

Lady Stocking Lover



Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.reluctantpress.com

LADY STOCKING LOVER

By Blind Ruth

THE DANGER OF LADIES STOCKINGS

The couple in the back of the taxi were kissing passionately. She felt a hand slowly going up her stockinged leg and dwelling on her knee, not going any further, not even into her knickers which in her present aroused state was what she desired. She had unzipped his fly and had her hand on his erection, rubbing it, but even that had not encouraged his hand to explore higher.

“Err, don’t you want to feel my delights?” said she in a Cockney accent.

“SHUT UP, YOU BITCH!” the reply came from the dark-haired man.

“Alright, keep your hair on, you some-kind-of queer.”

This would not have been the first time Bea, or Beatrice to give her full name, had been picked up in the club she frequented every Wednesday. *This is a funny one*, she thought and wished she had not consented to come back to the dingy hotel she used every Wednesday. She blamed it on the red wine he had plied her with. A glass of red wine was good for the heart so they say, but Bea had had a lot more than one. He had been all sweet talk then and she was taken to him, but on reflection, wasn't she to every man who chatted her up? It was always the next one who was the man for her.

"We're here," she said, "be as quiet as a mouse for we don't want to disturb the receptionist."

Bea was glad she wore her black glossy plastic raincoat for it was coming down cats and dogs. The distance between the taxi and the front door was short but even so Bea could have got soaked through; she quickly fumbled in her handbag for the front door key. Upon opening the door, she spotted the receptionist dozing in his chair. Bea put her finger to her lip and signalled for her man friend to follow her. This he did as she crept up the stairs to her room. Soon the door was opened and the couple entered the darkened room. A light was switched on and a bed was seen along with a dressing table, a grubby carpet, and that was about it in the room.

"You want to help me take my clothes off?" Bea suggested to the man.

After a short pause, the man answered, "No."

Please yourself, thought Bea, *does this man want to fuck me or not? Why has he come here?* Bea started to take her clothes off while the man sat on the bed watching. "Well mister, aren't you taking your pants off?"

The only reply Bea got out of him was another “SHUT UP!”

Bea carried on stripping down, then suddenly he spoke again. “Don’t take your bra and stockings off!”

He is one of those, thought Bea, likes to do it with stockings on. By this time the man had begun to take his own clothes off.

“On the bed, hands and knees!”

A *doggie man*, thought Bea. It wouldn’t be the first time she had had a prick up her behind. She couldn’t see him but she sure felt his erect member enter inside her. He seemed to be taking his time. She had no objections to that. Again a hand had descended on her stockinged leg, feeling, feeling it, lingering there. It was nice; if anything she was sure his erection had become stiffer, harder, inside her. It was the stockings, Bea was sure of it. This man had a fetish for women’s stockings. She was not complaining as his cock hardened inside her.

His climax was mounting, Bea knew and a little moan of ecstasy escaped from her lips. “Give it all to me!” said she.

“Slut,” replied he as he released a copious amount of semen into the receptacle of her anus. He eased his limp penis out from Bea and pushed her away as if he never wanted to know her. Bea lay still, trying to figure out what kind of man had picked her up tonight.

Both participants of the sex act, for it could never be called love, fell asleep.

Early that morning, Bea woke, made a cup of tea with the kettle, tea bags and cups supplied by the hotel. “Want a cuppa?” she asked, shaking her sleeping male companion.

“No!” snapped he.

“No need to get shirty. I’m just trying to be friendly.” Bea poured herself out a cup and sat, sipping it. “Err, you’ll have to sneak out soon before someone sees you otherwise there’ll be all hell to pay,” she said, addressing the man in the bed. All she got in return was a grunt. *Oh well, please yourself*, thought she.

Bea now started to dress herself, the man in the bed watching her. Bea still had her beige stockings on from last night. “Stop!” boomed his voice. Bea had just pulled her white cotton knickers up to her thighs. She turned round to see him sitting on a chair near the bed, naked. “Come here!” he beckoned with a finger, Bea looked down at his dick which had become erect once more. She smiled, maybe she was going to get fucked before breakfast.

Bea took a step nearer him. “Give me your leg here,” said he. She did, putting it in his lap. His hands once more started to stroke her leg, travelling up and down, feeling the stocking.

“You like women’s stockings, don’t you? Take your time and have your fill of me and my stockings.”

The man needed no encouragement for his hand had already gone to the top of one and was undoing the suspenders, holding it. She watched, fascinated, as he began to roll the stocking down her leg and ease it off. He stood up from the chair, stocking still in his hand, slowly with one hand pulling the full length of it through the other.

“Come here!” again. This time she stepped towards him. The stocking was taken to the back of her neck. Bea glanced at his stiff cock; she put a hand on it, rubbed it. Bea being so intent on what she was doing never noticed the man had crossed the two ends of the stocking round both sides of her neck over each and was now tightening the stocking at her neck. It was too late when she did notice and struggle as she

might, she was no match for his strength. She quickly slumped to the floor, dead. The man calmly started to dress himself. When dressed, he walked pass the body lying there on the floor and uttered, "PERVERT!" He now made for the staircase fire exit and left the building, unseen.

"Go over that again, Constable."

"Yes, Inspector." He opened his notebook once more and read. "At 11:32 this morning I received a call on my radio from Control Centre to proceed to the Swan Hotel on Portman Street as a body had been reported in a room. At the time I was in a patrol car on Langston Road with Constable Berryman. At the time of arrival, Mrs. Grace Patterson, the owner of the hotel, met both Constable Berryman and I at the reception desk. She proceeded to take me and Constable Berryman to the first floor room where a body lay on the floor. I asked her who had reported the body and was told it was the cleaning maid. I asked at what time the body was found. About 11:17, she told me. No one else had been in the room since then before myself and Constable Berryman after the body was reported. I inspected the body but touched nothing. A stocking was around the victim's neck. The only clothes on body were woman's under-clothes."

Constable Blackmore shut his notebook. "And that's it, Inspector."

"I see. No one else has been in this room since you and Constable Berryman entered?"

"No, Inspector."

"Fetch the cleaning maid and I want a word with the owner."

After Constable Blackmore left, Inspector George Bentley looked in one of the room's cupboards and found a case. Upon opening it, he saw men's clothes: trousers, jacket, and shoes. This did not surprise him in; even before he came on the scene of the crime he rather suspected something like this.

By this time, Constable Blackmore had returned with Mrs. Patterson. Bentley looked at the small plump woman, with her face heavily made-up.

"Mrs. Patterson, can you tell me anything about this person?" "Sure can, Officer. He was one of my regulars. Came here every Wednesday and changed into his women's clothes, then went to the club."

"Then you know his name?"

"No, I never ask those questions. As long as they pay me, I don't poke my nose in so long that they behave themselves. I always get the money before I give them a room. I only knew him as Bea, well, Beatrice, but everybody called her Bea."

"What is this club, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Oh, you do surprise me, Officer. I thought you people kept your eyes on these places. If you must know, it's the Women For A Night club. Been there myself. It's a gay bar up town but Wednesday night is for trannies, transsexuals, you know men dressed in women's clothes and that sort of thing. She used to go there regular, even had a boyfriend there."

"Do you know the name of this person, Mrs. Patterson?"

"Let me think. Dave something or other. Cuth... Cuthbert! Yes that's it, Cuthbert. Big man, you don't want to get on the wrong side of him."

"You know where this man lives, Mrs. Patterson?"

"No idea, Inspector."

“Never mind, we’ll find him. What time last night did he come back from the club, Mrs. Patterson?”

“Now that is a mystery. For guests are not permitted. If she brought another man with her, she should never have been admitted. You would need to see the night receptionist. He is for the high jump when I see him. He should have been awake and not let them in. Of course all residents have keys for the front doors for it is locked at midnight.”

“I see. Mrs. Patterson, I need the address of the night receptionist for we need to interview him right away. I thank you, Mrs. Patterson, for all your assistance.”

“When you see him, tell him to come to my office before he goes on duty I want to know why Bea came in here unobserved last night.”

And so do I, was the thought of Inspector George Bentley.

The cleaning maid was interviewed but could not add anything that Inspector Bentley did not already know. By this time Forensics had arrived.

“Looks like another one, George”

“Yes Harry, third in as many months. When can I get your report, Doc?”

“Come along to the lab tomorrow morning. George will check for fingerprints but something tells me there won’t be any. It’s always the stockings with them, isn’t it? Nothing shows on them.”

“Them, Harry? Not too sure about that. I’m almost certain this is one person, probably a man. A serial killer we have here.”

“You could be right there, one that has a preference for men who dress in woman’s clothes and stockings for a strange reason, I’d say.”

“One of the victims was a man who had the sex change operation so you could say he was a woman. Well, at least she had a birth certificate to say so.”

“Right, George. That was the prostitute with the silk stockings, yes? When the press got hold of that story, this whole thing officially became labelled The Silk Stockings Murders. The next victim wore pantyhose and this one had on a pair of ordinary stockings but they will still be called Silk Stockings Murders. By the way George, when do you intend letting the papers know about this one?”

“Not yet, Harry. I’ve a few people to interview and I want to read your report before the press get their hands on this murder.”

Inspector George Bentley left the Swan Hotel for the Women For A Night club. When he arrived at the address he had been given, he found it was a public house called Picasso Bar. Upon his asking to see the proprietor, a large man with a beard appeared.

“Yes?” he said with a hostile voice.

“I’m Inspector George Bentley,” the veteran cop said, showing his police badge and ID card. The attitude of the man with the beard changed. “I’m making a murder enquiry. What is your name, Sir?” asked Inspector Bentley.

“Whose murder?” asked the bearded man.

“Your name?” the Inspector persisted.

“Harold Benson,” replied the bearded man. He saw the police officer was standing no nonsense from him.

“Thank you, Sir. I’d like some information about the Women For A Night club. What can you tell me?”

“Not a lot, Inspector. They only meet on Wednesday nights from about six to midnight. I hire the upstairs floor out to them along with the six bedrooms up there. What they do is no business of mine as long as they don’t get me in trouble. But you really want to see Joe, or Josephine as he calls himself when he puts the posh frocks on. You see, Josephine is their so-called President. She knows everything there is to know about Women For A Night. She pays me once a month for the hire of the rooms; apart from her I know nothing about any of them.

Wednesday is a quiet night here normally but when Josephine came up with this proposition to run a club for trannies, business boomed. God knows where they all came from. Not from this town, I can tell you.”

“You got the address of Josephine, Mr. Benson?”

“Yeah, I got her address. Wouldn’t do business with anyone without their address. She is not concerned who knows she dresses as a woman. Josephine is a bit of a stunner when she’s in a skirt, not like some of the trannies who go there. You may not get her in at this time of day though, Inspector. She will be at work.”

“Would that be in a skirt, Mr. Benson?”

Harold Benson laughed. “Hardly, Inspector. Joe works in a bank. They all know about Josephine. If Josephine thought she could go to work dressed in a skirt, she would be dressed full-time, that I can tell you.”

Having acquired the address, Inspector Bentley was now in front of the block of flats Mr. Briggs lived at. George Bentley made his way up the stairs to the

third floor. 'Briggs' the name plate said. He pressed the bell button. Nothing. A woman coming towards him said, "You won't get that queer in at this time of day. He'll be at work. Dresses in woman's clothes he does. Shouldn't be allowed, that," and passed on her way.

Later that night, Inspector George Bentley was once again standing in front of the name plate that said Briggs. This time after pressing it, the bell was answered by a rather attractive woman. "Yes?" she said in a husky voice which sort of distracted George Bentley.

"Ma'am, I'm Inspector George Bentley," he said, showing his police badge and ID. "Could I see Joe Briggs please?"

"Do come in, Inspector, and take a seat."

Inspector Bentley was led into a nicely furnished flat and offered a seat on the couch. The woman wearing a plain blue nylon dress sat opposite him in a plush well-upholstered chair. She crossed her legs, exposing a nice pair of honey-coloured stockings legs that descended into a pair of black pumps.

"You say you want to see Joe Briggs, Inspector? Well, here I am. What can I do to help you?"

"You are the Josephine that is President of The Women For A Night club?"

"Yes, that is what they call me, President, but you can call me Josephine, Inspector. So much better than Joe or Ma'am, *isn't it?*" The last two words were delivered in a sexy woman's voice. Inspector George Bentley felt rather embarrassed and uncomfortable in the presence of this woman, er man, he corrected himself.

"Yes Josephine, I wonder if you could help me in enquiries."



“George, I would help you with *anything*. Just say the word.”

There was that sexy voice again. Josephine had transferred herself on to the couch and was now sitting beside the Inspector. Inspector George Bentley was getting hot under the collar with this woman so near him. No, this was a man, a MAN, he had to remind himself.

“Well, err, Josephine it’s about the club and last night.” He stopped. He could smell her, *his* perfume. Intoxicating it was. “What can you tell me about Beatrice, Josephine?”

“What do you want to know, Inspector? Do you fancy her?”

“No, no, Josephine, Beatrice. I’m sorry to tell you he/she was murdered. You see this is a murder enquiry.”

“Not another one! I’m so sorry to hear that. I will help you all I can, George. Where do you want to start?”

“Tell me everything you know about Beatrice and last night, Josephine, anything, however small.”

“To be honest, as far as last night is concerned, I was too busy organising the makeup demo to have noticed Bea. What I do know is that her boyfriend wasn’t there last night. Bea is an easy pick up when he is not there. But when Dave Cuthbert is around, she doesn’t look at another man.”

“Why would that be, Josephine?” “

A very jealous man Dave is, George. It wouldn’t be the first time he hit her if she so much as glanced another man.”

“But he was only a man dressed in a woman’s clothes, Josephine.”

“You don’t know the half of it, George. I could tell you some unbelievable tales about men chasing men dressed as women. I have seen men fighting after the same transvestite for her love. Two trannies fighting for the same man. Biting, scratching like women they were.”

“Would you have the address of this Dave Cuthbert, Josephine?”

“Yes, I have the address of all members including Bea. But some don’t want our magazine sent to them, especially if they are married. But that is no problem as far as Bea is concerned for she and a couple of other trannies rent a flat where they keep all their woman’s outfits so no wives ever know of their life in women’s skirts.”

“You have been most helpful, Josephine. If you give me the address of Dave Cuthbert, I will bother you no more.”

“You’re not *bothering* me at all, George. I was hoping you would stay a little longer so maybe we could get to *know* each other better,” Josephine said, moving closer to Inspector George Bentley as their thighs touched.

“Well, err, I must go, Josephine. I have police business to attend to,” said Inspector Bentley red-faced and embarrassed at the bodily contact with this...feminine man.

“Oh dear. George, please come up and see me again sometime when you are free. I’ll be waiting for you,” said Josephine in that sultry sexy voice.

George Bentley reflected as he drove back to his lonely bachelor flat that that was one hell of a woman. Man. Damn, what was he thinking? He was taking a fancy to her, No, he couldn’t be. He wasn’t that kind of a man. He wasn’t gay, But he had never

seen any woman like Josephine before, not even Betty. There he went again; she wasn't a woman. She was a man. No, *he* was a man. Then the thought hit him; he must go and see this Dave Cuthbert right then and there. It couldn't wait till the morning. If the press got a sniff of this murder, they would be on his doorstep.

"Yeah, what you want?" said the man opening the door of a house in the suburbs of Barchester Town.

"Are you Dave Cuthbert?" asked Inspector Bentley.

"Yes. What of it?"

George held his police badge and I D card once more. He asked if he could come in. With a grunt, Dave Cuthbert told the Inspector to follow him. George Bentley took note of the man's rough face and that he had a long scar on his right cheek.

"Do you know Beatrice who goes to The Woman For A Night club, Mr. Cuthbert?"

"Sure, Bea is my girlfriend," smiled the man. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Cuthbert, she died this morning."

The expression of the man's face fell. "No, no, she can't be! I loved that woman. How?"

"That has yet to be determined, Mr. Cuthbert. I want to know your whereabouts last night everything for this is an official murder enquiry."

"I had a fight on, Inspector, down in Sheffield. You can ask Vinnie, that's my manager. It was title contender eliminator, see?"

"Fight, Mr. Cuthbert?" queried George Bentley.

“Yeah, I’m a boxer, heavyweight. I won so now I’ll get a shot at the British title. Boom Boom Cuthbert they call me. I’ve got twenty-six knockouts out of thirty-four fights. Not bad, eh?”

“I see. So this Vinnie will confirm you were nowhere near The Woman For A Night club last night then, Mr. Cuthbert?”

“Sure will, Officer. Vinnie says I could go all the way and get a crack at the World title.”

Oh my God! thought George Bentley, what have we got here? *A boxer, of all people, going with a man dressed in women’s clothes, fucking this Bea.* Bentley didn’t think they would be holding hands. But that was none of his business. He had a murder to solve and not just one for this very much looked like the work of a serial killer. What was he thinking? The picture of Josephine in his mind kept returning. He certainly wasn’t gay so why should Dave Cuthbert automatically be?

“I’ll need the address of Vinnie, Mr. Cuthbert, to confirm what you have told me.”

“No problem. Here is his card. He’ll tell you I was nowhere near The Woman For A Night club last night. But you will find the bastard who killed my woman, Officer, yes?”

“We’ll try our best, Sir. You have been most helpful.”

George thought he saw a tear in the eye of Dave Cuthbert. Could it be this bear of a man really loved a man dressed in women’s clothes? It’s a funny old world. What was it Josephine said about not knowing the half of it? Maybe he didn’t. The beautiful face of Josephine kept coming into his mind. Man? Woman? What was she? He was confused. Later that night he was to dream of Josephine. Funny that, he had never

dreamt of any woman before, not even Betty and he was engaged to her before they broke it off. He even had an erection thinking of her, err *him*. He wasn't gay, he kept repeating to himself. Forget her/him, there was a case to solve. Get involved with it and he would soon forget about Josephine, right? Right?

The following morning, George Bentley was in the police lab talking with Harry the forensic expert.

"It was just as I thought, George. He been dead around five hours when the body was discovered. Strangulation was the cause of death. There had been some sexual activity as traces of male semen were in his anus. Not more than that can I can tell you. Have you got a name for him, George?"

"Yes, it was in that case I found in the room's cupboard. It was inside his jacket pocket in a wallet. I got the name and address. Married by the looks of it. He was James Pollok and lived in London."

"Whatever was he doing here on a Wednesday night such a long way from home?"

"Some sort of commercial traveller at a guess. There were some business cards in the jacket pockets. I will check on the address. First thing I will need to do is inform whoever lives at the home address. I'm going to have to take a journey up to London before the newshounds get a sniff of this."

"Old Blood And Guts upstairs is hot on expenses, George and you're going out of his patch."

"I know but the Super will want this case solved. It's three to date and counting."

"I wouldn't like to be in your shoes, George. Still you're right, a serial killer is on the loose."

Inspector George Bentley left the lab and went to his office. He had a call to make. "Hello, can I talk to Mr. Vinnie Thomson."

The woman's voice at the other end of the line answered, "Sure. Call for you, Vinnie."

"Who is this? Vinnie Thomson here."

George explained who he was. "Mr. Thomson can you confirm of the whereabouts of Dave Cuthbert last night?"

"No problem, Officer. Boom Boom was fighting for a heavyweight eliminator. I tell you that boy will go far. World champ some day, I shouldn't wonder. But if you want proof of his whereabouts, 20,000 fans will vouch for him being in Sheffield last night. Who got murdered?"

"His girlfriend, a man dressed in women's clothes."

George hung up. At the other end of the line, Vinnie's jaw dropped. *Christ, he thought if the press gets wind of this. Boom Boom going around with one of these queers dressed in woman's clothes! It could ruin Boom Boom's chance for a crack at the World title.*

George punched out numbers on the phone once more. "Hello," he said as the operator answered

"Welcome Banks here."

"I would like to speak to Mr. Joseph Briggs."

"I'm afraid Mr. Briggs, the head of our Foreign Exchange Money Department is in conference and cannot be disturbed."

"This is an urgent police inquiry so if you would be so kind to tell him that Inspector George Bentley is on the line."

"Very well, Inspector. Please hold the line."

Some classical music came over the phone line, some sort of Mozart symphony or something like that. After a short delay, a voice answered. "Hello George, you'll need to stop calling me like this."

The voice was not the sexy husky female voice of Josephine he had expected. This was a male voice. "Is this Joseph Briggs?" he queried.

"No, it's his sister Josephine," followed by male-sounding laugh. "What can I do for you, George?"

"A couple of things, Mr. Briggs. First of all, I'm going to visit the home of Bea. From what I can see she is married. How do you think I should handle the breaking of the news Joseph?"

"Do call me Josephine, George, I don't like my male name. I'm glad you called me for we must give all the help we can to the police department. You really are a good detective, George for even I didn't know Bea's real name. If he has a wife, handle it with kid gloves for chances are she knows nothing of his second life as a woman. Using a flat with two others suggests he has a wife who knows nothing. What was the other thing, George?"

"I will need to come to your club next Wednesday and talk with your members about this murder to see if anyone can throw light on the matter."

"Do not advertise the fact, otherwise no one will turn up. If you are bringing other constables, please make sure they come in plain clothes. I will help you all I can for we want this murderer caught. All transgenders are in danger while this person is on the loose."

"Thank you, Josephine, for all your help and co-operation." After a pause, George asked, "Can I pick you up at your flat that night, Josephine?"

“Of course you can, George. I’ll slip into a real sexy outfit just for you. You’ll like it.”

George Bentley pondered why he said he would pick her up. He could have met her at the club. Was he becoming involved with her beyond just his work?

Inspector George Bentley was now in the radio control room, Sergeant Twentyman in charge. “Benny, can you get Constable Blackmore here? I am going to the address of the latest victim in the Silk Stocking Murders” as the press have labelled them.”

“Will do, George. At present he and Constable Berryman are enquiring about some burglaries in the East House estate. Penny, put out a call for Constable Blackmore to report to the station immediately.” A pretty WPC nodded her head with a headset on it and put out the call for the Constable.

“What do you make of these, George? The Man upstairs doesn’t like serial murders on his patch even if the victims are just a bunch of queers dressed in frocks.”

“Don’t know yet but you could get a rocket calling the victims a bunch of queers in the wrong place. Walls have ears. Some of them are nice people and very helpful in our enquiries.” George Bentley was thinking of Josephine.

“Yes, maybe I should watch what I’m saying. David Blackmore looks to me as if he will go far in the force. He’s a go ahead cop and very observant.”

“How long has he been on the force?”

“Must be coming up on two years now, George.”

Inspector George Bentley was now two hours on the road to London in his Hillman Sunbeam, David Blackmore in the passenger seat. “How are you enjoying the force, Constable?”

“I like it, Sir. I always wanted to be a policeman when I was a little boy.”

“What are your ambitions, David?”

“To be a detective like yourself, Sir.”

“A worthy ambition, David. Have you ever interviewed a murder victim’s wife? I think she is his wife, could be a woman he lives with for all we know. I guess we’re about to find out.”

“No Sir. I will be most interested to see how you handle it.”

“And so will I, David, for there is every chance this woman, whatever she is, knows nothing about his second life in women’s clothes.”

The Hillman Sunbeam was now in a residential district in London with bungalows and cottages. Inspector Bentley parked his car on the street, exited the car with Constable Blackmore, opened the garden gate, walked up the pathway, pressed the button at the side of the door, and waited. A few seconds later the door was opened by a woman in her forties of medium height. She was wearing a blue apron with a pattern of yellow daffodils on it tied round her waist.

“Yes?” she pleasantly asked.

Inspector Bentley and Constable Blackmore produced their ID cards to the woman. “Do you know James Pollok?”

“Well I should,” she laughed, “we’ve been married for the last twenty years.”

George looked at Constable Blackmore with sadness on his face. “Can we come in, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Yes, of course.” The woman led both men into a well-furnished living room.

“I have some bad news, Mrs. Pollok.”

The expression of the pleasant woman’s face changed. “It’s Jim, isn’t it? He had an accident. Please say he’s alright.”

Inspector George Bentley looked at Constable Blackmore once again. “I’m sorry to inform you, Mrs. Pollok, that your husband is dead.”

“No, no, it can’t be true.” The woman broke down in tears, then asked, “How?”

“I think it would be better if you took a seat, Mrs. Pollok, for I have a number of questions I have to ask you. First of all I have to inform you that this is a murder enquiry.” The woman interrupted the Inspector. “Who would want to murder my Jim? He wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

“That is what we are trying to find out, Mrs. Pollok. With your help you could perhaps throw some light on that matter. The death of your husband was caused by strangulation by means of a woman’s stocking.”

Again George Bentley was interrupted by the woman. “It was a woman that killed Jim then?”

George stopped and composed himself. “No, Mrs. Pollok, it was his own stocking.”

“His own stocking! What would Jim want with a lady’s stocking Officer?”

George Bentley could see this was going to be a painful conversation. “Mrs. Pollok, I have to tell you that your husband was wearing women’s clothes at the time of his death. We are not looking for a woman for this murder.”

“I don’t understand this, Officer. Why would my Jim want to wear women’s clothes?”

“That I cannot answer. Did your husband keep any sort of women’s clothes here at any time, Mrs. Pollok?”

“No, never. Why would he want women’s clothes anyway? The only women’s clothes here are mine and my daughter’s” After a pause, “Rachel, well she’s a girl really.”

“What did your husband work at, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Jim’s a commercial traveller. He sells books, magazine, that sort of thing to book shops.”

“Could you tell me the address of the company and his whereabouts on Wednesday?”

The woman handed Inspector Bentley a company card. He looked at it. He already had a similar card out of James Pollok’s inside jacket pocket. “Could you tell me of the whereabouts of your husband on Wednesday?”

“Jim on Wednesdays and Thursdays goes on what he calls his out-of-town visits, Barrington Town on

Wednesday and Griffin City on Thursday. He always phones me both nights to see how we are getting on, me and Rachel. Teal family man, Jim is.”

“I see.” Inspector Bentley could check on that but the body was discovered in the Swan Hotel in Barchester some 15 miles from Barrington Town. “Did he ever stay at the Swan Hotel in Barchester, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Jim never mentioned that, Officer. He was always at the Regal Hotel in Barrington on a Wednesday. Tight posh hotel, Jim said. And he always spent Thursday night at a Mrs. McKnight boarding house in Griffin City. On Friday he comes back here to London, reports to his office with his orders, then spends the rest of the weekend with me and Rachel”

“The body of your husband was found in a room in the Swan Hotel in Barchester, Mrs. Pollok, dressed in women’s underclothes. You see, your husband was a well-known transvestite in Barchester. When dressed in a skirt he was known as Beatrice. He even had a boyfriend who is not involved in enquiries and we do not wish to see that person any more in this case.”

“I don’t understand this, Officer. Why would my Jim want to dress up as a woman and call himself Beatrice and have a boyfriend?”

“Does the name Beatrice mean anything to you, Mrs. Pollok?”

“Not really. Wait a sec, he did have an old Aunt Beatrice, long dead. Funny woman she was. I don’t mean funny like queer or that. She was a secretive woman but Jim always seemed to like her. He was upset when she died. You know Jim never made any mention of staying at the Swan Hotel in Barchester at any time.”

Probably wouldn’t have, thought George Bentley for the Swan was a well-known gay hotel, not just in Barchester but far and wide in gay circles.

“At present the body of your husband is in the Forensic lab. We will inform you when we are finished with it and you can make arrangements for the funeral.”

The woman broke down in tears. Constable Blackmore found the kitchen and made a cup of tea. “Drink this, Mrs. Pollok, you’ll feel the better for it.”

The woman sipped the tea and kept repeating, “Who would want to kill my Jim? Such a nice man he was.” That was the very question George Bentley wanted answered.

Inspector Bentley took his cell phone out his jacket pocket. "Inspector Bentley here. Barchester CID send a WPC to No 38 Harlington Gardens as soon as possible I am on a murder enquiry. Mrs. Pollok, you have been very helpful in our enquiry. We will have to leave soon but I am sending a woman constable to stay with you for a while."

WPC Jill Jenkins shortly arrived and introduced herself. George Bentley took her aside. "Constable Jenkins, this woman is clearly upset at the death of her husband. I want you to stay here till she composes herself and in case she can throw any further light on her husband activities. Anything could be helpful. Do you know anything about transvestites?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you are about as wise as Mrs. Pollok. She is going to be devastated when she learns her husband has had sex with a man. Not just one from what I have learned but many."

"Chief Superintendent Bradman wants you upstairs, George" said Sergeant Twentyman.

"What have I done now that Old Blood And Guts wants me?"

"Expenses again. I should think that trip to London must have cost a pretty penny. You know he is a stickler on expenses, plus Constable Blackmore was away for the day and The Man wanted some arrests for these burglaries on the East House estate. You're going to get it in the neck," gruffly laughed Twentyman.

The plate on the door read, "Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman, O.B.E " George Bentley knocked. On entering he faced a fair-headed man sitting at a desk in his Chief Superintendent uniform with a pip and crown.

“Ah, George,” he said, “I wanted to see you. And how is your health?”

George Bentley knew he wasn't interested in his health. “Not bad. In fact, it couldn't be better, Sir.”

“Good, good, George. Glad to hear that.” Then with a slight pause, “Tell me, George, how are your enquiries going with this murder thing, these men dressed in women's clothes?”

“Slow, Sir.”

Donald Bradman's face did not at all look pleased. “Oh dear. I was hoping for some progress on that case. George, you're a good detective, one of the best in my patch but an damned awkward one at times.”

“Thanks for your praise, Sir,” said George sarcastically.

“The thing is, George, I have the Assistant Chief Constable on my back about this case. You see, some of the women have been complaining about these...what is it the press is calling them?”

“Silk Stocking Murders, Sir,” prompted George Bentley.

“Yes, that's it. They are afraid to go out at night, I told the Assistant Chief Constable these are just men dressed in women's clothes, the murderer is not interested in real women. He said I should try telling that to the Mayor's wife for she is the ringleader of the group complaining. So you see my position, George.”

“Yes, Sir. I am trying my best but to be honest I have nothing to go on at present.”

Chief Superintendent Donald Bradman was not a happy man as evidenced by his scowl. “I'll give you all the help I can, George. Anything to get the Assistant Chief and that horde of women led by the Mayors wife off my back. Just ask.”

Inspector George Bentley laughed as he walked back to his office. Old Blood And Guts was up to his ears in trouble, courtesy of the fairer sex no less. It could help him solve this case faster, he hoped.

Josephine answered the phone call from George Bentley. "It's you again, George! You'll need to stop pestering me like this," she laughed. Then in a more serious voice, "Yes, what can I do for you, George?"

"It's tomorrow night, Josephine. What time do you want me to pick you up?"

"Glad you called. I would have phoned you anyway. Could you come to my flat, say about five? I have to be over at the Picasso Bar by five-thirty. I have a month's rent to pay and I'll need to set up the dressing rooms. If you would be so kind, would you run me back home after the meeting for I am leaving my car here?"

"Yes, Josephine, I wouldn't leave you stranded."

"It could be after midnight. See you tomorrow night. I'll be wearing a sexy outfit just for you, George."

George Bentley hung up. Why was his heart beating faster at the thought of meeting Josephine, a bloody man in a skirt? He didn't know but it was.

Joseph Briggs left the bank early the following afternoon. He would make the time up during the week. He had that luxury; after all he was head of the Foreign Exchange Department of the local bank. He parked his red topped sports car in the parking space under the flats where he lived. Now in his flat, glad to have his male clothes off, he made for the bathroom and ran a hot bath. Soon he lay in it, soaking himself in the warm scented water. Taking special care, he washed himself thoroughly.

Stepping out of the bath, patted himself dry with the fluffy blue towel and proceeded to closely shave his face. Satisfied it was smooth enough, it was now time to sprinkle a light amount of rose-scented talc over his body. He dusted with a light brush. It smelled nice. Then he proceeded to his bedroom and sat before the dressing table.

His hair at present was tied in a pony tail so undid the white ribbon holding it at the back of his head and his hair cascaded over his shoulders. Then he set to work with brush and comb. When pleased, he sprayed some lacquer over the black hair to stiffen it and make it look all bright and shiny.

Now for the tuck, thought Josephine. That was the turning point when Joe officially changed into Josephine. A small plain white pair of panties was taken from his underwear drawer. Standing with his legs apart, he pushed his limp penis into the cavity between his legs. Quickly the small white panties were up his legs, tightly holding his penis in place. *There*, he thought, *thank goodness it's out of sight and Josephine can come alive again.*

Josephine sat before her dressing table with powder, paint, and makeup in front of her. A foundation cream was applied over her face. Now it was time to apply her makeup. Josephine skilfully pencilled in her arched eyebrows. Then the mascara brush started sweeping up the eyelashes with black. Now the eyelids had to be painted with a light blue eye shadow. White face powder was put on and a pale pink blusher applied to the cheeks.

Just the plum-coloured lipstick was left. Josephine puckered her lips to apply it and a little lip gloss. Josephine Briggs was pleased with her appearance for tonight. It had been ages since she had dolled up herself like this, and for a man at that. She still had to get dressed so rising from her stool, she

went to the wardrobe and took out a long black backless evening dress with a slit up the right side to the thigh. A black bra and black satin panties with laced black edges at each leg were followed by a garter belt and black seamed stockings fresh from their cellophane packet. Before she put any of these clothes on, what Josephine called her “special drawer” had to be opened. First, her stick-on breast forms were taken out, then the Special Panty Girdle. There were other items in the drawer which she would use from time to time but not tonight. They could make Josephine look more of a woman.

The breast forms were first to be fitted. This meant a Velcro strip with a very sticky back was put on his chest area over his nipples. She lined then up at her nipples and stuck them on. From past experience Josephine knew these would stick there for a week if required. The back of the breast form having Velcro on it was now placed on top. It stuck fast. Josephine now had two ample looking breasts in front of her and was greatly pleased.

The shoulder straps of the black bra went over her shoulders and the breast forms were placed into the cups, then hooks and eyes attached at her back and straps were adjusted. A black garter belt went round her waist and was clipped behind and adjusted, leaving four suspenders hanging down, two on each side, waiting to be attached to the black stockings.

Josephine sat on the stool. Once more she stretched her legs, then opened the cellophane packet containing the black fully-fashioned stockings. Carefully she took one, scrunched the stocking up, entered her toes and slowly pulled the stocking up her leg, watching it didn't snag or ladder for these were expensive seamed stockings. It was now at the top of her leg where each of the two hanging suspenders was now clipped on to the stocking welt. The same process was repeated with the other stocking.

Josephine stood up to check the stocking seams were straight down the back of her legs.

It was time for the Special Panty Girdle. This she wiggled into for it was a tight fit. After a struggle, it was fitted at last. On appearance, there was a woman's hips and a large derriere; when she had a dress on, Josephine looked one hell of a sexy woman. And that was what she was about to put on after she pulled her black satin panties up her legs.

The tight black dress was forced on her body. She could walk in it only because of the slit on the right side. If that had not been there, Josephine would have been forced to take little mincing steps which may not have hindered her in Josephine's quest in catching George Bentley. Her small feet ere placed in the shiny five-inch-high black heels.

She opened the jewellery box and took out a pair of diamond drop earrings and matching necklace. The earrings were fitted in her pierced ears and the necklace went round her neck. A gold ring was placed on her left finger which could have meant Josephine was engaged. Of course she wasn't. All this jewellery wasn't costume, it was the real thing; as Joe she had a good salary. She could afford this and did. Her fake fur coat taken from the wardrobe. One would have thought it was the real thing. The coat was now laid on a seat in her living room waiting to be placed on her by George. He knew nothing of this but Josephine would soon make him aware in her womanly way.

Josephine Briggs looked herself over in her dressing room mirror. Yes, she was pleased with herself tonight. It had taken a man to smarten herself up. The dress fitted her well. She wasn't sure if it would for the last time she tried that one on, she had put weight on and the dress was too tight. Since then she had gone on a diet and took up aerobics classes. Now

saw the benefit of that a slimmer, trimmer Josephine plus she felt all much healthier. She looked at the marquise watch on her right wrist. 4:47. There was nothing left to do but wait for George. Josephine sat on the black leather couch, put her brown leather handbag down beside her, crossed her black fully fashioned stockinged legs and waited. She opened her handbag to check on her lipstick. She flicked her mirrored compact open and saw the purse with her money and white hanky with lace round the edges and 'Josephine' embodied in each corner. A small scent bottle was in the purse as well. Oh the scent, she had forgot that. How careless of her. Josephine squirted some perfume down the inside of her evening dress. Ah, now she smelled better. She replaced the "Romance" perfume bottle back in the handbag just in time as her doorbell rang.

"Do come in, George, I've just to put my coat on. Be a gentleman and help me slip it on."

Inspector George Bentley was lost for words as he saw this vision of womanhood standing before him. She was poured into that slinky black dress, all curves. *How does she do that?* thought George.

"It's over there, George." Josephine was pointing at the fake black fur coat.

"What?" George Bentley was mesmerised by the woman standing before him. "Oh, coat, yes." He lifted it and took it to Josephine who turned her back so that he could ease it on her. George could not help but notice her backless dress and the delicious smell arising from this woman.

"That's better. George, you're a gentleman," Josephine said as she adjusted the coat on her shoulders. She took the inside ties in the coat, pulled them together and tied them in a bow. Then she buttoned up the front of the coat which concealed the bow. Josephine took George's arm. "Let's go, sweetheart."