



Reluctant Press presents:

The Wonderful World of
Male Lesbians

Blind Ruth



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MALE LESBIANS

BY BLIND RUTH

THE NOTES

An unusual name for a little studied subject, I could have titled this story of male lesbians “bizarre” instead of wonderful. How did it all come about? Well it all started one day when my girlfriend Joanna showed me a cutting from a national newspaper. I should explain I first meet Joanna when we were in hospital having gender reassignment. I ran into her at the hospital and we found mutual interests and that we lived close to each other, although we had not previously met. Our friendship sort of took off from there, about once a month we would go to the local supermarket to buy in food for the coming months. We would take turns about driving each other to the supermarket, and then usually have dinner together at one of our homes, with a good old chin wag about this and that.

Joanna had prepared a wonderful meal that night, she always does, what an excellent cook she is. After dinner Joanna raved about her latest boyfriend, and that he was the real one this time. I have to say here she said that about all the boyfriends she has had since her operation four years ago. Joanna has had a large number of male friends and one cannot blame then she is a very pretty woman.

“This is it, Ruth. Harry has invited me to come for the weekend in a couple of week’s time to visit his parents.”

"Oh I do hope this is the right one this time Joanna." I have said that many times to her, but in my heart I really did wish it for her. To this date no man had gone as far to invite she to see his parents so fingers crossed all is well.

"Maybe, Ruth, you will find the right man?"

"I'm in no hurry, Joanna." Although I have had two or three boyfriends, since my op, even slept together with one for a few months. But he really was not for me. Unlike Joanna who thought everyman was the right one and had no hesitation in going to bed with them all.

Anyway we seem to be drifting off the subject of the Male Lesbian.

"Oh by the way have you seen this, Ruth? I kept this newspaper because I know you are interested in these sorts of subjects." Joanna was now handing me a well-known national newspaper. I briefly looked at the paper and really had no time to study it as Joanna and I were having a good old chin wag.

"Can I keep this Joanna till I have time to study it?"

"Sure Ruth keeps it I have no further use for it. Tell me if anything comes out of it Ruth?"

"Yes, sure will."

It was the following day I picked up the paper and read a most interesting article:

Today your reporter tracked down a most unusual case of transgender I meet two beautiful ladies both in their early forties. I say ladies some might say transvestites, shemales; however I was corrected by both women they wish to be known as Male Lesbians.

Their story is as follows David Wills a married man with two children ran away with her Male Lesbian partner, to a remote Welsh farm. By the way David now calls himself Daphne and would prefer I call her by that. Her partner Kitty once a man by the name of Matthew Bonner, lived on his own. She also preferred I call her Kitty. Daphne and Kitty met in a well-known transgender club and their friendship started there. Both found they had so much in common and were sexually attracted to each other when dressed as women; it therefore was no surprise they ran away with each other.

Both Daphne and Kitty emphasised that they were not transsexuals, transvestites, cross dressers, or even she males, but were Male Lesbians. Neither had, had a sex change operation, although they did admit some Male Lesbians have had that but still remained their male parts. Both Daphne and Kitty dressed as woman full time, and any true Male Lesbian will do as well. If not then they do not have the right to be called Male Lesbians, as Daphne and Kitty told me. Both women made no bones about the fact sex played a large part in their relationship, and then only dressed as women. I was informed both were dressed now full time as women. On the farm they made their living with their live stock hens, baking cakes pies and all that and selling to the public.

So your reporter found a most unusual partnership of the unknown world of Male Lesbians maybe someday this largely unknown world of the male lesbian will be fully ex-

plored and explained till then I leave you with the happy Male Lesbians of Daphne and Kitty.

The whole article left me most curious to find more about this phenomenon. Two men living together, not have any operations, calling themselves Male Lesbians. I have seen some girls who have had the op and living with their wife or partner in a lesbian relationship, which I could understand. Even transvestites living with wife's saying they were lesbians a little harder to understand but believable. I wanted to find more about this kind of relationship but how, no addresses were given, maybe if I got in touch with the newspaper concerned or even the journalist could help me. Why bother you might say, I don't know but the whole subject fascinated me.

I did get in touch with the newspaper who said that they must protect their informants, however if their journalist wished to tell me that was none of their business.

The paper gave me the phone number of John Savage the reporter who wrote the article. I phoned John and explained my interest in his article about Daphne and Kitty he said that over the phone he could not give me any information, but could we meet and talk about it. A time and place was arranged, and so it was one day the following week we meet in Starbucks for a coffee and a chat.

I explained my interest in the subject and that I was a transsexual myself. His ears pick up at this information.

"Miss Campbell, if I gave the information you wished, would you be willing to give me an interview on any information you may receive, from the two good ladies? And would you also give a run down on your own life, since your operation?"

I was not too happy on this score about my own life after my op four years ago; it was delving into my private life. The whole thing about Male Lesbians had made me impatient to find more of this subject that I agreed to his request. However I did ask that he write sensibly about me and no sensationalism about my life, as I know some newspapers would, John gave me assurance it would be a positive article.

Then the bombshell came; he could not as yet give me any addresses. He had promised Daphne and Kitty he would need their permission to give out their address to anyone making enquires about them. However if I cared to give my name and address to him, he would pass on to Daphne and Kitty, and if they were interested would be in touch with me somehow. This I did.

I had almost forgotten about Male Lesbians when two months after talking to John Savage a letter came through my letterbox from Daphne and Kitty, which read as follows...

Dear Miss Campbell

John Savage has been in touch with us and informed Kitty and me of your interest in the phenomenon of the Male Lesbian. Both Kitty and I are of the opinion that the world should know more

about male lesbianism and therefore if you could give us your credentials we may arrange a meeting between both parties to discuss this rarely touched on subject

Yours Sincerely

Daphne Wills

Their address was given at the top of the letter, I would of course write back telling then of my interest, and that I had written a number of article on transgender subjects. It also came to mind that both ladies living in the Brecon Beacons in Wales and I here in the Scottish Highlands such a meeting would take a number of days to get all the information that I required. I wrote back and said if they permitted me the honour to interview them I would have to stay at a guesthouse or inn near them. I also informed them that I was a transsexual.

They replied there was no problem and that I could stay with them in their cottage as they had a spare room. It was also suggested that I come on a Thursday and stay the week-end and return to my Highland home on the Monday. Sensible I thought and in my reply offered to pay them for all the trouble they would be out.

November in the year of 2008 was a cold one well in Inverness it certainly was, the morning I came for my train to London Kings Cross. It was the Thursday I set off as had been arranged beforehand. By my reckoning it was going to take me all day to reach Daphne and Kitty cottage in Brecon. Not only would that it be nighttime when I got there. There was no train station anywhere near Daphne cottage the nearest one was some ten miles or more away. It therefore was arranged that I would go there and Daphne would pick me up and then drive us both back to their cottage.

I had two changes to make on my journey, the last on a local train which as I came nearer to my destination the train was on a single track.

My stop was one before the final destination of the train with some unpronounceable long Welsh name that ended in go, go, and go. I alighted from the train and as I stood on the lonely platform the train left. No one in sight I waited and waited at the station was unmanned. After about ten minutes I went to the waiting room. It was now approaching darkness what was I to do? That train was the last one that day and I was in the middle of nowhere!

Darkness had descended; there wasn't even any phone box near where I could have phoned Daphne, not even a house in sight. All I could do was stay here till the morning and by the looks of it, it was going to be a cold freezing night.

I had brought my overnight bag with a few dresses and a nightie, but not the type of nightie one would wear out in the open. However there was nothing else for it but to take all my clothes out of the bag lie on the hard bench and put them all over me, still with my clothes and coat on. Lucky there was a lamp in the waiting room and it worked!

Thoughts running through my mind in the morning there must be someone who came here in the morning and maybe I could get a lift to some phone. If I was lucky, maybe even a lift to Daphne and Kitty.

While all this was going on in my head, I heard a car horn I looked out the waiting room and there at the far end of the platform by the road was an old beat up truck. I rushed out the waiting room to where the truck had stopped. On seeing a woman at the driving wheel of the car I asked "Daphne?"

"Yes of course dear, you must be Ruth Campbell, sorry for the delay had a flat tyre and had to change it back there. You must be freezing get your things in here and warn yourself in the cabin." Going back to the waiting room gathered my things into my overnight bag and made to the truck.

There were three seats on the front of the truck, I placed my bag on one and sat on the other beside Daphne in the middle seat.

As Daphne drove off she said "I'm so sorry Ruth, would have to get a flat at the wrong time, and was only a couple of miles from the cottage. Normally I would have left it there and walked back to the cottage, but then thinking about you I said to myself must go and pick up Ruth. You must be freezing dear, never mind Kitty will have a good hot meal for you when we arrive."

Well these things happen and it can't be helped, main thing as the saying goes all's well that ends well.

I never saw much of Daphne face as the cabin was dark and there were no streetlights. From what I could make out we were driving on country lanes with plenty of ruts and holes in the road, it was no wonder Daphne had, had a flat. Although I must admit this truck handled them well, good springs and a motor that seemed to purr. I was to learn later that in another life Kitty had once been a motor mechanic. And as Daphne told me this truck was pick up in a car auction for pennies and Kitty had gone round scrap yards to galvanize car parts for nothing and more or less rebuilding this truck. It made me wonder what Daphne did in a previous life for a living. After some thirty minutes I could see over the flat moorland in the distance a light.

"Here we are Ruth in a few minutes we will be there. I'll put this in the garage and you make your way to the cottage. Tell Kitty I'm fixing the spare tyre; have to Ruth to-morrow we go to market in Brecon."

That surprised me did not know we were going anywhere while I was there. In the garage Daphne parked the truck and made to a workbench with the flat tyre.

"I will switch the floodlights on, Ruth, and you can see your way to the cottage."

I went to the garage door and could vaguely make out a back yard and the cottage only twenty yards away. Only twenty yards away I said what I never knew till I walked towards the cottage the yard was a quagmire and how my shoes squelched in the mud, for one moment I thought I was going to leave my shoes in the soft wet land and end up in my stocking feet. It was then I realized how wise Daphne was as she had leather boots on that came up to her knees. I bumped into something that I assumed must be a hen house from the clucking and cackling that came from it. The noise brought someone to the cottage door "Daphne" the person queried.

"No," I replied. "Ruth Campbell, here."

"Oh yes Ruth, come in was expecting you any minute where is Daphne?"

I explained about all the mishap.

"Oh you poor dear you must be frozen come in and warm yourself by the fire I've made some soup and a steak pie meal ready for you and Daphne. Here let me take your bag and I'll put it in the spare room." The woman never mentioned her name but I assumed it was Kitty. As she left the living room with my overnight bag, kept looking at me, and my clothes, with a tut, tut under her breath, and a shake of her head although she said nothing.

I had entered the cottage and in the hallway to the right was the living room, in which I now stood. To the left two rooms one the spare room the other Daphne and Kitty bedroom. The living room had a big log fire, to which I was headed. I stood in front of it with my back to it to get some heat on my backside.

"Ah warming you up Ruth quite right it gets cold around these parts." What parts she was talking about I was not sure as Kitty for it was indeed she was a bit of a wit. Was it my posterior or the land around here? We had by now introduced ourselves. Kitty sat me down at a big farm table and served up a large bowl of broth, I needed that it warmed me up considerably. This was now followed by stake pie served up with boiled potatoes, peas, and carrots, all home grown here in our garden, Kitty assured me.

By now Daphne had joined us and Kitty served up the same meal to her. Daphne explained all her troubles with the tyre.

"Good all fixed up for the morning to go to market." Then Kitty was looking at me. "You told Ruth all about to-morrow." Daphne shook her head.

"Well Daphne darling she can't go in these clothes you know what it's going to be like at market. Have you got any other sort of heavy clothes with you Ruth?"

"No I have not really Kitty but why?"

"Every month we go to the cattle market in Brecon set up a stall and sell eggs, home baked cakes, scone, pancakes and things like home grown vegetables and that. And you certainly cannot wear skimpy dresses like what you have on."

"Oh" I said with some surprise.

"Never mind I think I have some warmer clothes that I will look out for you and a pair of ankle boots. We set off early so I would get to bed now look at the time."

I hadn't paid much attention to it, but with all the carry on it was now near midnight. I was shown my room nice and pleasant it was, as soon as I had my nightie on climbed into bed and as soon as my head hit the pillow I was out like a light.

I was awakened with Kitty holding up a large woollen skirt in her hand.

"This is for you, Ruth, and this - and this, and this as well."

What this and this was a large white woollen jumper, a pair of black leather boots, and a big and I mean big pair of heavy knickers.

"Dress quickly, breakfast in the living room. See you soon."

"What's the time?" I asked, too late - Kitty was gone. I looked at my travelling clock, half past five in the morning. I looked twice 5-30 am I never got up at that time at home. Anyway whatever I started to dress pulled the white wool jumper over my head and bra; it certainly was thick and more important warm.

The knickers were something else; more like what your Grandma or even great Grandma's would have worn. Heavy black knickers elasticised at the knee but they too were warm. The skirt a sort maroon colour and it also was warm. The black fur lined leather boots with low heels were a bit tight but I did squeeze my feet into them. What I was to find all these clothes were practical for around their small holding as I was to find out. I had brought a heavy black long coat with me, which went well with the black boots.

Leaving the room I made for the living room where Daphne and Kitty were sitting eating their breakfast "Ah there you are Ruth a good Scotch breakfast porridge and rolls help yourself. You'll be used to porridge I expect."

Scotch I may be but I do have to admit I am not a porridge fan (shame on you Ruth) however that morning I did take a bowl of porridge. It sticks to your ribs as someone once told me. It certainly heated me up that morning for the day ahead.

"Everything packed up Daphne, eggs, vegetables, cakes, scones, pancakes and all that?"

"But of course Kitty you ask me that every market day and you get the same answer." Daphne said a little bit annoyed with her partner.

"You know me, Daphne, I worry all the time. It's just I want no mistakes. I mean what if we went all the way to Brecon and forgot something no time to go back, you know what I mean."

Kitty was now untying a big bow at the back of a large white apron she was wearing. I had noticed the apron last night when she came to the cottage door. Gathering up a basket with eggs and putting it over her arm. "All ready come on Ruth you can sit in the truck between Daphne and me. It will take us an hour or so to reach Brecon, you'll like it there that is if you have any time to see it. As soon as we get there we set up stall in the town hall, which you will find has no heating, hence all the woollen clothes."

As I exited the cottage now daylight I could see the various hen houses scattered around the back yard and some hens wandering there.

"It is a free range eggs we supply here, Ruth." Daphne was addressing me. I certainly was glad of the boots now as they squelched on the muddy ground. A rather large plump brown hen was running round my boots, and trying to peck me, however the leather boots stopped that.

"Stop that Clara stupid bird, you see you upset her last night Ruth when you bumped into the hen house." I was amazed to what Kitty had said.

"But how would she know it was me I mean she didn't even see me."

"Oh animals are not as daft as people think they can sense these things. Ruth didn't mean it, Clara. Shoo, shoo." Kitty was chasing the hen away from me.

Clara the hen was not taking any heed to Kitty and laughter came from both Daphne and Kitty as Clara chased me to the truck. I think the hen must have thought it won a victory as it saw me leave. On the journey it gave me time to reflect on my two companions.

Daphne was the taller with a ruddy complexion shoulder length thick black hair, a silver chain with a crucifix round her neck, matching silver stud earrings and a friendship ring on a finger of the left hand. That was all the jewellery she wore, her clothes were all of a heavy black material. Over all this a heavy black coat, the black leather boots that she wore covered what I think were black ribbed tights.

Kitty, a smaller plump woman, what I was to call that. "She was a funny wee woman," that was very jovial and witty. Her appearance was one of a round face, small lips, a big nose, and red cheeks. Her long black hair hung well past her shoulders. If Daphne had, had hardly any make up Kitty had none at all. Like Daphne she wore heavy red coloured clothes and brown leather boots, and a red hat to go with her red clothes.

Both women were not what one would call cat walk models, but then they were mature women in their forties. And for mature women their appearance was more than good, but then they were wearing practical clothes. Sophisticated clothes would really have changed their appearance but both ladies wore practical clothes and that was the way they were. And both seemed to like each other the way they were, I was to find in their own way they loved each other.

By now we were nearing Brecon and heading for the town hall, we parked at the back of the town hall. "Come on Ruth give us a hand to unload the truck, while Kitty and I set up our stall." I was being coerced into helping them, which I really did not mind, they were sweet dears. Kitty was handing boxes from out of the back of the truck to Daphne and me as she spoke.

"There eggs please be careful with them, Ruth."

"Oh course she will be careful Kitty stop fussing so." Daphne told her.

Mean time I followed Daphne into a large hall where various people were in the process of setting up their stalls. I made a few journeys out to the truck bringing boxes with eggs potatoes, and various other vegetables.

I found that nearly everyone there knew Daphne and Kitty as good mornings were said to many people and pleasantries exchanged with other stallholders. There were row upon row of stalls selling all sorts of wares from clothing, baby clothes, make up, jewellery, an antique stall that Daphne took a great interest in. I was to learn that Daphne once had been an antique dealer, and had made some excellent purchases for both herself and Kitty, and stalls with everything under the sun. Daphne and Kitty stall when erected had a sign above it, which read DAPHNE AND KITTY HOME BAKING AND MANY OTHER DELIGHTS. Underneath this read, free range eggs, Apple pies better than your mother ever made, scones, pancakes, your entire home cooking here.

Our stall in the row was opposite another row of stalls which made it a sort of passage which people walked up and down.

I noticed our stall at the end of a row, which made it a corner stall and therefore we could have people coming down one passage and then the other passage of stalls. This made sense as customers could come from both passages. And it was not by chance either as Daphne and Kitty had worked this out a long time ago as to where be the best spot for a stall. I also learned that although there would be many farmers' wives and daughters there, while the men folks had brought their cattle to sell at the market. The women were mostly interested in clothes and other things, not in our stall. No said Daphne our sales are mainly from the town folks, farm people will have their own livestock and a lot do their own baking.

The stall now being set up I looked at the time on a big four-way clock, which hung in the centre of the hall, so that people could see the time from all angles in the hall. It had not reached eight o' clock yet, the hall doors shortly opened and people slowly entered. As Daphne and Kitty said it was cold but as the hall filled up the body heat warmed us all up. By ten thirty the place was crowded and Daphne was shouting our wares, "Come and get your free range eggs here, we have apple pies better than your mother ever made. It is all here home baking, scones, pancakes, doughnuts what more could you want."

They had regular customers and a steady stream of people came to the stall all morning. I helped out putting the cakes, scones into paper bags and giving it to the customers. The money I gave to Daphne and Kitty who had large sort of aprons on, with deep wide pockets, so that change could be given out. The notes they kept in bags within the pockets. I also learned from many of the stall holders that this was a full time job, they moved on from market to market, so they could be at many places over the week. Daphne and Kitty themselves usually did two different markets a week. I found the whole thing exciting and before I knew it time was approaching noon.

"Come on, Ruth, we will go for a spot of lunch I'll tell old Blodwyn to keep an eye on the stall while we are away." Daphne stopped at a stall selling dresses and spoke to a woman who must have been in her sixties; she nodded her head and answered.

"Sure Daphne you would do the same for me." They were a friendly bunch there, I noticed Daphne took some money bags with us which were to be disposed in the local bank as we made for lunch, and these of course contained most of the money taken that morning.

As we were about to leave the hall there were two stalls near the exit. One was called "Things to do with your Hair" the other "Betty's Beauty Box." Kitty gave Daphne a dig in the ribs "There you are Daphne get yourself all done up for George, new hair style, and plenty of makeup plastered on your face all for George."

Daphne gave Kitty a look "I'll have enough of that, Kitty."

"Well you know George, what's the betting he has a small present for you he always has." All Kitty got in return was a grunt from Daphne.

We now made for a pub called The Prince of Wales a sort of quaint old fashion English pub; only it wasn't it were Welsh. Everyone knew Daphne and Kitty the landlord asked "The usual girls" both nodded. "What do you want Ruth there is the menu." Kitty handing me the same "What are you having" I queried. "Broth, steak and kidney pie potatoes and peas and that's it" Daphne answered.

"And she will have a pint of lager," added Kitty, then looking at me. "Don't worry Ruth I'll be driving the truck back home, so she can drink as much booze as she likes." I noticed Kitty was only drinking Coke.

I ordered the same meal and Daphne asked me what I wished to drink Bacardi and coke. As we ate Daphne said "Look Ruth I can manage the stall myself this afternoon go with Kitty to the cattle market or stroll round the city. By the way it is a city although by the size of Brecon one would not think so, a city is determined if it has a cathedral and Brecon has right next to the city hall, the market where our stall is in.

"What is Kitty going to do at the market?" I queried.

"Sell our chickens," answered Kitty herself. I had noticed a number of steel cages in the back of the truck being loaded in at the small holding. They containing the chickens I never gave it much of a thought, in fact I had forgotten all about them till this conversation. "We sell then here in the fowl market which is held on the afternoon. A market for small and game birds, that's where your boyfriend George comes in handy Daphne you, know he always gets a good price for our chicks. So keep on your boyfriend old George good side Daphne."

Daphne gave Kitty a look but said not a word. Just then a voice came booming out beside us "Somebody talking about me." A man with what I would call with a well-worn weather beaten face must have been in his fifties stood and he towered above us. "Daphne makes room for your boyfriend." Chimed in Kitty, we were sitting on a long sort of cushioned bench, with a fixed table in front of us. Kitty moved up to make room for the said George to squeeze in beside Daphne.

"This is George Worthington, Ruth farmer extraordinary."

"You flatter me, Kitty." George was now holding out his hand to shake mine. And what hands they were large hands well-worn rough hands from hard work, which I was told later George was not afraid of. I thought he was going to crush my hand.

"My but Ruth is another beautiful lady you girls always are." George by now I noticed had an arm round Daphne waist, which she was making no attempt to remove.

"Could you sell our chicks again to-day George?" Queried Kitty.

"But of course Kitty anything for Daphne, just bring your cages round to the market and I'll take it from there."

"Oh you are a sweetie, George." Kitty cooed like a dove, and in a friendly way she was having fun with George.

"Oh I would do anything for my number one sweetheart." George was now looking at Daphne with loving eyes.

"You have others then, George?" Kitty was making a joke out of it.

"You know what I mean, Kitty." George who was taking Kitty very seriously and not thinking Kitty was ribbing him.

For the first time Daphne spoke. "You are a nice man George but you know my sexual inclinations." Daphne was putting a hand on Kitty's. The first time I had seen any sort of affection between Daphne and Kitty.

"I know, I know but it still does not stop me thinking about you, but if you ever change your mind your welcome anytime to share my farm and my bed." A sigh and a loving look at Daphne came from George.

Then George put a hand into the inside pocket of his jacket and produced something wrapped up in tissue paper. "This is a little something from me Daphne..." Daphne took the tissue paper off to reveal a small silver charm in the shape of a heart to which one could attach to a charm bracelet.

"Oh you shouldn't have George it is so expensive take it back."

"No Daphne keep it, it is yours. Something I hope will remind you of me." Daphne put her arms round George and gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"I will always love you and I will never stop trying to get you between the sheets, you know that Daphne."

Daphne did not answer but looked sweetly to George.

I found George even paid for our meal, in his own way he was a kindly man. He was a widower and that Daphne was so like his wife, which was how he came to take a liking for her in the first place. When he found out she was a man it did not put him off, for some unknown reason it rather spurred him on. I was told George considered Daphne a woman and woe betide anyone who did not think she was anything but that.

"Look Daphne I'll drive the truck round to the fowl market leave you with George, then come back to our stall. When the day is over come and pick up the truck, then we can pack our things and go home," said Kitty. I don't know if Daphne was pleased about that arrangement George certainly was.

We finished the meal and made to the town or should it be the city hall. Kitty drove the truck to the fowl market left Daphne and me there as she made her way back to the stall. I gave Daphne a hand to unload the truck of the cages containing the chickens, as did George.

George now had a sort of white farmers smock on after unloading was chatting with various people there. My attention was now attracted to a platform above the crowd now assembled.

An auctioneer stood high above the assembled crowd banging his gavel on the table in front of him. "Ladies and gentlemen we are now about to start our fowl auction you all have had time to inspect the birds so here we go, lot number one. This is from John Bottomly farm, which will start me with a ten." Someone put their hand up the auctioneer now went into action "I have a ten now a twenty, a twenty now a five, twenty-five, a thirty, a thirty, a thirty, yes sir a forty. Is that the last bid sold to Hendry Hubert." Then he banged the gavel down, and so it went on. Our chickens were now coming up; the auctioneers banged his gavel once more

"Here we have lot number thirty-one from Daphne and Kitty small holding; George Worthington assures me you'll not get any better chickens than these. But then we all know what a good liar George is." Saying this caused much laughter from the crowd.

The auctioneer in a serious mood "Ladies and gentlemen that was my little joke; I do not need to tell you what a good judge of these kind of birds George is. Who will start me at forty?" No response I thought we were going to left with them. The auctioneer then said "Thirty." Still no response I looked at Daphne no sign of worry or emotion on her face. The auctioneer again "Twenty, surely twenty," a hand went up then the auctioneer went into action. "A twenty now a twenty-five yes Sir a thirty, I have a thirty, forty, fifty fifty-five, sixty do I hear any more." No more bids "Sold to Bill Standing for sixty" the gavel came down with a bang. The auctioneer went on to the next lot as a shaking of hands took place between Daphne, George, and Bill Standings.

"You done well for us George, you always know the right people to tell of our sales."

"Of course I did, Daphne for you I would do anything say the word and I'll marry you any day. You are just the type of woman a man needs round the farm. Not only that, just think of all the fun we would have under the sheets in bed."

"Well err... yes George but I told you before all the reasons George." An embarrassed and blushing Daphne replied more so because I was there.

"You can't help a man for thinking Daphne my love." No more was said.

I found this auction sale very interesting and when it finished I walked back to the city hall where I found Kitty packing up the stall. "Can I give you a hand Kitty?"

"Well if you could take some of these cases to the front exit in a minute or so I will go and collect the truck then we will make our way home." This I did the time on the four ways clock was nearing 5-30 and it was dark outside the street lamps now being on.

As we drove back Kitty made conversation "Old George certainly likes you Daphne remember the first time we met him. There we were in the Prince of Wales having our bar lunch when this man sat down at the table opposite us then he spotted you and he stared and stared at you in disbelieve. He rose and came over to our table "Rita?"

"Oh you must be mistaken, I'm Daphne Wills."

"Oh I'm sorry but you look so like my beloved Rita god bless her, she was my wife been dead some five years now."

"George then introduced himself and we to him, then everything took off from then. Did it not Daphne dear" Daphne nodded her head. Kitty continued on "Then George having found we had a small holding asked all about it said we must come to his farm and he would show us around. Which we did his farm was truly magnificent acres upon acres of land. He was a cattle owner and not into small birds like hens and such like. But that did not mean he knew nothing about chickens and such like. He gave us many tips on how to breed our hens. He made an offer to come to our small holding and organise it for the better, which we took up. He also suggested if he could handle our chickens at the fowl market he would get the best price for them at no cost to us. You know Daphne he kept looking at you all the time he was smitten with you."

"Yes I know that is why I told him I was a male lesbian, made no difference to George in fact if anything it only encouraged him more."

"And yet for all the times you spurned him George never gives up like to-day. You saw his beautiful farm house the last word in elegance it must be worth a fortune many a woman would do anything to have his ring on their wedding finger," said Kitty

"I know and he could have any young blonde bimbo he likes with his money, and I should be honoured and I am, but you know me I stick with you."

"Yes Daphne and I love you for that, but it would not hurt me if you dropped your drawers for once to George he deserves it for all he has done for us."

"OH KITTY how could you think of such a thing I could not do that for anyone I do not love." Daphne was very angry at such a thought.

"I'm sorry Daphne but I do have to say the obscene sight of you and George together fills me with laughter, it's just my dirty mind." Kitty was giggling as she drove. No more was said and the journey continued in silence.

When we arrived back and parked the truck I closely followed Kitty across the back yard. In case Clara the Cluck as I had now christened the hen that had been keen to peck my boots was around. No sign of any hens too busy sleeping in the hen house I expect thank goodness.

I soon made my way to the spare room and undressed and put my nightie on climbed under the sheets. I was just about to go sleep when I realised that I had been here for over two days and had not as yet asked what I had come to find out what is a male lesbian?

That could wait but first thing in the morning I must chase Daphne and Kitty for that answer.

I was awakened in the morning by a loud knock on the bedroom door and Kitty voice. "Come on sleepy head it's nearly seven o'clock, breakfast is ready. Daphne and I have been up since six."

Daphne and Kitty were early birds as I found out but running a small holding is hard work. I scratched my head and set to put my dress on. I made into the kitchen and the delicious smell of frying hit me, ham and eggs.

"Sit down Ruth tea and toast with marmalade to go with the eggs and ham."

"Thanks Kitty where is Daphne?"

"Out there feeding the hens see." I looked out the window and there was Daphne with a sort of basket in her hand scattering breadcrumbs over the ground and hens following her around pecking at the breadcrumbs.

As I ate I said to Kitty "You know I came here to ask you and Daphne what male lesbianism is all about, so far I have not asked one question, when I can get both of you together and asked?"

Kitty gave me a look, a funny sort of look; well that's how I would describe it. "Yes, Ruth, both Daphne and I discussed this finding time is so exacting on the small holding, and we thought it was not fair to you after inviting you here to discuss just that. So after lunch we will all sit down and discuss the subject okay, Ruth?" No more was said.

Near one o'clock Daphne emerged from the back yard into the kitchen dressed in the same black dress as yesterday only instead of black leather boots now wore green wellingtons, covered in mud, which she wiped on the mat there.

"Been to the greenhouse dear, how are the tomato's coming on?" asked Kitty.

"Lovely Kitty we should have a few dozen soon to sell and the price should be worthwhile as you know tomatoes at this time of year are out of season. What have you got for lunch smells nice I'm starving?"

Boiled beef and carrots but first pea and ham soup that should warm you up you have done a hard day's work Daphne dear. Oh and don't forget after lunch we will have that talk with Ruth."

As we ate I could see both these women were hard workers and loved each other very much, they worked for each other.

After lunch Daphne said, "Let us go to the living room sit down and relax then sit and talk."

This we did and Kitty brought a pot of tea some cups and a plate of scones poured out the tea and said, "Help yourself to scones Ruth while we talk."

I sat on the couch between Daphne and Kitty and very comfortable it was. I had my note pad, pen and pocket tape recorder to take notes.

"Now Ruth, where do you want to start and what do you wish to know?"

"Well that is just it Daphne the subject of Male Lesbianism is so unknown and seems so vast I just do not know where to start. But I have a few notes here and they maybe lead on to something I can work from. First of all I take it you are not Welsh from your accents."

Both answered almost at once. "Yes that is right we come from the Manchester area."

"I see, why come to North Wales and on a small holding at that, farming is not in your blood. I mean one of you was a motor mechanic and the other was an antique dealer."

"Yes that is right Ruth, I suppose when we decided to run away together we wanted to get away from it all. Although I have to say our chosen professions in a former life came in handy, Kitty with the truck and I picking up some worthwhile antique's." said Daphne who then added "I did not quite desert my wife without money I send her money every month from what we make from the small holding. It's hard going to make ends meet here."

Kitty came in here "I did not have that problem never having been married, so no one depended on me."

"I see, now going deeper into Male Lesbianism I can see you girls have nice and shapely bodies I expect that is all down to padding."

Daphne and Kitty quickly cut in here "Oh no, Ruth, that is not so."

"It is not you said none of you had, had any operations."

Daphne seemed to be the spoke person for both of them. "Yes that is right we never had an operation, neither do we have padding. What you see is real it is all our own flesh." Daphne was now standing up and patting herself on her derriere.

"What we do is this every morning both Kitty and myself tightly corset each other and have done for years. So you see the constant corseting has pulled our stomachs in and our bottoms out, see the shape." Daphne running her hands down her curvy shapely hips.

"Yes I see but what about your bust that surely is false."

"No wrong again that too is real we take hormones, but not the hormones you would have taken Ruth."

"I still take then Daphne as I was told after my operation, but what other types of hormones are there? I did not know there were any others Daphne?"

"Well yes there are and it is an extract from seaweed, the result maybe not as much as the hormones you take, however breasts are formed small maybe to your size, but breasts never the less. So there is no need for breast transplants, some girls have had transplants. This all confirms to being a Male Lesbian as long as they have their male bits in a fully working order Ruth."

"That is most interesting, as long as they do not have the full operation, implants cosmetic surgery is okay then."

"Yes of course later on I will relate some true stories of Male lesbians we know who have had cosmetic surgery and or implants, but Kitty or I have not."

"Just as a matter of interest where do you buy these hormones? I mean normally one would have to have a prescription from a doctor."

"Most drug stores have these herbal remedies, Ruth," Kitty said.

"I hate to bring this subject up but it does rather intrigues me sex you only have sex with another male Lesbian is that correct Daphne?"

"Yes but it does require a lot of explaining obviously most Male Lesbians have had other types of sex relationships till they find their Male Lesbian partner, when they do it usually is for life."

"I see Daphne so that means a lot of Male Lesbians would have had some sort of sex with say women as I expect you must have had with your wife."

"Correct but since finding my partner for life I never have had sex with a woman."

"Now how come you do not define yourselves as say transvestites or even those who have had breast implants she-males?"

Both looked at each other Daphne answered, "Never, no self respecting Male Lesbian would consider them as anything but that, Ruth."

I decided to throw a spanner in the works with my next question to see their reaction. "Some people would say both of you are a gay couple and homosexual what do you say to that."

Both looked at me in horror and gave each other a hug "Oh no, no Ruth never for a start we dress in woman's clothes full time and do consider ourselves as women and Male Lesbians. All true male lesbians once they have found their true partner will dress as women and think as women from then on."

I do have to say it did take some thinking out. But who was I to interfere with what it seemed two happy Male Lesbians.

"At what sort of ages does one find your type of person I mean if you pardon me you both are mature women"?

"I like that Ruth, very diplomatic if I may say so, and not calling us old women. I certainly do not feel like an old woman, do you, Kitty?"

"Never," Kitty replied.

"To your answer Ruth age does not come into the equation we will say both Kitty and I are mature, but I will relate later about some young male lesbians in their twenties, so you see age has nothing to do with it."

"Tell me, girls, how did you come to meet each other?"

"As I said we come from the Manchester area and at my wife's request she asked me one day to phone a transgender phone help line. I must mention here my wife was a very understanding woman, had found me dressed in women's clothes one day, made no scene, but I knew in my heart she did not want to see me dressed in then. However did realize my need to dress although she did not want to see it, so therefore knew of my desire to meet others likeminded that was why I phoned on her advice. I found the transgender club in the middle of the well-known gay area in Manchester. However do not be mistaken gay it maybe but that does not mean to say all who go to this club are gay, it is only because those gays make them welcome they go there." Daphne emphasized this point, continuing on with her narrative, "I came with a holdall and I was shown the changing room where a number of others were in the middle of doing just that. So I opened my holdall and did the same there were two dressing table mirrors with lights all around the mirror, which more than helped to put the makeup on skilfully. When finished I made for the bar and ordered a drink can't remember what it was now. I talked to some of the girl's friendly bunch. It must have been about half an hour later Kitty walked in although at the time I did not know it was her. She talked to me and we sat down together at a table and bought each other drinks, we seemed to gel on then and there. From then on we looked out for each other every meeting night. Kitty always came dressed never needed to change like I did. It was at your suggestion Kitty, that why did I not come to her house and change there, then we could both arrive at the meeting dressed. I took up her kind offer and things sort of went on from there.

"Then one night after returning from the meeting and me undressing I found Kitty had a hand round my waist, one thing led to another and we ended up in bed and spent the night together. I think my wife must have suspected something as I came home the following morning. I don't suspect I know she did and she may well have blamed herself for letting me go that transgender club. But Kitty and I could not keep our hands off each other's body. We were now so much in love with each other; we were almost meeting each other every day.

"Then after a few months together Kitty and I had a very serious talk on our relationship. It was decided that we wanted to live together permanently in women's clothes as male lesbians. Although neither of us knew all that much about small holdings we decided to give it a try, but where. Well financially money wise when we counted it out we reckoned between us we could find enough money to buy a small holding in the North of Wales and that was exactly what we did. We then ran away as reported in the newspapers. By the way Ruth we contacted the newspapers to sell our story for money purposes we needed that money to keep us going. And we are not ashamed of what we are."

Kitty nodded in agreement.

I had taken many notes and comments in my tape recorder "Yes Daphne, it sounds a very complicated and complex subject this phenomenon and I shall write a discourse that I hope will enlighten the general public. Although even I find this subject a curious subject and hard going."

Daphne looked at Kitty both extended their hands and held mine "Kitty and I discussed this last night how would you like to come to bed with both of us to-night I hope you are not shocked by such an offer."

Well yes I was shocked; I never thought when I took on this research I would end up in bed with my subjects of research.

"But you said that you would never have sex with a woman Daphne."

"That is right but in your case you were a man at one time were you not, Ruth?"

"True but I do my best to forget that, and it is why I had the operation never felt like a man at any time, much more comfortable as a woman."

"Such an offer would not be given to anyone Ruth but in your case we will make an exception for research!"

"Let me have a think about it I will tell you at dinner okay." The subject was left at that.

In my room I had a good long think I have had sex with some men, but then again as Daphne said they were not men but Male Lesbians. What the difference was I do not know, and would never know if I did not take this opportunity. An inquisitiveness came over me in two counts, first what would sex be like with Male Lesbians, then the curious thought it would be the first time I would have sex with two people male lesbians or otherwise. So I kidded myself I would go ahead with this for the purposes of research, but if I am honest with myself I want to know what sex was like with Male Lesbians and two persons at the same time. I told myself off your sex mad Ruth, but no I had never had sex with anyone for at least a year.

At dinner I told Daphne and Kitty that I would partake with them in bed in a sex orgy. Although I say here the word orgy was never mentioned to both of these ladies it was just my mind I had these thoughts.

"Good Ruth dear we will knock on your door before retiring to bed," Kitty said. Daphne continued to relate many stories of Male Lesbians to which I made notes and will in time put pen to paper.

Before I made for bed Kitty gave a most curious remark "You will meet the Empress to-night."

"Who is she?" Kitty looked at Daphne and no one made me any the wiser, no answer came and it only made me all the more curious.

Eventually I retired to bed and put my pretty flimsy blue nightie on, usually when going to bed I remove my makeup, this I did but then reapplied makeup as I wanted to be pretty for whatever was about to transpire.

I do have to say I was more than nervous when a knock came at the door. I opened and was greeted by the beautiful sight of Daphne and Kitty in really pretty nightdresses all so different from dull, rough, and sombre skirts and dresses they had worn up till now. Even their feet had beautiful open toe mules on then, all fluffy and mink; their toenails were painted pink. They told me later when in the mood they took great delight painting each other's toenails, and tonight they definitely were in the mood for anything! Over all of this was a see through chiffon peignoir in Daphne case blue and Kitty purple. I could see their breasts and they were real, maybe not all that large but real never the less. I looked to see their male members but a pair of knickers on each Male Lesbian covered that vital spot. Nice frilly knickers I might add of blue and white lace round the legs in Daphne case and purple with white lace on the legs for Kitty.

"That's a pretty nightie, Ruth dear." Said Daphne I was about to answer when she put her hand round my waist followed by Kitty's hand going the same place. I now had time to study my playmates for to-nights activities. I do have to say now that both ladies had makeup on and frilly nightdresses that fact in my book had knocked off twenty years and they look more in their twenty's than forties.

I was being led to their bedroom or boudoir, as they preferred to call it.

The boudoir was very nice real feminine sort of out of place compared to the rest of the farmhouse. "Would you like to see the shape of our bodies with no clothes on Ruth?" suggested Daphne. I was about to answer but need not as both women were divesting their peignoirs.

"They are real Ruth come and feel." This was Daphne speaking and I was staring at her tits. I took her kind offer up; her breasts were plump not all that big but nice and soft as I felt them. I rubbed my thumb over the red teats which became harder and harder under my touch.

"What about mine" Kitty exclaimed. I looked at her boobs they too were inviting maybe larger than Daphne but not so plump. I now had one hand on Daphne breasts the other on Kitty's boobs. I was now being squashed between both women as they closed in on me. I felt two hands on my own tits - one was Kitty and the other Daphne.

I was being slowly led to-wards the bed and now found me being pushed to sit on the edge of the bed. "Now watch Ruth." Daphne standing beside me "You first Kitty" Kitty then proceeded to remove her knickers. The sight I now saw was astounding I just could not believe what was before me. I opened my mouth to speak no words came out.

"Feel it, Ruth." She was pointing out her pussy, yes that is right; pussy, but if they had told me right that was the last thing Kitty should have had.

I felt it ...the pussy was soft and pliable and surrounded by pubic hair which I felt and entered a finger within her pussy. "What about me?" Daphne had now removed her own knickers, what I saw was flesh and another pussy?

"You're a couple of frauds - you have had the operation after all, haven't you?"

The reaction of Daphne and Kitty was to burst out laughing, "I told you she would be fooled." Kitty said. "Now watch again, Ruth."

Kitty had her hand at her waist side pulling a very, very tight flesh tinted garment down and off her body. "Look at it and feel." Kitty handed me her "pussy." A most unusual thing that looked real and in feeling was like a pussy - but was not.

"It is good, isn't it Ruth? You see I can put my penis in it and when pull tight being flesh coloured blends in to my body. The intricate design means my penis is not seen, intact when I need a pee I have to sit down like a woman. I can even have sex with it can't I, Daphne?"

"Yes, like a woman Kitty and from your reactions enjoyable as well."

"Well like a Male Lesbian and you lick me. Anyway it is not needed tonight."

"Now you can watch me, Ruth." Daphne was now removing flesh coloured sticky tape from her groin area and between her legs. Her member had been taken between her legs and the tape held it there. Of course when her knickers were on all one can see was a smooth line.

"Now meet the Empress at last." Daphne was pointing at her own penis. It was large but that was not in my opinion the unique part of it, the girth was thick I had never seen such a thick member in my life.

"It is a beauty and tonight you will pay homage to it," Kitty said to me.

Kitty again had gone into another of drawers in their wardrobe and taken out three pairs of what I can only describe as the most extraordinary knickers, certainly ones I have never seen before.

"I can see from the expression on your face that you are puzzled, I will be putting this pair on tonight, and explain."

Kitty now holding a pair of knickers up, nice blue nylon pair with white lace round the legs, but that was not there exceptional feature. It was there in the middle of the knickers a sort of slit decorated by more white lace round the slit. Putting the knickers on Kitty semi erect penis came through the slit, "Nice is it not Ruth, look at the others. See this one you can have sex in the arse." What she showed me was a pair of knickers with a cut out at the derriere and it was surrounded with white lace. "And what do you think about this pair

Ruth?" Kitty holding up a pair with slits both back and front again with frilly lace around the holes.

"They are nice - we have a seamstress called Barbara who will make these knickers to our specifications, she knows what they are for."

"Hmm yes nice for Male Lesbians, I expect not much use for me." Then I thought maybe the pair with the hole at the rear could be. By now I was well into the bed my companions either side of me. I was being pushed on my side to face Daphne with Kitty at my back. It was unusual to feel my breasts becoming erect as Daphne nipples touched my own and rubbed against my by now erect teats. To this was joined by Kitty whose own erect buds were pressing into my back. Hands from both my lovers were feeling all over my body. I must say I was in seventh heaven and it was to get better and better. Hands in all my openings down there, so this was what it was like to have sex with Male Lesbians exquisite. My own two hands were not idle taking their penis in each hand and especially Daphne's which my hand could barely encompass as it seemed to grow and grow.

Kitty meantime had opened a bedside table drawer and removed a tub of anal jelly, unseen by me. Dipping her fingers in the tub and applying the jelly to my anus gently and slowly massaged it in. This was pure divine for me and Kitty was preparing me for the most delightful, ravishing experience I was ever to have as a woman.

As I said I was on my side facing Daphne whose hands were holding my pussy open for the Em-



press to enter and as it slid in Kitty own penis entered my anus, for the first time in my life I had been double penetrated. It was such bliss, such gratification, and such physical pleasure not only by me but my two playmates in bed with me. All I did was lie still and receive everything that they had within me. I have said it before the pleasure from these Male lesbians unbelievable. It left me with a great respect for Male Lesbians. All night long their lovemaking incredible, it was like a sandwich with me in the middle, first Daphne in my pussy then at my back in my anus with Kitty in front then vice versa, and on and on.

It was a good job the next day was a Sunday I needed that long lie in, but not for Daphne and Kitty, as they said they had work to do. By six thirty they had left bed to do their work round the small holding Kitty brought me breakfast in bed.

I was to spend Sunday night again in bed with Daphne and Kitty and more sexual exploits which we will not go into detail here sufficient to say I thoroughly enjoyed myself once more.

I left on the Monday Daphne kindly drove me to that remote railway station. On the way I thanked her for putting me up at their small holding and could I please come to their abode in the summer for say a week vacation and would of course recompense them for all the trouble I would be to them.

It was no trouble at all Daphne said in fact they too had enjoyed my company. Pity about Clara the Cluck, that big brown hen; she chased me once again when she saw me in the back yard to more laughter and giggles from Kitty.

Well maybe next time just maybe I can get on more friendly terms with the big brown hen.

Having arrived home I set to work to put pen to paper for a better enlightenment on the subject of Male Lesbian. It has always been here maybe not so well known. I have many histories and stories related by both Daphne and Kitty on a wide range of circumstances over the ages. I have picked two and will tell them in chronological order. I have also called them histories.

First comes the 1930's, then late 1940's to early 1950's. The first story was related by a frail old Male Lesbian, while the second both Daphne and Kitty knew the parties concerned. I have of course changed names and places to protect the parties concerned. (Although the people concerned in the first history may well be dead by now.) Now to the first history...

HISTORY 1

AUNT MILDRED AND HER NAUGHTY NIECE

The rain was positively coming down cats and dogs in torrents on the taxi roof as it pulled up in front of the entranceway to St Enoch railway station Glasgow. The cabbie as in such circumstances was well prepared and had a large male umbrella, opened the taxi door held the umbrella up to shelter his two female passengers as they stepped over the cobbled road to the safe protection within the station. The elder of the two ladies had given him instructions for him to bring their luggage to Platform 1 where the overnight sleeping train to Dorchester awaited them.

The luggage consisted of three cases two large and one smaller, the cabbie put this one under his arm, holding the larger two in his hands. Having arrived there the elder woman in a polite and refined voice said "Thank you my man" and gave the cabbie a tip of a white crisp five-pound note, which in the 1930's was an enormous tip. The cabbie tipped the brim of his hat "Thank you ma'am"

The younger woman who had been lagging a little behind was addressed by the elder woman "Come along Adelaide do not be so slow." She was reproached by the elder woman. "Yes aunt" she replied.

At Platform number 1 a sleeping car conductor waited for them, this had all been arranged in advance by the elder of the two women. Mildred for that was indeed the elder woman name was a methodical woman to say the least.

The sleeping car conductor loaded their trunks on to a barrow. "If you will follow me ma'am I will take you to your sleeping berth for tonight."

"Lead on my man," Mildred said as she walked beside him.

Charles for that was the sleeping car conductor name looked the elder woman. A tall proud and stately woman smartly dressed in the latest fashion of that time, the 1930s, and in a white ermine coat with the collar turned up at the back and very "posh" from the way she spoke. Her coiffure was of the latest style in Charles mind she must have been to the top hairdressers in the west end of Glasgow and from that accent she must be from Kelvinside end of Glasgow. This woman certainly was not short of money.

Her companion again was falling behind and receiving welcoming looks by young men nearby as she wiggled her voluptuous body and not by chance either. Had her aunt seen her she may well have had, had tut, tut at her charge? But Aunt Mildred was too busy talking to the sleeping car conductor.

"Going to Dorchester ma'am, should be nice at this time of the year. Pity about the weather that thunder and lightning storm, tonight typical Glasgow summer weather. ma'am."

"Yes it is always nice whenever we go to Dorchester for our summer break. By what time should the night express be expected in Dorchester conductor?"

"Oh about eight o'clocks in the morning ma'am the Duchess is one of the fastest trains on this line." Charles was pointing at a shiny glistening steam locomotive in the company green livery colour, and the highly polished brass piping on the outside. On the outside of the locomotive a semi circle plate on it in gold lettering on a green back ground the words DUCHESS OF ATHOLE. Steam was coming from the locomotive very impressive.

Charles kept looking at this woman beside him she too was impressive, holding herself erect, and a whiff of expensive perfume emitting from her body. Charles was no expert in perfumes but it must be an expensive one, he was right it was Coco Chanel perfume.

Charles had met many of the public in this job more high class for as a conductor on the night express only those with money could afford Pullman fares. So therefore he had met many high-class rich women, but by far this mature woman at his side had style and an inner beauty. When he thought of his own wife Jeannie she had let herself go after the children had grown up married and left home. This woman certainly had kept her body trim and in shape.

"Ah here we are ma'am if you wait here on the platform I will take your luggage to your sleeping berth and come back to assist you up these steps. They are rather high for a lady such as you."

Mildred stood there as the conductor unloaded the trunks and made into the train. After a short while Charles returned "May I assist you up these steps, ma'am?"

"Yes please do, conductor." Then Mildred looking round for her niece spotted her talking to some young man, "Come along child you are holding everyone up." Adelaide said something to the young man she had been talking to and rushed away to her aunt.

Meanwhile Charles had taken Mildred hand, which was covered by a black silk glove, and his other hand round her waist helped her up the steps on to the sleeping car carriage. Charles rather liked that he had done that many times with ladies he liked, and this woman innocently let him hold her waist to be assisted on to the carriage.

"Follow me ma'am the passageway is a little cramped with people walking up and down." Mildred said nothing but followed the conductor; the assembled party soon came to their sleeping berth a sort of small luxurious bedroom with two beds and a wash hand basin. On entering all their trunks had been neatly placed there by the conductor.

Mildred opened her purse and gave the conductor a white crisp five-pound note.

"I shall bring tea or coffee and some cakes if you wish ma'am before you retire just press the bell push beside your bed."

"Bring two coffee's I will call you in a while" "Yes ma'am" Charles tipped his conductors cap as he left.

Mildred undid the clasp of her ermine coat at her neck, and hung the coat on a hook beside the bed.

Having taken off her fur coat it revealed the latest Lucien Lelong outfit especially made for her. This was a Bias-cut silk and patterned silk-chiffon evening dress, semi-fitted sleeveless bodice with low scooped neckline, wide tucked hip yoke and bias-cut frill dipping at the back to form a train over full bias-cut skirt. Hair with side parting waves and

curls to jaw line. A glass bead necklace, wide bangles round her wrists, and black satin shoes.

With hard staring eyes Mildred looked at her young companion "You were flaunting yourself Miss with the young gentlemen." Although Adelaide had been behind her in the passageway she had noticed her niece talking to another young man.

"Oh aunt they were so nice to me and they are going to Dorchester as well" Adelaide gushed. Then she daringly added "Aunt he had an erection when we were squeezed together and he behind me in that tight passage. I could feel it in the ridge of my buttocks." There she had said it maybe to shock her aunt, but Adelaide was very much mistaken.

Smilingly Mildred looked at her niece. "So he should have any red blooded young man would have after all you are a pretty girl Adelaide. However your romantic thoughts will have to lie elsewhere when we arrive at Aunt Ursula your intended life partner will shortly arrive in the next few days when *she* comes back from her mother's."

"Yes Aunt Mildred." Adelaide knew that Ursula was not really her aunt nor was Mildred it all started those years ago when she was a boy. Edwina her mother a strong determined and domineering woman soon let Conrad Harding know who was going to wear the pants in this household after their marriage. Of course Edwina was all sugar and spice during their courtship after all Conrad had inherited the family textile business mills and all. After that ring was placed on her finger, there was a different story from Edwina. So it was when her first and only child was born a boy she decided there could only be one wearing the pants and it was her. Jeremy, for that was indeed the name her son was christened, was soon put in girls' clothes and her name changed to Adelaide a name Edwina rather liked. When Conrad her husband objected she just told him to shut up and get on with his business of making money which he was rather good at.

So little Adelaide was smothered in silks, satin, and lace much to her mother's delight and it has to be said much to Adelaide. Adelaide just loved the soft clinging frocks and skirts her mother swathe her in. While Edwina may have worn the pants she still liked beautiful things around her like her now daughter dressed in the finery of the day.

By the time Adelaide came to the age of eighteen Edwina decided her daughter should be put in the right circles to marry a man of class. This she knew would not be easy considering her sex, however in her travels she had heard of this woman called Ursula Bernard who dealt with such *special* girls as Adelaide. She had even heard Ursula was a man, which did not worry Edwina in the least. So after her eighteenth birthday Adelaide was packed off to Aunt Ursula Charm School.

Having arrived there Ursula looked Adelaide over with her Male Lesbian partner Mildred. Both looked at each other "She is a pretty one Mildred is she not."

"Yes indeed Ursula you know if she came with me for a year or two we could train her to be a nice Male Lesbian."

"And I find an equally nice rich partner and train her in our ways all should be satisfied us and her mother. She is paying well for such training and a rich catch."

So Mildred took Adelaide to her Glasgow home while Ursula looked and found an equally young and rich man who just loved dressing in girl's clothes and the Male Lesbian partnership was thus arranged.

All these thoughts having raced through Adelaide mind she came back to the present day.

"And what about the conductor Aunt Mildred you just loved his hand round your waist, didn't you aunt?"

Mildred had hoped no one would have seen this "Yes I hold my hand up - I did flirt a little with him, although he may have thought it innocent.."

"But you are a beautiful mature woman, aunt." Adelaide was buttering-up her aunt. A red face flustered and embarrassed Mildred answered, "Well thank you child, and now let your old auntie see how pretty you are."

Adelaide by now knew the routine she had been through it many times at Aunt Mildred mansion in Glasgow.

Adelaide removed her cloche hat to reveal her hair. Hair set into formal waves and curls, high side parting. Her face nicely rouged, red ruby lips, black mascara eyelashes that she could coyly flutter at any young man and she did. Now having removed her light red woollen coat her silk afternoon dress was there to be seen. A waist belt with a plastic clasp, the flared skirt, the lower part of the blouse bodice and the sleeves from elbow to wrist in plain ivory silk; the upper part of the bodice, the outsize bow and the inset upper sleeves in patterned grey silk. Adelaide was wearing expensive silk stockings, adorning her shapely legs. Brown leather shoes with rounded toes and high heels.

Aunt Mildred sat on the edge of her bed watching intensely at her niece as Adelaide began to remove her outer clothes. This was quickly accomplice and there in all her glory stood Adelaide in a pink silk brassiere, narrow ribbon shoulder straps, embroidered detail between bust cups, back hook and bar fastening. Pink silk camiknickers, elasticised waist line, side button fastening on embroidered shaped yoke, wide flared knickers legs edged with fine machine-made lace.

Mildred smiled "Come here darling you are so pretty." Adelaide stood directly in front of her aunt and immediately felt a hand in the wide knickers leg, her aunts of course. The hand soon descended on Adelaide male member and caressed it; this of course caused a bulge to appear at the front of Adelaide camiknickers. It had all happened before to Adelaide but she still loved it and what was to follow.

What was to follow Mildred was unbuttoning the knickers at the side; soon the camiknickers were at Adelaide feet.

Adelaide stepped out of them and closer to her aunt a purple-headed erection in front of her. Aunt Mildred now had her hands on her niece buttocks and her red lips about to kiss this erection which it did. Mildred finger in Adelaide anus only excited her niece. "Stop it aunt I can't stand this any longer" as she wriggled her body from side to side. Mildred carried on as if she had not heard Adelaide speak, which she had. Mildred liked this game played many times with her naughty niece, now putting the erect member within

her mouth sucked and waited and waited. Not for all that long, then it came with gush after gush of white creamy love juice.

Adelaide had been a quick learner at first she was shy when she first came to Mildred. Aunt Mildred soon changed that and the Male Lesbian sex act was learned in every detail by Adelaide from her Aunt Mildred. Mildred had always said catch then young and you will have a Male Lesbian for life! Which Mildred had precisely done with Adelaide?

Mildred watched her niece recover her breath from their sexual encounter, "Come here darling and help me disrobe for bed." Adelaide knew this was usually a task for Effie her aunts personal maid who obviously was not here. Effie like others in Aunt Mildred service was not female as were her cook Maisie and housemaids Elspeth and Sheena. Miss Mildred Gregory liked surrounding herself with young men who liked wearing female clothes, and young they were all in their twenty's except Effie who was 34 years old.

While Miss Mildred Gregory household looked a house full of women not one of them was female. An arrangement that was suitable to all concerned. An explanation of these male's who wore female clothes would be this. Elspeth and Sheena shared the same room and the same bed they were Male Lesbians. While not a Male Lesbian Effie stayed with her boyfriend, who knew all about her being male and liked wearing female clothes, that was a homosexual relationship vastly different from a Male Lesbian relationship. Never mix the two up in a Male Lesbian relationship both parties wear female clothes all the time, in a homosexual only one is dressed in female clothes. Maisie at present was not in any sort of relationship with anyone male or female she just loved wearing female clothes.

By now Adelaide was at the back of her aunt unbuttoning her dress at the back. Easing the dress off there to reveal her aunt in her underwear of a hip length elasticised peach coloured cotton satin one piece corset, fitted cups and low back trimmed with machine made lace, intricately seamed bodice, back and side hook and bar fastening, adjustable shoulder straps and suspenders. Flesh coloured silk stockings.

Aunt Mildred was tightly corseted; even though she was of the male gender her corseting since she was a youth had given her that female shape around the hips. The breast forms within the fitted cups looked so real that one would never know that they had been especially made for her. The flesh coloured breast made of rubber could be stuck on to her body. Having unclipped her stockings proceeded to put her peach nightdress on.

"I think it is time to give our conductor an eyeful don't you think Adelaide." Pressing the bell push beside her bed Mildred awaited the arrival of Charles the coach conductor and slipped between the silk bed sheets.

Charles soon arrived and caught the wonderful sight of Mildred in bed and her breasts being seen in the black nightdress which had a deep V thus exposing the top of the flesh coloured breasts.

"Two coffees and some muffins please, my man." Said Mildred not paying any attention to anything she may have *accidentally* exposed.

Charles could not take his eyes off this mature woman's breasts how he would have liked to have them in his hands. When Mildred repeated her request once more he snapped out of his day dreams "Yes ma'am" and exited the sleeping berth. His attention

being so focused on Mildred breasts he had not even noticed Adelaide standing there in her underwear.

After Charles brought them their coffee and muffins "Oh you are naughty Aunt." Exclaimed Adelaide "I just do not know what kind of state you have left that poor man in aunt?"

"I'm sure that will have brightened his life up Adelaide. Now tell your aunt all about the young gentlemen you were talking to Adelaide they looked nice well bred young men."

"Oh they were aunt so nice the one on the platform has invited me to a tea dance at Dorchester." Before Adelaide could say anymore Mildred cut her off dead "And prey tells me Miss what was the young man's name?"

"Hubert Fitz-William aunt he says his mother has a tea dance once a week at their country residence. Oh please let me go aunt."

"I will have to think about it and discuss this with your Aunt Ursula. You know you are spoken for another."

Hubert Fitz-William thought Mildred the son of Grace Fitz-William her tea dances were well known and some said she liked to look over the kind of girl her son may bring to such tea dances. They had to be well brought up young girls of high society with a good background. And of course were more respected if they were with a chaperon, this all being in Grace Fitz-Williams mind of course.

"And who was the other young man, Adelaide?"

"I don't really know aunt he was ever so nice and we did not have much time to speak but would talk to me before departing at Dorchester aunt."

"I see Adelaide child keep me informed."

"Yes aunt." Adelaide hoped her aunt would let her meet these men. When her aunt arranged meetings with other young men all had been alright.

Aunt Mildred arranged all these meetings at the monthly high tea with her ladies circle at Miss Cranston's tearoom. Ladies from the best of Glasgow society many ladies looking for well bred young girls for their highly educated bachelor sons. When Mildred suggested her niece Adelaide many were interested in a match, which was not really Mildred reason for such a meeting.

Mildred liked to see Adelaide excited face after her meeting with her young man. Her aunt had explicitly told Adelaide that she could kiss and cuddle but no further, otherwise her status as a female may well be exposed. Which of course Adelaide obeyed to the rule, and in a way it branded her as a tease by many young men. And Adelaide had many suitors, which flattered her being told how beautiful and pretty she was. In a perverse way she liked bringing them to a high point then letting them down as she kissed and was hugged by the young men.

Adelaide always knew any sexual tension she may have developed in these encounters would be relieved by her aunt when as her aunt said Adelaide serviced her, as she had

now with her aunt. This of course was the main reason Mildred liked her naughty niece meeting these young men for her own sexual gratification.

Thus we can see Male Lesbians are highly sexed individuals as in Aunt Mildred case, which she was in the process of passing on to her naughty niece.

However one must not think all was sex and pleasure there was hard work to be done at Aunt Mildred. One thing Mildred had noticed about her niece was that she had small nibble hands and fingers, which could be made good use of.

Mildred set about to learn Adelaide the intricate skills of knitting, crochet, embroidery to which she was most adept at. In fact Adelaide received much praise from the ladies in Aunt Mildred knitting circle of ladies, a reason they would like such a young lady as their daughter in law.

But of all her skills tapestry was by far the most excellent, something Mildred brought to notice to those who mattered. Because of the limited number of woman who acquired such skill Adelaide was highly sought and paid for her work.

Naturally Aunt Mildred was more than proud of her protégé and work a plenty could be found for her niece. Mildred knew that should not be necessary as the arrangement with the rich Male Lesbian lover arranged for her niece Adelaide would want for nothing. However if things went wrong Adelaide had her skills to fall back on.

As all these past happening drifted through both young and mature women's mind the DUCHESS OF ATHOLE roared through the night smoke belching from the smoke stack to her destination of Dorchester.

A gentle knock on the door of their sleeping compartment soon wakened both aunt and niece.

"Who is it?" Aunt Mildred asked "Charles your sleeping car conductor ma'am" the reply came. "Just a minute conductor" Adelaide watched on with interest and amusement as her aunt was taking a time to prepare herself like last night, and make sure the deep V in her nightdress did all to expose her false breasts. Then after combing her hair Aunt Mildred softly said, "Come in conductor."

Once again Charles saw the magnificent sight of Mildred breasts, he nearly dropped the tray containing both women's breakfasts. After Charles had his eye full put the tray on the bedside table and gulped as he left "Should be in Dorchester in an hour ma'am."

It heartily perked Mildred up to know she had it to get men excited even though she was a Male Lesbian. She ate her breakfast of ham and eggs with toast and marmalade and coffee with gusto in that knowledge.

The glistening locomotive was by now slowing its speed down at it neared Dorchester the blue sea and golden sands could now be seen. The smell of the salty sea air was the signal for the train driver to blow the train whistle as the outskirts of Dorchester rushed by. It also was the signal for passengers to prepare their luggage to depart the train at Dorchester.

For Miss Mildred Gregory all was in hand having prepared for this eventually in advance. The train now having stopped all was a hive of activity as people crowded the passageway. Adelaide was about to lift some trunks when her aunt stopped her. "Leave them child our sleeping car conductor will take care of all that." Just then a knock on the door followed by "Charles your conductor here ma'am to collect your luggage."

Mildred who now had her ermine coat on answered "Come in" which the conductor did collecting the baggage. "Stay here ma'am and I will come back to assist you down the carriage steps they are high you know." Charles was rather relishing the thought of holding this mature woman once again something to cheer his dull life up. A barrow was there on the platform to put the baggage on which he did then went back to assist this mature beautiful woman. Mildred once more put a black silk glove hand in Charles hand that once more had a hand round her waist helping her down the steps all-innocent of course.

Adelaide who was behind the couple, again watched her aunt with mirth, had not her aunt once said she was a naughty girl. Well what was her Aunt Mildred now but a naughty aunt and she loved all the attention the car conductor was giving to her.

Adelaide was herself receiving attention from the young man she had been talking to in the carriage passageway at Glasgow. As she and the young man exited the train they were in busy conversation Adelaide having forgotten about her aunt. Aunt Mildred had not forgotten about her niece as she was about to pass through the ticket collectors gate she looked round for Adelaide no sign of her at her side. Peering round saw her charge in conversation with another young man the one in the passageway at Glasgow and also an older woman.

"Wait here my man till I come back" an annoyed Mildred walked back down the platform to her niece. Adelaide spotted her aunt and could clearly see by the look on her aunt's face, that she was not pleased with her. Before her Aunt Mildred could say a word Adelaide quickly said "Aunt Mildred this is Mrs Ethel Brotherton-Symth and her son Ronald. Mrs Brotherton-Symth this is my Aunt Mildred Gregory and my guardian. " The quickness of her introduction stopped Mildred in her tracks she was about to give Adelaide a telling off. The expression on Mildred face changed to one of all smiles. "Pleased to meet you Mrs Brotherton-Symth I was about to hurry my niece as her Aunt Ursula chauffeur waits with the Rolls."

Mrs Brotherton-Symth a plump woman in her forties looked at Mildred said "I was talking to your pretty and charming niece and invited her to one of my high teas on Saturday afternoon. You know for all the best of society in Dorchester and only the best. You of course as her aunt have an invite as well." So saying Ethel Brotherton-Symth handed Mildred one of her calling cards. Also adding, "Ronald and your niece are going to the Pavilion pier on Saturday night to that dance thing with Billy Littleton and his Syncope's. The Charleston and Black Bottoms and all that sort of dance, you know these young things Mildred, too exhausting for the likes of us." Ethel Brotherton-Symth talking as thought she had a plum in her mouth very "posh". To Ethel Brotherton-Symth surprise the reply from Mildred stopped her in her tracks.

"I'll have to think about that first before I give Adelaide permission to go, as her guardian I have to protect her innocence you understand. While I am sure your son is the perfect gentleman I will wait till I have talked with him on Saturday."

"Yes Miss Gregory I understand your position, and I can assure you that my Ronald is indeed a proper gentleman and no misbehaviour will occur while he is with her."

"Well thank you Mrs Brotherton-Symth for that assurance, I will keep that in mind but the final decision must be mine." With that Mildred turned to Adelaide with a triumphal smile "Come along child we are all waiting on you." Adelaide followed her aunt down-cast. As for Mildred she was not going to be dictated to by anyone one her niece, or Mrs Brotherton-Symth.

Having arrived at the Rolls Margarita the chauffer had already put the luggage in the car trunk. Margarita in her chauffeur's outfit usual chauffer skip cap and black trousers however the difference of this chauffer uniform from others was that it had been especially made for her. It was a woman's outfit the cap being on top of a head of auburn shoulder length hair, which was real. What was not real the exaggerated bosom and big bottom, that was all padding, because Margarita was indeed a man. However when off duty she wore skirts and frocks and lived upstairs in Aunt Ursula mansion in a room shared with Sophia the downstairs maid in a Male Lesbian relationship.

As the Rolls moved away from the railway station Adelaide pleaded with her aunt "Oh please let me go to the Pavilion pier on Saturday with Ronald aunt."

"I don't know miss you seem to be putting yourself about first this Hubert Fitz-William and now Ronald Brotherton-Symth I will talk it over with Aunt Ursula. Remember you are promised to another dear."

Yes thought Adelaide to another she had not as yet met, one she may not like. The only thing she knew about this other person that she also liked wearing women's clothes at least they had that in common. She also knew that her mother had an arrangement with Aunt Ursula for her to marry a rich man. But would her mother approve if that man also wore women's clothes, she assumed yes otherwise she herself would not now be in a dress. The other problem in Adelaide mind was how two men could marry together. After all this was the 1930's in Adelaide mind this was not possible maybe in future years it would surely not in 1935.

By now the Rolls eased into the driveway of Aunt Ursula Charm School as the sign said above the iron gates, which electrically slowly opened to allow it in. Having passed the long spruce tree lined avenue the Rolls stopped in front of the very impressive stately mansion. Two maids were at the entrance to meet Aunt Mildred and Adelaide. A tall good-humoured cheerful looking woman stood behind her servants giving out orders. "Sophia and Margarita take Aunt Mildred luggage to my room while Sheila takes Adelaide to the Blue room." Ursula was now holding out her hands to embrace Mildred, "How did the train journey go, darling?"

The two Male Lesbians embraced and kissed each other on the cheek. "As well as one could expect, Ursula."

"And how has this pretty little niece of yours progressed since I last saw her." Again holding out her hands to hug, and kiss on the cheek Adelaide like Mildred. Adelaide reciprocated the gesture to her aunt.

"Adelaide is something we must discuss Ursula," said Aunt Mildred. By now the party was ascending the stairs to enter the mansion.

"Oh indeed Mildred has she been a naughty girl? Such inappropriate behaviour will be discussed in bed tonight darling." Having reached Aunt Ursula bedroom all conversations ceased as cases were emptied and Sophia the maid put Aunt Mildred beautiful dresses and underwear into various wardrobes and lavender scented drawers. When Sophia and Margarita left their bedroom Mildred said "That's a nice little maid you have, Sophia wasn't here three years ago, Ursula."

"Yes that is right, you know Margarita was so lonely then, I felt sorry for her. I looked around for a companion for her and came up with Sophia. The two just hit it off; they are just such loving Male Lesbians."

"You're such a good match maker Ursula I do hope you have come up with something special for Adelaide dear."

"But of course darling Mildred, I have never failed you have I?"

Meanwhile Adelaide was following Sheila the maid with her case to the Blue room where an enormous bed was placed right in the middle of the room. The bed surrounded by thick pile Persian carpets and furniture of the highest quality in this room. Sheila had placed Adelaide case on the bed and like Sophia unpacking it and placing the gorgeous finery into wardrobes and drawers. When she had finished Sheila curtseyed and asked Adelaide "Will that be all miss." "Yes for now Sheila." Adelaide was pressing a silver florin into Sheila small and dainty hands. "Oh thank you Miss" as she curtseyed once more in gratitude. Adelaide knew Sheila and all in this household were men like Aunt Mildred house. If she did not know that fact she could very well be mistaken because Sheila was indeed very beautiful with small ladylike hands.

The ladies of the house were now preparing themselves for dinner. In Aunt Ursula magnificent boudoir Ursula and Mildred were being helped to be dressed by Ursula personal maid Sophia. She had already laid out the Norman Hartnell dress Mildred brought with her and the Jacques Heim dress of her mistress. All these outfits had been personally made to measure for them and how beautifully the delightful ladies filled them out, even if it was all padding. Contrasting colours of both dresses moulded well with each other. The green crepe Hartnell evening dress, with the deep plunging neckline, and the pale pink sleeveless evening dress of Heim were now on both charming ladies. Sophia helped Mildred pin a brightly jewelled brooch above the side of her bust. Now taking a double row pearl necklace from her mistress jewel box Sophia clipped it at the back of Ursula neck.

Adelaide was also being assisted into her dress by Sheila who Aunt Ursula had assigned as her maid for now. While her evening dress may not have been made by the top dress designers of the day like her aunts, it was never the less an expensive and pretty dress. Sheila helped her into the green silk velvet sleeveless evening dress with the low V back and a very big large green satin bow there at the back very daring. Daring was the word that came to Sheila mind. "Oh miss you look ever so beautiful and so... bold wearing that dress. I mean I don't know if I could have the courage to wear such a dress miss."

Adelaide mind full of mischief glanced at the maid. "Well thank you Sheila that is kind of you. I tell you what you can have this dress after tonight to wear on the condition I see you in it okay."

"I don't know miss it's so nice for the likes of me, and so expensive and daring as well." Sheila had never owned such a dress before and was severely tempted by Adelaide offer. Adelaide could see the maid was wavering, "I tell you what Sheila I will even have it altered to fit you one could not say fairer than that." While all said she Adelaide was pretty and she herself believed that, but this maid was so petite and really made to be a woman which in the 1930's was impossible.

A hesitating Sheila replied, "Well yes miss if it is no trouble to you."

"Of course, it is no trouble, but please to remember I want to see you in the dress."

"Yes, Miss," Sheila timidly replied, she had no boyfriend or a Male Lesbian companion like many in this household, but she would like one and to wear this dress for whomever it may be.

Everything was now ready to exit the Blue room descend the winding stairs to the dining room. Sheila was attending to her duties by holding the long train attached to dress up off the stairs so that it would not get any dirt on it. Entering the dining room Adelaide aunts were already seated awaiting her arrival. With a nod of her head Ursula signalled to Sophia to serve dinner.

"That is a very beautiful dress you have on my dear." Ursula was addressing the pretty, and resplendent in her dress Adelaide.

"Thank you Aunt Ursula," Adelaide replied.

"It suits you so well, dear." Ursula continued and how daring she thought, having seen Adelaide from the back. That bow barely concealed the top of the fine, smooth, and fleshy ravine between the cheeks of Adelaide buttocks.

Sophia had now wheeled in a trolley containing a large tureen of vegetable soup, which she now ladled into soup plates. Now handing the plates to Sheila, who placed them in front of her mistress and those gathered round the table. As the female company at the table sipped their soup Ursula involved herself in conversation to all present. "I have a pupil coming this weekend a rather pleasant young lady called Lady Jennifer Ambrose I have talked with her mama. We that is her mama and I have plans for Lady Jennifer, her mother wants her *daughter* to learn charm so that she may meet the right sort of gentlemen in her refined company of acquaintances. Adelaide will you be a dear and show her the ropes so to speak, I think that is the common expression for it. "

"Yes Aunt Ursula I certainly will."

"You are a good girl dear." Ursula patting the back of Adelaide hand, and thinking there was nothing good about that dress she was now wearing, well not at the back. More like a strumpet, a trollop indeed, in that dress; those young things nowadays were Ursula thoughts.

When dinner was over Sheila brought a decanter of fine sherry and poured a sherry glass for all the ladies present as Ursula and Mildred sat on the Ottoman, while Adelaide

on a chaise lounge opposite her aunts. Polite and ladylike conversation on latest clothes fashions passed between these refined ladies'.

Eventually Ursula looked at Mildred "You must be tired dear after that long train journey I think it is time we retired to our boudoir."

Three beautiful ladies ascended the winding stairs, once more, to their various bedrooms. Their assigned maids closely followed them. Sophia having disrobed her mistress was in the process of helping Ursula into the long crimson satin nightdress, while Mildred was slipping into an equally long turquoise-green satin nightdress.

"That will be all for tonight Sophia I expect you will soon be in the arms of Margarita that Male Lesbian lover of yours."

"Oh ma'am you are a one." Sophia replied giggling as Ursula lightly slapped her bottom as Sophia vacated the boudoir. Sophia was rather pleased with herself for this week her mistress had made her ma'am personal maid, more money and no longer the downstairs maid. All these thoughts as she quickly made her way upstairs to share that bed with Margarita.

Downstairs Ursula was sitting up in bed waiting for her own Male Lesbian lover Mildred to come to bed. "Now then Mildred, tell me all about the shenanigans of this naughty niece of yours."

"Shenanigans indeed she has been flaunting herself with the young gentlemen. First it was with Hubert Fitz-William and then Ronald Brotherton-Symth, do you know she told me when in that cramp train passageway she could feel his erection pressing in the ridge of her buttocks through her dress."

"Did she indeed had she worn the dress she had on tonight she would not have just felt it, it would have been in the ridge." Ursula gave a peal of laughter "And she certainly likes the ones with a hyphen in their name. All the best well bred families here in Dorchester and rich with it. So what are you complaining about Mildred."

"It's just that we are preparing her for that marriage to a rich Male Lesbian, dear."

"Oh let the girl has some fun, but I should advise you not to let her wear a dress like tonight if their mothers saw that, one would need smelling salts. You were young once Mildred were you not, anyway when she sees the Male Lesbian partner I have picked for her the young gentlemen will be forgotten."

"Well maybe you are right dear time will tell."

With the end of the conversation, both of these elegant and graceful Male Lesbians were in each other's arms and fondling the penises of the other under their beautiful nightdresses. Not having removed their makeup (done in purpose) their red lipstick lips were gently pressing against each other's. Powdered faces and rouged cheeks lightly touched each other in their long lingering kiss. Hands had not left each other's male members which they felt grow thicker and harder.

Mildred knew what Ursula now desired as her hand left Mildred's member and turned on her side with her buttocks pressing on Mildred own member. Mildred member entered between her partner's well-lubricated derriere to slow moans from Ursula. This was just what Ursula wanted Mildred was such a good Male Lesbian lover and always had been.

She could feel the hard member within her slowly working in and out. She of course would have to satisfy her Male Lesbian partner, which she gladly would do. But in all honesty she was more a receiver of the male member than a giver in Male lesbian sex. Ursula liked the slow movements of Mildred and now from the pulsating, throbbing within her anus Ursula just knew Mildred was about to cum. Her own penis was stiff and erect; tenting her nightdress. If Mildred touched it at the same time as she herself came, white sticky love juice would release itself. And that was what exactly happened to a resounding cry from both partakers of the Male Lesbian sex act.

The night was filled with moans and groans from the sex excited Male Lesbian pair. Ursula had missed Mildred all these years, and unlike her partner she had, had no sex till now. She had plenty of opportunities to be serviced, as Mildred would say by her servants. For they so loved their mistress it would be a pleasure to have Male Lesbian sex with her and make her satisfied. But no she kept herself celibate for that period Mildred was away from her. Celibate or virgin if they be the right word, for it was a fact Ursula was neither, but during the years Mildred was away Ursula was like a nun in her cell. She never touched any of the men who wore women's clothes that surrounded her.

The first rays of the early morning sun shone through the chinks in the lace curtains of Ursula boudoir. Ursula slowly opened her eyes to the vision of her sleeping partner of last night. The pleasant stinging feeling within her



anus reminded her of the sexual activities of last night. She had more than exhausted her Male Lesbian partner such a shame she was so frisky this morning for more sex. But she would forego that pleasure this morning there was much to do this day.

At the side of Ursula bed hung a cord, which descended from the ceiling, when pulled by a means of wires concealed within the ceiling and therefore not seen, eventually led downstairs to the kitchen. This cord Ursula now pulled, and in the kitchen a tinkle of a bell was heard. Looking up at the box containing the names of all the rooms in the mansion a red indicator had dropped at the name designated as Madam's Bedroom.

"That will be for you Sophia the mistress will be dressing for breakfast hurry." A smiling Margarita said, now giving a playful slap on her Male lesbian partner bottom, as she left the kitchen to ascend the winding stairs, to her mistress boudoir.

Knocking at the boudoir door Ursula within answered "enter" on entering Sophia saw the sight of her mistress standing beside the bed pulling a pair of wide knee length open crotch knickers up her legs. "Oh mistress you should have waited before dressing that is what you hired me for." Sophia was admiring her mistress lingerie always so gorgeous this silky pair of knickers.

"You are a good girl Sophia you will get on well as my personal maid so attentive. Now help me with these bows." The bows Ursula was talking about were at the bottom of her black silky knickers below the knee. Sophia knelt at her mistress knee who stood above her, Sophia held the blue silk lace which was threaded through the bottom of the knickers leg and pulled it tightly and tied a beautiful blue bow. She then repeated the same with the other leg.

As she was doing this Ursula gave out orders. "Sophia dear would you look out a pair of black silk stockings and the button up brown leather crocodile shoes. Oh and my purple wool suit and tell Margarita to have the Rolls ready for me after breakfast." Yes ma'am," Sophia went about her tasks while Ursula attended to her toilet, she first of all removed her makeup, which had been on from last night. This reminded her to have a look at her sleeping partner of last night. Mildred was still out for the count.

"Sophia when you have finished, bring breakfast to Mistress Mildred whenever she wakes up." By now Ursula had cleaned off her old makeup cleaned and moisture her face with varies lotions and was applying her makeup once more.

Sophia assisted her into the outfit Ursula had picked for today, and then both mistress and maid descended the winding staircase.

In the Blue room Adelaide was also getting ready for breakfast she had given Sheila her maid the dress she wore at dinner last night with these instructions. "Sheila I want you to take this dress to the dress makers this morning and have it altered to fit you. Tell her to send her bill to me, Miss Adelaide Harding understand. I still want to see you in the dress I am not paying all that money for alterations and not seeing you in it."

"Yes miss you are ever so kind it is a most delightful dress, but a daring one. I just hope I have the courage to wear it."

"You better have Sheila." Sheila was now in the position she could not refuse.

Breakfast saw Adelaide and her Aunt Ursula the only ones in the breakfast room except for the servants serving it.

"Where is Aunt Mildred?" Adelaide enquired to her other aunt. "I'm afraid your aunt is not feeling too well this morning dear." Ursula answered with embarrassment and a red face.

"Oh dear is there anything I can do to help. Has she had a sleepless night aunt?" Adelaide asked

"Well yes dear a restless night she needs to sleep some more this morning. I have arranged for the maid to take up her breakfast in bed."

Adelaide had a little smile to herself because she very well knew what her aunts had been up to in bed. Had she herself not "serviced" her Aunt Mildred from time to time, although her own anus had never been touched or entered by her aunt? A fact she was always curious about, it was not as if Aunt Mildred had no opportunity to do so. She in her "servicing" (her aunt words not hers) had entered her aunt anus many times much to her aunt pleasure. Yet that act was never returned on her why?

Aunt Ursula voice interrupted Adelaide train of thought. "Yes aunt what did you say."

"I said after breakfast pretty yourself up we are going visiting to Mrs Grace Fitz-William we are in nodding terms so to speak. My pew is behind hers in church so we talk to each other now and again. I have already phoned her and exchanged pleasant conversation and how nice it was of her son to invite my niece to one of her tea dances. That of course was the bait, and Grace Fitz-William took it hook line and sinker. How would I like to visit her this morning for tea and biscuits with her son and bring my niece along? But of course Grace I replied as if we had been friends all our life."

"But aunt" Adelaide asked, "I thought Aunt Mildred would not give permission for such a meeting."

"Well your aunt and I talked it over last night and we agreed meeting the young men who have asked you to various functions will be alright for the present. Young girls like you must have their fun, we were all young once."

"Oh aunt you are so, so understanding." Adelaide rose from her seat and flung her arms round Aunt Ursula and gave her a big kiss on the cheek.

"Now dear you will have to let me see what kind of dress you will be wearing to-day. Not the one you had on last night at dinner otherwise Grace Fitz-William will have palpitations."

"Aunt Ursula I have given that dress to Sheila to keep." Has she indeed thought Ursula very interesting, very interesting.

Aunt Ursula approved of the dress Adelaide was now wearing as she stepped into the Rolls. Aunt Ursula liked this mid calf length crepe de chine formal afternoon dress, with the knee length jacket. Leather gauntlet and matching leather clutch purse, silk stockings, and leather shoes with almond shaped shoes. On Adelaide head a lacquered fine straw hat, small shallow crown, wide wired brim edged with a wide band of silk.

Ursula patted Adelaide hand as the Rolls moved off, "That is much, much better dear and so ladylike Grace Fitz-William will approve of your afternoon dress." Then Ursula in conversation with her chauffer asked, "Had a good night Margarita?" "Yes ma'am I am buying a ring for Sophia we are being engaged I loves her so." "Oh I am glad to hear that Margarita I will hold an engagement party for both of you in the near future." "Thank you ma'am" replied Margarita.

By now Aunt Ursula and Adelaide were seated in the day lounge in Grace Fitz-William home, as servants were busy serving tea and cakes to all within. Ursula had placed herself between her niece and Hubert Fitz-William as a sort of chaperon all seated on the Chesterfield. A fact noticed and approved of by Grace Fitz-William.

"Tell me dear at which school were you educated at?" Grace asked addressing Adelaide, before she could even answer her aunt answered for her.

"Adelaide my dear, Grace was at St Mary of the Immaculate Conception." Ursula delivered with a straight face although Adelaide detected a slight wink at her. Grace Fitz-William coughed and spluttered in her tea, St Mary of the Immaculate Conception that all girls school and only those girls with a high I Q could enter in there were the thoughts that ran through her mind. And then only this morning had not her husband received a letter from the crown office saying her husband would receive a knighthood for survives to industry. She would be Lady Grace Fitz-William and her son the dunderhead would eventually become Lord Hubert Fitz-William. God help us all if that happened the family shipbuilding business would go down the pan to use that common vulgar expression. But now matters were different this young lady could maybe change matters if she were to marry her son.

Adelaide who had never in her life been at the said school of St Mary of the Immaculate Conception knew her aunt was playing a little game. She herself decided to join in the fun. "Yes that is right the headmistress Miss Joyce Grenfell said I would go far in this world and that I had a good business head. Although to be honest Mrs Fitz-William I like finer things in life knitting, embroidery, crochet and especially tapestry." The last things mentioned were all true, as we know.

Aunt Ursula received a wink from her niece. "Oh yes that is right she well sought after for her tapestry work."

"Oh you are a talented young lady indeed my dear Adelaide, but do not call me Mrs Fitz-William, Grace is so much friendlier and soon I shall be Lady Grace." There she had said it and her husband Desmond had strictly told her not to reveal that fact till he had been knighted by the king. But like many ladies she could not keep a secret such as this.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you Lady Grace." Adelaide said "and me too Lady Grace." Added Ursula, much to Grace, delight, she had the spotlight on her and revelled in all this adoration.

"Now we will see you on Sunday at the tea dance Adelaide dear will we not."

"But of course Lady Grace I shall be happy to accompany your son Hubert, and I am looking forward to it. I have heard so much about these delightful dances." Adelaide was fluttering her eyelashes at Hubert who up till now had not said a word. Not his fault for whenever his mother and her circle of lady friends had their little chats he could never get

a word in. Again Hubert was too late to open his mouth his mother was already speaking. "I shall be more than delighted to meet you once again dear won't we Hubert?" "Yes mother" Hubert said the only two words he had spoken in well over an hour.

"Well Lady Grace I am sorry Adelaide and myself must take your leave as we have other important business to attend to. It has been more than a pleasure meeting you and your attentive son Hubert. I am sure Adelaide will have a delightful time at your tea dance with your son. However Adelaide my dear innocent young niece must be chaperoned by myself."

"Hubert" ordered his mother "Accompany Mrs Ursula Bernard and her niece to their waiting Roll Royce" "Yes mother" he weary replied being used to obeying his mothers orders.

In the back of the Rolls Adelaide asked her aunt "What other business do we have?"

"Don't you want to go to the Pavilion with Ronald Brotherton-Symth?"

"Yes of course aunt but Aunt Mildred said she would decide on that matter."

"Well Mildred is not here to give that decision and I will give you permission. You want fun in your life Adelaide do you not?"

"Yes of course Aunt Ursula." Adelaide gave her aunt a kiss on the cheek. She then thought what a crowded weekend she was now about to have. Ronald at the Pavilion to-night, and Hubert tomorrow at the tea dance his mother was holding.

Ursula and Adelaide were in pleasant conversation with the other ladies at Ethel Brotherton-Symth high tea. "Is Adelaide's Aunt Mildred not here to-day Mrs Bernard?" Ethel Brotherton-Symth asked. "No I am sorry to say my sister is not too well this morning." Adelaide once again smiled she very well knew why her aunt was not here.

"Oh I am so sorry to hear that."

"Yes I will convey your commiserations to her Mrs Brotherton-Symth I have come in her place with my niece. Your son is the perfect gentleman, I am sure Adelaide will enjoy his manly company to-night at the Pavilion."

"Yes I am sure she will; I take it that you have given permission for her to be escorted by my son."

"There was never any doubt in my mind of her going there." replied Ursula

Ethel Brotherton-Symth was all smiles at this news apparently Mrs Ursula Bernard was not so strict as her sister. But what Ethel Brotherton-Symth did not know neither Ursula nor Mildred were sisters. It was just Ursula was good at making lies whenever it suited her purpose.

"Oh do please call me Ethel." Again she was talking as if she had a plum in her mouth.

"Yes of course Ethel and you must call me Ursula. And you must call on me sometime for tiffin."

The one thing Ursula did not mention to Ethel was the fact both her and her niece had called at Grace Fitz-William home. Because Ethel Brotherton-Smyth and Grace Fitz-William were sworn enemy's if she knew Grace's husband was about to receive a knighthood she would be absolutely furious. She knew her husband George was being considered for such an honour but at present had not received any notice, nor would she. Ethel Brother-Smyth was giving herself heirs and graces of being called Lady Ethel. Anyone who spoke to Grace would not be welcome in her house. So Ursula shut up about their morning visit to Lady Grace Fitz-William.

Adelaide Harding was busy preparing her makeup with the assistance of her maid Sheila. Ethel Fitz-William had insisted her son Ronald would come in his car to pick up Adelaide to go to that dance at the Pavilion pier. Adelaide had picked the shimmering silver 1920s dress, which all the young things shook their derriere to while doing the Charleston and Black Bottom. Adelaide now put on a long single row pearl necklace to go with the dress that would surely swing round her neck during this fast and hectic dance.

Ronald Brother-Smyth was truly stunned when he saw the appearance of Adelaide. He had never in his wildest dreams thought Adelaide been as beautiful as this. But then again he had only seen her in her travelling clothes, and she had taken special care and time over her makeup.

Ronald having parked his car was now walking along the promenade hands round Adelaide waist towards the pavilion pier.

Ronald Brotherton-Smyth now entered the pier bar and ordered a rye whiskey for himself and a gin and tonic for Adelaide. The thought never entered Adelaide head that her present boyfriend had to drive her back home at the end of the night. The 1930s drink driving was maybe not so severely dealt with as now. Anyway being well lubricated with alcohol the young couple made their way to the dance hall at the end of the pier.

On entering the hall Billy Littleton and his Syncopé's were just starting their swing music. Adelaide was already on the dance floor with Ronald. And so as the evening went on until Billy Littleton and his band set off with the Charleston and everyone in the packed hall were on that dance floor. Adelaide was giving it high kicks and shimmied round that floor, having great fun as the silver tassels on her dress flashed and glittered with her quick movements. After the Charleston and Black Bottom dance followed in quick time, more movements of the young things derriere much to please the young men watching.

Ronald Brotherton-Smyth sweat was running down his forehead from the exertions of the dance. "Darling" he said to Adelaide "Let's us go outside and cools down." The young couple did and sitting on a seat at the end of the pier. The moon shone brightly on the pair as Adelaide melted into the arms of Ronald. Kisses were exchanged much to both of their delight, Ronald had more than kisses in mind. "Adelaide darling lets go for a spin in my car." "Oh yes let us do so Ronald." Adelaide gushed.

Ronald Brotherton-Symth hands round Adelaide waist was now walking down the long pier a little bit staggering from the alcohol that he had consumed. Adelaide was giggling from the same beverage with the occasional little hiccup.

The staggering swaying couple soon reached Ronald car. With a pump on the car horn the car was away. Adelaide with a bit of devil in her said, "Can it go faster Ronald darling."

"Sure it can, darling." Ronald Brotherton-Symth foot pressed on the gas and the car roared away touching 100 mph much to more giggles of Adelaide as she smuggled up beside him.

"Can it go any faster, Ronald?"

"Let us have fun trying sweetheart." The car was now at its maximum speed as it swayed all over the road to peeps of many car horns as other motorists applied brakes. Ronald wasn't paying any attention to them, there was only one thought in his mind to get as quick as he could to the lovers lane he knew so well.

That object was soon reached and arms were soon around each other again Adelaide just loved kissing men even if she was one herself. Ronald closed in on Adelaide red lipstick lips and soon he was crushing his lips on hers. As he sat on his car seat Ronald left hand was now on Adelaide knee slowly creeping up it towards her knickers. "Oh you are a naughty boy Ronald." Adelaide giggled making no move to dislodge his hand.

Aunt Ursula had warned Adelaide she must not let any of the young gentlemen she was meeting this weekend to let their hands within her knickers. Adelaide loved every minute that Ronald hand wandered up the silk stockings she wore. She was not even worried when he had a hand on her peach coloured knickers, and was groping her. But through her alcohol fuzzed mind she knew that hand must not go further. In a way she was to an extent protected, because Aunt Ursula had taking great care as Adelaide dressed in her lingerie. She pulled her penis between her legs, held it there as her aunt pulled a very small tight pair of knickers up there. These knickers held her member there tightly between her legs and then the present peach knickers she had on were then pulled on her.

The groping and kissing became intense. "Oh please Ronald go no further I must not lose my maidenhead till my aunts have approved of my choice of gentleman,"

A rather surprised Ronald thought what kind of aunts would approve of her choice of man then let her lose her maidenhead, unless she meant marriage by that. Ronald was not in the mood to marry any woman; he was just playing the field so to speak and takes any young woman's maidenhead as Adelaide put it. The amorous evening came to an end at that.

Sheila knocked on the door of the Blue room gently at first receiving no answer gave a harder knock. Still no answer opening the door there was Adelaide fast asleep in bed. Going up to her Sheila shook Adelaide shoulders once twice and eventually a bleary eyed Adelaide woke up looking at Sheila and angrily asked, "What do you want." A frightened

Sheila jumped back "It is not me but your Aunt Ursula has asked to see you right away in the breakfast room miss."

Adelaide head was thumping from the drink and exertions of last night and the last person she wanted to meet this morning was her aunt. All Adelaide wanted was sleep and plenty of it. Still it was her aunt and she must make an effort to go to breakfast. "Here help me get dressed, Sheila," Adelaide grumpily said.

Aunt Ursula was patiently waiting for her niece. "At last do you know what time it is miss"? Ursula demanded. "No aunt." "Well you should have been up hours ago, remember we are going to Grace Fitz-William tea dance this afternoon." Adelaide had completely forgotten about that date. Ursula could see her niece was under the weather and from drink. "Sheila break open two raw eggs put them in a glass and give them to Miss Adelaide and bring an ice pack. That should clear your head very quickly. Then take a cold shower you have to have your wits about you this afternoon."

"Yes aunt." Replied Adelaide

"Adelaide my dear how quick can you crochet?"

"I have nothing here aunt no needles or netting why?"

"Never mind about that I have all you need here can you say put a small portrait of a woman on a small doily before we go to the tea dance?"

"Yes I think I can maybe even two if you wish."

"Good, good then let us waste no time, as I see you wish no breakfast." Which Adelaide did not her stomach was not in the mood for food just now.

Back in the Blue room Adelaide had just taken a cold shower and was sobering up as her Aunt Ursula arrived. "This is all you need quickly get started." Adelaide nimble hands were quickly shaping the doily with a portrait of a woman. When she finished she took the doily to her aunt in the living room.

"Splendid, splendid darling just what I wanted, can you do another before we depart for Lady Grace." Ursula laughed, "Yes of course aunt," Adelaide replied.

Aunt Ursula and her niece were now seated in the long and wide banqueting room that Grace Fitz-William used for her tea dances. The small five-piece band had just started their repertoire of dance music of the day. A few couples were on the dance floor, invited couples, as only those whom Grace Fitz-William approved would be here.

"Lady Grace what a beautiful dance room you have here." Aunt Ursula said to her host. "Thank you Ursula dear, but you must not call me Lady Grace if my husband heard of that he would be cross with me."

Ursula ignoring this remark and knowing Grace Fitz-William just loved being called Lady.

"Your ladyships I have something here which my niece had crochet in your honour, I'm afraid to say she is a little bit shy your ladyship. I am presenting it to you for her."

Ursula then gave Grace the two doilies with two silhouettes are crocheted on then. Grace who was filled with her own importance thought the silhouettes look so much like her.

Dear Adelaide you must not be shy of me come her darling," which Adelaide did to receive a kiss on the cheek by Lady Grace.

"Hubert" Grace exclaimed in a commanding way. "Yes mother" Hubert resigned to whatever fate his mother wanted. "Take Miss Adelaide to the dance floor."

Hubert with his hand on Adelaide hands led her on to the dance floor. Waltz, foxtrot, and quickstep being played to Adelaide so much sedate compared to the boisterous Charleston and Black Bottom of last night.

While on the dance floor Adelaide was watching her Aunt Ursula then the sign came. Her aunt had taken a fan out her clutch bag and was fanning herself. "Oh Hubert I am so hot I must sit down."

Hubert led Adelaide off the floor, who then sat beside her aunt and Lady Grace. Taking her own fan out her purse proceeded to quickly fan herself.

"Are you warm dear maybe a stroll in the fresh air will cool you down"? "Yes Aunt Ursula I will go outside," said Adelaide

"Show Miss Adelaide the green house you know we have a unique collection of tropical flowers there." said Grace "Yes mother" was the usual reply from Hubert.

As the couple left Grace Fitz-William was heard to say to Ursula "My servants tell me that last night a car was seen leaving from the Pavilion pier direction with a young couple drunk they were and a car going at 100 mph swerving all over the place disgraceful I say. Your charming niece would never be mixed up in anything like that Ursula."

"Oh no Lady Grace perish the thought, Adelaide has had such a protected life." Ursula now knew the reason Adelaide was running about like a bear with a sore head this morning. Well you're only young once and now she had given Adelaide a chance for more amorous encounters with Hubert.

In the mind of Lady Grace she would like to have a young woman such as Adelaide as her daughter in law. With brains this girl had her breeding would surely pass on to her grandchildren. A smiling Grace Fitz-William watched her son and Adelaide exit the banqueting room.

Hubert hand in hand With Adelaide made towards the greenhouse. Adelaide mind was on more kissing and cuddling with a man she liked that one man after another, it was great fun. But then the thought her aunts had always told her she was being prepared for her Male Lesbian partner whoever that would be.

The greenhouse now having been reached the couple took a seat to admire the flowers. It was not long till Hubert had swept Adelaide into his arms and was kissing her. To which she eagerly received his lips and returned kisses with interest. Hubert Fitz-William was maybe not as daring as Ronald Brotherton-Symth. His hands never touched the silk stockings of Adelaide although maybe she wished they would. Like last night her Aunt Ursula had prepared her there down below for such an emergency.

"Oh darling, darling I love you so much please be mine."

"Is that a proposal Hubert?" "Of course it is darling," said Hubert

"I love you so much Hubert, but I would need permission from my aunts and their approval of you. After all they have protected me in my innocence and I have a duty to them."

Innocence thought Adelaide that's a laugh there was nothing innocent about the way she serviced Aunt Mildred. But it all sounded good to one such as Hubert Fitz-William and even his mother when he told her which he would as she had him under her thumb. She liked playing these games, which her Aunt Ursula set up.

"I understand Adelaide then I shall ask for their permission and do all I can to receive their favour."

"Oh Hubert," said Adelaide "You're a strong minded man." Her red lipstick covered lips descended on Hubert more and more kisses Adelaide as we know liked that.

Having had their fill of courting the young couple made their way back to banqueting dance room.

"They make such a nice couple don't you think so Ursula" said Lady Grace Fitz-William seated beside Ursula. "But of course Lady Grace."

The tea dance now over Adelaide and her aunt were on their way back to the mansion. "He proposed to me aunt," giggled Adelaide "and he is going to ask you Aunt Mildred for permission to marry me."

"Did he indeed and he will tell his mother of course, you have made my day Adelaide and I hope you have had your fun?" Ursula was laughing as well.

Adelaide was delighted that her beauty could bring a proposal from a man. Hubert wanted to marry her but she well knew Ronald Brotherton-Symth only wanted to use her for sexual purposes.

Back at home Adelaide and her aunt were greeted in the day room by Mildred and a young woman the same age as Adelaide.

"Adelaide this Lady Jennifer Ambrose," said Aunt Mildred. "Oh yes we have met before Adelaide I want you to take her in hand I think she can learn so much from you, Adelaide."

"I am pleased to meet you Lady Jennifer." Adelaide kissed Lady Jennifer on the cheek.

"Thank you very much Adelaide I am sure we will get on well together with you and your charming aunts."

No more was said as Adelaide departed to prepare herself for dinner.

At dinner Adelaide gave a running commentary of the exploits of this day at the tea dance. This amused her aunt's and did not shock them.

"I always said any red blooded young man would be a fool not to desire you dear. And I am sure you had all the young men who took you out in Glasgow were the same." Aunt Mildred commented laughing with the others.

As dinner was served Lady Jennifer kept an eye on Sheila, which Adelaide did not fail to notice?

"Jennifer dear would you please call into my room the blue room before retiring to bed I wish a little talk with you."

"But of course charming Adelaide I shall be delighted to have any discussion you may wish."

Later that night a knock was heard on the blue room door on answering Lady Jennifer was welcomed by Adelaide in her pretty blue nightgown.

"Take a seat Jennifer, I shall come to the point, from the look in your eyes tonight I think you have a desire for young Sheila my maid am I right?"

"Yes indeed she is a pretty young thing and as you say I desire her Adelaide."

"Good, good you know she is a timid and shy young girl and never has had a Male Lesbian lover before. I think I can arrange something for you and her say after lunch tomorrow here in my room."

"That would be good of you Adelaide yes I must confess I like that young maid of yours. I think we shall become good girlfriends." With that both Male Lesbians sealed their friendship with a kiss on each other's cheek.

The following morning as Sheila was assisting Adelaide into her morning dress Adelaide said to her "Sheila to-day is the day I wish to see you in that dress I gave you last week, here is a pair of silk stockings to wear with it. Come here to my room after lunch in it understand."

"Yes miss, I shall be here."

Lunch having been served Sheila quickly made for her room and laid her clothes out to dress for her mistress. She was pulling the silk stockings up her leg to attach to the hanging suspenders from her corset. Sheila had never owned such stockings before; a maid wages could never stretch that far. After fitting the stockings she ran a hand up the smooth stockings as little shivers ran up and down her spine. Looking between her legs she had an erection, which she had, had many times when wearing women's clothes. In her own mind that was nice and she played with herself there. But what she really wanted was to have her penis removed and be more like a woman such things could not be done in the 1930s. Having pulled her knickers up it was now time to fit that daring dress her mistress gave her.

Sheila was now in her mistress room and being admired by Adelaide. "You wear that dress better than I dear and you have an admirer who soon will be here." Which news alarmed Sheila who was under the impression her mistress would be the only one to see her in that dress.

A knock on the door, Sheila opened, after being told by her mistress to do so. On opening there stood Lady Jennifer Ambrose admiring Sheila and the dress she wore. Coming

into the blue room looked at Sheila and addressed her. "My but you're a beautiful girl and I think I am falling in love with you, come here." Much to Sheila surprise she found herself being kissed by Lady Jennifer and she liked it. "Turn round Sheila and show Lady Jennifer your backside," ordered Adelaide.

"Oh miss I cannot I am so ashamed." "Nonsense I am ordering you to do so." Adelaide was being now very angry with her timid maid. "Oh miss." But she never the less did turn round, and show her backside to her admirer and mistress. Lady Jennifer gave a gasp as she saw the low V back of the dress she could almost see the ridge in Sheila buttocks. I say almost what was stopping from seeing the whole naked flesh was Sheila knickers.

Lady Jennifer gave a look at Adelaide who smiled back at her a smile that said do as you wish with Sheila.

"Sheila" said Lady Jennifer "takes your knickers off!"

"OH LADY JENNIFER PLEASES NO."

"Do as Lady Jennifer say Sheila." Adelaide curious to see what was going to transpire and excited to see what it would be.

Sheila reluctantly pulled her knickers off and Lady Jennifer beckoned for her to come and sit on her knee. Sheila received a kiss from Lady Jennifer and at the same time through Lady Jennifer dress felt the hard penis of Jenny pressing between the ridges of her buttocks, which the top of now exposed since she removed her knickers.

A finger of Jenny was now in that dress and between Sheila buttocks and caressing that opening between them. Sheila was being excited my Lady Jenny to such an extent her previous inhibitions were forgotten. She was finding love for Lady Jennifer and low moans emitted from her lips.

Lady Jennifer now tucked up Sheila dress to above her waist so one could see her penis as she sat on Lady Jennifer knee. Jenny pulled her own dress up and at the same times her knickers down, to expose her erect penis.

What a sight Adelaide was now seeing as Jenny now eased Sheila slightly up from her knee then quickly brought her down again? With that movement Jenny penis shot up Sheila anus. To Sheila it was sore at first then it eased off and she was receiving much pleasure inside her anus. To Sheila her erotic zone was transferring itself to her derriere. The two Male Lesbians were falling in love with each other one rich and the other poor. Lady Jennifer Ambrose may well have been sent here to learn charm by her mother to marry a gentleman, but she had found love right here with a lowly downstairs maid. As for Sheila she could not believe that not only had she fallen in love with a rich lady but that lady was also in love with her.

The following morning Lady Jennifer Ambrose confessed to Ursula of her dying love for Sheila and that she wanted to take her away from her life as a maid and set up home with her. Ursula was pleased at this arrangement and matchmaker that she was had hoped this would be the outcome when she knew Lady Jennifer was coming here.

To Sheila everything was working out okay for one who had been thrown out her home by her parents for wearing girl's clothes. Although both women were Male Lesbians

Sheila wanted to be as female as possible in a body sense and act the part of a wife to Lady Jennifer.

Jennifer and Sheila set up home and Lady Jennifer when she heard of Sheila desire of being more female proposed a drastic solution for which she would gladly pay for but only if Sheila herself approved of it. The solution was this that Sheila be castrated. Sheila was more than happy to comply with this arrangement for the loss of her penis and be emasculated meant nothing to her. Her erotic zone as said before was all transferred within her anus. She felt happy within the arms of Jenny who was now there to protect and shelter her. As someone once said all is well that ends well.

For Adelaide Harding the time was now nearing when she would meet her Male Lesbian partner. To keep herself amused she still dated Hubert Fitz-William and Ronald Brotherton-Symth she still liked kissing men and knew she could go no further being severely warned by her aunts.

Aunt Ursula had just put the ivory hand piece of her white phone, down in her boudoir.

"That was Chloe had to spend a little bit longer with her mother than she intended Mildred dear. She will be here sometime tomorrow looks forward to meeting Adelaide."

"Good I do hope she can cope with my naughty niece Adelaide, Ursula dear."

"Have no fear I have already warned her, but do remember she is a young thing let her have some fun Mildred. You should be one to talk as you said yourself you had her "service" you from time to time."

"But that was different" Mildred said in an attempt to defend herself. Ursula gave a Mildred a look but said nothing.

Miss Adelaide Harding was informed at dinner by her aunts that her intended Male Lesbian partner Chloe Chesterton would arrive here to-morrow. Adelaide all through the dinner kept asking her aunts all sorts of information about her. The only answer her aunts gave is "you will see."

Miss Chloe Chesterton was definitely rich of that there is no doubt, money was no object to her and she definitely wanted a Male Lesbian partner. But in a sort of relationship she was to be the superior person, and her intention was to let this Adelaide Harding know that from the start. From what her Aunt Ursula (note she called then aunts as well although they were not related) had said Adelaide was a bit of a flirt. Well if that was the case she would soon let her know that she would stand no nonsense for sure.

The arrival of Miss Chloe Chesterton came approximately at twelve noon in the chauffeur driven Rolls accompanied by Aunt Ursula. Sophia, Ursula personal maid was instructed to take Chloe luggage to the Blue room where she would be sleeping with Adelaide.

Chloe was immediately taken to the day room where Adelaide and Aunt Mildred were in conversation. "Mildred my dear this is Chloe whom I was telling you about." Mildred

who had never seen Chloe up till now was greatly impressed by her beauty. Now stepping forward kissed her on the cheek Chloe returned the kiss.

Chloe looking at Adelaide "And you must be Adelaide you certainly are a pretty one and much more than our aunts gave you credit for. You may kiss me dear." This was a demand and an order to show Adelaide who was in charge. However Chloe had other plans in mind to show Adelaide that she Chloe was her mistress. Adelaide obeyed her command and kissed her softly on the cheek.

Mildred looked at Ursula and gave a sort of nod of the head to her as if to say this Chloe has the measure of Adelaide.

"Adelaide show Chloe over the grounds then freshen yourselves up before lunch."
"Yes Aunt Ursula."

The beauty of Chloe captivated Adelaide more than any young man she had met. Was it because she knew under the female clothes was a man like herself who loved all things feminine? Or was it she knew under Chloe knickers was a male member a mystery she now had plenty of time to unravel.

Lunch had been and gone and in the Blue room Adelaide was keenly watching Chloe dress for dinner. A yellow rayon day dress was now being pulled over a knee length peach coloured silk satin slip. Chloe was already wearing silk stockings suspenders from her tight corset holding the stockings up. Black patent and brown leather shoes with almond shaped toes and high heels. Everything now ready to accompany Adelaide to dinner, who herself had decided to wear that shimmering silver 1920s dress she wore to the Pavilion pier the other week.

On arriving at the dinner room both aunts approved of Chloe dress they weren't so sure about Adelaide though. Pleasant conversation took place during the meal between aunts and nieces after the meal all retired to the drawing room for coffee and biscuits and more conversation. Chloe then cleared her throat and stood up "I have something to say." Then she addressing Adelaide "I hear from our aunts that you have been a little bit naughty, and flaunting yourself with young gentlemen. Is that so Adelaide, well answer me?"

A hesitant Adelaide first of all looked at her aunts with the feeling they had betrayed her. Hadn't Aunt Ursula encouraged her, but not one flicker of knowledge of such action came from either of her aunts. They were eager to see what the outcome of this would all be.

"Yes but I was told to have fun by Aunt Ursula, was I not?"

"I never said any such thing," she lied.

"Well Adelaide if you are to be my Male Lesbian partner I demand loyalty to myself, and I believe you must be taught a lesson come here." Adelaide was in a corner and there was nothing else she could do but obey Chloe.

"Aunt Ursula please tells the servants to come to the drawing room."

"Yes of course dear," Aunt Ursula replied.

A crowded drawing room had now gathered to watch with anticipation of the drama about to be played before them.

Chloe beckoned Sophia to come to her and she whispered something in to her ear. "Yes Miss." Sophia left the room as she did so Chloe sat down on a big easy chair. "Come to my side Adelaide and let me have your ear." Again Chloe whispered something.

"NO PLEASE NO CHLOE NOT IN FRONT OF EVERYONE," said a distraught Adelaide. By this time Sophia had returned carrying a small case.

"Bend over my knee Adelaide." Chloe had pulled her dress up exposing her yellow knickers, which matched her dress. There was nothing else Adelaide could do but obey; her own dress was now pulled up to expose her own pure white knickers. Chloe opened the small case to a gasp from the assembled crowd for there in her hand was a riding crop. Chloe raised it and brought it down on Adelaide knickers covered buttocks. Not once twice or even thrice but many, many times tears were now falling from Adelaide eyes.

"Will you be an obedient Male Lesbian partner and lover to me Adelaide?"

A crying Adelaide answered "Yes" louder said Chloe. "OH YES, YES, YES A THOUSAND TIMES YES." Said Adelaide who was drying her eyes and sobbing.

"Then you will go to the Blue room our bedroom, put on a pretty nightdress go between the bed sheets and await my return. Tonight my pretty one you will lose your virginity now go."

Adelaide who had been brought down a peg or two and in front of the servants left like a dog with its tail between its legs. She was like a virgin on her first wedding night shivering in fear but at the same time anticipating the loss of her virginity (which in her case lay between her buttocks).

Before Adelaide left the drawing room Aunt Ursula had spotted a ruby ring on the finger of Sophia. "That is a nice ring Sophia." Yes ma'am it is my engagement ring from Margarita."

"Is it indeed," said Ursula. "Then as I promised Margarita I shall hold your engagement party here in this very drawing room and I want everyone here in their best frocks in honour of the happy pair." Ursula looking at the happy faces of her servants "Come here my darlings." Which Sophia and Margarita did? Putting a hand round each of the Male Lesbians waist kissed each on the cheek.

"Your celebrations will be in this room same time next week and you shall be my special guests at dinner that night. Off you go and consummate your engagement, darlings." The blushing pair left to titters and giggles from the assembled crowd.

Mildred corrected her partner "It is only married couples who consummate their marriage on their wedding night dear."

"Who cares Mildred I think Sophia and Margarita have been consummating something every night, as long as they are happy. And that reminds me we will be consummating tonight dear won't we." Ursula was giving Mildred a knowing look and a laugh.

Adelaide was now lying between the silk sheets of the bed she was now to share with Chloe this night. Precise care had been taken in picking the pure white satin nightdress she had on. Yes white she said to herself virgin white for the virgin she was. Adelaide now understood why her Aunt Mildred had never invaded her anus; this had to be preserved for the Male Lesbian partner she would share the rest of her life with.

It was a long time till Chloe came to the Blue room, which was half the fun in Chloe mind. Let Adelaide wait in fear? Or was it anticipation?



Opening the door she saw Adelaide all snuggled up under the satin bed sheets with just her head above. Walking over to the bed she said, "You are beautiful darling." Leaning over the bed kissed Adelaide on the forehead. "Oh and you are too Chloe." "Adelaide I am about to undress then shower, while I am doing these tasks you will kneel on the bed pulls your night-dress up exposing your wonderful buttocks. Then place your head on the pillow and await my return understand darling."

"Yes Mistress," answered an excited Adelaide, Chloe had won the battle of domination.

Adelaide never saw Chloe emerge from the adjoining bathroom dressed in a long black silk nightdress. Chloe stopped on the white Persian carpet to admire the white raised bottom cheeks of Adelaide, as her head touched the pillow. They were beautiful and twitching in her penis confirmed

her desire to enter that opening. But first she had to kiss the desired spot. The presence of anyone near her Adelaide felt, as lips descended on her anus. "Is that you Chloe?" Nothing was said the kissing carried on. That spot on Adelaide derriere was now covered with lipstick from Chloe.

The moisture from Chloe lips to a certain extent had lubricated the anus of Adelaide. With that in mind Chloe was now on the bed behind Adelaide penis erect about to enter that cavern. While Chloe's penis may have been erect, so was Adelaide's - a fact not missed by Chloe. Chloe penis was posed at the entrance of that heavenly place she desired; her right hand meantime had placed itself round the rampant penis of Adelaide. A delightful feeling passed through Adelaide anus as Chloe entered it, and Chloe hand tightened on her penis. The member of Chloe became thicker and longer within Adelaide, to little squeals of the physical pleasure she felt. Adelaide own penis was also becoming thicker and longer in Chloe hands.

Chloe was heavily kissing Adelaide neck and both of these Male Lesbians clearly loved their sexual activities. These intimacies would be repeated and repeated in the future. However for now both of these Male Lesbians sexual activities' were about to climax. Chloe spurted white creamy love juice within that sacred orifice of Adelaide. Meanwhile Chloe was receiving the emissions of Adelaide member on her hand the tribute from Adelaide to the pleasure she was receiving from Chloe. The sacred act of Male Lesbian sex was for now ending.

Both of these beautiful male lesbians snuggled up to each other and softly kissed in the aftermath of their sexual activities. "Darling," said Chloe, "I cannot wait till we marry!"

Adelaide gave Chloe an out of the ordinary look. "But surely darling we cannot marry, I mean we are both of the same sex."

Chloe laughed "Don't worry your pretty little head about that there are ways and you do want to marry me do you not?" "Of course I do but how?"

"Very simple my pet for a price I know an excellent forger who can fake your birth certificate to that of the female sex and name, and you can be my blushing bride. I would start looking for your bridal wear now. The only thing I don't like is that I shall have to cut my hair and wear trousers on that day. But on the bridal night I will be wearing a pretty woman's nightdress as you will of course."

The thoughts of Adelaide were now turned on to her wedding trousseau, something in her wildest dreams that never entered her mind. With the help of her aunts she was sure they would have much fun picking it.

Adelaide and Chloe had left Aunt Ursula Charm School to prepare their future home, and of course Chloe had been introduced to Adelaide mother Edwina who thoroughly approved of their relationship. Edwina was more than pleased her *daughter* would have a church wedding and in a white wedding dress as well.

The wedding came and all at Aunt Ursula and Aunt Mildred homes were there. Her aunts of course Margarita and Sophia flashing her engagement ring; Lady Jennifer and Sheila who had set up home together. From Aunt Mildred household Elspeth and Sheena, Effie and her boyfriend, and Maisie on her own with no partner male or female.

The finely striped white crepe de chine wedding dress Adelaide wore with the long train and headdress of wired pearls in the shape of a formal tiara brought oh's and ahs from the assembled party.

The honeymoon was to be the Grand Tour of Europe all the capitols London, Paris, Rome, Berlin.

CONCLUSION

This is the conclusion of this history of the 1930s remember it was told to me (Ruth) by Daphne and Kitty. Although they themselves were not present at the events documented, they had struck up a friendship with a very old and frail Adelaide Chesterton. Her husband Chloe had died a long time ago as most of the others related here. Adelaide had fond memories of all in this history.

What Daphne told me that with all these Male Lesbians living together at Mildred and Ursula homes a very rare happening in Male Lesbian circles it was known as a nest of Male Lesbians? From all the accounts related to me I would have called it a love nest of Male Lesbians.

Whatever happened to Ronald Brotherton-Symth and Hubert Fitz-William? Ronald was busy chasing women for all the sex he could get from them. Then he married a beautiful woman. Beautiful at first then she lost her looks and nagged him spent his money gave him volley of abuse, and all in all made his life hell. How he wished he had married Adelaide Harding (as she was called then). As for Hubert Lady Grace his mother demanded to know why he had not asked Adelaide to be his wife, which he had. He told his mother that Adelaide had disappeared, nothing was said. But Lady Grace felt that was an opportunity missed, because she considered Adelaide such a bright young woman. Her fears of her son taking charge of the company business were founded. He may have been Lord Hubert and she Lady Grace, but titles are no use if you have no money as the company shipbuilding business had gone down the pan. This was because of Hubert had no business knowledge or sense.

While this history may have been overloaded by Male Lesbians the next will only have two although there may be other people mentioned.

HISTORY 2

THESE SISTERS WERE INCESTOUS?

We are now in the late 1940s early b1950s and now in the house of Ruby Jackson. A single mother, not by choice her swine of a husband had run away with another woman and left her to bring up her son Jordan. Life was hard for Ruby trying to make ends meet; she took any sort of job just to get money for her and Jordan to survive. The love of her life

was her son Jordan she would do anything for him. Jordan was a pretty boy with soft blonde hair a round face and beautiful blue eyes.

Jordan received his schooling at a boy's school it was therefore no surprise to Ruby that he was picked to play a girl's part in the school play. A school that Ruby had to work hard to pay the fee required and they were not cheap.

Ruby was at the play and had to look twice as her son appeared as a girl in the play. The makeup that had been put on her son was excellent and the girl's clothes fitted him perfectly. After the play her son still in his girls clothes told by his mother how so much like a girl he looked, he introduced his mother to the makeup woman and wardrobe mistress, both of whom were mothers of boy's at the school. Ruby complimented both on their excellent work. Ruby thought no more about her son dressed in girl's clothes till that day some years after.

Jordan Jackson had now reached the age of twelve years his memory of wearing girl's clothes had never left him since that play in primary school. It was the first time he had ever worn girl's clothes, and when told he was to play the part of a girl at first he was not too happy. He liked acting at that age and was encouraged by his English teachers Mrs Brock. When Ellen Brock came round to casting the end of term play "The Darling of the Town" her thoughts of the feminine part was Jordan he had the right features of any boy in this school to be a girl, what's more he could act.

She knew that when asked to be a girl Jordan like most boys would be opposed to such an idea. However Ellen Brock was prepared for that. So approaching him one day said, "Jordan I am casting for the school end of term play and I would like you to be in it, what you say."

Jordan thought not for long he just loved being in plays. "Yes Mrs Brock."

"Good Jordan, the rehearsals are tomorrow and I will give you the part you will play." Ellen Brock was now ruffling a friendly hand through Jordan golden hair as she left him.

When the parts were handed out at the rehearsal Jordan looked at it, there must be some mistake this was the part of Bessie Burton the young heroine in the play.

"Mrs Brock I think you have given me the wrong part." Ellen Brock took Jordan aside "Jordan this is a boy's school is it not."

"Yes, Mrs Brock."

"So who else can I ask but boys to play girl's parts?" Jordan stared at Ellen Brock with a blank face. Then she added "You know the best of actor's play all sorts of parts even the opposite sex at times, and I think you have the potential to be a good actor."

The way Mrs Brock put it maybe it would not be all that bad playing the part of this girl Bessie Burton. Before the dress rehearsal again Ellen Brock took Jordan aside, to avoid possible objections.

"Jordan I want you to really get into this part and so you must feel you're a girl therefore wearing girl's dresses will be second nature understand?"

Ellen was holding out a pretty pink frock to Jordan, which he took without any objection. Ellen Brock breathed a sigh of relieve.

The rehearsals went better than Ellen had anticipated and Jordan as she had hoped threw himself into the part of Bessie Burton. He is so feminine she thought maybe if I ask him to come along to one of Beverly (her daughter) nights with her girlfriends, dressed as a girl of course. Would it be possible by listening to get some flavour of a girl's voice? Or as she said to herself was she pushing the boat out too far? Up till now Jordan had been receptive to all she had asked, it was worth a try. Ellen put it to Jordan; at first he hesitated saying the girl's would make fun of him. Ellen Brock said she would explain this to Beverly and her girlfriends and any fun they made of him would be severely dealt by her. This calmed down any fears Jordan may have had.

On that night Ellen had all the girls clothes prepared for Jordan and took him into her bedroom helped him put on the girls clothes and applied a little makeup.

"Jordan I want you to sit with the girls. Say nothing, just listen. That is all, understand?" "Yes Mrs Brock." A shy Jordan replied.

Listen he did saying not a word. At the end of the night before he undressed to put his male clothes on Ellen asked him if he had learnt anything about girls and their speech. "I think so Mrs Brock."

"Good Jordan let me hear something." Jordan repeated a few phrases he had heard the girls say and in as near as a girls voice as he thought he could.

Well it is something I can work on, and at least his voice has not broken yet was Ellen Brock thoughts. "Jordan could you come to my house every week night till the play is over and we can work on that voice of yours. Beverly will help you if you just listen to her voice."

"Yes ma'am."

Such a sweet kid thought Ellen someone got the sex mixed up there and maybe if he was my son I surely would have put him in a skirt. But forget about these thoughts for now it is all about the play.

Ruby Jackson was passing her sons room one day when she heard a girl's voice.

"Who have you in there with you Jordan?" Ruby would never allow a girl alone with Jordan especially in his room at his age. "No one mother." "Where is she, Jordan?" demanded his mother.

"Where is who, mother?" replied Jordan.

"Don't play games with me, Jordan - the girl who you have in here."

"Oh you mean this voice I have been practicing for Mrs Brock; I based it on her daughter Beverly, listen mother." Jordan continued speaking "And what do you think of that mother." Jordan was speaking in a feminine sounding girl's voice. Ruby Jackson was amazed. "It is all for the part in the play Mrs Brock is coaching me for that girl's part mother."

"You just carry on Jordan your stupid old mother had the wrong ideas my darling Jordan. You are a good boy." Ruby was now patting her son gently on the head.

Some two years had passed since that play and the day we had mentioned earlier was fast approaching. The fact that Jordan Jackson had once worn girl's clothes had never really left his mind. When at Mrs Brock house and her doing his voice coaching she had insisted that he must be clothed in girls dresses. As she said he must really get into the part, and so she always supplied some dress or skirt of her daughter Beverly. Sometimes Beverly was present help him with makeup which again Ellen Brock said he must have on. Beverly would praise his makeup and how well he spoke and dressed as a girl. In fact Bev said if any boy in that school should be a girl it was he!

In fact the whole perspective of girl's clothes fascinated him from the different types of dresses, skirts, and frocks there were. Boys never had these colours and then there was the wearing of them so soft to the skin, and the feel delicious. Since that play he had no opportunity to wear girl's clothes, first of all he hadn't any and secondly he could not afford to buy any. It therefore was no surprise that the thought came into his mind that the easiest way out to wear female clothes was his mothers. As a boy he was small as was his mother, at his age Jordan was a slight bit smaller than his mother and Ruby Jackson dresses were just made for him. While the thought was there the opportunity was limited, maybe a Saturday morning when his mother usually did the weeks shopping. But even if that day was the right time would he Jordan have the nerve to go to his mother's room and take the items that he wanted to put on.

Then the opportunity was there, Ruby told her son that she was going shopping with a girlfriend and that they were going for a meal together after, and not to expect her home till tea time.

That Saturday Jordan seemed a little red faced and fidgety. Ruby noticed "are you feeling well Jordan?" asked his mother.

"Yes mother I'm alright." Ruby Jackson left house thinking no more about it.

As soon as his mother left Jordan made for her room and to her wardrobe there before him hung a small front button up dress that caught his eye. This green woollen with the dolman style sleeves was the one for him. It was with shaking hands that he removed from its hanger and laid it over a chair. Next he had to have something to put under the dress a petticoat and a pair of knickers. Opening one or two drawers in his mother's dressing table he found the desired objects, but also others that awakened his mind. Stockings and brassieres he remembered Mrs Brock saying when rehearsing for that play "we want to make everything authentic Jordan so I'll help you put this on." What this was a young girl training brassiere, her daughter Beverly. There were many such items in one of the drawers while the one he wore in the play had padding in it these had none, but that was no problem. He pulled out a flesh coloured waist girdle with three suspenders hanging down each side.

Everything was laid out on the chair dress, under things, stocking; now all he had to do was strip his male clothes off and put his mothers on. This he did and standing there naked stepped into his mothers girdle when it reached his waist it was tight. Pull and pull he did then slid over his waist he zipped up the side of it. Jordan could feel his stomach being

pulled in and contracting he considered this nice. Jordan now sat on his mother's bed to attach the brown nylon stockings to the hanging suspenders all three on each leg. That task done he now pulled on a white cotton pair of wide legged knickers. Jordan looked at himself in the dressing table mirror little exciting breaths came from him. He had picked one of his mothers bra's the smallest he could see. A white cotton one the back of it having three hook and eye positions fastened the tightest position putting his arms threw the shoulder straps. Jordan looked round the room for something to fill the brassiere cups. Hankies in a drawer did the trick. Jordan slipped green cotton knee length petticoat on then the matching button up green cotton dress.

Jordan was now completely dressed in his mother's clothes and stood in front of the dressing table mirror admiring him from all angles. Jordan sighed how he wished he could be dressed as a girl always. Jordan was narcissist about himself didn't he look so beautiful, and he said to himself he was beautiful as any girl. But he could always improve himself let his hair grow longer for a start. Then there was makeup, which he did not know much about if he learned all about that. He saw through the mirror his appearance changing to one of that beautiful girl he wanted to be. And when that happened he would just love he err herself. Jordan knew he would have plenty of time to stay dressed in his mother's clothes and enjoy this freedom, which he did. But as the saying goes all good things must come to an end. So in plenty of time he discarded the clothes till the next opportunity.

Plenty of opportunity's came and Jordan took great delight wearing his mother's clothes. However things can go wrong and they did. As usual on the Saturday morning Ruby left to meet with her girlfriend, unfortunately her girlfriend had, had a car accident that morning unknown to Ruby. She waited and waited then phoned her girlfriend no answer. So Ruby gave up and returned home.

Ruby on entering the house made towards her bedroom, she thought she heard noises coming from her room. Was about to say something but decided not to. The door was slightly open enough to see into, what Ruby saw was her son dressed in her frock admiring himself in her dressing mirror. It was a shock to Ruby but something told her not to say a word she lingered for a while watching her son saying nothing.

Tip toeing Ruby left the room and her house. She would come back at the usual time Jordan would expect her. At tea Ruby said nothing that she had seen that day. At night in bed Ruby gave serious thought to her son she considered Jordan a sensitive boy. Hadn't he played that part of a girl a few years ago and he was good. Why did Ellen Brock ask him to be a girl had she seen something effeminate about him, maybe it was there all the time and she had never seen it. It was a real worry for Ruby and she would have to handle this situation with care.

The first thing Ruby did was get in touch with Ellen Brock, giving her a phone and asking if she could have a woman to woman talk with her about her son. Ellen Brock was curious as to what Ruby Jackson wanted to know about her son. Ellen did not have long to wait as Ruby came straight to the point. "Ellen you picked my son to play the girl part, in the play two years ago why?"

"To be honest Ruby, Jordan had everything going for him to be a girl, his features are so much like a girl. I always thought there had been some mistake Jordan being born a boy; I am sorry Ruby if I said something to upset you, why do you ask?"

Ruby explained that she had seen her son dressed in her clothes. "Well I must say that does not surprise me Ruby. You will have to handle this situation very delicately could be I could help you there."

"Could you Ellen but how?" "If you send him to me I could explain that his mother knows all about him dressing in your clothes. You don't want to bring this up to him face to face because you do not want to hurt his feeling but you do approve. You do approve Ruby?"

Yes I do but I must admit, but it is taking time to sink in, I will help him whatever way this turns out, I love my son Ellen."

"Then I see no problem it is good to know that a mother will stand by her son whatever." Both women said no more all they were interested in was the good of Jordan Jackson.

After one of Jordan English classes Ellen Brock asked him to stay behind, could he come to her house tonight for a very important talk. Jordan said he would but it left questions in his mind as to why his English teacher would want to speak to him.

That night as he sat in the front room of Ellen Brock house she made light conversation of his English studies did he like it. His answers were yes. "Good Jordan does you like your mother, I know she likes you and cares very much about you."

A rather funny question thought Jordan but of course he did. Then Ellen changed the conversation.

"Do you remember that play two years ago?" Jordan nodded his head. "Did you like playing Bessie Burton I do remember you were hesitating to begin with?" Jordan again answered in the affirmative where all this going he wondered was his thought.

"Do you still like girl's clothes and wearing them like your mothers?" Jordan Jackson was completely caught out by the direct statement and showed it in his face.

"Yes that is right Jordan your mother has seen you dressed in her clothes, but do not worry she will help you in any way she can. She was afraid to approach you on this subject in case you were ashamed, that is why she told me, thinking if the news came from someone else that would be different. Go home tonight she is waiting for you with open arms. Do not be afraid she only wants to help you go now."

Jordan Jackson made his way home he did not know what to think even though Mrs Brock had assured him all was alright. His mother was up waiting for him she looked at him.

"Come here Jordan." Ruby said she held out her arms and enclosed him within them. "Jordan I love you as any mother should love her son, and as Ellen Brock will have told you I was frightened to approach this subject. If you like wearing girl's clothes so be it. You must look upon me as your helper to assist you in this desire."

"Oh mother, mother I love you too, I could not ask for a more understanding mother." Mother and son kissed each other.

"Starting to-morrow we will find more suitable girl clothes for you what you wore of mine were shall we say a little too big for you." Mother and son laughed. "Mother can I grow my hair long and have it styled like a girl's?"

"Of course you can Jordan if you want to wear girl's clothes then I as your mother want you to be happy and look as much as possible like a girl." Then Ruby Jackson added. "Like my daughter." Jordan was so happy and that wish he had of being dressed as a girl all the time was so near of becoming true.

The following day was a Saturday and Ruby Jackson that was where she would start to buy girls clothes for her son. She wasn't that well off so charity shops would be where she started. At breakfast Ruby told her son of her plan and that he would accompany her. Jordan at first was not too sure of that what if someone saw him looking at girl's dresses. Ruby said not to worry she would be with him.

Besides if anyone asked they were for a play and he was playing a girl's part wasn't he.

To Jordan it was like Alice in wonderland as his mother went through many charity shops picking out girls clothes. Not only picking them out but taking Jordan into the dressing cubicles to see if they fitted. Ruby Jackson was amazed at how cheaply she could buy girl's clothes in the charity shops, not only that some frocks looked as if they had never been worn before. No one noticed or cared as Ruby took her son with her to the changing cubicles.

What a wonderful night was before Jordan Jackson as his mother had promised after dinner he would be trying on all the outfits. All the skirts and frocks had been placed in Jordan wardrobe and underwear in various drawers. Ruby had plans to buy a small dressing table where she could better put girl underwear. But for now it remained as it was till such time she found the money to do so.

When in his room Ruby asked her son to remove all his boy's clothes. Then she took a small waist cincher and rapped round Jordan waist a tight squeeze, which Ruby knew it would be. "You will have to breathe in Jordan now." "Mother I can hardly breathe as it is."

"It is not easy being a girl, do as I say." Ruby had two cords that were laced threw the eyelets of the cincher at the back in her hands now pulled and pulled. Jordan felt his tummy contract, which he had before when in his mother girdle, but this was something different it was even tighter. But then he should not complain as his mother said he did want to be a girl. Ruby admired her work that waist of her son now nipped in good for what was to follow. The stockings were new cheap maybe but new never the less having snapped on the suspender belt thick black woollen stockings ran up his leg and clipped on to the hanging garter tabs. Now a nice pair of girl's black knickers quickly put on. A brassiere held in front of Jordan to which he put his arms threw the straps and his mother adjusted and clipped at the back. Ruby had purchased two moulded breast forms at a woman's underwear shop. They were for a young girl Ruby gave a little white lie saying they were for her daughter. The flesh coloured moulded rubber small breast forms were slipped in to the bra cups.

It was a pretty blue petticoat and frock that Ruby had found in a nearly new shop and well within her allowance of money she would spend on her son. Ruby had now fitted both items on her son and stood back to approve of her work of transforming her son Jordan to Jordan the girl. Ruby Jackson was now all caught up in feminising her son. It could be better was her thought, taking Jordan by the hand led him to her own room, sat him on a chair in front of her dressing table mirror.

"Mother what are you going to do?"

"Make you into the prettiest girl you ever did see Jordan." Jordan said not a word but his heart pounded and pounded that was what he wanted to be the prettiest of them all!

Ruby set to work taking a pair of scissors started cutting Jordan's hair although it was short with hairbrush and comb brought it into shape in a bob style. But even then Ruby was not satisfied her makeup case came out and powder and lipstick applied to her son. Still she was not satisfied her jewel box opened and a bangle put on Jordan wrist and coloured beads put round his neck. Maybe just maybe came a thought to Ruby a blue ribbon in his hair.

"Aren't you so beautiful Jordan?" This time and for the first time the name Jordan was in the context of female. Ruby Jackson mind was racing away female as far as her son was concerned. She thought she had done well but her mind said she could do better to feminise her son. For a start what if she had his ears pierced and then he could wear earrings, and if she made some padding for the right places a more female shape for Jordan. Then his hair that bob cut was good but if it grew longer she would take him to her own hairdresser and have it styled.

Ruby Jackson never felt happier than now, since that husband of hers had run away. Leading Jordan towards a feminine life may well not be a bad thing, and besides he wanted it not her. All she could do was showing him how wonderful it was, and she would.

"Jordan I think you can stay dressed as a girl all weekend, but you will have to help me with the house work understand. No going out to play ball games with your school friends, understand?"

"Yes mother, who wants to play ball games anyway dressed in a pretty frock I'd rather stay here with you mother?"

Ruby Jackson gave her son a kiss and a hug. "Look at the time Jordan with all this dressing up time has flown. I'll go and make us some coffee while you change for bed, and then come to the kitchen and we will discuss where we go from here."

When Jordan arrived at the kitchen he was wearing boy's pyjamas. Ruby looked at him hadn't she forgot something a girl's nightie that would soon be rectified a pair purchased for her son, no not one but many.

As mother and son sipped their coffee Ruby asked. "How was it wearing girl's clothes Jordan?"

"Just wonderful mother I love it so much and such an understanding mother I love you."

"Jordan you can wear your girl's clothes all weekend and every night after school, but I'm afraid not outside the house yet."

The word yet interested Jordan "Does that mean mother I may be dressed in girl's clothes all the time at some future date."

"We shall see people have to be prepared in seeing my son dressed as a girl, although I have accepted you as one Jordan."

What Ruby did next was to take Jordan out of the all-boy private school; she could hardly pay the fees anyway. Jordan was now in the mixed school and got on really well with the girl's. Ruby Jackson was more than fascinated with her son dressed as a girl. This was a phenomenon she had never come across before. The more Ruby saw her son dressed as a girl the more she wanted him to become her daughter. She had vaguely heard of some place in Casablanca where men had gone to be chanced into women, but such thing required money, which she did not have. The only way for her to see her son as a girl was to let him dress full time as one. The only solution she could see out was to move house to somewhere that no one knew her or Jordan.

A drastic remedy but the more she saw her son as a girl she was pulled into this resolution. The day Ruby and Jordan left for their new home Jordan was dressed as a girl. As far as Ruby was concerned it mattered not who saw her son no one would know where they would set up home. But more important all the new neighbours would see was a mother and daughter arrive. All went well that day and on the Monday Jordan was registered in the local school no questions asked. What a wonderful life thought Jordan and how his mother fussed over him. Ruby Jackson had gotten herself a job as typist in a nearby factory and she had to say the money was more than she had earned before. Things were looking up and all her spare time was spent on how to improve her son to look more like a girl. She made body padding to fill out the dresses that he had, every time Ruby saw her son she was most proud of her.

Remember Jordan had learned to speak as a girl all these years ago and now that was the only way he spoke. So neighbours were never the any wiser and how they praised to his mother how polite and helpful her daughter was.

Girls at school accepted Jordan as one of them without question, and as such Jordan was led into the little intimacy's that pass between teen girls. It was from these intimacies he learned from one of his girlfriends that there was a Saturday job on offer for a willing girl to help out in the shop store. Not only that if time spared he could help out with the beautician, and she would give him tips on makeup. When he told his mother she was more than delighted when Jordan offered her any money he would earn. "No you keep it Jordan but you must buy your own makeup and help put some away for your clothes." This pleased Jordan as his girlfriend said there was no problem with makeup as the shop let the young girls pick a certain amount of makeup for free.

Other things that had made Jordan more feminine, Ruby right away when they moved into the neighbourhood had Jordan ears pierced. Since she let his hairs grow long had it styled in a shoulder length with a deep fringe, which was the style of the forties.

Jordan room was feminine with a dressing table and mirror a jewel box on top containing bangles, beads, necklaces, and of course earrings. Earrings something Jordan liked stud ones but of all types Jordan favourites were the dangling gaudy ones in sparkling, flashy colours that swung in his ears. This was to Jordan so girly, which he considered himself to be.

Even if Jordan was happy frolicking about in girl's clothes after being so near female company the one thing he missed was having a girlfriend near him at home. When he considered it, not a girlfriend but a *sister* likes him. Someone who he could play with, talks clothes about, exchange ideas and helps each other dress and help with makeup. He knew his mother helped with all these things but a sister would be so much different.

His mother who Jordan could now freely talk with on any subject he brought up this subject one night as they sipped their nightly mug of coffee. "Well I don't know Jordan, after your father I have no wishes to marry again or even have sexual relations with any men." The feminising of her son had preoccupied her mind so much that Ruby Jackson interest in men had diminished.

"You don't understand mother I mean someone the same age as me *like* me, the *same* as me."

It took Ruby a little time to realise just what her son was saying. A boy who also liked dressing in girl's clothes who would not be related to Jordan or her but would be a sister to Jordan and a daughter to her. She could see how her daughter longed for such a person.

"Well Jordan I have sympathy for you and I understand your feelings but at the present I just do not know how that can be achieved." Then seeing the downfallen face of her daughter added. "All I can do is take time and see if we can come to some solution."

Ruby Jackson thought hard on this subject there certainly were a few boys in the neighbourhood who were effeminate and it would be no trouble putting them in a frock if they were not already. Trouble was they had parents so that was ruled out. Then the extra cost of another mouth to feed, still she tried to think of some solution.

There were two that came to mind either adoption or foster, Ruby Jackson could get a government grant with both. That was all very well but how would she know the right boy that would wear girl's clothes? She favoured the foster because you could take the boy for a trial period and test him out if not suitable give him back. A sort of trial and error method but she would take care in picking the boy to eliminate such an error.

The application was made and Ruby came up before the board of the orphanage. On that day Ruby brought her daughter Jordan with her who was dressed in all her finery.

When asked why she wished to foster a boy Ruby answered, "You see sir it is for my daughter and me of course, I would wish a son as well as a daughter." Then the chairman looking at Jordan.

"And what about you Miss Jackson?" "Oh sir I would like a brother it is something I have missed in my life my own brother." Jordan fluttered her eyes at the chairman. Such a

sweet girl he thought and such a caring mother. No more was said "Application granted," said the chairman and rubber stamped the application.

Ruby and Jordan were then shown round the orphanage and introduced to many boys and girls. Then Ruby spotted one boy who had two girls round him and all seemed engrossed in conversation. Ruby caught the fragment of a conversation. "Ginny and I will show you how to make that dress from the pattern tonight Kerry." Ruby passed them by as if she had not heard a word. So far it is the best that she had come up with in this orphanage. When Ruby and Jordan met the principal of the orphanage Miss Burlington they asked as Ruby said "I rather like that boy Kerry or something or other."

"Oh yes Kerry Turner nice boy I think you will like him nice manners an excellent choice and I know Kerry just wants a mother and to be loved Mrs Jackson."

"I can certainly do that but first I and my daughter would like to have a word with him in private, before you tell him Miss Burlington."

A knock on Kerry Turner door startled him as he was busy looking at the dress pattern spread out on his bed. Opening his room door there stood Ruby and her daughter Jordan. "Can we come in Kerry?" asked Ruby "Of course but why would you want to see me?" "It is to tell you that we I and daughter Jordan would like you to come and stay with us, and get to know each other better Kerry." Ruby having a quick glance at the dress pattern spread out on Kerry bed.

Ruby then added "I know you never really knew your mother, and I want to take her place, if that is at all possible."

Kerry Turner felt really happy that here was a woman he did not really know offering to be a mother to him. Jordan piped in "And I would like a brother as well Kerry."

"Would you like a mother and sister Kerry? I just know we would like you to stay with us."

"Yes I would really like that when can I go to your house."

"Not right away Kerry unfortunately there are legal matters to be arranged and papers to sign, but I am sure Miss Burlington will do her best to speed things up" said Ruby. Again glancing at the dress pattern on the bed Ruby was now looking at Kerry. "I see you like dress patterns do you know how to make clothes." "No Mrs Jackson."

"Mother if you please Kerry well I am sure Jordan and I will teach you and help you. You seem an artistic type of boy Kerry. We must explore that and bring your artistic side of you out."

All the sort of words Kerry wanted to hear, and Ruby Jackson knew it she just could not wait to see him in a skirt. How lovely it was going to be to have two beautiful daughters Jordan and Kerry.

Before leaving Kerry's room Kerry received a loving kiss on the forehead from Ruby and on the cheek from Jordan.

All the formalities were over and Ruby and her daughter Jordan were at the orphanage to meet Kerry and take him to his new home. Arriving there Ruby led him to his room "There we are Kerry this will be your room and knowing the type of artistic person you are we have tried to make this so relaxing for you."

The room was in nice feminine pastel colours of pale blue and a dressing table. Not yet with makeup or lotions and potions. They were already in Jordan room just waiting to be placed on that dressing table.

"Now let me help you unpack that case of yours did you bring that dress pattern Kerry?" Ruby asked

"No Mrs Jackson." "What did I say before at the orphanage Kerry do you remember?"

Kerry did remember it was not because he forgot he was shy and spluttered out "Mother"

"Say what you said before and say it slowly."

"No mother." Ruby gave Kerry a hug and a kiss "that is better Kerry I want to be the mother you never had and I want to know all your little secrets that is what mothers are for." Kerry shyly smiled at his now mother.

"A pity you did not bring that pattern, never mind I am sure Jordan has a few in her room."

"Oh yes mother I would be more than happy to help Kerry out and we could bond together better."

"Oh I am so glad you two are going to get on well with each other, and then I shall leave Kerry in your hands Jordan." No more was said. It had been a tiring day for Kerry; Ruby could see that what with shifting all his belongings from the orphanage to his new room. After dinner Ruby put a hand round Kerry's shoulder "I think you should go to bed darling you need a rest then tomorrow Jordan will look out that dress pattern and help you make it to your heart content."

Kerry was about to leave Ruby looked at him. "Haven't you forgotten something Kerry?"

"No mother what?" Ruby first of all was glad to hear Kerry call her mother one battle had been won.

"Well Kerry in this house I usually receive a kiss from Jordan before she goes to bed and I expect you would like to give your mother a kiss too." This had been unexpected to Kerry but none the less nice he did like Ruby, no he said to himself MOTHER. He did kiss Ruby on the cheek and she kissed him on the forehead "That is better Kerry remember I love you as we all do Jordan as well, this is going to be a happy loving home for us all."

"Yes mother." Kerry Turner was so happy he had found a mother who loved him and a sister too. Tomorrow could not come quick enough it was all so exciting and his sister Jordan would help him find a dress pattern and make it.

At breakfast next morning Ruby asked her daughter if she had found any dress patterns for Kerry. "Yes mother a nice blue frock. I shall give much assistance to help Kerry." "Good then you two run along and occupy yourself this morning and I shall come along later and see your work."

In Jordan room on the dressing table was set out a dress pattern cutting scissors and various lengths of cotton. "We will cut out the cloth to pattern Kerry then sew it together then take it from there." They set about their work and Kerry was so happy. After about three hours Ruby popped in to see both of them. "That looks nice dears you can use my sewing machine to run it up. I'll just go and make you both some coffee and bring biscuits back with me carry on."

Ruby duly came back with coffee and biscuits. "Have rest dears." She almost said girl's but pulled out of it in time that came later. "That looks a really nice dress you are making."

"It is mother and I really did not have much to show Kerry he is a natural. Aren't you Kerry?"

"Well I do not know about that Jordan it is just you are a good teacher." Jordan smiled "you're a shy one Kerry I tell you what once this is made you will be the first to wear it won't he mother."

"Yes but of course you must be the first you made you wear it."

"But Jordan, mother I'm a boy I can't wear girls dresses can I?" "Of course you can you made it why cannot you wear it. You like it don't you Kerry?" Kerry Turner hesitated to answer, that was what Ruby was waiting for. "That's it decided" Ruby said "Mother has spoken you will wear that dress and I shall see you in it and I am sure you will wear it nicely." Kerry Turner in his heart of hearts was more than delighted he really wanted to wear this dress, and had always wanted to wear girl's clothes. Maybe just maybe here was a mother who had no objections to him wearing girl's clothes if only he thought.

Ruby left them busy with the dress pattern; she felt she was winning the battle to put Kerry permanently in a girl's frock. She did not feel she was doing wrong, contrary to that she was of the opinion she was doing right. She was sure Kerry would just love wearing girl's clothes and she must help him fulfil that desire all she could and she surely would.

Ruby considered the weekend a success but it was now Monday morning and she had work to go to. But first she had to take Jordan to school and introduce Kerry to the head-mistress, which she did and left for work. Jordan and Kerry being roughly about the same age were therefore in the same class.

The day went well for Kerry and after dinner Jordan and he were back at dress making. The blue cotton dress was near completion.

"There we are Kerry lets go to mother and put the final touches on it." When Ruby saw it she congratulated Kerry on his work. Kerry blushed and was so pleased his mother liked it. In her room Ruby ran up the final seams of the blue dress. Inspected it held it up for all to see.

"Now Kerry this is your big moment you are going to wear it. But first it would not be right just to wear the dress only would it?"

"What do you mean mother?" asked Kerry

"Well I think to get the real effect of the dress you must be fully dressed in girl's clothes. Be dressed in petticoat, knickers, stockings, shoes and even a small girl's *brassiere*."

"Oh mother I couldn't I would be so embarrassed everyone would see me in a girl's dress."

"Who is everyone Kerry me and your sister that is all. Now no more nonsense go and do it right away Jordan will help you dress. Now go." Ruby ordered.

Jordan led Kerry to her room looked out a petticoat, knickers, stockings and a bra. Jordan set to work and in no time Kerry was fully dressed in girl's clothes. Kerry blushed red but was happy as Jordan led him back to their mother.

Ruby clapped her hands "oh how beautiful you look Kerry, you must see yourself in my mirror."

Kerry looked in the cheval glass mirror to see himself for the first time dressed in girl's clothes. He liked it then in the mirror saw his mother put a hand round his waist and whisper "you *are* pretty."

Kerry cried the emotion of it all was getting to him. Ruby hugged him "what is it darling?"

"Oh mother I am so ashamed of myself." Kerry was now sobbing. "And why would that be precious."

"Mother I like, I like... wearing girls dresses I must be a pervert please help me?"

Ruby looked at Kerry held him close to her. "You are no such thing darling just a sensitive boy exploring your female side, and if you like wearing girls clothes so be it. Mother will help you explore that desire for I care for you. Now let me see you walk up and down in your dress, always remember that you made it, proud as I am to see you in it."

Kerry felt so much better now, and yes he was proud to walk up and down in his own made dress before his mother and sister.

"Kerry I want to see you dressed in girl's clothes every night from now on, and at all available opportunities understand."

"Yes mother, oh yes mother that is one command I will be happy to obey. I am so happy I think I shall be happy living here with you and my sister Jordan."

Smiles were exchanged between Ruby and Jordan. To Jordan having a sister turned out a lot easier than she first thought.

A lot had happened in the space of a year. Kerry had been introduced to makeup by her sister Jordan, and was quite expert in applying it to much praise from her mother Ruby.

Ruby Jackson was now calling Jordan and Kerry her daughters, and time was nearing for Kerry to be released as a girl full time.

Ruby gathered her girls together one night as they sipped their mugs of coffee before bed. She smiled how lovely they looked in their pretty nightdresses of violet and purple, and she in her own long blue night gown. "Girl's time has come for a serious talk on your future soon both of you will be leaving school. Have you decided what careers you wish to follow?" Blank faces stared at their mother.

Ruby seeing that and to certain extent being strong minded put a arm round both and smiling first of all looked at Kerry. "Kerry you are such an artistic girl I think it best if you go to college and study dress design." "Yes mother you are so right."

"Jordan your work in the store has made you an expert in makeup which I know you rather like how you would like to become a beautician."

"Oh mother why did I not thought that it is work I would be so happy in. We girls should be so happy we have a mother who takes an interest in her daughters aren't we Kerry?" "Oh yes Jordan." Was the reply from her sister Kerry?

"Good then that is settled one daughter will be a dress designer and the other a beautician. But remember girl's it is one thing saying another doing it, both of you must study hard for your chosen careers. Now off you go to bed girls."

Both girls' were so excited for the jobs they were to study for in their excitement almost left without the customary kiss to their mother. "Haven't you forgotten something girls."

"Oh mother how could we." Exclaimed daughter Jordan now running over to her mother kissing her on the cheek sweetly. "And me to mother." Said Kerry her other daughter. She also kissed Ruby on the cheek.

"You're both good girls and so pretty I know you will both succeed and make your old mother happy."

The following morning saw Ruby and her daughters happy at the outcome last night. Then Ruby said to Kerry "you know darling that when you go to college you must go in a dress." "But mother." "No buts Kerry this is your chance to be a girl full time dear." That was really what Kerry wanted she was as shy as to what everyone would say. "I'll tell you what Kerry you and I from now on will go out in public dressed together. I bet no one will ever suspect you are not what they see." Said Jordan putting a protective arm round Kerry.

The die was cast and Kerry was to find that dressing full-time as a girl was a great turn-on for her. From now on two pretty and beautiful girls could be seen going to and fro from the Jackson home.

Both girls were appreciative of the work their mother had put in on for them. Although as students they had not much money when it came MOTHER'S DAY Kerry unknown to her mother had designed a dress especially for her. Also Jordan had given her mother a makeover and both girl's had combined to take her to a sit down meal.

Ruby looked at her daughters with a tear in her eye "I couldn't have two more loving daughters than both of you. Though we are poor you have made your mother so happy, money isn't everything love is all that counts." Ruby broke down in tears comforted by her now daughters. It is easy to see it was a happy family.

But even so there was one secret that Kerry was not in on the fact that what she thought was a sister was not Jordan. Ruby of course knew this full well, and as far as she was concerned would leave matters till that secret was exposed then deal with it. For now she was just happy to have two loving daughters.

That time was fast coming as Jordan and Kerry completed their studies. Jordan first of all got a job in the store she had worked in as a Saturday girl. Then Kerry applied for a job in a clothing firm as a designer and had the qualifications that they were looking for.

From the start Jordan and Kerry had bonded well as sisters and were always in and out of each other's rooms. Even in various states of undress with just petticoats and knickers on, now that both girls had reached the age of nineteen they had many offers for dates with boys. This excited them so, and many hours were spent on makeup before going out on their dates. Jordan was the one who applied makeup on both of them, and clubbing together Kerry would design and make dresses for both. It has to be said that after a few dates both girls were not all that enhanced with boys pawing all over them. They were looking for a more gentle loving relationship, so for a while both stopped dating boys.

Both girls' exchanged notes on various dates with boys and came to the conclusion boys were not for them, well at present anyway. Ruby looking at their sad faces asked what was wrong both saying that dating boys was not what they expected. "Cheer up girls one does not know what is around the corner."

It was around then after her experiences with boys that Kerry for some unknown and unexplainable reason the more she saw of Jordan the more she wanted to kiss her sister. She always pulled herself back from doing so. It wasn't right and yet the opportunities were always there especially when both girls' were in and out of each other's rooms in just their knickers and petticoats. In the early days Kerry thought nothing about that it was natural, but now that she was older things were changing. Her dislike of boys or more so the way they handled her turned her towards a gentler sort of relationship. And there was that gentleness about her sister. But was it right that she was falling in love with her sister? It was a dilemma for Kerry it was not as if she liked any other girl just her sister Jordan.

A confession and revolution all came to a head one sunny summer afternoon. It all started innocently enough when Ruby said "Girls put your sundresses on and go out to the back green and lap up some sun."

So off both girls went to their rooms and changed as they went through the kitchen Ruby holding out a bottle of suntan lotion gave it to Jordan "Take this Jordan and rub it on Kerry's back then she can do the same for you." "Good idea mother." And Jordan ran to the back green where Kerry had already spread a large blue towel out and was lying on its face down. Another large blue towel had been spread for Jordan.

"Here let me unbutton the back of your dress Kerry so that I can spread some of this lotion on your back." This Jordan helped her sister to do then Jordan unclipped the back of Kerry's brassiere carefully as she knew that false breast forms were stitched in it.

Jordan poured some tanning liquid into the palm of her hand and set about rubbing it into Kerry's skin. Softly and gently she massaged the lotion in her sister's skin. Kerry sighed and shut her eyes she was deriving great pleasure from this act.

"Come on Kerry it is your turn now here is the lotion." Jordan was now handing the sun tan bottle to her sister.

Jordan like her sister was spread out on the towel face down. Jordan could feel Kerry unbuttoning the back of her dress. Then she remembered and very quickly reached behind and undid the back of her bra. Reason being she did not want Kerry to do this in case she noticed that she too had falsies.

Kerry surveyed the back of her sister's wondrous body this was her opportunity now to do what all these months she wanted to do. It was with trembling hands that the lotion was poured on to her palm. Now the rubbing started the soft tender skin moulded to her touch. Kerry bent forward and softly kissed her sister on neck again and again. Jordan said nothing but for some reason knew something special was about to happen.

Seeing no response from her sister Kerry became even bolder, having unbuttoned the back of the dress to the waist the top of Jordan white knickers could be seen. It was now Kerry said to herself and a hand proceeded to go under the waist band of the knickers. What Kerry was exactly going to do she did not know. But anyway her hand was there, and Jordan was in a bit of a panic as well she wanted to stop her sister but it was so nice. To Jordan this was such a different experience from that of a boy pawing around her.

It was as if Kerry's hand had a mind of its own. Being under her sister knickers at the back it crept down to where Jordan pussy should have



been, and what a shock Kerry received as the hand touched a semi erect penis. Quickly taking her hand from out of Jordan knickers said with surprise "you are a boy Jordan." With tears in her eyes Jordan retorted. "Don't say that Kerry I'm not a boy I'm a GIRL please call me a girl please." Jordan was sobbing, but Kerry immediately raised, her dress still unbuttoned at the back and quickly made for the kitchen and her room.

All Ruby saw was one daughter Kerry running through the kitchen and a short distance behind her, Jordan with tears in her eyes. Ruby put her hand out and stopped Jordan. "What's happening why is your sister crying Jordan?" "It is nothing mother we just have had a little disagreement." Then she too ran in the direction of Kerry's room.

Ruby Jackson was sad to see her daughters crying and having a disagreement, because as a family unit they had all been so happy before. Meantime Jordan was knocking loudly on Kerry's door.

"GO AWAY." Kerry shouted at the top of a sobbing voice. It was so loud that Ruby heard the noise in the kitchen. Ruby was now really worried for her daughters, and all the more so when Kerry failed to turn up for dinner. Ruby put some of the dinner on a tray and made to her daughters room. Knocking at the door again Kerry shouted GO AWAY.

"This is your mother Kerry let me in."

An unlocking of the door and it was opened for Ruby. "Sorry mother I didn't mean to lock you out." Ruby putting the tray on the bedside table "eat your dinner and I want a talk with you Kerry."

"I'm not all that hungry mother."

"I see but you will eat it up mother says so I'll treat you like a little girl if I have to. If you are locking your door and behaving like spoiled brat."

Kerry looked at her mother she had never before seen her mother so angry with her.

"Kerry I do not know what went on between you and Jordan and I don't want to. We have always been such a happy family and I am sure we will be again, so I want you and Jordan to make up your differences whatever they are, understand darling." Ruby had now put a loving hand round Kerry shoulders.

"Yes mother I think I do but it won't be easy."

"Good I will give the same talk to Jordan and what I want you two to do are kissing and make up, and that will be tonight when we have our nightly coffee."

Ruby left Kerry to have a similar talk with Jordan. Kerry now had a long hard think of the situation with her sister Jordan, if only someone had said something about this situation a long time ago. And yet as she thought about it Jordan like she loved being dressed in girl's clothes. They had that in common so what if she was a boy. When Kerry really thought about it she was in love with her sister even if she was a boy. And didn't Jordan scream she wanted to be called a girl like herself then she Kerry must treat her as a girl. It was settled she would make up and kiss Jordan before their mother.

So it was at their nightly coffee that Kerry held her hand out to Jordan. "Please forgive me Jordan let us kiss and make up before mother please."

"There is nothing to forgive Kerry it was all a misunderstanding you are my sister and I hope I am yours."

"Yes Jordan my dear, dear sister." Both girls embraced and kissed each other on the lips before their mother. It made Ruby so happy the loving family was together once more.

The weekend had now arrived and once more the sun was shining down. Ruby may not have realised it but she was tempting fate as she once again told her daughters to change into their sun dresses and soak up some sun. Ruby considered all had been patched up between her daughters and she was right.

"Girls I am meeting my girlfriend Betty this afternoon so I will see you all at tea time, but before you soak up the sun do your chores please and tidy-up the house." "Yes mother" replied both girls.

Both girls first of all tidied up their rooms then set to work with the Hoover sweeping round the house, dishes in the dish washer. Because of the hot day set out a salad for dinner then it was time to lap up the sun. Jordan looked at her sister spread out on the large white towel as she stood above her. That feeling came over her once more the feeling that wanted Kerry to be conscious of her needs. She wanted the soft sensitive touch of her sister not the aggressive handling of a boy. Jordan lay on the towel next to her sister with a bottle of sun tan oil in her hand.

Like the last time Jordan was once more kneading her sister's shoulders and skin and working the sun tan oil into it. And like the last time Kerry was depriving great pleasure with one big difference unlike last time she now knew her sister was a boy, like herself. But did this matter Jordan insisted she was a girl just as she herself wanted to be a girl. So the idea both were boys faded to the back of her mind, and what took its place she Kerry and Jordan were girls. And furthermore more both were sisters doesn't the mind play funny tricks!

Having excepted all that as Jordan made advances Kerry had no objections did she not love her sister, yes she did love her.

Jordan could see her sister was giving no resistance to her advances therefore it was no surprise that Jordan became even bolder. Putting the bottle of sun tan lotion down pushed the back of her sisters red and blue flowered dress up to reveal the white lacy knickers she wore. Still no resistance or cries of discouragement, Jordan hand was now inside the white lacy knickers heading towards a semi erect penis. A little shiver ran over Kerry's body still no resistance as Jordan hand grasped it and slowly moved up and down on it.

"Oh Jordan, oh Jordan I love you and you are so beautiful my sister please do not stop."

Taking Kerry's hand Jordan rose "follow me sister." Both now passed through the kitchen where no mother was present. In no time both were in Jordan room.

"Get your knickers off Kerry." As Kerry stood standing there just doing that Jordan was doing the same.

"Please come here my darling sister" demanded Jordan. Kerry just did that and standing in front of Jordan who was sitting on the edge of her bed, who now put a hand up the front of Kerry flower patterned dress. Kerry erection was stiff and hard just what Jordan wanted Kerry was kissing her sister and kissing her.

"Put it in my pussy sister dear." A very excited Jordan was whispering to Kerry, who needed no further prompting. Very quickly Jordan found herself face down on the bed and Kerry pushing her dress up at the back to expose a large white derriere waiting to be entered. And entered it was by Kerry to welcoming moans and groans from both of those participating. The pleasure went on and on as Kerry's penis slid in and out of her sister.

This was what Kerry had always wanted to do to Jordan and this was always what Jordan had wanted from her sister. They just loved sisters pleasing each other, as in their minds sisters should do! Jordan had lost her anus virginity to her sister penis and loved every minute of it. As far as Kerry was concerned she too had lost her own virginity never having sexual contact with anyone male or female before.

The happy pair was nearing their climax it was all so delightful and this would be the first of many times over the years they were to spend together. Jordan could now feel the bulbous head of Kerry penis jerking inside her and knew their thunderous climax was about to happen. And happen it did as Jordan felt a rush of creamy liquid within her anus to accompany cries from Kerry "I love you my sister."

Kerry slowly withdrew her by now limp penis from within her sister's aperture between her bottom cheeks.

Both girl's lay panting and resting on the bed, hands lovingly entwined, and no words were said. Then Kerry turned to her sister. "I want you to take my anus virginity sister dear and only you I love you so."

"And I love you Kerry." The wording of Kerry had aroused Jordan and as witness her member was slowly rising. Jordan now pushed Kerry dress up whom having discarded her knickers previously was exposed for the attention of Jordan hands. Jordan hands were on Kerry buttocks pushing her upwards exposing that same aperture on her that her sister had just withdrawn from.

Being face to face both sisters was kissing each other and Kerry hands were now on Jordan member which was already erect rubbing it up and down. Both sisters very excited and it did not take long for Jordan's hands to hold Kerry's anus opening wide to let her member enter to a little wince then along sigh of satisfaction. More sighs as Jordan eased her penis in and out of that porthole of love. By now Kerry had her legs over Jordan shoulders making it all the easier for Jordan's member to slide in and out. As their course of love carried on little endearments were whispered between both lovers partaking in this act of Male Lesbian love.

They may not have realised that they were becoming Male Lesbians then, but that was what they were as they perfectly dressed as girls and women later in life. Both becoming loving sisters and Male Lesbians in one happy relationship though the name Male Lesbian was not known at that time.

Their climax was again fast approaching and both partakers of the Male Lesbian sex act anticipating the delightful conclusion with little nips and bites on shoulders and necks. Then it happened Jordan exploded within her sister to sighs of Kerry.

As Jordan withdrew her wet and dripping penis with love emissions their mother voice was heard.

"Girls, girls where are you mothers home."

"We are here in Kerry's room will be with you in a moment mother."

Both girls quickly jumped out of bed and hastily pulled their knickers on and made to meet their mother. As they did Kerry said "Why did you say we were in my room Jordan?"

"Never mind Kerry just agree with everything I say understand"

When they came into the kitchen Ruby asked "Whatever were you doing in Kerry's room?"

"Just looking and sorting out a dress pattern mother." Said Jordan

Kerry who was quick on the uptake "Yes that's right mother we were looking out a dress pattern so that we could make matching suits for us all myself, my sister Jordan and you mother."

"Yes that is right mother trouble is we may be short of money." Jordan said who was now lending supporting her sister.

"You are good girl let me see the pattern."

Both sisters looked at each other. Then Kerry quickly added "It was meant to be a surprise for your mother and that would spoil it all."

"Oh I see I like surprises then tell me when all is ready girls and any money you may need."

"Sure will mother." Said Jordan with a sigh of relieves.

Both girls because of their last episode said they must be more careful, it was not how-ever going to stop the Male Lesbian love and relationship they had for each other.

Kerry set off to design the matching suits for both her sister and mother. She had seen a Christian Dior "New Look" suit in a rather expensive ladies dress shop which she hastily sketched. Then set to work on the suit and because she herself with some help from Jordon the cost was kept down from the expensive price tag at the ladies shop.

When all the work was done there stood mother and her daughters in the most expensive Christian Dior "New Look" suit hip length fitted silk jacket buttoned from narrow reverses to tightly waist, rounded unpadded shoulders, narrow inset sleeves with two button detail on wrists, front panel seams from sloping shoulders to hemline, mid calf length knee pleated black silk skirt. Natural straw hat with shallow crown and wide turned down

brim. Ruby and her daughters were all wearing black leather gloves. Flesh coloured nylon stockings. Black suede court shoes, rounded toes and high thick heels.

Beautiful makeup to everyone applied by Jordan this was for a special occasion Jordan and Kerry mother's birthday.

And in that restaurant Ruby congratulated both daughters for their present to her of the suit and makeup "Girls you have made your mother so proud of you I'll give you both a kiss." Which she did and at the same time noticed with delight both girls were holding hands, their fallout was now over to her happiness.

Jordan and Kerry were now automatically holding hands at all times.

It was some months later that Kerry after some exciting Male Lesbian love play as she lay beside Jordan in her bed that a dreadful awful thought entered her head. "Jordan we are sinners."

"Whatever can you mean Kerry?"

"Jordan we have committed the forbidden sin of incest we must pray to God to forgive us. We must tell mother and hope she forgives us."

Jordan said nothing but was in deep thought then answered. "You have made me feel unclean Kerry yet it is so wonderful and I do not want to stop our loving. But maybe you are right and tell mother."

They did not tell Ruby right away thinking matters over then one night at their usual coffee before bed they set to tell their mother.

"Mother" both said at once. "Yes my dears." "It is like this" said Kerry who had been elected spoke person for both.

"Well mother I'm afraid to say both me and Jordan have committed a sin, namely that of incest mother."

Ruby looked at both her daughters no sign of any sort appeared on her face. Ruby never said anything for while. Both girls looked at each other waiting for a reply then it came.

"Normally that would be a very big sin and both of you have bonded well as sisters and I approve of that. And I think you both have gotten involved with each other that you have forgotten one thing."

"What is that mother?" Both girls said at the same time.

"Well don't you remember girls you are not related and you do remember Kerry that Jordan and myself came to the orphanage to choose you do you not Kerry? But I am so glad that you both think of each other as sisters and love each other."

Expressions of recognition of their status became clear on both girls faces. Ruby saw both of her daughters once again slip both their hands into each other's. And thoroughly approved of that relationship and now kissing both of her daughters on the forehead said "Run along girls and rest in peace no more worries your good girls."

The following evening at dinner Ruby stood up "I've an announcement to make girls I have decided to move out of my room and you girls can move in and share the room. I

shall move into one of your rooms while the other room can be converted into a work room for you both. There you can Kerry use it to design clothes dresses etc. Over the weekend we will move all our goods and chattel to the various rooms."

It was only after the first night of the change over that Jordan and Kerry realised how kind their mother was as they shared the double bed that was once their mothers. No more secret liaisons between them their Male Lesbian sex could carry on with their mother's approval.

For the rest of their lives Jordan and Kerry were to share the same bed together and their lives. Both are now two old ladies and sisters and no one any the wiser.

CONCLUSION

That concludes our second history related to me by Daphne and Kitty. The number of Male Lesbians are getting smaller in each history the first had a multitude of them the second two.

As I had promised I gave John Savage an interview of my talks with Daphne and Kitty. I was quite willing to give my own life story up to date. I set to work on my research into male lesbianism, which you have read here. I am indeed indebted to Daphne Wills and Kitty Bonner for their help in assisting me. My interview with John Savage led to an appearance on the Della Remington morning show and her asking me all about Male Lesbianism which I hoped would lead to much enlightening of the subject to the general public.

Since my writing of the above subject I am happy to report my girlfriend Joanna has married at last and she invited me to be her bridesmaid. I wish I could say she was a blushing bride but Joanna is too worldly wise to blush, however she seemed to take being a loving and dutiful wife. Her in-laws certainly approved of her and that is all that matters.

Oh and yes, I am going for that summer vacation to Daphne and Kitty. More of a working holiday as I shall be doing the rounds with them to all the different markets and of course spend the nights between the sheets with them and meet the Empress once more. The Empress will be welcomed into my palace between my legs.

And I hope to get on friendlier terms with my old adversary, Clara the Cluck.

The End