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# MRS. BLAKELY

**By Kenneth Leigh**

I stood there, numb and disbelieving as my husband's plain pine casket was lowered into the gaping maw. My eyes were full of unshed tears as I stumbled slightly atop my fashionable four inch stiletto heels and the cool spring breeze caressed my nyloned legs gently.

But, I felt none of that.

My dear husband of thirty-one years was gone, the victim of a random act of violence when she just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Who would have thought that the local Piggly-Wiggly was such a place?

I mean, just think about it, a grocery store in the middle of the biggest shopping mall in our area and she was coming out the door, arms laden with bags of groceries, when two hoodlums picked that day and that exact time to have a shoot out with their AK-47s!

The police said it was a stray bullet that struck her square between the eyes, killing her instantly. My poor Carolyn never knew what hit her!

At least she didn't suffer.

Like the guy who shot her. By the time the cops had pulled me off him, he was almost dead. Another minute and I would have had my revenge! The cops said I would have got the chair for killing the scumbag, but to my mind, it would have been well worth it! It took the bum almost seven months before he was well enough to stand trial, and he hurt every single minute until they strapped him into the chair six years after he was convicted of double homicide. I had made sure he suffered! My heels had ground whatever he had between his legs into an unrecognizable mass of flesh and torn skin before I was pulled off him.

"OK, Lady," the cop had shouted, "let it go! You kill him and you'll fry for murder!"

"I don't care!" I had screeched. "That bastard just shot my husband!"

He had looked at me sort of strangely because he saw another woman standing there!  
And it had been a woman who was killed!

"Sure, Lady, just take it easy."

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," the priest intoned as I tossed the symbolic clod of earth atop my beloved's tomb, turned away and collapsed into my mother's arms.

I love you, Hon," she murmured as I sobbed my heart out.

—

Carolyn and I had been best friends since we could remember. We had been born in the same hospital on the same day in adjoining delivery rooms less than five minutes apart. She had beat me by five minutes and she had never let me forget it! Because she was "older," she was first in everything.

I didn't mind. I had loved her from the first time I laid eyes on her. It was so long ago that I don't remember the first time!

Our Mothers met at the hospital, sharing the same room until we could all go home, and they had remained in close contact all through our growing up years. They are still best friends.

I was a change-of-life baby, coming along when both my parents were in their late forties and long since resigned to the fact they could have no children. I was a welcome surprise and I was indulged outrageously. What I wanted, I got. When I cried, I was held. Nothing was too good for me as far as they were concerned!

Oh, before I go any further, let me introduce myself. My name was Lloyd Cameron James and I was born male, the only son of Lloyd Kevin and Marianne Cameron James.

Carolyn and I played together from the very first. She taught me how to play hop-scotch and jacks and how to jump rope. I taught her how to roller skate, ice skate and down-hill ski. Needless to say, we usually played what she wanted to play and I always let her have her way, even when we were four and five years old and she insisted that I be her girl friend and dress in the same clothes she was wearing at the time, every time.

Our mothers thought it was cute and they went out of their way to make me look as pretty and feminine as they could. They succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. By the time I was ten or eleven, I would wear nothing but dresses, and very few people outside our families knew that I was really a male in my silky panties.

Carolyn and I were a pair from the start. There was never any question but that we would spend our whole lives together as husband and wife.

Who would be the husband and who would be the wife was always taken for granted.

Until that situation actually arose and the inevitable reversal of fortune began.

To explain, when we graduated high school and went away to college, there was no question about our living arrangements. We would live together. Period.

Our parents weren't too thrilled about that arrangement, so to pacify them, we agreed to get married. Two weeks before the end of high school, Carolyn knelt before me one night at her parents' home and formally asked me to marry her, "Do the honor of becoming my wife," as she put it, then slipped a huge diamond onto my third finger left hand.

I was stunned.

I had always supposed that I would do the asking when the time came.

See what I mean about a reversal of fortune?

Oh, well, maybe you don't...

Anyway

What could I do?

What else could I do?

I simpered prettily and replied softly, "Yes, Carolyn, I will be your wife."

The next afternoon (a Saturday, as I recall), she took me shopping for wedding accessories (She already had the gown, an antique ivory satin gown that had belonged to her grandmother. It fit both of us perfectly! Had I but known, I might have objected...)(Might have.), a matching veil, some lace gloves, heels, and all the rest. The clerk showed us four or five pairs of heels, when all at once, Carolyn exclaimed, "That one!" And she indicated a pair of opera pumps with five inch heels in ivory satin.

The clerk knelt to try them on her when she stopped him.

"Not me, her!" and she pointed at me!

I was dumbfounded!

And I realized that she meant for me to be the bride!

After all, she had proposed!

And she had asked me to be her wife!

I must have been dreaming to think otherwise!

The clerk slipped the pumps onto my nylon-clad feet and smiled as I stood. After a moment's hesitation, I walked around, then skipped and danced to the clerk's obvious approval.

After all, I had taken ballet lessons with Carolyn and had learned to dance sur les pointes, toe dancing. I was a darned good ballerina too!

"I'll take them!" Carolyn applauded.

We left the store with me carrying my own wedding pumps!

At one of those ubiquitous kiosks that seem to be in every mall, Carolyn had my ears pierced, twice on each side! I felt strange with diamonds gleaming and hoops brushing my neck as I swung my head. I enjoyed the feel of those golden hoops against my skin.

(I wondered later why she hadn't had me done ages before!)

At the wedding shop, I had to pick out a veil, lace gloves, two garters to toss, and two champagne glasses to toast our wedding.

And the Saturday after our graduation, I wore her grandmother's wedding gown, the pumps that perched me on my tippy-toes, with the veil, the lace gloves, the sprig of baby's breath with Shasta daisies and everything else. I was even laced into a corset that reduced my waist by a good three inches from normal, but the dress fit me perfectly! Carolyn's grandmother had taken the waist of her gown in the required amount before hand.

The gown was "something old," the veil was "something new," the pearl necklace I wore was "something borrowed," and the corset I wore was "something blue."

You might say that I was a traditional bride, because I was!

OK, more back-ground.

When we had first entered puberty and Carolyn had started to grow breasts, she had faked a vitamin deficiency and had been prescribed hormone supplements, which she demanded that I take religiously. As a result, my breasts had grown too, and while not as well developed as her C-cups, I was able to muster an almost B which she augmented some years later when she had become a board certified obstetrics surgeon!

She also did some other "corrective" surgery, but that's getting ahead of the story.

So there I was, wearing her grandmother's wedding gown, hesitation walking down the church aisle on my father's arm with our relatives on both sides gaping at me and ooh-ing and aahing about "what a lovely bride he makes!"

I was blushing with embarrassment and feeling the utmost humiliation as I came to a halt beside my white satin tuxedo'd husband-to-be, Carolyn.

"Who giveth this boy to be married to this woman?" the priest asked loudly.

"His mother and I do," dad replied, handing my hand to Carolyn.

Things happened too fast after that and I don't remember too much more except that when it came to our vows, I had to promise to love, honor and obey my "husband" for so long as you both shall live, while Carolyn made no such promise in return!

We exchanged rings and Carolyn was told that she could now kiss her bride. She did so with gusto, and when we turned, we were introduced to the assembled guests as Mr. and Mrs. Carolyn Suzanne and Lloyd Cameron Blakely, and that's the way it was written on our wedding license and the certificate we received some time later. I was Mrs. Lloyd "Lola" Blakely!

Object?

Me?

I wouldn't have dared!

Carolyn would have turned me over her knee and blistered my bare fanny good for me, right in front of everyone! One thing about Carolyn, she was never bashful!

I knew from past experience!

Once before I had defied her, and before I knew what she was doing, she was doing it! I was face down across her lap with my skirts going north and my panties going south, and her hard hair brush beating a tattoo on my bare bottom!

I did not want that to happen again.

At least not in front of a church full of relatives!

I mean, it was bad enough to be submissive to Carolyn without deliberately seeking her wrath! I may have been a fawning submissive, but I was never deliberately stupid!

At our reception, I was danced around the floor by every male guest present (and many of the females too), and almost every one of them hit on me, and they all knew I was a boy under my skirts! Nor did that prevent any one of them from kissing me soundly. I mean, they made a mess of my lipstick!

We were finally able to break away and change into more suitable clothing for our get-away. Carolyn had chosen a peasant blouse and full skirt with skimmers and no stockings.

I was not allowed to be so casual! I wore a long-sleeved, high necked white nylon see-through blouse over my virginal bra and my waist cincher, and a long, ankle-length pencil slim skirt over my white silky panties, my tan nylons and my under slip. On my feet I wore "sensible" shoes (strap sandals with three inch heels). I wore my camel-tan car-coat, my matching tan gloves and a pill-box hat with a full face veil for our honeymoon trip.

After we had checked in at the hotel, we had dinner, walked a bit and just acted like tourists. Finally, Carolyn whispered, "OK, Baby, let's go back. I have a big surprise for you!"

Well, I wanted to know what it was, but she refused to tell me.

I pestered her on the way back until she threatened to, "Take those panties down and blister your behind good, right here and now!"

At that, I kept my peace.

When I emerged from the shower, wearing the sheer white nylon baby-doll nightie and matching bloomer panties from my trousseau, Carolyn took me into her arms and kissed me fiercely. I thought it was just wedding night jitters when she told me hoarsely, "Turn out the lights, Baby and get into bed."

As a dutiful "wife" who had promised to "obey" his husband, I got under the blankets and waited.

Some moments later, the door opened and Carolyn came into the bedroom. I could see by the glow from the shaded window that she was almost naked and I waited with bated breath as she slid in beside me.

"My beautiful bride," she whispered.

"My adoring husband!" I replied, keeping on with the joke.

She began to run her hands all over my silky skin (That was another thing. Carolyn had insisted years before that I massage my body daily with skin creams, and when the hair started to grow, she had given me a depilatory to use for its removal, temporarily at first,

but with the passage of time, my hair loss became permanent. She had also insisted that I treat my beard the same way so that I was then, and am now, smooth cheeked.), and I became aroused quickly. But, when I tried to raise over her, she stopped me, pulled my bloomer panties down and off and knelt between my legs instead.

"No, Baby," she whispered. "I'm the husband, remember?"

I decided to indulge her fantasy and held her as she reached between our bodies. At first, I thought she was trying to position me for entrance, but then I felt something press against my anal sphincter, and I tensed. "What are you doing?" I demanded.

"I'm taking my bride's virginity!" she replied while giving a determined lunge. I tried to push her out and the more I pushed, the further she entered me! I felt this something enter my anus, tearing me wide open as it forced its way inside, filling my sheathe to over-flowing!

I screamed with the sudden pain and struggled to get away from it. But, she stayed in place, preventing me from moving and it soon faded away to a dull throb.

"What was that?" I gasped.

"That was my prick going into your pussy!" she replied.

"But, I don't have a pussy and you don't have a prick!" I objected.

"Now you do," she answered, "and so do I!"

She began to ease that thing in my rear in and out and with every thrust, it hurt less and less, until she finally collapsed atop me, moaned with ecstasy and rested.

Then, she pulled the thing out of me, fumbled between her legs, dropped something over the side of the bed and lay down on her back. "OK, Baby," she whispered, "your turn!"

And she pulled me atop her where I soon did to her what she had done to me, only the "right" way, man to woman.

After, while we rested, she explained. "I wanted to be the husband first, Baby, and I knew that if I told you first, you would have refused. During one of our shopping trips, I bought the biggest strap-on dildo that I could find and kept it hidden from you. This way, I got your cherry and you got mine! It all works out for the best, don't you see?"

I didn't agree with her logic, but I knew better than to object! And that set the tone for our future love-making, I was the wife so many more times than she was that I soon lost count! I would estimate that the ratio was four or five to one, with her on the larger end!

Oh well, I had worn female clothing for so many years and acted female and feminine that it was only natural(?) that I be the wife. Right?

Besides, it was our business and no one else's!

So, after our honeymoon, we went away to college where we had signed up for summer sessions. Two and a half years later, we had graduated college, deans list, summa cum laude, phi beta kappa, the whole shooting match. I had applied to law school and Carolyn to med school at schools some sixteen miles apart, so we were able to continue living together and giving one another our complete support. Two and a half years later, I gradu-

ated law school and a year later, Carolyn entered her internship. While I studied for my admission to The Bar, Carolyn worked crazy hours at the hospital.

But, finally, the craziness all ended. I got a job as a junior lawyer and Carolyn began her residency as an OB/GYN. The partners at the law firm didn't know that I wasn't female when they hired me as their token woman barrister, and they were still ignorant when they made me a full partner five years later! They always thought that I was a lesbian and I didn't see why I should burst their bubble!

Besides, they let me handle(?) all the females (cases) that came their way, and I became a familiar sight in the courts as I fought for feminine equality and "our" rights! There were very few judges who managed to avoid my acid tongue when they would make inappropriate remarks or decisions when I thought they should not have done so!

Behind my back, I was known as "That Bitch Blakely!"

Or, simply, "That Cunt!"

I relished my epithets and Carolyn and I shared many a laugh about them.

As soon as Carolyn finished her residency and was admitted to the college of surgeons, we had our first and only child, a beautiful little blonde, blue-eyed (We were both blonde and blue-eyed) little girl.

To help with her nurturing, Carolyn augmented my breasts and experimented with a milk inducing hormone that worked so well, I was able to nurse our baby for almost four years! It was the most wonderful, satisfying feeling ever to feel her little lips tugging on my sensitive nipples as I fed her. I was not at all pleased when I finally dried up!

Carolyn had done some research, and found that I could continue producing milk, but like a bovine, I would have to get pregnant first and deliver my child.

Which, given my circumstance, was impossible. I had no birth canal, you see.

But, Carolyn, being of an inventive mind, did a little nip and tuck on me, and after a short period of readjustment, I was able to push my testicles up into my body and slip my penis into the resulting, hidden sheathe between my legs, which gave me the outward appearance of a vagina, yet allowed me to become "male" with relative ease.

I still couldn't have a child the regular way, but Carolyn was working on it!

I can't say I agreed with all of Carolyn's ideas, but over the years I had discovered that it was much easier to agree with her than to incur her displeasure and court disaster!

We adored our daughter and lavished every luxury upon her that we could think of. Yes, we spoiled her with a capitol "S"! And never regretted one single thing!

Little Carolyn Lloyd Blakely was the apple of our eyes and she was smart too! With her pig-tails bobbing merrily behind her, she was energy on a roll! She was afraid of nothing!

My heart was in my mouth more times than I care to recall as I watched her "skin-the-cat" on a school house railing, or play apeman and climb the tree in our backyard or leap head-long into the pool in the creek on our property. Like I said, she was afraid of nothing!

She was at the head of all her classes academically, learning quickly and advancing rapidly. She could grasp a concept as easily as most people breathe!

Then, in her seventh year of life, she contacted a rare disease that killed her in less than six months.

Both Carolyn and I were inconsolable.

Carolyn Senior is buried right next to Carolyn Junior.

But, life goes on as it always does.

You either keep up or fall by the wayside.

We kept up.

Or, tried to.

We threw ourselves into our work and became well respected in our fields.

We had decided that we would retire from our practices at age fifty, come Hell or high water. Hell, we were rich enough. I was a millionaire several times over due to some rather lucrative, high-profile class-action cases, and Carolyn had become a leading OB/GYN whose services were sought after by so many people that she could get some rather high fees as well.

But, that was (is) beside the point and has nothing to do with the story I am telling.

Then, disaster, the shooting that took my Carolyn from me.

Excuse me while I have a good cry.

—

Thank you for your indulgence.

Let's see, where was I?

Oh, yes, at Carolyn's grave side in my Mother's arms.

Mother invited me to come home and spend a few days with her and dad, but I demurred. After all, dad was just eighty (so was mom) and they did not need me weeping on their shoulders every couple of minutes.

I got into the limo and was driven back to the funeral home where I exchanged some pleasantries with the director before getting into my car and driving back to an empty house.

Oh, Lord, was it ever empty!

No husband to greet me.

No daughter to leap on me with a squealed, "Hi, Mommie!"

Just our Toy Poodle, Lady Bug, four pounds of perpetual motion who loved anyone who would scratch behind her ears or give her a small treat!

Lady Bug still looked for Carolyn, both senior and junior, and gave me puzzled looks when they didn't appear when or where she thought they should!

How do you explain death to a dog?

The answer is, you don't.

What you do do, though, is endure their questioning and/or accusatory looks.

Two weeks after I buried Carolyn, I resigned from my law firm, took my share in cash and went home to mope around the house, feeling alone and sorry for myself.

"Why me?" was a constant refrain during those weeks.

And all I could think of when I asked, was, "Why NOT me?"

Yeah, I know, it doesn't make any sense to me either.

Anyway, I knew deep in my heart that Carolyn would have been greatly disappointed in me for the way I was acting, so I finally got my act together and took charge of my life again.

I got one of the national "meet (Meat?)" magazines and perused some of the ads. None grabbed at me, so I decided to put my own ad in.

Two months later, my ad appeared:

Ms French, age 47, slim build, good looking, blonde, blue-eyed,  
educated, seeking position as house-maid to discerning woman,  
or women. Salary and duties negotiable. Will relocate.

Reply to Box 1933, this publication.

I didn't hear anything for several weeks. Then, one day, I went into the local post office to pick up my mail and there was so much jammed inside the box that I couldn't get it out. But, by pushing it back and forth, I managed to get the most of it, the rest falling to the floor inside. Muttering angrily to myself, I went inside the post office proper, dreading the inevitable encounter with the senile old hag who had worked there for at least three hundred years!

"Er, Madam?" I asked politely. She was sitting at the desk in the back, munching on a sandwich and listening to the radio. She paid me no attention.

"Er, Madam?" I asked louder.

Still no response.

"Hey, you in the back," I shouted. "I need your help!"

She looked up at me, the surprise apparent in her manner.

"Wha'd'yer wan'?" she asked, her mouth full and the crumbs falling to her lap.

"I'd like a little service," I shouted back at her.

"I ain't deaf, girly," she snapped. "Can't ya see I'm on my lunch hour?"

"Yes, but you're the only one here."

"Come back after lunch," she snapped, turning her back on me.

"I! Will! Not! Come! Back!" I shouted. "And! You! Will! Serve! Me! NOW!"

"Goddamn newcomers (We had lived in the same community for over six years!)," she snarled as she heaved herself out of the chair and waddled to the front. "Wha'dya'wan'?" she said through the food in her mouth.

I explained that my box had been jammed full and that some of it had fallen to the floor when I tried to remove it.

"Yep, you folks sure get a lotta mail," she agreed, not moving.

"I'd like to pick up my mail," I continued, getting more angry with her by the minute.

"Wha'd'ya'wan' me ta do 'bout it?" she asked. "Open yer box'n take it out!"

"Would you mind picking it up for me?" I was steaming by now.

"Pick it up?" she stared stupidly.

"Yes, some of it fell to the floor inside the cage."

"Oh, ya'wan' me ta pick it up off'n the floor fer ya?"

I nodded, barely able to suppress my anger.

"Well, whyn't ya say so?" she grumbled, waddling off behind the partition.

In a moment, she returned to her chair and sat down.

I just stared, dumbfounded.

"Where's my mail?" I shouted in exasperation.

"Why, it's in yer box, where else would it be?"

"I sort of thought you'd bring it up here."

"Oh, I can't do that less'ns ya get general delivery! Regulations, don'cha know? All I 'podda do is sort it and put it inta yer box. Yer podda do t'rest."

I slammed out of the office as the old hag went back to her sandwich and radio.

Muttering, I reopened the box and removed the rest of the mail.

Damn!

I should have known that something else would happen too!

There was a "parcel too large for box" slip in the mess.

I debated leaving the damn thing for another day, but I was expecting some dividend checks, so back in I went.

"Madam?" I called loudly.

She looked up. "We're closed." And she turned her back on me.

"You're not closed!" I bellowed. "And if you don't get up off your fat ass and give me my parcel, I will report you to the Postmaster General!"

That got her moving, but very slowly.

She leaned on the counter and glared hatefully at me. "Wha'd'ya'wan' now?" she snarled.

"I have a parcel too large for my box."

"Ya don' got no parcel," she snapped, turning away.

"Look! I have a slip, so where's the damn parcel?"

"Ya don' gots ta swear, Lady," she snapped. "It ain' no parcel, I tell ya."

"Well, what is it, then?" I demanded as she waddled away.

"Ya gots a postage due letter."

"Would you mind getting it for me?"

"Now?" she glared in amazement.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble."

It was too much trouble, but she did come back.

"Lemme see the slip," she demanded.

I handed it over. "Yep, it's a too large slip, awri'," she commented laying it on the counter. She turned away.

"Where's my damned letter?" I almost shouted.

"Oh, ya wan' it now?" she asked, dumbfounded. "Can't it wait until after my lunch?"

"No, it can't wait! I want it now!" I shouted.

"Well, ya don' haf'ta get so snotty 'bout it." She reached under the counter and pulled out a letter. "They's twenny six cents due on it."

I reached for the letter, but she snatched it back out of my reach.

"Not until you pay me the twenny-six cents due!" she snapped.

Muttering to myself, I opened my purse, counted out the twenty-six cents and watched as she counted it painfully. I realized then that the poorly educated woman could barely count from one to ten, let alone twenty-six, but finally she was satisfied that I wasn't trying to stiff her and handed me the letter.

I glanced at the return address. It was a begging letter from a local charity!

Damn it all!

If I'd known that, I would have let it rot in there!

Fuming inwardly, I threw the offending letter into the trash and stomped from the place, my heels clicking angrily on the tile floor and concrete walkway as I went across the parking lot to my van.

Instead of starting up and driving off like I would have normally, I just sat there, fuming and sorting through my mail. I was interrupted by a slight jar.

"What in blazes?" I exclaimed, looking up. A big black Cadillac convertible was pulling into the parking space in front of me.

"Damn women drivers!" I snarled as a well-groomed woman alighted.

I went back to my mail.

Two utility bills, seven magazines (No wonder the damn box was crammed full!), three circulars, a letter from my former employers, a letter from my accountant, another from my investment counselor and three letters that were obvious answers to my little ad, plus some assorted envelopes that were obviously junk mail.

Idly, I opened one of the three responses.

They were the more interesting to me, you see..

"If'n yor cinsere wit yer offer, call me," it read.

Not only was it unsigned, it had no return address either!

Angrily, I tore it into little pieces and stuffed it into the trash bag.

I opened the second.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

'Now what?' I thought, looking up.

It was the woman from the Cadillac. I rolled the window down. "May I help you?" I asked, my voice dripping with insincere pleasantness.

"Excuse me, Miss, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I accidentally backed into your van a few minutes ago and I wanted to make sure you knew about it before I drove away."

Sighing, I got out of the van and looked at my bumper.

I saw nothing but a lot of mud splashed bumper and one infinitesimal scratch.

"I don't see anything, Ma'am," I told her. "How about your car?"

"Oh, it has a little dimple, but it's barely noticeable."

"OK, let's take a look at it, shall we?"

We walked over to her car and we both bent to examine her rear bumper.

"Except for disrupting the dirt, I don't see anything to worry about."

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, it's a good thing too, else your husband would have had a fit, bumping his new Caddy and all. Mine would have disowned me!" I laughed.

"Madame, I am not married!" she snapped. "Never have been and never will be!"

'Ouch!' I thought.

"Well, whatever," I soothed her, "there's no damage done to either vehicle that I can tell."

"Well, Goodbye, then, Miss... er, Mrs... er, I didn't catch your name.

"It's Lola, Lola Blakely, Mrs. Lola Blakely, Ma'am," I replied.

"Oh, Mrs. Blakely! I thought I recognized you!"

'Recognized me?' I thought. 'I certainly don't recognize you!'

"Er, Ma'am, have we met somewhere?"

"Oh, no, but I do know who you are. First, you defended my sister last year on that willful manslaughter charge brought by that despicable D.A.!" she practically snarled.

Your sister?

My God, lady, I had defended over a hundred women last year.

The question was, 'Which one was her sister?'

"I'm sorry, and you are?" I asked aloud.

"I'm also your neighbor. I bought the Jenkins place two months ago."

The Jenkins place adjoined my rear acreage and had been for sale for some months, ever since the death of Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. Jenkins having died before Carolyn and I bought our home.

"Oh, I knew that the place had been sold, but I didn't know who had bought it."

"I did! My name is Merilee Weatherbee!"

She put up her hand and we shook solemnly.

"You must come down for tea some day soon," she invited. "I'm free Saturday. How about you? Say, around twoish?"

"That would be fine, Ms Weatherbee," I replied.

"Oh, please, Merrilee!"

"And I'm Lola."

"Fine, Lola, see you then," and she was gone just like that.

I laughed to myself. 'She'd sure be surprised if she knew who Lola really was!'

Still chuckling, I drove away.

As it turned out, I never did read those other two letters!

I didn't have to...



At tea with Merilee and during our ensuing conversation, I was surprised to learn that she was owner and CEO of a small engineering firm that specialized in electronics, and I said as much.

Merilee laughed. "Why? Don't you think a woman can be an electrical engineer and run her own business too?"

"Of course not. It's just surprising that I now know someone who does more with her life than keep house and raise children!"

"But that's what you and your husband did," she pointed out.

Oh, if she only knew!

"I worked full time as a defense attorney, as you well know, and Carolyn worked full time as an OB/GYN specialist after our daughter came along."

"Carolyn? Your husband's name was Carolyn?"

I nodded. "Yes, and she was all woman too!"

"Then you adopted?"

"No, Carolyn was our baby's birth mother."

I didn't explain further.

After a pregnant moment, "Then, were you... er, I mean, are you a lesbian?"

I nodded. "You might say that," I admitted carefully.

She laughed joyously. "Oh, how delicious!"

One thing led to another and we formed a new respect for one another.

Then, "But I've retired from the practice of law," I told her.

"Really? But why? I mean, you were so good in that courtroom. I almost laughed right out loud when you told that judge where to get off! I mean, really! He was way out of line with his snide remarks!"

I smiled at the recollection. "Yes, he was a typical chauvinist pig, wasn't he?"

We enjoyed a shared laugh.

Somehow or another, the conversation got around to the difficulty in finding someone to do housework, prepare meals, clean, do chores and such, and she exclaimed, "I'd almost give my left hind tit for a good maid!"

Humbly, I volunteered to help her out. "I could help..."

"Oh, Lola," she gushed. "That would be ever too much to ask of you!" Her palm rested lightly on my nyloned knee. I did not object!

"Nonsense," I laughed. "I have loads of time on my hands these days (I had explained my loneliness after the death of my "lesbian" husband.), and I'd be more than happy if you would let me 'maid' for you!" I covered her hand with mine and squeezed gently.

"OK, I accept!"

"There are a few things," I began.

"Such as?"

"Would you mind terribly if I were to refer to you as Madame or Ms Weatherbee?" I asked. "One's maid must show the proper respect. After all, when my Carolyn was alive, I

always addressed her as my husband or Ms Blakely," I explained. "The only time I was permitted to call her Carolyn was when we were being intimate."

"What a splendid idea!" she enthused. "And I shall see to it that you have all the proper uniforms for your various household duties. How are you at serving table or catering to my women guests?"

"Very good, Madame," I replied, falling into my new role easily. "I have been very well trained in those duties."

"And I shall refer to you as Blakely on those more formal occasions. Agreed?"

I nodded. "Yes, Madame."

"In fact, I shall always call you Blakely."

"Yes, Madame," I replied, nodding eagerly.

"And I shall expect you to curtsy at any and all times, Blakely."

I stood and curtsied.  
"Yes, Madame."

She giggled. "You do that so well, Blakely," she praised. "I wonder, what other talents do you have?"

"Madame has but to order her maid," I answered with a curtsy.

She stood. "Follow me," and she led the way down the hallway and into her bedroom. "I would like a bath, then a massage, and then I want you to kiss my ass."

I curtsied. "Yes, Madame, as you wish." I agreed.

"When you kiss my ass, I shall turn over and you will then kiss my pussy."

"Yes, Madame," I agreed, curtsying.

It was a pleasure to kiss her ass, and her pussy, though a bit tuna fishy, was a delight to



explore with my seeking tongue. Being the bitch I am, I kept her on the brink of orgasm for many long moments before taking her over the edge into ecstasy!

And so began one of the most delightful episodes of my life.

She found, to her great delight, that I was, indeed, a very talented and accomplished maid, and I acquitted myself marvelously. She never once had cause to be dissatisfied with my performances, no matter what was needed... or asked (demanded?) to do.

And, no, she never did discover my "real" sex, even though she had her face between my thighs more than once!

Her mind was much too occupied with the sensations I was giving her with my tongue to pay any attention to any such a trivial unconcern!



I was with Merilee for the better part of three years, one of the more delightful experiences of my entire life, up to that time.

I'm not really sure what caused the rift between us, but we decided to break off our employee/employer relationship while we were still friends, and so it was.

We said a tearful good-bye one day in early spring and went our separate ways.

After my break-up with Merilee, I put some of my things in storage, put the house up for sale, outfitted the van, and with my faithful Toy Poodle companion, Lady Bug, pointed the nose of the van south and west.

I had no definite destination in mind, I just wanted to have new scenery around me.

The mountains of West Virginia intrigued me and I spent several weeks driving around the State looking at this and that, but in the end, continued west through Ohio, Indiana (Where did Prince Charles spend his honeymoon?)(Give up?)(Indiana.)(Get it? In Diana?)(Jeezumscrow, lighten up, will ya?), Illinois, Missouri, made a detour through Arkansas, then wandered east again through Tennessee and Kentucky before turning south to meander through Alabama and Mississippi until I got to New Orleans.

Dullsville! You see, I find bars and clubs of the sort very boring since I have been (am) a dyed-in-the-wool tee-totaler my whole life. There are no answers to be found in the bottom of a bottle of any kind of alcoholic beverage!

So, I drove north to Memphis where I crossed the Mississippi River and drove through Oklahoma and northern Texas, before going due north again to wander across Kansas and eventually into Colorado and Wyoming. The eastern parts of both states is flat prairie land. I hate flat land! Just miles and miles and miles of nothing!

Denver was an exciting, growing city, but it was too much activity for me.

Cheyenne was almost as bad. Things were booming and I felt out of place.