

# Vikki & Jaqline



*By Sir Kenneth O'Leigh, Esq. As Told To*

# Ms Bébé Talons

Al!





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# Vikki & Jaqline

**By Sir Kenneth O'Leigh, Esq. As Told To:  
Ms Bébé Talons**

*May, 1959*

## ONE

Hello, my name is Sir Kenneth O'Leigh, Esq., member of the Bar of New York State and a licensed Barrister in Great Britain, a.k.a. the United Kingdom.

I was knighted for services to the Crown during the late hostilities, but in the States, I am known as plain Mr. Ken Leigh! I usually drop the "O" because I feel

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(felt) that it is quite ostentatious and totally unnecessary.

I was (at the time of the story, c. 1948) about thirty years old, of Scots-Irish heritage, standing five foot four, weighing one hundred twenty-three pounds even, sandy hair, hazel eyes, smoothly muscled and cursed with a baby face! I had yet to sprout my first whisker and as a result, my face had a clear, peaches and cream sheen that extended from my long, girlishly lush eye lashes to my toes with nary a hair growing between! Anywhere!

Early on I had taken to wearing a paste-on moustache to add some sort of masculine maturity to my appearance, but even then, I was often taken for a fifteen or sixteen year old boy, or worse, a flat-chested, postpubescent girl!

As a result, I had very few friends and even fewer girlfriends to speak of! I mean, let's face it, what modern woman in her right mind wants to be seen in public with a man who looks like her younger brother?

It is to laugh. Ha ha ha. Bah! Humbug!

To atone for my lack of height, I always wore highly polished black riding boots with specially built four inch lifts to bring me up to snuff. I had found that my shortness was ever a distinct disadvantage when in negotiation with some of my otherwise recalcitrant clientele.

Because I was of Scots-Irish heritage, I had taken to wearing Scots' kilts with heavy, ivory muslin drawers when abroad on business. Why?

Not because I wanted to be a girl and this was my way of wearing skirts without comment, rather I liked the freedom of movement and air flow around my legs a kilt affords that is absent in trousers. It's just as simple as that.

That I had been in the Hasty Pudding group while an undergraduate at Harvard in the late 30's and had been pressed into assuming several girls' roles for staged productions, was beside the point. This compulsion to be a girl had never taken hold of me as it had

so many others and I remained a relatively naïve, babe-in-the-woods kind of "kid."

Or so I thought, until Vikki. But, that's later.

At the time, women were scarce on the Harvard campus. In fact, there were none! This forced the improvisation of the above. To add insult to injury, it was the accepted "tradition" at Harvard that those selected to play girls' roles were to be immersed in femininity for the duration, no exceptions.

And as a teen-aged girl, I was expected to be a girl in all ways, from walk to speech to mannerisms to dress to interaction with others and in all ways, I had to be as girly-girl as any genetic girl! Even more so!

I had objected to being dated by my fellow Harvard students, but again as it was "tradition" to "date," I dated! I had little choice in the matter.

It wasn't all that bad, because as a girl, I was escorted, meaning that my date was expected to pick up the tab. I liked dancing and fine dining in all the best places, so it worked out pretty well for me.

"The hard part about dancing," as Ginger Rogers said when dancing with Fred Astaire, "is that I not only have to be as good a dancer as he is, but that I have to dance backwards too!"

As a child, I had been dressed in girls' clothes since a mere babe in arms as my beloved parents had wanted a daughter and they had got me instead!

I rather liked being their daughter and did all I could to be perfect.

So I continued living as a girl until I was drafted in 1942 right after I had completed my second year at Harvard Law School. I was sent to O. C. S. and was subsequently commissioned a U. S. Army second lieutenant, then trained to lead a forward observer squad (we were far ahead of any support!) and sent to North Africa to "help" England's Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery fight the Desert Fox, German Field Marshal Irwin Rommel.

From there it was to Italy (promoted to first lieutenant), France (promoted to captain) and The Nether-

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lands (promoted to major) and reassigned to Patton's Third Army Tank Corps as "liaison officer" between British and American forces in which my squad rescued some trapped British from their untenable position and because one of the men that we rescued was a potential King of England, or some such (he was a "Royal," and Brits are quite taken with their "Royals!) I was knighted and promoted to lieutenant colonel in early 1945, shortly before I was released and returned to Civvie Street.

After I was discharged in 1945, I returned to the United States, reentered Harvard School of Law and the Hasty Pudding Club, again as a girl, and after I graduated, was admitted to the New York State Bar in December of 1946.

To a starkly bleak job market!

Newly minted attorneys were a drug on the market, a market filled with returning G.I.s and now unemployed females as their jobs were refilled with returning discharges. So I looked around, and finally settled on International Private Investigation as a possible alternative.

It proved the right decision as more cases came my way than even I could handle. I took on a partner, a Harvard classmate and we divided the case load more or less evenly, with him handling domestic issues while I concentrated on foreign issues.

It was while returning from Dublin after successfully completing my more or less discrete investigations into alleged misappropriation of company funds (The "misappropriation" turning out to be a misaccounting between two countries' monetary units, the difference between US dollars and British pounds - multiply US dollars' worth by British pounds' worth at the exchange rate and the "discrepancy" disappeared in a cloud of smoke and my fee for "discovery" more than covered my expenses plus delivering a decent profit for my firm!), that I first met the Johnsons, William "Will" and Elizabeth "Beth," who, like me, were traveling on the Cunard Lines ocean liner, The Queen Mary.

A most fortunate meeting as it turned out!

On our first night at sea, I was seated at the captain's table and by pure chance next to a rather plain, nondescript, though well-turned out and familiar looking gentleman whose beautiful young wife was sitting next to him.

Yes, it was William Johnson and his charming wife, Elizabeth.

And, like myself, Will was wearing a plaid kilt of the Johnson clan and we hit it off like two long lost third cousins! But, where I was wearing my engineer boots, he wore heavy brogans.

After, I remembered Will and Beth very clearly for a number of reasons. For one thing, they were most amusing traveling companions, and for another, their personal mannerisms towards one another was most odd. They were devoted, yes, probably the most devoted couple I had ever met, before or since, with the possible exception of my own subsequent marriage to Beth's younger sister, Victoria "Vikki" Jane Palmer.

But there was something more than mere devotion between them.

Beth was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, rather on the tall side at five foot eleven inches, weighing a solid one hundred forty pounds, all spread out on her perfect 36-C, 22, 35 figure, long blonde hair, light blue eyes, pierced ear lobes, nails in perfect shape, a "wet-dream" if I ever saw one!

Especially as she was dressed in a snug fitting sheathe dress of electric blue satin, shoulderless and strapless, tightly fitted at the waist, pencil slim skirt without kick pleat falling right at knee length, and low cut in the bodice with her magnificent breasts threatening to break free at any moment, her dark crimson areoles peering out shyly, her dress held in place by her erect nipples!

It was obvious to anyone who cared to look that she was wearing nothing beneath her daring dress except her rolled silk stockings with her feet thrust into matching operas with five inch spikes that she maneu-

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vered with dexterity and perfect balance! And when she walked, her hips rolled smoothly under the satin as she wriggled sinuously on her varied errands!

I was discrete in looking, but many stared open-mouthed at her daring!

Will was simply put, nondescript. Medium height (five six or so – with Beth in spike heels {always!}, she towered over him!) and medium weight, just a hundred twenty-five or so pounds on a well-built frame.

Will was not ugly per se, but he was certainly not “handsome” by any stretch of the imagination! In every way, he was “just another average, clean-cut, good-looking and decent man.”

By contrast, Beth was just as opinionated and forthright as any other beauty, her bright eyes flashing with defiance and intelligence, but when Will was around, she deferred to his wishes in everything, never questioning his judgment and obeying his slightest whim without hesitation!

Will was just the other way round. When protocol didn't reference Beth, or when she wasn't about, he was pleasantly free-and-easy-going.

But, where his reaction to Beth was concerned, he was as definite and crisp as the crusty Master of an old-time windjammer! I swear, if he were to speak sharply to her, she would jump with alarm, ever turning to see what it was she had done wrong or what it was he wanted of her!

We struck up a conversation and when the band began to play, I asked Will for permission to dance with Beth. At his nod, I turned to her and asked her directly. She glanced at Will as though asking his express permission and I saw him nod ever so slightly.

Turning to me, she replied, “I'd be delighted, kind Sir!” And she came into my arms as I led her confidently through the various dance steps, quite captivated by her charming manner. At the end of the dance, when I led her back to our table, she curtsied prettily, saying, “Thank you, Sir Kenneth. I enjoyed



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that so very much!" The view when she curtseyed and bent slightly forward, was magnificent!

Another man came over to ask her to dance, but at Will's slight shake of the head, she declined with a brilliant smile, murmuring, "Thank you for the kind invitation. But, another time?" and they would go away, puzzled.

Then, a tallish woman dressed in a severely cut woman's version of a man's evening tuxedo, approached and asked Will for permission to dance with Beth. To my great surprise, he nodded in the affirmative! The woman did not ask Beth to dance, merely took her fingers in her hand and led her onto the dance floor where they proved to be evenly matched dance partners, Beth in perfect step with her escort!

Beth arrived back at the table, face and shoulders flushed and obviously excited. She curtseyed politely to the woman, murmuring, "It was delightful. Thank you so much, Sir!"

'What in the Hell?' I thought. 'That's a woman, isn't it? Then why call her "Sir"?'"

The woman bent over Beth's hand and kissed her knuckles swiftly. "You are a delightful pie. . . er, partner," she replied throatily and Beth blushed even harder, if that were possible.

I noticed that when she sat, she snuggled as close to her husband as was possible, her hand slipping into his bulging lap significantly!

At my arched brow, Will smiled. "Oh, it's quite all right. I know all those women and while they may act a bit differently, they are very nice people for all of it." He nodded to the woman who nodded back, smiling widely.

I glanced at her table, seeing that she was sitting with two other severely tuxedoed women and each of them was escorting a beautiful young woman, a beautiful young woman who was obviously "with" her female escort. They did not try to hide their attachments, but rather seemed to delight in it.

'Lesbians!' I thought derisively, then blushed internally. Who was I to cast aspersions on others? If I had learned anything while at Harvard and in the Army, it was, "Live and let live." Others have rights too.

Then, another of the woman came over and secured Will's permission to dance with Beth. Again, without word one to Beth, the woman took her hand and led her onto the dance floor. Followed was an explosive tango and they proved ideally matched as Beth found herself being twirled and twisted about like a pretzel, and when she returned to the table, she was breathless and her eyes were shining with repressed excitement! I noticed that her dress had slipped and one nipple was showing. Hurriedly she replaced her dress and sat close beside Will, fully conscious of my riveted gaze!

The last of the women asked Will to dance with Beth, and like the other two, bent over Beth's curved hand at the end of the dance, kissing her curled knuckles with a sort of nibble before returning to her own table and her quite obviously miffed female companion.

Again, Will shrugged it off. "The three of them are business partners in publishing back in the States," he explained.

For the rest of the evening, Beth had five different dance partners, Will, me and each Lesbian woman. He would allow her to dance with no one else, and I wondered why he was allowing me to be so physically close and personal towards his wife.

Yes, I met the women on the promenade the next morning, learning their names, 'Miss' Diana Danes, companion to "Ms" (a new designation for women indicating her sex, but not her marital status!) Eugenia "Gene" Garrison, "Ms" Hilda Burt and her companion, "Miss" Lorna Briggs and "Ms" Georgia "George" Harrison with her pretty young companion, Miss Francine Nolan. The six of them were just returning to New York after an extensive vacation in Munich for Oktoberfest. Sometime later, in the States, I discovered why Will, Gene, Hilda and George had become such close friends.

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To my great surprise, they accepted me without question and made no secret of their romantic attachment to their lovely partners. The three women were quite open with their companions, kissing them firmly on the lips, patting their curved bottoms possessively without regard to outsiders' looks and were generally treating them as their wives, or whatever they call their companions.

Thereafter, the nine of us shared the same table and I found Gene, Hilda and George to be as ribald as any male. They loved to poke fun at "straights" and I thought them amusing as well as pleasant companions.

The "girls," Beth, Diana, Lorna and Francine were always dressed as provocatively as they dared or that Society permitted, although I never heard one word of adverse censorship by another passenger.

And, yes, I got to dance with Diana, Lorna and Francine too, but my favorite would ever be Beth and I'm afraid I monopolized her shamelessly!

Gene laughingly pointed out to Will that I had an obvious crush on his wife and to be careful lest I steal her away!

I blushed heavily and laughed heartily at the insinuation, but I never corrected nor denied her ribald accusation!

Yes, I admit it, I was completely smitten, captivated if you will, by the beautiful Beth!

In the interim as our friendship deepened, I was allowed certain liberties with Beth that are most often denied even the most closely intimate of friends.

From a chaste kiss on her knuckles to a brushing kiss on her proffered cheek to my insistent male lips upon her parted, painted woman's lips, busses that quickly progressed to prolonged, arousing, almost soul kisses, at least on my part! And, I must admit, I took blatant, daring advantage of her, holding her wriggling body close and even patting that delicious ass caressingly!

I had determined to find out how this ill-sorted pair (Will and Beth) came together. It's a curious fact, but people on shipboard will tell you things they'd never dream of telling you on dry land, and I was fairly confident that if I kept my patience and posed as a good enough listener, the whole story would come out sooner or later.

Sure enough, it did!

The last night out, after the usual excitement of packing was over and we had all retired to the smoking lounge, Will scowled and sent Beth to their suite with the dire admonition, "I'll be in shortly to attend you. Be ready!" His voice seemed rather cool to me. The women, however, took no notice, but continued their chat, sipping their drinks nonchalantly.

I wondered what Beth could possibly have done to merit such treatment! And oh, how I wanted her!

With a shamed glance in my direction, Beth kissed him tenderly, sweetly, curtsied to Gene, Hilda and George, kissed each warmly on their waiting, expectant lips, then turned to me, curtsying deeply before coming into my arms, her red, red lips meeting mine with a gentle lover's kiss and a quick flick of her sharp tongue deep into my surprised mouth!

With a smile of promise, she bade me a very charming, "Good night, Sir Kenneth," curtsied anew and sped off like an obedient child with a delightful swivel of her delectable hips, me enjoying the sight as she disappeared.

We five (Will, Gene, Hilda, George and I) sat together in the back of the smoking lounge over a drink or two of twenty year old Scotch. Soon enough, Gene, Hilda and George excused themselves and left the lounge, leaving Will and me alone.

After the second, relaxing Scotch and accompanying toast, Will turned to me suddenly and began, "I know you've been wondering how on earth Beth and I ever came to be married in the first place, haven't you?"

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Taken aback by the accuracy and unexpectedness of his accusation, I admitted that I was and hinted that I thought our fellow passengers were too.

Will grinned.

"Shall we retire to my suite where we can be more comfortable while we enjoy twenty-year-old Scotch uninterrupted?" he asked softly.

"But, won't Beth be asleep?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, no, not yet. I still have to attend to her," he replied enigmatically.

So, I followed him to their suite and with Scotch in hand, I sat in the outer room while he disappeared into the bedroom, leaving the door ajar.

Soon, I heard, "Well, young lady? What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm so sorry, Master," she replied hesitantly.

'Master?' I thought. 'What is this?'

"Sorry is for fools," he replied curtly. "Please assume the position."

"But. . . but. . ." her anguished voice stammered. "Sir Kenneth is. . . is right outside!"

"You should have thought of that before you opened your great elephant mouth!" he admonished. "Now, assume the position else I shall double it!"

"Yes, Master," I heard her reply in resignation.

This time, the "Master" came as no surprise. A whole new dimension of their relationship fell into place!

Then, after a long, pregnant moment, I heard the obvious sound of wood slapping against naked flesh and her anguished voice exclaiming, "Oh, one!"

Another blow.

"Oh, Master! Two! Oh, it hurts so! Please don't hit me there!"

"And you will mind your loose tongue more closely in future, won't you?" he demanded sternly.

"Yes, Master," she replied as another stroke smacked her loudly. "Three, Master!"

The spanking continued for ten solid blows with her counting each one aloud, obediently, clearly through her heart rendering sobs.

"Good girl!" he praised at the end. I could hear her crying loudly and my heart ached for her!

A moment later, he reappeared unruffled, sat and took up his whiskey. "To friendship!" he toasted, making no reference to what had just occurred.

I raised my glass and we drank the toast.

We sat for a moment, then, "I suppose you're wondering why I punished Beth?" Will smiled knowingly.

"Well, the thought had crossed my mind," I admitted.

"It's quite simple. She transgressed, I punished her for it."

"Indeed?" I raised my brow questioningly.

He raised his voice, "Beth? Come out here, please." It was not a request.

"Master?" came her small voice. "Now? Like. . . like. . . *this*?"

"Yes, Beth, as you are," he ordered. He winked at me. "While she seems to be reluctant, Beth is quite the narcissistic exhibitionist, delighting in any opportunity to show herself off to others, and the more daring her costume or lack thereof, the better her enjoyment!" he explained matter-of-factly.

After a moment, the door opened and a naked Beth entered the room and stood before us, her hands clasped protectively together over her sex, with her naked breasts and their fully erected nipples clasped tightly between her arms, both aimed directly at me!

My mouth dropped open as I gazed hungrily at her!

"Turn around, Beth," he ordered calmly.

"Master?" she nodded shyly at me.

"Beth? Do you want more, now?" he demanded, stiffening slightly.

"Oh, no, Master!"