

Sophisticated Lady



Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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SOPHISTICATED LADY

BY BLIND RUTH

ADMIRING GLANCES

The small woman, all five foot two of her, sat on the double bed, dressed in a business suit of tight black skirt, white button-up blouse, black stockings, and black pumps. She watched the other woman who had her back to her, sitting at the dressing table. The woman at the dressing table in only her bra and panties was applying makeup to her face, taking her time in that task as she looked in the dressing table mirror. The woman on the bed could see the reflection of the other woman from the mirror. The woman on the bed spoke .“Stand up, Frieda, turn round and face me.”

“Yes Marge.”

The reply enraged the woman on the bed. She was quickly on to her feet; she came to the other woman. With the back of her hand she delivered two stinging blows on Frieda’s cheeks.

“You know I don’t like that name, It’s Marjorie, remember that.”

Frieda cast her eyes down to the floor, disgraced and ashamed of what she had said.

Marjorie placed a hand under Frieda’s chin and turned it towards her. “Give me a kiss and say you’re sorry.”

“I’m sorry Marjorie. I didn’t mean to call you by that name. I’ll not do that again,” the submissive Frieda replied.

“Good, sweetheart. We’ll kiss and forget.” So saying, Marjorie swept Frieda into her arms and a long lingering kiss took place between them. Marjorie’s hands wandered down to the seat of Frieda’s white nylon panties and slowly rubbed. Frieda held Marjorie tighter as a bulge started to appear at the front of her panties.

Marjorie pulled herself away. “That’s enough excitement for now, Frieda. Besides, it’s time I left for the office,” she said, glancing at her wrist watch.

“Marjorie, I don’t want to be left in this state”

“Well, if you’re a good girl, maybe tonight you will have some fun. I’ll buy you some fancy panties, you’ll like that. Do the house work; we will have to see about a proper job for you. I’ll phone you if I think of anything else. Understand?”

“Yes, Marjorie” Frieda wearily said, knowing by now it was useless arguing with her wife. Marjorie

lifted the black jacket that was part of her business suit off the bed and slipped it on. As she exited the bedroom, she looked at her husband standing there in just bra and panties. "For heaven's sake, get a decent dress on, Frieda. You look almost naked."

Marjorie Watt Gilmore smiled to herself as she drove the company car to their business office at Gilmore Construction Company. She had scrutinised Frieda thoroughly that morning with a keen eye and liked what she saw; yes her husband was coming along nicely to becoming a woman.

Marjorie visualised the coming night. Frieda would be denied any sexual contact with her and had been for some considerable time. It was all part of the training to feminize her/him. Marjorie would prepare by buying a pair of panties that afternoon in a lingerie shop called "Frilly Knickers". That night she would tantalise Frieda by holding the frilly black panties before her. Black had always worked best for some reason; maybe that colour had sex appeal to Frieda's mind.

Frieda knew not that Marjorie had been pumping hormones into his/her slim body. The once aggressive Fred would soon know what it was like to be a woman. It served him right. He was small and slim; he had kept himself fit at the gym three days a week. Her ordeal with Fred had turned Marjorie against men and gave her strength to push her husband over the line into feminine ways. Fred/Frieda was not yet conscious just how far his wife would push him. Marjorie never considered Fred a great lover as a man but she would teach him how women made love with each other. Marjorie Watt was no lesbian but loving her husband as a woman had to be better than the half-hearted efforts Fred made as

a man. Marjorie had nothing to lose turning Fred into a woman; their relationship had certainly failed as man and wife.

Marjorie never thought she would become a businesswoman; she had been to university and studied to be a teacher. Then she was timid as quiet as a church mouse, as they say.

Everything changed when Fred Gilmore came into her life. Marjorie Watt was now the Managing Director of the company; she took that position away from Fred when she saved the company from bankruptcy and near failure. Marjorie liked being an aggressive businesswoman, especially when she ground some poor male into the dust in a business deal for the company. Hard-nosed businessmen no longer worried her after her ordeal with Fred.

FRED GILMORE: BUSINESS MAN

Fred Gilmore didn't start life as a business man; he was a labourer on a road construction gang like his old man, now long dead. His mother had no regrets of her husband's death from cirrhosis of the liver for he had made her life a misery. A drunkard was Charlie Gilmore, spending all his money on booze and beating his wife. Mary Gilmore only stuck with him for the sake of her young son Fred; otherwise she would have left Charlie long ago.

It was not unusual for Mary to go through Charlie's trouser pockets on pay day when Charlie staggered home blitzed and flopped out on their bed. Any money retrieved was quickly put aside for food and clothes for herself and Fred. Money left over was put in a bank account that Charlie knew noth-

ing of. If Charlie questioned where his money was, Mary would reply that he had spent it on drink.

The house Fred was brought up in consisted of a bedroom, kitchenette and bathroom. While his grades were nothing to write home about, he wasn't stupid and had an active brain. His father pushed him into being a labourer; if it was good enough for him it was good enough for his son.

Fred Gilmore never appreciated his father and the way he treated his mother. His father introduced Fred to alcohol for Charlie Gilmore was a hard-drinking whiskey man. That led to many years of dealing with alcoholism for Fred.

Fred Gilmore knew there was more in life than swinging a pick axe and digging roads; he was ambitious and wished his father had put him in some trade but was stuck being a labourer. He took courses in night school and gained certificates. After a few years, he felt he had sufficient knowledge to start his own company. But to start out on his own needed a large amount of money, which he didn't have.

Even starting on a small scale, he would not have enough money. He had some put aside and could always ask his mother but he would still be well short of the required amount. His mother was more than willing to put her saved money into the project.

"Fred, we do not have enough money for this. I would advise you to see the bank manager for a loan."

"Yes mother, that was what I had in mind. Do you think I stand a chance?"

"You'll never know till you ask. You are a hard worker and have given me your wage packet every

Friday night, unlike that father of yours. I have faith in you, Fred. I think you will make a success of it. I love you Fred and my heart says you will get on in this life.”

“I couldn’t have a better mother. I won’t forget this.” Mother and son embraced each other.

Fred made an appointment with his bank’s manager. Seated in front of the manager, Fred explained his ambitious plans for his company very enthusiastically, giving it his best shot. The manager, a much older man than Fred, listened very carefully, not saying a word till Fred finished. He slowly looked Fred up and down, taking his time before he spoke. Fred thought he had failed in his attempt for the loan.

The manager spoke, “Mr. Gilmore, I have listened very carefully to the ideas you have for your company. The amount of money you ask is a considerable sum, for this bank to loan to anyone. You are no doubt aware that you are in competition with many companies.”

“Yes sir, I’m fully aware of that.”

Fred was about to add to that when the manager gave him a stare that would have frozen you to the ground.

“I haven’t finished, Mr. Gilmore I think you have the energy and enthusiasm required for such a venture and I have faith in you and your plans.”

A smile broke out on Fred’s face. He could now hire the equipment needed but he didn’t yet have any orders for work. The deal was signed.

Fred Gilmore’s keen eye had already noticed a number of local roads that would have to be re-

paired soon. He had worked out the costs and the number of men required for the job.

Now was the time to approach the county road department with his estimates for these roads. The head of the department informed Fred that the roads were not yet out for tender. However he was impressed by the zeal awareness and enthusiasm shown by this man and would keep him in mind. As a test of Fred's work, some streets needed repair; it was small work but it would tide Fred over till he had a large contract. Fred put a lot of effort into that work with a few other men he had hired. Then the first of the roads he had scouted came up for estimate. He was hired for one at first, other road repairs were given to established companies. Fred put a lot of effort into that work.

It would take a considerable amount of time to finish the project and the contract had penalties clauses if it was not finished on time. Fred Gilmore sweat blood to have it finished on time and correctly, which it was. The county roads department was more than satisfied, much to Fred's relief.

Fred Gilmore's company expanded to the extent that he soon stopped working as a labourer and opened a small office. He found there were exhibitions and fairs for constructors which he soon was attending, looking for work. Gilmore Construction Company reputation for excellent work soon got around; his company prospered and was sought out. It was during one exhibition that he came across Henry Wright who owned a large construction and road building company. Although Henry Wright was older than Fred, he found him pleasant and jolly to be with.

“Ah, young Fred, I see you and your company are taking work from me,” said Henry.

“I’m sorry, sir,” a red-faced Fred replied.

“You shouldn’t be. It keeps us all on our toes. Nothing like good friendly rivalry, is there?”

It was Henry Wright who nominated Fred for Young Business Man of the Year for the county. Much to Fred’s astonishment, he won that honour. His mother so proud of him. This meant he would have to make a speech and wear a tux.

Fred had no girlfriend as yet, being so busy. Therefore it was his mother who accompanied him to the dinner. Mary Gilmore was rightly proud of her son and his achievements and wanted to look her best for this auspicious occasion. Fred gave his mother all the money she required to buy a beautiful evening dress. On the day of the event, Mary treated herself to a hairdo and a makeover. On his arm, she looked as radiant and pretty as any woman there.

After the lavish dinner came numerous speeches, eventually the one Fred had prepared. He thanked Henry Wright for the nomination and those who voted for him. All there applauded, then toasted him and his achievement.

When he finished his speech, Henry Wright asked him if was coming to the annual dinner dance in a few weeks.

“I would like to, Henry, but I have no partner.”

“If I may suggest, Fred, and your mother doesn’t mind, I know a nice young lady who would be delighted to accompany you if you asked her.”

“Its time you had a girlfriend, Fred. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” said his mother.

“Then it’s settled. I shall ask Marjorie Watt, the granddaughter of my old partner Andrew Stevens. She’s a charming girl. I think you’ll like her.”

Marjorie Watt, age 25, was a well-educated woman, a teacher in primary school. Her mother was a widow, the eldest daughter of Andrew Stevens, long dead, as was her husband Reginald.

Fred hired a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce to take himself and Marjorie to the dance held in the local Town Hall. Marjorie Watt lived with her mother in a large mansion out in the country in nice wooded surroundings, which impressed Fred. He was even more impressed when he beheld Marjorie, a small flaxen haired woman in a stunning shimmering black gown. Fred never had much to do with women but Marjorie captivated his heart. Both Fred and Marjorie were shy around each other that first time.

Constance Watt, Marjorie’s mother, a socialite, wanted her daughter to marry into some high class family or at least connect with a rich business man with his own company.

Fred Gilmore was rather embarrassed on the dance floor. Marjorie could have laughed but she took pity on poor Fred and both retired from the dance floor. This gave Fred an opportunity to talk with his delightful partner of the night.

“Shall we go to the bar, Miss Watt?”

“By all means, Mr. Gilmore, but please call me Marjorie. We’re not going to address each other as Miss and Mister all night, are we?:”

“Then you must call me Fred. What do you work, Marjorie?”

Marjorie explained she worked as a teacher in primary school. Fred then told all about his company and his ambitions. The night quickly flew as both dreamily looked into each other’s eyes and soon it was time for Fred to see Marjorie home.

The Rolls stopped in the driveway in front of the stately mansion where Marjorie lived.

“Won’t you come in, Fred? There is only mother waiting up for me, she still thinks I am a schoolgirl coming back from my first prom.”

On entering, Marjorie led Fred through a number of corridors till eventually they came to a very large living room. A log fire was burning, a distinguished looking woman in her mid-fifties sat comfortably on a large chair reading a book. She looked up on the pair entering. “Darling, did you have a good time? This must be Mr. Gilmore I’ve heard so much about you from Henry Wright.”

“All good I hope, Mrs. Watt,” said Fred a bit awkwardly.

“Henry says you are an up-and-coming young man. You must be if you received the Young Business Man of the Year Award.”

Connie Watt looked Fred up and down as had his bank manager. She liked what she saw. She had already made her mind up to encourage the romance between her daughter and this man.

“Would you like something to drink, Mr. Gilmore? Tea, coffee or would you prefer something stronger? Whiskey, gin, vodka, you name it.”

“A cup of tea would be nice, Mrs. Watt.”

Connie Watt smiled as she made conversation between herself and Fred. She was taken by Fred Gilmore. He and her daughter would get on well together; Connie was certain of that. Eventually it was time for Fred to depart. Marjorie saw him to the door where the Rolls waited.

“Can I see you again, Marjorie?” On an impulse, Fred swept Marjorie into his arms and kissed her.

“Yes, Fred. Give me a ring during the week and we will sort something out.” Marjorie scribbled her phone number on a piece of paper and handed to him.

Very soon they were constantly dating and it was becoming serious. Fred’s mother was not disappointed on seeing Marjorie for the first time. She thought Marjorie was the woman for her son, a bit on the quiet side but a nice pretty woman and well-educated which Fred was not. Mary dreamed of the day she would be a grandmother and have grandchildren around her feet.

After six months of going together, Marjorie had decided that Fred was the man for her. But Fred had not proposed. Just how serious was he? Marjorie just asked straight out, “Don’t you think we should get married?”

Fred hesitated. “We should have a trial first, Marge.”

“Trial? What do you mean by a trial?”

“Live together and see if we are suited to each other.”

“I’m not happy with that arrangement. I’m sure my mother and yours would call it living in sin.”

“I love you. What harm can it do? It’s the way nowadays.”

“I don’t know, Fred. I’ll have to think about it doesn’t seem right at all. I’m not convinced.” No more was said for the present.

Marjorie Watt had a number of girlfriends from university and consulted them about this matter. Some were now married some were not. The vote for living with Fred or not was 50/50. So it all came down to her and in the end she decided to live in sin.

That led to friction between herself and her mother who disapproved of such an arrangement. Connie had slept with Reggie, her future husband, but had not lived with him in the manner her daughter proposed to do. As for Fred’s mother, like Connie Watt she was not at all happy about this arrangement between her son and Marjorie and strongly advised against it.

“But mother, everyone is doing that nowadays,” said her son.

“Well, it’s not right in my eyes but you seem determined. I’m not sure if Marjorie’s heart is in this even if she has agreed.” No more was said between mother and son on that matter.

Fred spent a lot of time furnishing and preparing the flat to Marjorie specs, and a nice little love nest it was.

They invited friends to a first night party in the flat, however both their mothers were not invited because of their objections to them living together.

That night Fred and Marjorie, after their delicious dinner, were happy talking with friends.

Toasts were made to the couple by all and presents were presented and received.

When all the guests left, it was bedtime. Although they had been a loving pair, the couple had never had sex together. In a way, this was a honeymoon night. Whatever expectations Marjorie had for a sexual experience, this was not it. Their sexual intercourse seemed to be over before it began. It was wham bam, thank you ma'am. You would have to go back in time to Fred's one and only sexual experience prior to this night to understand.

It was with a girl Fred knew in high school who had a reputation for being "easy." Friends hooked Fred up with her when they found out he was a virgin. Fred, being nervous, was not exactly a tender and experienced lover and came quickly. Too quickly. The girl laughed in his face, dressed quickly and left Fred standing in the woods alone, feeling stupid and inadequate. It was an inauspicious introduction to sex.

Around this time Mary, Fred's mother, intimated that the house Fred had bought for them was now too big for her.

"Just tell me what you wish, mother and I'll buy it for you." Although Mary disapproved of the relationship between her son and Marjorie, she was still on speaking terms with him.

What Mary desired was a nice little bungalow near the sea. One was found in a very upper-class district, not far from the beach. Mary found herself very popular with her neighbours, mainly retired

lawyers, doctors, businessmen and their wives, even though they were better educated than she.

From time to time, Fred and Marjorie would visit his mother at her cottage. It was not always comfortable for Fred for Mary would get on her high horse about this living together with Marjorie. "It's not right," she would say. That was usually enough for Marjorie to take up the cudgel and add her piece to the fray. Marjorie had been very reluctant about the arrangement even if she had agreed and the constant haranguing was getting to Fred. Marjorie thought marriage would be the best solution to satisfy her sexual needs. She was sure that was why Fred rushed everything in bed. Being settled down would change things for the better.

Fred was forced into marriage, whether he liked it or not. For Constance Watt, nothing would be spared for her daughter's nuptials. It would be a big fancy high church wedding with all the trimmings. Fred forked out a lot of money on the wedding to please Marjorie. She would have been happy to marry in a registry office; it was her mother who insisted on this blow-out.

The wedding over, it was back to work. A much happier Marjorie was now a married woman. Fred, now a businessman, was stuck in the office all day with the daily problems of the company. Fred often found himself working alone in the office till the early hours in the morning. It was around this time that Fred lapsed back into the old habit of drinking to excess.

Nearby the office was a bar by the name of 'Sophisticated Lady' which Fred now frequently visited after finishing work. A high-class bar, it was well-furnished, with secluded dimly-lit corners

where one could talk in secret, for ladies of the night were to be seen within the premises.

Fred never seemed to notice this for the problems of his company were always to the forefront in his mind. Even when one of that breed of ladies would sit at his table, uninvited, to talk with him, he never took any notice of her revealing dress.

“Funny one, that,” would remark the well-dressed woman with a nod from those who had thought they might have a customer. It was usually Sam the barman who phoned for a taxi to take Fred back home, for Fred would always leave his car at the office and take no risks.

It was Sam who had the ladies of the night in the bar; they were a nice little earner for he got his cut of their dealings. No lady could operate in the ‘Sophisticated Lady’ without Sam getting his share of her takings. Any not complying with that was soon chased away by the heavies that Sam employed for that purpose.

It was a drunk Fred who came home one night, much to the concern of Marjorie; this was something she never had any experience with. This situation became commonplace. She would cry and plead with him and was told to shut up by her now aggressive husband. Things were getting worse for poor Marjorie; she would occasionally find herself being hit by her husband. Something had to be done but what? She told Mary, her mother-in-law, about the situation. Mary sympathised with Marjorie and understood the problems for she had been there before. But what was the solution? Mary made the off-handed remark, “If only men were the ones in a skirt, and had to face a drunken lout. They would soon know what it was all about.”

A bust-up was in the cards and it came one night when a drunken Fred came home. Alighting from a taxi, he came to the front door of their mansion. Reaching into his trouser pocket for the house keys, he fiddled around but failed to find them. Battering the door, he shouted, "Marjorie you cow, open the door!"

Marjorie was fast asleep but the banging eventually woke her up. She got up, put a dressing gown on, made her way downstairs, and opened the door. "About time, you cow. Get me my dinner at once," demanded her intoxicated husband.

Marjorie looked at him. "Fred Gilmore, you're drunk and in no fit state for anything. Get upstairs to bed at once."

"No woman is going to tell me what to do" said the blitzed Fred. He made a lunge for Marjorie which she easily avoided. She made for the stairs to the bedroom, Fred was not far behind. Once there, she turned the key, locking the door in time as Fred started battering it. Marjorie, using all her strength, pushed a chest of drawers in front of the door.

It would be no lie to say Marjorie was genuinely frightened for her life. If she survived this ordeal, she was leaving this house but where would she go? The only place that came to mind was her mother's. Eventually the obscenities stopped; Marjorie guessed correctly he had fallen asleep in a drunken stupor. That may be as good as any time to get the hell out of here, thought she. She dressed herself and put her handbag over her shoulder, making sure the car keys were there. She removed the chest of drawers in front of the room door and saw Fred sprawled out on the carpeted floor. She tip-toed past

him, down the stairs, out the front door in the garage, got into her car and was gone.

It was still early hours when she drew up in front of her mother's mansion. She stood at the front door after ringing the chiming bell a few times. Eventually Elsie wearing a nightgown opened the door "Miss Marjorie!" she exclaimed, surprised at seeing her.

Marjorie swept past her and into the living room. "Tell mother I wish to see her," she addressed Elsie.

"Your mother has had a late night, Miss Marjorie. I don't think she would wish to be disturbed at this hour."

"I don't care, I want to talk to her now. Just do as you are told," she angrily said.

It took a few knocks on Connie Watt's bedroom door till she finally was roused from her beauty sleep.

After being admitted, Elsie explained her daughter was here. "What the hell does she want at this time in the morning?"

Elsie was dismissed and Connie slipped a dressing gown on and tied the sash; with her hair net on, she made for the living room. It had been a late night for Connie; she had been wined and dined by Sir Rodney Harrington before going to a concert at the Festival Hall.

The first thing Connie said on seeing her daughter was, "Shouldn't you be getting ready for school, dear?"

"Mother, I am going to divorce Fred."

It came as a shock to Connie Watt who could not comprehend it all, being very sleepy.

She turned to her daughter. "You can explain everything over breakfast, dear."

"Yes mother," said Marjorie. She wasn't interested in eating for she had so much on her mind.

The whole story came out and Marjorie intimated that she wished to stay with her mother for the present. Connie was not happy. Divorce was unknown in the Watt family. Marjorie would have to be dissuaded if possible. Connie did have a liking for Fred even after hearing what her daughter had just said. As far as living in her house, well, Marjorie could but Connie wouldn't be here; in a few days' time she would be off on a cruise to the Mediterranean in Sir Rodney Harrington's yacht, moored at present in Monte Carlo.

Marjorie phoned the school, telling the headmistress she wasn't feeling well today. Connie had told Elsie to make ready the spare room as her daughter would be staying a while.

SIR RODNEY HARRINGTON, C.B.E.

Constance Watt wanted to prepare herself for the coming cruise so new summer dresses were purchased for the delight of her man. A lot of thoughts ran through her head. One in particular that appealed to her was that she would soon be known as Lady Constance Harrington. It had been love at first sight when Constance met Sir Rodney at a high society soiree a few years earlier.

Now that Sir Rodney was to be married again, he thought it only proper that Connie should have a ring as a token of his love.

Connie was overcome the night he slipped the diamond ring on her finger. "Oh Rodney, it's beautiful," she purred and gave him a kiss.

On the home front the ever-watchful maid Elsie noticed it and that Sir Rodney Harrington was a constant companion of her mistress.

"That's a nice ring you have, mistress," commented the sly and nosey Elsie.

"Yes isn't it, Elsie? Sir Rodney gave it to me. We're going on a summer cruise on his yacht."

That's why she was buying all these summer frocks, thought the servant.

Marjorie Gilmore was told by her mother of her arrangements for this cruise but was not yet told about the forthcoming marriage of her mother. Marjorie had so much on her mind it would have been the least of her worries. In fact she was rather glad her mother was going away; it gave her time to think over her present situation.

Elsie wondered why Miss Marjorie was now living back home for no one had taken her into their confidence about the situation.

VACATION TIME ON THE RIVIERA FOR CONNIE

Within two days Constance Watt left her daughter for her summer vacation on Sir Rodney's yacht. However it was found at Monte Carlo that the yacht "Lady Rose" was not quite ready and still needed some fitting out. "Never worry," said Sir Rodney, "my villa will house us till the yacht is ready."

Sir Rodney's villa was the last word in luxury, snuggled in the hills overlooking Monte Carlo. The days spent there were not wasted for a tour of the

perfume factories at Grasse was arranged. This being for the benefit of the ladies of which there were five in the party of ten, Connie, Lady Clarissa and three other women accompanied by their husbands.

In some factories the women found they could even make up their own perfume which pleased them. Sir Rodney bought Connie a very expensive Eau De Cologne named "For Madam's Pleasure." He whispered in her ear, "You will wear this when we go to the opera at La Scala Milan.

This surprised Connie for it was the first time anything had been mentioned about going for a trip to Milan with. She was looking forward to that and shopping while there. Sir Rodney had his private jet standing by for the flight. The party was booked into a five-star hotel. Sir Rodney had no intention of returning to his villa the same day as the opera for he had designs on Connie.

On arrival at the hotel, Constance Watt found she and Sir Rodney were booked into the same room. She said not a word as the porter carried their light luggage to the magnificent suite.

"Rodney, I simply must go to the best couture in Milan for an evening gown for tonight. I cannot wear these rags." The rags Connie was talking about had cost several hundred pounds back in London.

"Of course you must, my dear. I want my woman in the finest money can buy. I'll accompany you to see that you do."

"Oh Rodney darling, I am so glad that you love me so," gushed Constance. She put her arms round him and they passionately kissed.

A naked Constance Watt found herself on her hands and knees on the deluxe four-poster bed in

the five-star hotel room. Her head rested on a soft satin pillow with her backside projected upwards. A nude Sir Rodney posed behind her with a stiffing penis about to enter into her vagina.



This position was so much better than the usual “missionary” one. Just how much better Connie was about to find, as she felt Rodney enter her and go deeper within her than any man had done before. She moaned with delight; she could take this all night long if Rodney could keep it up there. Unfortunately for our excited trembling lady that was not to happen as she felt warm jets of semen squirt inside her willing receptacle. Connie snuggled up to Rodney in a peaceful sleep afterwards.

A few weeks after they arrived back home, Sir Rodney informed Constance the yacht would be ready to start a new voyage in a few days. “Connie my dear, I intend to make a trip to Cannes tomorrow, I wish you to accompany me.”

“But of course, Rodney. Where are you going?”

“It is an intimate matter, my dear, which I would rather discuss with you in private.”

“Very well,” said Connie, very curious as to what intimate matter would be private between her and Sir Rodney.

Later that night Constance was invited to Rodney’s room for a drink. “Take a seat, my dear,” said Rodney with a flourish of his hand pointing to the chaise lounge. “I’ll be with you in a minute once I finish writing this letter to the Governor of the BBC. I must complain about that disgusting play that was on the television the other week. Did you see it?”

Connie wasn’t too sure which play he meant, however she agreed with what he had said.

“Now my dear, what do wish to drink? A Martini?” said he without waiting for a reply. So there was Constance Watt sitting on the chaise lounge, Martini in hand, with Rodney sitting beside her with his scotch on the rocks.

Taking her hand in his, he said, “Connie my dear, do you remember that night of passionate love in Milan?”

“Of course darling, how could I ever forget?”

“And do you remember me asking if you would you do anything for me?”

“Yes,” she hesitantly answered, wondering what this was all leading to.

“Have you ever worn directoire knickers before?”

What a strange question, thought Connie. “I can’t say I have Rodney. Why?”

“If I bought you a pair, would you wear them?”

Things were getting stranger and stranger. “If it pleases you, Rodney, then I will.”

Connie found herself smothered in kisses from Sir Rodney. “Oh my darling, darling,” exclaimed the noble gentleman. Connie glanced down at Rodney’s pants. “My god!” she thought, “he’s got an erection. It’s only a pair of knickers.”

“Then tomorrow we go to Cannes for you to be fitted out for a pair of directoire knickers!”

The next morning after breakfast, Connie and Rodney set off to Cannes. The day was nice and sunny as the couple arrived. A small cafe overlooking the beach front was found and Connie and Rodney sat there, sipping coffee and relaxing.

“Connie,” said Rodney with an arm round her shoulder, “I know an excellent corsetiere here who will fit you out with the best directoire knickers that money can buy.”

“I must be honest with you, I have never worn them before. You rather like them, I presume?”

“My beloved, I have as much passion for them as I do you. I’m sure the experience of wearing such delightful garments will thrill you and you will learn to love them.”

“They’re only a pair of knickers,” ran once again through Connie’s mind but if it got Rodney so worked up what harm could it do?

Sir Rodney gave instructions to the driver as to where he wished to go. It was off the beaten tracks that they came upon a sign that proclaimed “Madame Arianne, Corsetiere” above a small shop on a back street.

“This is it, Connie.” The party entered the quaint shop where a woman of thirtyish was serving behind the counter. When she finished with her customer, she asked Rodney in French, “What can I do for you, monsieur?” Sir Rodney Harrington who spoke excellent French replied, “I wish to speak with Madame Arianne.”

“Alas monsieur, my mother is dead.”

“I am so sorry to hear that madam. We will delay you no longer.”

As they turned to leave, the woman behind the counter said, “I remember you, monsieur. You used to visit here with Madame. I was a little girl then. Eloise, do you remember?”

“I do remember a little girl, Eloise, but you certainly have filled out nicely, I must say.”

“Can I be of any help, monsieur?”

“I don’t know, Eloise. Your mother made *directoire* knickers for my late wife Rose. I know that sort of lady’s garment may be out of fashion these days,” said Rodney. He was about to continue when Eloise interrupted him.

“I remember that, monsieur, but you are so much mistaken. I have a number of ladies who regularly come here for fittings. Mother taught me all I know. I will be most happy to oblige you and madam,” she said, giving a glance at Connie.

“Then I think we have come to the right place, I wish to buy the best *directoire* knickers with the finest of silk and satin for Madame,” Rodney said, indicating Connie.

“I don’t think that will be any problem, monsieur. I will have to take measurements of Madame”

“Of course. How soon can they be made? I am more than prepared to make it worth your while if the intimate garments can be delivered tomorrow. I would require seven different colours to start with.”

Eloise thought this over; she could do this by working all day and into late night on the order.

The deal was signed and a delighted Sir Rodney left the premises after Connie had been taken to a dressing booth and had measurements taken.

On the journey back to Sir Rodney’s villa, Connie asked him why he wanted seven pairs of these knickers.

“One for each day of the week, my dear,” was the reply.

“Oh,” said Connie. Stupid question.

The following morning saw Connie and Rodney leave once more for Cannes. Connie stood in the corsetiere shop. Eloise said, “If Madame would care to come with me, we will fit you out with the directoire knickers”.

What Constance was to find were knickers she had never seen the likes of before. For not only were they in different colours, her initials had been sown on each leg along with the day of the week on which they were to be worn.

“Feel the material, Madame,” said Eloise, handing a pair of them to Connie. These beautiful sophisticated shiny satin directoire knickers were of a tea rosé colour; the cut of them was elegant. The satin fabric fell in luxurious folds tumbling down the thighs to neat elasticised leg holes and sensational against the skin. The attention to detail and making of the satin knickers makes them an item to cherish, with their deep luxury embroidery anglaise frill at the knee.

“You must try them and wear these for monsieur. He expects it”

Connie put on the offered knickers. They captivated her heart. No intimate woman’s underwear had ever felt so sensuous to her legs which were prisoners to the erotic feel of the material caressing them. The satin material slid so easily against her legs as she walked. She was sure Sir Rodney would worship her like a goddess in them.

Once in the car taking them back to Sir Rodney’s villa, Connie whispered in his ear, “I’ve got them on, darling”

“Oh my beloved Connie, you must expose your delightful undergarments for inspection by my eyes please.”

Connie drew her skirt up to above her knees and the tea rose directoire knickers came into sight. Constance watched with interest as a lump grew in Sir Rodney’s trousers.

“Why Rodney, you have an erection, you naughty boy,” declared Connie.

“It is the vision of you, my dear, in the excitable directories. You must let me feel them at once.” His hand was now on the crotch between her legs.

“Not so fast, Rodney. Before I let you go any further, you must tell me why this type of women’s undergarments fascinates you.” Connie’s had now pulled the hand of Rodney from her sacred spot.

“If you will give me this pleasure I will reveal all tonight but you must come to my room in only these knickers you are wearing. I will photograph you in various poses in them.”

Connie considered this. It seemed reasonable and daring to be there dressed in nothing else but these knickers. Who would ever have thought a pair of knickers could generate so much passion and excitement?

“Very well but you must keep that promise.”

Immediately, Connie found Rodney’s hand back between her legs persistently caressing her cunt through the tea rose directoire. It got the two worked up in a lather of passion and a lot of heavy breathing. The chauffeur was not complaining as he got an excellent view of all taking place in the back seat in his rear view mirror.

After midnight Connie slipped a dressing gown over her naked body except for the pair of tea rose directoire knickers she wore. She made her way to Sir Rodney's and room knocked on the door. The door was quickly opened by the man himself. "My dear, please come in and make yourself welcome."

Connie could see a digital camera lying on a chair. Connie's stood up to undo the buttons on her dressing gown. However Sir Rodney was already slipping the gown off Connie's body till she stood there in just the tea rose knickers.

"Magnificent, my dear. Stand there while I pose you for the camera." Connie was placed face on for the first shot. Rodney lifted the camera and snapped several times of her in that pose. Then came a side-on shot in which her small breasts hung down. Her nipples were hardening, making the photo more erotic.

More shots in different poses followed. These would be placed in a scrap book by Sir Rodney; photographs of Rose his late wife were also there. The photos would also be kept on his computer.

Once the session was finished, Sir Rodney placed the dressing gown back on Connie.

"I wear always these for your delectation," said the excited Connie. Wasn't it wonderful to be thought a goddess and put on a pedestal? thought Constance Watt. What power she had over this man by just wearing a pair of knickers.

The very next day after her mother left, Marjorie made an appointment with the family lawyer.

There she sat before young Charles Abercrombie. Charles looked pleasantly at Marjorie. "How can I be of service to you, Mrs. Gilmore?"

"I wish to divorce my husband, Mr Abercrombie."

"I see, Mrs. Gilmore on what grounds."

"It is cruelty, Mr. Abercrombie".

"I am sorry to say you must tell me the whole sad story although it may grieve you. If this story goes to court, you will be severely quizzed by your husband lawyer if he contends the divorce."

"I have nothing to hide and will be more than pleased to be rid of Fred. I just cannot stand this anymore."

Charles Abercrombie's ears picked up. This was Marjorie Gilmore, the wife of Fred Gilmore of Gilmore Construction Company. Thought of a large settlement and a nice little earner for himself ran through his mind.

"Please carry on, Mrs. Gilmore," said Charles, mentally rubbing his hands together at the thought of what could be gained money-wise in the settlement.

Marjorie told everything from how she and Fred met to their living together, their marriage and the drunken nights when Fred came home.

"You have excellent grounds for divorce, Mrs. Gilmore. You can expect a large settlement from your husband that should see you set up for life."

“You have been most helpful, Mr. Abercrombie. The divorce is all I want. As for the money, it worries me none. I am quite happy working as a school teacher. I find it most rewarding to see a child get on in life from my encouraging words.”

“But you do want to go ahead with the divorce, Mrs. Gilmore?”

“I only wish I could say no for I did love that man at one time. Please go ahead.”

“Very well. It may take a little time to get the wheels in motion but I will inform you of all that happens.”

A shake of hands and Marjorie left the office. There was no other way out was there?

Marjorie had taken a number of days off work so it was back to school she now went. The headmistress was glad for it meant the timetable could stop being shuffled about. Miss Wylie the headmistress found that the once quiet Marjorie was not a church mouse anymore and not afraid to express her opinion. She had become a very aggressive woman as many were to find that out for themselves, including the nosey Elsie.

What had happened to Fred Gilmore during this time? The first thing to hit him was the continued absence of his wife. He mistakenly thought that Marjorie would come crawling back to him. After all he was the main wage earner. It must be said his company was giving him enormous problems and balancing the books gave him a headache. That headache drove him to drink hence his frequent trips to the “Sophisticated Lady”. The trips didn’t stop even after his wife left but he did now take more notice of the ladies there.

When Fred found that Marjorie was not coming crawling back and he was missing her, there was nothing left but to phone her and humbly ask her to come back. On receiving the call, she curtly said no and slammed the phone down.

Fred realised just how serious the situation was. Marjorie would not even listen to him, would not even see him; he was a desperate man. He came to the conclusion that there was one person who could act on his behalf, his mother. Marjorie and Mary seemed to get on well with each other.

Fred made the trip to his mother's seaside home and poured out all that was troubling him.

"Well, I don't blame the lass. I should have left your father left him and taken you with me."

"She won't even see me, mother. I know she would listen to you if you went to her. I only want to have a conversation with her. Maybe we can sort matters out between us."

"I'll think this over, Fred. You deserve all that came to you. Give up the drink."

Fred left with hope that his mother would do something. A few nights later he received a phone call from his mother. "I'm coming to your house, Fred. to make an arrangement to see Marjorie. If all goes well, she may see you but from there it is all up to you."

"Thank you, mother, I won't let you down," said Fred.

"It's not about me, it's about Marjorie."

Mary Gilmore kept her word and arrived at her son home which was in a mess, to say the least. She set to work tidying the place up and made him

meals for he had hardly eaten since Marjorie left. She then phoned Marjorie making an arrangement to see her to talk about the situation between her and her son.

The ever-watchful Elsie admitted Mary Gilmore that night to the drawing room where Marjorie sat in a well-upholstered chair.

“Please take a seat, Mary,” the lady of the house said, gesturing with her hand. “You may leave us, Elsie. I’ll let you know if we need anything,” Marjorie said to a disappointed Elsie who wanted to hear all the scandal.

“Do you wish a cup of tea or biscuits before we talk?”

“No thanks, Marjorie, maybe after our talk.”

“As you wish, Mary,” said Marjorie.

“Let’s not beat about the bush. From what my son says your marriage has hit a sticky patch.”

“It’s more serious than that. I am filing for divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Fred has not heard from my lawyers but he will in the near future.”

That information somewhat set Mary back. Maybe she came at the right time to save the situation.

“I see. Fred tells me you won’t entertain meeting him and from what you say, I don’t blame you. I plead with you to at least hear him out before you go any further with the divorce. Give it one last shot please, for me if not for Fred.”

“I will think about it but Fred certainly have to change his ways drastically if we were to get together again,” replied Marjorie.

“I think I shall take that cup of tea now, thanks, Marjorie,” said her mother-in-law.

Elsie brought the tea in and served it in the china cups as the ladies made polite conversation about the latest fashions and gossip as they gently sipped. Elsie had missed all the juicy bits. Why should Marjorie’s mother-in-law be here and wherever was her husband?

Fred Gilmore received a phone call from his wife to meet her one night at her mother’s house.

His knock on the door was answered by Elsie, curious as to why Marjorie’s husband should be there now.

“My wife is expecting me,” was all Fred said.

Marjorie was once again sitting in the drawing room on the well-upholstered chair.

“I haven’t much to say to you, Fred. I expect your mother has already told you I am filing for divorce.”

“I can’t believe this, Marjorie. After all we’ve been through, don’t we mean something to each other?”

“Maybe at one time but I cannot stand you being drunk every night and I will not stand it any longer.”

“I’ll change, you’ll see. Give me a chance please, Marge.”

Fred was not doing himself any favours calling his wife Marge for she hated being called by that name.

“I’ll sleep on it and let you know. I think our conversation is at an end,” said Marjorie abruptly

Fred had never seen Marjorie act as aggressively as she was doing this night. Then he made a confession “Marge, I am not using this as an excuse but I

am having problems making the company books balance. A lot of money seems to be missing which I cannot account for. It is driving me up the wall and I go to the 'Sophisticated Lady' to drown my sorrow. That is all I can offer."

"That does not excuse your behaviour one little bit Fred. Why was I not informed of this a long time ago?"

"I'm sorry. I should have taken you into my confidence but now you know the situation." He was glad he had confessed. As a parting shot, he added, "I'll do anything to get us together again, Marge, anything."

Marjorie cringed. There was that name Marge again. He would do anything, would he?

All Fred's pleading hadn't changed Marjorie's mind about divorcing her husband as yet. But Fred saying he would do anything to have her back with him fascinated her. What was the worst scenario she could think of to prove he meant what he said? Over the next few days she would give considerable thought to that question.

That throwaway remark by her mother-in-law Mary came back to her. "If only they were the ones in a skirt, they would soon know what it was all about." That remark set Marjorie's mind on a course that she had never considered before. The thought of Fred in a skirt was laughable but suppose it was taken to the point where it wasn't a joke? If they were to get back together, there would no longer be a man in bed beside her but a woman. It was worth a try if it saved the marriage. But most important was that he must never go back to drinking.

The problem of Fred not being able to balance the books of his company she would have to look into. Math had been one of her best subjects at university. If she found the answer to that problem, she would execute her plans for Fred to transform into a woman. After all, he did say he would do anything to keep her, didn't he?

Marjorie phoned her husband. The call was answered by her mother-in-law. "Is Fred there, Mary"?

"Yes. I'll go and get him" Mary was glad that Marjorie was on speaking terms with her son.

Marjorie told her husband she would inspect the books of the company and would discuss this with him later that night at her present abode.

"Are you and Marjorie back together?" enquired Fred's mother after the call.

"No, not yet. She wants me over at her house to discuss company matters."

"Well, that's at least a start. Don't blow it, son. She is a nice woman, your wife."

Later that day, Fred was in earnest conversation with his wife.

"I will go to your office after school so I want the keys, please. I may be up all hours looking through the company books. Who else looks at the company's books apart from yourself?"

"Nobody except my accountants. Do you think you are competent enough to tackle this?"

"How dare you question my ability? I studied math at university. No one but you and me will know this, not even your accountants. Understand?"

Marjorie had put Fred in his place and the now-submissive husband handed the keys of the office over to her. He had a spare set anyway.

“Does this mean we are back together, Marge?”

“I never said that. We shall see. Don’t forget, if we do get together, you will have to change your ways.”

“Yes of course,” said Fred.

Marjorie worked on the books of the Gilmore Construction Company into the long hours of the night. Like Fred, she found they were not balancing. There seemed to be large amounts of money being paid to a company called Goliath Construction for some unknown reason.

Marjorie would need to do some detective work to find out who or what this Goliath Construction company was.

What she found was quite a revolution. Goliath Construction was bogus company that had been set up by the two accountants Fred had hired. Messrs. John Savage and Eddie Tobias had been in cahoots’ with each other skimming large sums of money to Goliath Construction.

Marjorie breathed a sigh of relief that night; the fraud squad would be called in the morning. Meantime she would celebrate at the bar that Fred had talked about, the Sophisticated Lady. Marjorie summed the place up as soon as she walked in: a high class bar with high class hookers. She ordered a drink and sat on a bar stool. It wasn’t long till one of ladies of the night sat next to her.

“Feeling lonely, honey?” said the woman.

That question rather surprised Marjorie. Yes, they were hookers but it never occurred to her they picked up women.

“Thanks for asking but I’m just in for a drink after work. Can I buy you a drink? What will you have?”

The woman could see there was no business happening here. Still, the woman seemed friendly enough. A future customer perhaps?

“Sure, sweetheart. Gin and tonic, Sam,” said she addressing the barman.

“My name is Marjorie. What’s yours?”

“Delores, my dear.”

“I’m curious, Delores, do you do much business with women?”

“You would be surprised how many women I pick up here but the bulk of business is with businessmen late at night. However, if you’re looking for a good time, keep me in mind, sweetheart.”

“Will do, Dolores.” No more was said. Marjorie finished her drink and left. “Well, that was an experience,” thought Marjorie.

The following day, Marjorie took time off work went to Fred’s office and told him what she had discovered. The police were informed and Messrs. Savage and Tobias were taken away for questioning.

“Does this mean we are back together again, Marge?”

“I will discuss that with you tonight, Fred,” said Marjorie sternly.

There was going to be a long and serious talk with her husband for Marjorie. For a start she had

come to the conclusion that her husband was incompetent to be the managing director of the company. God knows how he ever got as far as this with the company. After going through the books, she had discovered a liking to be part of the company. Marjorie had plans for how she wanted the company to go.

That night Fred found himself being dictated by his wife.

“Fred, this is how it’s going to be. First of all, I want controlling interest in the company and I want to be the managing director.”

“But Marge...” Fred started to say.

“But nothing. It’s either that or the deal’s off and I’ll go ahead with the divorce.”

Fred Gilmore was cornered. He did want to get back together with his wife but it was a huge sacrifice to give up control of the company.

“I suppose so but I’ll still keep my shares, won’t I?”

“We’ll see about that. You won’t be needed in the office any longer. I’ll take that job on.”

“But what about me, Marge? What will I do?”

“I’m coming to that. This is where you keep that promise that you would do anything to keep us together.”

Fred was not sure what Marjorie was going to say in her present aggressive mood.

“Will you keep that promise. You have to otherwise it’s definitely off. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Then this is the deal, Fred. From now on you will be wearing women’s clothes.”

“WHAT!?” Fred felt he had been tricked into this situation. Maybe this was a whim. He would play along, then Marjorie would relent, he hoped.

“You promised!” said his wife. There was no way Marjorie was going to back down.

“I suppose so but I’m going to feel a bloody fool.”

“You’ll get used to wearing women’s clothes, it will become second nature,” said Marjorie with a triumphant smile on her face.

“We will start tomorrow. You be here at one for I have a number of things to do in the morning.” No more was said.

The following morning, Marjorie was up very early. Elsie noticed it. “What is she all about?” thought Elsie. “And why is she not back with her husband?”

Marjorie’s first call was to her school where she put in her resignation. Then on to the lawyers where she told Charles Abercrombie she was dropping the divorce. He was disappointed for a nice fat cheque would be coming his way if the divorce proceeded.

Then to the company’s office she went. “Let me see this morning’s mail,” she said to her husband’s secretary.

“It’s Mr. Gilmore who sees all the mail in the morning, Mrs. Gilmore.”

Marjorie looked at the woman. "What's your name?"

"Debbie, Mrs. Gilmore".

"Debbie, I am in charge and I give the orders from now on. Do I make myself clear? You'll have to smarten your appearance if you want to say here!"

Debbie asked, "Will Mr. Gilmore not be coming in at all, Mrs. Gilmore?"

"I'm not sure if you will ever see Mr Gilmore again," answered Marjorie. Marjorie amused herself with the thought of what that meant.

Marjorie left the astonished Debbie and walked into the office that was once Fred's. She looked quickly through the bundle of mail, noted the letters that would need answering and used the dictation machine. She buzzed Debbie on the intercom to come into her office.

"Debbie, I am finished here for the day I have dictated the letters that need answering. Type them out and post them before you leave. I will be back tomorrow and every day from now on so don't think I am going away. Your appearance will be inspected every day." With that, Marjorie left.

Mr. Gilmore was sitting in the drawing room of his mother-in-law's house, waiting for his wife.

"Shouldn't you be at work, Mr. Gilmore" asked the ever inquisitive Elsie. All she got in reply was an hmmm. "Whatever can that mean?" thought Elsie.

"Right Fred," said Marjorie, "let's be going."

"Where are we going?"

"Where do you think? We are going to fit you out with women's clothes of course."

“You cannot be serious, Marge”

“I’m deadly serious.”

The now browbeaten Fred humbly followed his wife out the house and into her car. They made their way to a well-known ladies outfitters.

Marjorie wasn’t interested in flashy clothes at the present moment, only plain down-to-earth everyday women’s clothes.

On their entering the woman’s department, an elderly assistant came and asked, “Can I help you, madam?”

“Yes,” said Marjorie, “we are looking for some about the house dresses for my husband, just plain dresses, nothing special.”

The woman assistant didn’t bat an eye. “We have a number of flower pattern dresses. They go well for around the house, but we do have others if that is your preference. I would think it better if we try them on, madam. Come with me to this cubicle.” They were led to a vacant cubicle. The assistant left briefly, then came back with a number of dresses over her arm.

“I presume these are for sir, madam?” said the sales lady.

“You presume correctly. They are indeed for Frieda,” said Marjorie with a smile on her face, revealing to her husband the female name she had chosen for him.

“I think all we need for now is for Frieda to remove her trousers and shirt and try the dresses on, madam.” This done, a number of dresses fitted Frieda. Marjorie indicated which ones she wanted and which were unsuitable.

“Wrap them up except this one,” said Marjorie holding up a white dress with rose print on it. “Frieda will wear this for now.” Looking at her husband, Marjorie said, “We have a lot of work to do this day. Just look at your hairy legs. We must schedule a body waxing for you, and get underwear and shoes. The list is endless. A lot has to be done before we knock you into shape as a woman, I tell you.”

“If madam will follow me, I will take you to the lingerie department. There are some excellent slips in satin and silk there, just adorable,” said the saleslady.

Marjorie perused through the many slips, petticoats and panties that were displayed. She selected those she thought suitable for her husband, Frieda. He had to try them all on in embarrassment as Marjorie evaluated each item.

A set of white satin panties and slip with rose pattern matching the dress was chosen. “Now have you anything in brassieres that will go with this?” asked Marjorie.

Fred raised his eyebrows. “Oh for heaven’s sake, Marge, not a bra as well.”

“You can shut your mouth, Frieda. I told you you’re getting the works, no half measures!”

The saleslady smiled. “We have a number of brassieres that will go well with the matching slip and panties, madam.” The saleslady proceeded to bring a number of boxes containing bras from standard to long-line. Once again Marjorie sorted out what she wanted and handed them to the saleslady, except the one Frieda would wear at present.

“Very good, madam. I have brought some bra fillers for I expect sir has not yet got the necessary means of filling them to their potential.”

“Correct but who knows what will happen in time,” a beaming Marjorie said.

“Put it on at once, Frieda for we must hurry. We have shoe’s still to get and that appointment for waxing and the hairdressers are waiting too”. Wasn’t it exciting and so much fun getting your husband fitted out into the female form? thought Marjorie. They must do this more often!

“Corsets and stockings, madam?” asked the saleslady.

“Of course,” said Marjorie, looking at her husband. He could do with losing some weight. Fred was a fit man at one time but that was when he was on the road gangs. Sitting about in the office all day and no exercise had put some weight on him. Exercise, a diet, and a corset would soon knock him into feminine shape. “Have you any old-fashioned lace in corsets?” asked Marjorie.

“Yes,” answered the saleslady. She remembered putting some aside for her older ladies.

Shoes came next; pumps, heels, flats, boots in ankle and knee-length, in all colours and materials. Frieda left with a pair of black leather pumps on her feet.

That accomplished, it was off for a waxing. Bernice soon set about waxing a naked Fred. She had seen many such men in her time.

The waxing was most uncomfortable for Fred, especially across the stomach area. “Ouch!” said Fred as Bernice ripped a strip off the stomach area.

“You’ll get used to it, Fred,” laughed the waxing woman.

“Frieda!” interrupted his/her wife.

“Oh,” exclaimed the waxing woman looking intensely at the naked body before her.

Bernice advised Marjorie to bring Frieda back for waxing about every four weeks. “Eventually over time, all the body hair will disappear and she’ll be as smooth as a baby’s bottom.”

“Good, now for the hair styling, Bernice. What can you do about her hair?”

“Do intend to let her hair grow longer, Marjorie?”

“Of course,” said she.

“Then we can really get to work on it with some really fantastic hairdo. With what she has, I think a pageboy will do for present. What do you say to that, Mrs. Gilmore?”

“Perfect,” said a satisfied wife.

Bernice set to work with the scissors. Soon Frieda was sporting the pageboy hairdo. That was much better to Marjorie’s eyes. Frieda’s ears were about to be pierced; Bernice could have done it but Marjorie had already made an appointment with a jeweller.

The jeweller was already waiting for Marjorie and led her into a cubicle where his woman assistant had all the preparations for ear piercing. That task completed, picking earrings wasn’t a problem for Marjorie. Studs, droppers, hangers of all types plus rings; the amount of money spent that day considerable.

Marjorie parked her car in the driveway of their house and told Frieda to bring the packages into the house. Frieda's mother was still there and greeted Marjorie, thinking all was now well between her son and his wife.

"Then it's all patched up, Marjorie?" asked Mary.

"I suppose you could say that" answered her son's wife.

Just then Frieda came in, loaded down with all that had been brought that day.

"Take them up to the bedroom and we'll sort them out later, Frieda". Marjorie turned to her mother-in-law who wasn't paying much attention to the woman going up the stairs, thinking it was an employee of some shop Marjorie had been in that day.

"What do you think of Frieda, Mary?"

"Who, you mean that woman taking the packages up to your room?"

"Yes her, that's your son," answered Marjorie.

Mary Gilmore was absolutely speechless. She studied Marjorie's face. This was no joke. She caught her breath "I'll have to look again when he comes back."

"I can see this is a shock to your system, Mary I'll explain everything over dinner."

"Yes, please do."

A silent Frieda returned, subjected to the constant gaze from her mother.

Mary Gilmore had already prepared dinner in anticipation of Marjorie and Fred coming back and things being all right between them.

“Frieda and I have come to an agreement that I would only come back to her if she changed her ways. As far as I was concerned, it had to be as a female, nothing less. It was actually you that suggested it, Mary.”

“Me?” cut in her mother-in-law.

“Yes you. Don’t you remember saying, ‘If only they were the ones in a skirt, they would soon know what it was all about?’”

Mary Gilmore did remember saying that but her daughter-in-law had taken it way beyond what she meant. However she wasn’t going to interfere; maybe Fred was getting what was coming to him, or her. Frieda looked at her mother, not saying a word.

“I shall be leaving in the morning, Marjorie. I think you have the situation well in hand and I am not needed here any longer.”

“You’re welcome here any time, Mary. I’m sure Frieda will always want to see her mother. I’ll be taking my car to the company office in the morning. Frieda, run your mother back home,” ordered Marjorie.

“Now that the dinner is finished, we will go up to the bedroom to sort out the dresses and lingerie we purchased today. You may come with us if you wish, Mary”.

She certainly would for she wanted to see all the feminine apparel her son would be wearing from now on.

“You’re staying here now then, Marge?” asked Fred/Frieda.

“I never said that. It depends on how you progress into the female role. I will help you, then we

shall see. For now I shall be staying at mother's. I will drop in from time to time and you will have to impress me to persuade me to come back."

It was then that Fred understood his wife was deadly serious. A female life was looming before Frieda forever.

The following morning, Marjorie called by on her way to the office to have a word with Mary. "I wonder if Frieda could stay with you for a day or two. I have some things to do here and I don't want her getting in the way."

"No problem," answered her mother-in-law.

Frieda found herself being inspected by her wife. "You look nicely dressed this morning. See that you keep up the good work".

"Mother helped me"

"I thought you couldn't have advanced that quickly into femininity on your own. I hope you were paying attention. Your mother has agreed for you to stay a couple of days at her cottage. It's not going to be a holiday; I want you to learn to cook properly, not out of tins or packages."

Mary nodded her head and added, "And do the housework as well cleaning, washing and ironing."

"That's right. While I am at work earning money I expect this house to be clean and tidy and a decent meal waiting for me when I come home," said Marjorie. "But don't get the impression I am coming back here to stay just yet".

Marjorie left her husband to make her way to the company office. A smarter dressed Debbie greeted as she went into her room. No sooner had she sat in the chair than Debbie came in with the mail and handed it to her.



“You look much better this morning, Debbie. Remember, a good appearance to the customers means an efficient, reliable company, one that they would want to do business with. You are the first person any customer will see before they enter my office”.

“Yes, Mrs Gilmore,” Debbie said and was about to turn and leave Marjorie’s office.

“I shall be leaving the office later this morning to be fitted out with a business suit. I intend to have my entire office fitted out in the appropriate dress with the company logo. So sometime in the future, you and the other women will be taken for a fitting”.

“As you wish, Mrs Gilmore,” said her secretary, again about to leave.

“Furthermore the company will pay for women staff to get hairdos and beauty treatment. We women must set an example to progress the company. You may inform the rest of the women staff, Debbie,” added Marjorie.

“Will there be anything else, Mrs Gilmore?”

“Not for now, Debbie. I will let you know.” Marjorie Watt Gilmore was pleased with herself; she had laid down the law and she was in charge of the company now.

And what of Frieda, her husband? He was confined to the house in his female clothes doing housework, making meals, and looking pretty. Marjorie had come back to their home; she could see Frieda was trying her best to keep her end of the bargain. As for sleeping arrangements, Frieda was restricted to the spare room while Marjorie slept in the master bedroom.

“Marge, we are a married couple, we should be sleeping together,” her husband said.

“Not yet Frieda, you have to earn that right”.

The thought had occurred to Marjorie that maybe she would ease that ban as a sweeter and suffer some sex with her husband. Nothing had changed her determination her to feminize her husband completely.

Frieda, being in the house on her own during the day, could not but help see her reflection in the various mirrors round the place. There was no doubt her appearance had changed; waxing produced an absence of body hair and her hairdo had a degree of femaleness. Now that her wife was present in the house she found her hair in curlers every night. In the morning she spent time taking them out and doing her makeup while wearing a pretty satin nightdress.

Makeup was a thing a thought that never crossed her mind till Marjorie had her take lessons with Bernice. For Marjorie, it was time to put out feelers about gender reassignment for Frieda. A look around the internet gave her some insight as to what would take place and it pleased her. The sooner this husband of hers was put on the hormone trail, the better for all.

“Come to the bedroom tonight after dinner. We may share the same bed.” Frieda was overjoyed for this would be the first time she had slept with her wife since the drunken brawl after which Marjorie walked out.

Frieda entered the bedroom dressed in a lovely plain blue silk ankle length nightgown that fluttered around her ankles.

“I don’t think we will bother with putting your hair in curlers tonight,” said Marjorie. “Now let me see you walk across the room as you were taught in your department lessons,” ordered Frieda’s wife.

“Lovely!” exclaimed Marjorie. “Now sit in the seat as if you were in a car. Excellent and very ladylike. You will make a good woman yet, perhaps even a sophisticated one.” So saying, Marjorie held the bed sheets open for her feminized husband to enter.

During their lovemaking she slowed Frieda down and found the sex play enjoyable for a change.

A week later Frieda was informed that an appointment had been made for her at a clinic that dealt with gender reassignment. “This is where you prove your love for me, Frieda. And seeing how well you have adapted to womanly ways, this is where you go over the line between male and female,” said Marjorie.

Frieda felt imprisoned by Marjorie. First had come the promise made to wear women’s clothes. Now Marjorie had gone even further than he ever would have imagined. What his wife had now arranged was the loss of his prick! He sweated. Just what had he let himself in for? It seemed too late now to reverse the situation, at least if he wanted to keep his wife. He did love her. Frieda realised she was now under the thumb of his wife. If he was to become a woman, then she must knuckle down to the task and make the best of a bad job!

At the interview with the doctors and psychiatrists, Frieda was told to shut up and just nod in

agreement which led the doctors to believe that this man genuinely wanted gender reassignment. A course of hormones was started. Frieda's progress would be monitored and if all went well, she would be under the knife within months, if not weeks. This was a decision that pleased Marjorie, not Frieda.

Marjorie now stopped having sexual intercourse with her husband. It had achieved her goal so she had no need for that sort of nonsense now.

While sexual intercourse may have stopped Marjorie was not averse to teasing Frieda to see if she had an erection. When they ceased, the hormones would be doing their purpose.

In their master bedroom Marjorie would watch as Frieda unconsciously adjusted a bra strap or smoothed her dress down. How quickly in just a matter of weeks this husband of hers had been forced into the female role.

It was time to take Frieda out into the open; up till now she had been confined to the house. Marjorie wanted to see how the general public would react to her. If they didn't react, it was a success for that meant no one had detected it was not a female they were looking at.

"Frieda," said Marjorie one day, "Put your best frock on for tonight we are going to paint the town."

Frieda was somewhat surprised and a little bit alarmed when told they were going to a restaurant to mingle with the general public. Marjorie put a protective arm round her shoulders. "Don't worry. I will be at your side. You can do it. You've pleased me so far. Admit it, you like being dressed in women's clothes I've watched you do the little things we women unconsciously do."

Isn't it nice to be encouraged by one's wife? thought Frieda. It helped her to accept the predicament she had landed herself in.

Marjorie helped Frieda put on a glamorous evening gown of sparkling blue rayon which shimmered with spangles. Both women were now ready to face the night; a cab was ordered to take them to a swanky restaurant. Marjorie keenly watched the reaction of all those present. No stares or snickers pleased her for it meant that Frieda was being accepted as a woman. They were just two women out to enjoy each other's company. Nothing strange about that.

The meal was enjoyable and during it Marjorie made pleasant conversation with her husband to which Frieda either nodded or answered in hushed tones. Marjorie made a mental note; speech therapy was a must for her husband. She had seen on the internet that there was an operation that could make a permanent change to the voice. That she would talk over with the doctor.

A little combo was playing and occasionally couples at nearby tables would get up for a dance. "Come on, Frieda," said Marjorie, taking her hand to lead her on to the small dance floor. The sight of two women dancing together is not unusual and no one looked at the pair. All in all, Marjorie was more than satisfied with her husband.

Before the night ended, a trip to the Sophisticated Lady was in order. If any woman would recognise him/her, it would be one of the regulars in that establishment.

On entering, Marjorie picked a table in the corner and told Frieda to sit there quietly.

Marjorie went over to the bar to order the drinks. A familiar voice whispered in her ear. "So you've come back, Marjorie."

Marjorie turned round. It was Dolores from the last time she was there. "No, I've come with my...girlfriend."

Dolores looked in the direction Marjorie pointed and saw a nice-looking woman. "Is she inclined toward women?"

Marjorie laughed at the thought but didn't put Dolores any the wiser.

Sam the barman looked at the woman sitting with Frieda. She looked very pretty. Was she muscling to take business away from him? If so, he would soon tell her to go away. He was about to do so when Marjorie came over with two drinks and sat down beside her.

"Dolores, is that woman a customer of yours?" asked Sam.

"I thought so but she is more interested in getting into the panties of her girlfriend, I think." That answer satisfied the barman. As long as no one was interfering with his business, he left them alone.

The night was a success as far as Marjorie was concerned. Frieda had passed all the tests she had set her. There was some adjusting to do but that was no problem. The green light was on for the operation.

TRAGEDY

It is now time to leave Marjorie for now and see how her mother Constance is getting along. The yacht had been fitted out and left Monte Carlo for a

voyage sailing the Med. The weather was hot as one would expect at that time of the year. At present the ladies were on deck in their summery frocks, sun hats, and dark glasses relaxing in the deck chairs, with the exception of Connie.

“They are at it,” commented one woman.

“Who are at what, dear?” asked another.

“Sir Rodney and Connie Watt. I don’t have to spell it out, do I?”

“Oh yes, that. They never seem to be away from each other, Betty.”

“It’s the knickers,” replied the third woman.

“Eh, what?” the other women asked.

“Knickers”

“No need for that kind of language, Helen,” the other two women replied.

“You don’t understand, Rose. Sir Rodney’s late wife and I were good friends. She confided in me that she could always get her way with him if she wore directoire knickers. She even lifted her skirt to display the pair she had on at that time. She said he was obsessed with them and she had a collection of them. It is my belief that is what Connie Watt is wearing at the present,” finished Helen.

“I had an old spinster aunt who used to wear such things but they are unfashionable now,” said one of the women.

“Not to Sir Rodney according to Rose,” Helen replied.

“Takes all types I suppose,” said one lady.

Sir Rodney's yacht, which he called the "Lady Rose" after his late wife, had been in the Mediterranean to see the various sites of interest and of course to allow the ladies shopping expeditions in Egypt, Cyprus, and Malta. At present the destination was Gibraltar. After their sojourn there, it was back to Monte Carlo, then home.

For Constance Watt this was a happy time; after the vacation there was a wedding to look forward to. She had been more sexually active than she had ever been in her marriage with Reggie. At night she was occupying Sir Rodney's bed in his cabin. She knew there was talk behind her back but it never worried her. They were going to marry soon anyway.

One person it was worrying was Lady Clarissa Redmond. It was eating her heart out every time she saw Rodney's hand round Connie's waist. As far as Clarissa was concerned, this situation couldn't last much longer. It was all about to come to head while they were sailing out from Gibraltar.

That day had been sunny as usual and Connie was getting a tan all over her body. A nice breeze blew over the deck as Connie lay on her deck chair in a bikini, dark sunglasses, and white floppy sun hat.

Sir Rodney sat her holding her hand as luncheon was served at the table beside them. While Sir Rodney admired Connie in her bikini, he whispered softly, "Remember the DKs tonight, my dear."

"Of course Rodney. How could I forget how passionately you make love to me every time I wear them for you?"

Lady Clarissa heard the conversation; she was nearby and eavesdropped upon the pair.

At dinner that night our two fifty something's were dreamily looking into each other's eyes to nudges and winks by some of the ladies to their husbands. One woman slowly coming to a boil Lady Clarissa Redmond.

"We'll soon be in Gib, Connie," remarked Rodney.

"I am so looking forward to be there. Seeing the Barbary apes and going to Spain will be fun".

"I have arranged a tour for all of us around the rock. While we're in Spain, the yacht will take on supplies."

Before retiring to bed, Rodney made pleasant conversation with the rest of his guests as he drank his scotch on the rocks. As the guests departed, Connie and Rodney made their way to Sir Rodney's cabin. Lady Clarissa's cabin was directly across from Sir Rodney's.

Clarissa made herself ready for bed. As the weather was warm, she wore only a light black coloured nightdress. No sheets on the bed. Her eyes were about to close when she thought she heard laughter and giggles coming from Rodney's cabin. Clarissa slipped her open toe mules on her feet and padded silently across the passageway to stand outside Sir Rodney's cabin.

Gay laughter drifted through the door. "Stop it, Rodney," came the voice of Constance Watt.

"Not till I get your knickers off," replied Rodney. More giggles and laughter.

"That's it!" Lady Clarissa turned in blind fury into her cabin. She went for her purse and withdrew the

Smith & Wesson Centennial 442 snub nose revolver she kept there. She released the safety catch. The gun was already loaded.

Sir Rodney was enjoying himself sucking Connie's pussy.

Connie was most definitely satisfying her lust as Clarissa opened the door to behold the sight of Rodney on top of Connie, enjoying himself.

"You prostitute Connie Watt! You've stolen my man."

Connie Watt screamed as she saw Clarissa raise the pistol and aim it at her. This madwoman was going to shoot her down. Rodney raised himself from off Connie's knickers to see the revolver turning in his direction.

"If I can't have him, neither will you." With that, Clarissa fired two shots into the chest of Sir Rodney. He instantly died, blood oozing from him. Clarissa was now aiming the revolver at a helpless Connie. At this range she would not miss.

The noise and screams had woken up Sir Rodney's guests. A man was already in the room. He grabbed Clarissa wrist hand in which she held the revolver. Two shots were fired but they hit the ceiling of the cabin as Clarissa's hand had been pushed upward by the man. By now a number of men were in the cabin and a ranting and raving Clarissa was subdued. Connie was very hysterical and kept repeating, "I loved that man!" and "We were going to be married."

The captain of the yacht had taken control of affairs. Seeing the state Connie was in, he slapped her across the face. "Compose yourself, Mrs Watt please."

Connie, naked except for the black silk directoire knickers, was gently taken by Helen to her cabin. Clarissa was locked in her cabin and a guard placed there till port was reached in Gibraltar.

The cabin was locked till the police could investigate the scene of the crime. The captain made all speed to Gibraltar where Lady Clarissa was handed over to the police. Because all present on the yacht were citizens of the United Kingdom, it was decided that the trial would be held in the U.K.

Such an event could not fail to attract attention. The newshounds soon got wind of it and were sniffing around those that had been on the yacht. The more scandalous papers were going to run this story for days; it had all the ingredients: love, jealousy, and, most important of all, SEX.

The following morning at the office of Gilmore Construction Debbie came into her boss' room with the mail. "Put it on the table, Debbie. If there is anything important, I'll let you know," said Marjorie not giving a glance at her secretary.

"Hmm," said Debbie. Marjorie didn't hear her, busy studying some report on road construction. "Hmm," Debbie said again.

"Yes, Debbie? Was there something?" said her boss.

"Have you seen the papers this morning, Mrs Gilmore?"

Marjorie took it. There on the front page were banner headlines and photos of her mother, Sir Rodney Harrington and Lady Clarissa Redmond.

After reading the lurid tabloid newspaper story, Marjorie Watt Gilmore was not happy, to say the least. "Debbie, book a flight to Gibraltar this very minute".

Debbie could not conceal a certain amount of amusement for she too had read this morning's papers. Imagine that going on with her boss' mother.

"Mother what the hell you have been doing?" Marjorie and Constance were in the latter's hotel room in Gibraltar.

"We were going to be married after the cruise, Marjorie."

"Were you indeed? From what I read in the papers, you were acting like school kids. You should be ashamed of yourself, mother."

"But I loved him, Marjorie. We were going to be married," repeated Connie.

"Do you realise the disgrace you have brought on the family name? It's all over the papers."

Marjorie was holding a newspaper to her mother. Constance Watt had no idea that what had happened aboard the "Lady Rose" had hit the headlines in the U.K.

"Pack your things, mother."

"Why?" questioned Connie.

“Why? Because your fun holiday has come to an end. I’m taking you back home before there is any more of scandal, that’s why.” Like some naughty schoolgirl, Connie had been told off by her daughter.

Marjorie had checked with the authorities that it was all right to take her mother home. They confirmed that statements had been taken from all aboard that yacht and everyone was free to do as they wished. They would be notified of when the trial would begin.

During the flight back, Connie could not help but notice the change in her daughter who seemed a more aggressive woman than she had ever been in her life. Even the clothing her daughter wore was so unlike the Marjorie she knew. Later when she learned that Marjorie was now Managing Director of her son-in-law’s company, it was a shock. Marjorie had not yet revealed the condition of her husband Frieda, the former Fred.

Once back in her stately mansion, Connie was told in no uncertain terms by her daughter to shut up and not speak to the press about anything. Marjorie was too late; some snoop reporter had already been at the door. Elsie the nosey maid had answered the bell. The reporter crossed Elsie’s hand with silver to tell what she knew of Connie and Sir Rodney. She said that Sir Rodney had been a constant visitor to the house and had given Connie a very valuable ring. She also told him that Connie had spent a considerable amount of money on summer dresses. The reporter thanked her and said if she had any more information for him, he would make it worth her while and left his phone number.

It was a very attentive Elsie who welcomed her mistress back home. The keen eyes of Elsie would be firmly fixed on all that Connie did from now on.

Elsie decided to approach Connie. A friendly attitude, she thought, would get more information. She was right as Connie was very vulnerable at this sad time in her life.

“You must have dearly loved Sir Rodney, Connie,” the sly Elsie said one day.

“We were going to be married,” replied Connie.

“Were you indeed? You two were meant for each other. It is so sad.”

“Yes Rodney told me I was the only one for him. Did you know he even composed a poem about the knickers I wore?”

Elsie ears picked up at that. “Did he really?”

“Yes, would you like to hear it?”

“Yes!”

Connie recited the poem by heart.

“How nice, so sincere,” Elsie said. he would like a copy of it if there was one.

“Rodney handed me the poem but I can’t remember where I put it. I’ll find it and show it to you, Elsie”.

Elsie relayed this information to the reporter who had greased her palm with silver. He paid her and said there would be more if she could show him the original handwritten version. This led to a frantic search by Elsie when Connie was not around in her room. She eventually found the poem on some paper. She got her reward and the paper was replaced where she found it.

Constance Watt lay in bed reflecting on the weeks spent with Sir Rodney; they had been happy times for her. He worshipped her like a goddess whenever she wore these directoire knickers. Constance could never love a man like that again. How she hated her former friend Lady Clarissa. No matter how long they kept her in prison it would never heal Constance's wounds. Her life was in a vacuum; she needed something to occupy it but what? That was to be answered very soon.

"Marjorie," asked her mother, "are you still divorcing Fred?"

"No."

"Then you have sorted things out between the two of you."

"You could say that, mother. Things have changed a lot since you left. I'm the one wearing the pants and she is the one wearing the panties." Marjorie had an inward smile at that jibe.

"Panties, Marjorie? Whatever are you talking about?"

"It's a long story, Mother and it's not Fred anymore, it's Frieda if you please. Sunday lunch you'll meet Frieda, but I have to leave you now. I have a client to meet."

So saying, Marjorie lifted her briefcase and left a bewildered mother.

Elsie opened the door to see Miss Marjorie standing in a pantsuit. "Miss Marjorie!" said the inquisitive maid in surprise. Miss Marjorie never wore pantsuits before.

"What are you staring at? Take me to my mother at once!" snapped Marjorie abruptly.

"Yes, Miss Marjorie."

"I see you are all ready to meet my husband, Mother," Marjorie said as she scrutinised Constance. "That looks decent enough."

"What were you expecting, some nude posing?"

"With all the publicity in the papers about you, I don't know what to expect nowadays."

With that, both women left the spacious drawing room and went to Marjorie's waiting car. During the short drive Connie Watt surveyed her daughter's appearance; like her maid, she was somewhat surprised at Marjorie's apparel.

"Here we are, Mother," said Marjorie as she parked the car in the garage.

"I know, dear. You'd think I've never been to your house before, stop treating me like a child."

Marjorie said nothing but would keep her eyes closely on her mother from now on.

"Frieda, Frieda, where are you, dear?" shouted Marjorie once the living room had been reached.

"I'm coming, darling," said a female sounding voice.

“Take a seat, Mother,” said Marjorie, extending a hand to point at the large settee. With that, Marjorie left her mother to go to the kitchen.

“Ah, there you are, Frieda,” said her wife. “Mother’s here. You look nice. It was worth all the effort feminizing you! Now did you prepare the meal I suggested for lunch?”

“Yes Marjorie, it is all ready. Do you think your mother will approve of the dress I am wearing?”

“Take your apron off and let me see, darling.” This Frieda proceeded to do. “Yes, it’s beautiful and your makeup too. I’m proud of you as I’m sure mother will be as well.”

“Oh will she? I spent hours picking the right dress and applying makeup. I’m so glad.”

“You are beginning to like being a woman, aren’t you, Frieda? Admit it.”

“Yes,” softly and shyly answered the once male Fred.

“Good. You’ll have the op soon, then you can let the full Frieda out to express her femininity. But for now let’s let Frieda meet her mother-in-law.” So saying, Marjorie took her female-looking husband’s hand and led her to the living room.

“Here she is, Mother, Frieda my husband.”

You could have knocked Connie Watt down with a feather. “Who? What?” spluttered Constance Watt “Where’s Fred?”

“You’re looking at him, or her as he now is, but it’s Frieda. I’ll explain over lunch, Mother.”

This Frieda was indeed a vision of loveliness in her grey summer frock with the white swan print.

Her makeup looked immaculate. She spoke. "Mother," holding out her hands to embrace Constance with a kiss on the cheek. Just what had her daughter done to the Fred she once knew? Constance had always like Fred Gilmore but she was taking to this Frieda with her good looks and refined speech.

All through lunch, Marjorie explained the situation between her and the now Frieda.

"I see you're a business woman now, Marjorie, but what does Frieda do for a living?"

"At present she looks after the house, cooks, cleans, and that, but you're right, she needs a job. I'm looking into that."

"Have you any ideas, Marjorie?" asked Frieda. "I am becoming a bit bored around the house I'll do anything even if I am now a woman."

"That's so sweet of you, Frieda, isn't it, Mother but you know I earn plenty for the two of us. Fret not, we will find something to occupy your time, darling."

The subject was left for now. Frieda expressed she was sorry to hear of the troubles of her mother-in-law. "When do you expect the trial to be, Connie?"

"Don't know, Frieda. Soon I hope."

"I wouldn't worry, everything will be all right We are all behind you, dear." So saying, Frieda placed her hand on her mother-in-law's and gave a gentle pat.

To Connie it looked as if Frieda was giving her more support than her daughter.

“We will all be there at the trial and be behind you, won’t we, Marjorie?” Marjorie spoke not a word.

Marjorie made sure Frieda had something to occupy her spare time, namely dancing lessons. It was something she rather enjoyed but it did get lonely sometimes when Marjorie was away on some business trip. She would buy romantic novels with the hero sweeping the woman he loved into his arms and kissing her passionately. Just what would it be like to be kissed by a man? wondered Frieda. She thought she might like that but not now in her present state; maybe after that operation.

Frieda had seen changes in her body; her breasts were developing, her bottom becoming bigger and a she was getting a nipped-in waist. She mentioned it to Marjorie.

“Yes dear, I have noticed. We will take a trip to the clinic and have a talk with the surgeons. I think you are ready for the knife.”

Frieda kissed her wife passionately. “Oh thank you, sweetheart,” a reaction Marjorie had not expected.

“You seem happy about that, Frieda. I must have underestimated just how much you wanted to be female. You did say you like being female and liked women’s clothes recently but I thought that was to please me. Not so, it seems.”

“I wasn’t trying to fool you, Marjorie.”

“Good, then you shall have your wish.”



The operation was now over and Frieda was at home resting. As instructed by Marjorie the surgeon had also operated on Frieda's vocal cords and a bandage was at present round her throat.

Marjorie entered the bedroom with a nurse she had hired to look after her husband.

“Will he be able to speak all right, nurse?”

“I would think so, Mrs Gilmore. It was only a precaution by the surgeon. She’s been told not to say anything for a day or two. It is now time to remove the bandages.”

The nurse proceeded to do so. “How do you feel, Frieda?” she queried.

“Very well.” Frieda stopped. How strange her voice sounded, so high-pitched, so feminine.

Marjorie smiled. “No one would ever think you were once male with such a feminine voice, darling. You look surprised. Don’t be, things can only get better.”

“Thanks Marjorie. Hand me a mirror. I want to see my appearance.”

Marjorie gave her the hand mirror.

“You seem disappointed, Frieda”

“It’s this scar on my throat. How can I look pretty with it?”

The nurse intervened. “Don’t worry, Frieda That will disappear in a few months. The surgeon made an incision there for the op. I’ve seen a lot worse than that in my time.”

“There you are, darling. You’ll soon be as pretty as a picture. Nothing to worry about,” Marjorie said, easing any doubt her husband may have had.

LADY CLARISSA REDMOND'S TRIAL

The trial of Lady Clarissa Redmond was fast approaching, a worrying time for Connie Watt. There seemed to be newspaper reporters everywhere, asking her embarrassing questions about her relationship with Sir Rodney Harrington. These she never gave an answer to.

It also annoyed Marjorie for she also was being pestered by reporters; not only was she a successful business woman but the daughter of Constance Watt. Marjorie's picture appeared in the papers alongside her mother's which annoyed and exasperated her. Why should she be ringed in with her mother? She had nothing to do with the whole thing. People would point her out in the street. There goes the daughter of that Watt woman." How humiliating, how embarrassing it was for Marjorie Gilmore. She wished she could disown her mother.

It was after a hard day at the office working late on some contract that she wandered into "Sophisticated Lady" to wind down and relax after all the hassle from the press. She sat at a table, then looked around to see if Dolores was anywhere to be seen. No sign of her. Not seeing her, she went to the bar, ordered a Martini, and casually asked Sam the barman if he had seen Delores tonight.

Sam had seen her before that night. She had come in with another woman. "Dolores is with a client tonight, however if you care to leave your phone number, I could arrange an appointment for her services."

"No thank you," said Marjorie. The barman had misunderstood. She hadn't come for Dolores' services, just a friendly talk with her.

“Well, you know the phone number if you change your mind, Miss.”

The trial of Lady Clarissa had begun' most of the first day was spent picking a jury. That done, the trial could proceed.

The court room was crowded as Clarissa Redmond was led in by two wardens from the woman's prison where she had been kept till the trial. All eyes were focused on her. The charge of murder was read to Clarissa.

“How do you plead, guilty or not guilty, Lady Clarissa Redmond?”

“I'm not guilty, my Lord.”

“Very well then, let the trial proceed.”

Clarissa spotted Connie. She quickly rose from her seat and in an outburst, shouted across the court, “Bitch, whore, you opened your legs for my man. You stole him! He should have been mine.”

“Calm down, Lady Clarissa,” said her solicitors.

“I will not! Let me at that slut. I'll kill her!” Lady Clarissa was restrained by the two women wardens, both of whom one would not wish to meet in a dark alley.

The judge was now banging his gavel. “Order, order in the court! Lady Redmond, any more outbursts like that and you will be fined for contempt of court.”

The reporters were frantically scribbling in their notepads. What a story! “Crime of Passion” was

plastered all over the front pages in banner headlines.

The trial lasted two weeks with many witnesses from the guests and the crew of the yacht testifying. Ballistics showed the bullets extracted from Sir Rodney's body had been fired from the revolver owned by Lady Clarissa, and fingerprints on the ivory handle belonged to her ladyship.

The jury found Lady Clarissa Redmond guilty on all the charges. All that was left was for the judge to pass sentence.

The judge observed Lady Redmond, then spoke. "You have been found guilty of the crime of murder. I have considered all aspects of this case before passing sentence. Have you anything to say, Lady Clarissa Redmond?"

"Yes, my Lord. The only regret I have is that strumpet Connie Watt was not shot down with her lover Rodney. I never intended to kill him; it was she who should have died."

"I see. Lady Redmond, that will not deter me from the sentence I am about to give. I don't think you deserve life, however justice must be upheld and you will be remanded to prison for 15 years. Take her away."

Lady Clarissa's solicitors breathed a sigh of relief. It could have been worse and with good behaviour, she would be out in ten years.

Up till now Connie Watt had remained silently during the trial except when she had been called to

the witness box to give evidence. She now rose. "WHAT!?" screamed Connie. "Such a short sentence for killing the man I loved? We were going to be married. She should have been thrown in jail and the keys flung away."

Marjorie Gilmore, who had been at the trial every day of her mother, put her head in her hands "Shut up, Mother!" she thought, "everybody is looking at you. What will they think of us?"

Needless to say, Connie Watt and her daughter were surrounded by reporters and TV cameras all asking questions as the party barged their way through them to a waiting car.

Lord Bradley put his copy of the "Times" down. "Have you read this court case about Connie Watt? Dammed disgraceful," he said, addressing his wife Lavina.

"Yes, I have crossed her off the list of guests for our forthcoming summer garden party."

"Quite right. I mean the likes of her will only lower the tone of the party and we can't have that, can we?"

Lord and Lady Bradley were not the only ones who scorned Connie Watt among the circle of her high-flying socialite so-called friends.

The day after the trial, Marjorie Gilmore had flown to the Middle East to negotiate a contract with

a sheikh in Arabia. After a lot of hard bargaining, the contract was secured for Gilmore Construction to build a highway in that country. The mental strain that Marjorie had been subjected to with this contract and the trail was telling on her.

“I need some relaxation,” thought Marjorie on the flight back home, “somewhere I can go to put my feet up and wind down.” She gave considerable thought to the matter. For some reason, Dolores of the “Sophisticated Lady” flashed across her mind. They had pleasant chats together and she felt relaxed in her company. But it seemed from her last sortie to “Sophisticated Lady,” she would have to phone Sam to make sure she was there. The services Dolores offered did not interest her but whether she liked it or not, it looked as if Marjorie would have to pay the asking price just to speak with Dolores.

“Hello, can I talk to Sam?”

“Sam does not work here anymore, ma’am,” came the voice from the other end of the phone line.

“Oh,” exclaimed Marjorie, “do you happen to know where I can contact him?”

“Yes ma’am, he gave me his phone number if you care to take a note.”

Marjorie Gilmore pressed the button marked Dolores Patrick on the row of letter boxes outside the expensive Kelvinside flats. After a short time, a voice answered. “Yes?”

“Marjorie Gilmore.”

“Oh yes, my seven o clock appointment. Come up, I’ll open the door.”

A click was heard and Marjorie could now turn the handle and open the wrought iron door.

Sam had said the fifth floor and Dolores’ flat was almost opposite the elevator.

The fancy-coloured nameplate proclaimed Dolores Patrick. The door soon opened after Marjorie pressed the bell push.

“Oh, it’s you. Come in,” said Dolores.

“Who were you expecting, Dolores?” said Marjorie, observing her in a slinky see-through night dress revealing her ample breasts and shaven triangle of pubic hair below.

“Sit down,” said Dolores, pointing to the settee.

“The name Marjorie Gilmore meant nothing to me. I hardly have time to remember names, or faces come to that. So you have taken up my offer for my services.”

“No, I have come for a relaxing talk.”

“Well, you are paying plenty for that. Let me get you a drink. What’s your poison?”

“Circumstances have changed then, Dolores, since the Sophisticated Lady?”

“Yes, Sam is operating full-time for us girls. He is our agent, which I suppose is a polite name for a pimp. He has an office up town and put us in these flats. Nice, aren’t they. He handles the money side of things.”

“Okay, let’s talk,” said Dolores taking Marjorie’s arm. “Give me your life story and your worries. I’m all ears.”

Just what Marjorie was hoping for; a female who would listen to her troubles.

“Does that feel better, Marjorie,” asked Dolores afterwards.

“Yes,” Marjorie replied. Relieving herself of everything that had burdened her recently and telling it to another female was cathartic.

“Where is your girlfriend?” queried Dolores.

“Girlfriend?” said Marjorie.

“You know the one you came to the Sophisticated Lady with.”

“Oh, her. We have gone our separate ways.”

Marjorie no longer had no interest in Frieda; all he/she had done was free her from the timid mouse she once was. But she needed something to remind her she was still female; something like talking to another woman.

“Now doesn’t letting it all out feel much better, honey?” said Dolores, handing Marjorie another martini.

“Listen sweetheart, you can come here anytime, I know all the worries a business woman like yourself has. Now take care of yourself.” Dolores slipped her business card with her home and cell phone number into Marjorie’s handbag as she left. Dolores gave Marjorie a kiss on the lips as she left the flat.

Dolores Patrick was a good judge of people’s character; her trade had taught her that. She had assessed Marjorie correctly; something had changed her from a happily married woman to a hard-hearted business woman. Dolores could see the first signs of a butch lesbian in Marjorie. She

would be prepared for her the next time Marjorie came knocking at her door.

MARJORIE TAKES CONTROL OF FRIEDA AND HER MOTHER

Marjorie had picked up a trashy romantic novel-ette from Frieda's room. "So she is reading these now," thought Marjorie, "maybe it's time we went our separate ways. That's okay for she's not a real woman anyway. I am losing interest in her."

Marjorie Gilmore's business mind was working overtime. Having seen Dolores' luxury flat and the trade she was doing, why not set her husband up in the oldest profession in the world? It would be a hobby to Marjorie but a financially successful, one if planned right.

Marjorie observed Frieda at breakfast one morning. She was rather pretty; no one would ever suspect she was once a man.

"Do you feel lonely, Frieda? I've seen those romantic novels."

Frieda was embarrassed Marjorie had found them. "Whatever are you talking about, Marjorie?"

"How would you like a man's company? I think you need to meet a few men, don't you?"

That thought had crossed Frieda's mind more than once but she had been afraid to say so to Marjorie, fearing what the outcome would be.

"You wouldn't be jealous if I became involved with a man, Marjorie?"

"No, I think it is time you shared your female charms with men. At a price."

“Whatever are you suggesting, Marjorie?”

“Frieda, you’ve come a long way since we married. Fred has gone forever and you’ve adapted very well to femininity. I’ve spent a lot of money on you, breast implants, the op on your vocal cords, and everything. Don’t you think you should repay me a little bit? You can have as many men as you like for as long as you like and get paid for it.”

Frieda Gilmore sat there listening. What had become of the woman she married. Marjorie was so strong now and male-like, while she was more female. But this? She would be... a prostitute!

“I know what you’re thinking, Frieda. Don’t, think of yourself as a sophisticated lady for I will see you’re put in the finest of clothes. You’ll have your own expensive flat where you can entertain men for a price. Nothing but the best for my husband and of course you will be well paid for your services!”

Frieda had seen how her wife operated since she had handed the company over to her; she was very efficient. If pressure was put on her by Marjorie, she would have to yield. But maybe she would like that kind of lifestyle with men sweeping her into their arms and kissing her although she reckoned they were looking for more than that.

“I’ve never kissed a man, Marjorie.”

“I know but once you do, it becomes easier to kiss the next and so on.”

“What if they want more than a kiss? You know I’ve never done...that.”

“I expect they will want more than a kiss. They will almost certainly will be more of a man in that department than you ever were.”

That hurt Frieda but Marjorie had a point. A variety of partners appealed to her. Maybe becoming what Marjorie suggested was best!?

The discussion went on long that morning. To Marjorie it a business deal to persuade Frieda to come round to her way of thinking. In the end, a satisfactory conclusion was reached for both parties.

Once Frieda moved into the flat, Marjorie would sell the mansion and find a place of her own.

Frieda was taken care of. Now to sort out Mother, for the trial had been an embarrassment to Marjorie. Mother fighting with Lady Redmond because of a man! You would think they knew better at their age. She wasn't surprised when Mother told her she was no longer getting invites from those within her social circle.

"I think you need another interest, Mother, something away from it all. I have something in mind and I will let you know soon."

"And what would that be?" No answer was forthcoming from her daughter.

Elsie was still snooping about. "I haven't seen your husband lately, Miss Marjorie. Is he all right?"

Marjorie looked Elsie up and down, then snapped, "You're fired as of now. I'll give you a year's wages. It's more than you deserve."

"But you can't do that, Miss Marjorie, it's your mother who employs me."

"I'm in charge now. Do you think I'm stupid? It didn't take me long to realise where all that information in the newspaper came from. The only one who had access to it was you. Mother foolishly trusted you and you used her for financial gain. Pack your

bags and be gone within the day.” Elsie left with her tail between her legs. Connie Watt was informed by her daughter that she would have to fend for herself for a while as she had dismissed her maid.

“God,” thought Connie Watt, “how Marjorie has changed. She is taking charge of my life like she did with Fred. Whatever will happen next?”

Sam, the former barman at the Sophisticated Lady, sat on his swivel chair, listening to a proposition being put to him by the woman before him.

“I can add another woman to my team, Mrs. Gilmore but I would need to see her first. We have high standards to keep up.”

“No problem,” said Marjorie Gilmore, opening up her briefcase and handing him a number of attractive photos of Frieda in agreeable outfits.

“She is certainly beautiful, Mrs. Gilmore but beauty alone is not enough for this job. Is she intelligent? Our clients look for beauty and brains.”

“I think she is. I’ll bring her here, you can judge for yourself.”

“Good. Why did you seek me out, if may I ask, Mrs. Gilmore?”

“I didn’t want any trouble, Sam. You can handle Frieda but I take my cut of her earnings. I’m not tramping on your feet and everybody’s happy.”

“We’ve got a deal then, Mrs. Gilmore.”

“Oh, and one other thing. She will have her personal maid. I’ll supply that.”

“If you say so but I have to see this Frieda before we go anywhere.”

“Mother,” said Marjorie, “I’ve found a job for you.”

Constance Watt looked curiously at her daughter. “A job, Marjorie? What would I need a job for? Your father provided well for me. I have plenty to see me till I’m dead.”

“It’s a maid’s job, Mother,” said Marjorie enthusiastically.

“Oh yes, tell me more,” said Connie sarcastically.

“You like Frieda, don’t you, Mother?”

“Yes,” said Connie Watt slowly and cautiously.

“Well, who better to be Frieda’s personal maid in her luxury flat?”

“There must be plenty of woman who can do that job. Why me?”

“She needs someone who understands her, family. Her business can be very stressful at times.”

“Just what is her business, Marjorie?”

“Oh, you know, entertaining men friends and giving sexual favours.”

“Then she is a prostitute.”

“No Mother, Frieda is a Sophisticated Lady now.”

“Okay, then what do you need me for.”

“You can help her dress in the appropriate outfit for whatever men friends she will be meeting. You can take the phone calls and keep them in a diary

so that her gentlemen friends can be given appointments. You can also handle the money side; there is a lot to do. You will be well paid; it's not just anyone who can do that job and it is best if it is kept in the family."

"Then she is not your common prostitute but a high class call girl."

"Mother, you must never mention that word in her presence. She is a Sophisticated Lady, understand?" Marjorie said persuasively.

"Okay then, you have convinced me" said Connie Watt, intrigued by the bizarre situation Frieda had put herself in.

"That's one problem solved," sighed Marjorie Watt Gilmore as she sat on an easy chair in her office. She lifted the intercom phone. "Debbie, I wish to see you."

As her secretary entered, Marjorie motioned for her to take a seat. "I've been thinking about you for some time, Debbie. You have changed for the better. You have been a very efficient secretary and plan things for me most effectively. You deserve promotion. As of now you are the office manageress."

A most surprised Debbie answered, "Thank you, Mrs. Gilmore."

"As the office manageress, there is no need to wear the company uniform any longer. Just dress sensibly. I will make an allowance available for that. If I ask your opinion on any matter, give it to me straight. I am fair to those who are loyal to me."

As Marjorie dismissed Debbie, she remarked, “I leave it to you to find your replacement.” A very elated Debbie left Marjorie’s office with more respect for the boss than she ever had before.

With that matter settled, there were more important business matters to attend to; the expansion of Gilmore Construction was uppermost on her mind. She had already set her sights on a take-over bid for one of Gilmore Construction’s biggest rivals. She already had had secret talks with her bankers on her take-over plans. There was no question about their giving Gilmore Construction backing and the assault on Better Road Builders was about to be launched on the stock market. Marjorie expected a bloody and bitter struggle but was confident that she would be triumphant.

The take-over battle took several months and it completely drained Marjorie Gilmore of all her resources. She had won but her batteries needed to be recharged.

“Yes,” thought Dolores as she opened the door of her flat, “just what I expected.” She led Marjorie in and sat her down.

Dolores’ preparation for the meeting was very meticulous; she knew what Marjorie would want. Dolores wore a fabulous outfit, a gold floral-printed chiffon maxidress styled in oversize floral print. It featured a pleated high waist and an elegant empire neckline encrusted with silver sequins and pewter diamantes. The dress swept down to her ankles to reveal a pair of yellow peep toe slingback shoes with

brilliant glossy yellow patent leather and tapered high heels.

The clothes Marjorie wore were feminine but their roots were male. Marjorie now had a close-cropped hairstyle and her trouser suit screamed butch lesbian to Dolores. All that Dolores had predicted had come to pass.

There was no need to rush things with Marjorie, thought Dolores. She went to her cocktail cabinet and poured two glasses of red wine from a bottle labelled Chateau Leret Monpezet.

“There we are, dear,” said Dolores, handing Marjorie a glass. Dolores observed Marjorie’s face; no makeup, below that jacket was a plain white button up blouse. Her only jewellery was a wedding ring on her finger.

“And how are things with you, Marjorie?”

“Exhausting”

“I know how it goes with you business women. You can relax here. Put your feet up. I have prepared a little light lunch for the two of us, nothing special. Finish your drink first, then we will dine.

“Let me take your jacket off so you can make yourself comfortable,” said Dolores, unbuttoning it. The heavy smell of Dolores’ perfume wafted in the nostrils of Marjorie, lingering there. It reminded her she was in the company of a woman. That was what she sought, wasn’t it?

Marjorie kept her eyes focused on Dolores facial features and Dolores knew it. Marjorie was seeking a woman’s woman to hold and love. For the first time, she admitted to herself that she wanted to taste a woman for herself.

“Did you enjoy that, darling?” asked Dolores with an arm round the naked shoulders of Marjorie.

“You’ve never been with a woman before, have you?”

“No,” came the answer.

“But you need a woman’s love, Marjorie. Only we of the female gender have the love you seek.”

“Yes, yes.” Tears slowly rolled down her cheek.

Dolores gently kissed Marjorie on the lips, a kiss greedily accepted by Marjorie.

Dolores softly whispered, “Then you know where to come.”

Dolores watched from between the sheets as Marjorie dressed to leave.

Marjorie Gilmore felt so much better after her visit to Dolores Patrick. It wouldn’t be her last visit for she had found that which she sought in another woman’s arms. Now that her batteries had been re-charged, she could get on with business.

Connie Watt dropped in to see Frieda, who made her most welcome.

“When do you move to the flat, Frieda?”

“Soon. Once it is all decorated, I move out of here. Marjorie has already put this house up for sale.”

“Yes, amine too.”

“Oh dear. Where are you going to live?”

“Hasn’t Marjorie mentioned it, Frieda?”

“No but I’m the last to hear things from her now. She just does things without saying. She controls everyone.”

“I’m inclined to agree with you there, Frieda. By the way, I’m to be your live-in maid at the flat.”

“WHAT? You’re having me on. That’s not the type of job for you, it’s too low.”

“Don’t worry, I volunteered. I’m curious, you might say.”

“In that case I’m glad it’s you. At least there will be someone I can confide in.”

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law were bonding very nicely. The following day both would be shopping for clothes; expensive designer outfits for Frieda and a maid’s uniform for Connie.

Connie Watt had her mind set on what kind of maid’s outfit she would wear. It was a black satin Victorian maids dress with all-the-way-to-the-ankle boots. It had a crisp white apron and a lace maids cap along with a hint of white petticoat which rustled as she walked. Of course she would wear directoire knickers. Constance Watt considered herself a pretty woman for her age. However there was

to be no sex with the customers; that was all saved for Frieda.

The day had come to move into the flat; Marjorie was there, supervising everything. At the end of the day, she gathered Frieda and her mother together.

“Get yourself familiar with the surroundings over the weekend. Come Monday morning, the first client will arrive. I want all to get it right. Understood?”

“Yes ma’am,” said her mother giving a mock curtsy, making a fool of her daughter.

“Will you be here on Monday?” asked Marjorie’s mother.

“No, I have business to attend. I very much doubt you will see me here at all.”

Connie Watt felt excited that first morning as she pulled in the laces of the corset. She stood before the full-length mirror admiring herself, then she lifted the white satin petticoat; the white crisp apron was tied at the back in a large bow for the benefit of the clients. Finally, the maid’s white lace cap with the two streaming white ribbons was positioned in the back. Connie was now ready to prepare her mistress’ dress and help her with her makeup. Calling Frieda ‘mistress’ was all part of the game?

Naturally, Frieda Gilmore was nervous that morning but Connie eased her worries. “You’ll get used to it. You wanted a man to kiss you and you are beautiful.”

“Yes but that’s not that part I’m worried about.”

“The best advice I can give is shut your eyes and think of England. As time goes by, you’ll get into a routine and think nothing of it. Who knows, you may even come to like it!”

Frieda said nothing as Connie helped her into a gorgeous flowery dress. “You look delightful, Miss Frieda, so pure, so virginal, the perfect English rose. Any man will think he is privileged to have possessed your body.”

The first man arrived shortly after ten to be met by Connie in her maid’s outfit.

“Do take a seat, Mr. Charles; Miss Frieda will shortly be with you. She is prettying herself especially for you. I will inform her of your presence.” Connie made a sweeping curtsy holding the side of her dress out, then left for Frieda’s bed chamber.

“Your first client is here, Frieda. I think you’ll like him by his looks.”

Both women left Frieda’s bed chamber to greet Charles. “I’ve been expecting you, Charles. I think we will have an enjoyable time together.” Frieda now entwined her arm round Charles’ arm.

“You must tell me all about yourself, Charles,” she said, leading him towards the bed chamber. “Connie, I shall ring for you when Charles and I need refreshments.”

“Yes Miss Frieda, as you wish” Connie giving another curtsy to her mistress. She went over to the bureau and lifted the daily diary; nothing till 3 PM; Godfrey Wright, whoever he was. Connie flicked through the pages of the diary for the coming week; there were two or three appointments every day.

After a while, Connie Watt heard the buzzer of the intercom. "Connie, bring coffee and biscuits to my room for Charles and myself."

"Yes, Miss Frieda," answered her maid.

The sight that Connie Watt beheld as she entered her mistress' bedchamber was that of Frieda naked from the waist upward, bed sheets covering the rest. Charles' arm was around her shoulder, Connie put the large tray down on the bedside table.

"Do you wish cream and sugar, sir?" said Connie, trying to appear quite nonchalant about the appearance of Frieda and her gentleman friend.

"Both," he answered.

Connie proceeded to pour two cups out and handed them to her mistress and her lover.

"You know, Charles is big in the city, Connie," said Frieda.

"Oh, are you, sir?"

"You will see me again, Charles, won't you? I will miss you every moment you're away. See Connie before you leave. I am sure we will make time just for you, dear," finished Frieda.

"Will that be all, Miss Frieda?" asked her maid.

"Yes Connie, I do not need your services for now," said Frieda, dismissing her maid.

Constance Watt waited patiently for Frieda's client to depart the bedchamber.

"Would you wish to make another appointment to see Miss Frieda again, sir?"

"Yes," he answered.

Connie consulted the diary and sorted out the date. No money exchanged hands; that was sorted out by Sam or Marjorie.

“How was it for you, Frieda?” enquired Connie as they ate lunch.

“Not as bad as I thought it would be. After you left, we made love there in the shower. It was nice.”

“See, you’re getting used to it, but remember they won’t all be as nice as Charles. From what I see in the diary, you have a mixture of ages.”

“I suppose I will have to take the rough with the smooth and savour the romantic moments.”

They were a good team. Connie prepared the clients with her talk of what was to come before they met Frieda. It made Frieda’s task all the easier as she supplied the sex.

Marjorie Gilmore had been a constant visitor to Dolores’ flat. “Dolores,” she said one night as she lay in her arms. “I have been thinking about you and me. What would you say to walking away from all this and living in a house with me.”

Dolores stopped her gentle massage of Marjorie’s shoulder. The idea did have some attraction to her but could she commit herself to one person?

“There are a lot of problems, Marjorie. Is Sam going to let me go just like that? I could upset him. He has put a lot of money out for me.”

“Don’t worry about that, I’ll have a talk with him, I’m sure he can replace you.”

“You know I could tire of you, Marjorie. I’ve never had a permanent relationship with anyone in my life.”

“That’s a chance I’ll take, Dolores.”

“I’ll think it over and give you an answer soon.”
The conversation ended there.

“Honey, I’m home.” There was no sign of Dolores as Marjorie made her way through the living room of the well-furnished cottage. “Ah, there you are” Marjorie emerged out the back kitchen door to see Dolores pruning a rose bush in the garden. The two women kissed each other on the cheek.

“I’ve got something nice for dinner,” said Dolores handing Marjorie a red rose. The two women made towards the kitchen, arms around each other’s shoulders.

“How long will you be here this time, Marjorie?”

“Only for the weekend, I’m afraid. Monday I’m off to Malaysia to discuss road construction with the company’s chief engineer there.”

“Forget about business for the next few days, dear. It is so relaxing out here in the country. After dinner I have a nice stroll planned down by the river. It’s beautiful down there.”

Dolores had made the decision offered by Marjorie but having taken it, she realised that she was a kept woman. She would be Marjorie’s companion. She knew her role.

The stroll was relaxing for Marjorie. Anybody watching the pair would have thought it was a man

and a woman unless they paid close attention to Marjorie.

Later that night as the women lay in bed, Marjorie spoke. "I've hired a corporate box for the races for my best customers. I want you there in the prettiest of summer frocks so I can show you off."

"It sounds exciting. I've never been to the races before. I'll make you proud of me, Marjorie."

"Please do for it is business and pleasure. I've booked a double room in a five-star hotel for us during the meeting."

"Will there be any famous personalities there?"

"Plenty. Lords, Ladies, celebs; you may be rubbing shoulders with them."

That night Dolores had Marjorie's clitoris standing stiff many times and Marjorie was loving every moment of it. The pleasure Dolores gave her was so wonderful. It was a pity she could only spend these few hours in Dolores' arms.

Monday morning, Dolores gave a kiss on the cheek to Marjorie at the cottage gate as she made towards her car before departing to the airport.

Dolores, having so much time between Marjorie's visits, had enrolled herself in an arts class for sculpture.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SOPHISTICATED LADY

"You've got plenty of time before the one o'clock," said Connie as she helped Frieda into the nun's habit. "There we are. Don't you look the pious nun, Sister Ignacia." Connie looked closely at Frieda. "You've got lipstick on. You know he doesn't like that. Get it off at once."

“Sorry. It’s a good job you are here to keep me right.” Frieda removed the offending lipstick.

“That’s better, no makeup at all. I’ll get the props, then we are all ready,” said Connie.

Connie admitted the elderly gentleman into the flat. “May I take your coat and hat, sir?”

“That you may, Sister Constance,” said the man observing Connie, now dressed in a nun’s habit herself.

“Sister Ignacia is at her prayers and devotions. Would you care to join her in the chapel, sir?”

“That I would, Sister Constance.”

“You know the way. I will leave you with Sister Ignacia at her prayers.”

The elderly man made his way to the chapel (which in fact was Frieda’s bedchamber). The lights had been dimmed and solemn organ background music was heard. An altar was seen through the gloom with a nun kneeling on a hassock before it in prayer. The nun was in a long plain black habit, with mid-length sleeves, white shoulder piece, a wimple headpiece. On her feet, she wore flat black shoes. A pure white cord was tied round the waist. A very large golden cross hung round her neck which the elderly man could not see as he observed the nun from behind. The nun had her hands clasped in front of her in prayer but no words were heard.

The sight before the elderly man was too tempting. He softly tip-toed towards the nun till he stood behind her. Then he silently untied the white cord which loosened the nun’s habit. He lifted the black habit at the back to reveal the naked buttocks of Sister Ignacia. Unzipping the fly in his trousers, a

hard erection appeared. Now kneeling behind the pious nun in her prayers, he entered his erection between her buttocks.

Sister Ignacia let out a slow moan of delight but carried on silently with her supposed devotions.

The man slowly moved his erection back and forth between the nun's buttocks. The pace quickened as the man tightened his hold round the nun's waist. The climax happened as spurt after spurt of love's liquid filled the anus of Sister Ignacia (alias Frieda).

The elderly man now rose. His penis deflated, he re-zipped his fly. Sister Ignacia, finished with her devotions, also raised herself and turned round to face the man. Smiling, she said, "My body has been the receptacle of all that is evil within you. I am here to cleanse your soul."

"Yes Sister, you have done that. I am ever grateful. You must carry on the good work of your order." So saying, the man pressed a handful of banknotes into the palm of Sister Ignacia and promptly left. Connie, still in her habit, was waiting with his coat and hat. She, too, received a wad of banknotes as the man left the flat. Once the door closed, Connie switched the CD player off and the solemn organ music ceased.

"How did it go, Frieda?" enquired Connie.

"The usual. With him, it never changes, but for some reason the money was more than I expected. Does he really think we are nuns, Connie?"

"Who knows. Who cares? Time to change costume I'll help you, then we have time for some lunch."

For her next appointment, Frieda was very different from the pious nun. She had a heavily made-up face; black mascara; eye lashes; bright red lipstick; heavy dangling gold earrings. She wore a dominatrix outfit in black leather; a halter neck minidress with hook and eye front, lace-up back, boning and suspenders to which were attached sheer black stockings with lace tops and back seams.

“I hate these damn boots. I can hardly walk in them,” said Frieda.

Connie looked down at the black stretch Lycra thigh high boots with the 6” inch spike heel and thick platform soles. “You’ll have to get used to them, that is what he likes to see you in. And he is paying plenty for that privilege. By the way, before I forget, this is one prop you will need for him.” Frieda was handed a riding crop by Connie.

The young man entered the flat. Connie looked sternly at him. “You have displeased your Mistress. She awaits within her chamber for an explanation of your conduct. Have you one?”

“No,” replied the young man.

“I fear the worst for you” said Connie. “Then get yourself at once to Mistress Violent and face her wrath.”

On opening the door to the bedchamber, there stood Mistress Violent tapping her riding crop impatiently on her leg. “You dare to come back to your mistress? I am not one bit pleased with you, do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress Violent, forgive me,” replied the young man.



“That I cannot do. You must be punished. You will first pay homage to me as you have been taught.”

The young man knelt before Mistress Violent and placed his lips on one of the toe caps of her black thigh boot. He kissed it, then the other.

“Now undress completely,” ordered Mistress Violent. This done, the dominatrix lifted a pair of handcuffs from a nearby table containing many items.

“Put your hands behind your back!” Mistress Violent snapped the handcuffs shut. From the table, she lifted a leather blackout bondage hood, placed it over the man’s head and proceeded to lace up the back of the hood for a tight fitting. The man could not see but there were slits for the nose and mouth. A padded spike collar with chain attached was put around his neck. The young man was completely at the mercy of his cruel mistress. Mistress Violent led the blindfolded man by the chain to a padded bench and pushed him roughly over it, his bottom highly exposed. The riding crop was lifted, ready to administer a whipping. The first stroke came smartly, quickly followed by the next and the next. Mistress Violent watched as the young man’s penis stiffened; he was enjoying his chastisement. After a short time, she stopped.

“Let that be a lesson to you!” Dominatrix Violent took the metal chain attached to the collar in her hands and strongly pulled it to make the man rise. She now led him by the metal chain to the bed and pushed him onto it. The naked man lay perfectly still, not able to see what was going on around him. Mistress Dominatrix was pulling her black satin panties down and taking them off.

She stood over the man with a black Lycra thigh-high boot each side of the man, then squatted on top of the man’s head. “Lick, slave!” the order came as the man’s face became smothered by Mis-

tress Violent pussy. A tongue appeared through the slit in the hood and entered his mistress' pussy.

“Quicker, slave!” demanded Mistress Violent. Mistress Violent's climax was eventually reached and her love elixir released down the throat of the man to much coughing and spluttering. The dominatrix relaxed, letting her weight fall on the young man face, almost suffocating him. The man's ordeal was almost over as she unlocked the handcuffs and removed the hood. “Let that be a lesson to you,” said the dominatrix again.

“Yes, Mistress Violent,” answered the young man. She knew he would be back for more of the same; he was a devotee of whippings and face squatting.

“Mistress Violent has taken note of your misdoings in her punishment book. Do not let this happen again or it will be all the worse for you,” said Connie as the man left with a smile on his face.

“What misdeeds did he commit?” asked Frieda as she sat afterwards sipping coffee with Connie.

“Who cares?” answered Connie. “I've looked out a leather paddle in the shape of a hand. Next time he appears, I will leave that imprint on his rear end. He'll like that.”

“You think of everything, Connie. What would I do without you.”

“Yes. That last one is on his way back to the House of Lords, Lord Glengower if I'm not mistaken. It takes all types.” Connie said.

“Just another day at the office,” chortled Frieda. Connie joined in.

“What's lined up for tomorrow, Connie?”

“Let me see.” She consulted the diary. “Charles Barnes, as always, in the afternoon.”

“Oh really?” Frieda’s face completely changed to that of a softer, smiling one.

Connie observed Frieda. “You’ve liked him ever since the first time, haven’t you?”

“It is so romantic with him. He really makes me feel like a woman.”

“But you do have sex with him, don’t you, Frieda?”

“Yes but it’s different with him.”

“He pays for it like the rest,” said Connie. No answer.

AT THE RACES

“You look so pretty, Dolores,” Marjorie said, observing her womanly lover in her flowery summer dress.

“It’s only for your delight, lover, but you are not too bad yourself.”

Dolores looked over Marjorie in her classic grey jacket single-breasted jacket with two buttons at the front opening and a notch collar. Below she wore matching grey trousers, straight leg cut with a hook and bar fastening at the front opening. “She is really into the butch dike look with her close-cropped hair and trouser suit,” thought Dolores.

“Do you really like the outfit, Dolores?”

“Of course,” came her reply. A kiss was received for the favourable reply.

“You never told me you were into sculpture, Dolores.”

“I just dabble at it, something to pass my time while you are away, darling.”

“But it looks so good. I’m no expert but I know a man who is, Damien Howard. I’ll have a word with him today.”

“You know the great Damien Howard?”

“We were at university together. He will be at Goodwood races today, he follows the horses. I’ll introduce you to him.”

It was Marjorie’s turn to receive a loving kiss from Dolores.

“I’ve laid on a champagne lunch at the corporate box before the meeting begins, Dolores.”

“I’ll not let you down, darling. I will have pleasant conversation with all of your clients.”

“Good. I never thought otherwise. If all goes well over the next couple of days, I may well land a big contract in Asia for the company.”

The day had been a success for Marjorie; she had secured the contract she was after and Dolores received many kisses from her that night on their return to their room in the hotel. Dolores knew her job that night as she had done many times before.

“Come sweetheart, you need a rest. It has been a tiring day for you.” Dolores slipped her hand into Marjorie’s and they sat together on the chaise lounge.

Dolores lifted the intercom phone. “Bring a light supper for two to Miss Watt’s room and put it on her bill.” No more ‘Mrs. Gilmore’ for Marjorie; it was back to her maiden name.

“After supper it’s bedtime for you, dear. You need a rest.”

“Yes, Dolores,” replied Marjorie.

“For the rest of the week here you will forget work, you have plenty of time for that. Enjoy yourself.”

“You’re so considerate, thinking of my well being. I love you.”

After a thoughtful moment, Marjorie spoke. “Here you are talking about me but how did you get on with Damien Howard?”

“We had a most interesting talk. Seeing I was a friend of Marjorie Watt, he said he would make an arrangement to meet me at the cottage sometime. I’m so excited!”

“Good for you. Seems we both had satisfactory outcomes to our plans today.”

After their light supper, the women retired to their bedroom.

Dolores watched her sleeping partner beside her in the double bed. It had been some weeks since they had sex together; Marjorie was exhausted. That was why they slept in single beds so Marjorie would not be disturbed.

Dolores lifted her green satin nightdress to her waist and opened her legs. She was ready. A hand softly stroked Marjorie's face.

"Good morning, did you have a restful sleep?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Then make love to me, darling."

Marjorie rolled on top of Dolores. A vigorous rubbing by Marjorie excited both.

Dolores at one time wondered why Marjorie never used a strap-on dildo in their lovemaking. The answer was that there was no way Marjorie would use a dildo for that would remind her of the penis, that symbol of the male gender.

Dolores arched her body and placed her hands on the derriere of Marjorie and whispered. "I want to feel you. Give me all of you!" That was what Marjorie wanted to hear; she was wanted by another woman, wanted as a woman, loved by a woman as a woman.

Dolores placed a hand on Marjorie's clitoris. It was fully erect as she knew it would be; she gently fingered it. Shivers ran all over Marjorie's frame, her nipples hardened, protruding through the mid-length white nylon nightdress. Their mouths met in a prolonged passionate kiss. Dolores' finger continued giving pleasure to Marjorie's clitoris till eventually a fine spray was felt on Dolores finger and hand.

Dolores held Marjorie to her, running her hand through the close-cropped hair. Softly, she said, "You're the only woman for me. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," replied her lover.

Dolores lifted the phone. "Bring breakfast to Miss Watt's bedroom please."

"Mother!" exclaimed Marjorie as she watched the horses being paraded before the stands as the third race was about to take place.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"Watching the race, same as you."

"But... shouldn't you be back at the flat with Frieda?"

"Why?"

"You're supposed to be her maid."

"If you can have your business and pleasure with your lesbian partner, so can Frieda with her boyfriend."

"I'm not a lesbian, Mother."

Constance Watt looked her daughter up and down from her trouser suit to her close-cropped hair.

"Well, you could have fooled me, Marjorie, you've changed, but then again I suppose we all have. I think it is time we all sat down and had a talk you, me, and Frieda for she has something to say to you."

"It can be arranged, Mother."

"That sounds like something on your business agenda. See what time you can fit it in as if it could not be done here and now."

“Okay then, Mother, I’m here for the next two days. What say we all meet tomorrow night at my suite after a dinner together at the restaurant. My treat.”

“Okay then, that’s a deal.”

“That was a most enjoyable meal, Marjorie” said her mother as three women sat together on a couch in Marjorie’s hotel suite.

“Thank you, Mother.”

Marjorie surveyed her husband; there was no doubt he looked pretty in the evening dress of blue satin with a blue sash to match. Frieda’s dress sense had certainly improved since she had put him into the female role. Coffees arrived and were placed on the small table before the three women.

As she sipped her drink, Marjorie asked Frieda what was on her mind.

“Marjorie, I think we should get a divorce.”

“Why would you want that, Frieda?”

“Things are changing in my life and my boyfriend has proposed to me.”

“Has he? And who might he be?”

“Charles Barnes.”

“Does he know anything about you, Frieda?”

“Very little except the trade I ply. That’s how we met but he wants to take me away from all this and marry me. That is why I want a divorce; he knows nothing of my past.”

“That’s interesting. And what is to become of you, Mother?”

“That is all taken care of. I shall be living with them. Frieda insisted on it. She said I was a loyal servant to her and she could not desert me.”

“What does this Charles Barnes do for a living, Frieda?”

“He is a stockbroker.”

“I am not adverse to a divorce. Circumstances have changed but let me think on it. I’ll give an answer soon. It seems you will be well-taken care of Frieda, you too, Mother.”

The following day in her corporate box and hospitality suite Marjorie was in conversation with her office manageress Debbie or Ms. Deborah as she now demanded to be called by those under her. She was not liked in the office and behind her back was called “The Bitch.” She had been given the promotion and was out to prove she was worthy of it.

“Thank you, Marjorie, for inviting me to your hospitality suite as a guest.”

“Think nothing of it, Debbie. It’s a reward for the work you have put in for the company. You have that office running like clockwork. I reward those loyal to the company and me. How are you getting on?”

“I’ve taken management courses at night school, I want to get on in life and I have to thank you for that.”

“Do you?” said Marjorie as she looked at Debbie in her smart business suit of white button-up blouse, black jacket and tight matching skirt, black stockings, and flat black pumps just like her all those years ago.

“I don’t want to be the boss’s secretary my entire life so there I am at night school.”

“Good for you, Debbie, I like to an ambitious woman. Have you a boyfriend?”

“Had. I’m too busy for that. I live at home with mother, father died many years ago.”

“Debbie, how would you like to go into sales?” asked her boss.

“I would like that challenge.”

“Good but I am not throwing you in at the top this time. You will have to fight your way up there. It’s a man’s world out there.” In Debbie, Marjorie saw a woman who would crush the male bastards into the ground.

It had been a good day for Marjorie; she had backed a few winners on tips from Damien Howard.

Later that night, in bed, she asked Dolores if she would like to marry her.

“This comes as a surprise, Marjorie. I never thought our relationship would go that far.”

“But it has, darling. Say yes and we can stop living in sin.”

“Well, if you put it that way, how can I refuse?”

“Oh darling, darling,” said Marjorie, smothering her lesbian lover in kiss after kiss.

Dolores who had been reluctant to go into a relationship with Marjorie, now accepted it.

CHANGING TIMES FOR ALL

“That was the last one for all time,” said Connie as the Victorian maid uniform was discarded.

“I’ll be a blushing bride tomorrow, Connie. Isn’t it wonderful?”

“I’m happy for you and Charles for the happiness you have found.”

“Thank you, Connie, you’ve been like a mother to me through all this.”

“And I’ve regarded you as a daughter, Frieda. I’m glad to be living with you and your husband.” The women embraced and kissed each other on the cheek. It was as if Frieda had taken the place of Marjorie. In a way she had for although Marjorie was Constance Watt’s daughter, she looked more like her son.

“Damien Howard said I had talent Marjorie and liked what he saw,” Dolores gushed.

“Then he knows what he is talking about, Dolores I’ll set up a proper studio after we marry.”

“Would you? I’m so happy and I love you.”

“You will do my bust in bronze, won’t you, dear?”

“Certainly. You have been so kind to me. Look upon it as a delayed wedding present from me to you.”

The End