

# The Maryanns



## Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# THE MARYANNS

By **Blind Ruth**

## PROLOGUE

It was a beautiful summer day as the pretty young woman, parasol in hand, strolled in Cremona Gardens, with other similarly dressed young ladies. The Gardens were lined with all sorts of trees, and every so often a few of the women would stop and converse with each other in a ladylike way; pleasant conversation was heard. On the thoroughfare were seen many horse-drawn carriages on this sunny afternoon. An open top Landau with some young university students would stop near some young ladies and have a pleasant conversation. A door of the carriage opened and three young ladies entered the carriage to much laughter and giggles from them. Arms of the students went round their waists and off the horses would gallop to gay laughter from all.

If one did not know anything about Cremona Gardens one would never be any the wiser. However Cremona Gardens was a well-known haunt for Maryanns, men dressed in women's clothes. Some were very pretty, some not so. To the men who picked

up these so-called women, the fact they were male never mattered, such was their perversion.

Our young lady with the parasol could only be regarded as pretty. A hansom cab with driver at the back was approaching the young lady, an elderly gent inside scrutinising the young women in the Gardens as the carriage passed them.

“Stop here, driver,” the well-dressed gentleman commanded. The cab had stopped beside our young woman, a window in the cab lowered.

“How much?” was asked by the well-dressed gent.

It was not the first time the young woman had been propositioned in Cremona Gardens, one reason why she had come to the place. She quickly looked the gentleman over. He was a city man, probably a lawyer.

“A guinea for a few hours, kind sir,” she replied.

The door opened and the girl, lifting her long skirts that they not become soiled, entered into the carriage.

“I hope you’re worth every penny of my hard-earned money. Do you know a place where we can transact our business?”

“That I do, sir. Mrs. Bates keeps a nice clean house, that you can be sure of. Very discreet she is, you’ll be safe there.”

Mrs. Myra Bates opened her front door to the young woman and her gentleman friend.

“How nice to see you, Fanny.”

“Have you a room where I and my gentleman friend can transact our business, Mrs. Bates?”

“Surely Fanny, at the usual price,” said the buxom woman holding out her hand. The gentleman pressed a guinea into her hand.

“Thank you, kind sir,” she said as she pocked the coin into her purse. “It’s the room at the top of the stairs, Fanny, you know the one. Fanny my dear, when you and your gentleman friend have completed your business, could you please be so kind as to see me before you leave?”

“Surely, Mrs. Bates.” Fanny daintily lifted the hem of her dress again as she ascended the stairs.

In time Fanny appeared before Mrs. Bates who sat in the living room.

“Ah, there you are, my dear. I wish to have a word with you. Perhaps a drink before we discuss matters, wine?” Mrs. Bates was already pouring out two glasses of red wine and handing one to Fanny.

“Do make yourself comfortable,” said Mrs. Bates pointing to the nearby chaise lounge, as she herself sat on a well-upholstered chair.

“I hope your business came to a happy conclusion with your gentleman friend, Fanny?”

“Finically yes, otherwise no. He couldn’t get it up; I had to help him with my hand to get a rise.”

“Oh dear, but what would you expect with such an elderly man. He probably has a wife who is not doing her wifely duties and has to resort to young viral women like yourself, Fanny. I would have thought you would have gone back to your own flat.”

“Couldn’t, Mrs. Bates. I had already seen Stella picked up at the Gardens and driven away in a gentleman’s carriage, so I knew the flat would be occupied.”

“That’s what I want to talk to you about, Fanny. Why don’t you and Stella come to my town house and ply your business there? I refer to my other, bigger, better house where girls like yourself and Stella live in comfort. Cremona Gardens may be alright in this nice warm summery weather but when winter comes you’ll freeze and it’s a different story. You’ll meet a different class of gentlemen and any gifts you may receive for your services you can keep, not like some houses I could speak of, where the Madams take it from their girls. My girls live in the lap of luxury. Why don’t you and Stella pay me a visit to see the place and we can talk things over, Fanny dear.”

“It all sounds very tempting, Mrs. Bates, I certainly will mention all you have said to Stella.”

Mrs. Bates placed a hand on top of Fanny’s and gently patted it.

“Fanny dear, just call me Myra. I would be like a mother to you, I treat all my girls like a mother.”

No more was said as Fanny departed the house.

## **THE EARLY YEARS IN MRS. BATES’ HOUSE**

“How did things go with you today, Stella?” asked Fanny.

“So so. If things don’t pick up, we could both be in the workhouse. You?”

“I made enough to see us through a few days. I have some news that may be our saviour; Mrs. Bates has asked us to join her house.”

“Oh yes, and what’s in it for her? She’s a hard-nosed business woman, she is.”

“Said she would be like a mother to me, she did.”

“And you fell for it.”

“It’s the best offer we have, Stella, the least we could do is give her a visit.”

“Okay, you’ve convinced me. Best frocks on and everything, we drop in on her tomorrow.”

The two Maryanns kissed and went to bed together as they usually did since they first met.

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The following morning their flat was a hive of activity after breakfast what with makeup and dressing in their corsets and frocks that went right down to the floor, ankle boots, stockings tied at the top of their legs with fancy coloured ribbons, long drawers elasticised at the knee, all the latest of fashion for any Victorian lady. And of course their male appendages were tucked out of sight.

Both Fanny and Stella were now ready to depart their flat; a hansom cab was flagged down in the busy street outside and soon they were on their way to Mrs. Bates’ house.

A young maid answered their knock on the front door.

“Yes, can I be of any assistance to you ladies?”

“Yes, tell your Mistress that Miss Stella and Miss Fanny have come for their afternoon appointment,” said Stella, always the pushy one.

“Certainly, Miss. If you will follow me, I shall inform my Mistress.” Fanny and Stella followed the

pretty girl to the drawing room, a large room with many chaise lounges, settees and couches. The maid bid them to take a seat while she informed her Mistress of their presence.

“Did you hear that?” asked Fanny as the maid made a swishing sound as she made her exit.

“Even the domestics have dresses and skirts made of satin and silk, the likes of which we could never afford, Stella.”

“Yes,” said Stella who had been watching the girl leave the room in her long black dress, white starched apron and mob cap, black stockings and ankle boots. What the two Maryanns would learn as time went on was that all maids, cooks, etc. in this establishment were men like themselves. It was a deliberate plan by Myra Bates to entice her clients to have sex with them. Of course, seducing some supposedly innocent maid cost money, something Myra Bates was fond of.

“Ah, there you are, my dears,” said Myra Bates as she held her hands out to embrace the girls and plant a kiss on their cheeks. As she sat on a Queen Anne chair, she lifted a little hand bell and rang it. Soon the maid who had shown Fanny and Stella into the premises appeared.

“Marie, please be so good as to bring tea and muffins into the drawing room for myself and these charming young ladies,” commanded her Mistress.

“Certainly, ma’am,” said Marie and left in a flurry of skirts and petticoats.

“My dears, after some refreshments, I shall give you a tour of this establishment. Then maybe we can talk business,” said the buxom Mrs. Bates.

Myra Bates had run a critical eye over the girls’ dresses which would never do for her house of ill repute. She had certain standards and if the girls were

going to work for her, she would have to outlay some money on them. However she would make sure they worked their butts off for her. It was not as if she didn't want them in her house, she certainly did, and before other Madams approached the girls. She had kept an eye on their success in Cremona Gardens; the men there swarmed round them like flies. That was all good for her business, a business that was well-protected from the Bow Street runners, unlike some other houses.

Myra Bates had friends in high places and any sniff of a raid on her house was quietly snuffed out by some high ranking police officer who was having his share of Myra's girls for free. Myra knew where her friends were.

Myra made a point of showing the bedrooms, luxurious ones. Each girl would have one to herself. At the flat they had been sharing the same bed since they couldn't remember when. Not only that but each of them would have a dressing table to herself and no makeup to share as it would all be supplied by Madam Bates, as eventually they would call her. Myra Bates liked being called Madam; it gave her some authority, she thought. After all she had worked hard as a prostitute to save enough money to open this house. It was not just any old house of ill repute but one with men dressed in women's clothes. There was a niche there and more money to be made than by operating one with women.

"Well, what do you think, girls?" asked Madam Bates.

It was unbelievable, better than anything they could come up with. Fanny answered, "Yes Mrs. Bates, we'll start tomorrow please."

"Good. We'll be waiting for you tomorrow then."

Then Stella asked, "How much will you be paying us, Mrs. Bates?"

Myra Bates put an eye on her; she was going to give her trouble, wasn't she?

"Don't worry about that, Stella dear. My girls have never complained before; you'll get a lot more money than you ever did in Cremona Gardens."

By late morning the following day the girls had moved their possessions into Mrs. Bates' house.

"I'll introduce you to some of the girls tonight. Since this is your first night here you won't need to do anything, just become acquainted with things after dinner," said Myra Bates.

The story of Fanny was that she had never been out of a frock since she was born. It is well known that boys wore frocks in Victorian times at least till the age of eight. Fanny's mother, being a widow, had decided that he would be wearing frocks well beyond that age. Fanny was even baptised with that name.

Fanny always played with girls therefore it was assumed she was one and that fact was never questioned. Fanny grew up loving her mother who always saw her daughter had the finest clothes that money could buy. Her mother was never short of money. Fanny in her early years was to meet other boys dressed in girl's clothes because her mother sought out women like herself who dressed their sons in girl's clothes. These were happy times, not only for Fanny but also her mother.

That was where Fanny first met Stella. They became great friends, girlfriends really, at that young age. They played with dolls supplied by their mothers and were encouraged to do so by them. Their mothers hoped some white knight in shining armour would come along and marry their so-called daughters.

As time went on, Fanny's mother invited boys, even young men to her house in the hope of such an arrangement. Fanny, being eighteen, it was only nat-

ural that her thoughts turned to the opposite sex, she having been brought up as a girl. The young men seeing a pretty girl in a delightful frock would not think otherwise, at least until matters proceeded further.

Some men would be utterly disgusted on seeing a male member between her legs and proceedings come to a sudden halt, while others would not be troubled by her anomaly. Those were Fanny's timid steps to becoming a Maryann. At that tender age she was discovering that there were men who desired her body even if they knew she was a man under all her feminine finery. When her mother died and Fanny fell on hard times, she seemed fated to sell her body for sexual purposes. She knew there were men out there who badly wanted what she had underneath her frocks.

Stella always liked to be near Fanny and it was not unusual to see the two kiss each other as children. Nothing was thought of it, not by their mothers anyway.

Fanny's great girlfriend Stella was a regular visitor to her flat in London. Stella was not a naive woman, or man. She could see many men coming and going as she entered the flat or left it. Stella and Fanny had progressed well beyond the kissing stage since they were girls and were now more sexually active.

"Fanny," she said one day, "why do so many men seem to come and go in this flat of yours?"

A blushing red-faced Fanny, near tears, answered, "I can't help it. Since Mother died I've had to resort to selling my body for money, to support myself. I do hope you understand, Stella."

"Poor Fanny." Then a more curious Stella asked, "Do men actually pay money to have sex with you, Fanny?"

“You’d be surprised how many men do and they pay well. I couldn’t afford this flat otherwise, Stella.”

“Really, Fanny? I’d be interested to hear more, dear.”

“I never thought you’d be short of money, Stella.”

“Since my mother died like yours, money hasn’t been easy to come by. I’d not be adverse to sell my charms to any man who would pay for that privilege.”

Fanny was rather taken aback; she had never thought such about her girlfriend.

“You’re more than welcome to share this flat with me, Stella. I can take you to such places where you may procure gentlemen friends for such purposes as you have suggested,” said Fanny.

And so it was that Stella frequented the Cremona Gardens with Fanny, a very attractive and active pair of Maryanns indeed. One could not say that Fanny and Stella were actually an honest pair, petty thieves was a more suitable title. It was not unknown that if one was occupied with a man in the bedroom in sexual activities, should the man had been foolish enough to leave off his jacket outside the bedroom, the other would search pockets for money or whatever valuables it might contain. Valuables would be sold or pawned. Should the man complain, he was in trouble with the Bow Street runners to start with, and if he was married, he would be terrified of the resulting publicity and an irate wife.

That sort of thing would not be tolerated by Mrs. Bates’ establishment. That sort of thing was bad for business and Myra Bates knew it, so Fanny and Stella had to change their ways considerably. One thing about working in Mrs. Bates’ house was that it would keep them out of the Whitechapel area where they were to be seen sometimes in the pubs and bars looking for business. Whitechapel in the London docklands area was a well-known haunt for prosti-

tutes and Maryanns. Ever since of all the talk of “Jack the Ripper” they had not been too keen to visit there. Also one of their acquaintances from Cremona Gardens, Sadie by name, had gone there and went missing for days. Later her body was found floating in the Thames with her throat slashed.

While Fanny and Stella may not have been keen to visit the Whitechapel area, it being in the London docklands, circumstances would sometimes force them there to do business, more so when ships were due to dock in the harbours there, for a number of reasons. Seafarers who had been sailing on the oceans of the world for months on end without the sight of a female had money due after their long voyages. The times of ships arrivals and departures were well known as Lloyds posted such information daily at their premises. It was a time when prostitutes and Maryanns knew money would be flowing easily. Men would be on the lookout for women, and they would make themselves available to help them spend it.

The class of customer at the docks was much different from what Fanny and Stella would expect at Cremona Gardens. At Cremona Gardens it was more of the refined city type gentleman, man about town or young Oxford or Cambridge students out to sow their oats.

In the dockland area were the rough, tough, and ready seaman. They may have more money to spend on prostitutes than at Cremona Gardens but when it was gone, it was gone. Fanny and Stella would be mixing company with real women all looking for business.

One may wonder why such seamen would seek out Maryanns when female prostitutes were available. It is a well-known fact at that time on ships on the high seas for months at a time without a port in sight, such things as “Ships Ladies” existed. Those were shipmates who dressed in women’s clothes for months on end on board the ship. These so called “ships’ ladies” catered to the sexual needs of their

shipmates. Therefore the sight of a man in woman's clothes was not foreign to such customers. Men who one would never call homosexual sought out such women. Even today such 'women' exist on long oceangoing oil tankers and cargo ships as they serve a need.

Some Maryanns on hearing the tales of these Ships ladies signed on for a voyage or two and would share the ship captain's cabin and bed during the long months at sea.

On the arrival of, say, some tea clipper from China, the girls would visit some well known pub in the docklands area in their best finery in the hope of being picked up by members of the crew and of course relieving them of their hard-earned money. At such times many seamen were in party mood. Fanny and Stella could find them in a house shared by many of the crew and offer to give their services to many men. Many a drunken orgy was to follow as the girls were plied with gin and cheap wine. It was not uncommon to see ladies such as themselves having their frocks taken off by the seamen parading in their petticoats and knickers in front of the men to howls of laughter and giggles from all. Fanny had even seen her girlfriend Stella pulled onto the lap of a bearded seaman and roughly handled to screams and giggles.

A prostitute (a real woman) was seen naked, sitting on the erection of a man up her rear end, her legs open and another man about to enter her pussy. It was all to be expected at these times. But these rough and ready seamen were known to be big spenders. The girls knew it and pleased them anyway they could. Stella one time disappeared with one such bearded seaman to emerge a week later dressed in a very fine expensive frock.

"He hit me and said I was his woman and expected me to be waiting for him the next time he was in dock here. He handed me round his shipmates and said I was to make them happy. They took me two-at-a-time in my back door. They forced their way



in and out of it and treated me ever so rough," said she, fingering a badly bruised cheek.

Stella may have got her rewards money-wise and fashion-wise but found she had a price to pay for it. That was always the danger for girls such as Fanny and Stella. Life might be more pleasant in Mrs. Bates' house.

One big difference to the girls was that they now had a room to themselves, whereas at the flat they shared one bed between them. To keep this luxurious lifestyle both were very well aware of what was expected of them. It involved nothing that they hadn't done in the past, but the rewards were better.

Fanny sat on the well-cushioned seat before the dressing table covered with plenty of makeup supplied by Madam. In the flat she and Stella had to share their makeup and dressing table; there never was enough for the two of them in the pokey flat. This was the life. She felt she could perform better in this environment.

Soon Fanny was ready. There was a knock on Stella's door and the two were ready to meet their new companions in this house of ill repute.

The marble spiral staircase was magnificent as the two descended hand-in-hand to the dining room. On opening the mahogany door, there in her impressive low-cut dress in which one could see the swell of her ample breasts, sat Myra Bates. She was in all her glory, painted and powdered with a deliberately placed black beauty spot on her right cheek. She wore the sparkling diamond necklace and matching stud earrings she had earned by the hard work of her girls. There could be no doubt who was the Madam of this house of ill repute. While the girls at the table were suitably dressed, Myra Bates was the Queen among them.

She rose to greet her newly-acquired girls, put her arms round their shoulders and kissed each on the

cheek. "Girls," she said addressing all round the table, "These are Fanny and Stella who are new to this establishment. I expect every one of you to make yourselves known to them and make them welcome to this house." Both girls sat on the chairs indicated by Myra.

A dinner followed consisting of roast beef, potatoes, peas, and carrots. It was a simple meal but adequate. A hot meal was served each day, something not guaranteed when Fanny and Stella shared the flat.

As all ate, a maid came to Mrs. Bates and whispered something in her ear.

"Very good, Maria. Take the young gentleman to my office and tell him I shall see him shortly."

Addressing a woman beside her, Mrs. Bates said, "Helen, I have business to attend to, take over from me while I am gone."

"Certainly, Myra," said an elderly-looking Maryann.

Eventually Myra finished her meal rose and went to her office where a young man sat before her desk.

"You wanted to see me, Madam?" he asked.

"I do indeed, young Sir." Opening a drawer in her desk, Mrs. Bates withdrew a sheet of paper and handed it to the man.

"I don't need to tell you how much you owe me. I'm afraid till such is paid off you are banned from this house, I'm sorry to say."

The young Honourable Edward Locales looked over the sheet. "Madam, Father pays my allowance at the end of the month; I'll pay what I owe then."

“I’ll take your word on that, Sir, as a gentleman. You must realise, however, that I have overhead to pay, this house to upkeep, food to put on the table and girls to pay for their services to men such as yourself.”

Edward Locales looked a pitiful and miserable man being told off by a headmaster. “However you may partake of the girls tonight, Sir,” finished Mrs. Bates after her lecture.

Myra Bates was sure the money would be forthcoming once the young man’s father learned of it. For didn’t he, the Duke of Buckingham, introduce his son to this establishment? It was when the young man was at university; his father learned of the homosexual activities of Edward while there. It was not as if the noble Lord was against such things, for he was a regular visitor to Myra Bates’ house. The Duke just didn’t want to see his son arm-in-arm with another man and kissing him in public. No, it was better if he was seen with a young lady, even if it was a man in women’s clothes. So long as no one knew that last detail, of course.

So it was that the noble Lord visited Mrs. Bates’ house and had a talk with her.

“Madam, in a few weeks time my son Edward will reach his 21st birthday. As a birthday present, I intend to bring him to your house.”

“I will indeed be honoured as will the house also that such noble persons should patronise these premises.”

“I want no disgrace to my family name that my son is seen with some young gent on his arm. It’s better to be seen with one of your ladies.”

“But of course, Sir. I have the very lady that you are looking for. Elizabeth, who has recently come to my establishment.” Myra Bates pulled a silk cord

hanging near her desk, which rang a bell in the maids quarters.

A maid stood outside the door of Myra office and knocked. "Come in," said Mrs. Bates in a very authoritative tone of voice. The maid curtseyed to her Mistress

"You called, ma'am?" she asked.

"Marie, please be so good as to tell Miss Elizabeth to come my office."

"Yes ma'am," said the maid as she gave a delightful curtsy once more as she had been taught.

Soon the pretty Miss Elizabeth was standing in Myra's office. "Does she meet your approval and requirements, my Lord?" asked Mrs. Bates.

"She does indeed, Madam. Please ask her to walk around the room that I can ascertain her figure so much better."

"You heard the Lord, Elizabeth. Do as he says."

Elizabeth sashayed round the office in a seductive manner, stopping before the noble Lord to raise the hem of her long dress to reveal her shapely legs clad in silk stockings.

"Very nice and suitable for my son. I think we can come to a financial arrangement, Madam."

"Very well. You may leave., Elizabeth. I will have a talk with you after."

The pretty Maryann left with a curtsey to her Mistress.

"I shall provide another woman with Elizabeth when your son comes here on his birthday. He must consider himself lucky to have such a generous father."

Myra Bates had picked what she thought were her two best girls. She did want the Honourable Edward Locales to be a regular customer at her house. There was money to be made out of him; his father had always paid well for the services of the house. Yes, at the present minute he owed her money, but Myra was sure his father would pay that off.

Myra had other worries, these two new girls needed fitted out with costumes. She would take them to her old friend Rachel Bruce, a most excellent dressmaker, in the morning and have them fitted out with nothing but the best as was expected from her girls. It was a lot of money to put out but she knew it would be returned with interest, a good investment. She would make sure both girls worked their arse off for her.

Meanwhile Fanny and Stella were now becoming friendly with the girls of the house. A young man had appeared in the drawing room, which caused a lot of chatter among the girls.

“Eddie is so handsome,” said one.

“Hung like a stallion,” said another.

“You should know” said another.

“Yes dear and you will never know,” the previous one said, cutting the woman down to size.

The Honourable Edward Locales soon had two ladies sitting either side of him, linking their arms in his. “Come on girls,” said the young Edward as he put his arms round the girl’s waists, pulled them from their seats and made for the drawing room door. Daisy, who had a hand on the young man’s crotch, was all for that.

“Where are they going?” asked Fanny to the elderly woman called Helen sitting on the chair next to her.

Helen who had an eye on Fanny ever since the young girl arrived in the house said, "To have fun upstairs. Come with me and we will watch their activities"

Fanny soon found her hand in the elderly Helen's and following the trio from the drawing room. They were just in time to see the three disappear up the marble staircase to the first floor. "Now what?" asked the pretty Fanny.

"Shush," Helen said as she put a finger to her lips. "Follow me and don't say a word."

Fanny was to learn that most rooms in this house of ill repute were fitted with see-through mirrors and peepholes for the amusement of customers, at a price of course, Myra Bates was always mindful of that; she had her high lifestyle to keep up. Mind you such things were not always in the most comfortable or convenient of places. If you wanted your thrills and excitement you had to accept that. This hidey hole with the see-through mirror just happened to be in the cleaner's cupboard with all the mops, sweeping brushes, dusters, and cleaning equipment.

"Come on, Fanny, give us a hand to clear this rubble out of the way. Then we can watch this amorous trio to our hearts' content." Soon all was cleared and a view of all the activity taking place within the bedroom was now available. It was Daisy's delightful boudoir all three had retired to.

At the present minute both the ladies were in a state of undress. Millie was prancing about in her white petticoat, while Daisy just had her long white knickers on, directiores which were most fashionable in these times. Fanny had several pairs herself. However attracted her attention was the fact Daisy looked like she had breasts, small maybe but breasts nevertheless. In time Fanny was to learn more on the subject.

What could be seen was a naked Edward on the bed in front of Fanny and her elderly companion Helen with Daisy and Millie on either side of him. Eddie Darling, as the girls called him, was busy attending to the small breasts of Daisy, sucking them. This pleased her greatly as laughter and giggles emitted from her small red lips, lips that in time would accept the hardness of his maleness willingly.

Millie, never an idle woman, her hands already sought Eddie's member and brought it to its stiffness and prepared the stiffness to enter the willing and waiting anus of Daisy. This was a practice the girls had performed many times with their gentleman friends. What Fanny was observing before her was nothing new, for hadn't she and Stella done something similar in the past?

The bottom cheeks of Millie were very smooth and shiny and they twitched and shivered in anticipation as the Honourable Edward parted them in preparation for him to place his stiff erection between them. Daisy was excited as her eyes spied the long thick member of Eddie, for in time she knew it would be her turn to receive that in her own anus.

"He surely can't be going to have the two, is he?" said Fanny to the elderly Helen.

"Of course he is. Just like his father, that one is, hung like a stallion with the constitution of an ox," replied Helen.

"Then you know of such things?" asked our heroine.

The face of Helen broke out in smiles of remembrances. "Such wonderful happy and gay times we had. You know I was always the Duke's favourite, his Lordship always asked for me. Generous to a fault he was. See this bracelet a gift from the Duke? I was seen on his arm at many a concert or opera."

“Oh,” said Fanny, more than impressed by the beautiful Helen.

“Play your cards right, my dear, and you may be some Lord’s fancy.” Helen had taken Fanny’s face in her hands and softly kissed her on the lips. She had taken a fancy to the young woman, not the first time that had happened in a house overflowing with Maryanns. Fanny for her part was captivated by the elder Maryann and had admiration for her. Their relationship was to be explored further explored as time went on in Mrs. Bates’ house.

By now the Honourable Edward had entered his erection into the soft pliable bottom cheeks of Millie to long delightful moans of “OOOOH” and “You’re not putting it in ag... OOOOH.” I think it would be fair to say that Millie was enjoying her ride from the Duke’s son.

“Will he ever become exhausted?” Fanny asked her mature companion.

“Eventually I expect, but the first rays of the sun will be shining through the Venetian blinds by then.” Helen laughed and added, “And we won’t be here to see it.”

And so the first night in Mrs. Bates’ house of ill repute came to an end. Fanny and Stella were now set for an eventful part of their lives.

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Fanny the next morning woke to her face being gently slapped.

“Eh, what is it?” she said to see a pretty young girl above her, pushing her face from side to side.

“It’s time you were up, Miss; the Mistress is waiting downstairs at the breakfast table.”

Fanny had been used to have her breakfast at any time she woke in the flat; she would find it was somewhat regimental in Mrs. Bates' house.

"I'll help you get ready, Miss," said Marie the maid who greeted her yesterday as she entered Mrs. Bates' house. As Fanny was to find out, Marie was to be her personal maid.

The morning toilet became a familiar routine. On her dressing table stood a pale blue Chinese porcelain bowl with swans painted on it. Such an item was in all rooms within the house. Fanny was to wash her face in this bowl; the water was not the warmest one could expect, however on taking a bath a boiler heated the water. There was a bath upstairs and one on the ground floor level.

While Fanny was at her toilet, Marie was arranging the clothes she was to wear that day.

"There we are, Miss Fanny," she said as she was at the back of Fanny, laces in hand, pulling her corset as tight as she could. "The Mistress likes to see the girls with small nipped-in waists. She says it is good for business."

"Does she?" thought Fanny. "It looks as if I will have to endure this while I am in Myra Bates' hands." Endure it Fanny would. She had seen the magnificent rooms and tasted the food served here. From the previous night she knew what was expected of her. Her toilet was finished with help from Marie; she was all ready to meet her Mistress and the others for breakfast.

There was no doubt Myra Bates looked resplendent as she sat in all her glory at the head of the breakfast table. The cut of her long red dress with the mutton sleeves and the emerald necklace she wore, obtained from the services of her girls, added to her glamorous image.

“Come here, Fanny,” she said and planted a kiss on the dear girl’s cheek. “Today after breakfast we shall be visiting Mrs. Bruce for your dress fitting in clothes more becoming for those in my establishment. Then you shall be taught the manners I expect from my girls with their gentlemen friends.”

Now with Fanny and Stella to either side of her, Myra Bates prepared to depart her house. “Helen dear, bring my coach to the front door. Oh dear, is that rain I see?” was said as Myra looked out the window. “Hettie, do bring my cloak and two for the girls,” she said to a passing parlour maid. Myra helped both Maryanns into the cloaks. Hoods were pulled up as they made their way into the waiting coach outside the front door.

“Ah, that’s so much better,” said Mrs. Bates as all settled on the padded seats and watched the rain pouring down on the cobbled streets of London on their way to Mrs. Rachel Bruce.

“Terrible weather, Myra. It’s a wonder you haven’t caught your death of cold,” said Rachel Bruce by way of conversation on the party’s arrival at her workshop.

“Did you hear the Ripper stuck again, Myra?”

“Oh no, not again. I tell you no girl is safe round these parts.”

“They’d be safer doing their business in houses such as yours, Myra, won’t they?”

“Yes Rachel, much safer,” Mrs. Bates said looking at her two new Maryanns. “I heard this Ripper fellow is actually one of the Royal Princes.”

“Never. It just shows you can’t trust anyone these days,” replied Rachel Bruce. Then she asked, “And what can I do for you, Myra?”

“As you can see, Rachel, I have acquired two new girls for my house. They certainly cannot do the business that is required of them in the clothes they stand in.”

“Pretty ones as always, Myra. You keep a high standard as is expected from your establishment. However you are correct, they certainly need better clothes that are more ladylike, more attractive to the gentlemen who frequent your house. I’ll take their measurements. I have some new ideas I’m working on. A big bustle is the thing to attract the male nowadays. You must know that, having a big backside yourself, Myra.”

“Yes dear, you just do that and I’ll give you my opinion as to what it’s worth.”

Bustles were something new to both Fanny and Stella but a must for Myra Bates and they were what went with the bustle crinolines. Crinolines and bustles presented all sorts of problems to the girls, problems that had to be mastered if they wanted to remain in Myra Bates’ house of ill repute. The iron frames of the bustle demanded a whole new way of walking to the likes of Fanny and Stella; they found their gait was much different with these cumbersome bustles on their bodies. Master them they did, however, for Myra Bates would be a very irritable woman to them otherwise. As time passed they wanted to remain in her house. They didn’t have to run after customers, they were all supplied by Myra Bates. All they had to do was lie in bed and take erections between their bottom cheeks, nothing else. Easy money. As for money, the girls never saw that for it was all handled by Myra Bates.

Myra Bates was up to all sorts of tricks to make money; erotic and expensive snuff boxes made from gold could be purchased at her house. These ordinary-looking snuff boxes, when opened, played a musical tune. It wasn’t the music that was their main attraction; it was the painted explicit erotic scenes on the inside of the enamel lid. These snuff boxes would

be passed round at a gentleman's club after dinner with the cigars and brandy. The ladies would not of course be present at such times. They were an amusing piece for the man-about-town to show his cigar-smoking friends.

Another item which sold well with the men was a Vesta box in the form of a pair of lady's bloomers made in gold, silver, or copper. The match would be struck on the bottom of the ladies bloomers. Myra Bates also had her girls pose for "naughty" photos". One would be surprised how many gentlemen in these times bought such photos of Maryanns in suggestive poses. In time both Fanny and Stella were to take part in such pictures. As Myra expected Stella asked how much she would be paying them for their suggestive poses.

After the first few weeks Fanny knew the routine; nights and weekends were always the busiest. At these times the place where the business started was the drawing room. After dinner the girls assembled there and sat on chaise lounges of which there were many. Gentlemen would come in, look around, and eventually pick some Maryann. Then off they would go to her boudoir. As said before, the money was all handled by Myra Bates.

There was never any hurry, men could take their time; it was rare that Myra Bates put in an appearance. She let her girls get on with their business. The first time Fanny sat in the drawing room she had plenty of men staring at her, mainly because she was new and many had not seen her before.

Then one man touched her shoulder. "You're a pretty thing, what's your name?"

"Fanny," she said, blushing and fluttering her eye lashes.

"Fanny, you must take me to your bedroom."

“Yes Sir,” she said to be taken by her arm as she rose and made her way to the winding marble staircase. It was not as if Fanny had never been with a man before but somehow she felt excited. This was all different.

As she opened the door to her boudoir, she felt the strong arm of the man tighten round her. And there she was embracing and kissing this man, for he had taken her in his arms, her rouged and painted face touched his. She could already feel his hands undoing her blue crinoline dress, the one made of silk she had received only the other day. The man wasn't young nor was he what she could call old. He seemed in no hurry to have sex with her, which was what she had expected.

The undoing of her dress was being slowly done; this man was an artist at removing women's underwear. Finally it was completed and her dishevelled dress lay on the floor at her feet. Fanny stood in her long white petticoat that covered beneath it a pair of directoire knickers of the finest white silk, the latest of women's fashion, which the man couldn't see. He also couldn't see the excitement he had caused. Fanny's member WAS at present in a state of erection under the said knickers.

“Don't you look lovely, my dear,” were the first words spoken by the man since leaving the drawing room. Fanny blushed once more.

“You're not an innocent girl; I know that, otherwise you wouldn't be in Myra Bates' house. But you do look like a sweet innocent girl. I think I'm going to like you, Fanny.”

Fanny wasn't too sure what to make of this man. She had had some funny customers in her time, and her girlfriend Stella had gotten beaten up by some rough-anded bearded seaman. The man had made himself comfortable as he sat on top of Fanny's bed.

“Come here, my dear” he said as he patted his lap. She did as the man bid for one of the first things she learned since arriving at Mrs. Bates’ house was that whatever the gentleman wanted, you did as he asked, no backchat. If any man complained about your services, you were shown the door.

Fanny put her arms round the man’s neck and once more offered her lips to be taken by him. He ran his hand through her auburn hair which in twisted curls ran over her shoulders. Fanny had recently been taken to the hairdressers by Mrs. Bates to have it styled. Everything about her appearance was changing since she came to this house of ill repute; clothes, figure, and hair. Fanny was becoming a high-class prostitute of the Maryann type. One could never call Myra Bates a stupid woman. She saw the potential of making real money out of her.

Her gentleman friend’s hands had somewhat wandered into her knickers. She could feel his hard erection pressing through her petticoat.

“Do you wish we should go between the sheets, Sir?” said the pretty Fanny.

“No, I am at present happy as things are.” He was stroking Fanny’s penis much to her enjoyment. This preparation lasted some time. Fanny had unbuttoned the fly on the man’s trousers to diddle with his member. As male members go, Fanny had seen bigger. That mattered none as she well knew what mattered was what the man did with it. It was maybe time now that the pair would be going between the sheets. Fanny’s petticoat was lying at the foot of the bed. The man’s hand was removed from her erection and it was busy tugging her directoire knickers down and off.

As far as Fanny was concerned there was only one thing left to do now that they were in bed. She stripped naked, lying there with her smooth bottom exposed to the gaze of the man. But it didn’t happen, not yet anyway. The man kept studying the naked

body of Fanny, fascinated by her naked shape. This frightened her. There was no word, nothing from this man. Thoughts of the Ripper ran through Fanny's mind. This was a safe house, wasn't it? Even if she was to scream, by the time anyone came to her broom she could be lying there with her throat cut.

Then she felt the hard member of the man enter her willing anus. Never in her life was Fanny so glad to be fucked by a man. She was more receptive to this man than she had been to any man in the past. He could take her as many times as he liked this night and he did.

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Morning was to greet a bleary-eyed Fanny and her lover of the previous night, the sun shining brilliantly through the Venetian blinds. A faint knock was heard on the bedroom door. "Yes, who it is?" was asked by Fanny. A timid Marie popped her head through the door.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss Fanny. I didn't know you had a gentleman friend in bed with you. I'll leave till a more suitable time."

"Marie, what did you want?" said Fanny.

"Just what you wanted for breakfast?" answered the maid.

Fanny knew from the first time she had been at breakfast that girls who had been occupied with a man during the night need not come down to breakfast as they would have that served to them along with their gentleman friend.

"Oh, just the usual please."

Then the man beside her spoke. "Marie, tell your Mistress that I wish a word with her before I leave."



“Certainly, Sir.” Marie gave a curtsy to the man as she left the boudoir.

A hearty breakfast was eaten by both participants of the sexual act of the previous night; it had given them an appetite. The man was in no hurry to depart the bed as he watched Fanny at her toilet with powder and paint, then putting on her clothes and underwear. To Fanny this seemed most strange as any man she had been with before never paid any attention to her dressing. As she pulled her knickers up (not the same ones she wore last night these were yellow in colour), he rose and fondly put an arm round her waist and cradled her in his arms. She felt his lips on the back of her neck like last night.

Fanny was under the impression this man would be leaving when he informed Marie he wanted to see Mrs. Bates before he left. Not so for she could feel a rising erection from the man pressing into her from behind her. It was urgent.

“Do you want it again, Sir?” She was here to please the customers of this brothel. “Maybe you would help me to remove my clothes, Sir?” That offer was not refused by the man. After all the trouble Fanny had gone to, once again she was naked in the bed.

“Suck it,” said the man. The act of fellatio was nothing new to Fanny, it was something she had performed many times with men. Fanny had also learned from experience fellatio could be most rewarding if done by taking the head of the penis which she knew was the most sensitive part of that organ and gently licking the head, shaft, and testicles. This helped to increase the sensitivity of the head of the penis, bringing the man to a complete state of arousal.

What Fanny shouldn't have done was put her finger in the man's anus. That was the trigger to one hell of an explosion inside her mouth. All the built-up tension of which she was the cause was let loose as his love juice poured from the head of the man's

member to overflow out her mouth. The man gripped her head tightly and breathed all the more deeply. Soon it was all over. This time the man dressed quickly and left Fanny's boudoir. "I wonder what his name was," she thought.

Fanny knew she had no time to think. Although the mornings were quiet in that as a rule there were no customers, there were other things to occupy her time. It was when Myra's girls had to learn such things as deportment and diction for many girls were Cockney or came from the East End of London. The class of men who frequented Mrs. Bates' house could not understand much that they said and that would never do for Myra. That could not be said of Fanny and Stella for they were well-educated. It was the deportment lessons they were more interested in, for these iron bustles were certainly giving them problems.

It was while Fanny was in the middle of a deportment lesson that a maid came in and interrupted the lesson which Helen was at present conducting. "Fanny dear," said the mature Helen, "Mrs. Bates wishes to see you in her office."

What had she done, Fanny wondered. It had to be that man. He had reported her for something, she thought. This could be the end of her time in this house, and just when she was beginning to like things around the place.

Fanny knocked timidly on the door of Myra Bates' office. A stern-sounding voice said harshly, "Enter."

On opening the door, Fanny saw Mrs. Bates sitting at her desk in a long black dress with mutton sleeves. "Do take a seat, Fanny dear" was said in a more pleasing tone of voice than Fanny was expecting. Despite her sombre black dress, Myra seemed in a happy mood.

"Fanny my dear, I want your opinion of the man who took you to bed last night. The truth if you will."

“Very well, ma’am. I hope I have not had a bad report from the gentleman. He never said much, a quiet man if you will. I had even thoughts that perhaps I was in the presence of the Ripper himself. I was frightened.”

“You need not fear, Fanny. You weren’t reported for any misdemeanour, in fact quite the opposite. Last night you shared your favours in bed with Chief Inspector William Lenard of the Bow Street Runners. I like to have the law on our side and always have. High officials in the Bow Street Runners can have their pick of my girls any time. He liked you and may ask for you any time he comes here. You just keep him happy, Fanny and then we’ll all be happy in this house. As far as the Ripper is concerned, he is on that case. The sooner he finds that evil man, we girls will all be the safer.”

“Yes ma’am,” answered Fanny

“You’re a good girl, Fanny, you’ll do well here. Now you can go back to your department classes with Helen. I just wanted to commend you. We need the Bow Street Runners on our side. You just please him in whatever he wants, and see that he gets it,” finished Mrs. Bates with a knowing wink.

“Oh yes ma’am, certainly,” answered Fanny with a curtsy as she departed.

You may be wondering who Mr. Bates was. As Fanny and Stella found out in time, Helen and Mr. Bates were one and the same person. When Myra walked the streets was when she came across Helen. Both were looking for business in the same pub, but for different types of customers. They came to a mutual agreement not to interfere with each other and eventually married. Myra even procured business for Helen, taking her cut out of the money.

Myra’s dream of having her own house of ill repute eventually came to fruition through the saving of money between the pair. The two shared a room in

the house. Helen also had her own boudoir for there were men who had a fancy for the older Maryann. Myra would make money by selling her own husband. Helen had her own personal maid, Myra! Myra Bates liked nothing better than dressing her husband and making up his face ever since they met.

Helen had a weakness for the younger Maryanns and was always bedding them at every opportunity. Myra knew it and it irritated her, she would think of a way to stop it sometime. It was distracting girls who could otherwise be employed making money for her.

Since the first, Helen had her eye on Fanny. She was a pretty one she thought, and she worked on various schemes to have her in her bed. "Fanny dear," she said, "I do think your deportment would improve if you got about more."

"Really, Helen? I am all for that. Have you something in mind?"

"Yes dear, on the morrow I intend to visit the milliners for a new hat. You may accompany me. The walk will give you a chance to improve your gait. It will do you good, you don't want to be stuffed in this house all day, do you, dear?"

"No, of course not, Helen," said Fanny in admiration of the elder more mature woman.

"That's a good girl," Helen said with an affectionate kiss on the young Maryann's cheek.

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The following morning was to see two well-dressed ladies leave the front door of Mrs. Bates' house. A horse drawn carriage awaited their entry. The coachman tipped his hat. "Where to, Miss Helen?" he asked.

"I think a drive to Regent Square is in order, Walter."

"Very good, Miss Helen." Away the two black horses went at full gallop.

As the two ladies settled inside the carriage, Fanny asked, "Where are we going, Helen?"

"To Madam Aril, the best milliner in town. She has some delightful creations, my dear. You must buy some"

Helen patted the young thing's hand with her delicate white kid gloves. That was one thing about Helen; since she and Myra had moved into their present dwellings and could now afford better clothes, she had treated herself well. Kid gloves were just one thing in her attire. Hats were another. She wanted to be seen and whether her wife liked it or not, she helped her spend the money that came into the house of ill repute. Now that Helen could afford better dresses, she bought them or had them made to measure by Rachel Bruce. Helen had expensive tastes, much to her wife's worries.

The thick swirling fog off the Thames had settled in the streets of London. This slowed the horse-drawn carriage down and their arrival at Madam Aril was later than Helen had anticipated.

On entering the shop, Helen was greeted by kisses all rounds. "Ah, beautiful Madam Helen!" greeted Aril, a plump woman of French decent. Looking at the young and pretty Fanny, she said, "And who is your delightful companion, Madam?"

"This is Miss Fanny, just recently received in Mrs. Bates' house."

"Is she indeed?" A kiss on the cheek was given to Fanny by the elder Madam Aril. There was no need to tell Madam Aril what type of women operated in Myra Bates house. They were Maryanns, the lot of them.

That was none of her business, she cared only about the likes of Helen who gave her plenty of business.

“I had one of the Royal Princesses call in me the other day, Helen.”

Helen’s ears picked up. “Did you really?” She was honoured to be shopping in the same place as Royalty. It made her think she was something. “Do let me see what sort of hat the Royal Princess chose, Aril. If it is good enough for the Royal Princess, it is good enough for me.”

“That line always boosts sales,” thought Aril. It was true that a Royal Princess had purchased one of her hats, but it wasn’t a British one.

“Ah, let me see.” She went to her window display and took out from it a hat on a stand. “This is the same design I created for the Princess. What do you think Helen?”

Helen thought she was going to have it. Madam Aril placed the hat on top of Helen’s head and gave her a hand mirror. “What do you think, Fanny?” asked Helen.

“Bloody ridiculous,” thought Fanny but she daren’t say a word to the elder lady. The hat had a stuffed bird with blue and bronze plumage on its wings and back. Wired to springs at the top of the hat was an ingenious device which with movement of the head permitted the wings of the bird to flap about in movement like the real thing. It was of course ver expensive to buy but what did Helen care”

“Darling, you must purchase some expensive chapeau, my treat of course. Now what have you your eye on?”

Fanny did have her eye on a nice hat but it was well beyond her means. However, if Helen was going to pay for it she would take her offer up. “That one, over there, Madam Aril.”

“Your girlfriend does have an eye for fashion, Helen, I couldn’t have picked a better hat myself. Shall we try it on?”

Madam Aril removed the hat from its stand. The hat had flowers on the top and coloured ribbons hanging either side of it. Madam Aril was just about to tie the ribbons when Helen stopped her. “Let me do that, Madam,” she said.

“Be my guest, Helen.”

Helen Bates took the black lace ribbons in her hands and tied a dainty bow tightly under the chin of Fanny and sweetly kissed her on her red rouged cheeks.

It was not something Madam Aril had never seen before with Helen. Helen in the past had brought many other young Maryanns to her shop, bought then hats and kissed them. Helen couldn’t help it, such was her passion for young Maryanns.

The pair left Madam Aril’s shop to go window gazing. For Fanny, the walking did help her become used to the cumbersome frame round her body. It also pleased her to become the object of the admiring glances of many young men she passed in the crowded streets. By now the fog was lifting and, as the coachman had been dismissed when both the Maryanns alighted at Madam Aril’s, a hansom cab was hailed by Helen.

“Where to, Madam?” the driver said addressing Helen.

“Mrs. Bates’ House, driver” The driver above and behind the cab, opened the hatch which looked down on the passengers below in the cab. Two Maryanns, no less. He had taken many fine gents to that abode before. The young one looked pretty, and he couldn’t complain about the older one as she was better than the wife. Pity he wasn’t that way inclined or he would have had the two of them in bed with him in no time.

On arrival at the house, Helen took Fanny by her hand and in no time stood in her wife's office. "What do you think of our new hats, dear? I've put them on your account," she informed her wife.

You could almost hear Myra Bates grind her teeth together. That husband of hers was costing her a fortune. What with hats made to measure, dresses from Rachel Bruce and God knows what else, she would have to have a talk with Helen, her husband. There were other bills on the horizon; the doctor would be coming tomorrow and that was a bill she had to pay.

Once a month Dr Harrison paid a visit to the house and checked to see if the girls had caught any venereal disease for that was the curse of all brothel Madams such as Myra. She had seen houses closed in the past because of lack of business when an infestation was known. Up till now her house had been clean; should any of her girls catch the dreaded pox, their time was ended in her house. Then there was a photographer coming soon to take naughty photos featuring Fanny and Stella among others. He had to be paid but that money was retrievable. Many of her gents paid handsomely to see pictures of Maryanns in explicit sexual poses.

The problem of Stella, Mrs. Bates had given much thought to. She had in the recent past had one of her girls castrated, Sally by name, a right troublemaker if ever there was one. What the castration did to Sally was make her domesticated and docile and her sex drive diminished. This in no way stopped Myra from selling what Sally had to offer. In fact it helped a bit for many men liked a domesticated and docile woman.

If Myra did that to Stella, it might be a good idea to have it also done to her husband, Helen. She could control the spending of a domesticated and docile husband, and maybe her sex drive would weaken and her desires for young Maryanns cease. Myra was certain her husband was going to fuck the arse off the young Fanny. Who could blame her for she was

pretty, one of the reasons Myra had enticed her to the house. She was doing good business for Mrs. Bates. It looked like a few in this house were all set for the chop. Why didn't she think of that before? For the rest of the day, Myra Bates was in a happy mood.

Helen and Fanny departed Mrs. Bates office on their way to Helen's bedroom. Helen stopped the parlour maid. "Elsie, be so good to bring coffee and crumpets to my room."

"Yes ma'am," she replied.

Helen was addressed as such for she was a partner with her wife in this house of ill repute. The cunning Helen quickly took her young companion to her bedroom. Having disposed of her new hat on a stand in her room, Helen began making very favourable comments on the hat she just bought for Fanny. The young Fanny was extremely flattered by the older woman. Helen may not have realised it but she had filled a gap in Fanny's life.

When Fanny's mother died, it left a void in her life. She loved her mother terribly. She had always been so kind to Fanny, buying new dresses and suchlike feminine attire. Fanny was falling in love with the elder Maryann. This was a different kind of love. She couldn't explain it.

Fanny wanted to explore this new sensation that was surging through her body. Helen had seen these signs before in many of her conquests of the younger Maryanns. She would encourage that feeling till the ultimate: that being having her member up the hot and willing anus of Fanny.

By now the maid had brought the coffee and crumpets into Helen's bedroom, placed the tray on the coffee table before the pair and was about to pour out two cups. "That's alright, Elsie. I shall be Mother," said Helen. This she did and the two daintily sipped their coffee on the large couch with pinkies in the air,

a mannerism that Fanny had been taught since she arrived at Mrs. Bates' house.

“Do you know, Fanny, I really think that hat makes you all the more beautiful. I really do.”

“Do you, Helen?” she blushed.

“Do you know what I'm going to do now, Fanny?”

“No, Helen,” she replied.

“I'm going to kiss you, that's what.” Then with hesitation, she added, “Because I've fallen in love with you, darling.”

Fanny had fallen for Helen and melted into her arms to receive passionate kisses which she eagerly returned. It was the response Helen was hoping for. She would have the young Fanny in her bed in no time. She had taken the first steps towards that purpose for Fanny's dress was being pulled up and that iron frame loosened to exposed her drawers. There was no resistance from the young lady.

“Don't you feel so much better with this cage off your body, Fanny?”

Fanny sighted with relief. She was glad to be rid of it, even though she was becoming used to it. The sight of Fanny standing there in just her white, crisp, satin drawers stirred Helen's member into a state of arousal.

“What a sweet thing you look, Fanny dear. You have taken my heart. I must kiss you at once my dear, give me your lips, darling.”

That was an offer the sweet little Maryann could not refused. By various means Fanny did look like a woman; her brassiere was filled by vulcanised moulded rubber breast forms; her nipped-in waist was a result of the constant corseting by her mother since a child. Her curled girlish hair framed her

painted face. It all took time and effort but she persevered. Now that she was in Mrs. Bates establishment she had to persevere in all that was woman. This was now her profession, this was now her career, this was what she would earn her living from.

Maybe Helen was the woman of her dreams, maybe she was what she had always been looking for. She had had intercourse with Stella but that was different. They were so young. This was different. She desired the elder woman to take her.

“I love you, Helen,” she whispered in the older woman’s ear.

“And I love you too, darling. I want that sweet body of yours.”

Helen ran a hand up the smooth legs of Fanny covered by the silk stockings that were well-held by a fancy garter waiting to be removed by Helen, an expert at such delightful tasks. Helen could see a bulge begin to appear in Fanny’s knickers as she took her time removing Fanny’s stockings from her legs. In time that bulge would have her full attention.

In Victorian times women and Maryanns had a lot of clothes to remove what with heavy dresses, petticoats, sometimes many, stockings and long knickers. Helen was in no rush to remove her lover’s clothes or her own. If one had been there in that boudoir of Helen’s, one would have seen a kaleidoscope of colour, materials, and constantly changing patterns that would dazzle the eye.

Helen had always kept herself well petticoated, sometimes as many as three at a time on her person. It was various colours that attracted her. A black petticoat somehow always seemed to persuade an erection in most men she was with. Red and green with lace trimmings were also popular. Then there were the knickers; Helen had all kinds many to match her petticoats. She had what was called “Special Knickers.” These were ones which had their rear end re-

moved so her sexual favours could be given in a standing position. Many men favoured that position. The Duke of Buckingham certainly did; many times she had been fucked by him standing there behind her, in her room.

Fanny placed a hand on the growing erection of Helen which needed no encouragement, Fanny had placed herself on the soft mattress her, rear end up-fermost and exposed to her more mature lover above her. What she wanted was soon to be fulfilled as she felt the soft pliable cheeks of her backdoor give way to receive a hard object into the deep cavern there.

She could now feel the body of Helen on top of her and her hand on her penis. Fanny moaned in girlish ecstasy; it was the only type of moan she could utter. Her willing anus received an uncountable number of thrustings of the cock of Helen.

“I’m going to come, Helen,” was eventually heard from below the mature Maryann.

“Then you must, my darling Fanny, for it is the fulfilment of our love. I must cum and release my own contribution to that end too.”

Let us leave our happy Maryanns in their lovemaking. This they would be doing together many many times.

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The following morning Dr. Angus Harrison was in the drawing room, inspecting all the girls. Fanny and Stella had never before been subjected to this sort of examination. How happy they were when the doctor declared them both clean. When Stella thought of the number of seagoing men who had been up her anus in the past... Here in Mrs. Bates’ house, Myra was most particular that her girls had a bath each day in the morning before any sexual practice was indulged in.

As for Dr. Angus Harrison, as well as his fee he could have his pick of any of the girls. He was inclined that way. Giving Myra's girls regular inspections, he knew he was safe. Myra's heart rested again.

Before the good doctor departed, Myra had a word with him. "Dr. Harrison, I would like you to castrate two of my girls some time in the future as you did with Sally."

"There is no problem, Myra. Who would they be if I may ask?"

"Stella and Helen."

Dr. Harrison raised his eyebrows. He could understand Stella for she was a trouble maker, but Helen? Mrs. Bates' husband was a bird of a different colour. Still that was none of his business and he would pocket a nice fee.

"Very well, Myra, just tell me when you wish it to be done and I shall make the necessary arrangements."

A large smile formed on Myra's face as she was about to cut those two down to size. Myra had found Dr. Harrison most helpful in the past, not just with the castration of Sally. It had always been Myra Bates' dream to feminize her girls as much as possible and Dr Harrison knew of it. While medical science was still in its infancy stage in these Victorian times, he knew there were certain foods that could increase the breast size of females and Maryanns. It certainly wasn't perfectly reliable and there probably were more mistakes than success. Myra went along with it, though. What did she care? It wasn't her life. The girls wouldn't know what was in the food they were fed.

Daisy had been a success; those foods had developed her breasts. They were small maybe, but they were breasts. Stella was a different story; Myra had

noticed hers seemed to be growing to a reasonable size. Myra counted that as one of her few successes, for the majority never developed any breasts. Now once Stella was castrated domesticated and docile, she (Myra) could concentrate on having Stella's breasts enlarged to their best proportions. Stella would be under her control like a little lap dog. It also put an idea into Myra mind. When the photographer came around she would have him take nude photos of Stella exposing her breasts. That would be a nice little earner for Myra.

Myra Bates delayed the naughty photos of Stella till such times she had been castrated but not those of other girls like Fanny, Daisy, and Sally. The drawing room was a suitable place for a photo studio. The photographer came one day with his equipment and assistant and set everything up. There was a lot of excitement and talk among the girls that day for this was something new. Many had never had their photo taken before.

Myra Bates clapped her hands. "Settle down, girls, you'll get used to it. If this is a success, I will have the photographer back to take more."

Then the photographer spoke. "Which sort of poses would you suggest, Mrs. Bates?"

Myra Bates had a piece of paper in her hand. "I have listed them here, Mr. Green. There's quite a number. I think the girls are in for a long session of photographing but it is all for their own good." These photos would be in black and white. If they were successful, she would consider colour in the future.

"I think for a start we will have a photo of you girls in your clothes. Fanny and Daisy, you go either side of Sally and start to unbutton her dress till she stands in just her petticoat and knickers. We will take it from there."

The photographer and his assistant had put black cloth over the windows in the drawing room to cut

out daylight and as a background to the photos they would be taking. There stood the pretty Sally in her underwear.

“Right, let’s see Sally’s brassiere removed. Cup a breast in your hand. Fanny and Daisy, that’s it. Now hold it there while Mr. Green shoots it.”

“Smile girls, say cheese. That the pose I want. Hold it. Lovely,” said the photographer. There was a flash of magnesium powder, a lot of smoke and fallout of white ash. Then followed spluttering and coughing from the girls posing.

“You’re doing well, girls,” encouraged their boss. Myra Bates looked round the drawing room, then at Mr. Green’s assistant, a young man of 21. “Want to earn a few bob more today?” was asked of him.

“What would I have to do for that, Mrs. Bates?”

“Just take your clothes off and sit on that chair. Sally will sit on your lap and on your erection which I see from your pants is disturbing them already. Then Fanny and Daisy will replace her, although I can’t see your cock lasting that long. We may have to take a rest; still I’m paying your employer plenty for his and your time.”

Sally and Daisy were exposing their breasts to the camera in a lewd and suggestive manner as was usual in the drawing room to attract customers.

“Tom,” Myra Bates addressed the photographer, “what’s the name of this assistant of yours?”

“Ronnie. Why?”

“Have you a girlfriend, Ronnie?” asked Myra.

“No” answered the shy-looking boy.

“I see. Well you’re about to find plenty among my women. You may as well fill your boots, lucky you.

And you're getting paid for it. Right girls, let's not hang about. Get to work on the lad."

Ronnie must have thought this was his lucky day as three naked Maryanns in the form of Sally, Daisy, and Fanny approached him. They soon had every stitch of his clothes off. And if he hadn't an erection already, Fanny made sure he had one now as her small hand was placed on his cock, caressing it till the thing was stiff.

"Nice one, Fanny. I like a nice fat member up my ass, and is that a nice fat cock!" said the bold Sally as she sank down on Ronnie's stiff erection. "OOOOOH" was heard from Sally and a contented smile was on her face as the erection she sat on slowly impaled her anus.

"Don't wear the poor boy out, Sally, save some for us," was heard from Daisy and Fanny.

"Hold it there," said the photographer as if the poor boy could. Ronnie was too far gone for a poor innocent boy. He had never been with a woman before or a Maryann. This was altogether too much and a fine pearly spray was to soon seen on the bottom cheeks of Sally.

"You've worn him out, you bitch," said Fanny.

"Never mind, girls. Let's have a tea break and crumpets. I'm sure Ronnie will be rejuvenated," came the calming words of Mrs. Bates. Myra Bates as always was right; not only was Ronnie rejuvenated but he was looking for more and from Sally in particular. It is true to say in time the two young persons fell in love. Not only that but Sally left Mrs. Bates' house to set up a photography business with Ronnie. She became his common law wife in a happy marriage. All this was with the blessing of Myra Bates, she even gave the young couple an expensive China tea set. Who says you can't find love in a house of ill repute?

The departure of Sally left a gap, Sally attracted customers to Myra's house, for she had breasts unlike anyone else except Daisy. She was also the only girl to date who had been castrated. There were men out there who liked Maryanns as near to a woman as they could have.

The photo session had been a great success and. In time Tom Green would be back and his assistant was sniffing round for Sally. Myra Bates now turned her attention to Stella. While Sally and Daisy had breasts, she could see the potential in Stella. Her breasts were threatening to becoming bigger than Sally's and Daisy's for their growth has stopped. With Stella minus a penis and having those assets on her chest, Myra could see Stella attracting many more customers to her house.

A meeting was arranged between Dr. Angus Harrison and Mrs. Bates and a day was decided when the dirty deed would be done. "Just bring her along to the hospital on some pretext, Myra and I will have everything set up for her operation. She will awaken in a room prepared for the loss her cock!" Dr. Harrison then handed Myra Bates a small bottle with a clear liquid in it.

"What's this for, Doctor?" asked Myra Bates.

"That, my dear lady, is chloroform,<sup>0</sup> newly discovered. You hold it to the nose of the one you want unconscious and in no time they are in Dreamland. I leave it to you as to how you will administer it. Whatever you do, don't sniff it yourself or you will be out for the count," laughed the doctor.

On the designated day, Myra informed Stella she was going shopping and wished her to accompany her as she thought Stella needed a new dress. How Stella who was usually suspicious of Mrs. Bates' motives never suspected anything is a mystery. This time she didn't. A pleasant conversation was struck up between the pair in Myra's horse-drawn carriage.

“Stella dear, I have just bought a new perfume, tell me what you think of it. I may supply all the girls with a bottle. I value your opinion. dear.”

Stella was under the impression that she and Mrs. Bates were on a new footing with each other. “Surely Myra, I’m all for that if it helps things along in the house.”

“Right, dear. I’ll dab some on my handkerchief and you just take a sniff.” Myra Bates produced the small bottle given to her by Dr. Harrison, opened it and soaked her handkerchief in the liquid.

“There we are, dear. Now take a good long sniff and tell me what you think.” Myra Bates was taking no chances she held the handkerchief tightly to Stella’s nose, not letting go. In no time a glazed look appeared on Stella’s face, then she slumped on the well-upholstered seat. “Driver, drive as quick as you can to the hospital!”

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Stella woke up in a private room with Mrs. Bates hovering nearby. “How is she, Doctor?”

“As well as one would expect after a strength-sapping operation but she will survive.”

“Good.” Myra Bates surveyed the body of Stella. She could fetch a good price selling her assets: nice, well-rounded breasts. When it was known she was sans scrotum, many men would be interested in her. Myra knew it was the dream of some men to have sex with a man dressed in women’s clothes sporting realistic breasts and minus a penis, as near to a woman as they could have. Hers was not to reason why, just to hear her cash register ring as the money went in.

Mrs. Bates could do plenty to pretty Stella up. Stella, like Fanny, had been well corseted by her mother. Her ears had been pierced long ago. In short

order Stella seemed more docile and receptive to all Myra Bates said to her. Myra could see the independence and rebellious nature Stella once had had been knocked out of her. She could see Stella was going to be like a little lap dog. This only encouraged Myra to carry on with the castration of her husband Helen to curb her high spending and fucking the young Maryanns in her house. They had more important tasks to perform for her, like making money.

## **FLAGELLATION**

Myra Bates was not what one could call a cruel Madam in charge of her house of ill repute unlike some others that could be named. A strict rule in her house, however, was that should any of her girls be caught stealing, it was instant dismissal. Theft was bad for business and Myra knew it so if any of her girls was caught in the act, not only were they dismissed but a flogging was insured for that girl. Such a flogging had to be done where all could see the perpetrator being punished and know this was a safe house free of pickpockets and thieves.

Mrs. Bates was well aware that such a flogging always attracted many customers and business was good. That was why other Madams had frequent birching of their girls. In fact some girls were paid extra just for that purpose even though they were innocent of any crime. Madam Myra Bates didn't really believe in flogging, however if necessary it would be done for the reputation of her house. She kept a clean house.

One Maryann, Alice by name, had been caught red-handed stealing some gentleman's silver pocket watch out of his jacket. That was a crime which Fanny and Stella may have at one time been guilty of, till they wised up. Alice was kept locked in her room till such time she was to be flogged in front of all, by Myra Bates no less. It had to be Myra for as the Madam of the house she had to show her authority over all under her.



That particular night Myra wanted to look her best. A long, severe-looking black dress was in order that she looked the strict Madam in charge of her girls. She wore black leather ankle boots and she carefully applied her makeup to give her a harsh look. While flogging was never the rule in her house, Myra did keep a birch in her room given to her by a prison governor. This birch was made from hazel wood in a bundle of five twigs bound together. That type of wood was very painful indeed and the birch was four feet long. This birch had been prepared before hand by soaking it in brine which made it extremely painful to the receiver of the punishment; nothing was to be spared the unfortunate Alice.

Myra Bates had decided to make a right exhibition of this Alice. First of all, Alice would be "horsed." That is she was to be put on the back of some of the other girls who would hold her hands tightly while Myra lashed the girl's back. The two girls picked Stella who was like a lap dog to Myra and obeyed whatever she said without question. The other was Fanny.

Then there was an apparatus known as a birching donkey, a long wooden box with a padded top to which the victim was strapped on to. At this juncture the man who was robbed would be offered the birch that he may administer his own punishment to his heart's content. Then Myra would finish proceedings with more severe lashings which should be to the satisfaction to all the men. Everyone would see she was the stern Madam of this house of ill repute.

There was no doubt Myra felt a certain amount of enthusiasm for the task that lay ahead of her as the day wore on. Later as the hour approached, Myra had a sexual arousal. She couldn't explain it, she had never felt this in the past, but then she had never had to flog one of her Maryanns in the past.

Myra opened the door of her boudoir on the first floor to descend down the winding marble staircase to her drawing room. There was no question Myra Bates looked magnificent in her long black dress

even if she was domineering looking woman which she had to be tonight. There were men who fell under the spell of such women, and many had in the past to Myra.

Ground level had been reached and the sibilant hissing sound of the long black dress Myra wore as it trailed along the marble tiled floor was heard as she and it travelled towards the drawing room. The Maryanns present knew their Mistress approached. Myra Bates went through the door, opening it with force; the drawing room was crowded by many men who had come to witness this flogging. All her girls were there sitting beside or mingling with the men. Myra drew herself to her fullest height, then spoke.

“Tonight I am about to birch one of my girls, Alice by name, who has stolen a silver pocket watch from a gentleman. Such behaviour cannot be tolerated by me in this house; she will be severely flogged and thrown out, never to cross my threshold again. I hope all you girls will take note for I will not hesitate to use the same steps should any of you steal from these gentlemen. I hope I make myself clear. Bring the vile perpetrator of this crime here before me and her betters that she receive the punishment she deserves.”

Myra Bates had worked herself into a vicious mood which didn't bode well for Alice who had yet to appear before the crowded room.

Myra Bates spoke again. “Sally and Daisy, you shall bring this wretched Alice to this room where I will flog her most severely. While in her room, you will tie her hands behind her back, strip her of all she wears and ball gag her. Is that clearly understood?”

Both Maryann's answered with a “yes, ma'am” and promptly left the assembled company.

Then looking in the direction of Stella, Myra spoke again. “Stella dear, you shall go to the kitchen where cook has prepared the whipping birch as I instructed her, soaked in brine.”

A lot of talk was heard among the men and many of the Maryanns present for it was well known that a birch soaked in brine was most unpleasant. Soon Stella came back with the birch. Myra, ever the show woman, had made a point that this birch be placed on a blue velvet cushion and paraded round the room. This Stella did.

“You may inspect the birch if you wish, gentlemen, before I use it on the backside of this vile creature,” came the words of Myra.

A knocking on the thick mahogany door was heard. Myra Bates in the centre of the room spoke. “Who seeks to enter?”

“Sally and Daisy with the one who is about to receive her justly punishment for the ghastly crime she has perpetrated.”

“Bring this dishonourable and obnoxious woman into the room that she receive the just punishment she deserves for her vile crime,” answered Myra Bates.

A naked, bound, and gagged Alice was dragged into the room between Sally and Daisy. “Stella dear, hand me the birch and take your position.”

This Stella did. She was dressed in a severe long black floor-length dress somewhat similar to her Mistress. Stella wore a high-necked button-up white blouse. Myra Bates wanted everything precise and had both Stella and Fanny dressed the same. This to Mrs. Bates was a solemn and severe occasion. It was no laughing matter that one of her girls was caught stealing.

Stella stood near the birching donkey very upright. Sally and Daisy now brought the bound and gagged Alice to her and placed the bound hands of Alice into Stella's. These Stella held most tightly, not letting them slip. Myra raised the birch above her head, then swiftly it descended on the bared back of Alice, then

again and again. What pain Alice suffered one would never know as she was well gagged. Not one sound from her was heard in the packed room. What *was* heard was the sound of the birch as it passed through the air. It was a sort of whoosh, a freighting sound. It struck fear into the hearts of the Maryanns present, something Myra Bates hoped for.

Stella as she stood steady, feet firmly apart, could feel the impact of the birch as it landed on the back of Alice. The tears from Alice wet the neck of Stella yet she daren't move; she had been ordered by her Mistress. Where was her rebellious streak? It was now gone and gone forever. Stella would find that that had its advantages in the future.

The lashings continued, then it was Fanny's turn for Alice to be placed on her back. She, like Stella, reflected on what might have been had they not stopped their own thieving. A shiver passed through her body at each impact of the birch on Alice's body. By now several marks and welts began to appear on Alice, even blood, yet Myra was not going to show mercy to the girl.

"Take that, you bitch. How you dare besmirch the good name of my house!"

One could see the frenzy Myra Bates was working herself into by the look in her eyes and face. It was most frightening. Eventually she was beginning to tire and must rest for the third and final part of Alice chastisement. "Tie and bind this despicable person to the birching donkey," ordered Mrs. Bates. This was done, then Myra went over to the gentleman who had been robbed by Alice.

"You who has been robbed by this vile employee of mine may flog the perpetrator of that crime if you wish."

A rather stout-looking man rose and took the birch from Mrs. Bates. "That I will gladly do, Madam and I will not spare the rod in any way. Let me get at her."

Alice, now bound to the birching donkey with her derriere well raised, was an easy target for the large man. With vim and vigour he laid into the unfortunate Alice. While all this was going on, Myra, now rested, looked round the room to see her husband Helen in close proximity of the pretty Fanny in conversation her. To say the least Myra Bates was more than infuriated. She was going to put a stop to Fanny's little game permanently. This could be the last time Helen's male member would be there to do what it was made for. That certainly would not worry Mrs. Bates; there were plenty of Maryanns in her house with cocks under their skirts that could keep her happy. That was bad news for Alice as the man who had been robbed now finished his share of her punishment and handed the birch back to Myra Bates, satisfied.

"Take that and that, you despicable woman," said Mrs. Bates as she lay into the girl in an even more vicious attack with the birch than before. Finally it was all over and Myra once again addressed the assembled crowd.

"Take this vile and perjured wretch back to her room and lock her in. In the morning she will be thrown out of this house never to darken my door again."

Alice was dragged away for she certainly was in no fit state to walk. Myra could see many of her girls leave for their rooms with men on their arms. Helen and Fanny were on their way to Helen's room.

Myra swiftly intervened. "Oh no you don't. It's time you gave your wife satisfaction." Then looking at Fanny she said, "You can get on with what you're here for which won't be hard as I have seen many gentlemen look you over tonight." With that tirade, Helen found herself in bed with her wife for a change.

## HOW RANDOLPH VISCOUNT RADFORD LOST HIS VIRGINITY

Not long after the flogging of Alice, Myra Bates received a hand-written letter delivered by messenger. On opening the letter, this is what she read:

*Dear Mrs. Bates*

*I recently had the pleasure of accompanying my dear uncle to your premises on the night that one of your employees was flogged. Alice, I think her name was. Anyway, I recently had passed my degrees at university. It had been agreed that in time I would be engaged in my uncle's business in some capacity, hopefully as a partner. My uncle Albert the Duke of Sherbrook is my mother's brother.*

*My uncle had requested that I should come to London and visit him as he had not seen me for a number of years before I went to university. Uncle Albert owned a number of ships that traded in the Far East, India and China and such places. As I had not seen Uncle Albert since I was a boy, I renewed my friendship with him.*

*Uncle Albert was a jolly and jovial man. "Randolph my boy, you look a fit and healthy young man I shall take you my club for a meal and a drink of brandy or two." I was introduced to many men there, some good customers of Uncle I was later informed. It was there I heard of this flogging in your house.*

*"Randolph, have you a girlfriend?" asked Uncle.*

*"No," I answered, blushing profusely.*

*"Or even slept with a woman?" Again I answered in the negative. "Oh dear, your education in these matters is sadly lacking, my boy. Never mind, you are about to learn the ways of the world. Saturday night you will be my guest at Mrs. Bates' house and learn something*

*about women, maybe not the kind you have met before.”*

*“Are there any other kind, Uncle?” I innocently asked.*

*Uncle Albert burst into laughter.*

*“Have I made some sort of faux pas, Uncle?” I asked.*

*Again more laughing from Uncle. “It is not your fault, my boy. Saturday night will be a new experience for you. If you intend to make your way in my company, it is best you find out. At some time you will make a journey in one of my ships for no one will get far in my company without knowing the dangers that are attached to sailing on a ship. Is that clearly understood?”*

*“Yes Uncle,” I replied.*

*“I am more than willing and I understand why anyone with the responsibility of being in charge of your fleet of ships should know the danger of the high seas,” I replied.*

*“Good. Being a red-blooded youth, the desire to have a woman will never be far from your thoughts. However on board a ship for months on end that is not possible as you can understand. However there are such things as Ships Ladies who freely give their favours to the men on board.”*

*“Ships Ladies, Uncle? I’ve never heard of such things.”*

*“Well, let me explain. “Ships Ladies are shipmates who dress in women’s clothes. Don’t laugh. I have seen many delightful figures in women’s frocks that one would never guess concealed a male member under her skirts.”*

*“Have you ever bedded one, Uncle?” I dared to ask for I knew he had made many trips in the past on his own ships.*

*“Many times, my boy and I enjoyed their company. Delightful creatures, some even shared my cabin during the long voyage. That is why you are coming with me on Saturday night that you shall have the same pleasure. Mrs. Bates keeps a house of what are called Maryanns, that is men also dressed in frocks.”*

*“I’ve never come across men in women’s clothes before, Uncle.”*

*“Life is full of new experiences and I know you’re going to like it. I wouldn’t mention a word to your mother; I don’t think she would understand. Some women are like that.”*

*So there I was Saturday night dressed in a formal black frock coat with silk-faced lapels, light grey waistcoat, cashmere striped trousers, button boots, and gloves, with my Ascot knotted cravat, in my flat waiting for Uncle.*

*“Very nice my boy, man about town look. Some Maryann will quickly latch on to your arm at Mrs. Bates’, no fear.”*

*In no time I was in Uncle hansom cab on our way to your residence. At the front door we were greeted by a pretty young maid, Lily I think her name was. I didn’t know it till Uncle told me afterwards but she was indeed a Maryann. Lily helped me take my frock coat off and said I would be more comfortable without it in the drawing room as there was a roaring fire.*

*Upon entering I was to meet many of the men I had seen in Uncle’s club sitting with well-dressed ladies. I could not believe what Uncle had told me that these were men dressed in women’s clothes. Surely he was wrong.*

*One fellow, a friend of my uncle, asked me, "Have you been here before, my lad?"*

*Uncle informed him this was my first time and that I had never been with a Maryann in the past. "Connie," he beckoned a young Lady who immediately came over to him.*

*"Yes Sir?" she said.*

*"Show this young gentleman what being a Maryann is all about, will you? He is completely innocent."*

*The pretty girl, dressed in a long frock of red and black ankle boots, with a mass of brunette curls surrounding her face, sat right next to me. She put her arms round my neck and offered her red painted lips. "Have you ever kissed a woman?" she asked.*

*"No," I answered, "only Mother."*

*"Oh, I think we can do better than that," she said and launched herself into a very deep kiss the likes of which I never in my life had had before. She even put her tongue in my mouth and slipped it over mine...many times. I could hear the crack of the whip but never saw anything for I was too much involved with Connie to watch or care.*

*Connie shifted her position and was now sitting on my lap and the kissing never ceased. Connie placed my hands on her frock and encouraged me to feel her frock, which I must say was a very smooth and satiny glossy surface, I was in the mood to explore further to which I received no objection from the pretty Connie. I could feel her legs move apart as she sat on my lap. She took my hand and placed onto the very bottom of her long red dress.*

*"Now is your lucky day to find out what we Maryanns have below our knickers," was whispered in my ear.*

*This was my chance, said to myself, to prove Uncle Albert wrong for surely I would have a woman's pussy in my hand. My hand slowly travelled up the silk stockinged leg of Connie. How delightful the smooth black stocking felt under my hand. Connie offered no resistance. Her stockings were of course held up by garters at the top of her thigh.*

*Connie again whispered in my ear. "You can keep my garters as a souvenir of your first time with a Maryann. Take your time, enjoy yourself," she said.*

*I was still of the opinion she, like Uncle Albert, was in on some joke at my expense, however I was not to rush matters. I felt Connie's shapely legs on my way to her holy of holies. I developed a cock stand which was understandable. Connie couldn't fail to notice and placed a hand on the bulge bothering the front of my trousers.*

*"I hope that's all for me, my darling."*

*I never answered for my throat was becoming dry, and my hand had passed under the elasticised bottom of her knickered leg at the knee. This couldn't be a man for that leg of hers felt so soft and hairless which a man's wouldn't be. How wrong I was. I was now at her stocking top and could feel the garter tied there in a pretty bow. This I unloosened and took my souvenir out from under her skirt, a long piece of warm white silk which I held in my hand. I kissed the sweet creature most passionately. This time no words were spoken as Connie placed my hand to continue where it had left off. I needed no encouragement. I went further than that stocking top this time and felt what was like the domed head of...a man's cock?*

*I blinked in surprise. Uncle Albert was right, this was a man in a woman's frock. So what was I to do now? Connie had taken me by the hand. "Where are we going?" I asked.*

*She replied, "My bedroom and you are going to fuck the arse off of me."*

*I'm afraid that was where I let the side down, as Uncle Albert would have put it; I was so shy about these matters that I chickened out, much to my regret. By this time most of the drawing room was deserted and Uncle Albert has disappeared with some sweet girl. I left, flagging down a cab back to my lodgings.*

*When Uncle Albert eventually caught up with me, he asked how I got on with Connie. After I told him, he exploded, "You stupid boy! Do you mean to tell me that you're still a virgin. That will never do for the good name of our family. I tell you that virginity has to be lost before you set sail on one of my ships. Better now than later, for a red-blooded boy like you will certainly lose it with a Ships Lady.*

*To cool Uncle down, I asked him how he faired that night. "I really fancied Helen. That elderly lady had her plenty of times in the past, but she seemed occupied with a younger Maryann, then she disappeared with her wife Mrs. Bates. So my eyes spotted Abigail and I spent the night fucking her. Nice thing, but I would have preferred Helen. I always have."*

*Since then, I have been shown round Uncle's office and become familiar with its working. Uncle Albert is arranging a sea voyage for me soon to the Far East for the benefit of my learning. He says if I don't smarten myself up as a seaman, I could end up as a Ships Lady during the voyage. It has happened in the past to young seamen who found themselves in dresses and skirts, entertaining the crew through these long voyages. After a few days on sea, they found their clothes thrown overboard and the only thing they could dress in was women's clothes, beautiful ones mind you. The crew saw to that. Nothing like a new piece of ass some of the old salts say.*

*This has set me to wondering about Maryanns and Ships Ladies. Maybe it would be to my advantage to find out more about them. I have to conquer my shyness of this type of woman and I intend to. While I understand Maryanns have all their male parts intact,*

*some, I expect, have breasts by whatever means. Others may well have been castrated for it is well known the church does such things to choir boys to retain their sweet girl's voice.*

*I seek such a Maryann, if you please. I would reward the person who supplied this woman to me. If she was suitable, marriage is not out of the question, or there could be at least some sort of union with the dear girl. I write this never having been to bed with a woman.*

*Talking about that, it seems to me that Uncle could do with such a woman. Being a widower and having a fondness for Maryanns he could do with a permanent one to share his life and bed. I am hoping such a woman as you Mrs. Bates, being so knowledgeable in matters pertaining to Maryanns can help me and advise me in such matters. I hope to hear from you soon.*

*Yours Sincerely,*

*Randolph Viscount Radford*

After Myra Bates had digested the contents of the long epistle, her brain quickly was in gear. This letter contained an answer to some of her prayers. As ever, money was foremost in her mind. If she could palm this husband of hers off to the Duke of Sherbrook in some way, then he could take care of her expensive tastes. She would still go ahead with Helen's castration for Myra Bates was of the opinion this Duke was not going to like his wife or companion looking at other young Maryanns. Then there was this confession that Viscount Radford was looking for a Maryann with breasts and castrated as well. There were only two girls in her house in such a condition, Sally and Stella both had been castrated and both had breasts, although of the two only Stella's breasts had been a real success. Stella was bringing more money for nearly everyone wanted to bed her. There was also Daisy, but she had not been castrated yet although there was every possibility she would in the future. From reading his letter, this Viscount

Radford was not a stupid man and wouldn't be fobbed off with any Maryann.

Stella was her best bet for some sort of financial arrangement with the man. What transpired after that was none of her worry. An introduction would be arranged. Myra knew Stella was now under her control. She hadn't forgotten that the photographer would be back to take a serious of naughty photos. This would be Stella's going away present from Myra Bates whither Stella knew it or not. Myra composed her own letter to Viscount Radford.

*Dear Viscount Radford*

*I have read your letter with interest. I may have among my girls such a woman as you desire, Stella by name. Such a pretty girl is she. While she is indeed a Maryann, I treat her as if she were my own daughter. She has all the requirements that you have listed in your letter but you shall see for yourself. This coming Saturday afternoon would be a suitable time to become acquainted with the sweet and adorable girl. Should this not be possible, I am sure we can come to some arrangement. While you are present we could also discuss your uncle the Duke of Sherbrook and the circumstances of his desire for the beautiful Helen.*

*Yours Faithfully,*

*Myra Bates*

This Mrs. Bates sent by messenger to Viscount Radford's who promptly replied that he would keep the appointment, much to Myra's pleasure.

Stella got the works off of Myra that day before the young Viscount Radford arrived in the afternoon. She had her hair styled via long sessions with the curling tongs, her face painted and rouged, she was well corseted and that big bustle and crinoline dress was put over it. Myra Bates left nothing to chance. Stella could always be replaced for there were many Maryanns patrolling Cremona Garden's that would

willingly come to her house now that the first signs of winter were here and the snow would be falling soon.

Mrs. Bates acted as a personal maid to Stella that day for she wanted to see no mistakes were made in the dressing of her Maryann. This was most important for money was at the end of the line for Myra Bates. The art of dressing for Ladies took a long and laborious time and any Lady of distinction needed a maid.

The first garment Mrs. Bates selected was a plain white chemise. Nothing spectacular, it was an unshaped undergarment which reached just below Stella's knees and had a draw string neckline. Myra now had Stella step into a pair of black silk drawers with a back button closure. Open legged, these served two purposes for the Maryann. The first was for convenience so she could urinate. More important than that was that her client could have free access to her back door and male member. These black silk drawers were calf-length with scalloped embroidered hems.

The next item to adorn the pretty body of Stella was a corset, a must as far as Myra Bates was concerned for all her girls to give them that womanly shape. Myra Bates certainly knew how to lace a corset not only for herself but also for her husband Helen. Myra always kept him/her well corseted. "Stand still, girl" she said to Stella.

"Yes ma'am," the girl replied as she felt the whale-bone corset dig into her side.

There was more to follow the corset and chemise for Myra Bates wanted what the correct Victorian look in fashion. Over the corset came the under petticoat. Women wore as many as six of these came in dazzling colours and of the finest satin. All these petticoats were starched in an attempt to achieve the big skirt effect. Anyone who beheld this dazzling sight would be impressed and would more than desire the woman or Maryann wearing such wonderful clothes.

Unfortunately there was a down side to all of this. These petticoats were heavy, bulky, and generally uncomfortable. On the bright side if they had a customer they should be disposed of in no time if they were doing their duty to Mrs. Bates!

Myra Bates had not yet finished dressing Stella. Now came the fabulous over-petticoat, as if Stella hadn't enough petticoats on her already. Embroidered with roses and buttercups in various colours, it was worn over the layered under-petticoats.

Finally came the piece de resistance: the dress itself with a "fan front" bodice with capped close-fitting long sleeves and a pleated three flounced floor-length skirt. To finish things off, a five-row pearl necklace, matching stud earrings and a pair of white kid gloves.

"There we are, my dear. Don't you look delicious, like a proper English girl. Viscount Radford will go overboard for you."

"Do you really think so?" Stella blushed, unusual for her.

"But of course, my dear, you look the sweet and innocent virgin English girl." Stella could not claim to be sweet, innocent or a virgin for a long time.

Mrs. Bates had a word with Stella before afternoon was upon them about the innocent Viscount Radford. Stella would always answer with a courteous "Yes ma'am." This pleased her Mistress for she was now the sweet and demure girl, just what young Randolph was in the lookout for in a Maryann.

Viscount Radford arrived at 2 o'clock and was shown into the drawing room by a maid. He was kept waiting on purpose by the cunning Mrs. Bates that he may be more receptive to the advances Stella would make on the innocent boy. Stella had been told by Myra that she must make a good impression on the young man.

Mrs. Bates entered the drawing room with Stella by her side. There was that swishing sound again as the dress Stella wore trailed over the floor.

"Randolph, this is the young lady I wrote to you about. I do hope you approve of her. She is beautiful, is she not? Stella, *do* sit beside the young Viscount that you may get to know each other the better."

Viscount Radford rose and kissed the beautiful Stella on the back of her hand. "How charming he is," she thought, "and such manners. Better than the so-called gentlemen I have been with before."

"Miss Stella, I am your servant," the young man said.

"A pleasure, I'm sure," she answered.

Myra Bates sat beside the young couple like she was a chaperone but only for a few minutes, then she lifted a small hand bell and rang. A parlour maid answered the call.

"Marie, bring tea and cakes for Miss Stella and the Viscount."

As the maid left, so did Myra Bates, leaving the young couple on their own. Stella started a long conversation with the young Viscount and very amiable it was. She learned that he had just come down from university and at present was employed by his uncle the Duke of Sherbrook's shipping firm with a view to becoming a partner.

This made her reconsider her plans, for at present she was studying Mrs. Bates with a mind to open her own house of ill repute for Stella was ambitious. "I believe your uncle is a very nice man, Randolph, although in my capacity as an employee of Mrs. Bates, I have not as yet had the pleasure of his company," said Stella.

“You’re a shy man around women, aren’t you? Connie tells me the only woman you have kissed was your mother. Well, until she had her hands on you. That will never do for the reputation of this house. She even gave you the kind offer to fuck the arse off her as she crudely put it but you left.”

Before the noble lord could think or react, he found his lips under severe attack from the red lipsticked lips of Stella. Soon, not just his lips but his face was covered with the imprints of her lipstick.

“Want a bit more of that? Then follow me and you’ll have a lot more than just a kiss.” Stella tightly held the Viscount hands not letting go for she had heard how he never made Connie’s bedroom. Soon the marbled stairs were ascended and Stella’s boudoir reached. The bedroom door soon locked for Stella was not letting this one out of her hands.

“You may as well make yourself comfortable for I do not intend to let go till you have lost your virginity,” said the bold Stella. She gave Randolph such a push that he landed on the Queen Anne chair with a nice view of Stella. Stella spoke. “It is time you learned what women are made of; you will now have the pleasure of disrobing me. On your feet and begin.”

This was an offer he couldn’t refuse, certainly not in his present state. And just what was the noble Lord’s present state? He had a raging hard-on.

His nervous fingers sought the numerous buttons that held this magnificent creation of a dress together. He did receive some assistance from Stella for she was as anxious as he to have this first layer of many taken from her body. A considerable amount of time was passed before sex could be performed. Eventually Stella found herself minus her dress which was in the hands of Randolph.

“You may keep it as a souvenir of the first woman you have undressed. You will in future buy me others

for my delight; having disrobed me of my dress you may proceed to my wonderful outer petticoat that covers six lesser petticoats beneath which you can see my open leg drawers of black silk wherein lies my holy of holies, not forgetting to remove my corset. Then and only then you are going to have the exquisite pleasure of fucking a woman for the first time. And I shall be the only woman you will ever want or ever need.

“I do think, Sir, that as you are about to see my naked form, I should see what you have to offer which is only fair.”

By now both parties were in a state of undress and Stella was fondling the rapidly rising erection of Randolph. There was only one place that would enter: her anus. Enter it did, hard, stiff, and steady, it was inside her. The Viscount was falling in love with Stella; she was also falling in love with him. After some time, sleep overcame the young couple. Eventually a loud knock was heard on the bedroom door which interrupted their reverie.

“Who is it?” Stella drowsily asked

“It’s only me, Myra with your breakfast.”

“Come in, Myra,” answered Stella.

Mrs. Bates did and placed a breakfast tray for two over the naked couple, nothing Myra hadn’t seen in the past with her girls. Randolph Viscount Radford had gone past being embarrassed, Stella had seen to that. He sat up with an exposed limp cock.

“I hope you two lovebirds had a good night’s sleep,” said Mrs. Bates looking at the noble Lord’s limp cock. She placed the tray over the young couple. “Enjoy your breakfast. Viscount, could you see me in my office before you leave?” With that she left Stella and the Viscount to their own devices.

After a hearty English breakfast, both Stella and the Viscount were fit and ready for another round of sex. Fellatio seemed good for starters. Stella performed that task before she was banged several times in the anus by Randolph. The no-longer-shy Randolph was a quick learner.

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Randolph Viscount Radford sat opposite Myra Bates in her office. "I hope, Sir, that you have had a most enjoyable time with Stella. A sweet girl, isn't she?" asked Mrs. Bates.

"That she is indeed, Madam I have made a number of arrangements with her. Next week she will accompany me to the opera at Covent Garden's before which I shall take her to the best fashion houses that she may be fitted in dresses befitting her standing as a Lady to come with me to such a place as Covent Garden Opera House.

"I shall see Stella is available to you any time in the future that you may visit my house. Now as to your Uncle, Helen will also be available and free for him, I personally will make sure she is," said Mrs. Bates.

"That is good. As Uncle is a widower I do think he needs female company. He does have a liking for Miss Helen. However is there not one snag on the horizon, Madam. Is she not your husband?"

"A mere detail, Sir, never fear. I can soon free her from that. Next time your Uncle calls here I will talk with him and we can come to some financial arrangement."

Myra Bates was quite pleased with the outcome of her chat with Viscount Radford. As far as Helen was concerned, she was going for the chop soon. There would be money coming in from the selling off of her husband. A neutered Helen would be useless with the young Maryanns in her house.

One day not long after Helen found herself with Myra in the carriage on their way to a shopping trip. Well, that was the story Myra told her as shopping was something Helen could not refuse. Myra used the same trick she used on Stella with the chloroform with the same outcome.

To say the least Helen was not happy when she woke up after the castration to find her balls missing. Her loving relationship with Fanny was at an end and it hardly had begun. If things were changing for Helen, they were also changing for Fanny. Her girlfriend Stella was going in a different direction with Viscount Radford and, like Helen, she was also castrated.

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It would be wrong to think men were the only people who visited Mrs. Bates' house of ill repute. Women did also. Not many but a few did. There are always women who like to see men dressed in women's clothes. A mature widow called Cassandra Winston was one such woman. Her relatives kept telling her that even as a mature woman she looked pretty and could easily get the eye of some man. Cassandra had a better idea which no one ever suspected; over the ten years since her husband died, Cassandra had a succession of personal maids. About every two years the current one would disappear, replaced by another equally beautiful one.

Her maids were actually men dressed in women's clothes. Mrs. Bates' house was always a good place to find such men. She had confided in Myra that she was on the lookout for a new maid.

"Look around, there are plenty here. Take your time and we can come to an arrangement."

The final choice was Fanny who had no say in the matter. Later in Mrs. Bates' office, Fanny was informed she was to become the personal maid of Cas-

sandra Winston. "Don't worry, Fanny dear, she is a rich widow. You'll be well taken care of, all you'll need to do fuck her well."

That sounded an easy request till you consider the history of Fanny. She was brought up as a girl and dressed in girl's clothes and her mother sought out women with similar sons. Stella was one such girl, and her only relationships of a sexual kind were with other young Maryanns. That continued to Cremona Gardens, then Mrs. Bates' house of ill repute. Strange as it may seem, she never as yet had had a heterosexual relationship, even when dressed in women's clothes. Fanny's first meeting with Cassandra Winston clearly set out the lines of her employment.

"Fanny, I make no bones about your duties as my personal maid. You are inferior to me and must always walk three paces behind me in public; at other times when alone and unseen, that could change. I will purchase a maid uniform for you which you will wear at all times unless I decide otherwise. Is that clearly understood?" "Yes Ma'am," was replied by Fanny who now understood her lowly position.

"However you will have sexual duties to perform for my pleasure and no doubt your own. An adjoining room to mine will be your bedroom that I may have your services at any time I desire."

This was a new experience for Fanny. She wasn't a virgin for her anus had been invaded many a time but as for having sex with a woman, that was different. She might even come to like it. "Better than having your arse felt by some old man," thought Fanny. When Fanny saw her Mistress in all her finery, she could not help herself from having a stiff member.

Cassandra Winston saw the bulge in her maid's dress. There was no doubt Cassandra was flattered, however such an unsightly thing should not be seen on one who was supposed to be her personal maid. That would give the game away. Cassandra had a so-

lution she had had for previous maids who presented the same problem.

“Fanny dear,” Cassandra pleasantly said after Fanny had performed her maid’s duty by pounding her Mistress pussy one night and one more cock stand was out of the question.

“Yes Mistress?” Fanny replied.

“I have a little something here to put your jewel into and make you look even more of a woman. Come here.”

Cassandra proceeded to open her bedside drawer and take out what looked like a little silk pouch and a belt, also of silk, from it. She then put the belt round Fanny’s waist, then gently slipped Fanny testicles and by-now limp penis into the sack, pulled the drawstrings on the pouch and tied them in a pretty silk bow, thus enclosing Fanny’s penis in its silken prison.

At the end of the pouch was a silk cord. This was taken between the legs of Fanny and tied on a ring at the back of the belt. Looking at the front of Fanny, her cock was completely hidden. Once she had her drawers and clothes on, who would ever know she was not a woman, with her nice womanly shape?

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While Fanny was learning the joys of heterosexual sex, her once-girlfriend Stella was rapidly teaching her new boyfriend the joys of anal sex. Randolph received a shock in the form of a letter from his mother.

*My Dear Randolph*

*I shall shortly be visiting your lodgings in London for I hear from some of my lady friends you have been seen at Covent Garden Opera House accompanied by a young lady. I have to see that she is respectable and*

*meets with my approval. While there, I shall also have the pleasure of visiting my dear brother, the Duke of Sherbrook.*

*Your Loving Mother*

Panic set in with the young Viscount. He very well knew what Stella was and he had fallen in love with her. When his mother found out the real facts about Miss Stella Benfield, he would be dragged away from her, never to see her again. What was he to do? The first thing he did was inform his Uncle Albert, Duke of Sherbrook of his mother's forthcoming visit. He too realised the pickle he was in when his sister Emily discovered Helen was of the same persuasion as Stella who was now living with him. While his sister couldn't really do anything about it, he knew she could make matters awkward for him.

"You've done well, my boy, to let me know. Maybe I shouldn't say this in front of you, but your mother will be a bit of an old battle axe when the facts come to light. She could upset everything. We must put our heads together and devise some plan. Your mother is not going to understand anything of men in women's clothes, is she?"

The fatal day came and there was young Randolph at the "Couch and Hounds," a public house where horse-drawn coaches pulled in and passengers alighted to go to their destination in London. They could also stay there during their time in that fair city, which Emily, the Viscount's mother, was planning to do.

"My dear dear boy, how well you look." There follow a number of kisses on the cheek of Emily's son.

"Mother dear, I have arranged a meal tonight with Uncle and your good self, then we can discuss matters that may be of concern to you. I shall arrive with Uncle to pick you up in his carriage. That will give you plenty of time to refresh and change your clothes, Mother dear."

“How thoughtful of you, Randolph. Will this young lady of yours be with you, dear?”

“Unfortunately not for her dear aunt who usually is her chaperone is ill at present.”

“Oh dear. Then I will see this young lady before I leave?”

“Surely Mother, for I wish you to approve of her.” Emily was satisfied with that answer for if the young woman had a chaperone, things must be right.

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Around seven that evening, the young Viscount arrived in his uncle's carriage to take his mother for dinner to a well-known restaurant in London. It was cold and light snowflakes were beginning to fall. On entering the carriage Emily saw another mature lady sitting beside her brother.

“Emily my dear, let me introduce Miss Helen Bates, my fiancée.”

This was an unexpected turn of events. This Helen looked a nice woman in an elegant frock and a nice fur cape over her shoulder. Albert needed a woman to look after him at his age, didn't he?

“Pleased to meet you, my dear. Albert needs a good woman. When will the happy day be, Albert?”

“My dear Emily, we have not as yet fixed a date, however when we do you will be the first to be informed.”

Albert Duke of Sherbrook hadn't particularly wanted to marry again, just have Helen as a live-in woman or Maryann. However he could see he was in a corner if his sister ever knew the truth of Helen, that she was a man in a frock. The arrival of his sister had forced him to tell Helen that they were to be en-

gaged. This suited her and she picked out a very expensive ring. And she was to be married too. Well, she sure had a sugar daddy now and she was going to have a ball of a time spending his money.

Being minus her balls didn't sound so bad after all. She was still married to Myra but not for much longer, for divorce proceedings had already started. Divorces were a bit of a taboo subject in Victorian times. As far as Albert was concerned that little detail would not be mentioned to his sister, even if it was a woman divorcing her husband.

The party arrived at the restaurant where a roaring fire was going full blast and all were seated nearby. A pleasant conversation was struck up.

"You know, I hear that London is a wicked place, with its brothels and loose women. I even hear there are men who dress in woman's clothes for immoral purposes, would you believe it?" said Viscount Radford's mother.

"Never," said her brother. "I must be leading an innocent life here in this wicked city, but I found my beautiful Helen, didn't I?" he said, giving Helen and his nephew a sly look.

"Now Randolph, I simply must know everything about this young lady of yours."

As the Viscount was about to open his mouth, Uncle Albert interrupted. "As fine a young woman you will ever meet, Emily. I can vouch for that and she has received strict discipline from her maiden Aunt Myra."

Helen put her rehearsed piece in to back up Albert "Oh yes, Stella is a fine girl. She couldn't be in better hands than those of her Aunt Myra who I know very well." Then she dropped her voice to a low whisper. "I do believe Myra takes a stick to beat her if she ever thinks Stella misbehaved in any way. Myra would be here tonight but she has a woman's monthly illness,

you understand Emily. She will not let that girl out of her sight without being chaperoned; otherwise both would be here tonight.”

These reassuring answers put Emily’s mind at ease, especially those from the elderly Helen who was more of her age group. Then the Duke of Sherbrook came in with the knockout punch.

“My dear sister, I have been given an invite to attend a garden party by the Queen herself at Buckingham Palace next spring.”

“Oh indeed? Why?” said Emily who had never had such an honour in her life. She was somewhat put down that her brother, of all people, would receive such an invite from the Queen no less.

“For my services to industry as my ships bring so much to this country: tea, goods, and materials. Helen who will be the Duchess by that time will accompany me along with your son and Stella, his wife by then.”

Emily was most jealous that her son, brother, and their wives would meet the Queen when she had never had that honour. It somewhat blunted any venom she may have stored for this Stella. Uncle Albert little plan was working well and it was lucky he did have an invite from Queen Victoria. It came in as useful ammunition.

Eventually the night ended and all went back to their resting places. Randolph saw his mother back to the “Coach and Hounds” where she was to stay till her time in London was up. She was in a bit of a tipsy state, having indulged in too much red wine. She had extracted a promise from her son that next time they met, his lady friend Stella would be on his arm.

Viscount Radford returned to the well-furnished flat where he had set Stella up as a kept woman, something his mother would know nothing of. And Albert Duke of Sherbrook went with Helen to his

house in London where she shared his bed, something else that the ears of his sister would hear nothing of.

The events of the night had put both men in a sex-inspired mood to the satisfaction of their lady friends. Stella and Helen were to find their anuses filled with rampant male members. That certainly was keeping them happy. Acts of fellatio were to follow on the part of both Maryanns. Stella was the only one capable of taking the penis between her breasts. Helen at present had no breasts, which was being worked on by Myra Bates with the help of Dr. Harrison.

You may think all Stella and Helen did was lying in bed and getting fucked. Not so for breakfast had to be made and a fire to be lit before their lovers left for work. Winter was here and the snow lay thick on the streets. However all was not gloom for Albert was arranging a voyage for himself, Helen and his nephew with his fiancée Stella to the Far East on board one of his ships. Captains could perform marriage ceremonies, couldn't they? Well this one would happen onboard ship as they reached the equator. There would be no awkward questions and his sister Emily wouldn't be around to ask them.

While Helen was the live-in lover of the Duke of Sherbrook she had to come to her wife's house to get breasts. This process consisted of a cream which Myra rubbed into Helen's chest. Myra had been briefed as to her part as Stella's maiden aunt and this and the forthcoming divorce from her husband Helen was discussed while Myra was massaging Helen's breast area. It was most important; if Viscount Radford's mother dragged him from London, it was going to cost Myra plenty of money which was always foremost in her mind.

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Randolph Viscount Radford knew he couldn't delay the meeting of Stella with his mother much longer, otherwise she would smell a rat. He had rehearsed with Stella and her supposed aunt Mrs. Bates all he and Uncle Albert wanted them to say. The meeting was arranged with Randolph Stella and her Aunt Myra and the Viscount's mother.

Myra, like before, had attended to Stella. This time the makeup was not so thickly done; just a little rouge and a small amount of lipstick to show off a mass of curls surrounding her face. Now Stella had that sweet innocent English rose look about her. To top things off, she must have a hat which was the style of all young ladies in Victorian times, so a petite French gen hat of all-black and iridescent feathers piled high made of sturdy black straw with classic up turned sides was obtained.

The brim was trimmed with black fancy braids and fancy dangling gems. The front was adorned with a beautiful black fabric rosette anchored with a black and silver Victorian-style broach pin.

Filling out the front's adornment were dozens of black bird feathers that turned peacock green and purple when the light illuminated them. Falling off the back were a black over-sized tulle bow and matching train. The hat measured 9 by 7 inches. Feather rose above the base to about 10 inches; the train measured about 20 inches. The hat was worn with a tilt towards the front of the head. Whatever the cost it would all be recovered once Stella had taken her marriage vows. The main thing as far as Myra Bates was concerned was that the Viscount's mother gave her blessing on this forthcoming marriage or there would be none.

"This is Miss Stella Benfield and her Aunt Myra, Mother," said the Viscount as he assisted his mother into the horse-drawn carriage waiting to take the as-

sembled party to lunch. Emily surveyed the young woman in question; she did look beautiful especially with the hat on her head at a tilted angle. She certainly wore the latest fashion in dress and hat. Emily wished she was of that age again.

Randolph had sat beside Myra and on the other side of Myra was Stella; therefore Myra was doing her chaperone part dividing the two young people. The clattering sound of horse's hooves on the cobbled street's made conversation almost impossible as the horse-drawn carriage swayed backwards and forwards on their way to the restaurant. The roaring fire was a welcome sight from the ice and snow-deep streets outside. Viscount Radford stood like the man of the house with his backside to the roaring fire. Emily thought he was just like his father, the Master of the house.

"I am so glad it is peaceful here, Emily, so we can come away from the hustle and bustle of the city," said Myra Bates. Myra then patted the hand of Emily. "I can understand your worries about the woman your son has fallen in love with. I would worry too if I was in the same position. I can assure you Stella is a respectful young woman. You see, since her mother died, my sister and her father both long dead, I felt it was my responsibility to bring her up since she was a young girl. If I may say so, I think I have been successful. She has always been most obedient to my wishes for I have not been afraid to beat her if I ever thought she was acting in an improper manner.

"However I feel Stella is of an age where I must let go of her, she has her own life to lead. I felt it was time she met eligible young bachelor gentlemen of her own age with the prospect of marriage. I am of the opinion Stella will make a respectable and dutiful wife. Your son was not the only one who came forward and asked me for her hand. As all were respectable and responsible gentlemen and were of the means to support Stella in the style she had been used to, I felt the final decision should be hers. She has said to me she

wishes to marry your son. I gave my permission provided Randolph received his mama's blessing. So the final seal of approval depends on you, Emily. I don't think you would deny the loving pair their happiness, would you?" Myra Bates thought she delivered the well-rehearsed lines well. She had put so much effort into it.

"I can see you are so right, Myra. They are made for each other; I see they are deeply in love. I give my consent for them to marry."

Stella and Randolph lovingly looked into each other's eyes, although separated by Myra Bates who doing her chaperone part successfully.

"Mother, may I be permitted to kiss Miss Stella now that we have your blessing?" said Randolph.

"Yes of course, darling, now that you are soon to be man and wife." A passionate kiss followed between the happy pair. That was one problem solved, thought Myra Bates.

The engagement ring was soon bought and shown to Emily before she departed to go back home and a celebration party was held. It was attended by Emily, her son and daughter-in-law to be, Albert Duke of Sherbrook and his wife-to-be Helen, and Stella's believed-to-be Aunt Myra.

"I shall buy Stella's trousseau, it is the least I can do for my niece," said Myra Bates giving Stella a look.

"When will I be able to attend your wedding, Randolph, and where will it be?" asked his mother.

"Well..." Randolph hesitated to say for his mother would not be onboard ship when he and Stella tied the knot.

Good old Uncle Albert came to the rescue. "I'm afraid you shall not be at the wedding, Emily dear and it is not that we don't want you there. Randolph,

Stella, myself and Helen are all going on a trip to the Far East onboard one of my ships. Once the ship crosses the Equator the Captain will perform the marriages ceremonies. That is so romantic, you must agree?

“We shall all be away from this damp, cold, foggy, and icy island. We shall all return in time for the Queen’s garden party. It will be spring then and the climate will be much warmer. Don’t worry about Stella. She and Helen will share a cabin, and Helen will act as Stella’s chaperone till she and Randolph are married. Stella will be a pure, unsoiled young woman when she takes her marriage vows, I promise you.

## **THE SEA VOYAGE**

There was a certain amount of excitement as Stella and Helen prepared for their forthcoming adventure of the high sea. Neither of the Maryanns had ever been on the high seas before and to top it off they were about to have their nuptials. How romantic. The divorce of Helen and Myra was all sorted out, however the cunning Helen made sure her former wife splashed out on her wedding dress; after all she was to receive a fair amount of money from the Duke of Sherbrook for selling her to be his wife. The pretty Stella had also been promised a trousseau by Myra, her supposed aunt. Helen was there with Stella as they were fitted out with their wedding dresses. Each would be the other’s bridesmaid during that wedding ceremony on board ship at the Equator.

The girls in Mrs. Bates’ house of ill repute had gathered together and bought wedding presents for the happy Stella and Helen which they received the day before they left on their sea journey. Kisses of affection were given to all by both and tears were even seen. As far as Helen was concerned, there was no Fanny. She had long gone to live with Cassandra Winston and would see her no more. The following day a carriage arrived to take Helen and Stella to

their ship docked in the Port of London. All the girls and Mrs. Bates were there at the front door throwing confetti on the happy pair as they departed, for none would be at the wedding to do such.

The black-bearded Captain Joseph Thompson stood at the top of the gangway to receive his guests for the long sea voyage to the Far East. As a rule he didn't like passengers, however matters were taken out of his hands as one was the owner of the shipping line.

"Welcome aboard, Sir, I hope you and your guests will have a most enjoyable voyage," he said as he tipped his captain's cap.

"I'm sure we will, Captain, with you in charge. Please see to it that some of your men take our luggage to our cabins," said the Duke of Sherbrook.

By now Helen and Stella had come up the gangway under the watchful eye of Captain Thomson. "I shall accompany you ladies to your cabin for this voyage, which I hope is to your liking. I hope we all will become better acquainted as the voyage goes on." The Captained tipped his cap again as he left Helen and Stella. The cabin was small compared to what they had been used to in Mrs. Bates' house.

"Well, this is it for the next few months. Stella. We better get used to it, it could be worse," said Helen.

"I suppose you're right but look at the advantages. For a start we are sailing away from all the snow and ice. When we come back, we will be married woman, you a Duchess and I a Viscountess no less. Mother always hoped I would find a Knight in shining armour and he would marry me. Well I did; Randolph Viscount Radford and I'm to be his bride. Who would think two Maryanns such as we would be among the gentry of this country and are about to meet the great Queen Victoria?"

The Duke of Sherbrook had his own cabin which Captain Thomson had to vacate for this voyage. Viscount Radford was also given his own cabin. Both these cabins were to see Helen and Stella occupy the noble gents beds during the voyage, something that did not go unnoticed by Captain Joseph Thomson. His ship did have such a thing as a "Ship's Lady" however that had been kept under wraps because of the company owner being present on board. Captain Joseph Thomson had learned from other captains of ships of the fleet that the Duke of Sherbrook in the past had not been adverse to bed a Ship's Lady.

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Johnny Briggs stood before Captain Thomson in his cabin. "Yes Captain, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes seaman Briggs, you can collect your womanly things from below deck. Bring them to my cabin and be Miss Barbara once more."

"Can I, Captain?" A smile spread over the seaman's face from relief of the tension he had been under since he came on board ship, not being able to wear his womanly dresses. "What of the women present, Captain?" he asked.

"Let me worry about that, Barbara. I have my suspicions of them," replied Captain Thomson.

Johnny Briggs quickly assembled his women's clothes in Captain Thomson's cabin in a happy mood. He once more was to assume the proud position as the "Ship's Lady." Oh to feel the soft caress of the silks, satin, and lace against his body, so wonderful. And no doubt he would soon feel the hard member of the captain inside his anus; this was what he was meant to be: a "Ship's Lady."

He wondered if he would be entertaining any other of his shipmates as he had done before on other cruises. Ted Hughes and he had a relationship going



and did Ted ever have a big one that kept him happy. However with the way things were, he may never see that on this voyage as the owner was on board. "You can't have everything, Johnny told himself. He should be grateful just to wear woman's clothes again.

There sat Johnny Briggs in his female mode of Barbara, plastering his/her makeup on. "Plastering" is the right word for, as Barbara, she looked a right tart. Most of the crew liked a tart appearance with the white powdered face, the red rouged cheeks, big red lipstick lips, the curled hair. Johnny Briggs always kept his hair long, now he could do full justice to that long hair. Wasn't he/she a right tart? It was not unusual to end in the lower decks in some mate's hammock. That was a most unusual ride for Barbara with some shipmate's cock up her backdoor as the hammock swung from side to side with the motion of the ship. Barbara was particularly fond of that, especially when she was in Ted Hughes' hammock. Everyone heard her moan with pleasure when Ted had his cock up her arse. Like most Ship's Ladies Barbara was excused other jobs as her only duty was to keep the crew happy and Barbara was very proficient at that.

The "Sea Lady" was nearing the Equator when Barbara, on the arm of Captain Thomson, made her appearance at a party given in honour of the forthcoming weddings. Seeing Barbara surprised Helen and Stella. Helen asked her intended, Albert Duke of Sherbrook, who the woman was.

"I'm not sure, my dear. I shall inquire of Captain Thomson as to who this lady is." The black bearded captain informed Albert this was indeed his Ship's Lady and asked if he had any objections?

"No Captain, I understand. Such persons are needed on these long cruises and the female touch is always welcome among a happy crew." Then he added, "I myself have partaken of such women. Do

bring the dear lady over to my party, that we be better acquainted.”

There was no doubt Barbara was dressed as a tart compared to Helen and Stella. Both of them had spent a considerable amount of money on their outfits and it showed. However the crew liked what Barbara wore and they would be having some of her this night. Barbara had what Stella and Helen once had-a cock-and it was fully functional too.

The ladies were in deep conversation and it didn't take long for them to find that under the clothes they were of the same mould, sisters if you will. However both Helen and Stella had bettered themselves by marrying into nobility or would be doing so in the next few days. Barbara, once she knew of the condition of her two companions, expressed a desire that she also would like to be without her balls. Helen and Stella said that could be arranged after the voyaged finished. Barbara was very happy at that thought; it would make her as near as any man could be to a woman in Victorian times. Then she could marry Ted Hughes and be his wife.

## **THE DAY OF THE WEDDINGS**

The sea was very calm the day the “Sea Lady” crossed the Equator. Captain Joseph Thompson had put his best uniform on to conduct the wedding ceremony which would be held at twelve noon precisely. Every Jack Tar on board ship was dressed in his best clothes by order from the company owner, the Duke of Sherbrook. Well before breakfast there was a lot of activity in the cabin Stella and Helen shared. Both were very excited. After meeting Barbara, both Stella and Helen felt she shouldn't be left out of things on their big day. It was decided she would be a bridesmaid, however she wasn't going to wear her tart's clothes.

Stella gave her a more sophisticated dress. Barbara was very pleased by the offer and was as ex-

cited as the rest of the women to be a bridesmaid. There was a lot of hustle and bustle within the ladies' cabin as they began to ready themselves for the weddings. Helen looked on enviously at Barbara's hanging scrotum. While Barbara wanted it off, Helen only wished she had hers back once more, but her wife soon put a stop to that. At present she must look forward to being a real Lady, the Duchess of Sherbrook no less. "Things could be worse," she thought and shrugged her shoulders. She had a life of luxury to look forward to and to help spend Albert's money.

The wedding dresses had now seen the light of day for the first time since they were bought. Helen was to wear a traditional white Victorian wedding dress made from satin to which she was to laced into. With Stella and Barbara at the back of the dress pulling the laces, her body soon fit into the tightly-laced floor-length wedding dress with train, and exquisite hand stitched embroidery on the bodice. The dress being sleeveless, Helen would be wearing elbow-length white satin gloves. She had a white lace veil on her head held in place with a emerald and diamond studded tiara. The veil covered her face and the tiara was a wedding gift from her husband-to-be and very expensive.

Stella was to wear a black lace gothic-type full-length wedding dress with a black laced bodice, pleated hip with handmade flower accented skirt with black accents and lace-up back. Her veil was also all black and held in place with silver pins, not so expensive as Helen's tiara.

The wedding dresses were only the top pieces, underneath were petticoats and corsets. As the sun beat down on the bridal pair, it was sweltering inside that lot. The big moment had arrived, the paint and powder and rouged cheeks had all been painfully and skilfully applied. The time to start the marriage ceremony was here.

Captain Thompson had let his ship gently swell on the calm sea, having taken some sails down; he stood

on the deck with a Bible in his hand facing both grooms and in front of the ship's wheel. There was no music for the brides as they appeared in all their glory to stand beside their husbands-to-be. However Captain Joseph Thompson led the assembled company in appropriate hymns.

When that finished, the ceremony began. The first to be married were the Duke and Helen. The wedding ring was placed on the bible during the ceremony as the Captain pronounced Albert and Helen man and wife. "You may kiss the bride," said the bearded captain as the Duke of Sherbrook slipped the ring on Helen's finger, lifted the veil that covered her face, and kissed her. Then the second ceremony took place with the same procedure. Stella was now a Viscountess and Helen a Duchess.

"I think it is time for celebrations, Captain. As you know I have brought a number of Champagne bottles on board for just this occasion. Drinks for everybody and extra rations of rum for the men," was the Duke of Sherbrook's order.

"Certainly Sir, splice the main brace, lads. It's celebration time for our good Duke and his bride. Hip Hip Hooray, long live the Duke and Duchess of Sherbrook."

This was vigorously cheered by the crew for free drinks were on offer. As things turned out, Champagne mixed with rum and homemade hooch is a formula for a drunken orgy which there was about to be. Barbara was about to be handed from shipmate to shipmate after the bearded captain finished with her. Barbara by that time was in no state to care; she ended in the hammock of the love of her life, Ted Hughes, with a sore head when she woke in the morning.

"You're my woman, Barbara and you'll always be mine," said Ted Hughes in an affectionate way.

“Yes,” she answered meekly as she snuggled into his hairy man-hard muscular chest; she had to be more of a woman for her man. When they were back home she would take up that offer to lose her testes. That meant nothing as long as Ted loved her. Barbara was one happy “Ship’s Lady.”

For the rest of the voyage it was a honeymoon for the two couples. Many a moonlight night would see Stella and Randolph strolling on deck, passionately kissing and looking dreamily into each other’s eyes with the captain at the helm looking on.

As for Barbara, things were back to normal as the “Ship’s Lady” servicing the crew. She would have a serious talk with her lover Ted Hughes about having a land job. No more roaming the high seas for she wanted to be his wife. The only person she wanted to service was Ted. Maybe a word in the ears of Helen would help Ted to find a job of some sort on land with the company. After all, she was now the Duchess and the wife of the company owner and could maybe influence her husband. Barbara wanted to give up the life of a “Ship’s Lady” to settle down and just be a housewife to her man Ted.

The “Sea Lady” had a number of ports of call in India and China where the ship would be for a week or two at a time, loading cargo on board to take back to England. This was ideal for the Duke and his nephew Viscount Radford to take their wives sightseeing in these foreign lands. Both ladies were now beginning to have a suntan. Helen in particular was showing a brown tan.

While there was no doubt Stella and Randolph were much in love, Helen had slowly but surely fallen in love with Albert. He always wanted her and she was trying to be the respectable wife he wanted. Helen knew the Duke would give her anything. She just had to ask. When Helen thought about it, she was lucky her ex-wife had taken her out of a life of prostitution as a Maryann and put her into nobility as a Duchess with money behind her. Helen had

married into the aristocracy and soon she would be rubbing shoulders with the great Queen Victoria when they were home again. Such was destiny for a former man who loved wearing women's clothes and liked making love to men when dressed as such. There was only one man who would receive that love now, her husband, Albert the Duke of Sherbrook.

There was no doubt Helen missed her testes, but she must forget that and get on with life and be a faithful wife to the Duke. Barbara had asked her to see if she could persuade her husband to find Ted Hughes a job on land with the company. Helen would see what she could do; they were in a way sisters under their skirts.

The solution to Barbara's problem came quicker than one would have expected once the Duchess put it to Albert.

"Certainly Helen, Ted Hughes has a good record on my company's ships. He looks a strong, sturdy fellow.

"As it happens I am on the lookout for a game keeper to look after my estate. He looks like the type of chap who is not afraid to get his hands dirty. The job is his. A gamekeeper's cottage goes with the job."

Albert Duke of Sherbrook received a big kiss from his wife; Barbara was informed of the situation and thanked Helen. Helen also informed Barbara that she was willing to take her on as her personal maid and housekeeper of the mansion. As such she would be put in charge of the other maids and cook, and be addressed as Mrs. Hughes by all under her. While it was customary for the housekeeper to live in the mansion, Barbara would be living with her husband in the gamekeeper's cottage and would have lost her manhood by then happily. For the rest of the journey the only hammock one was to see Barbara in was Ted Hughes'. She was preparing for a life as a one-man woman.

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The long cruise was nearing its end and was on the return journey. In a few weeks the port of London would be reached and the cargo unloaded. The Duke and Duchess of Sherbrook would go to the Duke's country estate and mansion house. On the cruise the Duke had a long talk with his nephew. He felt it was time he retired and spent his time with the Duchess on his estate. He therefore felt the Viscount Radford should take over the reins and run the company. He would still drop in on the Viscount from time to time to see how things were going; he was after all the main shareholder in the company, but he had every confidence in Randolph.

While he and Helen were going to relax in his country home, Randolph Viscount Radford and Stella Viscountess Radford would take up residence in London, where Randolph could run the company more effectively. While the Duke and Duchess of Sherbrook would depart to the duke's country estate, Viscount and Viscountess Radford would live at Belgrave Square behind Buckingham Palace. It was very posh indeed and where many of Royal blood also lived. Stella would be mixing with Dukes and Duchesses of Royal blood; she had come a long way since she plied her trade in Cremona Gardens and Mrs. Bates house of ill repute.

Stella was now a respectable woman; her shady past was all behind her and no one would ever know except her husband Randolph. Randolph could take her to the many parties he was invited to. Stella would mingle and freely talk with other Ladies, Duchesses, Countesses and feel at home for she too now was an aristocrat. She ran her house efficiently and gave orders to the servants; yes, she was enjoying the grand life of being a Lady. Randolph was also running the shipping line just as efficiently.

Before the young couple would start their town life, Lady Emily, the Viscount's mother, invited them

to stay a week with her at the country home. She wanted to see her daughter-in-law and son, not having been at their wedding. Stella received a welcoming kiss on the cheek by her mother-in-law as she descended from their horse-drawn carriage. Stella found she got on well with Emily, but never answered the question as to when Emily could expect to see some grandchildren. Stella knew the answer was never.

Viscount Radford made excuses to his mother. He was sorry that he and his wife must leave, they had many things to do as the garden party where they would meet Queen Victoria was drawing closer.

They arrived in time for that garden party at Buckingham Palace to meet Queen Victoria. The Duke and Duchess of Sherbrook would be living at the Viscount's house during their time in London. The Ladies would of course be going on shopping trips for gowns to meet the Queen to look their prettiest. Helen liked shopping and unlike with her former wife, Myra, there was never any problem of payment. She just charged all to the Duke's account.

Helen insisted she must have a special made-to-measure dress for the coming Garden Party. Albert was all for that, he was extremely proud of her appearance so no expense was spared.

Mrs. Rachel Bruce received the job of making the dress and all else that Helen would wear on the day of the Garden Party. She would design a special creation, unique for the big day,. It could mean a lot of work for her if other Ladies liked it and came to her shop. Maybe even the great Queen herself might show up.

## **THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY**

The day of the Garden Party had arrived. There was a lot of hustle and bustle that morning in Viscount and Viscountess Radford's London home as

the women readied themselves for the afternoon meeting with the Queen. The weather couldn't have been better; everything was going to be perfect.

Helen looked particularly narrow in the waist as her personal maid Barbara pulled and pulled her laced-in corset as tight as she could. What a pretty picture she looked with that drawn-in waist and vast derriere with her bustle holding out her blue crinoline dress of the finest satin "What a desirable woman Helen is," her husband Albert thought.

As for Stella, under her iron cage that was part of her bustle were numerous petticoats of many colours and of course her split drawers made of black silk. As the day looked like it would be very hot, both ladies put a small bottle of smelling salts in their handbags. It was not unknown for some Ladies to take fainting fits at these Garden Parties.

In time all were ready; men in their grey morning suits and top hats, women in their crinoline dresses and bonnets. Even Barbara was there, to fuss about the women and adjust their dresses as the day wore on.

The Duke's coach picked all up from Randolph Viscount Radford's town house. The Duke of Sherbrook's coach had been cleaned and his ancestral crest was shining brightly on all the carriage doors as it passed through the gates to Buckingham Palace and through to the courtyards beyond.

As the Duke and Duchess alighted from their carriage, they were to mingle in the crowded courtyard with other Dukes and Duchesses all heading to the grounds of Buckingham Palace where the Garden Party was to be held.

The Gardens were a mass of flowers and colour. As each couple entered, a Master of Ceremonies announced their entry to looks and chatter from those present. Immediately, servants with trays of drinks appeared and plates of canapés.

Helen was now speaking with other ladies who were admiring her lovely dress and hat and asking where did she purchase such delightful clothes? It is true to say that Helen was not feeling too well; with all her clothes her body was sweltering and a fainting fit was becoming nearer. This could not happen, not with Queen Victoria coming to meet her husband very soon.

Soon the Master of Ceremony was heard to announce, "Ladies and Gentlemen, can I have your attention for the Queen of Great Britain, Victoria." Silence followed.

The Queen was welcomed by a round of applause and taken to a special platform overlooking the assembled audience. Now having complete silence, the Queen spoke.

"I thank you Ladies Gentlemen for coming to this Garden Party. You are here for the services you have given to this country to make it so great. I shall shortly come among you and talk with you personally for your services to the country. Whether you be heroes of war, Captains of industry, in whatever form you have all played your part."

The Queen with her advisors descended the platform and mingled with the assembled crowd. At the Queen's side stood John Brown, her faithful Ghillie & Personal servant since Prince Albert died. He was in full Highland dress kilt and sporran. Concerning the two, many unfounded rumours of a romantic nature were rife in court circles. The Queen had a good word for all; her advisers had kept her well-informed as to what each person had done for the good of the country.

Eventually, the Queen stood beside the Duke of Sherbrook and his party.

"Ah yes, Albert the Duke of Sherbrook. We are more than indebted to your shipping line for all the goods your ships bring into the country. They are

much valued by all our great companies. Duchess, you must be so proud of your husband,” said the Queen.

“Yes your Majesty, so proud,” Helen answered. The Queen glanced at Helen’s face which had turned a pale white. “Do you feel well, Duchess?”

Helen had collapsed in a faint and fallen to the ground. She was now unconscious.

“Quickly!” Queen Victoria snapped her fingers. “Take the Duchess to the Palace and put her in a room. Send for my doctor. I will visit her after.”

In no time some first aid workers in attendance had stretchered her to the Palace and soon Helen was resting on a bed. The cause of her fainting fit was her restrictive clothing and the heat generated inside her crinoline. However word quickly spread, particularly among the women that the Duchess was with child. This reached the ear of Queen Victoria.

Later that day the Queen entered the bedroom Helen was in. “If I had known the position you were in, Duchess I’m sure we would not have kept you and the Duke standing so long.”

Helen had no idea what the Queen was talking about as she turned to look at Barbara who had come with her to the bedroom. Barbara mouthed the word “pregnant” for she had heard all the talk after Helen left.

“Such trying times, Helen. I can understand. I’ve had nine children. When is the happy day?”

Helen had to think quickly. “Soon, your Majesty.”

“I will send a christening present for the little one as soon as I know. In meantime you and the Duke will stay here till the morning,” finished the Queen.

“Yes of course, Your Majesty,” replied Helen, pleased that the Queen had spoken to her.

## EPILOGUE

Following Helen’s meeting with Queen Victoria, she wrote a letter to her saying that she had had a miscarriage and her baby was lost. Queen Victoria was so overcome by the sad news that she felt she must visit the Duchess and console her for a few days. The Queen shortly arrived with her party at the Duke and Duchess of Sherbrook’s estate to stay in their mansion house for a few days. During that time, Helen and the Queen were the best of friends and Helen was to receive invites to visit the Palace many times over the course of her lifetime.

As for Randolph Viscount Radford, he was to expand his uncle’s company and become a very wealthy man with a beautiful wife, Stella. Randolph lavished her with clothes and jewels. However there was one thing in the world she wanted more than anything else, that which she knew she could never give to Randolph, a baby. She pined for the impossible.

Randolph suggested that they adopt a baby. Stella eagerly took up the suggestion and a baby boy was soon adopted. Stella suggested that the boy not remain in that condition for long. Soon the boy was seen in girl’s clothes. Slowly but surely he led by his mother into the way of a girl’s life. Others were to follow as Helen adopted as a boy who became known as Miss Clara.

Barbara, now the common law wife of Ted Hughes, decided she too would adopt and called her son Lucy Hughes. From time to time, whenever Viscount Radford visited his uncle the Duke of Sherbrook with his wife Stella. Their son, now called Dorothy, folic and play with her girlfriends Clara and Lucy in their lovely flouncy, billowing long skirts. It was not uncommon to see the little boy/girls kiss each other on

the cheeks as they played together, and nothing thought of it as their mothers smiled on.

Fanny found herself lavished with ladies clothes by Cassandra Winston as long as she kept her happy in bed, which presented no problem to Fanny; in fact she was becoming used to a heterosexual life.

As for Myra Bates, she soon found replacements for Fanny, Stella, and Helen in her usual recruiting place Cremona Gardens. Some of the younger Maryanns were better in bed than her husband had ever been and Myra had great pleasure in dressing them in the best of frocks. Mrs. Bates had no trouble attracting Maryanns once it was known that Helen had become a Duchess, a great friend of the Queen and that Stella was now a Viscountess. So there was hope that by working for Mrs. Bates, they could get away from their current life and become nobility.

Yes, you could say everything turned out the best for all.

The End