

Made A Lady



Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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MADE A LADY

By Blind Ruth

AUNT CHARLOTTE

The small girl of seven or eight was struggling with her mother in the driveway where a car was parked. The mother tightly held onto the girl's hand, not letting go. With her other hand, she opened the rear door of the car. "Don't you dare let your Aunt Charlotte see you disobey your mother." She slammed the door shut, knowing the child could not get out for there was a child lock fitted on all the doors.

The mother climbed into the front of the car and drove off. In the rear, the child thought over the words said by her mother. Aunt Charlotte was a severe-looking woman who the last time she had been at her aunt's house, eyed her from top to bottom, not saying a word. She was rather fearful of her Aunt Charlotte. But she got on really well with her cousin Abigail, a girl of the same age as herself.

From past experience, the child knew it would be an hour or so before that house of her aunt's was reached. She thought it was eerie; one could be there for months and no one would know. The house suited the character of her Aunt Charlotte, a widow who lived with her daughter, Abigail.

While all these thoughts were going through the mind of the child, suddenly she was there. The red stone building loomed out of the mist in the woods. It was cold and damp as the child and her mother exited the car to enter the grand-looking house. After a short time, the door was opened and a tall woman appeared.

"Charlotte," the mother of the child said in a manner of awe.

The woman didn't answer and motioned with her hand for the mother and child to enter. She led them down a long marble-tiled passage to a large mahogany door. This opened to reveal the living room of the house. No words were said as the woman indicated with her hand for the mother to sit in a comfortable easy chair. The girl was left standing in front of the burning fire.

The woman was dressed in a long black skirt that came to her ankles where a pair of black ankle boots descended to the floor. The boots shone brightly as the fire flickered on them. A white button-up blouse with a high stiff neck collar revealed an ample bosom. A slender neck led to a full face with no makeup on, with the exception of some red lipstick that had been applied to her lips as a token to remind people that she was female. Her hair swept highly up on her head, reminding one of a coiffure from a hundred years ago. The only jewellery she wore was a triple pearl necklace, matching stud earrings, and a gold wedding ring.

"You've brought the child here at last for me to see, Stephanie," said the stern-looking woman.

"Yes, Charlotte."

"Well, don't just stand there. Take her coat off and let me see the girl in her dress."

"Yes of course, sister."

The mother, named Stephanie, rose, went to the child and unbuttoned the white fur coat and fur collar and placed it on the chair she had just vacated.

The girl stood there in a blue dress with sleeves that stopped at the elbow, white ankle socks, and Mary Jane shoes of black. She wore a multi-coloured necklace and no other jewellery. She was a round fresh faced girl with a mop of ginger curly hair that had a couple of white bows tied in it placed on either side of her head.

"Come here, girl," demanded the woman called Charlotte.

"I won't, I won't," said the child in rebellion, stamping a foot.

"Go to your aunt!" said her mother.

The girl stood her ground and moved not a muscle.

"I'm afraid the girl shows dissent to her mother, Stephanie."

The girl, facing her Aunt Charlotte in an outburst, said, "I'm not a girl and you're not my aunt."

"Did you hear that, Stephanie? Impudence. The little madam will have to be brought to ground and taught a lesson?" Aunt Charlotte rose and grabbed the girl.

"Look at you how ungrateful you are, your mother put you in these delightful clothes and all you do is complain." Charlotte looked round the room and saw what she was seeking.

“Hand me that hair brush, sister dear.”

Stephanie went over to an ivory-handled silver back hairbrush belonging to Charlotte’s daughter. It had been there since Charlotte had used it to brush out Abigail’s hair that morning. She handed it to her sister, somewhat afraid as to what it would be used for.

The girl quickly found herself over her aunt’s knee, facing the floor. Charlotte raised the dress to expose a pair of blue satin knickers.

“I never saw such beautiful underwear. This must have cost your mother a pretty penny. You don’t know how lucky you are. Maybe you’ll appreciate such fine things after I’m finished with you.”

Charlotte raised her hand, the hairbrush held firmly in it by the ivory handle, and brought the flat silver back of it smartly down on the girl’s buttocks’. Again she raised her hand and repeated the operation; this she did several times more. Sobs were heard coming from the girl. A wicked smile formed on the face of her aunt, but the mother’s expression was blank.

At last the chastisement ceased and Aunt Charlotte placed the dress back over the exposed bottom. But she wasn’t finished with the girl yet.

“You’ll get no supper, my girl, and locked in your room you’ll be.”

The girl tried to resist but the beating had taken too much out of her. Charlotte left the living room with the girl as her mother silently watched. Charlotte and the sobbing girl went down the corridor to the stairs that led to the upper floor. Once there, the sobbing girl was taken within a room. Her Aunt Charlotte roughly threw her on the bed there.

“Now you can think of how naughty a girl you are and apologise to your mother and me. You will have the whole night for that.” With that, Charlotte left the room. The girl heard the door shut and a key turning. She was locked in the room.

The girl was right; Charlotte wasn't her aunt and Stephanie wasn't her mother. She was her stepmother. And as she said, she wasn't even a girl!

Charlotte returned to the living room to discuss many matters with her sister, her elder sister. But to look at these two women, one would think it was the other way around.

Charlotte sat herself comfortably on the easy chair opposite her sister and smiled at her.

“Don't you think that went over well, Stephanie?”

“You didn't have to hit David so hard, did you, Charlotte?”

“What would you have done, Stephanie? Nothing? Well, we aren't going to get anywhere with an attitude like that, are we? And you can stop calling her David, I have decided that 'Hester' suits the role I have planned for her.”

“Hester is it, Charlotte? That sounds like something out of a Victorian melodrama. And how are you going to explain to Abigail that her cousin now wears girl's clothes?”

“I sometimes think you don't listen to what I say, Stephanie, we discussed this a while ago. That will all be explained to her when she comes back from her girlfriend's. You are going to have to do some of the dirty work as well.”

“I already have, Charlotte. Didn't I get him into that dress? Didn't I let his hair grow long and didn't I take him

to the hairdresser? David was furious when he saw his new hairdo by them it was too late to do anything. But somehow I got the frock on him and here we are, sister."

"Well, maybe I have been bit harsh with you. I do commend your choice of girl's clothes for her. You always were a nice dresser."

"You could do with some of that knowledge Charlotte for we don't see you often in a skirt and blouse."

"I will take up your offer of finding me dresses and skirts."

"Why the sudden interest in pretty dresses and skirts? It's so unlike you. Your companions are usually the ones that wear the beautiful dresses; Anyway, why do you have a skirt on right now anyway?"

"We are trying to put Hester in a female environment, aren't we? She must see nothing that would remind her of the male she once was. So dresses and skirts I will wear for now till our mission is complete," answered Charlotte.

"If it was anybody else, I would say they were mad but you are just the one who could pull it off."

"Thanks for your confidence. We each have our part to play and must support each other, sister dear."

"Yes, you are right again, Charlotte. I may disapprove at times but you know I am right behind you."

"I've been thinking; probably the best thing you ever did was marrying that widower, Tommy Weston."

"He had so much money and wanted a wife for one reason only, his baby son."

"And you hid your past very well. He never found you out, did he?"

"No. He thought I was the perfect mother for his son. But make no mistake, I did take care of David for I loved

the boy. I have to say I protected my past better than you, Charlotte. Weren't you caught in bed with the wife of your husband's best friend."

"Yes but it was all hushed up. When your husband is a member of Parliament, a scandal like that could well have brought the government down for their majority was thin."

"I remember Helen. We met at a constituency party dance. Her husband faced a good career in government. Some whispered he was a future Prime Minister."

"I'm afraid I ruined George's chances of that. for he was well in with hierarchy of the party. When word filtered through of his wife's infidelity, he was ruined, along with my own husband, James. But I will not take all the blame. Helen was as bad as me. We met at a party conference and we soon found our sexual needs and continued on from there for years. The night Helen and I were caught in the act so to speak there was a vital vote going on in Parliament. We the debate would go on to the morning but things didn't work out like that. George and James came back to the flat; they knew Helen and I got on well with each other but they didn't expect to find both of us in bed."

"Whatever happened to George and Helen, Charlotte?"

"For services to the party, George was given a title, Sir George and she is now Lady Helen. They live apart and go their separate ways. I have met Helen a few times since and we have been to bed for old times' sake. She doesn't hold it against me that she could have been First Lady."

COUSIN ABIGAIL

Charlotte's was interrupted by the tinkling of the outside door bell. It was her daughter Abigail who had been

brought back to the house by the mother of her girlfriend. "Thank you Amelia, that was nice of you. Do come in and have a cup of tea."

"That's kind of you, Charlotte, but I must rush. I have to go to a meeting of the Woman's Guild. Some other time perhaps."

Charlotte led her daughter to the living room. "Aunt Stephanie is here, darling."

The girl now named Hester was embraced by her aunt and received a kiss on the cheek.

"Did you have a good time at Margaret's?" asked her mother?

"Oh yes, Mummy. Mrs. Delmont is taking us all to the ballet next week."

"That's nice of her. I shall get you a pretty dress to wear for that."

"Oh thank you, Mummy, you are so good to me. Where is David?" Charlotte's daughter asked.

Charlotte glanced at her sister for a moment. "Come here, darling, and let me take your coat off." The girl did, letting her mother unbutton the blue fur coat with the fur collar, not dissimilar to that of her cousin.

Charlotte held her daughter closer to her. "Darling, you are a big girl now aren't you and you love your cousin, don't you?"

The girl nodded her head.

"There is something wrong with him, dear."

"Is David ill, Mummy?"

"Well I suppose you could say that but it is all in his head. You see, your cousin wants to wear girl's clothes but at times he feels ashamed to do so. Your aunt suggested he come here. "

“Is he here and can I see him, please?”

“Yes, she is here but you cannot as yet see her. Maybe in the morning. You must call her Hester for that is the name your aunt and I have chosen for David. You must befriend her as the girl that she wants to be. You will do that, won’t you? I trust you not to let me down.”



"Yes Mummy, Hester will be like a new girlfriend to me."

"Good. Now it is time for dinner and after that you must go to bed for there is much that must be done in the morning."

After dinner, Charlotte took her daughter to her bedroom and put a long nightdress on her. She tucked her in bed, gave a light kiss on Abigail's forehead, put out the light, and shut the door.

"You handled that well," said her sister.

"Didn't I? I'll soon see this son of yours again and administer another trashing before she sleeps this night."

"Oh, must you? Be easy on him this time, Charlotte, he is only a little boy, err, girl."

"You know what they say, spare the rod and spoil the child. Hester will not be spared."

A sharp intake of breath came from Stephanie and a tear rolled slowly down her cheek which she dabbed with a lace-edged hanky from her handbag. Yet she just sat in her chair, doing nothing.

Charlotte left the living room this with a paddle in her hand.

The boy now dressed in girl's clothes was still sobbing since his aunt had left the room that first time. Eventually the sobs ceased and he composed himself to ponder the situation. He couldn't help but observe the room he was now in wasn't the room he and his cousin Abigail had played in when he came here many times in the past. It was different and had fresh-smelling paint, new wallpa-

per and a dressing table, a chest of drawers, and fitted wardrobes that had never been there before.

He rose from the bed and walked over to the chest of drawers. Opening, they revealed girls' underwear. The wardrobe's contained skirts and dresses and the dressing table within the drawers contained makeup.

Why was his mother putting him in girls' clothes? He had received a shock looking in the mirror after his mother forced these clothes on him. With the girl's clothes and that mop of curly ginger hair, he could well be mistaken as a girl of his own age.

The boy dressed as a girl had been locked in the room for many hours and it was dark. The turning of the key in the locked door drew his attention. His fears were confirmed; as the door opened, there stood the outline of his Aunt Charlotte, her black skirt highlighted by the bright light outside. He saw she had a paddle in her hand and he cowered on the bed.

Charlotte switched the light on as she entered the room to see the boy coiled up on the bed.

"You needn't hide, Hester. You cannot avoid me. I don't think you have learned your lesson yet. Come here and take your punishment for you are a very naughty girl."

Charlotte grasped him and put him over her knee. The dress was raised and the blue satin knickers were assaulted by the paddle that Charlotte held in her hand. The paddle descended on the outside of Hester's knickers.

Charlotte finished the chastisement, carefully lowered the skirt, and went over to the chest of drawers. She opened one and withdrew a child's nightdress. Hester was sobbing again and gave no resistance as her clothes were taken off and the delightful white long silk girl's nightdress was placed over her body by her aunt.

Charlotte put her in bed, tucked her in, and kissed her on the forehead with the words, "You will be a good girl, won't you, for me and your mummy?"

She left the room and switched the lights out with a satisfied smile on her face as she once more locked the door.

A key heard in the lock had Hester very nervous that her Aunt Charlotte was again about to enter the room. Her heart sighed with relieve when she saw her mother enter. Stephanie had a jar in her hand.

"Let me see your backside, darling," her mother said.

Hester complied, not afraid of her mother as she had been of her aunt.

"I have some soothing cream to rub on your sore bottom, dear."

Stephanie lifted the white nightdress up to reveal the fleshy round half-globes. The red marks from where the paddle had been clearly showed.

Charlotte went to work with the pink cream, gently smoothing it on Hester's buttocks. Little wincing from her now daughter made Stephanie take more care.

"Is it sore, Hester?" her mother asked.

"A little, Mother," said the new girl, wondering why he was being called Hester.

Stephanie finished but her eye had fixated on her son's penis for she knew what was going to happen there. Charlotte had told her in no uncertain terms only this morning that it was coming off soon.

"How soon, Charlotte?"

“Probably be next week. The sooner the better for we need as much time as we can get.”

“To be robbed of one’s manhood is a shame.”

“For what we hope to achieve, you must be strong, Stephanie.”

“Yes Charlotte,” her sister meekly answered.

Stephanie came back to the present, went over to a wardrobe and took a dress out, then went to the chest of drawers and removed some underwear.

“Come over here, sweetheart, and we will dress you for breakfast”

“But Mother, that’s girl’s clothes.”

“We don’t want to upset your Aunt Charlotte, do we? Please your mother and apologise to your aunt.”

“But Mother, there is nothing to apologise for.”

Stephanie was becoming annoyed “JUST DO IT AND LETS HEAR NO MORE OF THIS NONSENCE. COME HERE!” she harshly said.

Stephanie roughly pulled Hester to her and took off the white nightdress. A pair of white girl’s knickers were put on along with white socks, a slip of white, a white dress and black shoes.

“Step into these!” Hester’s mother said, holding a pair of white cotton knickers. Her new daughter complied.

Stephanie took her daughter’s hand. “Now remember what I told you. Apologise to your aunt.”

When both mother and daughter arrived at the breakfast room, Aunt Charlotte was seated with cousin Abigail beside her. Stephanie pushed Hester towards her sister.

Because of her fear about what might happen to her, she came over to her aunt.

"Aunt Charlotte, I apologise for being a naughty girl yesterday."

Charlotte looked at her and smiled. "Come here, Hester." Charlotte took the boy/girl in her arms and embraced her, ran a hand through Hester curly ginger hair and kissed her lovingly.

"You'll be good from now on, won't you, and do all your mommy says, for nice girls get their rewards."

Stephanie nodded her head in agreement.

"Now kiss your cousin and all is forgiven."

Hester did that but it was a funny kind of kiss, different from the usual greeting between them when he was a boy. Abigail was kissing her as if she was a girlfriend.

"Abigail," said her mother. "I want you to take Hester after breakfast to your room and play with your dolls."

When the two girls departed hand-in-hand, Stephanie turned to her sister "What do you intend to do with Hester?"

"Hester will not be going back to school. Her training starts next week I have hired a governess who will be arriving in the next few days. Both girls will be under her charge."

Abigail and her cousin were now in her bedroom. Abigail looked strangely at Hester. There certainly were traces of the once David but in other ways, he looked like a she.

Abigail was not interested in her toys at present. "Hester," she said, "you do look pretty in that dress. Isn't it nice being a girl?"

“I’m not a girl, I’m David!” she answered.

ABIGAIL’S PERSON

Aunt Charlotte’s devious plan was working; she always knew that her daughter could well be the key to prepare the way. Abigail had been born a hermaphrodite, having the genitals of both sexes. Charlotte preferred to bring her up as a girl but the semblance of a penis was still there. As she became older, breasts would form, maybe to the detriment of her male side but only time would tell. For now, Abigail was happy living as a female.

Charlotte had carefully picked the governess she wanted for the girls and briefed her in the subjects she considered they must becoming experts in. A political career was mapped out for them and they had to be carefully prepped for that at all costs.

THE GOVERNESS

Aunt Charlotte had driven the Bentley into town to meet the new governess. She had sifted through the applicants until she found the right woman. The woman, in her mid-thirties, understood perfectly what was required of her and the condition of the children she had come to teach.

The new governess was shown her room. Turning to Charlotte, she said, “You must show me the bonnie wee things right away for now they are my girls as of now and will be my girls always.”

“That will be done, Miss McFarlane.”

Elsbeth McFarlane looked Charlotte up and down. She was a good judge of character and knew without being

told that Charlotte Middleton was one who preferred her own sex.

“You must stop calling me Miss McFarlane, its Elspeth, Charlotte.”

Charlotte said nothing and led her to the girls who at present were in Hester’s room, trying dresses on.

“Here is my bonnie lassies. Come here, darlings,” said Elspeth McFarlane, holding out her hands to welcome Abigail and Hester into them. It is fair to say that both girls were taken with the reception Elspeth McFarlane made for them.

Elspeth put both her hands round their shoulders. “Now which one of you girls is Abigail and which is Hester?”

Each introduced herself.

“Now girls ,we are going to get on famously. You both are going to grow up to be pretty and beautiful women. I just know and you are going to give me all your attentions, aren’t you girls?”

“Yes Miss,” they both answered for they didn’t know her name as yet.

“I’m Miss Elspeth Mc McFarlane, girls, but you just address me as Miss Elspeth.”

Both Abigail and Hester answered, “Yes, Miss Elspeth.”

The following morning saw both girls at the study at the time Elspeth had given them.

“Good, girls, you are prompt. Girls, we have much to do in our academic studies. There is much to do.”

Elspeth Mc McFarlane had that wonderful gift of bringing out the best in her pupils and working them hard without their realising it.

Elspeth knew that Hester would be going for her operation in the week. One day as the girls put their books away after lessons, she said, "Hester dear, I wish a word with you."

"Yes, Miss Elspeth."

"Hester, you may not know it but God has been kind to you. God has picked you to become female. You will lose your member which is really no use to you. How lovely you'll look as you grow up. It's nicer being a girl than some horrid boy, darling. Everyone around here is going to love you so much better. We will all be at your side during that wonderful operation; your mother, cousin, aunt and me." Elspeth hugged Hester and patted her on the back.

The once David Weston, now Hester, was totally taken in by the eloquent speech her governess had given her. She was driven by her aunt to the hospital. Stephanie wiped tears from her eyes with a hanky during the trip. She was thinking of the loss of her stepson's maleness.

Later that night, upon returning home, Elspeth had a serious talk with her employer in private.

"Charlotte, I am not happy with Stephanie. The work I have done to persuade Hester for the operation was almost spoiled today by her mother. I'm afraid she will have to leave, otherwise she is going to be a disruptive influence on Hester and my work. What do you intend to do?"

"You are perfectly right, Miss McFarlane; my sister could well be a weak link in my plan. She has served her purpose and brought the boy here dressed in the clothing I wished for Hester. I will have a talk with her and make it known that her time here is at an end. I know she has pledged loyalty to me but sometimes her heart takes over. Stephanie will leave here within the week."

Within nine months, Elspeth McFarlane's presence changed things radically. Subjects like algebra, geometry, trigonometry, political history, and political science were taught to the girls, a must for what Charlotte aimed for.

The governess had "her girls" tuned like playing a violin for they adored their governess and obeyed her every command.

"My bonnie wee lassies, you are going to look like little angels this night for we have picked such beautiful frocks for you. I will help you dress and for the first time you will wear makeup that shows you growing into big girls. Before you know it, you will be young ladies."

The two girls were fired with excitement; they would do anything for their governess. Elspeth Mc McFarlane was a natural with children.

The fitting of the girl's dresses took place in Abigail's bedroom. For the first time in their life, both girls were to have brassieres. At this age there was nothing to fit the cups but such was the construction of these bras that it could scoop such flesh as there was into the cups. There was the appearance of very small breasts and both girls were very proud of that.

Hester's dress was a cream party dress, a clip-on floral corsage attached to a jersey vest top, with diamantes at its centre. It had a flared skirt with gold Jacquard snakeskin pattern and net trim underneath. Elspeth fussed around Hester, setting the skirt right and wasn't content till it looked perfect on the girl. A pair of satin pump shoes with double satin bows on top of each shoe was fitted to each foot.

"There we are. I'm so proud of you and that cream-coloured necklace will just go right with the dress. Hurry and get in it while I fit your cousin's dress."

Elsbeth now set to work on fitting Abigail's dress. It was an ivory party dress featuring a mesh tutu skirt, sleeveless satin body, silver sequinned embellishment to the waist band, a tie to the back, button fastening to the back, and two sequinned butterfly appliqués on the left shoulder. The dress flared widely out above Abigail's knees to reveal a hint of the white satin knickers she wore below. She wore the same satin shoes as her cousin.

Her governess clapped her hands in glee. "Aren't you just adorable. You'll be the best looking girl at your party, my wee darling."

Just then, Hester came back with the cream-coloured necklace clipped round her neck. Abigail saw it and exclaimed, "Put my necklace on, Miss Elspeth, please. It goes so well with this dress." The governess complied.

"Girls, today you both will meet another girl for the first time, the daughter of a 'special' girlfriend of your mother's. She is of the same age as you two. I want you to make her welcome for I want you girls to become great friends."

Both girls were excited for they always loved meeting new people. "Who is she?" both asked in harmony.

"It is a girl called Marie Ramsay, a very brilliant scholar. You both have a lot in common with her. Now before we go downstairs to greet all your guests, I have a present for my girls." Elspeth Mc McFarlane proceeded to give a soft ivory-coloured handbag to each girl. Inside each bag was a £100 in notes.

Each girl let out a squeal of delight, put their arms round their governess and kissed her on the cheek.

Elsbeth took the girls to her employer. "There we are, Charlotte, what do you think of your daughter?"

“Come here, my darling. I have never seen you look so pretty. Give your mother a kiss.” This the ten-year-old girl did.

Abigail was honoured to stand with her mother in the hallway. Elspeth took Hester’s hand and led her into the living room where the party would be.

Abigail proudly stood at her mother’s side as the guests entered and copied her mother as she greeted them, giving a kiss on the cheek to the ladies or a hand-shake if it was a man bringing their offspring. She would kiss the girl or shake the hand of the boy.

Then Phyllis Ramsay entered with her daughter Marie in her hand.

“So this is little Marie. I’ve heard so much about you, dear. This is my daughter Abigail. I hope you two girls will get on well with each other.”

Abigail kissed the girl on the cheek. There was nothing spectacular about Marie, thought Abigail. She didn’t even look pretty. She was so small and her appearance was spoiled by the horn-rim spectacles she wore and pigtails. But her governess said she and Hester must welcome the girl and become good friends with her. So Abigail made a point of introducing Marie to her cousin Hester. They found Marie a highly intelligent girl; all three were studying things well beyond the average ten-year-old. It was the start of a great friendship.

The children’s entertainment was coming to an end and the meal was about to begin. After the meal, presents were to be given to Abigail by all; her mother and cousin Hester would be the first to present theirs.

Her mother told Abigail to come to the centre of the floor and shut her eyes. Behind Abigail’s back, she opened a small box containing a diamante herringbone crystal necklace, with matching earrings. This Charlotte

clipped round the neck of her daughter. "You can open your eyes, dear."

Abigail saw the necklace, then looked towards her governess. Elspeth smiled for she had known Abigail's mother would be giving this present; that was why she did not permit Abigail to wear a necklace tonight.

Charlotte whispered in her daughter's ear, "Don't worry about the earrings, precious, for tomorrow you and your cousin will have your ears pierced and can wear the earrings."

Meanwhile Elspeth was coaching Hester for she, too, had a present for her cousin.

"Dear Abigail," she started, "I have bought this present for my favourite special girlfriend for I love you dearly, cousin." Hester presented a gorgeous bubble crystal bracelet with shimmering diamantes and dazzling circular crystals set on a stylish silver chain. The two cousins embraced and kissed each other. "Oh, isn't that sweet?" said someone.

Eventually, Abigail's fantastic day came to an end. She stood at the door again with her mother shaking hands with all as they departed.

"It's bed time, darlings and you both look tired." Elspeth took each girl to their room. Two tired and exhausted girls were soon in their pretty nightgowns of satin in bed, fast asleep.

Elspeth made her way back down to the drawing room where she knew Charlotte would be relaxing after the birthday party.

"The wee bairns are fast asleep, Charlotte. I don't think they will wake till midday tomorrow," said she in her Scottish burr.

"Now that you've seen Marie, what do you think of her?"

"She looks a very intelligent girl and your aims are high, it shows me the work that is needed for my girls."

As the years went on in that isolated house, there was one thing missing: male presence. The only people living there were Charlotte, Elspeth, the two girls, and the servants, all women. Charlotte would have guests in her house, usually at weekends, but they were always of the female sex. Frequent visitors were Phyllis Ramsay and her daughter Marie for Charlotte wanted the girls to be the best of friends and she was succeeding.

Abigail and Hester looked at little Marie with her horn rimmed spectacles and pigtails, then looked at each other and laughed. "Come on, Marie," they said, each taking a hand.

"Where are we going?" queried Marie.

"You'll soon see," giggled the girls as they made for Abigail's room. Once there, Marie's specs were removed and she was placed in a chair before Abigail's dressing table. Then both girls set to work on her face with lipstick, powder, and paint. Hester and Abigail had experimented with makeup as teenagers are apt to do.

"You really must tell your mother to buy better spectacles than these, Marie. They make you look like some decrepit old maid," commented Abigail.

"Now, don't you think you look much prettier, dear?" said Hester. Marie observed herself in the hand mirror being held by Abigail. Marie had never had makeup on before and it was quite a revelation.

Now having put the makeup on, Marie was dressed in the girls' clothes and how pretty she looked in them. Once that was done, she was quickly taken to where the ladies were having a pleasant conversation, tea cups in hand.

"Mother!" exclaimed Marie. "See what the girls have done to me?"

Phyllis Ramsay was amazed at how pretty her daughter was. Dressing her daughter up was something she had never given much thought to. Charlotte smiled over the cup she was holding to her lips. It hadn't surprised her for she had seen the girls experimenting with dresses, makeup, even combing each other's hair. They seemed to be blending together. All the better for Charlotte.

As the girls approached eighteen, their governess knew that soon both would be going to university. Elspeth felt that a woman-to-woman chat was needed among all three.

All three were now in Elspeth's room. "Girls," she said, "you know I love you and you are becoming young ladies. Hester, how many years has it been since your male appendage was taken from you?"

"Ten, Miss Elspeth," she answered.

"See how pretty you are? That could never happen if you remained male, could it, pet? Now you will spend the rest of your life as a woman. Is that not good, dear?"

Hester answered, "Yes!"

After an encouraging speech by their governess about how lovely they had both become and how much happiness and success they had ahead of them, the two girls looked at each other, wrapped their arms round each other, and kissed sweetly on the lips.

THE GIRLS GO TO UNIVERSITY

By now the girls were at university studying and sharing a flat with Marie. Back home, one might have thought that Elspeth Mc McFarlane services would have been dispersed with but that was not the case. Charlotte retained her services, attending to all matters in the house, supervising the servants, telling the cook what was wanted for meals, dealing with mail, and arranging appointments for Charlotte. Charlotte had given Elspeth that position for she was about to write her memoirs. In her life, she had come across many in high positions in politics. Once published, her memoirs would expose and embarrass them.

Once the girls were no longer about the house, it meant Charlotte could relax more; she reverted back to wearing culottes, women's trousers, and pant suits. Charlotte felt more relaxed and at ease in them, however should the girls come home after term, she would revert back to skirts and dresses.

While Elspeth was seen more and more in Charlotte's bed, she still had her own room. The fact that Charlotte wore women's trouser suits and culottes didn't worry Elspeth for she liked playing the lipstick lesbian part and wearing pretty skirts.

The girls had settled into the flat; it was small, with two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a kitchen. It was agreed that Abigail and Hester share a room with single beds each and Marie took the smaller room on her own. This arrangement worked out perfectly. Meals were taken in the kitchen which had a table just large enough for the three to sit.

It was some months after the girls settled in the flat that Hester first had the opportunity to satisfy her curiosity of her cousin's sexuality. One night as both girls undressed for bed, Hester plucked up courage to ask Abigail, "Do you remember when Miss Elspeth had that talk with us, Abigail?"

"Yes, I remember it well, Hester. Why?"

"We've always said we would never keep any secrets from each other, didn't we? Would you, could you, show me what is all so different about you, please?"

Abigail thought for a few seconds. No one apart from her mother and governess had ever seen what she had down below. But why should her cousin not see it as well? She wasn't ashamed of it.

"I could think of no one better to share my secret, Hester. I am proud of what I have between my legs." Abigail had just put on her white nylon nightdress and slowly hitched it above her thigh. Hester gazed absolutely fascinated by what she saw.

"It's a small penis, isn't it?"

"No," replied Abigail, "it is something completely different."

"And you have a pussy, too?"

"That's right, I am a hermaphrodite."

"Are you bisexual, Abigail?"

"No, although I have the sex organs of both male and female and the means to satisfy both of them, it is the ladies I love. Miss Elspeth says any lady I become infatuated with will be highly delighted."

"I am sure many a lady will be delighted with it indeed." Hester's hand was now reaching to touch Abigail's pink apparatus for the conversation had stimulated her.

No one before except Abigail had ever done this. The “thing” was becoming taut and rigid. How smooth it felt in Hester’s hand and it throbbed, Abigail let a little moan of pleasure escape from her lips. Abigail closed her eyes as an expression of ecstasy spread over her face. No words were passed between Abigail and Hester. From the glazed look in Abigail’s eyes, Hester knew she was giving her cousin pleasure never obtained by her before and she was happy about that. Wasn’t it nice that cousins could do that for each other? Maybe someday the pleasure would be returned. From the way Abigail was tightly holding her cousin, her climax was coming fast. Suddenly, a fountain of white creamy liquid burst forth from the end of the “thing.”

Abigail opened her eyes and smiled at Hester. “I’m sorry I did that, Abigail,” Hester said.

“Don’t worry, I needed relief. I think we understand each other. I think we can keep each other satisfied, if you know what I mean, cousin”.

Hester said not a word but the meaning was clear. The funny thing to Hester was that she had lost her penis years ago but here was her cousin with this “thing” that would satisfy her. Their governess Miss Elspeth would be happy at the present situation.

It was not all that long after moving into the flat that Marie and the girls joined the university’s Young Progressives Party, a very active debating group. Marie would passionately throw herself into the arguments and find good support from her girlfriends Abigail and Hester.

Marie Ramsay had grown into a pretty girl who no longer needed glasses and attracted the attention of many male students, one of which was Donald Appleton, the treasurer of the Young Progressives. It was no surprise

that he invited her to accompany him to the dance the Young Progressives held to raise party funds.

Like Abigail and Hester, she had been brought up in an atmosphere without a male. She was a bit wary of going out with Donald; her mother told her to be cautious of men. She did, however, accept Donald's invitation and the night of the dance saw her being picked up by Donald in his fast sports car.

Dance Night found Abigail and Hester dancing with each other; it was nothing unusual to see two women dance together. Both kept an eye on their roommate for as they had been repeatedly told by their governess that one can never trust men.

"Where's Marie?" said Hester as the dance was breaking up just after midnight.

"Don't know, Hester," said Abigail. "We should have kept a closer watch. I hope nothing happens to her." No more was said as both cousins made their way back to the flat. Both girls were worried about their flatmate and stayed up late in their nightgowns, waiting for her return.

It was sometime after five in the morning that a taxi was heard pulling up outside the flat. Both girls immediately rushed to the window to see Marie leave to come into the flat. It was clear that Marie was distressed and crying. Instantly, Hester and Abigail clutched their girlfriend to them.

"What has happened, Marie?"

Marie Ramsay didn't answer for she was in no state to.

"Make her a cup of tea to relax her while I just hold her," Hester said.

"There there," said Hester, gently holding Marie in her arms. "No one will harm you, there is only me and Abigail here. Don't say a word till you have sipped some

tea." Just then Abigail came in with a pot of tea , poured out three cups and watched Marie sip hers.

Marie felt much better after that and between sobs she started to tell that she had almost been raped by Donald Appleton. He had taken her to his well-furnished apartment—paid for by his father—and tried to rape her. What stopped him was a well-placed knee in the groin by Marie. She hurriedly left the apartment as Donald slumped to the floor in agony.

"Oh, you poor dear. It's just as Miss Elspeth said, we women should always be together and never trust men," said Hester looking at Abigail who nodded her head in agreement.

"Maybe you better come to our room for tonight, Marie. Our company may make you feel safer, darling."

That was what they did, and the fact that Abigail and Hester were sleeping in the same bed made no difference to Marie for that was what they had been doing for some time now.

"Call the police, Marie, charge the bastard," both said.

"No, I don't want to really do that. I've learned my lesson. As you said, never trust men."

"I would do anything that would upset him if you don't want to tell the police," said Hester.

"It will hurt his pride," Abigail said.

"You know that all the offices in the Young Progressives are coming up for election very soon," Abigail said with a sly smile on her face.

"Yes," one of the other girls said. "And?"

"Why doesn't someone challenge Donald Appleton for treasurer? He just loves that job and thinks he is the only one that can do it."

“But nobody ever challenges for treasurer, secretary, or Chairperson, Abigail. It is just not done”.

“Well, there is nothing in the constitution to say it cannot be done. Just because no one ever did in the past, it doesn't have to remain that way.”

“Who would stand against Donald Appleton for treasurer?” asked Hester.

“I know one person who could, who is most suitable for the job and who certainly would get my vote,” Marie declared.

“Oh, who would that be?” questioned Abigail.

“None other than yourself, Abigail.”

“ME?” said Abigail in astonishment.

“Yes and why not? You are studying accountancy at university. What better person is there?” Hester added.

“It was you who brought it up, Abigail,” Marie happily said.

“But, but... I didn't mean...”

“Don't worry, Hester and I will work on your behalf to get that bastard Donald thrown out on his ear. That, at least in some small way, will make me happy,” a smiling Marie finished.

“You can't fail, sweetheart,” giggled Hester.

“You're both so smart, then you two will have to stand for President and secretary,” laughed Abigail.

“Right then, that's that but who should run for President?” asked Hester.

“I would think that should be obvious. With her debating skills, there is only one choice: Marie. Okay?” It was agreed that that would be the plan.

It was around this time that Abigail remarked to Hester, "Don't you think Marie seems a little lonely?"

"I don't know why, she has always got us for company, hasn't she?"

"Maybe its love she wants, darling. Love makes the world go round, so they say."

"Well, if that is the case, it must come from our own sex, must it not, dear?"

"Can you think a suitable woman to love sweet Marie?"

"I certainly can, none other than you, Abigail!"

"Me? But..."

"We do everything for each other; why can't we love together. It is our destiny, don't you think?"

"I suppose I have had a longing for Marie but I love you as well, Hester. It may well be Marie does not love me or even would wish me to make love to her."

"Do not worry about that for the present, Abigail. I will approach the subject with her in a sensible way, never fear. I think this is what our governess would have wished for and, if I may say so, your mother as well."

"Marie," said Hester one night when they were alone, "how is your love life?"

Marie Ramsay was rather surprised by such a question but not embarrassed. "To be honest, Hester, at the present moment there is none and after that debaucher Donald Appleton, I am not interested in men anymore."

That answer pleased Hester and encouraged her to progress onward with what she and Abigail had discussed.

“Marie, I know a special person who would like to ask you on a date but has not the courage to ask you. I suppose you could say I am an intermediary on their behalf.”

“Oh, and just who would that be?”

“It is my cousin Abigail.”

Marie Ramsay said nothing for some time, pondering the matter. It was true she got on well with Abigail and Hester. But Abigail was a woman. Should that make a difference since Marie was not now interested in men? What harm could it do to find out?

“Okay, let’s set the date and place.”

Hester was highly delighted by the outcome of her matchmaking. Everything was related to Abigail that night as she lay in bed with Hester.

The following morning at breakfast, Abigail shyly asked Marie if she would care to accompany her to a drive-in movie that night. Marie answered that she would be delighted to do so. Hester kissed both on the cheek, glad to see all had started well.

FIRST DATE

Hester deliberately made sure she was not around that night of the first date between Abigail and Marie. Both of them had no lectures that afternoon so they had plenty of time to dress and apply makeup. Hester assisted Abigail with her dress and makeup, then made the dinner for all before she left, saying she had an appointment.

Abigail shyly asked, “Are you all ready to go to the movie, Marie?”

Marie just as shyly answered “Yes.”

Whether either of them remembered the movie was doubtful for there was a great deal of nervous sexual tension between the two of them all during it. Back at the flat, Abigail made some tea and both sat sipping it and nibbling on a piece of cake.

"Did you like the movie, Marie?" asked Abigail, the first words spoken by either since the drive-in.

"Oh yes!" Marie answered. although if one had asked what it was all about, she may have had difficulty recalling.

"Would you like me to take you out again, Marie?"

"Oh yes, please," she eagerly answered.

"Good. I think a meal and a dance this time, say Saturday. Would that suit you?"

"Yes and I think it only fair I pay my share this time," answered a very pleased Marie. No more was said as both went to their rooms in a state of euphoria.

Saturday came and both were ready for the date that night. Hester kept out their way to let the romance blossom.

During their second date, both were more conversational and talked about the degrees they were studying and how they were getting on during their meal. A three-piece band was playing slow romantic melodies.

"Want to dance, Marie?" asked Abigail.

"Yes." she answered.

Abigail took Marie's hand and led her to the small dance floor. Abigail felt awkward and a bit clumsy leading Marie during the slow waltz. She held Marie close to

her. Marie's heady perfume drifted in her nostrils; very pleasant indeed. Marie felt very relaxed in the arms of Abigail.



After the dance, they took a taxi back to the flat; in the darkened back seat, Abigail dared to plant a gentle kiss on Marie's lips which was not refused. From this amiable beginning, their romance continued.

Things between the two continued this shy, tentatively romantic, way for the next few years.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

The time was nearing for the end of university. It was now time to receive their diplomas from the Dean of the university.

Four proud women sat in the front row of the hall as each girl received her scroll: Charlotte, Stephanie, Phyllis Ramsay and Elspeth McFarlane. Afterwards hugs and kisses between mothers and daughters, a dinner was arranged by Charlotte for all at the five-star restaurant of the hotel she was staying in.

A party of eight women sat down for the meal. The eighth woman was the companion of Phyllis Ramsay whom she introduced to her daughter. "Marie," she said, "this is Frau Zelia Brundt. She is living with me until she fixes up a flat, aren't you, dear?"

"Ya, ya," answered Zelia enthusiastically in a distinctive German accent. Zelia, a diplomat at the German Embassy, was a tall woman with blond hair who didn't look her age.

Marie looked at the woman possibly some ten years older than her mother. She saw the look that passed between her and her mother. Then it struck her: her mother was a lesbian. She had only seen her father when she was small. His abrupt departure could have been because of her mother's preference to her own sex. The worrying

thought that passed through her mind was whether she of the same persuasion..

Meanwhile, Stephanie sat beside her stepdaughter Hester, knowing she had lost her love to her governess Elspeth McFarlane all these years ago. She was still proud of Hester's achievements at university. It was all she could do to stop the tears for the loss of his/her member as a boy.

Later that night, in her room, Abigail revealed to her governess what had transpired between her and Marie.

"You love Marie then, Abigail?" questioned Elspeth.

"Yes."

"Then I am happy for you and I expect your mother will also be. Marie will be invited to stay for your vacation in a few weeks' time before you start work."

"I am so glad you are here, Elspeth, for what I have to say, I don't think I could discuss with my mother."

"And what is that, dear?"

"I wish to express my desire better than I do at present."

"How do you express your love for her at present?" asked the now curious Elspeth.

"We kiss."

"Very commendable, you should do that to the one you love," answered her once-governess.

"But I want to go further than that, Elspeth."

"I see and why not if she is the woman you love?"

"It is my... condition. I do not know how she will react when she finds out."

"I see."

"Marie was nearly raped a year ago. When she observes what I have, I may lose her forever."

"That is indeed a tricky problem and it has to be delicately handled. Let me sleep on it and see what I can come up with."

"Oh, Miss Elspeth, I love you!" gushed Abigail and smothered her with kisses.

Later that night back in the luxurious king size bed shared by Charlotte and Elspeth in their hotel suite, Elspeth confided in her bed partner. "You got your wish, Charlotte, your daughter has fallen in love with Marie."

"Has she?" said an elated Charlotte.

"Yes, but she has a problem with that."

"What is that, Elspeth?"

"Marie was almost raped and Abigail fears what she possess below may put her off any sexual relations between them."

"Oh dear, whatever can be done to rectify the situation?"

"I'm not sure but you know Marie's mother better than I do. A talk with her may be the solution."

"Yes, yes, I'll have a talk with her at breakfast."

"But I should warn you, I'm not sure Marie's mother knows her daughter and Abigail are in a relationship."

"I will handle it with the utmost caution."

"I have also told Abigail you will invite Marie to her home during their vacation."

"Of course, Elspeth, we must smooth the pathway for their love to blossom. Knowing Phyllis, I think she will fall in line."

"I noticed that German woman she was with was full of energy. She should keep Phyllis happy in bed, I shouldn't wonder."

Both women laughed for they were about to do the same thing.

The following morning, Charlotte saw Phyllis at a table alone at breakfast so she sat beside her. They passed pleasant conversation before Charlotte got more serious "Marie got her degree in politics, Phyllis?"

"Yes, I am so proud of her..It was what we wanted."

"Has Marie talked about her time in university?"

"Yes, about her Professor and the dissertation she wrote. I have read it and excellent it is. It gives a brief history of every Prime Minister in UK.. since 1900."

"Has she said anything about the flat and what is happening there?"

"No just that she got on well with Abigail and Hester.

"Then you know nothing about her near rape, Phyllis."

"NO! She never mentioned one word. I will see her this very day about it."

Charlotte had Phyllis' complete attention "Then you know nothing about the romance of our daughters and their love for each other."

"You seem to know a lot more than I do about these things."

"The fact that your daughter and mine have a woman-to-woman friendship doesn't seem to worry you in any way. I don't have to tell you it is more than a friendship. They have kissed."

"Have they?" This was news to Phyllis. God knows she could never lecture her daughter on such behaviour, particularly as she was promiscuous herself.

"You know nothing about my daughter, do you?"

"She is a nice girl, that is all."

Charlotte Middleton lowered her voice. "She is not all she seems, Phyllis."

"Oh> What do you mean?"

"You have heard about hermaphrodites?"

"Yes, people with the sexual organs of both genders but why are you telling me all this, Charlotte?"

"Because my daughter is one such person and is afraid to go further than just kissing with your daughter."

"That does her credit but what can I do about that?"

"Just this: explain to her that Abigail is not male or female but a member of the THIRD sex as her governess once said. That is, of course, if you approve of their relationship and their future happiness."

"The happiness of my daughter is all that matters to me, Charlotte. I do guess it is time we had a good mother-to-daughter talk."

"Then that is settled. Where is your German companion this morning, Phyllis?"

"Working out in the hotel gym, fitness fanatic she is."

"Wherever did you pick her up, darling?" asked Charlotte.

"I was invited to a cocktail party at the British Embassy in Berlin and Zelia was there. She was a friend of the German Chancellor and a diplomat so when she was sent to London, we became very friendly I don't have to tell you what that means, Charlotte."

"Ya, ya," said Charlotte, mimicking Zelia's German accent. The breakfast over, Charlotte left as Zelia appeared and sat beside Phyllis, giving her a big kiss.

Phyllis Ramsay opened her handbag, took the cell phone out and dialled her daughter's flat number. "Hello darling, mother here, could I have a word in private with you at the flat?"

"Of course, Mother. I will be here most of the day, packing my things as we vacate the flat soon."

Phyllis put the cell phone back in her handbag and turned to the German woman. "I will be visiting my daughter, Zelia. I shall be away all day."

"Ya, ya, your daughter, that is good. I will take my Audi back to your house. See you tonight, my darling."

Marie welcomed her mother to the flat. "Where are Abigail and Hester?" asked her mother.

"Abigail's mother has taken them out to visit an open day at Lord Westbrook's country residence. I would have gone till you phoned."

Phyllis was glad that she could talk with her daughter without disturbance.

"What did you want to discuss, Mother?"

"I have been informed that you were nearly raped. Why was I not told of such a thing?"

"I was embarrassed. Besides, Abigail and Hester took good care of me and eased me through these difficult times."

"That is not the point, Marie. I should have known," Phyllis emphatically said.

Marie Ramsay, without thinking, angrily blurted out, "Well, you never told me you were a lesbian, did you? All the aunts I was told I had as a child, and now the German woman."

A long silence followed after this outburst by Marie, Phyllis never believed her daughter was capable of such.

"But... but I'm not, Marie," stuttered a shocked Phyllis.

"Mother, I am no longer a little girl. Let's hear no more lies. I am not here to pass judgement on your lifestyle. I..." Marie broke down in tears.

Phyllis clutched her daughter to her bosoms. "What is it, Marie? I am here for you, I'm your mother."

"Oh Mother, I am afraid I am of the same persuasions as yourself."

"And why would that be, Marie?"

"I have fallen in love with Abigail."

"I see. Just how far has this gone, sweetheart?"

"Nothing further than just kissing but what I am anxious of, Mother, is that I shall be cast a lesbian, same as you. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"If you love Abigail, you can never be a disciple of Sappho."

"No? What other name is there for a woman making love to another woman?"

“Abigail is not a woman as you know them. She is intersexed and has the genitals of both genders.”

Silence descended as Marie took time to think over her mother’s words.

“Abigail is as much afraid as you are of things getting out of hand. She’s worried you would scorn her should she make any advances of a sexual nature. She only has your concerns at heart, knowing of your experiences with the male sex.”

“Thank you, Mother, for explaining these matters. I see things in a different light now and I also think it has cleared the air between us.”

It hadn’t completely cleared the air, however, for Marie was never happy of thinking of her mother in another’s woman’s arms. And the thought of Frau Zelia Brunt holding her mother and what transpired between them utterly disgusted her.

HOME COMING

Hester had gone to her stepmother Stephanie’s home at her request. Stephanie had barely seen her stepdaughter since that day she left her sister Charlotte’s house.

She made a fuss over Hester and wanted to take her anywhere Hester wanted.

“Maybe we can invite some nice boys around, dear. I know a few mothers whose sons would like to meet a nice girl like you.” Stephanie Weston knew nothing of her daughter’s affair with her cousin Abigail.

“Yes, that would be nice, Mother,” said Hester, not wanting to hurt her mother.

Within the week, Hester found that Bruce Barberton, a young, up and coming, solicitor was to be her date. His mother was an old friend of Stephanie.

"She'll not be long, Bruce," said Stephanie, inviting the young man into the house. "You know how women are; fixing her makeup I expect. I'll pop into her room."

"You look beautiful, darling" Stephanie surveyed her stepdaughter in her tight, figure-hugging, black satin strapless evening dress with the plunging neckline showing her ample breasts to their best advantage. It had a fishtail bottom in which Hester could walk only with little mincing steps. Her big bottom was very prominent in the shimmering black sequinned dress.

"Oh yes, Bruce will like you in that, darling. You should hook him tonight."

"Will I, mother?" said Hester sarcastically. "You should know, you picked the dress. Now help me on to my feet," said Hester holding a hand out from where she sat at the dressing table stool. Stephanie helped her up to see her daughter totter on her glossy black five-inch stiletto spike heeled shoes.

When her blind date Bruce saw her mincing along and her prominent arse swaying from side to side, he immediately got an erection. It looked as if he was going to have a very enjoyable night with this interesting lady.

Don't they look a nice couple? thought Stephanie, Hester in the evening dress and Bruce in his tuxedo and off to a night on the town.

"Tell me, Hester, what you do work at?"

"At present nothing. I have just left university and I'm looking for a job."

"You seem an honest woman, maybe I can find you something."

“Would you, Bruce? I would be most grateful.”
Hester, who had started out the night determined she was not going to enjoy herself, was taking a liking to Bruce.

Hester found herself going out again with him, much to her mother’s delight.

“Have you had any luck with a job?” asked Bruce on their fourth date.

“I’m afraid not. The people at my last interview turned me down saying my credentials were okay but I was too young and had no experience. How does one get experience if they won’t hire me?”

“I may have something for you. We are looking for an office junior. It doesn’t pay much. Would you be interested?”

“I’d jump at the chance. At least it would tide me over till I find something better. Bruce, you’re an angel.”
Hester put her arms round him and gave him a kiss, something she had never done to any man before.

Later that night in his Mercedes, Hester found herself and Bruce in a well known lover’s lane in the area. She also found herself in Bruce’s arms kissing. It just seemed to happen. She also felt his hand lightly travel up a nylon stockinged leg. Hester did nothing to stop it; she rather welcomed it. The hand slipped underneath a lace-trimmed leg of her pink silk panties. She drew her breath in but did nothing to stop the delightful feeling surging through her body.

“Bruce, if I told you to stop that here and now, would you?”

“I would never wish to hurt you in any way. If that is what you want, then so be it, but I cannot deny I will be disappointed.”

Hester could see that an erection was bulging in his trousers.

"I cannot be so cruel to you, Bruce. You do respect me so you may go on but do stop when I tell you."

"Yes, sweetheart." His hand entered once again her panties, sliding past the soft black pubic hair covering her mons venus. Hester dared to unzip Bruce's fly and held his hard erect penis. She felt it throb in her hand. This was different from what Abigail had between her legs, so much larger. Her clitoris was standing as stiff as Bruce's penis. Unbuttoning the top of her dress, she quickly took hold of one of Bruce hands and pushed it under her bra.

Moans of ecstasy emitted from Hester's lips while her own hands went rapidly up and down on the Bruce's member. It all came to an end in an explosion between the legs of Hester and Bruce.

Afterwards, Hester took a white lace hanky from her purse to wipe and clean them both down there.

"You never said stop, Hester," Bruce laughed.

"I think I was too far gone and forgot," she replied.

"Mother, I've got a job!" said Hester excitedly after Bruce dropped her off at her house.

"That's wonderful news, Hester darling."

"It's not much but it's a start till I have something better. Bruce fixed it."

"You must be getting to know Bruce better, dear." Hester didn't tell her mother how much better she was getting to know him after tonight's escapade. Maybe having a man friend like Bruce wasn't so bad but then she remembered. She must talk to Elspeth once more about things.

Abigail's homecoming was much different for Marie was accompanying her.

"Your room is ready, girls" Elspeth informed them. What surprised Abigail was not that it was her old room nicely refurbished but that she was sharing it with Marie. Not only that; there was only a double bed. She said nothing of that.

"Abigail pet, would you come to my room after dinner? I wish to have a little talk with you," said her once governess Elspeth.

Abigail and Marie were put in the same bedroom to rid both of their shyness and let their romance blossom. Phyllis Ramsay informed Charlotte that her daughter had been told in no uncertain terms about Abigail's condition.

"That is good and will go a long way in assisting your plans. Abigail has to know about our relationship as well."

Charlotte immediately protested which Elspeth had expected. "Charlotte, I'm fed up with you changing into dresses and skirts every time Abigail comes back from university. This time she may be here for a long, long while. Besides, you feel most uncomfortable in a skirt, don't you?"

Charlotte didn't answer but the Scotswoman was right.

"Then that's it. I'll deal with it. Better she hear it from me than her mother."

A knock on Elspeth McFarlane's room's door disturbed her from a manuscript she had been checking. "Come in, darling." She knew it could only be Abigail.

Elspeth Mc McFarlane put the manuscript down on her bureau top and swivelled her chair round to face Abigail.

"Dear, you are no longer a girl and there are many things you must know. You may have been surprised that you and Marie were put in the same room and same bed. You said you were afraid to go any further than kisses. Marie has been informed of your condition so there is no excuse now, is there?"

"I suppose not," Abigail hesitantly answered.

"What you have to know that your mother and I sleep together and have done for a number of years. Your mother and I have nothing to hide so neither should you be ashamed of your relationship with Marie."

"I cannot believe it! You and mother? You always were apart whenever I came home. Does that mean you are both lesbians?"

"Yes, your mother hid it since you were little."

"Then that means me and Marie are of the same ilk."

"No, I told you a long time ago that you are of the THIRD gender. Get that into your head," said Elspeth angrily. "Oh and another thing; as of tomorrow, your mother will no longer be wearing dresses and skirts."

Abigail had never had her once governess speak to her so seriously before.

Abigail and Marie still felt shy in each other's presence even with the lectures they had been given by their elders. No words were spoken between them as they undressed for bed that night. Even in that task their backs turned to each other so their vital organs were never exposed to each other. They entered the king-sized bed from opposite sides. Marie wore a pretty little blue satin babydoll shortie nightie trimmed with white lace at the hem and her bosom and wore matching panties underneath. Abigail had on a long, black, plain nylon nightgown with a black bow at her bosom.

"That's a pretty babydoll, Marie," said Abigail.

"Thanks for the compliment, Abigail," answered Marie timidly.

It was plain to see both the young women were in love with each other but were somewhat awkward in each other's presence. No more was said as they turned their backs to each other but sleep did not come easily.

Morning saw two fresh-faced young ladies at the breakfast table.

"Did you have good sleep, girls?" enquired Elspeth.

"Oh yes," both replied.

"Good. It is such a fine day, I intend to have a stroll through the woods. Care to join me?" said Elspeth McFarlane

"Yes," they replied.

Just then, Charlotte appeared, dressed in a pair of very elegant culottes and a white silk button-up blouse. The culottes of royal blue enhanced Charlotte's figure.

Abigail glanced at her mother. Very chic, she thought. "Morning, Mother," said she.

"Morning," replied, Charlotte pleased at the seemingly approval of her daughter of her clothes.

"The girls are coming with me for a stroll through the woods. I have told the cook to make up a cold lunch."

"Yes, you do that, Elspeth. I will be out on the veranda. I have a number of items I want to check out on my memoirs."

"Mummy," said Abigail, "you are writing your memoirs?"

Elspeth interrupted. "It is a bit racy but as the publishers said, that is what sells books nowadays."

"Don't think bad of your mother for some people in high places will be exposed to their shame."

Charlotte Middleton, with a tear in her eye, clasped her daughter to her and planted a kiss on her forehead.

"Well girls, get ready. I'm putting on a light summery dress, nothing else. Be down at the veranda in ten minutes" Elspeth said.

LOVE ON A WET SUMMER AFTERNOON

"You look lovely, girls" said Elspeth as she took in Abigail in a light blue polka dot cotton dress and Marie in a white rose print dress. "Take the picnic hamper between you, girls. Off we go."

Abigail and Marie found it took all their effort to keep up with the sprightly Elspeth Mc McFarlane

"Come on, girls, we are nearly where I wish to be. We can stop and have some lunch." The party had been walking at a brisk pace for an hour and a half.

“Here we are,” said Elspeth ten minutes later, as a ruin of a cottage came in sight within the woods. “Put the hamper down there,” said Elspeth, pointing at some flat slabs in the ruin. This done, the hamper was opened and its contents taken out.

During their lunch, Elspeth explained about the cottage as she had done some research on it. It was a workers’ cottage in the Eighteenth Century. Elspeth and the girls were so involved in this talk that they never noticed the sky had darkened and a thunderstorm was approaching. Then it struck; a summer storm with rain pouring down.

“Quick, girls, run!” said Elspeth as she grabbed the table cloth and put it over their heads and ran toward the trees in the wood. It was too late as they reached the shelter of an oak tree. Their light dresses were drenched through for that was all they wore.

“We will stay here until this rain goes off, then back home. You lassies are soaked to the skin. A bath for you and a change of clothes,” Elspeth wisely said.

The rain eventually eased as the storm passed over, but it was still falling lightly all the way back to the house.

“Right girls, get the wet clothes off while I get the maid to run a bath for us all,” Elspeth ordered. In a way, Elspeth regarded this storm as a blessing in disguise for she was going to use it to break the ice between Abigail and Marie. She stripped down, put a towelling robe, on lifted her wet clothes, and made for Abigail’s room.

“Well, just don’t stand there, girls. Haven’t you got your wet clothes off yet? This is no time for false modesty. You’ll get your death of cold.” Elspeth opened a wardrobe and took two pink dressing gowns out and handed them to Abigail and Marie. They had discarded their clothes but with their backs to each other.

“Put these on, follow me to the bathroom and bring your wet clothes with you.” Both young women went with Elspeth to the bathroom.

Elspeth Mc McFarlane was having no nonsense. She was taking charge and the shyness between Abigail and Marie would be knocked out of them.

“Take your dressing gown off, Abigail. Give it here,” ordered her once governess. “You lay there at the taps and you at this end, Marie, facing Abigail.” Elspeth was easing Marie’s dressing gown off. Both Abigail and Marie could not help seeing each other’s genitals.

Marie saw the vagina and what she thought was a penis between the legs of her friend. It was quite a revelation to Marie and she felt sorry for poor Abigail. Elspeth was lifting a sponge to wash the backs of the girls and soap them down like little babies. “I’ll leave you two to carry on washing each other. That way you will get to know each other VERY WELL.”

Elspeth left to have her own bath downstairs with parting words of encouragement. “You need not bother coming for breakfast, dears. I expect you will be tired and exhausted after your explorations. Just phone the cook whenever you are hungry.”

As the bathroom door shut, Abigail and Marie looked at each other and giggled. The ice had been truly broken forever.

“Extraordinary woman, your governess,” Marie commented.

“If it hadn’t been for her, I may never have been to university at all.” Both women were leisurely sponging each other as if they had done so all their life.

"It's a funny wee thing, Abigail," said Marie, peering through steaming scented water at the flaccid "thing" between Abigail's legs.

"Sometimes it is not wee. I think the water is shrinking it at present. I was afraid that it would remind you of Donald Appleton."

"I could never be afraid of that sweet little thing. Could I touch it, please?"

"But of course. It will be delighted, I'm sure."

Marie stretched a tentative hand out to touch the "thing." "It's all wrinkled and funny," giggled Marie.

"It won't always be like that, it expands and stiffens."

"Does it?" Marie was completely fascinated by this "thing." "Then I want to see everything. It is not often one meets a hermaphrodite, is it?"

"Third gender, please."

Both must have lain in that heavenly scented bath for a half hour at least. Who was keeping tack? They soaped and sponged all over each other's body attentively. Nothing was missed. Arms were flung around each other as they kissed and kissed more there in the scented bath water. A lot of lost time had to be made up. There would be no leaving this house today and no one to disturb them there.

Water dripping off them, they emerged from the white tiled bath to wrap pink fluffy towels around each other and pat dry. Marie opened her towel to reveal her small shapely body to the wondrous gaze of her companion.

"They are so small, Marie," Abigail's eyes were focused on her breasts.

"They might get bigger when you get started," Marie answered, handing the tin of talc to Abigail.

“Yes, I suppose they might” said Abigail, sprinkling the sandalwood over Marie’s lithe body. Marie’s nipples enlarged as Abigail stimulated them with her fingers, rubbing the talc in. She was priming Marie for further excitement

“You smell delicious. I could eat you, Marie”

“Not now dear, leave that for afters,” laughed Marie.

Marie Ramsay was enveloped in a cloud of luxurious Sandalwood dust and smelt like a goddess.

Marie was well and truly primed. Just what Abigail was hoping for.

“Your turn,” said Abigail, handing the tin of talc to her companion and removing her towel. Marie was a bit disappointed for she was enjoying Abigail’s ministrations to her body.

The talc was applied with vigour and particular attention to the “thing” which was becoming semi-erect.

After a time, Abigail suggested it would be better if they retired to her bed chamber.

The bed chamber found both young ladies quickly reclining on top of the king-sized double bed, feasting their eyes on each other’s naked body.

“Marie, kneel on top of the bed.”

“Why?”

“To receive a kiss”

“What kind of kiss, Abigail?”

“It won’t be a surprise if I tell you. Just do it, sweetheart.”

Curiosity got the better of Marie. She knelt on the bed but not to Abigail’s liking.

“On hands and knees, head down on the soft pillow. That’s it,” Abigail said, handing a white satin pillow to Marie to rest her head on. “Bottom higher,” commanded Marie’s girlfriend.

Marie was under the impression that Abigail was about to put her “thing” into one of her caverns but which one?

Abigail was going to do no such thing, not at the present. She gazed in wonder at the soft pliable pink skin on Marie’s derriere. It was tempting but more so was that which lay between their slit cheeks in the darkened furrow of her anus.

Abigail put her two hands round Marie’s stomach and pulled her towards her. The object of her desire was in her eyesight Abigail’s lips slowly descended on it to plant a long lingering kiss. She could feel the small lithe body of Marie tremble with excitement. More kisses on the sacred spot, followed by more trembling. Abigail’s tongue flicked into the aperture.

“What are you doing?” huskily croaked Marie with sexual excitement. No answer came from Abigail who carried on with the application of her tongue. Abigail had more surprises in store for Marie. Her shyness was gone and she had lost time to catch up with.

Abigail was tiring of this kissing had something more stimulating in mind. Marie felt the pressure ease from her canal.

“Where are you? What are you doing, darling?” questioned a by now highly sexed Marie. No answer again.

Abigail was at her makeup box, lifting a very fine hair brush used for dusting excess powder from the face. She ran the brush lightly over her hand. Yes, she thought, this will do nicely. Soon the naked Abigail was once again behind her lover Marie who could tell by the little move-

ments on the bed. "Head down, bottom up, Marie," was the command given to Marie.

Marie knew it was useless to ask questions. What new game had Abigail in mind?

Abigail looked at the fine hair brush. It has rewarding work to do. Between her fingers, the brush was placed on the little clitoris for Abigail to gently move across its surface.

"Come on," whispered Abigail to herself as she slowly passed the brush hairs back and forth over the desired object. Then, like a flower greeting the morning sun, it rose to extend itself. Abigail looked on in awe. Abigail's "thing" was rising to a full erection.

"I can't stand this any longer," wailed Marie in ecstasy.

The clitoris enlarged itself even further in its reddened excited state, Abigail watched in fascination; she had never seen another woman's clitoris in this condition before.

The makeup brush held by Abigail was moving faster across, up and down the length of the clit. Marie was clearly uncontrollable in her movements as she moved up and down on the bed.

"Keep still," said Abigail. Abigail could see it was useless but it didn't stop her brushing Marie's clitoris.

Finally, Marie let forth with a long scream. Abigail watched, entranced.

Marie fell exhausted on the bed. "I'm finished, I can't take any more of this," she said with a well-satisfied smile on her face.

Finished? thought Abigail. I'm afraid not, dear Marie. Ee have only started. Your dear little body is going to take a hell of a pounding.

Marie now lay flat out on top of the bed, facing downwards, her buttocks exposed to the ceiling facing upwards. Just the position Abigail preferred for her purpose. The “thing” jutted out in front of her, fully erect and ready for action. Abigail’s hands on either side of Marie’s buttocks pulled them forcibly apart.

“What are you doing? What are you doing?” repeated Marie quickly and nervously.

“Shut up and keep your head down,” answered her lover.

Abigail placed her “thing” on the opening of Marie’s anus and plunged it right as far as she could go with it and sighed.

Marie felt it inside her. It was not what she had expected for it was smaller than she thought and a nice fit. With Abigail’s weight on top of her, she could not move. Marie was trapped there. Abigail could take her pleasure with ease and she would.

Abigail knew there was no rush for there wasn’t any way little Marie could free herself from her fate. Abigail let her “thing” remain motionless at present, giving much bliss to her.

“What are you going to do, Abigail?”

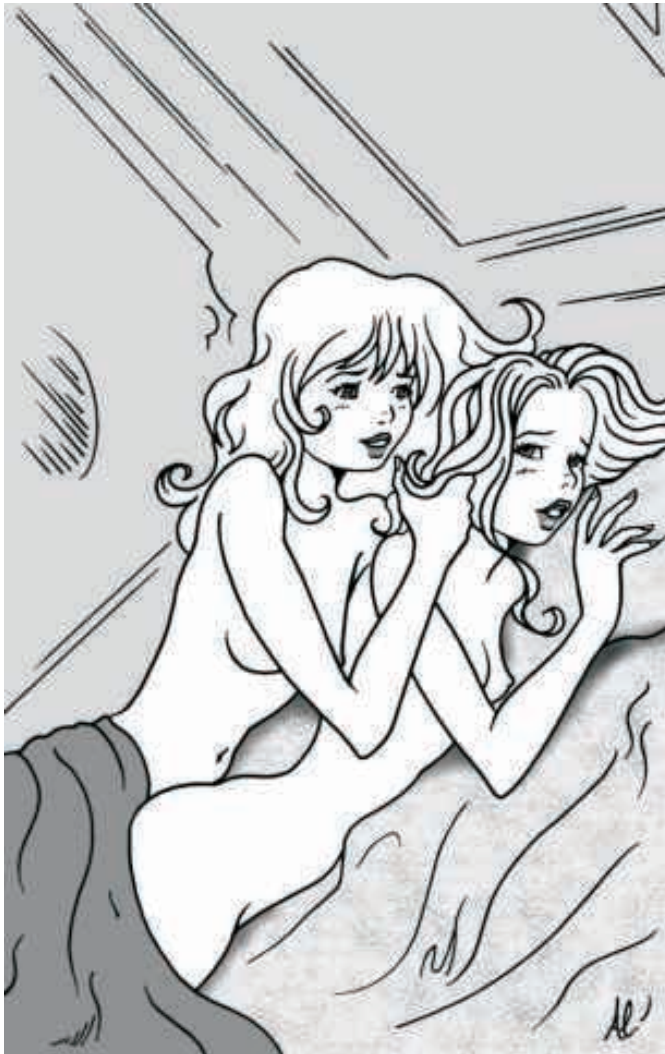
“Never mind. Lie back and enjoy it.”

Time for action having come, Abigail slowly moved her “thing” back and forth. It glided with the greatest of ease. Abigail put a hand on the breasts of Marie to feel her stiffened nipples. Her “thing” was now swelling and felt tighter in that duct. Abigail’s hands pulled the buttocks wider as her body pushed her “thing” as far as it would go inside. She wanted it completely covered by Marie’s cavity.

The weight of Abigail's body collapsed on top of Marie who gasped and expelled much air.

Abigail pounded her "thing" back and forth like a steam hammer non-stop.

"Did you enjoy that, darling?" panted Abigail, out of breath. Marie didn't answer for she was trying to recover hers.



"That was nice, Marie, wasn't it?" Abigail asked, running a hand through Marie's hair.

"Yes, I loved it all but did you have to dig your heels in so hard? I'll be black and blue there for a while." She was pointing at her sides.

"I thought you said you were finished and couldn't take any more?" Abigail asked.

"Well, I was," Marie sheepishly replied, "but I couldn't stop you, you just went on and on until I was revived. We must do that again soon, darling."

"Whenever you like. Now if you wish for I could take your body again this minute," said Abigail.

Both Marie and Abigail laughed as they frolicked on the bed once more.

Sleep eventually caught up with them after their sexual exploits. It was Abigail who woke first. She looked at the alarm clock on the bedside table.

"God," she exclaimed, "its noon." She shook her bed partner who sleepily opened her eyes.

"I'm hungry. You want anything to eat?"

"I'm famished, yes"

Ten minutes later, Lena the maid entered the bed chamber and laid the large tray containing two breakfasts over the two naked young ladies on the bed.

"I haven't seen Abigail since breakfast yesterday," Charlotte Middleton said to Elspeth.

"And I don't expect you'll see her for sometime, Charlotte," replied her secretary.

"Why?"

"She is in her room with Marie. They're getting to know each other very well."

"What, for 24 hours?"

"Yes, I was fed up seeing these two moping about being shy so I put them in the bath naked and left them to find out about their bodies."

"Oh, you are wicked, Elspeth," chortled her employer. "They should get to know each other very well."

"I do hope so. You wanted that, didn't you?"

"Yes, now let us get on with some work. Did you check out the manuscript I gave you the other day?"

"Yes it's on disc, grammar and spelling corrected but have you checked on those you are exposing like that tutor from when you were a young girl. Mrs. Kennan."

"Oh, she is getting on in years retired and lives in the Channel Isles. She know all about the book. Couldn't care less as long as I spell her name right."

"I see. You do know you may be sued for liable in some of these revelations, Charlotte."

"Yes, I welcome it. The publishers say that could boost sales of the book. The establishment needs a kick up its arse. That affair I had with Helen, now Lady Helen...my husband should have been given a peerage. James worked as hard for the Progressive party as George,

Helen's husband, did. I should have been Lady Charlotte Middleton or even Dame Charlotte and listed in Debrett's Peerage," Charlotte bitterly said. "That same mistake will not happen with Abigail. Strings will be pulled. Marie Ramsay will see to that."

"I'm sure she will for all is going well between your daughter and her. Not only will you be pulling strings; Phyllis will be doing the same for her daughter," the Scotswoman added.

"Give me your latest jottings, Charlotte. Pity you know nothing about computers. I'll put all this on disc."

"I leave all that to you, Elspeth. Heard anything from Hester."

"No but she is due back here in a week's time. she'll need to get a job."

"Abigail and Marie are fixed up but they don't know yet. It'll be a surprise."

"Oh are they? What jobs have they got, Charlotte."

"Phyllis Ramsay with her connections in the Progressive Party wangled a job for her daughter as a party researcher."

"She should be good at that. Wasn't she chairman of the Young Progressives at university? What is lined up for Abigail?" Elspeth, the former governess of Charlotte's daughter, asked.

"Well, you know Abigail has mastered many languages," said Charlotte.

"Of course. Wasn't I instrumental in teaching her Latin, French and other languages. Why?"

"I have procured her a job as an interpreter at the United Nations. That means she will have to leave home soon and live in New York so she will see less of Marie."

"That may all be to the good," replied Elspeth.

"And how do you come to that conclusion?"

"You know the saying, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'."

"You're right, that could very well be to my advantage."

ELSPETH HELPS LOVE ALONG THE WAY

Abigail Middleton was sitting with her old governess on the house's veranda, sipping iced lemon tea.

"What's on your mind, Abigail pet?"

Abigail, who had arranged the meeting with Elspeth, looked nervously round the veranda to see that no one else was present. "Do you remember all these years ago when I was a schoolgirl and I told you about my, uh, situation, down there."

"Yes," answered Elspeth.

"I asked you if I could get a woman pregnant. You never answered that question. I need to know the answer now."

"I remember but why do you need an answer?"

"Its Marie, she wants to know." Abigail lowered her voice "I haven't put my 'thing' in her pussy in case she does get pregnant."

"I see. To be honest, I don't know the answer but leave it to me. We'll sort out something. Your mother has told you all about the interpreter job at United Nations then, Abigail?"

"Yes, that is the reason I asked you about Marie becoming pregnant. Marie and I wish to fill our desires of sex in her pussy."

“Then that problem has my utmost attention, Abigail,” replied Elspeth.

Elspeth Mc McFarlane purchased a packet of condoms; these she gave to Abigail. “Slip them in your purse, dear, then you will have no fear of any unpleasant consequences.”

“Marie, my mother is a lesbian,” said Abigail as she lay in bed with her female companion.

“How do you know?”

“Miss Elspeth told me. She is her partner.”

“That is strange. My mother is one too but no one ever told me.”

“Then how do you know?”

“It all clicked at that dinner your mother gave for us receiving our diplomas when she introduced me to Frau Brundt. I had it out with mother about all the aunts I was supposed to have when I was a child. They always seemed to depart with Mummy at night to her bedroom.”

“I think my mother was secretive although she had that personal maid who left when I was eight.”

“You know, I thought I was a lesbian like mother because I loved you, Abigail. Mommy assured me I was not and explained your condition,” Marie responded.

“Miss Elspeth has helped me to save you from becoming pregnant, Marie.”

“Good old Miss Elspeth. What is it?”

“This,” said Abigail, opening her purse.

"Rubbers!" exclaimed Marie. "Now that is a good idea. I'll slip it on your 'thing' tonight as part of our foreplay."

"Yes, you do that, sweetheart. I want you that way before we depart to our new jobs. I'll miss you, Marie."

"And I will miss you just as much." Two mouths met in a passionate kiss.

Hester had returned from her stepmother's. The first person she sought out was Elspeth.

"Miss Elspeth, I have a problem," she said solemnly.

"What is it, my little angel?" said Elspeth putting an arm round Hester's shoulder in a motherly.

"I'm afraid I have done what you told me not to do, Miss Elspeth."

Elspeth Mc McFarlane could see Hester was having the greatest of difficulty trying to tell her what this was. "Tell me everything that is troubling you. I am here to help you, Hester."

"I have fallen in love with a man. I tried my best not to but I couldn't help myself."

"I see. Woes this man love you?"

"I think so. He has even helped me find a job. What should I do, Miss Elspeth? I am so worried."

"You did the right thing to confide in me. We will invite this young man of yours here for Sunday lunch and I will have a talk with him and see if his intentions are honourable."

"I am sure they are but we are just going out. He hasn't asked me to marry him or anything like that."

"We'll see on Sunday, Hester."

"I love you, Miss Elspeth," said Hester. She flung her arms round Elspeth and kissed her on the cheek. Hester considered Elspeth Mc McFarlane more of a mother to her than her step-mom Stephanie was.

Elspeth Mc McFarlane thought to herself that she was solving everyone's love life. First Abigail's, now Hester's.

Abigail was watching Marie slip a lubricated rubber over her "thing." It fitted snugly onto it. Marie was hypnotised as the "thing" slowly began to rise.

"It's becoming bigger, Abigail! I can't wait until it fills my pussy, darling."

"Of course it's becoming bigger. That's what it will do if you keep rubbing it."

"Which way do you want to take me, Abigail?"

"To start with, I think the old-fashioned Missionary position is good enough, nothing fancy. Leave all that for other nights."

"Okay, I'll do anything you ask."

"You're becoming a sexy little thing, aren't you?" giggled Abigail.

"Are you ready for this, darling?" said Abigail as her "thing" made its entrance in the soft split between Marie's legs. Marie was expected some pain as she had been told as a girl. No such thing happened as she braced herself.

“That’s nice and if it excites me as much as it is doing now, you can pump me all day long.”

“Don’t worry, you will be excited, lover. I’ve only started and the night is young” said Abigail with a shriek of laughter.

A bout of incredibly erotic sex followed. Both Marie and Abigail were well and truly exhausted by the time it ended. Neither was sure but both suspected that Abigail had ejaculated inside Marie. Is true, what might that portend?

After the two had caught their breath and calmed down, Abigail said, “You probably don’t know that Hester was once a boy, do you?”

Marie raised her eyebrows.

“Yes, he always wanted to be a woman so he came to live here and had the sex change operation when he was young.”

“I never knew that. Wouldn’t it be nice if all men had their member removed. I know one in particular that I would like to see minus his.”

“Who?” asked Abigail?

“None other than that bastard Donald Appleton, that’s who,” said Marie.

Both women broke out into fits of laughter.

“I can just see him in a flouncy summer dress with some hunk of a man, pulling his panties down and giving him a right good fuck,” said Abigail.

“That is what he needs. Just as you are going to do get” said she putting a hand on the “thing” which again was becoming erect.

SUNDAY LUNCH

Bruce Barberton drove his smart-looking car through the woods to Charlotte Middleton's home. The house looked most impressive as it loomed out from the swirling mist. Even in summer there seemed to be mist here. He parked the car on the gravel driveway. There on the steps that led to the house stood Hester, her light summer dress billowing in the breeze.

Departing his car, he caught her at the waist and swung her round to gay laughter from his girlfriend.

"Oh stop it, Bruce," said Hester as her dress rippled in the breeze, revealing the little red panties she had just put on this morning

From her upstairs room, Elspeth Mc McFarlane watched the scene below through the window unseen. "He looks nice and intelligent," thought Elspeth. She left the room to meet the loving couple.

"So, this is Bruce," said Elspeth as the couple came in the door, arms around each other's waist.

"This is my old Governess, Miss Elspeth McFarlane," said Hester by way of introduction.

"Hester, I'm still a very fit woman. Pleased to meet you, Bruce, we'll have a little chat after lunch. I'll take you to meet her Aunt Charlotte. she is in the living room."

Hester instantly remembered that first time she entered this room as a boy in a girl's dress. Aunt Charlotte was dressed differently since then. Hester had never seen her aunt dressed in these fawn culottes and white silk blouse before. She seemed rather pleasant today compared to the strict aunt she remembered as boy and the thrashing she gave him on that occasion.

Charlotte rose. "Haven't you got a kiss for your aunt, Hester?"

"Of course Aunt Charlotte." She came to her aunt and both embraced in a womanly way, kisses exchanged on their cheeks.

"That's better and this is the young man you talked about, Hester?"

"Yes, Aunt Charlotte, this is Bruce Barberton."

Bruce Barberton extended a hand to shake Hester's aunt's. "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Middleton."

"Pleasure's mine, I'm sure. Bruce, I hear a lot about you through my connections."

"Oh, do you indeed, Mrs. Middleton? All good I hope."

"Yes, I hear on the grapevine that you are an up-and-coming solicitor and you have helped Hester out with an offer of a job."

"Yes, I have already started work in his office," Hester added emphatically.

"That job is really way below your talents, Hester. You deserve something better than an office junior." Bruce now looked lovingly at his girlfriend.

Elspeth intervened. "My girls were never afraid of hard work, Bruce." Hester shyly blushed.

"Hester will work her way to the top, won't you, pet?" Elspeth said with much love for Hester.

"What have we here, a mutual admiration society?" lightly laughed Charlotte.

Hester reflected on that first time she came dressed in girl's clothes and the struggle she had with her Aunt Charlotte. Aunt Charlotte smiled that day after her opera-

tion for she knew Hester would become docile and domesticated.

A short time later, up in her room, Hester felt that lovely feeling surging through her body as stockings contracted on her legs Hester always liked that; it felt so womanly, one reason she never wore tights. A pair of leopard print thongs was extracted from a drawer to match the dress she was soon to put on. Thongs Hester had just recently taken a delight to wearing as they were tight between her legs. Hester was now ready to slip her leopard skin dress on. Over her head it went and she wriggled it down her body.

She looked in the mirror and smiled. It did look nice, a bit tight and the nipples of her breasts did protrude a bit though the dress but it showed the shapely outline and curves of her frame. That was what she wanted to entice her man. A silver chain necklace with her name hung around her neck. It had been a gift from her Aunt Charlotte after her operation to change her sex. Hester always considered this a reminder from her aunt that she was no longer of the male sex. A pair of silver stud earrings which matched the necklace went in place. She had a friendship ring Elspeth had presented this to her and Abigail when they were girls for being such attentive pupils and gaining excellent marks in their exams.

Her ginger hair had to be brushed out. Her shoulder-length hair now all fluffed out, she ran her hands through it. Just the leopard skin shoes to slip on and she was all ready for lunch with Bruce, her aunt, cousin Marie, and Miss Elspeth.

"She certainly is a beautiful young woman," thought Elspeth as she watched Hester make her entrance down the winding stairs and towards the dining room.

"Ah there you are, Hester. You have kept your boyfriend waiting. Elspeth, where is my daughter?" asked Charlotte.

"I expect she and Marie will be here shortly. I would start the meal without them," said Elspeth with a knowing look at her employer.

Lena the maid brought the first course of mushroom soup in and all at the table started in on it. As the main course was about to be brought in, Abigail and Marie appeared hand-in-hand.

"Where have you two been?" demanded Abigail's mother. Both young women blushed.

"Mother, we didn't realise the time. Ee were discussing...err...our new jobs," Abigail made up on the spur of the

moment.

"Oh well, if that is the case, you are excused," said Charlotte with knowing eyes to her bed partner Elspeth.

"Girls," said Elspeth, "may I introduce you to Hester's boyfriend, Bruce Barberton." Bruce rose and shook hands with them.

Abigail was rather surprised that Hester had a boyfriend; he looked nice.

"I think I shall have a lie down on the veranda with a glass of scotch. Would you care to accompany me, Bruce?" said Elspeth.

Bruce, who had been told by Hester that her old governess wished to speak to him, but not why, accepted the invitation.

“Yes, Miss Elspeth, I accept your kind invitation.”

Elspeth held an arm for Bruce to take and they made towards the veranda. They seated themselves on two reclining chairs with a small bamboo table in front of them. Lena appeared with a bottle of Haig’s Dimple whiskey and two crystal glasses on a tray. She placed the contents on the bamboo table. “Will that be all Miss Elspeth” said the young maid. “For the present Lena I shall call if anything else is required thanks.” The maid made a curtsy to Elspeth and left.

Elspeth McFarlane said, “Hester is a very sensitive girl I would not wish to see her hurt in any way.”

“Neither would I, Miss Elspeth” replied Bruce.

“That stands you in good stead then. Your intentions are honourable towards her, I take it, Bruce?”

“I would never wish to harm Hester in any way.”

“Good. Will you marry Hester?”

“I don’t think Hester and I are at that stage but I would not rule it out after we get to know each other better. I certainly wish her to meet my parents for their approval.”

“Does that mean that if she doesn’t get their approval, you would not marry Hester?” asked Elspeth.

“No, I am my own man. If I want to marry Hester, I will, despite what my mother and father say. Aren’t you forgetting something Miss Elspeth.”

“What would that be, Bruce?” asked she.

“I haven’t asked her and more importantly, if I did, what her answer might be.”

“Well said, Bruce, Hester’s good is all I want. Now tell me all about your work for Hester must be well provided for and kept in the luxury that you can see here.”

“In time I want to set up my own company of solicitors, buy a house and have a family. I would not wish any wife of mine to work. She should be a home bringing up the babies’ probably four or five, don’t you think, Miss Elspeth?”

Elspeth Mc McFarlane smiled at the thought of Hester coping with four or five screaming babies. She knew, of course, that was impossible.

“Oh yes, Bruce. I think Hester will make the perfect mother. I think you and Hester are just right for each other,” said Elspeth as she gulped her third glass of Haig’s Dimple.

“Well, I think we have had a pleasant little talk and cleared the air. You have my approval, Bruce.”

Bruce Barberton was glad of that but why was Hester’s old governess more concerned about her than her step-mom?

WORKING GIRLS

“You must put yourself completely into your work, Hester, even if it sometimes seems trivial. You are a very clever girl. I’m sure your reward will come in time. Always remember, you are one of my girls and Miss Elspeth’s girls never fail in this life.”

This pep talk was given to Hester by her old governess before she started work. It certainly fired her up for the task in hand for she so wanted to make Miss Elspeth proud of her in all she did.

At the moment she was standing beside Elspeth Mc McFarlane in the departure lounge of Heathrow airport with her cousin Abigail. Abigail was about to board her flight to New York to take up her position at the United Nations as a translator for the British delegation there. With Abigail were her mother and Marie Ramsay. Marie was about to start her own job at the Progressive HQ in London.

Hugs and kisses were exchanged by all with tears in the eyes of Abigail and Marie.

“You will e-mail me, darling?” said Marie.

“Of course, dearest, every day. We will keep in constant touch with each other till we meet again.”

“When will that be, Abigail?” asked her girlfriend.

“I get leave every three months or so. Then can be together again.”

“Good. I shall look forward to that,” said Marie.

Her flight number was soon called, she boarded and Abigail was on her way to a new world.

“What are you going to do now, Marie” asked Charlotte.

“I shall go home to Mother until I leave for London on Monday.”

“I see. Give your mother my regards.” Then Charlotte added, “Is Frau Brunt still at your home? I know she was looking for a flat.”

“Oh yes, Mother said she was willing to let her stay until she finds a flat. Don’t you think that is nice of Mother, Mrs. Middleton?”

“Yes, yes, of course,” replied Charlotte, knowing the reason very doubt. No doubt Frau Brunt would be shar-

ing the double bed in Phyllis Ramsay's bedchamber with her.

Hester, Elspeth, and her Aunt Charlotte now made their way back to Charlotte's house. Hester had been given an old beat-up Ford Cortina to use to her work by her aunt. She was considering leaving her Aunt Charlotte's house and finding a small flat nearer her work. The snag was that she hadn't that much money to rent a flat.

The next morning was an early rise for Hester for she had to leave home by seven to make the office in time.

Hester was smartly dressed in white blouse, black skirt and jacket, beige tights, and flat black pumps. Her brown leather was handbag slung over her shoulder.

Hester hung her jacket in the ladies' staff room, then sat in the open plan office awaiting any tasks to be carried out from her seniors.

She hadn't sat long before Mr. Baggers came to her desk. "Hester, could you take these documents to the high court? They are urgent for Mr. Desmond in that murder case."

"Yes sir," she answered.

Harry Baggers glanced at Hester. "You look smart today, Hester," said the elderly solicitor.

"Thank you, sir," said a pleased Hester.

Harry Baggers replied, "Take a taxi there and back. The money can come from out the petty cash. See Mrs. Danvers."

Mrs. Danvers, the cashier, gave her some money and looked up at Hester. "You look pretty this morning, Hester."

"Thank you, Mrs. Danvers, that is what Mr. Baggers said to me too."

“Did he? The old rascal has an eye for a pretty girl. I could tell you some tales about him but we haven’t got time right now. Off you go.”

Hester reached the high court, sought out Mr. Desmond, and gave him the required documents. She was about to leave.

“Don’t go, Hester, this is a most interesting case. It will be good experience for you.”

“But if I am not back to the office soon I will get into a row, sir.”

“Fiddlesticks. If I say you should be, you will be here, understood?”

“Yes sir,” said Hester, still worried about her job.

George Desmond was a kindly man and could see the young woman was distressed. “Hester, I shall phone the office and explain everything. I’m not a partner in the firm for nothing. Now, go into the court and listen.”

“Yes sir,” said a relieved Hester.

When the court adjourned for lunch, Hester found herself in a bistro, being treated to lunch by George Desmond.

“I hadn’t had much time to talk to you since you arrived at the office. You’re young Bruce’s girlfriend?”

“Yes sir.”

“A young, up-and-coming chap. You know I knew his father. Bruce will go far, mark my words.”

“Yes sir,” again Hester answered.

“Now Miss Weston, I want to know all about you,” said George Desmond.

“There is not much to tell, sir.” Hester then proceeded to say that she was at present living with her aunt and that she had been to university.

“Yes, Bruce mentioned that you have a degree with excellent marks. With the credentials you have, whatever are you doing in such a low-paid job?”

“It is the only work I can get at present, sir. I don’t want to be a burden to anyone.”

“That will do you credit, Hester. This world is full of freeloaders and work shy’s. We must get you better than an office junior.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Hester, now a very happy woman.

Hester hadn’t seen much of her boyfriend since she started work because the firm had sent Bruce to their office in another city to handle some cases coming up there. It would be another month before Bruce was back.

It was at the office one day Hester was told Mr. Desmond wanted to see her. “Sit down, Hester. I have been in touch with your university. It seems that you never told Bruce what your degree was. If he had known, you certainly would have a better job than you have at present.”

Hester Weston blushed. “If I had mentioned it to Bruce, everyone here may have thought I got the job because he was my boyfriend and pulled strings. As an office girl, that is different.”

\George Desmond looked Hester straight in the face. “You’re a bloody B.L., a Bachelor of Law and much too good to be an office girl carrying messages and making the tea. As of tomorrow, you will be my junior. I’ll have the papers for you to sign. It’s hard work but I trust you

for you seem to be an honest woman. Go home, I'll see you here in my office in the morning."

Hester was floating on air. First person Heater saw at home was Elspeth Mc McFarlane "I've been promoted," she gushed to Elspeth.

"Then you're on the way up, dear. Have you got a rise in pay?"

"I don't know, I never asked, I was so excited. I'm going to be Mr. Desmond's junior."

"I've heard of him, he's been in some important cases. He was in the papers the other day,, something about that woman who poisoned her husband," Elspeth said.

"Yes, I sat in on that case. Mr. Desmond ordered me to."

Hester Weston's law career, starting from these small beginnings, was successful. So much so that eventually she had her own office in the firm and was her being sought after in many murder trials.

She had by now left her aunt's house for her own expensive luxury flat and had been Bruce Barberton's constant girlfriend for some time. Let us leave Hester Weston for present and see how Marie Ramsay is fitting into the Progressive Party HQ in London.

MARIE'S JOB

Marie Ramsay arrived her first morning at Progressive Party HQ in Sloan Square, London, and was welcomed by the party chairman, Lord Armstrong.

"Welcome on board, Marie. Your family has a long association with the party. Your late father was a M.P. and of course you had a relation way back who was a cabinet minister. Unfortunately, we are not in government at the

present minute. We are a forward-looking party and must keep up with the times so there has been a bit of weeding out and young people have been brought in. You are one of them because your work as chairman in the Young Progressives at university has not gone unnoticed."

"Thank you, Lord Armstrong, for your kind words. I will do my best for the party. Where do I start?"

"Your enthusiasm goes well, Marie. I'll take you round the office and introduce you to the team."

"Your work here may be tedious to start with but the preparations for the next general election must be well organised. You will get a dry run, so to speak, as the local elections are approaching. That is the time that any cock-ups will be spotted and ironed out before the main event commences. Are there any question you wish to ask, Marie?"

"Not until I get into the swing of things."

Marie Ramsey found herself with her fellow party workers studying constituencies and what was needed to get them to join their party. They had to know where Progressive votes were likely to come from and make sure they did.

To Marie, this was not tedious, she rather liked it. When the first of the Local elections came, Marie found herself knocking on doors and getting some rude answers to her questions. She worked long hours posting party leaflets through letter boxes and dealt with annoying dogs snapping at her heels but she took it all in her stride.

She was to be at the count of votes at the local town hall. There had been a few key constituencies where the vote was marginal and her party might gain in them. She walked around the tables where ballot boxes were opened and voting papers lay in bundles. She mentally took a note of how the Progressive candidate was doing and was

a bit disappointed if the outlook was not good in an area she had considered they might gain.

Eventually the district results were announced. Her party had won some that they had hoped to but also lost some they had expected to win.

It was with mixed feelings that Marie Ramsay came back to party HQ the following day.

“Marie,” said one of her colleagues, “the boss wants to see you.” Her heart sank; she had made a balls-up of it all.

“Yes sir?” Marie said as she sat before Lord Armstrong.

“We have failed to gain a few seats that we hoped to win in the local elections.”

This is it thought, Marie, I’m being thrown out on my ear.

Lord Armstrong looked at the small, pretty, young woman. “Cheer up Marie, all is not lost. It’s only a local election. I did say it was only a dry run; the real thing is not here yet. Besides, you were not in on the planning of our strategy. That is why I have asked you here today; your enthusiasm has been noted and I am putting you on the planning team for the next election. It is like a battleground out there, we must be ready whenever the Prime Minister calls it.

Soon there will be a bye election in Buckley; old Bert Truman died a month ago. It was our seat but his majority was wafer-thin, a couple thousand I believe. This will be a test for us for we not only want to win but want that majority to increase considerably. Peter Petering is leading the team. You will become part of it.”

“Yes sir,” said Marie, greatly lifted by the stirring speech by the party chairman.

Peter Petering was a young man of twenty-seven, clearly ringed out as a future M.P. and a possible cabinet minister whenever the party got back in government.

A friendly young man welcomed Marie into the team. "The party will be calling the bye election in Buckley soon so we must do groundwork in preparation of it. Buckley is in the North so for the next month or so, you will have to live there. We have rented some flats in the area for the team. Is that alright with you, Marie?"

"Yes Peter, I expected to move from place to place in this job who are we putting up as our candidate?"

"David Dewsbury has fought in some elections before but they were impossible seats to win. This time his chances are good and it is our job to see he not only wins but handsomely as well."

Marie found herself sharing a flat with another girl, Betty Stover, for the duration of the bye election. They got on well together and became good friends. The bye election came and went. Their planning was perfect and the winning margin was beyond all expectations of the party.

When all came back to party HQ, Lord Armstrong was there to welcome them. "We are on our way back to power. All the party machine needs is some fine tuning and we are there. However there must be no easing off the throttle. You were brilliant, Peter."

Peter Petering replied, "I cannot take all of the credit for we worked as a team. However, I must single out one person in particular, Marie Ramsay, for she worked herself to the bone."

A chorus of "here here" was heard and "for she a jolly good fellow." Marie Ramsay profusely blushed.

Marie was once again called into Lord Armstrong's office a year later. "Marie, I want you to take charge of the strategy team for there is a bye election coming soon in the government seat of Swanton. It I think is winnable even if their majority is way above what we could ever hope to take. Their sitting M.P. has rather shot himself in the foot and the government has forced him to resign after that scandal over him being caught with his pants down with a prostitute in his house."

"Yes Sir," said Marie, "but is Peter Petering not in charge of the strategy team?"

"Normally yes, but unfortunately Peter is seriously ill in hospital."

"I am sorry to hear that. Is there anything we can do, Sir? I shall visit him in hospital."

"Your sympathy does you credit, Marie, but he is in the best of care and his wife Samantha visits him every day."

"That is good, Sir. Now as to our candidate, who has the party lined up?"

"Someone I believe you have met before at university, Donald Appleton."

"Who?" said Marie, Lord Armstrong repeated his answer.

"That's what I thought you said, Sir"

"You remember him then, Marie. You both should get on well."

Marie remembered Donald very well. She had been near raped by the bastard. But that was then and this was now. She wasn't looking forward to being his agent for

this bye election. But she had a job to do and would do to it the best of her ability even if it was for the man who nearly raped her.

Marie Ramsay had arrived in Swanton with the strategy team and personally checked out every house or flat where the team would be billeted during their time there.

Monday morning the local party HQ was visited and Marie made herself known to all there. Most there were part-timers; her team were the professionals being paid. All the others were local party supporters but she must use them to her advantage.

They were given a pep talk by Marie. She was an expert at that sort of thing now; the previous year had not been wasted. They were all behind her. The one person not present yet was Donald Appleton.

Donald Appleton did turn up later that afternoon. He knew Marie Ramsay was to be his agent and sought the office they would use during the campaign.

"Hello darling," said he. "Like old times, isn't it? Give us a kiss." He then tried to fondle Marie as she sat at her desk.

"Get your filthy hands off of me or I'll kick your balls off. Get this straight, I'm your agent, nothing else. I'm here to help you win this bye election, nothing more. Once this is over, I'll be shot of you. By the way, you're late. I want you here by seven every morning. There is a lot to do so get your sleeves rolled up."

Marie Ramsay was standing no nonsense from this apology for a man. Last time she needed support from her

girlfriends, Abigail and Hester. She was her own woman now.

Donald Appleton was rather taken back by the ferocity shown by Marie. "Yes, Marie."

"It's 'Miss Ramsay' while we are working here, understand?" No more was said.

It was a week into the campaign that Donald's mother turned up. She had to see her darling son fight this election.

Concordia Appleton was dressed in a twinset with pearls, five rows of them if you please, and a mink fur coat. A hand decorated with many rings, she was the typical Progressive Party matron. She had done her wifely duty to her husband and had Donald but there was no more of that nonsense in bed. Single beds were now in force for the married pair.

Donald was not present when she turned up at party HQ.

"I must see my son!" said the portly matron.

"He is out campaigning," one of the party workers said.

"Who is in charge of his HQ?" demanded the woman.

"Marie Ramsay," said someone else.

"I demand to be taken to her at once," Donald mother said.

At that minute, Marie was stretched over her desk, looking at maps and marking out streets that were most likely to have Progressive voters.

"And who might you be, young lady?" demanded Donald's mother.

"And just who might *you* be?" asked Marie.

The matronly woman pulled herself to her full height and stopped to get the full attention of Marie. Then she continued, "I am Donald Appleton's mother."

"I am Marie Ramsay, your son's agent during this bye election."

"I see," said Donald's mother, thinking Marie seemed a bit young to be a party agent. This would never do. She would demand better. After all, it was her son.

"Concordia Appleton," said the stoutly matron. "Have you been an agent long, Marie?"

"No, this is the first time actually. Concordia, take a seat. I'll see about some tea and biscuits and we can chat," said Marie, trying to be friendly.

The tea and biscuits duly arrived and Concordia fired questions right and left to Marie. "Do you think you are good enough to be my wonderful son's agent, Marie?"

By this time Marie was getting a bit agitated with Donald's mother. "Yes, I do think so. There couldn't be a harder task to win here and we will if your son knuckles down to the task, Mrs. Appleton."

"I don't think you are good enough for my marvellous and phenomenal son."

This conversation was pissing off Marie. She wasn't going to stand any more of this. "Mrs. Appleton, your wonderful, marvellous son is nothing but a bastard and would-be rapist."

"How dare you! How dare you say such a thing against my poor little boy? Do you know who you are speaking to?" said Concordia Appleton, rising to her full height which towered over Marie.

"No and I don't care. Now get out of my way. I have work to do."

Concordia Appleton left in a huff and a flurry of skirts. She would talk to someone high in authority about this stropky young woman. Concordia Appleton was full of her own importance just like her beloved son.

The Progressive Party won a resounding victory, more thanks to Marie Ramsay than Donald Appleton.

Marie Ramsay and Abigail Middleton kept in constant touch with each other over the years and would meet whenever Abigail came home on leave. Their love-making was either at Marie's flat or Abigail's house. Marie had taken Elspeth McFarlane's advice about the pill but she had gone one step further. An implant had been inserted inside her that guaranteed no worries for the next five years. During the time Abigail was back from New York, the pair lived more at Charlotte's house for Abigail wanted to see her mother and Miss Elspeth. As for Marie, she saw less and less of her own mother for Frau Zelia Brunt seemed to be a permanent fixture around her mother's house.

ABIGAIL AT THE UNITED NATIONS

For Abigail, being one of the translators to the British delegation was interesting work and the pay was good. She rented a luxury flat in New York. She had heard from her mother that Hester was now a very successful solicitor. Abigail invited Hester over to stay with her for a holiday. Hester replied she was up to her ears in work but would keep it in mind.

Abigail's cousin did come over a year later, was delighted with Abigail's flat and stayed for a week. Abigail took some time off and took Hester around to see the sights of New York.

"That was wonderful today, Abigail, I shall remember it all my life," said Hester.

"Glad you liked it, sweetheart. I'll get us some drinks in and we can unwind. What do you want? I'm taking a Green Goddess."

"You've always liked that drink since university. I'll have a gin and tonic."

Abigail went to her cocktail cabinet, poured out the drinks, handed her cousin her's, then sat on the settee beside her.

"How is your love life going, Hester?"

"Smoothly I might say. Bruce has asked me to meet his parents."

"Then it's serious. Has he popped the question yet?"

"No but there must be hope if he wants me to meet his mother, don't you think?"

"Yes, of course. Tell me, have you done it? You know what I mean."

"Well, it depends what that means. We have not had full intercourse but we have had heavy petting, like him feeling me up and me playing with his penis. But Bruce respects me. If I tell him to stop, he does. I would only want full intercourse if we married. I think that is the right place for it."

"Marie has taken precautions to prevent becoming pregnant."

"There is no chance I can become pregnant. How are you and Marie getting on anyway?"

"Fine, Marie and I do have intercourse whenever we can but it is limited because we rarely see each other. However, absence makes the heart grow fonder, as they say."

“Will you and Marie marry, Abigail?” asked Hester.

“It’s hard to say Hester. I don’t know how the law stands on a situation such as ours.”

“I’ll find out for you. I’m not too familiar with that side of the law. But I know colleagues who are. I’ll look into it.”

“Would you, Hester? I’ll be ever so grateful.”

“Sure, we’re cousins, aren’t we?” Hester replied.

HESTER BECOMES ENGAGED

Hester Weston was back home and on her way with Bruce Barberton in his car to meet his parents.

“Bruce, do you think your mother will like me?” Hester asked anxiously.

“I’m sure Mother will approve of you, Hester, but to me it doesn’t matter one little bit so don’t worry about it, darling.”

“But, Bruce, I want to give a good impression to your parents and your mother in particular.”

“Why Mother, Hester?”

“A wrong impression of me by your mother can could put us on the wrong foot with each other.”

“Mother is not like that, Hester.” No more was said as the long journey continued north.

Eventually, they reached Bruce Barberton’s home in a residential part of the city. Bruce car passed the tree-lined avenues they reached a distinguished looking imposing house. Bruce parked the car on the gravel driveway in front of the house.

Taking Hester’s hand, Bruce made their way to the front door as their feet made a crunching sound over the

paving stones. A woman in her late forties answered the door.

“Darling!” she exclaimed, putting her arms round Bruce and receiving a kiss on the cheek by her son.

“Mother, this is Hester Weston,” said Bruce.

“Do come in, dear, and make yourself at home,” said Bruce’s mother.

“Forgive me, dear, I’ve just come out the kitchen. I’ve been baking Bruce’s favourite apple pie. Bruce, your father is down at the bowling club in the semi-final of some cup or other. I warned him to be here for lunch but you know your father. He probably never took one bit of blind notice of me,” said Bruce’s cheerful mother.

The couple and Bruce’s mother entered the living room. “Sit down, dear. I’m Dorothy, Bruce’s mother but just call me Dot.”

Hester was beginning to like Bruce’s mother; she seemed a character.

“Now Hester, you must tell me all about yourself. I knew your mother from way back along with her late husband Tommy.”

“I never really knew my father, Dot. As you know, he died when I was young and my mother died shortly after I was born. It was my step-mom who brought me up, followed by my Aunt Charlotte. She did a lot for me.”

Yes, thought Hester, she certainly did a lot for me. Changed my name, changed my sex, and beat me.

“Bruce, get Hester’s things out the car and I’ll show her the room.”

Dorothy Barberton was greatly impressed by how her son girlfriend looked, as was Bruce.

"You look very pretty, Hester dear," said Dot, giving a knowing glance at her son.

"Of course she is, Mother. Hester is always pretty," Bruce answered. Hester blushed at this praise. Dorothy Barberton directed Hester to sit beside her son.

"Ernie, where are you? Lunch is about to start!" shouted Dorothy.

"Coming, Dot," replied her husband.

Bruce's father made his entrance. He was a mature-looking man in his fifties, now beginning to show a few grey hairs on top.

"You forgot Bruce was bringing his girlfriend today, didn't you, Ernie? You and your dammed bowls, that's all you think about," Bruce's mother scolded her husband in a friendly manner.

"Well I..." started Ernest Barberton.

"You forgot." Changing the subject, Dot Barberton asked, "How did you get on anyway?"

"I lost, Dot."

"Oh well, never mind, there's always next year," said Dot in a friendly way.

"Say hello to Hester, Ernie, doesn't she look pretty?" said Dot.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Weston." Ernest extended a hand to shake with Hester.

Dot had gone to the kitchen and was now bringing back a tray with four plates of mushroom soup.

"Can am I be of any assistance, Dot?" asked Hester.

"No dear, I can manage alright but Ernie will help with the roast beef and potatoes," Dot said, looking at her husband.

"Yes Dot," he meekly answered.

It was on the Sunday that Bruce took Hester in his Mercedes car to sight-see around the local countryside. Bruce stopped the car near a canal. They left it parked and took a walk along the canal tow path.

"I used to come here with my father when I was a boy and we went fishing."

"How nice. I take it you and your father get on well," said Hester.

"Yes, and he really loves Mother despite what you heard the other day."

"Yes, I can see that. It is good to see they are still in love with each other all these years."

Bruce and Hester were holding hands as they walked along the tow path. There was a seat at the side of the canal Bruce took Hester to and both sat there watching ducks swim along the canal.

Bruce, in a serious mood, looked into Hester's eyes. "Sweetheart, I've something to ask you. We have been going steady for sometime. I think it is time we tied the knot. That is one of the reasons I asked you here to meet my parents."

Hester had thought Bruce had something like this in mind. She had hoped this would be the outcome of the weekend.

"Darling, there is nothing I would like better than to be your wife."

"That's wonderful, Hester. I have bought a ring." Bruce Barberton then produced a box containing a gold

ring with a diamond at the centre and an emerald to either side of it.

“Let me put in on you, Hester,” said Bruce.

“Don’t you think the best place for that would be at dinner when both your parents are present, Bruce?”

“Of course, Hester. You’re perfectly correct, that shall be done.”

Later that night at dinner before the meal, Bruce Barberton rose.

“Mother and Father, I have something of importance to announce. Hester and I are now engaged.” So saying, Bruce produced the box with the ring, took Hester’s hand and placed the ring on her finger.

A tear fell down Dorothy Barberton’s cheek.

“What are you crying for, Mother?” asked her son.

“I’m so happy for you, my son. You’ll make a nice couple.”

Dorothy Barberton embraced her daughter-in-law to be, kissed her on the cheek and patted her on the back.

“Congratulations, Son,” said his father who then kissed Hester on the cheek.

Later that night as Hester was about to depart the living room to bed, Bruce and his father had just left and Dot asked her to stay a minute.

"I love my son, Hester, and only want what is best for him. I would not want to see him hurt in any way. Do you love him, Hester?"

"I am offended by that question, Mrs. Barberton. I would never have taken that ring if I did not love your son."

"Then you must forgive an old woman for asking such a question. I am sorry I questioned your devotion to Bruce. You are a pretty woman and an intelligent one for you would never have become a solicitor if you were not. Do you think you will have the time to raise a family, Hester? You must be a busy woman from what Bruce tells me."

It was as if Dot Barberton had pierced a knife into Hester for she very well knew that having children was impossible.

Hester Weston composed herself; she would have to lie through her teeth.

"Of course we will have children, Mrs. Barberton. I will give up my work and devote my time to the babies. I shall become like any ordinary housewife. Bruce and I have discussed this." This they had and Hester had lied to him as well.

When Hester Weston entered her room that night, she angrily tore her expensive designer dress off and ripped it in shreds. What bloody use was wearing woman's clothes and getting breast implants if you can't do what real woman do and have a baby by the man you love?

Hester flung herself on the bed and cried her eyes out until eventually sleep came her way.

"You look sad this morning, Hester," said her boyfriend at breakfast.

"It's nothing, I had a bad dream" replied she.

Hester and Bruce departed with hugs and kisses from Dot Barberton.

“Well, what did you think of Mother?” asked Bruce Barberton as he and Hester drove back home that morning.

“She is a very nice lady.” Hester genuinely meant that for she liked Dot Barberton.

A SURPRISE FOR MARIE

“Marie,” said Lord Armstrong, “I want to see you in my office at once.”

“Yes sir,” answered she. Lord Armstrong seemed in a serious mood.

Sitting before the mighty Lord, Marie knew there was something about to explode.

“Marie, how would you like to be a Progressive candidate in the next General Election?”

“Eh...what?” the question had caught Marie off-guard for she had never dreamed of anything such thing before.

“Well woman, do you or do you not?”

“Yes of course, Sir. I would be delighted but does not the constituency committee decide that?”

“Nothing more than a detail, Marie, besides that lot would be lucky to get anyone for a candidate.”

Marie Ramsay thought a moment. This could only meant the Progressive Party had no chance of winning the seat. “Where exactly is it, Sir?”

“Rudely,” answered the great man. I know what you’re thinking, Marie, and I agree that the odds are long but the experience will stand you good. You will not be forgotten when the time comes,” said the noble Lord.

"I suppose there must be plenty of time before the next election."

"Not as much as you think, Marie," Lord Armstrong said.

"How do you know, Sir?"



“I just know,” said he touching the side of his nose.
“Inside information.”

“I better roll up my sleeves and knuckle down to it.
Who is going to be on my strategy team?” asked Marie.

“No one, just yourself. We cannot spare anyone when
the election comes so you are on your own,” was all that
Lord Armstrong said as Marie left his office.

Oh well, thought Marie Ramsay, there is only one
thing for it. I’ll have to go back to childhood and univer-
sity days.

What was it Abigail Middleton and Hester Weston
had said long ago? “All for one and one for all!”

To Be Continued