, I’ll be reminded of you.”

“You are such a romantic, George, my heart is fluttering already. You deserve another kiss just to test the hanky if you understand.” She smiled.

Fiona Blackmore had arrived home earlier that day after her superior George Bentley had brought her back from Josephine’s. Janet gave her a lovely big kiss “I’ve prepared a nice dinner for the two of us tonight, Fiona darling.”

It came across Fiona Blackmore’s mind that ever since she appeared as Fiona, Janet had never mentioned the name ‘David’. Janet even had some makeup on. When was the last time she had put on lipstick? She had done her hair up and wore a nice dress, although it was one for bigger ladies, a dress that had to be ordered from a catalogue for larger women as ordinary shops didn’t stock them.

As they sat at tea, Fiona brought up the subjects she and Josephine had discussed. “I may have to leave home for a time till these murders are solved. I hope you don’t mind.”

Janet Blackmore thought this over in her mind quickly. This was not the time to have a falling out with Fiona. It could scare her away forever. “If it is for your job then I suppose you must but I can still see you, can’t I?”

“Yes of course, Janet, wherever I am. But there may be more serious issues for us to discuss than living apart. It is only a suggestion but Josephine says I

may have to have breast implants. She promises me they can be removed afterwards.”

“What a stroke of luck,” Janet thought/ They could be removed after but many things could happen before that happened. With any luck, they never would be removed! “Oh dear. Well, if Josephine says so, I think it is better that you do have them. It’s only for the case and I understand.”

“The other thing is...” Fiona stopped, somewhat embarrassed.

“Yes dear?” asked Janet.

Then Fiona blurted it out “I may have to have sex with men!” Fiona paused. “I won’t like it at all, Janet but it is all part of the job.”

Janet had called David a fairy in the past but this didn’t seem the time to remind Fiona of that fact. Did she want an argument and lose Fiona? She had just found the person—the woman—she wanted. On top of that, Janet had to stall for time to change her appearance back to what it once was. Janet had already made her first appointment with Weight Watchers for later that week. Any word of aggression could frighten Fiona off. Janet had to play this cool. Fiona was halfway to what she wanted, breast implants. If she wanted the whole shooting match, now was not the time to complain. Bur she must act as if she didn’t like it.

“You know at first I didn’t approve of all this but upon reflection I see the purpose of this for the greater good of all. I know you’ll not like it but what can you do? I’ll forgive you this once but don’t let it happen after the case is finished.” She smiled at her erstwhile husband, looking so pretty at the moment.

Fiona Blackmore breathed a sigh of relief. She had her wife's permission to go ahead with this. Having permission for this distasteful possibility was much better and with it wouldn't feel guilty 'doing it' with another man if she had to!?

Janet pleasantly smiled at Fiona. "Dear, don't you think it is time we went to bed?"

Fiona Blackmore glanced at her watch. It was early evening; they never went to bed at this time. "It's early, Janet, and the night is young."

"I know but it could be put to better use, if you know what I mean. Between two women, well, who knows what might transpire in bed." So saying, Janet took Fiona's red polished fingers in hers and led her to their bedroom. Fiona found his wife assisting her into her nightdress and place a hand on her penis. Fiona didn't mind. Something strange had come over Janet, for the better, Fiona hoped.

"We have a new girl here tonight. I want you all to make her welcome. Stand up, Fiona." Josephine Briggs introduced Fiona that Wednesday at the Woman For A Night club. Fiona got a round of applause and a handshake from many of the transgender persons there.

"Mary has set up a stall with skirts, dresses, and other goodies. Have a look. She will advise you on anything. As you know, Mary has come here for years and many of you have been to her shop where you can try dresses and frocks in private." Josephine left Mary with her stall after introducing her and came over to Fiona.

“Good crowd here tonight. I’ll leave you on your own, Fiona, so you can get to know the girls. You could get lucky for there are some men here that I have never seen before, trannie chasers I expect.”

“Trannie chasers, Josephine?” Fiona asked.

“Yes, men who fancy a man in a woman’s dress. There are many men like that but it doesn’t mean to say your killer is necessarily one of them. You’re new and could easily be picked up so if you get any advances, don’t scorn them. I told you it is a dangerous game you’re playing, possibly life-ending if you are not careful.”

“I think I can take care of myself, Josephine.”

“Good. Remember, its stockings this murderer has a fetish. As you know everyone of his victims so far have been strangled by their stockings. That is why I want you wearing stockings only, not pantyhose.” Josephine left Fiona to talk with some other transgender persons. Shortly another transvestite came over to Fiona’s table.

“Hello, I’m Debbie. You’re new here. Pleased to meet you. What do you fancy to drink?”

Fiona didn’t want strong drink tonight. She had to keep her wits about her. “A glass of Pepsi will do. Thanks Debbie.”

Debbie came back with the Pepsi for Fiona and a glass of lager for herself. “Have you seen Mary’s stall? Nice skirts there? I’ve been in her shop, tried some dresses in the back room. Helpful woman. You been there, Fiona?”

“No.” Fiona hadn’t even the faintest idea where this Mary’s shop was.

“Then I’ll take you there one day. That will be nice, two girlies shopping together.” Debbie stretched a hand over and clasped her hand in Fiona’s. “We’ll be good girlie friends, Fiona. I like you.”

Fiona Blackmore looked at Debbie’s hand; pink nail polish on the fingers; rings; a couple of bangles on her arm that jangled every time she moved it. Debbie looked elderly; her face was heavily painted. She had gold earrings in pierced ears and smelled of cheap perfume.

“Come on, Fiona.” Debbie rose from her seat, taking Fiona’s hand. “We’ll have a talk with Mary now.”

Mary at her stall seemed to know Debbie. “Who’s your girlfriend, Debbie?”

“This is Fiona, a new girl. She has never been to your shop. I said we’ll visit you sometime, won’t we, Fiona?”

The question was answered in an uneasy affirmative by Fiona.

“Tell me when, Debbie, and I’ll have a pot of tea ready for you and Fiona. You’ll be dressed of course.”

“You know me, Mary. I never go uptown without a dress on. We girlies like that, don’t we, Fiona?”

Fiona Blackmore may have gotten the wrong impression of Debbie, thinking she was gay. Debbie was just a big friendly transvestite who liked to welcome all new girls in the club. In the past, Debbie had been called names as she walked dressed up in the streets and had stones thrown at her. Once she had even been beaten up. None of it ever deterred her. She continued to carry on dressing in skirts and walking about town as a woman.

While all this was going on, a man had walked up to Fiona, looked at and commented, "You're beautiful, darling."

Both Debbie and Fiona turned their heads to see who had spoken such words. It was clear he was addressing one of them and it was Fiona.

"You've clicked, sweetheart!" laughed Mary, the woman at the stall. It wouldn't be the first time she had seen some trannie picked up at this club. By this time the man had an arm round Fiona's waist and was leading her to the bar. "That's the last you'll see of your girlfriend tonight, Debbie"

"Yes, I suppose you're right, Mary. Pity, we were getting on fine."

Everything happened so fast for Fiona Blackmore. She had to force herself to recover and see the situation. She couldn't refuse the man's advances. After all this could be the killer. He did have black hair as the Inspector had said the murderer had. She must act friendly towards him and encourage him, not frighten him off.

"What you want to drink, lovely?" he asked.

"I'll just have a Pepsi." Fiona wanted a clear head should there be any action.

"Sure, lovely, let's find a quiet corner where we can talk." Over in the far corner of the bar one was found and they sat down, Fiona with her Pepsi and the dark-headed man with a whiskey in front of him.

"You're a pretty one, sweetheart. Maybe I can see you home tonight and we could get to know each other better. What's your name?"

Fiona told him.

“Isn’t that a delightful name for a beautiful woman such as you.”

A hand was now put on top of Fiona’s. She looked at the man. He had a rough-cut face and hands that had been used to hard work. There was nothing special about his clothes, Fiona’s policeman’s instincts came out. “What’s your name? You know mine.”

“Rodney. I’m here for the night. I parked my lorry in the depot, just arrived at the club and then I saw you.”

Fiona Blackmore filed that in her memory bank. She check with the lorry depot to see if this man had been here the night Bea was murdered. But then she thought that she may be dead before that could ever happen if she wasn’t extremely careful. Then for some unexpected reason, Fiona said, “What do you think of my stockings?”

Rodney, who up till then had not been paying attention to her legwear, looked at them. “Pretty. Maybe at your place we could get cosy and I could run my hands up and down them. I’ll call a cab now and you can show me your stockings and maybe a lot more.”

In the taxi Rodney lost no time with Fiona and was kissing her passionately. Fiona knew this was not the time to show any resistance. Fiona was engaging in kissing a man, something she had never done before. She smelt his whiskey breath. Her worries about that were immediately exacerbated as a hand crept up a stocking. Where would it stop. The hand linger at the stocking’s top for a while. Then just as Fiona thought it would go no further, it was inside her knickers,

feeling her prick. Just what was she going to do about this?

“You like that, Fiona darling, don’t you?” Rodney found there was no resistance to his ministrations to her member. It gave him the go-ahead for better things. She was clearly asking for it. She was going to get well and truly fucked this night. Rodney completely removed Fiona’s knickers

“Here,” said he, “you won’t need these tonight,” handing the red and white chequered knickers to Fiona.

She took them, opened her handbag to put them inside and saw the condoms that Josephine had given her earlier that day. Josephine had told her to be sure to use them if need be. Fiona was now under the impression that they might be, not that she wanted them to be. She hoped there would be no sex of that sort. But then she thought what if he wanted her to suck his cock. Fiona almost threw up at that thought. There must be some delicate way to talk him out of that. It had to be avoided.

“Here we are, Rodney,” Fiona said sweetly to her male companion. The taxi had stopped before a block of flats in a poor district of town. Rodney took her hand and she led him up the stairs to the second floor, opened the door and switched the light on. They were in the flat Inspector George Bentley had wheedled out of the boss. It wasn’t the best flat that had ever been built. “You want a cup of tea?” offered Fiona. Fiona soon found herself sitting on Rodney’s lap with a hand up her skirt and on her penis once more.

“You love me doing that, don’t you? This is what you type of girls want from a man.”

Fiona said not a word which spurred Rodney to further rubbings. It was exciting her against her will, there was no doubt. Fiona was kissing this man. She didn't want to do it, tried not to do it but it happened.

Rodney saw it was time to speed things forward. "Show me the bedroom, darling and let's get down to the action."

Fiona could see where things were going and they were not to her liking. She would just have to grin and bear it and be on guard for anything.

Once in her bedroom, Rodney grabbed her. "Now, little darling, we'll pay closer attention to these stockings you were talking about."

What one has to go through to catch a killer! He was interested in stocking. Could this be the culprit?

Rodney had unzipped Fiona's clinging red dress and quickly pulled it from her body. She stood there in her white bra containing a pair of fake breasts, a black garter belt and the said stockings. The black stockings were something special; Josephine had made a point of having her wear them, knowing this murderer's fetish for stockings. The black stockings ran up Fiona's shapely legs with their straight seams leading to the welt of the stockings clipped to three suspenders from the black garter belt. All this framed her erect penis for as we know her knickers were in her handbag.

Rodney was right behind her. She could feel his stiff erection pressing into her body. Hands were running up and down her stockinged leg, stopping at times and caressing her penis. At the back of her stocking leg, one rubbed the seam, then a finger slipped in her bottom hole.

Fiona was frightened as to where this was going to end. Intercourse seemed inevitable; the killer had had intercourse with the victims. As objectionable as that was, if it had to be, it had to be safe sex. Fiona wanted no sexual infections.

“Hold on a minute, Rodney. Before we go any further, put a rubber on.”

Fiona had left her handbag in the living room. She left him to go there, came back with a condom and handed it to him. To Rodney that confirmed that this broad had been around. Why else would she carry rubbers if she hadn't been fucked before and was expecting to be. It did not bother Rodney to put on a condom. In fact he welcomed it. If she had been with other men, there was no telling what he could catch off her. This one had been well and truly fucked many times, he thought.

He slipped the condom quickly so as to not waste any time. “On the bed, hands and knees. You're getting it right up your arse. You like that, don't you? You've wanted this all night, haven't you? I'll not disappoint you.”

Fiona Blackmore was now on the bed on her hands and knees, offering her derriere to Rodney. She could hear him unbuckle his belt and his clothes being discarded. Then he was on the bed behind her. A hand was now on her stomach, pressing her derriere closer to him. His cock was at the entrance to her anus. Fiona felt it at the opening. It was tight and sore as he entered.

The condom was a lubricated one and began to slip in suddenly. Then, without warning, his full length was lodged inside her.

“Don't move,” Rodney spoke.

Fiona couldn't if she tried for the full weight of this man was on her back. He now began kissing her back up and down as his cock remained inside her. Then he started kissing at her neck where the long golden hair of the wig hung down. A hand was now put on her cock. It was hard and erect. "You're enjoying all this, aren't you, Fiona? Your dick is as hard as a rock. Don't worry, Rodney will make you happy and you'll scream for more."

It was true she had an erection. "What is happening to me?" thought Fiona. "They're turning me into some kind of queer pervert. They've got me wearing women's clothes and a man's cock is up my ass! What is going to become of me?"

Fiona couldn't dwell on her thoughts much longer as Rodney started to move his cock in and out of the tight passage between her legs. "Christ!" thought Fiona, "I'm even liking this. I can't be. They're making me a homo."

The action behind her was getting quicker as Rodney pumped her. Then she could feel him tense up as held her tighter. Rodney reached his climax and shot his load into the condom. Fiona felt it inside her anus. She had been the cause of this man's sexual excitement. In a twisted perverted way, she herself was excited that she had caused him to release his juices for her into her. Rodney withdrew his flaccid penis satisfied. He had screwed the slut well. In the morning he would pump her again before he went to the depot to collect his truck.

In the morning, nothing else had happened to Fiona. Without incident, she woke beside this man who had made her his woman the previous night. She observed his strong muscular arms with the tattoos on them. One had "Mother" in a red heart. The other had "Susan" in a red heart with an arrow

through it. Whoever Susan was, he certainly was being unfaithful to her. Fiona wondered if Susan was his wife, a girlfriend, or even another transvestite.

Suddenly he stirred, grabbed her again and kissed her. "Make my breakfast, then you'll be fucked again," was demanded.

Fiona rose from the bed and put her red quilted house coat on over her white bra and black garter belt and stockings and slipped her feet into the pink fluffy open-toe mules.

In the kitchen, she soon had eggs and bacon in the frying pan and the electric kettle on. Soon Rodney was there in his vest and underpants, sitting at the table waiting to be served. Fiona put the plate of eggs and bacon and beans down before him with the tea and toast.

"Nice breakfast, darling. Don't worry, you'll get well fucked as a reward for this." Fiona watched in silence as this man tucked in the breakfast. Afterwards he patted his lap. "Come here." Fiona could see an erection sticking through the front opening in his underpants. She reluctantly stepped to him. He grabbed her and forced her down on the stiff erection. This time it met no resistance and Fiona found it easily encased inside her. After all her precautions for safer sex last night, there were none this morning. The uncovered helmet was fully inside her, all of it, as she sat on Rodney's lap.

"Move your ass, you bitch. Move till you cum. That is what you want, isn't it?"

Fiona rose and fell to his demand. Then he shot his white creamy spunk inside her, jet after jet of it till he was drained. The liquid ran down Fiona stockinged leg, soaking it.

“You got what you wanted, didn’t you? I hope you’re satisfied, you horny whore.” Rodney had put a hand into her house coat and found the clip of one of the suspenders holding her stocking top and was undoing it.

Fiona was becoming most alarmed. “What are you doing?”

“You seemed to want me to see your stockings last night. You wanted me to like them so I’m taking one.” By this time Rodney had unclipped all three suspenders, held the stocking and was unrolling it off Fiona’s leg. He held it in front of her and ran his hands over it. Fiona was ready to strike this man if he came anywhere near her.

Instead he turned his back and started to walk out the room. “Where are you going?” asked Fiona.

“To get dressed to go to work, that’s where. I haven’t any more time to fuck you right now. Don’t worry, I’ll be back next week, darling.”

Fiona sat back as she watched him depart out the front door. That was a close call. However she was in one piece and that was all that mattered. He was clearly a trannie chaser as Josephine had said some men were. But there was another pressing issue besides the murder case. Fiona was beginning to question her sexuality. It was disturbing her. There were parts of her libido that had been opened for the first time. A man had been inside her and she had enjoyed it. What did that make David? What did this all mean?

Inspector George Bentley dropped in to see Fiona later that morning and asked how she had got on the previous night. Fiona told him all that had happened, leaving out the sordid parts. “I’ll check on his depot,

Fiona however it seems unlikely he is our man. If he was, I suspect you would have been attacked by now. You know you're playing a dangerous game, Fiona. Your life is on the line. The next man you encounter could be the killer."

George Bentley checked out on the local transport depot. Yes, Rodney Will had parked his truck there last night. He had been nowhere near that depot on the night of the murder; he had actually been up north with deliveries over 500 miles away. There was no use in perusing that line of enquiry any further. George came to the conclusion that it was just another false lead. George Bentley's thoughts turned to this evening when he would see his beloved once more. He kept pulling these handkerchiefs Josie had given him out his pocket whenever he wanted to wipe his brow and her aroma kept conjuring up pictures of her in his mind. He wanted to kiss her again and again. Betty had never had this effect on him.

Meanwhile Josephine Briggs was now sitting in Trina's having her makeup done. She had already gone that morning to Yvette for a hairdo. It meant more time off work but she had put in some late nights to even that out.

"Is this for that boyfriend you mentioned, Josie?" Trina enquired.

"Yes"

"Is this the right one, Josie?"

"Yes, I'm sure he is. You know, I've never fancied any man before. George does something for me. We sort of hit it off the first time I saw him."

"You have got it bad for him, haven't you?"

“I suppose so, Trina. I go all goose bumps every time he holds me and kisses me.”

“Well, you’re going to get plenty of that if you’re going to that Hungarian restaurant.”

“I hope so, Trina.”

Fiona Blackmore received a phone call from her wife Janet that afternoon telling her that she was coming to visit tonight. Janet arrived shortly before six, all dolled up in her finest clothes. Of course they were not the clothes she had worn a year ago for she was still a bit plump for them.

“I haven’t made any dinner yet for us, Janet.”

“Never mind, darling. I’ll make it, just show me the kitchen.” Janet had taken her coat off. She removed a hat pin from the big floppy blue straw hat she wore and handed it to Fiona. “Put it in the bedroom along with my coat.”

“Are you staying the night, Janet?”

“I am your wife, Fiona. Of course I’m staying the night and sleeping with. Unless you have a man coming, dear,” Janet said sarcastically. Fiona was a pretty woman in Janet’s mind and she would be jealous if Fiona had answered yes.

“No, no, Janet. That will be all right”

“Good then, that’s settled. Now where is the apron?” Janet looked in the freezer. There was a chicken there. She would cook that along with some mashed potatoes, peas and carrots and mushroom

soup to start. Janet was pleased with herself; he had started Weight Watchers that morning. More important, she had called into the clinic for although she would be doing exercises, it was liposuction that was needed at the present.

“That was a nice meal, Janet.”

“Thanks. Maybe the next time I come, Fiona, you can show me your culinary skills. We woman should work together in the kitchen. Now what is happening about the breast implants?” Janet was anxious to hear everything about this subject for she wanted Fiona to be as much a woman as she possibly could.

“Josephine phoned me this morning and said an appointment has been made for next week. Don’t worry, as I said, they can be removed after this case is over.”

Janet Blackmore was not too eager about that but had to sound as if she was. “Yes, they can be taken out after dear but how long do you think they will be inside you? Maybe you’ll have them in so long that you’ll like them,” Janet giggled in hope. Then her tone turned serious. “If Josephine says you have to have them, you must have them. It is only for the good of the community and your career, isn’t it?” Fiona Blackmore couldn’t figure out where her wife was coming from. She sounded almost excited about the prospect of her husband having breasts. That couldn’t be right, could it?

Fiona felt it was only fair that Janet should know what transpired last night. “Janet, as I said this is a dangerous game. As I told you, I have to be sexually active with men if the occasion arises”. She paused. “Last night I let a man pick me up at the club. We came back here and had sex. I was unfaithful to you.”

“Did you enjoy it, Fiona?”

“No, of course not. It was vile. I almost threw up.” That was a lie. Her penis had stood to attention but she couldn’t tell Janet that even though Janet was acting strangely in her presence.

“That’s all right, Fiona It is in your line of duty and I can forgive you because of that. But you mustn’t look at another man again when this is all over. You must remain as you are after.”

Whatever did she mean remain by that last remark? They talked about other things till Janet said it was time they turned in. “Do you really think so, darling?”

Janet rose and took her hand. “I’ve brought a little surprise for you, Fiona. It’s in the bedroom.”

Once there Janet opened her shopping bag and took out a brown paper parcel. “There. What do you think of that, sweetheart?” Janet was holding a long satin white nightdress. The name ‘Fiona’ had been stitched on the right breast. The nightdress was trimmed with white lace on the long sleeves, bosom, and hem. “It will really have a better effect once you have the implants in, Fiona. That will hold that bosom out fuller.”

“You’ve wasted your money, Janet. This will not of any use for very long.”

“You do want to be as feminine as you can during this time, don’t you, Fiona?”

“Yes, I suppose you’re right.”

“I know I’m right,” thought Janet. And with any luck it would be the first of many nightdresses he’d

be wearing over the years. Her thoughts turned to two beautiful ladies in bed together wearing their lovely flouncy flowing nightdresses together. How dreamy. Janet could visualise the pretty dresses they would wear together in public. Wasn't it all so wonderful? Who wanted a man when you could have a special woman such as Fiona sharing all the things women have between them?

“Put it on now. I want to see you in the nightdress, dear.” Fiona did and Janet clapped her hands. “Isn't it delightful! I don't think I can keep my hands off of you. Come over here, lovely one.”

Fiona Blackmore once again found her penis being caressed but this time by a woman, her wife. It didn't take much persuading for her to be in bed with Janet. Fiona had made love many times with his wife in the past but this time, as Fiona, it was different. Janet's was acting abnormal Since their marriage, Fiona had seen three stages in Janet. For the first two years it had been all milk and honey. Over the last year Janet had let she go. She was a fat slob, there was no other word for it. But now she had at least made an attempt to smarten herself up. Janet was still overweight but Fiona could forgive that as she was clearly trying to improve.

Janet's heavy arm pulled Fiona closer to her body. She shuddered as Fiona's penis went in her pussy. Janet's fat legs entwined with Fiona's slim ones. “Kiss me, darling, like you used to.”

Janet's heavily made-up face came closer to Fiona lips. She smeared her lipstick onto Fiona's painted cheeks as she hungrily sought her lips. Her clitoris rose, stiffening against her husband. “Touch it, sweetheart, it is for you.” Without meaning to, she followed that with, “It will be so much better when you have one too.”

“What are you talking about Janet?”

“Oh nothing, Fiona. For a moment I really thought you were a woman. I was just carried away, that’s all.”

“You do know I’m not one, don’t you, Janet? Have you ever made love to your own sex? You’re acting so strange tonight.”

“No, never.” This was perfectly true but Janet knew she had let the cat out the bag. To take her mind off what she said, her hand was friggng her husband off. All Fiona wanted to do now was stick her member in Janet, overweight as she was, and makes her come. Janet had diverted Fiona’s attention for now. That was close one. She must watch what she said in the future otherwise Fiona would get wind of her plans.

George Bentley picked Josie up from her flat. She had a large case with her evening gown inside and other accessories for the concert tonight. George had a case himself with an evening suit in it. George parked the car in the parking lot at the station; they would be going by train to London. A taxi was hailed at Kings Cross Station, London on their arrival. At the five-star hotel, George asked for the reservations he had made for Mr. George Bentley and Miss Josephine Briggs. The bell hop took them in the elevator to the third floor and to their single rooms.

“We have plenty of time, Josie. See you in an hour, sweetheart. I’ll knock on your door.”

“Right, darling. I’ll need all that time to make myself beautiful for you. Give us a kiss.” That was an offer George was not going to refuse.

An hour later George knocked on Josie's door. She admitted him. "How distinguished you look with your bow tie and elegant black evening suit. Come here a minute." Josephine straightened his bow tie. "That's better. Look at yourself. I'm a proud woman to be with you tonight."

"I've brought a little something for you to wear tonight, Josie." He handed her a small box. Inside was a corsage of carnations.

"It's beautiful, George. You are a romantic. I'll give you a kiss for that."

"Can I pin it on you?"

"Yes of course."

George pinned it at the top of the dress at her bosom. George then observed the stunning dress Josie wore. It was a little black sleeveless chiffon ruffled midi-length evening dress with a crossover neckline, empire line, with asymmetric tiers of ruffled fabric across the skirt. A plunging neckline gave a hint of Josie's ample breasts. She had on a gold double-chain enamel flower necklace, an enamel flower pendant with stone studded details as well as silver stud earrings in a flower design with enamel petals. On her wrist Josie wore a silver decorated bangle watch. George eyes travelled down Josie's shapely body in her tight fitting evening dress to her feet encased in a pair of black asymmetric high-heeled court shoes in suede-look material with pointed toes and three and a half-inch high heels. The aroma of the Yves Saint Laurent eau de partum she wore drifted into his nostrils.

"You're beautiful! I've never seen a woman as pretty as you, Josie."



Josephine Briggs blushed profusely, overcome by such comments from the man she loved. Josie was not one that was usually stuck for words. Tonight, though, she was. She put her arm round George's as he led her to the elevator, then to the concert.

“What a delightful evening I've had. Wasn't the music wonderful and the Bach Brandenburg fantastic? We must do it again, George.”

“Just say the word. Your wish is my command. Ah, here comes the Hungarian goulash.”

A waiter had come to the table with a tray and served up the goulash. George whispered something in the waiter's ear.

“Certainly, Monsieur, for Madam. She is so pretty, is she not?”

“What have you said, George?” asked Josephine.

“You'll see. Eat the goulash up.”

A fiddler came over to the darkened alcove and table where they sat. The fiddler dressed in a gypsy costume played romantic melodies right next to Josie. As he played George filled Josie's glass with red wine and handed it to her. He raised his glass. “Here's to the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Josephine Briggs could not fail to be touched; she was being wined and dined by the man she loved. He wooed her, courted her and chased her for her love. It was no surprise she fell into his arms and sweetly kissed him. In that darkened alcove no one could see them kiss and cuddle.

Unfortunately all good things must come to an end. All too soon Josie found herself back at the hotel

and in her room, giving George a goodnight kiss. After he left, Josie sat before the dressing table mirror removing her makeup. George was a good man. She glanced at the pretty nightdress that lay spread out on the bed waiting for her body to adorn it. Josephine would have liked to wear this lying next to George in bed and she would one day but there were things that had to be done first. George would have her body one day and she would willingly give every part of it to him for the rest of their lives.

“George,” Josephine said as they sat opposite each other on the train back to Barchester.

“Yes, dear?”

“I’ve arranged an appointment for Fiona at the clinic for breast implants next week. It has to be done. I’m also making up an ad for the Different Type of Girls magazine. There has to be something about stockings in it. I’ll let you see it when I’ve compiled it.”

“The ad is for Fiona, I presume.”

“Yes, who else? I only hope this will pull this killer out of hiding. It was a hard decision to put implants into Fiona’s body and I felt a heel asking her but I think she has to have them to be completely effective in her disguise. The only one of the murders so far who didn’t have them was Bea.” Josephine never mentioned that she herself had made an appointment to have breast implants.

LEONA’S ADULT PLAYROOM

“He’s struck again, George,” said Sergeant Twentyman.

“Yes he certainly has but it’s outside our patch this time. However, Redmond City C.I.D. has asked for me to take charge of the case seeing that I handled the other three. Funny enough, Old Blood And Guts has consented. I expect he wants this cleared up as quickly as possible. I was surprised Redmond police gave that statement to the press as soon as they did. I would have kept quiet till I had some facts. Inspector William and I are not going to see eye-to-eye since he is to act as a second string to me.”

“Could be, George. He was originally in charge of the case and a demotion, even temporary, probably won’t sit well with him. More time away from here. The Man Upstairs is not going to be pleased,” added Sergeant Twentyman.

It would have happen the day after he and Josie were getting on so well. Still there was work to done. He would be away from Josie for some days but he had a business call to make to her tonight. It may be official business but seeing Josie at anytime was a pleasure.

“Josie, I’m sure I don’t have to tell you he’s struck again.”

“Yes I saw the paper’s headline. They certainly do like the lurid stuff, don’t they? I’ve already checked the Different Kind of Girl magazine and your most recent victim’s ad is in there.” Josie handed the magazine to George,

He read:

Box 731: Leona, pretty shemale. I am that special lady you have always looked for. Leona is looking for a man who knows how to treat a lady properly. She can entertain such a man and love him for his attention to her. She is a cuddly woman and has plenty of

love for the right man. Phone any night after 7:30. I'm waiting for that call to your special woman.

“So that is the third victim out of four who has had an advertisement in that magazine. That is no coincidence, is it? Fiona has to get an ad there. Fiona needs the implants. If this Leona was a pre-op transsexual she must have had implants as well. That is three out the four who had breast implants. Bea is the odd one out. What puzzles me is why are transgender people are still putting ads in there? Surely you would think the penny would have dropped by now.”

“As I always say, it's a funny old world. I'll not be seeing you for some days for I will have to liaison with my colleagues at Redmond City CID.”

“In that case, you'll need some of this to remind you that there is a woman here waiting for you.”

Josie put her arms round George and kissed him which was returned by George. Josie sat on George's knee on the couch with her arms round him and a spell of passionate kissing took place.

“There is more of that waiting for you when you come back. You won't be long, will you, George?”

“Sweetheart, I'll have you in my arms again in no time.” Inspector George Bentley left Josephine Briggs' flat in a happy mood.

Inspector George Bentley had now arrived at Redmond City C.I.D. and introduce himself to Inspector Dean William who up till then was in charge of the murder enquiry. Right away, Dean, a tall man bald with a moustache, took an instant dislike to George. This came as no surprise to George. Police brass do not typically take kindly to being usurped of

their power. However, come what may, they had to co-operate.

“Dean old boy, I’d like to look over what you have on this case. I want to see the file.”

Inspector Dean William reluctantly handed the file he had on Leona Donaldson. The forensic report was everything that George had anticipated. Cause of death: strangulation by a stocking. Signs of sexual intercourse in the anus. Death occurred around 7 AM. The victim had been dead around four hours when the body was found. Age: approximately fifties. The victim was male and had had breast implants.

“I take it you have interviewed her cleaning lady.”

“Yes of course.”

“Good. I want to visit the scene of the crime. This Leona must have had a good income if she was hiring cleaning ladies.”

“He was retired, George.”

“He, Dean? I’m afraid you know nothing of the world you’re entering. The victim should be referred to as she, not he. How often does this cleaning lady come to the house?”

“Three times a week; Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The body was discovered last Friday morning, George,” answered Dean William.

“I want to interview this cleaning woman again.”

“There is no need to. We have gotten all the information we want from her,” Dean said.

“Just get her. That’s an order.” Inspector Bentley felt he had to show his authority. He was in charge of the investigation now, not Dean William.

George was at the manor of Leona Donaldson. This shemale had obviously been well off. She must have been to have retired at fifty-seven. George looked round the luxurious manor done up in Rococo-style furniture and ornamentation. This Leona Donaldson certainly had expensive tastes but then by the looks of things she could afford it.

George entered the scene of the crime, the bedroom. It was much different from the dingy hotel room Bea was murdered in. Four-poster bed; satin sheets; soft satin pillows and built in wardrobes full of the most elegant and expensive ball gowns and dress. The full length cheval glass mirror stood on its own near the dressing table. This shemale pampered herself in luxury and why not? She clearly had the money. George could see she had been a real lady of luxury and leisure. The only thing missing, he thought, was a man to tell her how beautiful she was. The ad in Different Kind Of Girl indicated she was seeking that.

By this time the cleaning woman had arrived. She was maybe in her fifties, Mrs. Jenny Robertson by name. George introduced himself. “Mrs. Robertson I’m not so much interested in the murder at this moment. I want you to tell me all you know about Leona Donaldson, please.”

Jenny Roberson started. “Nice lady she was. Leona told me from the start she was a man but that I must always refer to her as Leona. I was interviewed as were a number of women before me. She had no hesitation telling me she wanted someone who could keep her mouth shut as to what was going on at times in the house. What was going on? Well, after a

while I did get the drift although I was never present for some of the things I discovered later.

“I do have to say she dressed smartly in the best of dresses and skirts. Expensive they were. She even gave me a few nice dresses. She would have a few man friends sometimes and she asked me if I would help cook a meal for them. That wasn’t really my job but she paid me well to do so. The night of the murder I cooked but I had left before her gentleman friend arrived. I met some of her gentlemen friends before. Some stayed here over weekends. I don’t think they were admiring the beautiful grounds that surround this house, if you catch my drift.

“She used to tell me how pretty some of her men friends said she was. I never said anything to hurt her feelings. She certainly wasn’t unattractive for her skills in makeup were exceptional for a fifty-year-old lady but I could tell her gentlemen friends as she called them were only after one thing. Sex. I’ve seen the ad in that magazine officer. As a cleaning lady you sometimes get to see things that people thought they have hidden away. Leona wanted to be loved as a woman and not as a man. I wish things had ended happily for her. She deserved that.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Robertson. You have been most helpful in our enquiries. You said Leona wanted you to keep your mouth shut as to what was happening here at times. Could you elucidate further on that?”

“Yes, officer. Seeing that she is dead there is no use in hiding it any longer and maybe it could help your enquires. As you will have noticed, this is a residential part of town, full of well-off people and many retired like Leona. As her manor is well back from the tree-lined avenue that passes this manor, no one would know what happens here or care.

Leona, even though she was in her fifties, was sexually active. I think it would be better if I showed round the house to explain what I mean. Please follow me.”

George did that and Mrs. Robertson led him to a large room decorated in a style which one would imagine was for a child’s nursery. One wall was papered with fairies wands and goblins. Another wall had flowers: roses, daisies, and buttercups. A large rocking horse was in a corner on a blue fitted carpet and that seemed to be all for furnishings.

“This is what Leona called her playroom but not a child’s playroom by any means. This was her adult playroom. The rocking horse is a fine piece of work, expertly carved and so lifelike but it is too big for any child. This rocking horse was meant for an adult and I’ll shortly show you what I mean. Leona always kept this room locked up. As I said before, sometimes a cleaning lady gets to see things people thought they kept hidden. I found the key for the room and saw what you are looking at now. At the time it really meant nothing to me till I found a number of letters she had kept locked in her bureau to which I also found the key.

“As I said I kept my mouth shut about her lifestyle. As long as no one got hurt, it wasn’t any of my business. However things have taken a different turn so it is best that you see these letters, officer.”

They now stood in Leona’s study. It was a sort of business office with a bureau and swivel chair in front of it. Jenny Robertson took a key from the bunch that hung from the belt she was wearing round her waist and walked towards the bureau.

Mrs. Roberson opened the bureau with the key then opened a small drawer inside. With an in and

out motion, a click was heard. "It took me some time to learn that trick. I was never able to open till I figured that out."

Mrs. Roberson opened that drawer and a pink ribbon was to be seen around a number of envelopes. "Read this one, officer and you'll have some idea what happened here some weekends about four to six weeks apart. I was never present at any of the things described in the letters. Usually on a Friday afternoon before such a weekend Leona would ask me to prepare meals for six or seven persons over the weekend. I would cook them and put the meals in the freezer so all she had to do was defrost and reheat them."

Jenny Roberson untied the pink bow of the ribbon holding the letters and handed one to Inspector George Bentley. George took the blue scented note-paper from the envelope and this is what he read:

My dearest, dearest darling Leona

I simply had to write to you after the delightful weekend I spent at your manor and thank you for inviting me. It really was fun. Such fun I have not had in a long time. Your guests were most charming. It is always nice to meet new companions of our kind. Young Gloria was most enchanting. She was all in wonderment as to what to expect but Jessica took her in hand in more than one way. Jessica is an old hand at that sort of thing, if you will excuse the pun.

After you showed Kathleen your playroom, she said she would be taking that Teddy Bear you gave her to bed with her. She said she always liked Teddy Bears when she was a little girl. I bet she did if they were anything like the toy one you showed her. Kathleen being a transsexual, I wondered what she

was going to do with Teddy in her room. You told me not to wonder as you have cameras in all the rooms and we could watch in the morning. There she was stripping for bed that night and what a delightful see-through white laced baby doll she wore with old Teddy lying there on her bed, lifeless, watching. He was a big one but so soft and cuddly and it didn't take long to see why Kathleen was cuddling him close to her for as your camera zoomed in I could see he had an enormous hard-on and that certainly wasn't soft. It was a dildo stitched into the Teddy Bear. You simply must tell where you purchased that, Leona.

Anyway there she was and the first thing you know she had it in her pussy. Old Teddy was having a good time. He certainly didn't seem lifeless, then not to say that Kathleen was. She had her legs wrapped round it, pushing him faster and faster inside her and kissing it like there was no tomorrow. Then when she had cum, old Teddy was not finished his nights work yet, oh no.

When Kathleen had regained her energy Teddy was led to her back passage and found his way into her again. I wondered which of her two openings was going to give her pleasure. I needn't have worried as it was both. She had it going like a steam hammer behind her. It was a pleasure to watch her activities. Then she had enough for one night. But in the morning there she was with old Teddy at it again. Kathleen gave you back the toy saying he was worn out. We laughed. He might have been but she wasn't.

Gloria was quite taken with Jessica. Of course she was, she had slept with her that night. No doubt the young shemale had learned a trick or two from the older transvestite during the night. It's nice to see us girls getting on so well with each other!

I will never forget the night we were in the playroom in our lovely nightdresses, you in that delicious black satin long nightie and I in my short green silk one. You asked if I remembered my nursery rhymes. I replied that that was so long ago. I was a child. You asked if I'd like to be reminded of one? You had me most curious as to what you were up to. Of course I said Yes. But which one? You said you would only tell me if I did as you asked. I nodded my head. Then you told me to remove my panties and follow your instructions. My inquisitiveness got the better of me for I had played games with you before in this manner. I wriggled my little green silk panties down my legs. you ordered me to give them to you and I did. you said you thought it was better if Dobbin did not see what was going on as it could frighten him. I wondered who Dobbin was.

You took the panties and put them over the head of the rocking horse in your playroom, covering his eyes. It was new; I had never seen that rocking horse till that weekend. It certainly was no child toy, well-made and big enough for an adult to sit on it. You wanted me to give you my hands. I did and you opened a jewel box and put a ring on everyone of my fingers. They weren't expensive rings, I noted. Then you ordered me to sit on the rocking horse and give you my toes. This I also did, bewildered about what was to happen. From somewhere you produced a box containing little silver bells which you tied onto each of my toes.

You ordered me to look around and tell you what I saw. I was sitting on a big white horse and that was it. You wanted to know exactly what else I saw. I observed my body. I answered that you had put rings on my fingers and bells on my toes. Hadn't I gotten it yet? No. You sighed then you put my hands on a solid bar under the rocking horse neck; the bar extended to either side of the neck. You gave the horse a push

and the rocking motion began. Now did I get the nursery rhyme? I again answered no. Before you told me, you told me to hang on tight as if I was a jockey riding in the Derby with my bottom in the air as I'd seen many jockeys do as they spur their horses on. I had to hang on tight for the rocking horse was gathering speed, rocking back and forth. As this was going on, you started to recite the nursery rhyme.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross

To see a fine lady on a white horse.

Rings on her fingers bells on her toes,

She shall have music wherever she goes.

You ordered me to repeat it to you. I certainly remembered the rhyme but why? What was going to happen if I repeated it to you? "Keep repeating it," you said.

The next thing you jumped on the rocking horse behind me and put your hands on top of mine on that bar. I couldn't remove them as you had clamped down my hands. I felt your breath on my back and your nipples pressing through the fine silk of my nightdress. A hand was removed from mine and a finger entered in my backside with some sort of cream ointment on it which you were gently smearing inside me. It was so cool and nice but the properties of that cream were to arouse me.

You whispered sweet nothings in my ear, telling me what a fine lady I was. I was still repeating the nursery rhyme as you had ordered me to do. Where were we going? You told me to look in front of me. Suddenly there was a sign saying BANBURY CROSS AHEAD. It was like some surrealist dream I had entered and it became weirder.

You ordered me to start the rhyme again and I did “Ride a c...ock,” I stuttered for your own cock had entered my anus and slid all the way inside, no doubt aided by the cream you smeared inside it. “Ride a cock,” I started when you interrupted me.

“What?” you asked me.

“Horse,” I tried to say as your own cock was sliding back and forth inside my anus.

“That is right, Rosalind. You’re on the COCK horse and we are going to Banbury Cross. Who are we going to see?”

“To meet a fine la...dy.”

At that point you had pushed your cock in and out. You said that there was no finer lady than me and I was on the white horse. The COCK horse. You ordered me to recite the next line.

“Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.”

What did I have on? you asked me. I could clearly see what you put on me; rings on my fingers and silver bells on my toes. Then you told me to say the next line so you could say it with me..

“She shall have music wherever she goes.”

Couldn’t I hear the music? I certainly could for the rocking motion of the horse was making the little silver bells on my toes jingle and jangle constantly.

Both of your hands were free now. One had settled on my cock and was rubbing it. What with your own cock doing its business inside my anus I was in Seventh Heaven. My breasts had swollen which wasn’t surprising and I was digging my heels into the side of

the rocking horse as if I wanted to get to Banbury Cross as quick as I could. The entire situation seemed like some Dali painting.

“Come on, my beauty,” you said, “we have to get to that cross.” That cock kept pumping away faster and faster inside me as the horse rocked faster and faster. Whatever that cream you smeared inside me was, it gave me hallucinations of white horses racing to Banbury Cross and fine Ladies with big cocks who all seemed to have your face, Leona.

The sound of bells kept ringing in my ears louder and louder as my whole body was saturated in pleasure. We had to get to Banbury Cross. The white horse seemed to become real and there we were on a country road. In the far distance was a cross but the faster I made the horse go, the further away the cross seemed to be.

Everything was so weird. The sky above was in colours of pink, purple, and green I looked down at my cock. The erection was vivid mauve. My bottom hole felt so wide yet your cock seemed to fill it tightly.

“Remember you are on the cock horse, Rosalind,” you whispered, “and what do you get on a cock horse?”

“Cock!?” I replied.

“Yes and plenty of it for you are the fine lady on the white horse.”

What a cacophony of noise was ringing in my ears now from the pealing of bells. The bells seemed no longer attached to my toes but were ringing from some church steeple to announce that we were on our way to Banbury Cross. My breasts seemed to have a life of their own; their colour had changed to

green and were now bigger than I had ever seen them. There seemed to be a thousand lips wanting to kiss them. This was some some weird sexual fantasy I had wandered into. Cocks, breasts, lips. Where was it all going to end and Banbury Cross had not yet been reached. But did I want to get to Banbury Cross for maybe this hallucination would end and this fair lady on the white horse would not be satisfied.

You said, "I'm doing my best to give you all my of my cock, Rosalind. I hope it's big enough to satisfy you.

"Oh yes," I said, "and it seems to grow bigger and bigger but what happens when Banbury Cross is reached?"

"All good things must come to an end," you said, "but there is always tomorrow for you to get ridden again."

I supposed there was but I hoped this hallucination would never end. Then, abruptly, it did with my cock pouring forth a stream of Technicolor. Blue, purple, pink, green, and scarlet it erupted like some fountain. As it did, we passed the winning post with a horseshoe and 'Banbury Cross' on it. I passed out and the next thing I remembered was waking up in bed 24 hours later.

We must do that again for no jockey has ever ridden me so hard. As we departed, you said we may have new companions joining us next time for you are meeting someone in the coming week. I look forward to having fun with them on the cock horse.

Before you departed, you ordered me to write up a full report of our amorous activities and give it to you to keep. This I have done as ordered. I hope it is satisfactory.

Your Loving Sweetheart,

Rosalind

It had given Inspector George Bentley an idea. “Dean, call a meeting with the press. I have a statement to make on this case.

”But George, I have already had a talk with the press.”

”Yes and a right mess you made of that, Dean.”

No more was said but it is fait to say the relationship between George Bentley and Dean William was strained, to say the least. Later that night George phoned Josie, glad to speak to someone who was not hostile to him.

”I hope you’re not running loose with the beautiful women in Redmond City, George.” A giggle was heard down the phone line by George.

”Why would you think such a thing when you promised me all those kisses to come? I’ll hold you to that promise. This Inspector William is getting on my wick, Josie. I can tell you the sooner I’m out of here and back in your arms, the better.”

”Oh dear, as bad as that? I’m missing you as well. I guess you’ll just have to knuckle down and find this killer.”

George then detailed what he had read in the letter.

”Yes, I’ve heard of such things before. There seems to be a small group of people into that sort of thing. What interests me and no doubt you are is what was

said at the end of that letter from Rosalind. It could well be that the killer was whom Leona met.”

“I am putting out a statement to the press tomorrow inviting anyone who has known Leona to come forward. Whatever they say will be held in the strictest confidence. No names will be revealed.”

“That sounds sensible, George. I hope it leads to something but I’m a pessimist. I hope I’m wrong. Oh, before I forget, Fiona gets her implants on Wednesday. I’ll take her to the clinic. She may be there a few days. I’ll be visiting Mother soon, George. I want you to come with me. Not for her approval, just to meet her.”

“I will be more than delighted to meet your mother, Josie.”

Inspector George Bentley read all the other correspondence that had been sent to Leona Donaldson. It was mostly from other transgender persons and much of it ran along the same vein as Rosalind’s letter. What was important was that Rosalind’s was the last letter Leona received judging from the date stamped on the envelope. However there was no return address which really would have helped the case.

George made his statement to the press about anyone who knew Leona to come forward. There were two people who did as it turned out, both transgender. George interviewed them in private. What was revealed was that Leona was a very sexually active shemale which George already knew. Also mentioned was that they had both met Leona in private. It was a sort of vetting process to see if they were suitable for the parties that Leona held. If they passed, they would be invited to future ones which they ultimately were. Both admitted to being sexually

active among transgender people and were not ashamed of it. Whether they had taken precautions against HIV and AIDS, George never asked. He thought that Josie may well have as she had made sure Fiona carried condoms with her. Unfortunately, the information the two gave him got George Bentley no nearer to the serial killer.

Josephine Briggs drove Fiona Blackmore to the clinic. At the reception desk their names were checked out.

“Your rooms are numbers 220 and 221 on the second floor, Ms Briggs and Ms Blackmore.

“You’re not having implants as well, Josie, are you?”

“Shush, not a word to George. It is a surprise.”

“My lips are sealed. I’ll let him find out for himself.”

Both operations were successful and Fiona and Josephine were discharged after a couple of days. Janet visited Fiona during the time she was at the clinic, wanting to know everything about the op. Both the breast implant girls lived at Josephine’s flat for a few days. Then Fiona went back to her own flat accompanied by Janet who insisted she stay with Fiona for a few days. Her motive was to see these new breasts of her husband’s. She was extremely excited at the prospect.

Josephine had other things to do. At present she was carefully composing an advert for Fiona to put in Different Kind of Girls magazine.

Janet Blackmore was fussing all over her husband Fiona in the flat. “And how do you feel after the operation, Fiona. No after affects, I hope.”

“No, I am all right, Janet, thank you.”

“Good, good. Well, you just rest and I’ll make the dinner, darling.”

Janet was for an early dinner for she wanted to examine and handle Fiona’s breasts for her own pleasure. She was going to make sure her now-altered husband derived the greatest pleasure from them, not to mention hers. Her husband, she said to herself, was never going to be a he again. She would demand Fiona stay in that state and step further into womanhood and have the full sex change operation eventually. How exactly that was going to happen she had no idea at the moment but she was sure something would turn up to make it so.

After dinner Janet came straight out with it. “Well, Fiona, are you going to let your wife see your new breasts? There is no need to hide them is there?”

“Are you sure you want to see them, Janet? This is very embarrassing for me and it is only for my work. You do understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes I do but I still want to see them.”

“What are you doing, Janet?”

“What do you think I’m doing? I’m taking my knickers off for we are going to bed now. You will expose your breasts to me while I examine them. You’ve never had breasts before. I’m a woman so I have. I know what they should feel like. Let me check them to see if they’re OK.”

Janet had by now divested herself of all her clothes in the bedroom. Sitting on the bed, she beckoned Fiona with a finger to come closer. It was Janet now who was the aggressor. In no time she had zipped the dress off Fiona till all she stood in was her knickers and bra, a bra that had something real to fill it for the first time. The bra was unclipped and Janet could now sit and admire her husband's breasts.

“They are beautiful, Fiona, a lot better than many a woman's I have seen. These breasts need to be pampered and paid attention to and that is just what I intend to do. I appreciate them. Come here.”

Fiona found herself in bed beside her wife who was fondling them with affection. Fiona found the new additions to her body very sensitive. She was aroused and not just her member which was stiff; her nipples had expanded slightly, lengthened and hardened.

Janet noticed too. She must carry on as this was her chance to snare her newly feminized husband into womanly pleasures. Her hand caressed one breast and her tongue descended on the erect nipple. It was now being gently sucked. Fiona was writhing in pure ecstasy. Janet was not going to stop now that she had control of Fiona.

Janet was going to encourage her husband in these womanly pleasures. She would be made to realise that if her breasts were gone, the pleasure that came from them would disappear. When that was established, she could progress further in her plan to feminize her husband. Janet saw the erection of Fiona's member and realised there was no use in wasting that. She may as well take her own pleasure from that. It could be one of the last times it would be there!

To Janet there was a whole new world to explore for the two of them. Janet took hold of Fiona's appendage which quickly disappeared inside her. The pleasure Janet got from that was good but the pleasure she derived from her breasts and Fiona's breasts rubbing together as they fucked was fantastic.

The morning saw Janet awake to behold Fiona at her dressing table in her bra and knickers, making her face up. The temptation was too much for Janet; she slipped out of bed still naked and silently crept behind her husband.

Her fingers descended on the hook and eye at the back of Fiona's bra.

"Whatever are you doing, Janet?" asked Fiona, in surprise but also pleased at the same time, although she found it hard to admit to herself that she liked her wife fondling her new breasts, breasts that, as a man, she shouldn't have.

She didn't answer and by this time Janet had the bra off. Fiona's ample breasts were in her hands. Janet could see her reflection in the dressing table mirror, caressing Fiona's breasts with her fingers; she could also see Fiona's face contort in expressions of pleasure. Janet pressed her pussy against the naked back of her husband and for her own pleasure vigourously rubbed against it.

She whispered in Fiona's ear, "You just love that don't you? There's a lot more you'll get for you are my woman, aren't you, Fiona? You'll do as I say in the future. You do want to be a woman all the way, don't you?"

There was no answer from Fiona which was good news for Janet she had won a small victory. Fiona



didn't answer because she was confused in her own mind. She was a man, a policeman no less. She shouldn't be made-up, wearing a bra and, worst, having real breasts of her own to fill it. Yet she couldn't deny that this felt wonderful.

Inspector George Bentley had now returned from Redmond City C.I.D. and was at present in Josie's flat. "George, this is the ad I have composed for Fiona. Tell me what you think." Josie handed it over to George. This is what he read:

Box 793: Fiona, beautiful shemale looking for that someone who will share her delights in stockings. She has a large collection of stockings which you can help her try on. She takes great pleasure showing her stockings to a man who appreciates such feminine finery. He will be handsomely rewarded and she can accommodate overnight for the right man. It is stocking fun she is looking for. No time wasters. Hurry and phone. I am waiting in just my stockings for you.

"You certainly have emphasised stockings, Josie."

"Wasn't that what we agreed on? I've also taken the liberty of putting the ad on the internet."

"I'm not complaining. I just hope that pulls him out so that Leona was his last victim. Does Fiona have a large supply of stockings?"

"Of course she has, all types. I asked Jackie to help me with that. She is collector of stockings. You wouldn't believe all the types of ladies stockings. She even bought a pair of Queen Victoria's at an auction. She agreed to lend them to Fiona till this serial killer

is caught although I don't think the Queen Victoria pair will be worn."

"I just don't know what I would do without your help, Josie. I could just kiss you."

"You aren't going to do that again, are you?" Josie puckered her lips waiting for the expected kiss. George didn't disappoint and gave her a really passionate one which she returned just as passionately. "I think I'm beginning to enjoy this, George."

Fiona sat beside her phone. She had just received a call from a man inviting her to make a date for dinner. It was clear from the call that sex would be involved. Fiona pondered on her present lifestyle. She couldn't deny she had volunteered. A promotion had been dangled before her and this was the price she had to pay for it. At least that was how she rationalised her present situation. Then there was Janet who seemed to be acting all funny since she had put on a skirt. Then she had acted as if she wanted the breast implants to be permanent. That couldn't possibly be right, could it? No woman would want her husband to have a real bosom. Fiona couldn't deny, however, that her relationship with Janet certainly had taken a turn for the better since she put on a skirt for the first time. Perhaps this coming Saturday night would solve everything one way or the other. No matter, she was fairly certain that once again she would be having sex with a man.

Inspector George Bentley was informed of the phone conversation. "Thanks, Fiona. I will have a team over right away and to bug the flat. Cameras will be discreetly placed all round it. A number of officers including myself will be on duty nearby in a van

monitoring everything. If trouble starts, we will be there instantly.”

That was somewhat reassuring for Fiona Blackmore but she still may have to take care of herself and be prepared for whatever might transpire. Fiona had never felt so vulnerable before in her life. Did real women feel like this all the time? Did this just go with the territory, like the breasts?

During the week before her husband Fiona was to meet this man, Janet Blackmore had booked herself into the clinic for her liposuction. After it was performed, there was no doubt Janet felt much fitter, more like her old self. She now had the energy to get her husband to go the full limit and become a woman forever. That was what Janet Blackmore wanted more than anything else. Maybe that was what she had always wanted in their marriage and now the opportunity had been handed to her. She mustn't mess this up or that opportunity may be gone out of her life forever.

Just before the Saturday date, Janet arrived at her husband's flat to stay the night. From the first Janet could see Fiona was very nervous. Fiona told her the whole story

“I understand, dear. You are so brave and I support all you do. When this is all over, we can live our lives as two women in love can't we, Fiona?”

There she had said it, it was in the open now. Janet had picked the right moment for Fiona was probably at her most vulnerable and susceptible to this suggestion as she was very worried about the coming Saturday. Janet saw this and realised now was the time to press her point home. She ran a hand lovingly over Fiona's arm.

“What do you say to completely becoming a woman, *my* woman, darling?”

“I have given that a great deal of thought, Janet. I confess the idea is very appealing to me but I may never get that far for come Saturday, I may be dead.”

“Don’t say that, Fiona. I love you I want to spend the rest of our lives together as two women. Say you will have that operation. Promise me you will, my darling.”

Fiona nodded, still not entirely sure that that was what she wanted deep down. Janet had gotten her desire. The die was cast but would it ever be fulfilled?

Josephine Briggs sat before her mother. “Mother, George is a nice man and I love him.”

“I am sure he is, Josephine. You are a sensible girl and have made a success of your life, darling. I wouldn’t want to see you hurt in any way.”

“He will be here tomorrow for the weekend you know. He wants to meet you and get your approval for him. This case he is working on is taking up his time otherwise he would have come with me today.”

“Josephine it matters not whether I approve of him or not. It is you who will decide and that is all I want.”

“Mother, I love you. You have given me much support in difficult times. I don’t think I could have had a better parent.”

“Does George fully know about your condition, Josephine. You have just told me you now have breast implants. Have you told him about them yet?”

“No. I think George is not all that sure exactly what I am; transvestite, transsexual or a shemale, although I don’t like being called any of these names. In my mind, I am a woman and that is what I claim to be.”

“I see. Then I would advise that for your own happiness you tell him exactly what you are. If he is the man you have told me he is, he will except that and stand by you through thick and thin.”

“Yes Mother, you are correct, you always are. George has asked me to marry him.”

“Then I wish you well. Do you intend to have the full operation?”

“No. I will explain it to George and hope he accepts that. But I still want to marry George. We could easily go abroad and marry but I prefer to marry here. Maybe the law will change soon. However we could get a civil partnership till then.”

“Whatever it turns out to be, I will be there for you, darling for you are still my little girl.”

“Oh Mother...” The two women embraced in a touching moment for both.

Inspector George Bentley was driving his Hillman Sunbeam to meet his future mother-in-law, he supposed. Josie said her name was Vanessa. What kind of woman would she be? She was a widow of course for Josie said her father was long dead. She was certainly understanding for Josie said her mother was

supportive to her. There was no use worrying. He would meet her soon enough.

George pressed the bell push for the impressive looking 3rd floor flat in a well-off district. Josie answered and gave him a kiss. Now holding hands, she led him towards the living room.

“Mother, this is Inspector George Bentley of Barchester C I D.”

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Briggs” George held his hand out to shake. “Just call me Vanessa, George.”

Vanessa Briggs looked a kindly lady and it was easy to see where Josie’s good looks came from.

“Take a seat, George. After dinner you must tell me all about yourself for Josephine says you two are about to be married.”

“Yes Vanessa, you have a lovely daughter.”

“Well, I think so, George. You know she has prepared the meal, wouldn’t let me do anything. She told me she made your favourite meal, whatever that may be. It’s a surprise to me.” Vanessa Briggs laughed. “She is a bright girl, Josephine is.”

“Oh Mother, you’re giving me a showing-off,” giggled Josie. “You two seem to be getting along fine so I’ll get involved with the cooking. See you soon.” Josie left her mother and George chatting.

Over the weekend George got to know Vanessa Briggs very well and vice-versa. There was a mutual liking for each other. It was on Sunday when George took Josie for a drive to visit a well-known nearby beauty spot. Once they were alone Josephine asked George if he knew exactly what her condition was.

“To tell you the truth, Josie many thoughts have gone through my mind about whether you were a man wearing women’s clothes or have had the full operation. Why do you ask?”

“I have to tell you the full truth, George, it is only right. We are engaged and I wouldn’t want us to go any further without putting you in the picture. I had breast implants put in, the same time as Fiona. I do not intend to go any further down that line but I regard myself as a woman. So now you know, George. Whether you wish to continue our relationship or not is up to you. As far as I am concerned, my thoughts about us are the same as they always were.”

“You’re a very honest woman, Josie. I said a long time ago that I would marry you and I still will. You’re ten times more woman than Betty ever was. I’m asking you again. Josie, will you marry me?”

Tears filled Josephine Briggs’ eyes. “I don’t deserve you, George. I couldn’t have found a better and more understanding man. Between you and my mother, I’m a lucky woman.” Josephine took a lace-edged hanky out of her handbag and wiped the tears from her eyes.

“When can we marry, Josie? I can’t wait. Name the day now.”

“It’s not as easy as that. At the present moment we can’t marry in this country and I do so want to marry here with a white wedding and all that. However, we can have a civil partnership in the registry office till such time. I know it’s not the same but...”

“If that is your wish, that is what we shall do. You will still be my bride in white, registry office or not. What about that weekend in Blackpool for the girls

you planned? On the Thursday afternoon we will go to the Blackpool Registry Office and tie the knot.”

“George you are so romantic. Let’s spend our honeymoon in Blackpool!” finished Josephine Briggs.

“I’m going to kiss you again, Josie.”

“It’s usually me that says that, George. I’m not complaining, go ahead.” Both laughed.

They kissed. “Was that better than Betty, George?”

“Oh, only ten times. You have to try a lot harder. I’m afraid you need more practice.” George swept Josie into his arms for more practice.

The weekend came to an end. “You are a good man, George. Take good care of my daughter and I wish you both well in your relationship.”

“Thank you, Vanessa. Josephine is very precious. She is the only woman for me.”

The weekend over, George Bentley had to focus on the coming Saturday. Fiona Blackmore was putting her life on the line. Her flat was completely bugged and all tests showed the cameras would provide close-ups of what was anticipated to take place. As one would have expected, Fiona was very uptight that week. Eventually Saturday came. Fiona was to meet this man at the Red Rose restaurant. It was five stars, expensive, and one of the most exclusive in Barchester. Even before she met, he had made it clear he had a bit of money behind him to dine in such a place. She didn’t even know his name. She was instructed to pin a red rose on her dress which

seemed appropriate for a restaurant called the Red Rose.

George had called in Josephine for advice on the day of what sort of dress Fiona should wear. “George, from what you have told me about this man, I suggest Fiona wears a smart cocktail dress. Apart from Bea who was a pickup, the other three all dressed very smart. Bettina, Stella, and Leona all spent a lot of money on their clothes. I suggest I pick up a cocktail dress and come here before Fiona leaves, fit the dress and help her with her makeup.”

“Done, Josie, but I don’t want you anywhere near here later on Saturday night, sweetheart.”

Saturday afternoon, Josie had brought the dress and was fitting it on Fiona. It was a black sheath strapless and sleeveless cocktail dress made from organza and silk embellished with gorgeous beading all over the bodice.

“It fits you like a glove, Fiona. The miniskirt will show plenty of leg. That is what we want and I’ll make sure you have the right stockings on. You won’t need a bra for we want to show off your ample breasts as well. Next comes the black platform shoes with their 3-inch heels, the black clutch purse and short black fake fur shoulder cape. You’ll be done up to the nines,” finished Josie.

“Don’t you think it makes me look like a tart, Josie?” asked Fiona.

“The answer to that is yes. What you have to remember is that the four that the killer strangled were no ladies, not even Bea. It is a certain type of transgender person this killer is after. Any decent woman would never have that ad in the magazine in the first place or on the internet. What you have to re-

member, Fiona, is that you are playing the part of a woman of easy virtue tonight and that is what you will have to be." It was a part Fiona was not happy to play but she understood. The sooner this killer was caught, the better.

Fiona stood outside the Red Rose; she wasn't even sure she would be admitted to the restaurant. She looked like a cheap tart hawking for business although she wasn't annoying anybody. Such women were usually politely told to leave the restaurant if unaccompanied by a man.

She cautiously entered the restaurant, the red rose of recognition pinned to her short black fake fur shoulder cape. A deep man's voice said, "Over here, Fiona dear."

She turned and saw a suave-looking man in a black business suit. "Let me help get your cape off, my dear."

The man did, easing the cape off and placing it over the well-upholstered chair back. He then surveyed Fiona from top to the bottom of her black cocktail dress. "You look so pretty, my dear and a pleasant companion for later activities." The man snapped his fingers. "Wine waiter."

The waiter came quickly to the table. "Yes, sir?" he asked.

"A bottle of your finest white wine. Then we shall order." The wine waiter scurried away to bring the house wine. A waiter was now in attendance at the table with the menu.

"What do you wish to order, my dear?" her date asked Fiona after she was handed the menu "I don't really know. I'll take whatever you are having." Fiona

Blackmore's mind was on other things, this man in particular.

“Waiter, for starters we will have butternut squash and sage soup followed by maple and pepper glazed chicken. We will order the sweet when finished.”

The wine waiter was now at the table, pouring a glass of white wine for the man to taste. The elderly man took a sip from the glass. “Excellent wine. Leave the bottle.”

During the meal, Fiona's policeman's mind was keen to find out the name of this man and where he lived. “You know my name, sir. Don't you think it only right I should know yours?”

“All you need to know is that my name is Geoffrey but just call me Geoff. Other than that, there is nothing else you need know of any importance about me, Fiona.”

The man went into his trouser pocket, took his wallet out, counted a wad of notes, leant over the table and stuffed them between Fiona ample breasts. “If you were worried about your money, there it is.”

Fiona Blackmore went red with embarrassment. The ad had said nothing about money. He had placed it there in front of everybody, making it clear to all there just what she was or at least appeared to be. Fiona just wished for the meal to end so they could get out of here for she certainly wasn't enjoying this high class meal or the restaurant. Geoff was taking his time over the food, obviously not in any hurry to finish.

“Have you ever stayed at the Barchester Flamingo, Fiona dear?”

“No I haven’t, Geoff. Why?”

“Then you will taste the delights of a five-star hotel tonight.”

“I thought we were going back to my flat?”

“Not at all, Fiona. I want comfort when I have your body and admire you stockings. I probably would not in your dingy flat. You just lie back and enjoy yourself. End of story.”

Fiona Blackmore began to panic. Everything was beginning to go pear shape. “What about my collection of stockings, Geoff?”

“What you are wearing now is satisfactory for me, Fiona,” answered this man named Geoff.

Fiona had to think fast. The main course was nearing the end; she must make an excuse to go to the powder room. “Geoff, I have to make a visit to the little girl’s room,” she giggled. Fiona rose from her seat, clutch purse in hand. Once in the lobby, out of sight of Geoff, she took her cell phone out of the clutch purse and punched Inspector George Bentley’s private phone number.

George answered. “Yes?”

“Fiona here, Inspector. Everything is going wrong. This man is taking me back to his room in the Flamingo hotel. I can’t refuse otherwise he will smell a rat.” George Bentley didn’t answer right away. “Are you there, Inspector?”

“Yes, Fiona, I’m thinking. Have you got a name for this man?”

“All I know is that he is called Geoff. He is very secretive. Sorry I can’t give anything else.”

“Okay Fiona, delay this Geoff as much as possible. Make any excuse. Don’t worry, everything will be done for your safety. Bye.”

Fiona put her cell back in her purse. She didn’t really need the toilet but went to a stall to play for time. It was only when she came to make her face up in the powder room that she saw the notes stuffed in her bra. Fiona removed them and put them in her purse. She looked at her face in the mirror. It was a tart’s face. No wonder he treated her so cheaply but that had to be forgotten. This could be the serial killer she’d been looking for.

“Have you ordered the sweet, Geoff? I’ll have another glass of wine.”

“But of course, my dear. Whatever you say.” Geoff took the bottle from the ice bucket, poured a glass out and called the waiter over. “We will have the Morrello cherry flan with vanilla ice cream, waiter.”

Previously Fiona had wished to get quickly out of the restaurant but now she delayed as long as long as she thought possible. Geoff once again snapped his fingers; he was obviously a man who gave out orders and expected people to obey. “Waiter, bring the bill!”

It duly arrived. Geoff took a wad of notes out his wallet and left an ample tip for the waiter. “Order a cab for the lady and myself.” Geoff was informed when it arrived. “Are you ready, my dear?”

Fiona could not delay any longer. Geoff held her fake fur shoulder cape and eased it on to her. As they left the restaurant, the manager took a careful look at Fiona. He didn’t want her to ever come here again.

That was the least of Fiona's worries at that moment, as if she could afford that place on a policeman's salary anyway.

"Flamingo Hotel, driver," said Geoff. Once in the back seat of the cab, the polite gentleman act ended. His hands were all over Fiona, up her skirt and in her knickers.

"Stop it, Geoff!" she protested.

"Shut up, you BITCH! What do you think I'm paying for? You type of women like all this, DON'T YOU?"

Fiona Blackmore should not have expected anything else; she was playing the tart, wasn't she? *Christ*, she

thought, *I don't think I can go through all this again, even to catch a serial killer.* Then she realised that if this was the man she was looking for, she may not be alive for much longer for everything was going wrong. His hand retracted out of her knickers to slowly rub her stocking-covered knee and lingered there.

"Why do you like ladies stockings so much, Geoff?"

"IT'S NONE OF YOUR BLOODY BUSINESS, SLUT."

It was the first sign of anger in the man's voice. Fiona did not know whether to carry on with this line of questioning or ease off. For now she decided on the latter.

Fiona adjusted her dress as the cab stopped in front of the Flamingo Hotel. "Key for room 307," asked Geoff at the reception desk.

“Certainly, Mr. Silverton,” answered the receptionist and handed over the key.

Geoff led Fiona to the lift and into room 307 Fiona was brought. It was a very large luxury en suite room with a four-poster bed, a chaise longue, a sofa, television, and a fitted white deep pile carpet. “Let’s not waste any time, Fiona. Get your clothes off.”

“Why?” she asked, a ridiculous question under the circumstances.

“To fuck, stupid cow,” responded Geoff who was already stripping his clothes off. Fiona Blackmore had tried to postpone this as long as possible tonight. This situation was totally different from the first time that Rodney had shoved his penis up her arse. If she had to choose, she wished it was him with her now. At least he wasn’t a murderer.

Geoff Silverton watched Fiona strip her clothes off till she stood in just her bra knickers and stockings. “Come here, Fiona,” he beckoned with a finger. He quickly pulled her on to his naked lap. Fiona could feel his erect penis through her knickers. His hand was once again caressing her stocking leg.

“They are nice stockings, aren’t they? I wore them just for you. I see you like them. I’ve a lot more at home. Maybe you’d like to see them.”

“SHUT UP, SHUT UP. THAT’S ALL YOU SLUTS WEAR, FANCY STOCKINGS.”

Fiona didn’t expect this outburst but maybe she was getting to this man and why he was so obsessed with stockings.

Fiona hadn’t time to worry as he said, “Get your knickers off and lie on the bed face down.”

This she did and it wasn't long till his stiff penis was inside her anus, his hand in her bra feeling her tits. Then slowly at first she felt his member slid in and out of her nether regions. She didn't like this one bit but at least he couldn't see her face when he was in her back passage. Fiona heard his breathing as he gripped her tightly. The grip was strong so if there was any trouble it would be a struggle for her to survive. His hand had gone to her penis and he was stroking it. She was going to get an erection which was the last thing Fiona wanted.

"You perverts are all the same. You can't get enough. See, your cock is as hard as a brick. Don't worry, you'll get plenty of dick tonight," Geoff finished.

His movements became quicker inside her. The minutes passed and Fiona was getting well and truly fucked by this man. Fiona Blackmore's mind was on Inspector Bentley. He had told her not to worry but she did. Fortunately, so far this Geoff had only fucked her. Suddenly Fiona felt a tightening on her body by Geoff. A moan was followed by spurt after spurt as he discharged his love juices into her backside. All action ceased, then he pulled his limp prick out with a pop and turned his back on Fiona. She hoped that was it for the night as he fell asleep. Fiona dare not sleep for she considered him a dangerous man. She must remain alert till this was all over.

Around seven in the morning, Geoff stirred and woke up. His gaze immediately fell on Fiona.

"Come here you, shemale whore." He rolled on top of Fiona, his prick as hard as a rock. He entered her anus as he fingered her breasts. Geoff was like an animal, savagely possessing her body, thrusting deeply into her. Fiona put her arms round him, not as an act of love but ready to attack Geoff should anything

happen. After a while, he came again. "You wanted that, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU?"

From the way his menacing voice was shouting at her, to humour him Fiona weakly answered, "Yes."

"I knew it! You perverts are all the same. This world would be better without you lot." Then he calmed down after the outburst.

Fiona thought this would be a good opportunity to get away from this man for safety. "I'm going for a bath, Geoff." Fiona rose and stripped her bra and stockings off, closely observed by Geoff. She made for the bathroom and ran a hot steaming bath, relieved to be away from this man. She descended into the warm scented water and relaxed for the first time in hours. As Fiona was to discover, this was the wrong time to relax.

Inspector George Bentley had watched every minute since Fiona Blackmore had entered room 307 on the monitor screen in the van parked outside the Flamingo Hotel. The receptionist at the hotel was actually WPC Penny Bright. If Fiona hadn't been so distracted she would have recognised her companion from when they visited the Woman For A Night club. Fiona was too worried and nervous about her well being to notice.

As she and Geoff Silverton entered the elevator, Penny lifted the phone and talked to George Bentley. "They are on the way to room 307, sir."

"Good girl. Stay on hand. You may be needed later tonight."

George watched as Fiona left the bed and made her way to the bathroom. He was worried that that was the one place they hadn't time to rig up a camera. The

one that was concealed had a fuzzy picture and the sound wasn't the best it could be. "Can't you get the vision any clearer, Morris?"

"Sorry George, we hadn't much time. It's the best we could do under the circumstances."

George was stuck with it. All he could do watch intently. Fiona had disappeared into the bathroom. Geoff lay in bed for a while, then rose, walked to the door and locked it. He walked back, lifted a black seamed stocking of Fiona's and slowly ran it through his hand again and again. He took his time as if savouring the silky feel of the stocking between his hands. George watched as Geoff's penis became more erect with each stroke of the stocking. Then he tightened the stocking in his hands and walked into the bathroom, out of sight of George.

"Sergeant, let's make for room 307, pronto."

Fiona Blackmore closed her eyes as she relaxed. Through the rising steam from the bath a menacing figure emerged. It was a naked Geoff with a taut stocking in his hands. He quickly wrapped the stocking round Fiona's neck as she lay in the bath. It was only then as she felt the tightening stocking on her throat that her eyes opened to see Geoff above her, his terrorising gaze focused on her naked body. She was choking, spluttering, and screaming as she tried to push him away. Her strength, reduced from the months of female hormone treatments, was not enough to ward him off as Fiona splashed helplessly in the scented water.

Sergeant Twentyman and his four constables were outside room 307. The door was locked. "Batter it open, Sergeant," commanded George Bentley as screams were heard from inside. It didn't take long

for the sergeant and the four sturdy constables to burst the door down and enter the bathroom.

Geoff was constricting the stocking round an unconscious Fiona's throat as they entered the bathroom. Sergeant Twentyman soon overpowered Geoff and had the cuffs on him. Meantime George and WPC Penny Bright pulled Fiona out of the bath to lay her on the bed. An ambulance was soon on the way.

EXPLANATIONS AND CONSEQUENCES

"We got a result, George."

"We, sir?" said George Bentley as he looked at Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman O.B.E.

"Well...I mean you, George. Very commendable. Well done indeed. I shall shortly be leaving Barchester C.I.D. The Assistant Chief Constable is promoting me."

"I am so sorry to hear that, sir. You will be missed. As you know, sir, many members of the police force in Barchester were involved in the Silk Stockings Murders and P.C. David Blackmore in particular. I am commending him, well, her for promotion."

"Certainly, George but you mean him, yes? I do know he was in woman's clothes for this case."

"No sir, I mean her. David Blackmore is now Fiona Blackmore and will shortly be having the sex change operation. I have had a talk with Fiona and she was all for leaving the force because she wants to live as a woman and didn't think we would have her. I persuaded her to stay and go on plain clothes as a Detective, Inspector Blackmore. She deserves promotion and is dedicated to the job."

“I see. Does his wife approve of this sex change thing?”

“Definitely. She is all for it and I believe she played a large part in this decision of Fiona’s.”

“Then although I don’t understand all this, I will not stand in her way. We have a number of excellent women police officers here. I wish her well. George, you and I have not exactly seen eye-to-eye over the years. To say the least, you are an awkward man at the best of times. Nevertheless I know a good officer when I see one and I shall recommend you for promotion as well to Detective Chief Inspector.”

“Thank you, sir. I will consider it your wedding present to me.”

“Then you are to marry, George. Who is the lucky lady?”

“Ms Josephine Briggs, sir. she was of great assistance to me during the Silk Stockings Murders case.”

“Is that not the man who was in charge of the Lady For A Night club?”

“Well, in a manner of speaking, Sir. Yes, she runs that meeting place for transgender people.”

Donald Bradman shook his head. Men becoming women! A police officer marrying on of them! This was definitely not the world he had grown up in. As difficult as it was for him to admit, even to himself, he had met this “Josephine” and had thought she made a fine looking woman. What did that say about him? He put that thought aside to get back to business. “Speaking of transgender people, I take it you have read the psychiatrist’s report on the serial killer, George.”

“Every word, sir. I knew his name was not Geoff Silverton as soon as we came to the Flamingo Hotel. The only Geoffrey on the register was in room 307. I immediately told HQ to run a data check on the name and address on the hotel register no one by that name was registered to that address anywhere in the UK. On checking in the clothes he had put in the closet, I came across his real name, address and business. His first name is Geoffrey but the surname is Bingham. He is an antique dealer. The psychiatrist’s report and polygraph detector revealed an interesting story as you well know, sir.”

This is what Inspector George Bentley had read”

As a child of seven, Geoffrey’s mother caught him one day wearing a pair of her stockings for which she severely spanked him. Afterwards she told him he was a pervert wearing women’s stockings and persons of the male sex should be ashamed of such activities. He must never, ever do it again under the threat of her disowning her son. She said that these sort of people should be locked away, never to see the light of day.

This severe warning by his mother preyed on Geoffrey Bingham’s mind for most of his life. The idea of men wearing woman’s stockings was bad. He had a fascination for stockings and men wearing them, but he couldn’t wear them as forbidden by his mother. He could, however, have sex with them. His mother had said nothing about that. For their sin of wearing women’s stockings, these men must die. He would be the executer for after all, hadn’t Mother said they must never see the light of day? What better way to ensure that than for them to die?

“I’m going to be promoted, Josie.”

“That’s wonderful, George. So maybe Old Blood And Guts isn’t all that bad at all.”

“I suppose so. Anyway, I won’t be seeing much more of him. He has been promoted as well to another division. Fiona Blackmore has started work as a Police Woman.”

“Everything is coming up roses, George.”

“And we are marrying tomorrow, Josie. The house is all sorted and we have a joint bank account. What could be better?”

“You’re not going to kiss me again, are you?”

“Of course I am, Josie. You know that but tomorrow night I may do more than kissing.”

“Will you, George? I’m just a poor innocent maiden. Be gentle with me,” she giggled.

The confetti was scattered outside the Blackpool Registry Office as George and Josephine came out. While Josie may not have been wearing a white bridal gown, she was wearing a white dress and jacket and a shoulder-length veil George had on a black suit and bow tie and both had carnations pinned to suits. Both posed for photos as George lifted Josie veil and kissed her.

The bridal party now headed for a nearby restaurant where tables had been booked for the meal. Among the invited guests were Josephine mother Vanessa and Rita the vice-chairperson of the Woman

For A Night club. She had acted as a sort of bridesmaid at the Civil Ceremony of Josephine and George with her wife. Sergeant Twentyman was George's best man. Benny looked very different out of his police uniform.

He rose. "Let us all drink to the happy couple and wish them well and many years together. George, you couldn't have met a nicer woman. She is a real beauty."

"Thanks Benny. Yes, Josie is a very pretty woman and I am so lucky to have met her under these unfortunate circumstances. That was the one good thing that came out of the Silk Stockings Murders."

There were drinks all round to the happy couple, then came a large fruit and marzipan iced cake with their names etched on top. It was cut with a knife held by George and Josephine to cheers from all. A three-course meal followed, then it was time for celebrations to end as George and Josephine were to spend their first night together as a couple.

This being Thursday and the start of the weekend for the girls of the Woman For A Night club, not many had arrived at the Central Promenade Hotel. The majority would be there by Friday. However there were enough to cheer George and Josephine and throw more confetti and rice on them as they stepped out the taxi to enter the hotel.

"What a day it has been, George. I am so happy" exclaimed Josephine as they entered their bedroom.

"Josie, if you are happy, so am I. This is the moment I have waited for ever since that day we met at your flat. Do you remember it?"

“I certainly do! I rather flaunted myself before you for I wanted you straight away. No other man had impressed me as much as you. I have gotten my wish at last. You were a gentleman you never took advantage of me. You could easily have done that, even that night in London.”

“Come here, darling. I’m afraid that now that you are wearing my ring, the gentleman side of me is gone.”

“Is it? I suppose that is what I get for being Miss Goody Two Shoes for so long?”

“You did give my little Dickey a treat once so you weren’t always little Miss Goody Two Shoes.”

“So I did. Tonight it’s going to get more than a treat and you can kiss me as much as you like.”

“I’ll do more than that, sweetheart. As I’ve long dreamt, your naked body will be held close to me.”

Josephine said not a word as she heard the zipper of her white dress being pulled down at her back. George eased it off Josephine’s shoulders. There she stood before him in just her bra, panties, and white hold-up stockings that descended into her white heels. She said not a word as this man she loved now put a hand behind her back, unclipped the hook and eye attachment of her brassiere and eased it off her shoulder.

George Bentley stood in front of Josephine, the shoulder straps of her white brassiere still in his hand. “They’re magnificent Josie,” he said as he observed her breasts.

“Are they, George?” she replied in a soft loving voice for her man. No objections were made as

George put a hand on one. Josephine had always wanted breasts; when George came on the scene it only accelerated that desire. They were for him and only for him Josephine lovingly watched as her man handled her breasts, then kissed each one. She held him to them and kissed his forehead lovingly. Yes, she had enticed her man as any woman does. He had wooed her, courted her, chased after her, Now that he had caught her, there was no need to run anymore. She was happy.

Morning saw a naked George admire the equally naked body of Josephine. Josie opened her eyes. "What are you looking at, George?"

"Just how beautiful you are, Josie,"

Josephine Briggs blushed. "You are a romantic, George. I've always said you were."

"Come here, my darling."

"What are you going to do?"

"Same as we did last night in this bed, Josie"

"I suppose one can get used to that many, many times," Josephine giggled.

Both George and Josie disappeared under the bed sheets to laughter and giggles. Let us leave the happy pair to live together as a couple.

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