

Lady Stocking Lover

2

Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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LADY STOCKING LOVER 2

BY BLIND RUTH

CONSTABLE BLACKMORE BECOMES FIONA, TRANSGENDER WOMAN

“You’ve met before? Josie, this is David Blackmore,” George Bentley said.

“Yes, I remember you, David. So you’re the one that drew the short straw. George explained everything. I’m afraid you will have to stay overnight for there are few things you will have to know. We’ll get you some clothes and make up and a few wigs. Your budget will have to cover that, George. Clothes may not cost you all that much for we will look in some charity shops. A lot of trannies do; if they have a wife or woman living with them who knows nothing of their second life, they usually don’t have all that much money to spend on clothes. Some nice dresses

can be picked up there, hardly worn, some brand new. I'll teach you something about makeup. Some trannies never learn that art very well but I don't think your killer worried much about that."

"I'll have to phone my wife if I'm staying the night, Sir," said David Blackmore.

"Don't worry about that, David. I'll call in and explain everything to her. I'll have to leave you and Josie now for I have much to do."

"I understand, Sir. I'll see you to the door." David Blackmore watched his superior passionately kiss Josephine at the door as he left the flat.

Janet Blackmore was not what George Bentley had expected. She was a bit of a slob and not as pretty she may have been at one time and could still be if she put her mind to it.

"Mrs. Blackmore. David will have to stay overnight at Josephine Briggs' house. I'm sure David has told you that for the purpose of this case he has to dress in women's clothes."

"Another one of them! I expect this Josephine is fucking my husband up the arse, the fairy," interrupted Janet.

George Bentley could hardly control his anger. "I'll have you know Josephine Briggs is a very respectable woman. She is my beloved and we are engaged."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know the woman," replied Janet Blackmore. She added, "I told David I would have to see him in women's clothes before I gave him permission to wear them."

“I was under the impression this had all been discussed between you and David. He will have them on till this case is solved, otherwise my plans are all upset. He will be here tomorrow dressed as a woman.”

The relationship between David Blackmore and his wife was none of George’s business but it looked rocky to say the least, he thought. “I will drop David off tomorrow night.” George left thinking Janet Blackmore seemed a bit of a bossy woman. He certainly wouldn’t want to be married to her. Then the face of Josie came into his mind. How lucky he was to have met her, so different from this Janet.

“I would have put you in a nightie for starters but mine wouldn’t have fit you anyway,” Josephine told David Blackmore. “Have you ever worn woman’s clothes before, David, maybe your mother’s, a sister’s, a girlfriend’s that sort of thing?”

“No never, Josephine. This is a whole new ball game to me.”

“David, trannies want to wear woman’s clothes for different reasons. For some it’s sexual and they want to have intercourse in their feminine finery. The three transgender persons in this case all wore it for sexual purposes. As I said to George, I’m afraid you may have to make yourself available to any man who makes advances to you while you are dressed as a woman. I know your first instinct will be to hit him but that must be avoided. I know you will be disgusted by this but you have to force yourself, David, if justice is to be done. Your name will have to change by the way. You can’t go around calling yourself David in a skirt and stockings. Any ideas?”

“What about Davina or Davida, Josephine.”

“Too obvious. Trannies don’t usually pick female forms of their own names. Their names come from some association with a female. It could be their mother or some woman they have known for whatever reason. Think about it. I’ll make up the bed in my spare room. You can sleep there for the night. I’ll phone the bank in the morning telling then I’m taking the day off. I’ll use a day of my leave for that.”

“You’re going to a lot of trouble just for me.”

“It isn’t just for you. I want to see this murderer caught so the world is a safer place for the girls.”

The following morning, after Josie had cooked and served breakfast, the hunt for woman’s clothes started. Many charity shops were visited. Dresses, skirts, bras, slips and even knickers were purchased along with a few pairs of women’s shoes. Josephine just knew the sizes of everything that David Blackmore needed. She was an expert in this sort of thing. It wasn’t the first time Josie had taken some trannie shopping.

Next was a visit to Yvette, a ladies hairdresser and stylist, and she had a talk with her.

“No problem, Josephine, put her in a cubicle and I’ll bring some hair in.” Shortly, Yvette returned with a number of boxes containing wigs. “We’ll try a few on and you let me know what you like, dear,” Yvette said in a friendly tone while adjusting a blonde wig on David’s head.

“She’s a new girl, Yvette and she’ll be at the club on Wednesday. While I’m here, let’s sort out that date for your wig demo at the club.”

“What do you think of that, dear?” Yvette stood back and pointed at the mirror in front of David.

“She’ll take it and the raven wig and the brunette as well,” Josephine told the elderly hairdresser.

“Oh my!” exclaimed Yvette, “we have a lot of money to spend today, I see. I’ll throw a couple of bottles of hairspray and wig shampoo in for free.”

Josie paid for it all. She knew George would recompense her. As he had told her, Old Blood And Guts in the upstairs office would be footing the bill.

It was now lunch time; Josephine and David arrived back at her flat. “I’ll make us something to eat, David. Then you’ll have to change into some of the clothes we bought this morning. After that we’ll make for Trina’s Beauty Parlour. Pay attention to what she tells you for I’ll ask her to instruct you a lot better than I could. By the way, I’ll help you dress. It’s not easy being a woman.”

Josephine phoned Trina’s parlour and made an appointment for that afternoon. She asked specifically for her. Trina was an old friend and that of the club. Like Yvette, she had been there many times doing makeup demos.

“This is a new girl, Trina. I want you to instruct her as you go along. Listen carefully, David, to all Trina tells you. It’s important information.”

Trina looked at the trannie before her. She reckoned she could do something with that face. She had seen plenty in her time and she was a good beautician. She never failed to transform them into reasonable looking women but this one she could really get to work on. It was going to be a pleasure transforming this man into a very beautiful woman. His wife, if he had one, would never recognise him, or her as she would become. The clothes ‘she’ wore were very nice; a blue and white polka dot dress, blue low-heeled

shoes, honey-coloured stockings and a silver chain necklace with a crucifix. As she worked away with the makeup giving instructions to David, she asked Josephine, “What about earrings?”

“That was what I was going to ask you, Trina. Can you pierce her ears while we are here?”

“Surely. I’ll do it after we finish the makeup. I keep some nice pairs of drop earrings here. They should match your necklace.”

“Trina, while I’m here, I want an appointment for next Thursday afternoon.”

“I’ll note that, Josie. For a boyfriend then?”

“Yes, George is taking me to a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, then after to a Hungarian restaurant where he tells me a fiddler will play that romantic gypsy music.”

“And he’s going to kiss you. I’ve had that treatment before myself,” interrupted Trina. “But it is so romantic. Makes a girl feel wanted,” she finished.

Josephine and David were now back in Josie’s flat drinking a cup of coffee. Josie brought a plate of her home-made scones with butter to eat while they waited for Inspector George Bentley.

What am I going to tell Janet about these pierced ears? David thought. That is only going to confirm in her mind I’m a fairy even though I’m not.

“Have you thought of a girl’s name yet, David?” That took David out of what he thought Janet was going to say to him.

“Um, yes, Fiona.”

“Fiona. Very good. Is there a particular reason for that name, David?” questioned Josephine.

“When I was a boy, my parents took me to Bridlington on holiday one year. We became friendly with another family spending their holiday in the same hotel. They had a daughter named Fiona and she was the first girl I ever kissed.”

“Childhood sweethearts, how nice. OK, from now your name is Fiona.”

By this time George Bentley had arrived and was greeted by a kiss from Josie. “George, I have packed Fiona’s clothes in one of my cases to take to her house.”

“Fiona?”

“Yes, that is what your Constable Blackmore will be known as from now on.”

“Right. Put the the things in my car, Fiona, and I’ll run you over to your home.” Turning to Josie, he said, “You’ve done a good job on her. I don’t see any of David in her anywhere.”

“I think you can thank Trina the beautician for that. It was her that did the makeup. She is good. I’ll give you the bill for that and the wigs and clothes, George.”

“Give me them now, Josie. I’ll get the money and pay you tomorrow night. I can’t have you out of pocket. Besides, it gives me an excuse to see you again.”

“You’re not going to kiss me again, are you, George?”

“Wait and see. Who knows what I’ll do to you, Josie,”

“Gosh, I’m going all goose bumps again. I can’t wait.”

George kissed her and left.

Fiona Blackmore was not certain how Janet was going to receive her when ‘she’ arrived home. If worse came to worse, ‘she’ would pack her bags and leave. George knocked on the door of the council flat. Janet answered.

“I’ve brought Fiona back home.”

Janet Blackmore looked at the woman standing on the doorstep. “Fiona?”

“Yes, your husband David. Her new name is Fiona for the extent of this investigation, Mrs. Blackmore.”

“Yes, of course. Come in, I’ll make a cup of tea.”

“That’s all right, Mrs. Blackmore, I’ve a lot of paperwork to catch up on at home tonight. Fiona, if you bring your case, I’ll be leaving you.”

George left as Fiona Blackmore entered her home. Janet had not said a word yet to Fiona. That was strange, lately she had been very aggressive towards her husband. She would criticise everything he did and make a fool of him like the other night when she called him a fairy. Janet could be a very nagging woman. She had never been like that three years ago when they first married.

“I’ll put the case in the bedroom,” Fiona said nervously. “It’s got women’s clothes in it,” the new

woman said, expecting Janet to explode at these words.

“Has it? You must let me see.”

Those were not the words Fiona was expecting, especially said in a matter-of-fact way.

They went through to the bedroom. Fiona placed the case on the bed and opened it. Janet looked inside and lifted a skirt. It was nothing special, just a plain pleated black skirt.

“It came from a charity shop.”

“Did it? You can get some nice frocks and bargains in charity shops,” replied Janet. The tone of her voice was not aggressive. It was quiet, even gentle, Fiona thought. “Have you had anything to eat...Fiona?”

“I had a coffee and a scone at Josephine’s.”

“We’ll unpack and I’ll make us some tea.”

Janet proceeded to help Fiona unpack, putting dresses on coat hangers in their wardrobe beside her own. Underwear went into her knickers drawer with her own and she put her husband’s makeup on her dressing table.

Janet took Fiona’s hand. “Come on, you can help me with the tea, Fiona.” Fiona reflected that Janet hadn’t held his/her hand for a very long time.

Janet tied an apron round Fiona and put one on herself. “We’ll get you an apron, Fiona. It will be fun working together in the kitchen, won’t it, dear?” Fiona didn’t reply. Whatever the reason for this change in attitude by his wife was, she wasn’t complaining.

At the meal, Janet just sat there looking at Fiona, not saying a word. It was getting late. "I'll need to turn in, Janet for there are some things that Josephine wants me to do in the morning."

"Yes dear, you just listen to all she says. It's for your own good, I mean for the good of the case. Let's go to bed."

"I'll be putting on my nightdress, Janet, Josephine says I should wear these things all the time to get into the swing of being a girl. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, you do that, Fiona." Janet paused and looked at Fiona. She had seen the nightdress when unpacking. A lovely orange nylon one it was. Then she looked back at Fiona. "Keep your brassiere on. It will remind you what you're supposed to be."

Janet turned her back to look out her own nightdress and opened a drawer in her dressing table. She had a nice blue short nightie in there. She would love to wear it tonight but knew that she had put on weight and it would never fit her now. Things were that bad she had to go to Mother Care to buy a nightdress and she wasn't pregnant. She pulled the thing out the drawer. An ugly black nightie, it made her look a frump. But then she was one who had let herself go. There was nothing she could do about that now.

As Janet took her clothes off to put this nightdress on, she saw Fiona pulling her orange nightdress over her head. The outline was of a female form. Something clicked inside Janet. She wanted to hold that female form against her. "Come here, darling."

Fiona turned towards her wife. "Yes, dear."

"Closer. That's it."

Fiona saw Janet's hand slip into her nightie and fondle her penis. "What are you doing, Janet?"

"What do think I'm doing, Fiona? Make love to me. Take me to bed and fuck me."

This was unusual to Fiona for she hadn't had intercourse with Janet for a long time. She certainly wasn't the pretty wife she once was. Even so the request would not be turned down. Maybe this could be the turnaround of their marriage.

Fiona's penis stood stiff and erect from Janet's attentions to it. Janet was pushed on to their bed roughly by Fiona. She didn't seem to mind and willingly opened her legs. It had been so long and she hungered for Fiona's penis inside her. She felt it all hard in her. This was a different experience. Why should it be? but it was. This wasn't her husband's penis, it was Fiona's. She was all screwed up but she wasn't sure she cared about that right now. Fiona had looked so beautiful when she came through the door this evening. She had wanted to kiss her right there and then in front of George, not David but Fiona.

"Kiss me, Fiona darling. I love you. Fuck me again." They were young and their recovery powers were strong. Fiona was quickly inside Janet again. Janet put her fat legs round Fiona's body. She was rather ashamed of the state of her body and hoped Fiona would ignore that for now. For Fiona, it certainly was not the best love making she had ever had with Janet but it was a start. If nothing else, it was different.

Exhaustion eventually took over the married couple. This was one night when Janet never turned her back on her husband.

Fiona had left the next morning to go to Josephine's and Janet sat before her dressing table. She was worried about her sexuality. Why had she made love to Fiona last night. Make no mistake, it was Fiona in that bed with her, not David. Fiona's body was so smooth and clean as she held it close to her, not like David whose chest was hairy. Fiona had told her that Josephine had bought a tube of depilatory cream during their travels and had her spread it all over her body and take a shower. The result was a hairless and smooth Fiona held against her.

The lovemaking was all so completely different from anything she had ever experienced before. It was something new, something different, *so womanly, so feminine*. At that thought Janet felt her clitoris beginning to become erect. What was happening to her? Janet had never had thoughts about her own sex in that way before. What was this Fiona doing to her? Janet lusted to make love to Fiona, not David.

She looked at her face in the mirror. It wasn't pretty these days even if she plastered makeup on it. She lifted the bottom of her nightdress which she still wore and glanced at her enormous bottom. Where had the once lithe and agile Janet gone, the one who had all the men running after? *Look at me, all flabby and useless, lying about the house all day, doing nothing but drinking cups of tea and reading women's magazines.*

She had let herself go. Yes she had said she would look for another man to rile David. She wasn't looking for a man; the way she was she wouldn't have attracted them anyway. Janet didn't really know what she wanted till Fiona arrived on the scene.

Janet looked in the wardrobe and at her dresses. They certainly were nice but she could no longer wear any of them. If she wanted Fiona to make love to her,

she would have to go on a diet to lose weight. But it was Fiona she wanted, not David. When this case was solved, David would return and she couldn't bear that. It would be like returning to square one. That had to be avoided but as she was there there was no way it could. It wouldn't surprise her if David left her, she had been horrid to him. If that happened, any chance of keeping Fiona was lost.

Then a terrible thought entered her mind. Was she a lesbian? She certainly wanted this Fiona and wanted to live with her as a woman but she had a penis. Did that make a difference. Did it mean she wasn't a lesbian? Did she even want Fiona to have a penis? That was all academic at the present minute for if she didn't do anything about her appearance whatever he or she was, Fiona would be gone. Forever.

"George, when you call tonight there are a few things I want to discuss about Fiona." Josephine had answered her boyfriend's phone call during the afternoon.

"Sure thing, sweetheart, just let me know. I just wanted to know how my pinup girl was getting on with David."

"You'll need to stop that sex talk over the phone, George. I'll be all hot when you call tonight."

"Exactly, Josie. I like hot women. Old Blood And Guts nearly burst a blood vessel when I showed him my expenses. I reminded him that he did say he wanted the Mayor's wife off his back, That shut him up. By the way, Josie, next week when we go to the concert in London we will have to stay overnight in a hotel. I'll discuss this with you tonight."

"Not in the same room and the same bed, George! Whatever will happen? You have my heart pumping

like mad. What's a poor defenceless girl to do?" Josie giggled as she put the phone down.

"George, I have been thinking about Fiona seriously and had a talk with her about these murders. I think for the duration that she is dressed in women's clothes, it's best if she lives on her own. If you think about it, the first two victims Bettina and Stella lived on their own. Bea stayed at that hotel, although when Dave was around she stayed at his place. I wonder if a transgender person on their own attracted the killer. Also, the first two victim, Bettina, a transsexual, had the full operation and Stella had breast implants, I'm thinking in terms of Fiona getting breast implant. As I told her, those can be removed after the case is over. I told her to think it over and discuss it with her wife. What do you think, George?"

"It sounds feasible, Josie. You've putting more thought into this than me and I'm supposed to be in charge of the case. It sounds costly, though. Renting a flat isn't going to be cheap and breast implants are expensive from what little I know about this stuff. I imagine you know more about that than me."

"Yes, I know one or two things about breast implants. Could the police not persuade the clinic to cut their cost to help the case?"

"I suppose if the boss said a word in the right ears, it could get a flat landlord to cut his rent. I'll have a talk with him. As for the clinic, I guess we'll have to call around and see."

"Now to more serious matters, sit on my lap," George said, patting the desired spot.