

# Lady Stocking Lover



# Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# LADY STOCKING LOVER

By Blind Ruth

## THE DANGER OF LADIES STOCKINGS

The couple in the back of the taxi were kissing passionately. She felt a hand slowly going up her stockinged leg and dwelling on her knee, not going any further, not even into her knickers which in her present aroused state was what she desired. She had unzipped his fly and had her hand on his erection, rubbing it, but even that had not encouraged his hand to explore higher.

“Err, don’t you want to feel my delights?” said she in a Cockney accent.

“SHUT UP, YOU BITCH!” the reply came from the dark-haired man.

“Alright, keep your hair on, you some-kind-of queer.”

This would not have been the first time Bea, or Beatrice to give her full name, had been picked up in the club she frequented every Wednesday. *This is a funny one*, she thought and wished she had not consented to come back to the dingy hotel she used every Wednesday. She blamed it on the red wine he had plied her with. A glass of red wine was good for the heart so they say, but Bea had had a lot more than one. He had been all sweet talk then and she was taken to him, but on reflection, wasn't she to every man who chatted her up? It was always the next one who was the man for her.

"We're here," she said, "be as quiet as a mouse for we don't want to disturb the receptionist."

Bea was glad she wore her black glossy plastic raincoat for it was coming down cats and dogs. The distance between the taxi and the front door was short but even so Bea could have got soaked through; she quickly fumbled in her handbag for the front door key. Upon opening the door, she spotted the receptionist dozing in his chair. Bea put her finger to her lip and signalled for her man friend to follow her. This he did as she crept up the stairs to her room. Soon the door was opened and the couple entered the darkened room. A light was switched on and a bed was seen along with a dressing table, a grubby carpet, and that was about it in the room.

"You want to help me take my clothes off?" Bea suggested to the man.

After a short pause, the man answered, "No."

*Please yourself*, thought Bea, *does this man want to fuck me or not? Why has he come here?* Bea started to take her clothes off while the man sat on the bed watching. "Well mister, aren't you taking your pants off?"

The only reply Bea got out of him was another “SHUT UP!”

Bea carried on stripping down, then suddenly he spoke again. “Don’t take your bra and stockings off!”

*He is one of those, thought Bea, likes to do it with stockings on.* By this time the man had begun to take his own clothes off.

“On the bed, hands and knees!”

A *doggie man*, thought Bea. It wouldn’t be the first time she had had a prick up her behind. She couldn’t see him but she sure felt his erect member enter inside her. He seemed to be taking his time. She had no objections to that. Again a hand had descended on her stockinged leg, feeling, feeling it, lingering there. It was nice; if anything she was sure his erection had become stiffer, harder, inside her. It was the stockings, Bea was sure of it. This man had a fetish for women’s stockings. She was not complaining as his cock hardened inside her.

His climax was mounting, Bea knew and a little moan of ecstasy escaped from her lips. “Give it all to me!” said she.

“Slut,” replied he as he released a copious amount of semen into the receptacle of her anus. He eased his limp penis out from Bea and pushed her away as if he never wanted to know her. Bea lay still, trying to figure out what kind of man had picked her up tonight.

Both participants of the sex act, for it could never be called love, fell asleep.

Early that morning, Bea woke, made a cup of tea with the kettle, tea bags and cups supplied by the hotel. “Want a cuppa?” she asked, shaking her sleeping male companion.

“No!” snapped he.

“No need to get shirty. I’m just trying to be friendly.” Bea poured herself out a cup and sat, sipping it. “Err, you’ll have to sneak out soon before someone sees you otherwise there’ll be all hell to pay,” she said, addressing the man in the bed. All she got in return was a grunt. *Oh well, please yourself*, thought she.

Bea now started to dress herself, the man in the bed watching her. Bea still had her beige stockings on from last night. “Stop!” boomed his voice. Bea had just pulled her white cotton knickers up to her thighs. She turned round to see him sitting on a chair near the bed, naked. “Come here!” he beckoned with a finger, Bea looked down at his dick which had become erect once more. She smiled, maybe she was going to get fucked before breakfast.

Bea took a step nearer him. “Give me your leg here,” said he. She did, putting it in his lap. His hands once more started to stroke her leg, travelling up and down, feeling the stocking.

“You like women’s stockings, don’t you? Take your time and have your fill of me and my stockings.”

The man needed no encouragement for his hand had already gone to the top of one and was undoing the suspenders, holding it. She watched, fascinated, as he began to roll the stocking down her leg and ease it off. He stood up from the chair, stocking still in his hand, slowly with one hand pulling the full length of it through the other.

“Come here!” again. This time she stepped towards him. The stocking was taken to the back of her neck. Bea glanced at his stiff cock; she put a hand on it, rubbed it. Bea being so intent on what she was doing never noticed the man had crossed the two ends of the stocking round both sides of her neck over each and was now tightening the stocking at her neck. It was too late when she did notice and struggle as she

might, she was no match for his strength. She quickly slumped to the floor, dead. The man calmly started to dress himself. When dressed, he walked pass the body lying there on the floor and uttered, "PERVERT!" He now made for the staircase fire exit and left the building, unseen.

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"Go over that again, Constable."

"Yes, Inspector." He opened his notebook once more and read. "At 11:32 this morning I received a call on my radio from Control Centre to proceed to the Swan Hotel on Portman Street as a body had been reported in a room. At the time I was in a patrol car on Langston Road with Constable Berryman. At the time of arrival, Mrs. Grace Patterson, the owner of the hotel, met both Constable Berryman and I at the reception desk. She proceeded to take me and Constable Berryman to the first floor room where a body lay on the floor. I asked her who had reported the body and was told it was the cleaning maid. I asked at what time the body was found. About 11:17, she told me. No one else had been in the room since then before myself and Constable Berryman after the body was reported. I inspected the body but touched nothing. A stocking was around the victim's neck. The only clothes on body were woman's under-clothes."

Constable Blackmore shut his notebook. "And that's it, Inspector."

"I see. No one else has been in this room since you and Constable Berryman entered?"

"No, Inspector."

"Fetch the cleaning maid and I want a word with the owner."

After Constable Blackmore left, Inspector George Bentley looked in one of the room's cupboards and found a case. Upon opening it, he saw men's clothes: trousers, jacket, and shoes. This did not surprise him in; even before he came on the scene of the crime he rather suspected something like this.

By this time, Constable Blackmore had returned with Mrs. Patterson. Bentley looked at the small plump woman, with her face heavily made-up.

"Mrs. Patterson, can you tell me anything about this person?" "Sure can, Officer. He was one of my regulars. Came here every Wednesday and changed into his women's clothes, then went to the club."

"Then you know his name?"

"No, I never ask those questions. As long as they pay me, I don't poke my nose in so long that they behave themselves. I always get the money before I give them a room. I only knew him as Bea, well, Beatrice, but everybody called her Bea."

"What is this club, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Oh, you do surprise me, Officer. I thought you people kept your eyes on these places. If you must know, it's the Women For A Night club. Been there myself. It's a gay bar up town but Wednesday night is for trannies, transsexuals, you know men dressed in women's clothes and that sort of thing. She used to go there regular, even had a boyfriend there."

"Do you know the name of this person, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Let me think. Dave something or other. Cuth... Cuthbert! Yes that's it, Cuthbert. Big man, you don't want to get on the wrong side of him."

"You know where this man lives, Mrs. Patterson?"

"No idea, Inspector."

“Never mind, we’ll find him. What time last night did he come back from the club, Mrs. Patterson?”

“Now that is a mystery. For guests are not permitted. If she brought another man with her, she should never have been admitted. You would need to see the night receptionist. He is for the high jump when I see him. He should have been awake and not let them in. Of course all residents have keys for the front doors for it is locked at midnight.”

“I see. Mrs. Patterson, I need the address of the night receptionist for we need to interview him right away. I thank you, Mrs. Patterson, for all your assistance.”

“When you see him, tell him to come to my office before he goes on duty I want to know why Bea came in here unobserved last night.”

*And so do I*, was the thought of Inspector George Bentley.

The cleaning maid was interviewed but could not add anything that Inspector Bentley did not already know. By this time Forensics had arrived.

“Looks like another one, George”

“Yes Harry, third in as many months. When can I get your report, Doc?”

“Come along to the lab tomorrow morning. George will check for fingerprints but something tells me there won’t be any. It’s always the stockings with them, isn’t it? Nothing shows on them.”

“Them, Harry? Not too sure about that. I’m almost certain this is one person, probably a man. A serial killer we have here.”

“You could be right there, one that has a preference for men who dress in woman’s clothes and stockings for a strange reason, I’d say.”

“One of the victims was a man who had the sex change operation so you could say he was a woman. Well, at least she had a birth certificate to say so.”

“Right, George. That was the prostitute with the silk stockings, yes? When the press got hold of that story, this whole thing officially became labelled The Silk Stockings Murders. The next victim wore pantyhose and this one had on a pair of ordinary stockings but they will still be called Silk Stockings Murders. By the way George, when do you intend letting the papers know about this one?”

“Not yet, Harry. I’ve a few people to interview and I want to read your report before the press get their hands on this murder.”

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Inspector George Bentley left the Swan Hotel for the Women For A Night club. When he arrived at the address he had been given, he found it was a public house called Picasso Bar. Upon his asking to see the proprietor, a large man with a beard appeared.

“Yes?” he said with a hostile voice.

“I’m Inspector George Bentley,” the veteran cop said, showing his police badge and ID card. The attitude of the man with the beard changed. “I’m making a murder enquiry. What is your name, Sir?” asked Inspector Bentley.

“Whose murder?” asked the bearded man.

“Your name?” the Inspector persisted.

“Harold Benson,” replied the bearded man. He saw the police officer was standing no nonsense from him.

“Thank you, Sir. I’d like some information about the Women For A Night club. What can you tell me?”

“Not a lot, Inspector. They only meet on Wednesday nights from about six to midnight. I hire the upstairs floor out to them along with the six bedrooms up there. What they do is no business of mine as long as they don’t get me in trouble. But you really want to see Joe, or Josephine as he calls himself when he puts the posh frocks on. You see, Josephine is their so-called President. She knows everything there is to know about Women For A Night. She pays me once a month for the hire of the rooms; apart from her I know nothing about any of them.

Wednesday is a quiet night here normally but when Josephine came up with this proposition to run a club for trannies, business boomed. God knows where they all came from. Not from this town, I can tell you.”

“You got the address of Josephine, Mr. Benson?”

“Yeah, I got her address. Wouldn’t do business with anyone without their address. She is not concerned who knows she dresses as a woman. Josephine is a bit of a stunner when she’s in a skirt, not like some of the trannies who go there. You may not get her in at this time of day though, Inspector. She will be at work.”

“Would that be in a skirt, Mr. Benson?”

Harold Benson laughed. “Hardly, Inspector. Joe works in a bank. They all know about Josephine. If Josephine thought she could go to work dressed in a skirt, she would be dressed full-time, that I can tell you.”

Having acquired the address, Inspector Bentley was now in front of the block of flats Mr. Briggs lived at. George Bentley made his way up the stairs to the

third floor. 'Briggs' the name plate said. He pressed the bell button. Nothing. A woman coming towards him said, "You won't get that queer in at this time of day. He'll be at work. Dresses in woman's clothes he does. Shouldn't be allowed, that," and passed on her way.

Later that night, Inspector George Bentley was once again standing in front of the name plate that said Briggs. This time after pressing it, the bell was answered by a rather attractive woman. "Yes?" she said in a husky voice which sort of distracted George Bentley.

"Ma'am, I'm Inspector George Bentley," he said, showing his police badge and ID. "Could I see Joe Briggs please?"

"Do come in, Inspector, and take a seat."

Inspector Bentley was led into a nicely furnished flat and offered a seat on the couch. The woman wearing a plain blue nylon dress sat opposite him in a plush well-upholstered chair. She crossed her legs, exposing a nice pair of honey-coloured stockinged legs that descended into a pair of black pumps.

"You say you want to see Joe Briggs, Inspector? Well, here I am. What can I do to help you?"

"You are the Josephine that is President of The Women For A Night club?"

"Yes, that is what they call me, President, but you can call me Josephine, Inspector. So much better than Joe or Ma'am, *isn't it?*" The last two words were delivered in a sexy woman's voice. Inspector George Bentley felt rather embarrassed and uncomfortable in the presence of this woman, er man, he corrected himself.

"Yes Josephine, I wonder if you could help me in enquiries."



“George, I would help you with *anything*. Just say the word.”

There was that sexy voice again. Josephine had transferred herself on to the couch and was now sitting beside the Inspector. Inspector George Bentley was getting hot under the collar with this woman so near him. No, this was a man, a MAN, he had to remind himself.

“Well, err, Josephine it’s about the club and last night.” He stopped. He could smell her, *his* perfume. Intoxicating it was. “What can you tell me about Beatrice, Josephine?”

“What do you want to know, Inspector? Do you fancy her?”

“No, no, Josephine, Beatrice. I’m sorry to tell you he/she was murdered. You see this is a murder enquiry.”

“Not another one! I’m so sorry to hear that. I will help you all I can, George. Where do you want to start?”

“Tell me everything you know about Beatrice and last night, Josephine, anything, however small.”

“To be honest, as far as last night is concerned, I was too busy organising the makeup demo to have noticed Bea. What I do know is that her boyfriend wasn’t there last night. Bea is an easy pick up when he is not there. But when Dave Cuthbert is around, she doesn’t look at another man.”

“Why would that be, Josephine?” “

A very jealous man Dave is, George. It wouldn’t be the first time he hit her if she so much as glanced another man.”

“But he was only a man dressed in a woman’s clothes, Josephine.”

“You don’t know the half of it, George. I could tell you some unbelievable tales about men chasing men dressed as women. I have seen men fighting after the same transvestite for her love. Two trannies fighting for the same man. Biting, scratching like women they were.”

“Would you have the address of this Dave Cuthbert, Josephine?”

“Yes, I have the address of all members including Bea. But some don’t want our magazine sent to them, especially if they are married. But that is no problem as far as Bea is concerned for she and a couple of other trannies rent a flat where they keep all their woman’s outfits so no wives ever know of their life in women’s skirts.”

“You have been most helpful, Josephine. If you give me the address of Dave Cuthbert, I will bother you no more.”

“You’re not *bothering* me at all, George. I was hoping you would stay a little longer so maybe we could get to *know* each other better,” Josephine said, moving closer to Inspector George Bentley as their thighs touched.

“Well, err, I must go, Josephine. I have police business to attend to,” said Inspector Bentley red-faced and embarrassed at the bodily contact with this...feminine man.

“Oh dear. George, please come up and see me again sometime when you are free. I’ll be waiting for you,” said Josephine in that sultry sexy voice.

George Bentley reflected as he drove back to his lonely bachelor flat that that was one hell of a woman. Man. Damn, what was he thinking? He was taking a fancy to her, No, he couldn’t be. He wasn’t that kind of a man. He wasn’t gay, But he had never

seen any woman like Josephine before, not even Betty. There he went again; she wasn't a woman. She was a man. No, *he* was a man. Then the thought hit him; he must go and see this Dave Cuthbert right then and there. It couldn't wait till the morning. If the press got a sniff of this murder, they would be on his doorstep.

"Yeah, what you want?" said the man opening the door of a house in the suburbs of Barchester Town.

"Are you Dave Cuthbert?" asked Inspector Bentley.

"Yes. What of it?"

George held his police badge and I D card once more. He asked if he could come in. With a grunt, Dave Cuthbert told the Inspector to follow him. George Bentley took note of the man's rough face and that he had a long scar on his right cheek.

"Do you know Beatrice who goes to The Woman For A Night club, Mr. Cuthbert?"

"Sure, Bea is my girlfriend," smiled the man. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Cuthbert, she died this morning."

The expression of the man's face fell. "No, no, she can't be! I loved that woman. How?"

"That has yet to be determined, Mr. Cuthbert. I want to know your whereabouts last night everything for this is an official murder enquiry."

"I had a fight on, Inspector, down in Sheffield. You can ask Vinnie, that's my manager. It was title contender eliminator, see?"

"Fight, Mr. Cuthbert?" queried George Bentley.

“Yeah, I’m a boxer, heavyweight. I won so now I’ll get a shot at the British title. Boom Boom Cuthbert they call me. I’ve got twenty-six knockouts out of thirty-four fights. Not bad, eh?”

“I see. So this Vinnie will confirm you were nowhere near The Woman For A Night club last night then, Mr. Cuthbert?”

“Sure will, Officer. Vinnie says I could go all the way and get a crack at the World title.”

*Oh my God!* thought George Bentley, what have we got here? *A boxer, of all people, going with a man dressed in women’s clothes, fucking this Bea.* Bentley didn’t think they would be holding hands. But that was none of his business. He had a murder to solve and not just one for this very much looked like the work of a serial killer. What was he thinking? The picture of Josephine in his mind kept returning. He certainly wasn’t gay so why should Dave Cuthbert automatically be?

“I’ll need the address of Vinnie, Mr. Cuthbert, to confirm what you have told me.”

“No problem. Here is his card. He’ll tell you I was nowhere near The Woman For A Night club last night. But you will find the bastard who killed my woman, Officer, yes?”

“We’ll try our best, Sir. You have been most helpful.”

George thought he saw a tear in the eye of Dave Cuthbert. Could it be this bear of a man really loved a man dressed in women’s clothes? It’s a funny old world. What was it Josephine said about not knowing the half of it? Maybe he didn’t. The beautiful face of Josephine kept coming into his mind. Man? Woman? What was she? He was confused. Later that night he was to dream of Josephine. Funny that, he had never

dreamt of any woman before, not even Betty and he was engaged to her before they broke it off. He even had an erection thinking of her, err *him*. He wasn't gay, he kept repeating to himself. Forget her/him, there was a case to solve. Get involved with it and he would soon forget about Josephine, right? Right?

The following morning, George Bentley was in the police lab talking with Harry the forensic expert.

"It was just as I thought, George. He been dead around five hours when the body was discovered. Strangulation was the cause of death. There had been some sexual activity as traces of male semen were in his anus. Not more than that can I can tell you. Have you got a name for him, George?"

"Yes, it was in that case I found in the room's cupboard. It was inside his jacket pocket in a wallet. I got the name and address. Married by the looks of it. He was James Pollok and lived in London."

"Whatever was he doing here on a Wednesday night such a long way from home?"

"Some sort of commercial traveller at a guess. There were some business cards in the jacket pockets. I will check on the address. First thing I will need to do is inform whoever lives at the home address. I'm going to have to take a journey up to London before the newshounds get a sniff of this."

"Old Blood And Guts upstairs is hot on expenses, George and you're going out of his patch."

"I know but the Super will want this case solved. It's three to date and counting."

"I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, George. Still you're right, a serial killer is on the loose."

Inspector George Bentley left the lab and went to his office. He had a call to make. "Hello, can I talk to Mr. Vinnie Thomson."

The woman's voice at the other end of the line answered, "Sure. Call for you, Vinnie."

"Who is this? Vinnie Thomson here."

George explained who he was. "Mr. Thomson can you confirm of the whereabouts of Dave Cuthbert last night?"

"No problem, Officer. Boom Boom was fighting for a heavyweight eliminator. I tell you that boy will go far. World champ some day, I shouldn't wonder. But if you want proof of his whereabouts, 20,000 fans will vouch for him being in Sheffield last night. Who got murdered?"

"His girlfriend, a man dressed in women's clothes."

George hung up. At the other end of the line, Vinnie's jaw dropped. *Christ, he thought if the press gets wind of this. Boom Boom going around with one of these queers dressed in woman's clothes! It could ruin Boom Boom's chance for a crack at the World title.*

George punched out numbers on the phone once more. "Hello," he said as the operator answered

"Welcome Banks here."

"I would like to speak to Mr. Joseph Briggs."

"I'm afraid Mr. Briggs, the head of our Foreign Exchange Money Department is in conference and cannot be disturbed."

"This is an urgent police inquiry so if you would be so kind to tell him that Inspector George Bentley is on the line."

"Very well, Inspector. Please hold the line."

Some classical music came over the phone line, some sort of Mozart symphony or something like that. After a short delay, a voice answered. "Hello George, you'll need to stop calling me like this."

The voice was not the sexy husky female voice of Josephine he had expected. This was a male voice. "Is this Joseph Briggs?" he queried.

"No, it's his sister Josephine," followed by male-sounding laugh. "What can I do for you, George?"

"A couple of things, Mr. Briggs. First of all, I'm going to visit the home of Bea. From what I can see she is married. How do you think I should handle the breaking of the news Joseph?"

"Do call me Josephine, George, I don't like my male name. I'm glad you called me for we must give all the help we can to the police department. You really are a good detective, George for even I didn't know Bea's real name. If he has a wife, handle it with kid gloves for chances are she knows nothing of his second life as a woman. Using a flat with two others suggests he has a wife who knows nothing. What was the other thing, George?"

"I will need to come to your club next Wednesday and talk with your members about this murder to see if anyone can throw light on the matter."

"Do not advertise the fact, otherwise no one will turn up. If you are bringing other constables, please make sure they come in plain clothes. I will help you all I can for we want this murderer caught. All transgenders are in danger while this person is on the loose."

"Thank you, Josephine, for all your help and co-operation." After a pause, George asked, "Can I pick you up at your flat that night, Josephine?"

“Of course you can, George. I’ll slip into a real sexy outfit just for you. You’ll like it.”

George Bentley pondered why he said he would pick her up. He could have met her at the club. Was he becoming involved with her beyond just his work?

Inspector George Bentley was now in the radio control room, Sergeant Twentyman in charge. “Benny, can you get Constable Blackmore here? I am going to the address of the latest victim in the Silk Stocking Murders” as the press have labelled them.”

“Will do, George. At present he and Constable Berryman are enquiring about some burglaries in the East House estate. Penny, put out a call for Constable Blackmore to report to the station immediately.” A pretty WPC nodded her head with a headset on it and put out the call for the Constable.

“What do you make of these, George? The Man upstairs doesn’t like serial murders on his patch even if the victims are just a bunch of queers dressed in frocks.”

“Don’t know yet but you could get a rocket calling the victims a bunch of queers in the wrong place. Walls have ears. Some of them are nice people and very helpful in our enquiries.” George Bentley was thinking of Josephine.

“Yes, maybe I should watch what I’m saying. David Blackmore looks to me as if he will go far in the force. He’s a go ahead cop and very observant.”

“How long has he been on the force?”

“Must be coming up on two years now, George.”

Inspector George Bentley was now two hours on the road to London in his Hillman Sunbeam, David Blackmore in the passenger seat. “How are you enjoying the force, Constable?”

“I like it, Sir. I always wanted to be a policeman when I was a little boy.”

“What are your ambitions, David?”

“To be a detective like yourself, Sir.”

“A worthy ambition, David. Have you ever interviewed a murder victim’s wife? I think she is his wife, could be a woman he lives with for all we know. I guess we’re about to find out.”

“No Sir. I will be most interested to see how you handle it.”

“And so will I, David, for there is every chance this woman, whatever she is, knows nothing about his second life in women’s clothes.”

The Hillman Sunbeam was now in a residential district in London with bungalows and cottages. Inspector Bentley parked his car on the street, exited the car with Constable Blackmore, opened the garden gate, walked up the pathway, pressed the button at the side of the door, and waited. A few seconds later the door was opened by a woman in her forties of medium height. She was wearing a blue apron with a pattern of yellow daffodils on it tied round her waist.

“Yes?” she pleasantly asked.

Inspector Bentley and Constable Blackmore produced their ID cards to the woman. “Do you know James Pollok?”

“Well I should,” she laughed, “we’ve been married for the last twenty years.”

George looked at Constable Blackmore with sadness on his face. “Can we come in, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Yes, of course.” The woman led both men into a well-furnished living room.

“I have some bad news, Mrs. Pollok.”

The expression of the pleasant woman’s face changed. “It’s Jim, isn’t it? He had an accident. Please say he’s alright.”

Inspector George Bentley looked at Constable Blackmore once again. “I’m sorry to inform you, Mrs. Pollok, that your husband is dead.”

“No, no, it can’t be true.” The woman broke down in tears, then asked, “How?”

“I think it would be better if you took a seat, Mrs. Pollok, for I have a number of questions I have to ask you. First of all I have to inform you that this is a murder enquiry.” The woman interrupted the Inspector. “Who would want to murder my Jim? He wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

“That is what we are trying to find out, Mrs. Pollok. With your help you could perhaps throw some light on that matter. The death of your husband was caused by strangulation by means of a woman’s stocking.”

Again George Bentley was interrupted by the woman. “It was a woman that killed Jim then?”

George stopped and composed himself. “No, Mrs. Pollok, it was his own stocking.”

“His own stocking! What would Jim want with a lady’s stocking Officer?”

George Bentley could see this was going to be a painful conversation. “Mrs. Pollok, I have to tell you that your husband was wearing women’s clothes at the time of his death. We are not looking for a woman for this murder.”

“I don’t understand this, Officer. Why would my Jim want to wear women’s clothes?”

“That I cannot answer. Did your husband keep any sort of women’s clothes here at any time, Mrs. Pollok?”

“No, never. Why would he want women’s clothes anyway? The only women’s clothes here are mine and my daughter’s” After a pause, “Rachel, well she’s a girl really.”

“What did your husband work at, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Jim’s a commercial traveller. He sells books, magazine, that sort of thing to book shops.”

“Could you tell me the address of the company and his whereabouts on Wednesday?”

The woman handed Inspector Bentley a company card. He looked at it. He already had a similar card out of James Pollok’s inside jacket pocket. “Could you tell me of the whereabouts of your husband on Wednesday?”

“Jim on Wednesdays and Thursdays goes on what he calls his out-of-town visits, Barrington Town on

Wednesday and Griffin City on Thursday. He always phones me both nights to see how we are getting on, me and Rachel. Teal family man, Jim is.”

“I see.” Inspector Bentley could check on that but the body was discovered in the Swan Hotel in Barchester some 15 miles from Barrington Town. “Did he ever stay at the Swan Hotel in Barchester, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Jim never mentioned that, Officer. He was always at the Regal Hotel in Barrington on a Wednesday. Tight posh hotel, Jim said. And he always spent Thursday night at a Mrs. McKnight boarding house in Griffin City. On Friday he comes back here to London, reports to his office with his orders, then spends the rest of the weekend with me and Rachel”

“The body of your husband was found in a room in the Swan Hotel in Barchester, Mrs. Pollok, dressed in women’s underclothes. You see, your husband was a well-known transvestite in Barchester. When dressed in a skirt he was known as Beatrice. He even had a boyfriend who is not involved in enquiries and we do not wish to see that person any more in this case.”

“I don’t understand this, Officer. Why would my Jim want to dress up as a woman and call himself Beatrice and have a boyfriend?”

“Does the name Beatrice mean anything to you, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Not really. Wait a sec, he did have an old Aunt Beatrice, long dead. Funny woman she was. I don’t mean funny like queer or that. She was a secretive woman but Jim always seemed to like her. He was upset when she died. You know Jim never made any mention of staying at the Swan Hotel in Barchester at any time.”

*Probably wouldn’t have*, thought George Bentley for the Swan was a well-known gay hotel, not just in Barchester but far and wide in gay circles.

“At present the body of your husband is in the Forensic lab. We will inform you when we are finished with it and you can make arrangements for the funeral.”

The woman broke down in tears. Constable Blackmore found the kitchen and made a cup of tea. “Drink this, Mrs. Pollok, you’ll feel the better for it.”

The woman sipped the tea and kept repeating, “Who would want to kill my Jim? Such a nice man he was.” That was the very question George Bentley wanted answered.

Inspector Bentley took his cell phone out his jacket pocket. "Inspector Bentley here. Barchester CID send a WPC to No 38 Harlington Gardens as soon as possible I am on a murder enquiry. Mrs. Pollok, you have been very helpful in our enquiry. We will have to leave soon but I am sending a woman constable to stay with you for a while."

WPC Jill Jenkins shortly arrived and introduced herself. George Bentley took her aside. "Constable Jenkins, this woman is clearly upset at the death of her husband. I want you to stay here till she composes herself and in case she can throw any further light on her husband activities. Anything could be helpful. Do you know anything about transvestites?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you are about as wise as Mrs. Pollok. She is going to be devastated when she learns her husband has had sex with a man. Not just one from what I have learned but many."

"Chief Superintendent Bradman wants you upstairs, George" said Sergeant Twentyman.

"What have I done now that Old Blood And Guts wants me?"

"Expenses again. I should think that trip to London must have cost a pretty penny. You know he is a stickler on expenses, plus Constable Blackmore was away for the day and The Man wanted some arrests for these burglaries on the East House estate. You're going to get it in the neck," gruffly laughed Twentyman.

The plate on the door read, "Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman, O.B.E " George Bentley knocked. On entering he faced a fair-headed man sitting at a desk in his Chief Superintendent uniform with a pip and crown.

“Ah, George,” he said, “I wanted to see you. And how is your health?”

George Bentley knew he wasn't interested in his health. “Not bad. In fact, it couldn't be better, Sir.”

“Good, good, George. Glad to hear that.” Then with a slight pause, “Tell me, George, how are your enquiries going with this murder thing, these men dressed in women's clothes?”

“Slow, Sir.”

Donald Bradman's face did not at all look pleased. “Oh dear. I was hoping for some progress on that case. George, you're a good detective, one of the best in my patch but an damned awkward one at times.”

“Thanks for your praise, Sir,” said George sarcastically.

“The thing is, George, I have the Assistant Chief Constable on my back about this case. You see, some of the women have been complaining about these...what is it the press is calling them?”

“Silk Stocking Murders, Sir,” prompted George Bentley.

“Yes, that's it. They are afraid to go out at night, I told the Assistant Chief Constable these are just men dressed in women's clothes, the murderer is not interested in real women. He said I should try telling that to the Mayor's wife for she is the ringleader of the group complaining. So you see my position, George.”

“Yes, Sir. I am trying my best but to be honest I have nothing to go on at present.”

Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman was not a happy man as evidenced by his scowl. “I'll give you all the help I can, George. Anything to get the Assistant Chief and that horde of women led by the Mayors wife off my back. Just ask.”

Inspector George Bentley laughed as he walked back to his office. Old Blood And Guts was up to his ears in trouble, courtesy of the fairer sex no less. It could help him solve this case faster, he hoped.

Josephine answered the phone call from George Bentley. "It's you again, George! You'll need to stop pestering me like this," she laughed. Then in a more serious voice, "Yes, what can I do for you, George?"

"It's tomorrow night, Josephine. What time do you want me to pick you up?"

"Glad you called. I would have phoned you anyway. Could you come to my flat, say about five? I have to be over at the Picasso Bar by five-thirty. I have a month's rent to pay and I'll need to set up the dressing rooms. If you would be so kind, would you run me back home after the meeting for I am leaving my car here?"

"Yes, Josephine, I wouldn't leave you stranded."

"It could be after midnight. See you tomorrow night. I'll be wearing a sexy outfit just for you, George."

George Bentley hung up. Why was his heart beating faster at the thought of meeting Josephine, a bloody man in a skirt? He didn't know but it was.

Joseph Briggs left the bank early the following afternoon. He would make the time up during the week. He had that luxury; after all he was head of the Foreign Exchange Department of the local bank. He parked his red topped sports car in the parking space under the flats where he lived. Now in his flat, glad to have his male clothes off, he made for the bathroom and ran a hot bath. Soon he lay in it, soaking himself in the warm scented water. Taking special care, he washed himself thoroughly.

Stepping out of the bath, patted himself dry with the fluffy blue towel and proceeded to closely shave his face. Satisfied it was smooth enough, it was now time to sprinkle a light amount of rose-scented talc over his body. He dusted with a light brush. It smelled nice. Then he proceeded to his bedroom and sat before the dressing table.

His hair at present was tied in a pony tail so undid the white ribbon holding it at the back of his head and his hair cascaded over his shoulders. Then he set to work with brush and comb. When pleased, he sprayed some lacquer over the black hair to stiffen it and make it look all bright and shiny.

*Now for the tuck*, thought Josephine. That was the turning point when Joe officially changed into Josephine. A small plain white pair of panties was taken from his underwear drawer. Standing with his legs apart, he pushed his limp penis into the cavity between his legs. Quickly the small white panties were up his legs, tightly holding his penis in place. *There*, he thought, *thank goodness it's out of sight and Josephine can come alive again.*

Josephine sat before her dressing table with powder, paint, and makeup in front of her. A foundation cream was applied over her face. Now it was time to apply her makeup. Josephine skilfully pencilled in her arched eyebrows. Then the mascara brush started sweeping up the eyelashes with black. Now the eyelids had to be painted with a light blue eye shadow. White face powder was put on and a pale pink blusher applied to the cheeks.

Just the plum-coloured lipstick was left. Josephine puckered her lips to apply it and a little lip gloss. Josephine Briggs was pleased with her appearance for tonight. It had been ages since she had dolled up herself like this, and for a man at that. She still had to get dressed so rising from her stool, she

went to the wardrobe and took out a long black backless evening dress with a slit up the right side to the thigh. A black bra and black satin panties with laced black edges at each leg were followed by a garter belt and black seamed stockings fresh from their cellophane packet. Before she put any of these clothes on, what Josephine called her “special drawer” had to be opened. First, her stick-on breast forms were taken out, then the Special Panty Girdle. There were other items in the drawer which she would use from time to time but not tonight. They could make Josephine look more of a woman.

The breast forms were first to be fitted. This meant a Velcro strip with a very sticky back was put on his chest area over his nipples. She lined then up at her nipples and stuck them on. From past experience Josephine knew these would stick there for a week if required. The back of the breast form having Velcro on it was now placed on top. It stuck fast. Josephine now had two ample looking breasts in front of her and was greatly pleased.

The shoulder straps of the black bra went over her shoulders and the breast forms were placed into the cups, then hooks and eyes attached at her back and straps were adjusted. A black garter belt went round her waist and was clipped behind and adjusted, leaving four suspenders hanging down, two on each side, waiting to be attached to the black stockings.

Josephine sat on the stool. Once more she stretched her legs, then opened the cellophane packet containing the black fully-fashioned stockings. Carefully she took one, scrunched the stocking up, entered her toes and slowly pulled the stocking up her leg, watching it didn't snag or ladder for these were expensive seamed stockings. It was now at the top of her leg where each of the two hanging suspenders was now clipped on to the stocking welt. The same process was repeated with the other stocking.

Josephine stood up to check the stocking seams were straight down the back of her legs.

It was time for the Special Panty Girdle. This she wiggled into for it was a tight fit. After a struggle, it was fitted at last. On appearance, there was a woman's hips and a large derriere; when she had a dress on, Josephine looked one hell of a sexy woman. And that was what she was about to put on after she pulled her black satin panties up her legs.

The tight black dress was forced on her body. She could walk in it only because of the slit on the right side. If that had not been there, Josephine would have been forced to take little mincing steps which may not have hindered her in Josephine's quest in catching George Bentley. Her small feet ere placed in the shiny five-inch-high black heels.

She opened the jewellery box and took out a pair of diamond drop earrings and matching necklace. The earrings were fitted in her pierced ears and the necklace went round her neck. A gold ring was placed on her left finger which could have meant Josephine was engaged. Of course she wasn't. All this jewellery wasn't costume, it was the real thing; as Joe she had a good salary. She could afford this and did. Her fake fur coat taken from the wardrobe. One would have thought it was the real thing. The coat was now laid on a seat in her living room waiting to be placed on her by George. He knew nothing of this but Josephine would soon make him aware in her womanly way.

Josephine Briggs looked herself over in her dressing room mirror. Yes, she was pleased with herself tonight. It had taken a man to smarten herself up. The dress fitted her well. She wasn't sure if it would for the last time she tried that one on, she had put weight on and the dress was too tight. Since then she had gone on a diet and took up aerobics classes. Now

saw the benefit of that a slimmer, trimmer Josephine plus she felt all much healthier. She looked at the marquise watch on her right wrist. 4:47. There was nothing left to do but wait for George. Josephine sat on the black leather couch, put her brown leather handbag down beside her, crossed her black fully fashioned stockinged legs and waited. She opened her handbag to check on her lipstick. She flicked her mirrored compact open and saw the purse with her money and white hanky with lace round the edges and 'Josephine' embodied in each corner. A small scent bottle was in the purse as well. Oh the scent, she had forgot that. How careless of her. Josephine squirted some perfume down the inside of her evening dress. Ah, now she smelled better. She replaced the "Romance" perfume bottle back in the handbag just in time as her doorbell rang.

"Do come in, George, I've just to put my coat on. Be a gentleman and help me slip it on."

Inspector George Bentley was lost for words as he saw this vision of womanhood standing before him. She was poured into that slinky black dress, all curves. *How does she do that?* thought George.

"It's over there, George." Josephine was pointing at the fake black fur coat.

"What?" George Bentley was mesmerised by the woman standing before him. "Oh, coat, yes." He lifted it and took it to Josephine who turned her back so that he could ease it on her. George could not help but notice her backless dress and the delicious smell arising from this woman.

"That's better. George, you're a gentleman," Josephine said as she adjusted the coat on her shoulders. She took the inside ties in the coat, pulled them together and tied them in a bow. Then she buttoned up the front of the coat which concealed the bow. Josephine took George's arm. "Let's go, sweetheart."

On arrival at the Picasso Bar, Josephine made for the ground floor to see Harold Benson, the proprietor. "I've got the rent money for last month here, Harold."

"Right, Josie. Good time payer. I'll give you a receipt. Expect many tonight?"

"Hope so, Harold, for George is going to give a talk about these murders," she said pointing a painted fingertip at George Bentley.

"Christ, Josie, if the girls know the cops are here, nobody will turn up."

"They don't and I'll see they listen for it is for their own good. I'm going upstairs now. Don't say a word that George is here. His men will be coming soon, won't they, George?"

"Yes in plain clothes as you said, Josephine."

"Right. Follow me."

Josephine Briggs left the ground floor bar and proceeded to go upstairs to the first floor. Before them were the upstairs bar and many tables and chairs. "Harold will be sending one of his bar staff up about 7. There will be hardly any of the girls till then. Meantime through that door over there is the changing room and the phone helpline room. I have allocated two rooms for your boys to interview anyone who wants to talk about this murder. Is that okay, George?"

"Josephine, your co-operation is most helpful and appreciated."

"Just call me Josie. All my friends do. You are a *good friend*, aren't you, George? Come with me for you may as well get some insight to the transgender world."

George followed through the far door which led into a corridor with three rooms on either side of it. Opening the first door on the right hand side, Josie said, "Come in. This is the changing room. As you can see, there are plenty of dressing tables and mirrors." Opening a dressing table drawer, she took makeup and face powder out and put them on a table. "Over here is the wardrobe containing dresses, skirts, and what-have-you." Then opening one of the drawers in a dressing table, she continued, "Knickers, petticoats, slippers, bras, and some stockings and pantyhose but I advise the girls to purchase their own."

"Do all the girls change here, Josie?"

"No, many come to the meeting dressed but some change here for there is no way they want a wife or girlfriend to know they dress in women's clothes. Over the years the club has bought dresses and underwear of all sizes for them. We also supply makeup. Some bring their own clothes and change here."

Leaving the room, they went to the one opposite. "This is the phone helpline room. On Wednesday nights from 7:30 to 10 the line is open for calls. We have two operators who note the calls. Tonight we will be asking callers if there is any information they can give about the murders. Their identity will be withheld if they desire in exchange for assisting the police with their enquiries. The two next rooms on either side of the corridor are for your men. If anyone has any information, they can give it in private and no one will know."

"You're very efficient, Josie and I commend you for it."

"Thank you, George. I will be emphasising to the girls that they must give assistance to the police in this hunt for the murderer."

“What are the last two rooms for?”

“Harold uses them for his bed and breakfast customers. In fact, the two rooms your men are using for the interviews may be booked for later tonight. But I have told Harold that we may need them for some hours and he gave the thumbs up.”

Both George and Josie made their way back to the first floor bar. It was 6 o'clock by now. A woman dressed in a bright red skirt was sitting at a table on her own. “Hello there, Rita,” Josie greeted her. “This is Inspector George Bentley who I phoned you about.”

“Oh yes, pleased to meet you, Inspector. I hope you can get something out of tonight,” Rita said, offering a hand to shake George’s.

“Rita is the Vice President of our club, George.”

“Not so much of the vice, Josie. I’m a nice girl when you get to know me,” giggled Rita. “As Josie said to me the other night we have to help the police all we can with this case.”

“Thanks Rita, we in the police need all the help we can in this.”

Josie and Rita chatted about some plans they had for the club. George listened, not really understanding most of it. Something about a trannie weekend at a seaside resort later this year.

“You think we will get the numbers to fill the hotel, Josie?”

“Yes if we advertise it in the magazine and plug it in the meetings. It was a success the other year, wasn’t it?”

“Very much so. I took the wife. You bringing anyone, Josie?”

“Who knows what time will bring, Rita,” Josie said, giving a glance at George who was looking elsewhere at the time.

“Oh yes, who knows?” Rita responded, giving a wink to Josie.

By this time the bar was beginning to fill up and the two constables in Inspector George Bentley’s team had arrived. He beckoned them over to the table where he sat with Josie. “Josie, this is Constable David Blackmore and PWC Penelope Bright.”

“Just call me Penny,” said the pretty young woman offering a hand to shake Josie’s.

“You look pretty tonight, Penny. You never notice your work colleagues when you’re involved in a case.”

“Thank you, Sir,” said the pretty WPC.

“That was smart thinking, George, getting a woman here for there is every chance the girls may say more to Penny than David. Sorry, David.”

“Yes, I thought about that. I was going to ask Constable Berryman but then I came to the same conclusion as you.” Turning to David and Penny, he continued, “You know the drill. You will have a room each for these interviews to be conducted in private. Don’t ask for real names. If anybody gives their real name, fair enough but don’t press them for that. Keep in mind some may not wish to give any name. No notebooks, they could frighten some of the girls off. Just keep all that in mind and tomorrow you can brief me at the station. Have I missed anything, Josie?”

“No, I couldn’t have put it better myself.” Josie rose, went to the centre of the floor area and clapped her hands. “Girls, could I have your attention? I know some of you will shortly leave for various bars and clubs round here but I ask you to please to stay here till eight. There is going to be a very important

announcement that could affect everyone here.” There was increased chatter among the girls as to what this could mean.

As eight o’clock approached, the upstairs floor was crowding. “I’ll say a few words, George, then the floor is yours.” Josie took centre stage and clapped her hands once more. “Girls, I think you all know by now of the sad death of one of our members, Beatrice. Each of you will have your own memory of her, I’m sure. I would ask you all for a moment of silence for Beatrice. She was one of our own.” The silence followed.

“Thank you one and all. What happened to Bea could well happen to any of you here. I think it is our duty to help the police in all their enquiries to find this murderer. I have invited Inspector George Bentley of Barchester CID who is in charge of this case to talk to everyone here. George, it is over to you.”

“Thank you, Josie, your President has been most co-operative and helpful in our enquiries. I know some of you may be afraid to come forward in fear of your identity being made known. My two officers will treat anything you may say with the strictest confidence. You need not give any name or you can give just the female name you use, that is entirely up to you. Whatever you choose to reveal to us will be helpful. All conversations will be in private; no one else need know you have spoken to the police. I won’t keep you any longer but anything you can think of, however insignificant it may seem, could be of help in our attempt to find this murderer. Make no mistake, it is you girls he is after. Any one of you could be his next victim. With your help that will be prevented. Thank you for your attention.” George walked back to the table where Josie was sitting.

“Well said, George. I took your colleagues through the back, showed them the rooms, and pinned their names on the doors.”

“We can only wait and hope, Josie. Can I get you a drink?”

“That is most kind of you, George. I usually don’t drink when I come to the club with the car. I’ll take a Bacardi and Coke please.”

George Bentley came back with her drink and a glass of orange juice for himself. By this time the centre of the floor was cleared and a disco had started. Some of the girls were dancing on their own others, together.

“Is it always like this?”

“Sure, every Wednesday we have a disco, the club can afford it. You’ll have to excuse me for I’m handing out booking forms to the girls for our Blackpool weekend.” Josie departed and went round the tables handing the forms out, then came back.

“Do many go to these weekends?”

“They sure do! From the response so far tonight it could well be full-up. Booking forms will be in the club magazine as well. Want to come? It could be fun.” George Bentley never answered that question.

It was now past midnight. George had talked with Constable Blackmore and PWC Bright about ten. “Tell me all in the morning. Call a taxi and put it on your expense sheet. Old Blood And Guts upstairs can pay for it along with your overtime tonight. He wants this case solved but quick, the Mayor’s wife is on his back.” George burst out laughing. “Now he knows what it feels like. He’s been on mine long enough.”

George Bentley was in a good mood as he drove Josie back to her flat. “I’ll make you a cup of tea or

coffee. I could offer you a strong drink but you'll not want it, being on duty and all."

"Thanks, Josie. I wouldn't drink alcohol when I have to drive. A policeman is always on duty even if you think he is not. I won't get paid a penny for tonight. Plain clothes work is expected of you but I'm not complaining. The salary is good but it's always the case work that interests me. I'm devoted to putting criminals behind bars. This case intrigues me Josie. You see, I've never come across a murder case where a man killed another dressed in women's clothes. I want to know his motive."

"You are a good man and a good cop, George. I'm glad you are on the case. It could have been somebody else who thought we are all a bunch of queers and poofs."

"Yes, there are some who think that way I must admit but they shouldn't and should be taught better." After a silence Inspector George Bentley spoke again. "How would you like to come sometime to Barchester HQ and give a talk on transgenderism?"

"For you, George, I would do anything. Just tell me when and I will make myself available. I would make myself *available* for you at any time, George. Just ask."

*There goes that sexy sultry woman's voice again,* thought George, *it's doing something to me but this is just a man dressed in woman's clothes, isn't it?*

Josie had moved her leg suggestively towards George, the right one with the split in the dress, and was rubbing it against him as he drove the car. It was taking George Bentley all his mental powers to concentrate on the road. He could have told her to stop that but he didn't. George was getting excited with what this woman was doing to him. Man, he corrected himself.

Josie's flat was soon reached and they made their way up the staircase. Josie rumbled in her handbag and found the flat keys. "There we are. You just sit there while I make us something to drink. What do you want?"

"Coffee."

"Give us a hand to get this coat off." Josie had unbuttoned the fur coat and loosened the inside ties. George was now behind her, easing the coat off Josie's shoulders. Josie could easily have done this herself but she wanted George near her to touch her, to smell the delicious perfume she had sprayed on herself earlier that night. George smelled it alright; it took all his resistance not to sweep this woman into his hands and kiss her. Whatever was he thinking about? This wasn't a woman, Josie was a man dressed in woman's clothes.

"What is the name of the perfume you're wearing?"

"Romance. I am wearing it just for you, George. I had you in mind when I chose it."

The face of George Bentley went a deep red as Josie left to make the coffee for George and tea for herself. He watched as Josie gracefully swayed from the room, her hips moving seductively. George was mesmerised with this vision of loveliness.

Josie emerged from her kitchen five minutes later, tray in hand and put it down on the glass top table in front of George. "There we are. Help yourself to milk and sugar for your coffee. You must try my home-made scones and pancakes. I want your opinion on them." Josie now sat closely beside George. "Go on, try one," she enticed him.

George took a pancake with butter on it. "Umm," he said with a mouthful of pancake, "this is delicious."



“Of course it is! I made it and this too,” Josie was touching her dress.

“You know all about dressmaking and cooking, Josie? I though...”

Josephine Briggs moved even nearer to George Bentley. *God*, he thought, *I can't stand this any longer. I've got to...* Putting down his cup and saucer on the table in front of him, he grabbed Josie and kissed her. Josie was very receptive and returned the kiss. He kissed her again, this time taking longer with the contact. He didn't want this to stop. He felt her fingers running through his hair. He held her tightly. At that moment he didn't care if she was a man or not. He just wanted to kiss and kiss her. He had never felt anything like this for Betty, and she was a real woman. He did believe he was getting an erection once again. This woman, whatever, was the cause of it all. Their embrace just seemed to go on and on.

Josie took her hand, went to George's crotch and felt his erection. “I think your little dickey is getting excited, George. That's enough for one night. Come here.” Josie opened her handbag and withdrew her white lace-edged hanky. “Your face is all smudged with my lipstick.” Josie was now wiping the lipstick off with her hanky.

George noticed her name embodied on it. He put his hand on hers as she cleaned the lipstick off. “Can I keep your hanky? I'll buy you another one.”

“You are a romantic, George. Of course you can and there is no need to buy me another.”

“I'll make it up somehow. I'll surprise you, that's what I'll do, Josie.”

“I like surprises from my men friends.”

“I'm not the first man that has kissed you then?” George said, a little downhearted.

Josephine Briggs laughed. "You're not jealous, are you, George? I suppose if I was some of the other girls in the club you could be, for it is not unknown to have two men chasing after them. But you can put your mind at rest. I am a virgin. The first man I ever kissed is here tonight right in front of me." George Bentley sighed with relief.

Josie now spoke seriously. "George, would you mind if I made some suggestions about this murder investigation? I have something in mind."

"Fire away. At the present moment I have nothing to go on. Anything could help."

"This time of night is not the right time. How about tomorrow night? I'll cook you a meal. Come about seven."

"Right I'll be there at seven sharp."

As George was about to leave the flat, Josie offered her cheek for George to kiss. "Right there, George," she said, touching her cheek. "Now don't get too excited," giggled Josie.

That night, George again had erotic dreams of Josie and what he wanted to do with her. Betty had never caused him to have an erection like he was having this night. She said she was a virgin but she was a man dressed as a woman. How can she be a virgin? No matter, he desired to take that status away from her forever. He wanted her to be his woman...or man? No, she wasn't a man. How could she be? Then it occurred to him that he was falling in love with Josie. Why would he have kissed her otherwise?

#### AUNT BEATRICE'S MAGIC

As Inspector George Bentley arrived the following morning at Barchester Police HQ, Sergeant Twentyman, on duty at the front desk, took him aside. "George, a WPC Jill Jenkins phoned from Lon-

don. She says she wants to speak to you, no one else.”

“Jenkins, Jenkins. Oh yes, that was the WPC I told to stay with Mrs. Pollok. I’ll phone her division when I go to my office.”

“Hello, Inspector George Bentley, Barchester CID here. Could I speak to WPC Jill Jenkins?”

After a long pause, a woman’s voice came on the line. “WPC Jill Jenkins here.”

“Inspector Bentley, Barchester CID. I believe you wanted to speak to me, Jill.”

“Yes Sir, I have some information concerning Mr. James Pollok I don’t know whether it is of any use to you in enquiries or not, Sir.”

“Let me be the judges of that. Go ahead, Jill.”

“After you left that day, I had a talk with Mrs. Pollok, poor woman. She was extremely upset as you can imagine. Well, she suddenly said his mother will have to know Jim is dead. I told her not to worry as the police would be in touch with her and I asked her to give me her address. It turns out she only lived 5 miles away. I told Mrs. Pollok it would be no problem for me to visit and inform her. I did later that day. Mrs. Ethel Pollok, a widow, was understandably upset like her daughter-in-law. When she asked me about the murder I told her all that you told the victim’s wife. ‘Oh no,’ she said, ‘he is still doing it after all these years. I thought it stopped when he was a boy.’ I asked her to enlighten me

“She said that she had never mentioned what she was about to tell me to anyone, not even John, her late husband. She said that when Jim was about seven years old, she came home about 2 o’clock one Saturday afternoon after going shopping. She heard noise in her daughter Winnie’s room. It couldn’t be

Winnie as she had gone to stay with a girlfriend for the weekend. As it could have been burglars, she lifted a long sharp knife from the kitchen and made her way to Winnie's room quietly.

“Upon entering, she saw her son John dressed in his sister's clothes and admiring himself in her dressing table mirror. Flabbergasted, she didn't know what to do about it. She said he was clearly excited by his own image in the mirror and she could see his erection tenting out the dress. According to her, he had never shown any signs of effeminacy or being a silly at any time. She was angry about the situation and grabbed her son, frightening him. She asked him what he was doing and what the meaning of it was. Why was he wearing his sister's frock? She wanted answers from him NOW. He started to cry, then bawled openly.

“The boy told her that his Aunt Beatrice had never hit him when she had him dress in frocks. Mrs. Pollok demanded to know what he was talking about. Beatrice was her elder sister, a spinster. Then Jim explained it to her.

“He reminded her that the previous year when his parents took a trip to America that Mrs. Pollok won as a prize at the bingo hall and his sister Winnie was away at the Girl Guide campground with her friends, Beatrice was in charge of his care. According to Mrs. Pollok, Beatrice jumped at the chance to spend time with her nephew in the absence of his parents, which seemed a bit odd to Mrs. Pollok at the time. Give that it was her sister, however, she took it in stride and was glad to have the help.

“Jim confided in her that the very first night that Aunt Beatrice was in charge of him she told him that the following morning she was going to take him shopping for secret clothes. She told him that she had some magic she wanted to show him but would-

n't divulge any details right then. It would all come out after they had obtained the secret clothing. The boy, trusting his Aunt, was naturally intrigued.

“The following morning at breakfast, according to what Jim told his mother, his aunt was in very pretty clothes as if she was going to church on a Sunday. He had never seen her so beautiful. She asked him what he thought of her outfit. He was slightly embarrassed but asked her if he could touch it. She agreed, with a smile on her face. She asked him if the material felt nice to which he agreed. It was satin, she told him, which is normally reserved for women only but she could use her magic to make it OK for he, a boy, to wear these magical clothes. She could cast a spell on him that would make an exception to the rule just for him. he asked her if she was a witch in response to which she laughed, then asked him if he had ever been a girl before.

“Jim said no. Beatrice said that he would never know what it felt like to be a girl unless he allowed her to work her magic on him. Jim thought this all sounded odd but he had never known his Aunt to lie to him before so he trusted her word no matter how strange it all seemed. He was a naïve boy, according to his mother.

“The next thing Jim knew, according to what he told Mrs. Pollok and she related to me, he was in the car, being driven by Beatrice to a store downtown. The boy noticed that Beatrice smelled very nice and she told him that normally, only girls and women were allowed to smell so nice but that was another thing she could fix with one of her spells. Again, the boy was baffled but intrigued.

“She took him to a small shop in a back street where she stopped and parked her car. She took his hand and together they entered a shop named Pretty Clothes For Pretty Little Girls. A pretty woman be-

hind the counter who Beatrice seemed to know greeted her and asked if Jim was the little boy she had told the woman about.

“The woman who, according to Jim, also smelled very nice, shook his hand and asked Beatrice what she had in mind to which Beatrice said that she was there to have some magic performed on her nephew. The woman nodded knowingly and said that she would help Beatrice cast a spell on Jim.

“The woman asked what kind of spell she had in mind. Beatrice said that she would like to turn Jim into a little girl. The woman remarked that the two of them had done that kind of thing in the past to another little boy and Beatrice asked how that situation was going. The woman took out a photo of what appeared to be a young girl of about 14 going through puberty, with growing breasts. She showed the photo to Jim. Beatrice and the woman discussed the boy-turned-girl and the lady from the store remarked that ‘Pauline’ was going to what she called a ‘Special School’ and was on regular hormone treatments which accounted for her budding bosom. Jim told his mother that the girl was very pretty and admitted being somewhat aroused by the thought that this girl had once been a boy just like him. He wondered if such a thing could happen to him, too, and considered whether he wanted it to. He wasn’t sure it was proper. The lady from the shop said that ‘Pauline’ had a boyfriend now and Jim wasn’t sure if that was something he would want, even if he did become a girl.

“the lady said that she had a nice changing booth in the back where they could do some magic on Jim. She asked Beatrice to take him there and said she’d bring a few girl’s things there, the kind for ‘*special girls*’. Apparently some mothers brought their sons there and she helped them with the magic.

“Aunt Beatrice took Jim into the back of the shop and to the booth. She told him he’d have to take his clothes off before the magic could begin in earnest. Auntie helped him take them off. Louise, the lady from the shop, entered with a bundle of girl’s clothes over her arm and a box in her hand. Louise held a crisp white pair of knickers up for Auntie’s inspection. Aunt Beatrice said they were satin, that magical fabric for girls and boys-turned-girls only. Now Jim would know the feel of their secret underwear. Louise helped Jim pull them up his legs and round his bottom. Beatrice asked Jim how they felt and the boy replied that the feeling was funny. A nice kind of funny, but still funny. The spell and the magic were starting to work said Aunt and Louise agreed with her and winked.

“A white vest was next held up for inspection and the two women discussed what should go with it. Finally, they agreed on a flouncy white petticoat, white socks with ruffles and shiny black Mary Jane shoes so that Jim could see his reflection in them. His hair, short as is normal for a boy, was unacceptable to the two women. Louise remembered that she had some wigs in the basement of the store that Pauline had worn before her own hair grew out to acceptable length. She would make them available to Beatrice so she could help the “magic” along.

“Beatrice was grateful for the offer of the wigs, then watched as Louise put the vest and socks on Jim. Aunt Louise sat there, admiring his transformation with a smile spread all over her face as each item of girl’s clothes was put on his young body.”

“Louise excused herself and came back with the petticoat. Jim described it as frilly and laced-edged, all in white satin. Beatrice and Louise both said they just couldn’t wait to see him in it. Jim said Aunt Beatrice seemed excited and she was making him excited too for now he wanted that petticoat on himself.

Her spell and magic were getting to me. Beatrice seemed very anxious to put the frillies on Jim and Louise told her to have at it. Now Beatrice would know the pleasure she had had with dressing Pauline up in similar pretty girl clothes. Wasn't it ever so nice dressing a young boy up in delicious girl clothing? they agreed.

"Beatrice asked her young charge how he felt wearing the pretty things. He could barely gasp out a reply, he told his mother, as he was so overwhelmed with all that was happening and the confusing feelings it gave him. He liked it, to be sure, but he wasn't sure he was supposed to or allowed to.

"His Auntie eased the petticoat onto him. She smoothed it out, then gave him a kiss, almost as if she couldn't restrain herself.

"Then came the dress. Louise said she just knew that Beatrice would want to put it on him and his Aunt agreed, with a broad smile on her face. Jim told his mother he had never seen his Auntie look so happy before. She seemed almost agitated as she prepared to the dress on over Jim's head. Louise cautioned her that the dress was fragile; no matter how excited Beatrice might be, she would have to be careful not to damage it. Beatrice nodded but it seemed obvious to Jim that she couldn't get it onto his body fast enough to please her.

"Louise joked that perhaps at the moment there was maybe a little too much magic going on. Jim remembered that his Aunt's face seemed very red. Jim didn't understand the joke but the two women laughed heartily at it and Beatrice agreed that, yes, perhaps, they should slow the magic down just a little.

"After a pause during which the two women caught their breath, Louise took the dress out of its box. According to Jim's recollection, it was a lovely confec-

tion of a frock, the most beautiful dress he had ever seen in his life. He said that if he had seen a girl his age wearing it, he would have thought she was the prettiest girl he ever saw and, try as he might, he couldn't resist wanting to see what it would look like on him. Yes, he had always thought it was wrong for a boy to wear such a thing but this was a special occasion, no? This was MAGIC.

"There were two ties hanging from the back of the dress. Aunt Beatrice beckoned him to come toward her. Louise held the dress above his head and it was gently lowered down onto him. Beatrice instructed him to put his hands through the sleeves, then she assisted Louise to sort it out on his body. Louise let Beatrice do the honour of pulling the two ties at the back of the dress together and tying them tight. The two women sighed at the sight of Jim wearing the beautiful dress and pulled him over to the triple full-length mirror in the room.

"There they made him turn around several times and admire his reflection. He saw a white satin bow at his backside with the ends of the satin strips hanging from it. It was extremely girl, Jim said, which gave him that same 'funny' feeling in his stomach again. He couldn't believe his eyes. With the exception of his short boy's haircut, he actually looked like a pretty girl. How was this possible? This really was magic!

"The women oohed and aahed at the sight of the boy-turned-girl, then Louise said that she had just the thing for the finishing touch. Again she left the room and when she returned, she had a wig in her hand. It had pigtails hanging down the back of it. It was placed on Jim's head and when he looked again in the mirror, this time he saw a complete, very pretty, girl staring back at him. The funny feelings in his gut grew. He wished 'she' was a classmate of his so he could look at her during school hours.

“Beatrice and Louise decided that they needed to see Jim walk in his new magical clothes but first the new him needed some accoutrements. Louise produced a multicoloured necklace with beads of red, white, green, and purple. Around his neck it went. The sensation of it moving against his skin as he walked was unfamiliar and interesting to Jim. The necklace was followed by a pair of red plastic clip-on earrings. Beatrice put them on him, breathing heavily as she did so. Louise remarked that Pauline used to wear clip-ons before her ears were pierced and asked Jim if he would like to have that done to him, too. Jim wasn’t sure what she meant by that but agreed with her. So carried away by the magical experience was he that he would have agreed to anything either of the women said at that point.

“Beatrice said that as lovely as the magic had made Jim look, there was still one thing wrong with his presentation. Such a lovely girl couldn’t be called ‘Jim.’ ‘She’ would need an appropriate name. After some cogitation, Louise suggested that Jim be renamed Beatrice after his magical Auntie. Beatrice was thrilled with the suggestion. She would have a lovely niece named after her. What a wonderful thing that would be! How magical! Jim, caught up in the excitement of the dressing-up and the funny feelings the magic gave him, agreed. Little Beatrice. That’s who he would be. And why not? The magic was taking hold

“Louise told him that now that Jim was Louise, she would have to learn to deport herself as a young woman should. To that end, she instructed him to walk back and forth in front of her and Aunt Beatrice. This Jim/Louise did but not, apparently, to the women’s approval. He walked too stiffly, with his hands tightly at his side, not at all like a young lady should. Louise and Beatrice tried demonstrating for Jim/Louise what they wanted from him but he con-

tinued to struggle to change his stride. Years of being a rough and tumble boy had conditioned him to walk a certain way. This was going to take some thought.

“After a break, during which the new girl was instructed to sit on a chair with ‘her’ legs crossed like a lady does, the shopkeeper and the Auntie ruminated on a solution to the problem. Finally, Louise came up with one. They had the new girl stand up and they tied the ends of a short length of string around ‘her’ legs.

“The string acted like a hobble, restricting the length of ‘her’ stride, making her gait more like that of a proper young girl’s. ‘She’ was now taking short, mincing steps, more suited to her new attire and appearance. This felt funny to Jim, too, but when he caught a sight of his reflection in the mirror at that point, he had to agree that he was moving more like the girls he went to school with than his boorish male friends. He liked what he saw, from head to toe, he had to admit.

“After over an hour of walking practice with the string restricting his movement, it was removed and Jim/Beatrice was instructed to try it sans hobble. He/she seemed to have gotten the hang of it, much to his instructors’ approval. Louise and Aunt Beatrice clapped at the success of the effort and Jim, now Beatrice, felt proud of him/herself. The magic WAS working, just like in the stories he had read when he was younger.

“The two women had the new girl walk the length of the store toward them so they could take in the full picture of their pupil in femininity. They agreed that the dress bounced around ‘her’ legs and showed a hint of her knickers, which Aunt Beatrice laughed should get the boys going. What exactly did that mean? Jim wondered. There were so many things about grown-ups and magic that he didn’t yet under-

stand. From her closed eyes and happy expression, it was obvious to Jim/Beatrice that his Aunt was pleased with him which made him happy. She was doing so much for him, taking him into her confidence and using her Special Magic on him, he wanted her to be pleased with his efforts.

“As Jim sat on a chair, the two women discussed what else Young Beatrice needed. Again, Louise had just the thing and produced a frilly blue nightie, the kind Jim had only seen girls wear in movies and on TV. The nightie flowed like water over Louise’s hands as she carried it toward him and his Aunt. More magic! Aunt Beatrice agreed that it was lovely and would be just the thing for her new magically-transformed niece to wear to be at night. What a lucky New Girl he/she was to have such an Auntie and a friend who could give him such magical things! How lucky he was to be initiated into the World of Girls.

“Louise confided in Jim that she had a client, Theresa, who had a son who she brought to her store to be initiated into the world Jim had just been introduced to. Theresa would simply love for her son, who she called Kathy, to have a playmate about the same age as him/her. Wouldn’t that be exciting? she asked Jim. So caught up in the ‘magic’ was he that he readily agreed that it would be *such* fun to have another Magical New Girl to play girly games with. He would have someone to share the Secrets of Girlhood with!

“Jim went on to tell his mother that every day he was with Beatrice she dressed him in girls clothe. Then one day Beatrice said he had to dress nicely as she was taking him to meet Kathy at her home. Aunt Beatrice fussed over him that morning, looking out the nicest girls clothes he had ever seen. She said Aunt Louse had given her special new clothes that he had never worn before. Aunt really had him exited and gushed and praised him as each item was put on

him. Before that, she prepared a nice hot bath for him and sprinkled lovely smelling bath salt into it, Orange Blossom which would leave his skin feeling luxuriously cleansed and freshly-scented. She used it herself.

“Aunt Beatrice hugged and kissed her charge when the bath finished and had a large pink towel to pat and dry his body. Then she sprinkled a powder on him which smelled nice. He loved the feeling and the smell of it.

“Aunt Beatrice led him by the hand into her bedroom, then placed him in front of her dressing table mirror still wrapped in the pink towel. That day was special, she said, for he was going to meet his first little girlfriend. For an occasions like that, she thought I some makeup should be applied, didn't he agree? He did. She was going to use that Special Magic which he had grown used to to make him the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He couldn't imagine how he could possibly be prettier than she had already made him but he had seen so many amazing things happen because of her magic that he was excited at the prospect of being even more beautiful.

“Jim watched as, using a brush, she applied powder to his face. Then she pencilled his eyebrows into a new, arched, configuration. Next came something that really excited Jim/Beatrice: lipstick. He had always associated that with beauty and femininity. Now he was going to experience it for the first time. That funny feeling in his gut grew stronger than it had ever been up to this point as she stroked it onto his lips. She told him to pucker them to blot it just so. He did and could taste it as he followed instructions. The feeling nearly made him swoon, it was that exciting.

“Standing back to admire his loo, his Aunt told him he was going to grow into a beautiful woman. He

asked if he would be just like her.” She seemed most amused at that and assured him that he would be even lovelier than she. Aunt Beatrice seemed in a most pleasant mood for the rest of that day.

“Now it was time to dress Young Beatrice to meet Kathy and her mother. Aunt Beatrice then held out the prettiest pair of knickers that she had ever put on him. Black frilly silk ones with black lace edging at the legs, Jim recalled. They were quickly pulled up his legs and snugly fitted round him.

“If Jim thought the lipstick was the most feminine thing he would wear, the piece de resistance was coming for Young Beatrice was about to have wear her first little brassiere. It was black to match the knickers and although the New Girl had nothing to fill its cups with, Auntie would work more magic.” Aunt Beatrice slipped this brassiere over his shoulders, clipped it at the back and adjusted the shoulder straps.

“Aunt had in her hand a pair of what she called bra fillers. Those she put into the brassiere cups. She said they would do for the present but perhaps when he became a woman, you might have the real thing. Aunt Beatrice stood back and admired him, then she produced a pair of white cotton ankle socks which were slipped on each foot.

“A pair of those “Mary Jane” shoes were put on his foot and Aunt knelt to button the thin strap that came across each arch. The special outfit was nearly complete, save for the extra-special dress Louise had give Aunt Beatrice for this occasion. The Special Magic was nearly complete. By this time, Jim felt almost used to dressing as a girl. While he still got that funny feeling in his belly every time he wore them, they now felt “right” to him, as if he had worn such frillies all his life. He almost couldn’t imagine going

back to boy clothes with its rough texture and drab cols.

Jim's Extra Special outfit for the day was a cream party dress with a lace top and a mesh full skirt. It had short sleeves and rear button fastenings. Aunt proceeded to gently place the dress over his head and just as gently smooth it down his body. It was at least as delicate a piece of work as the dress he had worn that first day and he must take care of it. It was beautiful on him.

"Auntie had a wig in her hand, different from those he had previously worn. It was blonde, shoulder length. Auntie had had his own hair cut short; she said the wigs fit better that way. The blonde wig was placed on his head, then she fussed with a comb and brush. Aunt Beatrice proceeded to put a sterling silver pendant round Jim's neck, followed by two silver butterfly clip-on earrings.

"Once that was finished, Auntie told him to look at himself in the cheval glass mirror. He did and Auntie asked him if he was not the pretties girl he had ever seen. He agreed, amazing as he thought he looked ever prettier than he had before and he hadn't thought that was possible. Auntie had a tear in her eye as she looked at her creation.

"Now it was time for Him to meet his first little girlfriend but he had to wait a while yet for Auntie had to put on her face too. He could watch and learn." Auntie, who had her white brassiere and matching panties on, was sitting before her dressing table.

"Jim/Beatrice watch as she, with brush and pencil, put her own makeup on, smiling at him with every stroke. Bur Auntie wasn't finished yet for she had an afternoon dress, as she called it, ready to put on. She lifted this dress off her bed. To Jim/Beatrice, Auntie looked fabulous when she put the dress on. She said the ivory coloured sleeveless dress was

made of polyester with slimming panels and contrast bow detail to the front with a concealed zip fastening in the back. The dress was fully lined. That would all make more sense to Young Beatrice when she was a woman.

“Aunt lifted a chain necklace which had three rose petals on it and put it round her neck. Then she placed rose petal earring in her ears which were pierced. She told Jim/Beatrice that they might pierce his/hers at a later date when he/she had more magic and smiled. A pair of midnight black ankle strap peep toe shoes were fitted on her feet. A three-quarter sleeve long-line jacket with a single button fastening to the neckline was lifted and put on. A silver chain clutch bag with clasp fastening and satin lining was obtained from the dressing table. Aunt Beatrice explained that that kind of bag was what women used to hold their necessities and that she had a lovely one for her new niece.

“Jim was handed a pink clutch bag in which Auntie put a tube of lipstick and a box of face powder. The New Girl needed those things for touch-ups as the night wore on. Beauty required constant vigilance and maintenance, Auntie explained. Jim/Beatrice took it all in. The magic was powerful but it needed help at times, he began to understand.

“The transformed boy was then handed a girl’s coat. He/she had never worn such an item of apparel before. As part of the Magic, this, too, was exciting and new. It was a white fur coat, like rich ladies in the movies and on TV wore. It had a satin lining and Jim/Beatrice was thrilled to be wearing it for the first time. It made him/her feel like a real grown-up glamorous lady. With that, the two got into Auntie’s car and off they went to Jim’s big adventure to meet his first girlfriend.

“They drove to a posh district on the other side of town, one that Jim had never seen before. Aunt Beatrice stopped in front of a very imposing house with a long driveway leading to the mansion. A maid in a black dress and white apron greeted them at the door as if she was expecting them. Aunt and niece followed her through this stately house into the drawing room where they saw a very distinguished woman sitting before a log wood fire with a beautiful girl by her side. The lady rose and greeted them by name. Jim thrilled at hearing a stranger call him Beatrice. That was the first time anyone other than his Aunt and Louise from the store had ever called him that. It was exciting.

Aunt addressed the lady, explaining that Louise had told her much about Theresa and her beautiful daughter. She said that she thought they would have much to talk about and expected that they would all become good friends.

“Kathy seemed pleased at the prospect of having a new friend, a boy-turned-girl like herself and asked her mother if she should do what she had been instructed to do. Her mother replied in the affirmative and Kathy walked over to Young Beatrice and kissed her on the cheek. She looked at her mother as if seeking approval and her mother smiled in response. Then Theresa kissed Aunt Beatrice on the cheek similarly. Theresa told the New Girls that that was how young ladies greeted each other and that they should always do that when they encountered each other from now on. They were all female friends now. Jim/Beatrice felt that familiar tingle in the tummy again. It had become a common sensation by now, albeit one he/she always enjoyed.

“Aunt Beatrice and Aunt Theresa (as Jim was instructed to call her from now on) had things to talk about so Kathy was instructed to take little Beatrice to her room and show her the dresses Theresa had

bought for her at Aunt Louise's store." Aunt Theresa took Aunt Beatrice by the arm and led her to a sofa while Kathy took Young Beatrice's to go to her room.

"Kathy's room was so girly, Aunt Beatrice told her niece that next time they visited her, she would have a room just like it. Kathy opened her wardrobe with all her frocks and skirts in it.

"Kathy told her new friend that her Mummy had bought all them for her. Kathy was very excited as she had never had a girlfriend and they could try the things on together."

"Jim/Beatrice protested that he/she wasn't really a girl yet but Kathy just laughed and said that only girls wore dresses and wasn't Beatrice wearing a pretty frock? She had a nice blue spotted frock that would look good on her new friend. In a moment, the two were were standing in knickers and bras. Kathy noted that Beatrice's Auntie had put falsies in her bra too. Kathy's mother said she should have the real thing someday when the magic was complete and she was a total woman. It was no big deal, just a simple operation. Was Beatrice going to have one, too?

"Jim/Beatrice wasn't sure about that; she had never discussed such a thing with Auntie Beatrice. It sounded nice, thought. If that's what it took for the Special Magic to run its course, how could he/she argue with it? Young Beatrice had to admit to herself that the idea of having real breasts rather than pads in her bra sounded good.

"Kathy helped her new friend get into the blue spotted frock; it fitted nicely. In a moment, the two were admiring each other in Kathy's dressing table mirror. Kathy said her Mommy and Beatrice's Auntie simple must see them in those wonderful dresses. Then Kathy kissed her new friend on the cheek again. Jim/Beatrice was so excited by all that was happen-

ing that he/she kissed her back. The two held hands when they left to meet the two women for tea.

“Aunt Theresa as Aunt Beatrice were pleased with the two girls’ appearance as they entered the drawing room, holding hands. They were thrilled by the results of their ‘spells’ on their ‘girls’ and happy that the two youngsters had taken so eagerly and so well to the transformation.

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Jim ‘s mother wrapped up her story to the policewoman. “I have to admit Beatrice had some unusual ideas when we were girls but I never expected anything like this! To say the least I was furious with my sister Beatrice and I what she had done to my boy. No wonder he wanted to spend Christmas and New Year with Beatrice. He had even mentioned wanting to spend his summer holiday with her. Well, I said to myself, that’s going to stop and now. I phoned Beatrice that night and told her what I thought of her. I called her a dirty pervert and all that. We had a right set-to over the phone, I can tell you. I never spoke to Beatrice again and I made sure Jim never saw his Aunt.

“I was glad when Jim grew up and married, Carol. Nice girl, she is. Then she had a baby, Rachel my granddaughter. I never mentioned anything about Jim and his Aunt Beatrice to Carol. In fact it was a relief to me when he married Carol. That part of his life was over, I thought but from what you tell me I was wrong. Poor Carol, I must console her.”

“And that, Sir, is all of it,” finished WPC Jill Jenkins. “Do you think it will be of any use to you, Sir?”

George Bentley thought for a minute, then answered “I don’t know, Jill, but you have done right in

telling me all. I will commend you to your superiors. Thank you.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Jill said, then Inspector Bentley hung up.

George lifted the phone again. “Control, tell Constable Blackmore and WPC Bright to report to my office.” George thought of Josie again. What he should take to her tonight; flowers and chocolates or was that old-fashioned now? Old fashioned or not, he would buy them for her. He just could not get that woman out of his mind. She was beautiful but was she a woman at all? Whatever Josie was his heart sighed every time he saw her. Did it matter? All he saw was a woman. That was good enough for him and he wanted to kiss her. George was lost in his fantasy of Josie when he was interrupted by a knock on his office door.

“Come in.” Constable Blackmore and WPC Bright entered. “Take a seat.” He pointed to two chairs in front of his desk. “Let’s not beat about the bush. Give me your reports on last night.”

“Well Sir, there is not a lot that I can say for I really was told nothing of interest,” said Constable Blackmore.

“And you, Penny?”

“Sir, a person came forward. She never gave me her name and as you said not to press for names, I didn’t ask. Her friend never told me her name either. They were about to leave the club, she said, some time about half past eleven. In front of her with her back to her was Bea; she knew it was Bea for she wore a glossy black plastic raincoat. Bea had told her she liked the raincoat because she thought it was so sexy. A man was with her who had an arm round her waist. She was giggling.

“My informant couldn’t really see the man’s face as he had his back to her. But he was smartly dressed and wore a pin-striped. He had black hair. Could have been maybe five foot ten or six foot, she wasn’t sure. It definitely wasn’t Dave Cuthbert. He dressed too well for Dave, she said. She added she didn’t know why Bea hung around with Dave, she had seen Bea with a bruised face on other occasions because of him. Jealous guy, Dave is. And that’s about all of it, Sir.”

“Well done, Penny. That could turn out to be useful. Pity she didn’t see this man’s face. I always thought Penny would get more information than you, David. Not your fault, I just thought the members at the club would be more willing to talk to a woman than a man.”

“Will that be all, Sir?” asked Penny.

“Yes, if I need you for anything, I’ll be in touch. You have given me something to think about.”

George Bentley stood in front of Josephine Briggs’ flat’s door and pressed the bell. In no time, Josephine answered the door.

“Come in, George. I’ve been expecting you. You’re punctual. I like that in a man.”

George Bentley eyed Josephine up from top to bottom. She was wearing nothing startling like last night, she looked like just a plain ordinary housewife tonight. She had on a plain blue cotton dress, a small white apron with a bluebird pattern on it tied round her waist, and a pair of open toe mules on her feet. No stockings, she was bare-legged but to George Josephine was beautiful no matter what she wore.

“I’ve brought you a bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates, Josie. Is that old-fashioned?”

“Well, I’m an old-fashioned girl, George, so I love it. Come here!” Josie took the flowers and chocolates, placed them on a nearby table, put her hands round George, and kissed him. “That’s your reward. I like being romanced. Now come and sit at the table while I carry on making the meal. It won’t be long. I’ve cooked a steak and mashed potatoes with peas and carrots. There’ll be a starter of vestibule soup and plain old vanilla ice cream for dessert. Hope you like that.”

“It is more than excellent, Josie.”

“Mother always said the way to a man’s heart was through his stomach.”

“Your mother knows about Josie?”

“Of course! She is more than a mother to me, we are like girlfriends. I’ll take you to meet her one day, not for her approval for Mother knows I am my own woman. But I’ll have to leave you for the moment. I’m slaving over a hot oven.” Josephine laughed as she left to go to the kitchen.

George Bentley was in the dining room with the prints of Renoirs on the walls and a joss stick burning in a bowl on a table near the dining room table. The smell of incense drifted though the room and the red candles in the seven holder candelabra either end of the table were the only light in the room.

Josephine re-entered the room with a tray in one hand containing two bowls of soup and a crystal vase with the red roses in the other. The vase was placed on the middle of the table, a bowl of soup in front of George. “These must have cost you a fortune George, for roses are not in bloom at this time of the year.”

“The money means nothing as long as you like them. I have dreams about you, Josie.”

Josephine had now sat opposite George at the table. "You do? Then you must tell me all."

"They are embarrassing dreams, Josie. You wouldn't want to hear."

"Oh but I do, I do. I want to hear all."

Inspector George Bentley went red in the face. "Well, they're sort of erotic dreams. I want to strip all your clothes off, hold your naked body close to mine and do all sorts sexual things to you, Josie. There, and now I'm ashamed. Whatever will you think of me?"

"Oh George, I'm getting goose bumps at the very thought. What woman wouldn't want to know she was doing that to her man? And you are my man, aren't you, George?"

"If you say so. I'll be your man anytime. You know I've never felt like this for ant woman, not even Betty."

"Betty? Who is Betty?"

"We were engaged at one time. We broke it off, thank goodness for I have found the right woman for me. That would be you, Josie." George paused for a few seconds, then spoke again. "Josie, can we get married? I know we met hardly a week ago but I know in my heart you're the one for me."

"Oh George, you have my heart beating so fast. A girl can't take all this," Josie giggled. "But I told you I'm an old-fashioned girl and I don't like to be rushed. Besides, you know nothing about me."

"I don't need to know more about you, Josie. Okay, have it your way. We will do it the old-fashioned way and get engaged."

"Now that I don't mind. Like I said, George, you are a romantic."

“Right. Tomorrow we’ll buy the ring. Whatever you want, just say. We’ll go to the shopping mall at night so you needn’t lose any work time. What do you say?”

“You do rush a girl off her feet, don’t you? How can I refuse? It’s a date.”

Josie rose and gave George a kiss. She was deliriously happy. George looked into her eyes; how pretty she looked as the candlelight flickered on her face. The soup course was finished and Josie brought the main meal out. She was as gloriously happy as she had ever been.

The meal finished. “I’ll bring the coffee through to the lounge. then we can chat.”

“Thanks, that meal was scrumptious. You are a good cook, Josie.”

“A girl likes to hear that. I made it just for you.”

George Bentley was now in the living room sitting on the couch where he had first kissed Josie. Josie entered with coffee and doughnuts and put them on the small table in front of George. “Help yourself. I made the doughnuts myself with you in mind.”

George noticed she had removed her apron. She now sat in the plain blue cotton dress and crossed her bare legs. Josie had no makeup on tonight. To George that made no difference; even without it she still looked pretty.

“George,” Josie said, “how are your enquiries regarding Bea’s murder going?”

“Slowly, slowly, but I do have some information I can tell you about.” Now in Inspector George Bentley mode, he related what WPCs Jill Jenkins and Penny Bright had told him.

“I see. What you have been told about Bea is not unfamiliar. I have heard other stories like that on our

help line about mothers, sisters, and aunts putting young boys into girl's dresses. As I said before, you haven't heard half of it. You mustn't think that is how all transgender people start, however. If you ask a hundred trannies, you'll get a hundred different answers about how they got started down this path."

"I've got Old Blood And Guts on my back, Josie."

"Blood And Guts?"

"Well, his correct name and title are Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman, O.B.E. He has the Assistant Chief Constable on his back and the Assistant Chief Constable has the Mayor's wife on his."

Josie laughed. "And poor old you has them all on his back."

"Yes, the Mayor's wife is the figurehead representing a horde of women afraid to go out at night thinking this serial killer is after them. But you and I know he is not interested in genetic woman, only transgender women." Try telling that to those harpies, though.

"I have something here that might interest you." Josephine leant over to the small table in front of them where a number of magazines lay on top. "Have a look at these. I'll give them to you one at a time. I have circled the ads I want you to see." Josephine handed the first magazine over. The front cover had the name "A Different Type Of Girls." Also on the cover was a picture of a transgender woman. The last four pages of 60 were all adverts and Josephine pointed to the one she had circled George Bentley to read.

Box 385: Bettina, beautiful transgender woman. I can make your dreams come true. I am the type of woman you have been looking all your life. For such a privilege, a small compensation is not much to ask.

We can have fun together. If you are a real man who has always wanted to have sex with my type of woman, reply to my box number. I am waiting, naked, for your phone call.

A photo of Bettina was with the ad..

Josephine handed George another copy of “A Different Type Of Girl” from several months later. In it she had circled another advert.

Box 401: Stella, fun-loving trannie looking for that special man who can thrill her and make her feel like the woman she has always wanted to be. Spend money on her she will reward such a man with “Special Favours”. You won’t be disappointed. I’m waiting for you. No time-wasters.

A photo of Stella was with that ad.

Josephine handed George another more recent edition of “A Different Type of Girl.” Again, an advert on the back pages was circled.

Box 453: Suzy, pretty TV looking for another TV for trannie fun together. We can spend a weekend at my place. I have some delightful wedding dresses we could try on together and have fun. Who knows where that could lead to? Age doesn’t matter. You are only as old as you feel and I’d like to feel you.

As with the others, a photo was beside the ad.

“I think you will recognise the first two photos with the ads as the first two victims of this killer.”

“Yes, indeed I do. You have been very diligent. You’ve uncovered more here than I or anyone on the Barchester police force has but why the third ad, Josie?”

“I wouldn’t have expected any of the police to have seen these magazines. The third ad was just to let

you see the kind of person who put these ads in a magazine.”

“Is this your club magazine?”

“No, I would never allow such persons to put that type of ad in our magazine. We are a social club not a sex club. But that does not mean to say that some of our members don’t buy mags like that. Your killer obviously buys this magazine. I’d say he has become bolder as he picked Bea up from our club. It wouldn’t be hard for him to find someone like her for there are listings in many transgender magazines of groups all over the country, even this magazine. And as for saying that he was dressed as a man, well maybe, but he could also have dressed as a woman. We don’t know one way or the other, although from the two ads I have circled, it’s likely he was dressed as a man. Next time, however, if there is a next time and we hope that will never happen, he could be in female clothes.”

“You have given me food for thought, Josie.”

“George, can I give you a suggestion?”

“Fire away. My mind is open for anything at present.”

“This is only a suggestion but I think you need someone on the ‘inside’ so to speak, someone who is going to bring this killer out into the open.”

“Inside? I don’t follow what you mean.”

“Just this, one of your men will have to dress as a woman. This killer appears to be only interested in crossdressers or a woman that is or was once a man.”

“I have a problem with that. How am I going to get anyone in Barchester Police HQ to dress as a woman?”



“That is entirely up to you, but it is all I can come up with at present. Have you any better ideas?”

“No, not at present. Let me sleep on it. I certainly won’t dismiss it for now. Hmm, one of the Barchester coppers in women’s clothes? But who would volunteer to take that on? Hey, maybe Old Blood And Guts would if he wants the Mayor’s wife off his back badly enough.” George Bentley let out a roar of laughter. “That’s a really funny mental image, Josie.”

“I’m glad you think it’s funny dressing up as a woman. A lot of us don’t and take it seriously. Well, think about it, George. you can tell me what you’ve figured out when we pick the ring.”

“Enough of the serious business. Come here.”

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

“Of course I am.”

“What’s a girl to do?”

“This.” George took Josie in his arms and started to kiss her. She never gave any resistance. In fact Josie encouraged him, retuning each kiss with another of her own. It was getting very hot and steamy between the pair. Josie ran her hands through George’s hair like the previous night. George French kissed her. She didn’t seem to mind which only inspired George to be bolder.

A hand descended on Josie’s bare leg and travelled up it towards her panties. Josie again didn’t seem to mind and she opened her legs. George’s hand had come to the bottom part of Josie’s panties. They were not the same satin panties she had on last night; these were white cotton panties. They were nothing special, just a pair Josie always wore at home. George wouldn’t have known that nor did he care.

Josie was breathing heavily with excitement. But even so she didn't want George to go much further. George's hand had gone past the bottom of the panties but it hadn't gone inside them as she might have expected. She sighed with relief; his hand was on her crotch, feeling it through the panties, then he stopped.

"You haven't got a cock, Josie," George suddenly said in surprise.

"Well what do you expect from a woman. I see your little dickey is getting excited again. I think it has had enough excitement for tonight, George." Josie removed his hand from her crotch.

"I'm sorry, Josie, I really do respect you but you drive me crazy. I just can't keep my hands off of you."

"I wouldn't worry about it. I rather enjoyed that. It's nice to know I excite you. But I must get my beauty sleep. It is getting late and you'll want to get home to dream of doing all sorts of sexual things to me. Maybe sometime we can try them, who knows?"

"Yes, it's getting late and I suppose I must go." As he left, Josie held her cheek out for him to give a chaste kiss.

Josie had put her short white brushed nylon nightie on and now lay in bed. What a wonderful day this had been! She knew George liked her but the proposal of marriage had come like a bolt out of the blue. She would marry him but as she said she was an old-fashioned girl who liked to be wooed and courted. It was so much more fun that way. That really was the icing on the cake, the proposal.

Earlier that day she had had an appointment with one of the Vice Presidents of the bank. She had bypassed her immediate superior, the manager of her branch for that meeting. She sat before Mr. Bernard

Gunning as Joseph Briggs. “Yes Joe what can I do for you today?”

“Well Sir, it is a very important personal matter to me. As you may know, I frequently dress in women’s clothes. I am not ashamed, it is no secret at my branch. I’m here today to ask you for permission to come dressed as a woman to work. Apart from my work hours, I am dressed all the time in woman’s clothes.”

“I see, Joe. I would have thought you would know the policy of this bank is not to discriminate against any of our employees based on sexuality. The only thing this bank is interested in is that it does not interfere with your work. From your record, you have been a very efficient worker for the bank, otherwise we would never have made you head of the Foreign Exchange Department of your branch. ”

“Thank you, Sir. I thought it best that someone in authority of the bank should know about this before I started doing it. I did not want to walk into my branch in woman’s clothes just like that. Could you inform my branch manager that of as of tomorrow I will be dressed as Josephine Briggs, Sir?”

“No problem, Josephine. As soon as you leave my office, I will be on the phone to him. However there is still one problem. Your male name of Joseph will still be on the payroll for at least the short term.”

“I wouldn’t worry about that, Sir. Now that I have the okay to dress as a woman full-time I will be taking steps to have my name changed to Josephine by deed poll. I will be seeing my lawyers later today.”

“Then I shall see that all address you as Josephine. I suppose the next time we meet you will be dressed in woman’s clothes, Josephine?”

“Yes Sir!” Josephine said most enthusiastically.

Josie thought of what George has said about wanting to hold her naked body against him. Well, he would eventually but there would be changes in her body before that. No, she was not going to have the full operation for that was not her way. Breast implants were in her mind, however. She desired ample breasts, not like some of the girls she had seen in the club who seemed obsessed by enormous breasts. She wanted an ample pair to fit her frame but not freakishly large. She would shortly make arrangements to see someone at a clinic for implants.

Tomorrow would be another great day in her life as a woman. She would be going with her man to pick out an engagement ring. Her mother would see it when she visited her with George. Mother, as she told George, was her best girlfriend. Mother only wanted happiness for her.

While Josephine may have been having a good night's sleep, George Bentley was not. He wasn't even having erotic dreams of Josephine, he was thinking about what Josie said about how one of his men would have to go undercover dressed as a woman. Who out of that lot at Barchester police HQ would want to put a skirt and makeup on? Of course it was only a suggestion but thinking on it, George decided it was a good one. Well he couldn't come up with a single man who he thought would go for it plus Old Blood And Guts would have to approve the mission. That didn't seem likely given how conservative he was. Maybe in the morning something would occur to George. He pulled the bed sheets up and went to sleep.

Inspector George Bentley was now sitting in his office at Barchester Police HQ. He was convinced Josie had been right; he had to get someone "on the inside" but who? He thought of all in the HQ. Ideally, it should be someone small. That wouldn't be easy to find in the cop ranks. He mentally went over everyone

there. The one man that kept coming up in his mind was Constable David Blackmore. Little did Blackmore know that he had drawn the short straw. “Control Room, I want Constable Blackmore to report to me.

“Sit down, David. I have something that could be of importance concerning the Silk Stockings Murders to ask of you. I take it you live at home with your family?”

“No, Sir, I am married.”

George Bentley raised his eyebrows. He hadn't expected that. It could make what he was going to propose somewhat awkward. “I see. How long have you been married, David?”

“Three years now, Sir. When I married Janet, I said to myself I had to get a better job and pay for the two of us. So I applied for the police force. I had the qualifications and I had always wanted to be a policeman. I considered it a worthwhile job to serve the community.”

“Very commendable, David. I have something maybe embarrassing to ask of you in line with that duty to community. I have to admit we are not making much progress in the case. I need someone on the inside, if you see what I mean.”

“Inside, Sir? I don't follow.”

“Yes, well, I did say it could be embarrassing, David. What I am trying to say is that I want you to dress in women's clothes and get involved with the transgender community. Have you ever dressed in women's clothes before, David?”

“No, never, Sir. For how long would I have to be dressed in woman's clothes, Sir?”

“Until this case is solved. I wouldn’t expect an answer right away; you would have to discuss this with your wife of course. And you would be relieved of normal police duties till this case is solved. Tell me in the morning what your reply is. I promise that if we solve this with your assistance, I will recommend you for promotion.”

“Would that be considered plain clothes duty, Sir?”

George Bentley gave a roar of laughter. “If you take this on, David, I would think you are well qualified for plain clothes.”

“Yes Sir, I see what you mean,” David responded and joined in with the laugh.

George left the station for he had one or two things he wanted to check up on for the case. He made for Barrington and the Hotel Regent. On making enquiries about a Mr. James Pollok having stayed there, he was informed he had but hadn’t been in the hotel for years. He then went to Griffin City and the Mrs. McKnight boarding house. An elderly woman answered his knock on her door and Inspector George Bentley made himself known.

“Could you tell me when James Pollok last stayed here, Mrs. McKnight?”

“Let me think. Hmm, must have been a few years now since Jim last stayed here. I haven’t seen him since then. How is he?”

“He was murdered, Mrs. McKnight.”

“Oh dear, quite the family man he was, used to phone his wife every night.”

It was obvious Mrs. McKnight didn’t read the papers or she would have known about the murder. It seemed that wherever James Pollok was on those

Wednesday and Thursday nights, he always phoned his wife. George went in his pocket to get a hanky to blow his nose and pulled out the one Josie had given him. His thoughts turned to her and their meeting to-night.

George called at Josie's flat about seven to pick her up to go to the shopping mall. George observed Josie was not dressed in the slinky evening dress she wore when he went to the club or the plain housewife dress of last night. This was a serious-looking Josie in a business suit, white button-up blouse, black skirt, matching jacket, black stockings and flat black. She also wore pumps, a chain necklace with a cross, and silver stud earrings.

"What jewellers would you like to visit, Josie?"

"I'm not fussy but the girls say Robert Laing is the place to go."

"Right, then that's the first place we will visit. If you do not see anything that you fancy, we'll go to another. I want the best for you, Josie."

"Oh George, you say the nicest things to a girl. You've got my heart beating so fast again."

Josephine had slipped her hand in George's as they stood in the jewellers shop. "What can I do for you, Sir and Madam?" said the assistant as they stood before the counter.

"We have come to see some engagement rings."

"Certainly Sir. We have a number of trays. What sort of gem would you be looking for?"

"That is up to Josie. What do you want, darling?"

Josephine Briggs smiled; he was calling her darling "I'm looking for diamonds and emeralds."

“I think we have the very thing, Madam. I’ll get the tray out of the safe. Take a seat.” The assistant went through the back, opened the safe, and came back with a tray of rings.”

Josephine inspected the rings, then lifted one. “What do you think of that, George?”

“If you like it, that is all that matters. I know nothing about jewels.”

“Would Madam like to put it on?” asked the assistant.

“Yes please.” Josie put the ring on her finger. It had an emerald with a diamond either side of it. “What do think, George?” she asked again, flashing the ring in his face.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes!” she replied.

“Then that’s it. We will buy it now. But I want ‘GB to JB 28/9/12’ engraved on the inside of the ring.”

“It is expensive.”

“I don’t care. You are worth every penny of it, Josephine.”

“Come here, you handsome man.” Josephine planted a big sexy kiss on George lips right there in the shop. She whispered, “I may have a treat for your little dickey tonight.” The ring was left with the jewelers to be engraved and would be picked up the next week.

The couple returned to Josie’s flat. “I’ll make a cup of coffee for us and maybe a glass of wine to celebrate our engagement. I don’t think one glass will do you any harm, will it?”

“Not hardly, after all it is our engagement. Come here.”

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

“Of course I am, you sexy thing.”

“I suppose I will have to accept this now that we are engaged, for which I am thankful.” They embraced each other and many kisses ensued.

“Phew, I’ll need to come up for air, this is getting to be a habit,” Josie giggled. “But to get our breath back, I’ll make coffee and bring a glass of wine through.”

A few minutes later, Josie came back with two cups of coffee and a bottle of white wine. “I’ll get the glasses and bottle opener.” So saying, Josie went over to the cocktail cabinet and took a bottle opener and two glasses out. “You can open the bottle.” This George did and poured out two glasses.

Raising his glass, he proposed a toast. “Here’s to us, Josie.”

“Yes, here’s to us.” Glasses clinked and they drank the wine. “I’ve baked some scones just for you. I know you like them. Wait while I fetch them.”

“Umm, they’re good. I like them,” said he, munching into a scone.

“Of course they are, I made them. Tell me, have you made any progress in the case? I’m not trying to be like your boss. No pressure, I’m just curious.”

“I have asked a constable if he would be willing to dress in women’s clothes. Remember Constable Blackmore who came to the club the other night? I was looking for someone small, more fitting to play a woman.”

“George, I can tell you from experience that as far as trannies are concerned, size doesn’t it matter. I’ve seen them all; fat, thin, tall, short, pretty and ugly so a small size makes no difference. It could help but that’s not guaranteed. As for your killer’s preferences, certainly the transgender prostitute was pretty and as was that Stella but Bea, well, she certainly is no oil painting. I see his motivation as a hatred for transgender people in general. I suspect it matters not how they look.”

“I won’t know whether Blackmore will volunteer for the assignment till the morning. He has to talk with his wife. Even if the wife goes for it, Old Blood And Guts will have to approve. If he wants the Assistant Chief Constable off his back, I don’t see how he can not approve.”

“You do understand that your man will have to be a special kind of transgender person.”

“Special transgender? I’m not sure what you mean.”

“You’ve seen the ads and Bea said herself she wasn’t holding hands with Dave Cuthbert. There is no more polite way to say it; he was fucking her. You said yourself there had been sexual activity between Bea and the killer. So you see what you are letting your man in for? He may also have to live on his own for a while till the killer is caught. If he comes to the club, he may have to make himself available to any man chatting him up or he won’t know if any man he talks to is the killer. I can tell you there are a few male tranny lovers who come to our club.”

“Hmm, I never thought of that but the die is cast. I will make Blackmore aware of that should he accept. I’ll make sure he has a medical check-up periodically.”

“That’s a must, George. Your man may find himself being subjected to anal intercourse in his line of duty.”

“But enough of this, Josie. I’m here to celebrate our engagement. Come here” George patted his lap for Josie to sit on.

“You’re not going to kiss me *again*, are you?” Josie suggested and giggled.

“What do you think?”

Josephine Briggs was already sitting on George’s lap, offering her lipstick painted lips. “Oh, your little dickey is getting excited again. I can feel it pressing through my skirt. As I said, it will get a treat soon but not no...w.”

Josie was interrupted as George planted a kiss on her lovely lips. Conversation paused as both Josie and George

concentrated on the art of kissing. They spent a long time practising their skills. She was running her hands through his hair again and George loved it. Her hand descended on the zipper of George’s trouser fly and just like that, it was opened. The hand went into George’s underpants and was placed on his erect penis. Josie rubbed the foreskin up and down. She could hear his intake of breath.

“Your little dickey likes its treat, doesn’t it, George?”

“If you keep doing that, you’ll soon see how much it appreciates it.”

“Really? I want to see that.”

Josephine carried on rubbing him off. George was holding her tighter to him. He had lost control of himself; there was nothing he could do to stop his love

juice from escaping from his penis, try as he might. "I'm going to ejaculate."

She watched fascinated as the juices spurted forth from the eye of his penis. She had the power to make her man come for her and just for her. That was a very exciting thought to Josie. "Is it finished, George?"

"You've drained it. I've not a drop left."

"I told you I had a treat for your little dickey. We must do that again sometime. I liked watching it having its pleasure." Both George and Josephine rose from the couch and readjusted their crumpled clothing after their sexual activities.

"Josie are you a lover of the arts? I saw the print of Renoir on the dining room wall the other night."

"Yes, I like that. I also have some a landscapes print of a Turner I bought some time ago. I've always meant to hang it up but never got round to it. Why do you ask?"

"Do you like classical music, Josie?"

"Yes Bach, Beethoven, and that. I've been to a few concerts in my time, the Proms and such in the Albert Hall."

"I'll buy a couple of tickets for a concert in the Royal Festival Hall next week; Mozart, Rossini, and Rameau if you will come with me."

"I will be only too glad to accompany you. Our first date! How romantic."

"Great. I'll take you to a nice small Hungarian restaurant for a meal after the concert where a fiddler will play Gypsy music to serenade you. I'll kiss you again and again and we'll make love that night."

“Oh stop! My heart is already beating so fast at the thought. Don’t tell me anymore, let it all come as a surprise. You bet I’ll be there! I can’t wait. I think your little dickey is stirring again but it has had enough excitement for one night.”

Josie kissed George as he left her flat. She was getting wooed and courted and chased by George and liking every minute of it. Wasn’t it nice to be desired by a man, one you love at that? Maybe tonight she would be the one having the erotic dreams about George.

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Constable David Blackmore had arrived home. He had a dilemma. Just how was he going to tell Janet about Inspector Bentley’s proposal that he dress in woman’s clothes for an indefinite period. They had been married for three years; the first two had been all milk and honey but lately the marriage was going sour. There was something lacking, that vital spark they once had was gone. He sat down at his dinner opposite Janet. She didn’t look the pretty woman she once was. She had let her appearance go and put on weight. Janet looked all fat and sloppy as she put the meal down in front of him. “There,” she said in a disinterested voice. The food didn’t look appealing.

“What’s wrong with us, Janet? You looked so beautiful once but now look at you! You’re untidy, your hair’s in a mess. You’ve let yourself go and we don’t make love anymore. I’ve tried to get a better job for us for a better life. ”

“I think I’ll find another man, David. I’ve lost my feelings for you. I don’t know why, I just have. You can’t explain these things.”

“Why did you ever marry me, Janet? I was head over heels in love with you. I worshipped you, would do anything for you. Can we not start again?”

“I don’t know about that, David. I think it is too late.”

“That then makes all the more difficult what I have to say to you now.” David Blackmore pulled himself together. “Janet, what would you say if I dressed in women’s clothes?”

Janet Blackmore raised her eyebrows in astonishment and looked intensely into his eyes. She stayed silent for some time, thinking, then spoke. “I knew it! That was what was wrong with us. You’re a fairy, David. I hope you haven’t been dressing in my frocks and knickers and letting some man fuck you in the arse. I just can’t bear the thought you using MY CLOTHES.”

“Calm down, Janet, it’s nothing like that. You don’t understand. Please let me explain. It could mean a promotion for me.” David Blackmore explained all Inspector George Bentley had told him. “Now do you understand? It is to catch a killer.”

“I suppose there is some sense in his idea but you won’t be wearing any of my skirts or knickers, I can tell you. I couldn’t bear to think some man had had them on, especially my husband. I’ll want to see you dressed first before I say any more.”

“Sure, that’s only fair. It may never get off the ground anyway. Chief Superintendent Bradman will have to approve of it first and that may be the end of the story.” No more was said that night between David and Janet. Janet turned her back on him in bed as she had done for most of the last few months.

“Well, David, what is your answer?” asked Inspector George Bentley as Constable Blackmore sat before him in his office.

“I’ll do it, Sir,” He was going ahead with it no matter what Janet said or thought. If she left him, then so be it. As things stood, that was likely to happen whether he was in frocks or not.

“Good man. Wait here. I’ll have to see The Man upstairs for his approval. If I don’t come back after a few hours, send a search party out.”

George stood outside the door of Chief Superintendent Bradman’s office.

“Enter!” boomed his voice.

“Ah, George, take a seat. Reporting progress on the stockings case?”

“Not exactly, Sir. I am approaching the case from a different angle which I hope will get us to a solution.”

“Different angle, George? Please explain.”

“We need someone on the inside to lure this killer into the open, someone who will be a transgender person temporarily, Sir.”

“Splendid idea, George. You have a transgender person in mind that will assist us then?”

“No, Sir. I think it will have to be one of our own men dressed in women’s clothes. That is the only way we can solve this case, I’m afraid. This man will be putting his life on the line. It is a dangerous mission, Sir.”

“But if this crazy idea works, George we stand a good chance of catching our killer in days and I’ll get the Assistant Chief Constable off my back.”

George Bentley sighed. *Give me strength, he thought, it's going to be hard going getting this into that thick skull of Bradman's.* "No Sir, it's not going to be as easy as that. This could take longer than that, Sir. Constable Blackmore has volunteered. He is willing to do this because he considers it his duty and I commend him for it."

"How long? Days? Weeks? What are we talking about here?"

"I haven't the faintest idea, Sir. It will take as long as it takes and Constable Blackmore will have to be excused from normal duty till this case is over."

"Does that mean I'm going to be one man short on the force, George?"

George Bentley was getting somewhat frustrated and irritated by now. "It's up to you, Chief Superintendent whether you want the Assistant Chief Constable as well as the Mayor's wife off your back. Do you or do you not give me your permission, Sir?"

Donald Bradman thought it over. "It certainly would look good on my record if we caught this killer. It could mean a promotion."

"Yes Sir, we are all looking for promotion, even me, Sir." George was thinking that a promotion meant better pay and getting away from Bradman. "What's your answer, Sir?"

Bradman sighed, then spoke. "Yes, go ahead, George. For your sake, as well as mine, I hope this crazy idea of your results in an speedy arrest and conviction."

"And so do I, Sir. Thank you."

George breathed a sigh of relief. He had the green light to go forward with the most unusual operation he had ever been involved with in all his years on the

police force. It would work, he assured himself. It *had* to work.

”That’s it, David. You’re going to be dressed as a woman for the duration till we catch this killer. I’ll take you to see Josephine. You met her at the Woman For A Night club. She is the President. You may as well go home for the rest of the day. Meet me here at HQ, say around six and I’ll take you over to her flat.”

*To Be Continued...*