



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 them of my interest, and that I had written a number of articles 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 weekend 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, jewelry, 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 disbelief. 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?" 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?"