

The Maryanns



Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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THE MARYANNS

By **Blind Ruth**

PROLOGUE

It was a beautiful summer day as the pretty young woman, parasol in hand, strolled in Cremona Gardens, with other similarly dressed young ladies. The Gardens were lined with all sorts of trees, and every so often a few of the women would stop and converse with each other in a ladylike way; pleasant conversation was heard. On the thoroughfare were seen many horse-drawn carriages on this sunny afternoon. An open top Landau with some young university students would stop near some young ladies and have a pleasant conversation. A door of the carriage opened and three young ladies entered the carriage to much laughter and giggles from them. Arms of the students went round their waists and off the horses would gallop to gay laughter from all.

If one did not know anything about Cremona Gardens one would never be any the wiser. However Cremona Gardens was a well-known haunt for Maryanns, men dressed in women's clothes. Some were very pretty, some not so. To the men who picked

up these so-called women, the fact they were male never mattered, such was their perversion.

Our young lady with the parasol could only be regarded as pretty. A hansom cab with driver at the back was approaching the young lady, an elderly gent inside scrutinising the young women in the Gardens as the carriage passed them.

“Stop here, driver,” the well-dressed gentleman commanded. The cab had stopped beside our young woman, a window in the cab lowered.

“How much?” was asked by the well-dressed gent.

It was not the first time the young woman had been propositioned in Cremona Gardens, one reason why she had come to the place. She quickly looked the gentleman over. He was a city man, probably a lawyer.

“A guinea for a few hours, kind sir,” she replied.

The door opened and the girl, lifting her long skirts that they not become soiled, entered into the carriage.

“I hope you’re worth every penny of my hard-earned money. Do you know a place where we can transact our business?”

“That I do, sir. Mrs. Bates keeps a nice clean house, that you can be sure of. Very discreet she is, you’ll be safe there.”

Mrs. Myra Bates opened her front door to the young woman and her gentleman friend.

“How nice to see you, Fanny.”

“Have you a room where I and my gentleman friend can transact our business, Mrs. Bates?”

“Surely Fanny, at the usual price,” said the buxom woman holding out her hand. The gentleman pressed a guinea into her hand.

“Thank you, kind sir,” she said as she pocked the coin into her purse. “It’s the room at the top of the stairs, Fanny, you know the one. Fanny my dear, when you and your gentleman friend have completed your business, could you please be so kind as to see me before you leave?”

“Surely, Mrs. Bates.” Fanny daintily lifted the hem of her dress again as she ascended the stairs.

In time Fanny appeared before Mrs. Bates who sat in the living room.

“Ah, there you are, my dear. I wish to have a word with you. Perhaps a drink before we discuss matters, wine?” Mrs. Bates was already pouring out two glasses of red wine and handing one to Fanny.

“Do make yourself comfortable,” said Mrs. Bates pointing to the nearby chaise lounge, as she herself sat on a well-upholstered chair.

“I hope your business came to a happy conclusion with your gentleman friend, Fanny?”

“Finically yes, otherwise no. He couldn’t get it up; I had to help him with my hand to get a rise.”

“Oh dear, but what would you expect with such an elderly man. He probably has a wife who is not doing her wifely duties and has to resort to young viral women like yourself, Fanny. I would have thought you would have gone back to your own flat.”

“Couldn’t, Mrs. Bates. I had already seen Stella picked up at the Gardens and driven away in a gentleman’s carriage, so I knew the flat would be occupied.”

“That’s what I want to talk to you about, Fanny. Why don’t you and Stella come to my town house and ply your business there? I refer to my other, bigger, better house where girls like yourself and Stella live in comfort. Cremona Gardens may be alright in this nice warm summery weather but when winter comes you’ll freeze and it’s a different story. You’ll meet a different class of gentlemen and any gifts you may receive for your services you can keep, not like some houses I could speak of, where the Madams take it from their girls. My girls live in the lap of luxury. Why don’t you and Stella pay me a visit to see the place and we can talk things over, Fanny dear.”

“It all sounds very tempting, Mrs. Bates, I certainly will mention all you have said to Stella.”

Mrs. Bates placed a hand on top of Fanny’s and gently patted it.

“Fanny dear, just call me Myra. I would be like a mother to you, I treat all my girls like a mother.”

No more was said as Fanny departed the house.

THE EARLY YEARS IN MRS. BATES’ HOUSE

“How did things go with you today, Stella?” asked Fanny.

“So so. If things don’t pick up, we could both be in the workhouse. You?”

“I made enough to see us through a few days. I have some news that may be our saviour; Mrs. Bates has asked us to join her house.”

“Oh yes, and what’s in it for her? She’s a hard-nosed business woman, she is.”

“Said she would be like a mother to me, she did.”

“And you fell for it.”

“It’s the best offer we have, Stella, the least we could do is give her a visit.”

“Okay, you’ve convinced me. Best frocks on and everything, we drop in on her tomorrow.”

The two Maryanns kissed and went to bed together as they usually did since they first met.

The following morning their flat was a hive of activity after breakfast what with makeup and dressing in their corsets and frocks that went right down to the floor, ankle boots, stockings tied at the top of their legs with fancy coloured ribbons, long drawers elasticised at the knee, all the latest of fashion for any Victorian lady. And of course their male appendages were tucked out of sight.

Both Fanny and Stella were now ready to depart their flat; a hansom cab was flagged down in the busy street outside and soon they were on their way to Mrs. Bates’ house.

A young maid answered their knock on the front door.

“Yes, can I be of any assistance to you ladies?”

“Yes, tell your Mistress that Miss Stella and Miss Fanny have come for their afternoon appointment,” said Stella, always the pushy one.

“Certainly, Miss. If you will follow me, I shall inform my Mistress.” Fanny and Stella followed the

pretty girl to the drawing room, a large room with many chaise lounges, settees and couches. The maid bid them to take a seat while she informed her Mistress of their presence.

“Did you hear that?” asked Fanny as the maid made a swishing sound as she made her exit.

“Even the domestics have dresses and skirts made of satin and silk, the likes of which we could never afford, Stella.”

“Yes,” said Stella who had been watching the girl leave the room in her long black dress, white starched apron and mob cap, black stockings and ankle boots. What the two Maryanns would learn as time went on was that all maids, cooks, etc. in this establishment were men like themselves. It was a deliberate plan by Myra Bates to entice her clients to have sex with them. Of course, seducing some supposedly innocent maid cost money, something Myra Bates was fond of.

“Ah, there you are, my dears,” said Myra Bates as she held her hands out to embrace the girls and plant a kiss on their cheeks. As she sat on a Queen Anne chair, she lifted a little hand bell and rang it. Soon the maid who had shown Fanny and Stella into the premises appeared.

“Marie, please be so good as to bring tea and muffins into the drawing room for myself and these charming young ladies,” commanded her Mistress.

“Certainly, ma’am,” said Marie and left in a flurry of skirts and petticoats.

“My dears, after some refreshments, I shall give you a tour of this establishment. Then maybe we can talk business,” said the buxom Mrs. Bates.

Myra Bates had run a critical eye over the girls’ dresses which would never do for her house of ill repute. She had certain standards and if the girls were

going to work for her, she would have to outlay some money on them. However she would make sure they worked their butts off for her. It was not as if she didn't want them in her house, she certainly did, and before other Madams approached the girls. She had kept an eye on their success in Cremona Gardens; the men there swarmed round them like flies. That was all good for her business, a business that was well-protected from the Bow Street runners, unlike some other houses.

Myra Bates had friends in high places and any sniff of a raid on her house was quietly snuffed out by some high ranking police officer who was having his share of Myra's girls for free. Myra knew where her friends were.

Myra made a point of showing the bedrooms, luxurious ones. Each girl would have one to herself. At the flat they had been sharing the same bed since they couldn't remember when. Not only that but each of them would have a dressing table to herself and no makeup to share as it would all be supplied by Madam Bates, as eventually they would call her. Myra Bates liked being called Madam; it gave her some authority, she thought. After all she had worked hard as a prostitute to save enough money to open this house. It was not just any old house of ill repute but one with men dressed in women's clothes. There was a niche there and more money to be made than by operating one with women.

"Well, what do you think, girls?" asked Madam Bates.

It was unbelievable, better than anything they could come up with. Fanny answered, "Yes Mrs. Bates, we'll start tomorrow please."

"Good. We'll be waiting for you tomorrow then."

Then Stella asked, "How much will you be paying us, Mrs. Bates?"

Myra Bates put an eye on her; she was going to give her trouble, wasn't she?

"Don't worry about that, Stella dear. My girls have never complained before; you'll get a lot more money than you ever did in Cremona Gardens."

By late morning the following day the girls had moved their possessions into Mrs. Bates' house.

"I'll introduce you to some of the girls tonight. Since this is your first night here you won't need to do anything, just become acquainted with things after dinner," said Myra Bates.

The story of Fanny was that she had never been out of a frock since she was born. It is well known that boys wore frocks in Victorian times at least till the age of eight. Fanny's mother, being a widow, had decided that he would be wearing frocks well beyond that age. Fanny was even baptised with that name.

Fanny always played with girls therefore it was assumed she was one and that fact was never questioned. Fanny grew up loving her mother who always saw her daughter had the finest clothes that money could buy. Her mother was never short of money. Fanny in her early years was to meet other boys dressed in girl's clothes because her mother sought out women like herself who dressed their sons in girl's clothes. These were happy times, not only for Fanny but also her mother.

That was where Fanny first met Stella. They became great friends, girlfriends really, at that young age. They played with dolls supplied by their mothers and were encouraged to do so by them. Their mothers hoped some white knight in shining armour would come along and marry their so-called daughters.

As time went on, Fanny's mother invited boys, even young men to her house in the hope of such an arrangement. Fanny, being eighteen, it was only nat-

ural that her thoughts turned to the opposite sex, she having been brought up as a girl. The young men seeing a pretty girl in a delightful frock would not think otherwise, at least until matters proceeded further.

Some men would be utterly disgusted on seeing a male member between her legs and proceedings come to a sudden halt, while others would not be troubled by her anomaly. Those were Fanny's timid steps to becoming a Maryann. At that tender age she was discovering that there were men who desired her body even if they knew she was a man under all her feminine finery. When her mother died and Fanny fell on hard times, she seemed fated to sell her body for sexual purposes. She knew there were men out there who badly wanted what she had underneath her frocks.

Stella always liked to be near Fanny and it was not unusual to see the two kiss each other as children. Nothing was thought of it, not by their mothers anyway.

Fanny's great girlfriend Stella was a regular visitor to her flat in London. Stella was not a naive woman, or man. She could see many men coming and going as she entered the flat or left it. Stella and Fanny had progressed well beyond the kissing stage since they were girls and were now more sexually active.

"Fanny," she said one day, "why do so many men seem to come and go in this flat of yours?"

A blushing red-faced Fanny, near tears, answered, "I can't help it. Since Mother died I've had to resort to selling my body for money, to support myself. I do hope you understand, Stella."

"Poor Fanny." Then a more curious Stella asked, "Do men actually pay money to have sex with you, Fanny?"

“You’d be surprised how many men do and they pay well. I couldn’t afford this flat otherwise, Stella.”

“Really, Fanny? I’d be interested to hear more, dear.”

“I never thought you’d be short of money, Stella.”

“Since my mother died like yours, money hasn’t been easy to come by. I’d not be adverse to sell my charms to any man who would pay for that privilege.”

Fanny was rather taken aback; she had never thought such about her girlfriend.

“You’re more than welcome to share this flat with me, Stella. I can take you to such places where you may procure gentlemen friends for such purposes as you have suggested,” said Fanny.

And so it was that Stella frequented the Cremona Gardens with Fanny, a very attractive and active pair of Maryanns indeed. One could not say that Fanny and Stella were actually an honest pair, petty thieves was a more suitable title. It was not unknown that if one was occupied with a man in the bedroom in sexual activities, should the man had been foolish enough to leave off his jacket outside the bedroom, the other would search pockets for money or whatever valuables it might contain. Valuables would be sold or pawned. Should the man complain, he was in trouble with the Bow Street runners to start with, and if he was married, he would be terrified of the resulting publicity and an irate wife.

That sort of thing would not be tolerated by Mrs. Bates’ establishment. That sort of thing was bad for business and Myra Bates knew it, so Fanny and Stella had to change their ways considerably. One thing about working in Mrs. Bates’ house was that it would keep them out of the Whitechapel area where they were to be seen sometimes in the pubs and bars looking for business. Whitechapel in the London docklands area was a well-known haunt for prosti-

tutes and Maryanns. Ever since of all the talk of “Jack the Ripper” they had not been too keen to visit there. Also one of their acquaintances from Cremona Gardens, Sadie by name, had gone there and went missing for days. Later her body was found floating in the Thames with her throat slashed.

While Fanny and Stella may not have been keen to visit the Whitechapel area, it being in the London docklands, circumstances would sometimes force them there to do business, more so when ships were due to dock in the harbours there, for a number of reasons. Seafarers who had been sailing on the oceans of the world for months on end without the sight of a female had money due after their long voyages. The times of ships arrivals and departures were well known as Lloyds posted such information daily at their premises. It was a time when prostitutes and Maryanns knew money would be flowing easily. Men would be on the lookout for women, and they would make themselves available to help them spend it.

The class of customer at the docks was much different from what Fanny and Stella would expect at Cremona Gardens. At Cremona Gardens it was more of the refined city type gentleman, man about town or young Oxford or Cambridge students out to sow their oats.

In the dockland area were the rough, tough, and ready seaman. They may have more money to spend on prostitutes than at Cremona Gardens but when it was gone, it was gone. Fanny and Stella would be mixing company with real women all looking for business.

One may wonder why such seamen would seek out Maryanns when female prostitutes were available. It is a well-known fact at that time on ships on the high seas for months at a time without a port in sight, such things as “Ships Ladies” existed. Those were shipmates who dressed in women’s clothes for months on end on board the ship. These so called “ships’ ladies” catered to the sexual needs of their

shipmates. Therefore the sight of a man in woman's clothes was not foreign to such customers. Men who one would never call homosexual sought out such women. Even today such 'women' exist on long oceangoing oil tankers and cargo ships as they serve a need.

Some Maryanns on hearing the tales of these Ships ladies signed on for a voyage or two and would share the ship captain's cabin and bed during the long months at sea.

On the arrival of, say, some tea clipper from China, the girls would visit some well known pub in the docklands area in their best finery in the hope of being picked up by members of the crew and of course relieving them of their hard-earned money. At such times many seamen were in party mood. Fanny and Stella could find them in a house shared by many of the crew and offer to give their services to many men. Many a drunken orgy was to follow as the girls were plied with gin and cheap wine. It was not uncommon to see ladies such as themselves having their frocks taken off by the seamen parading in their petticoats and knickers in front of the men to howls of laughter and giggles from all. Fanny had even seen her girlfriend Stella pulled onto the lap of a bearded seaman and roughly handled to screams and giggles.

A prostitute (a real woman) was seen naked, sitting on the erection of a man up her rear end, her legs open and another man about to enter her pussy. It was all to be expected at these times. But these rough and ready seamen were known to be big spenders. The girls knew it and pleased them anyway they could. Stella one time disappeared with one such bearded seaman to emerge a week later dressed in a very fine expensive frock.

"He hit me and said I was his woman and expected me to be waiting for him the next time he was in dock here. He handed me round his shipmates and said I was to make them happy. They took me two-at-a-time in my back door. They forced their way



in and out of it and treated me ever so rough," said she, fingering a badly bruised cheek.

Stella may have got her rewards money-wise and fashion-wise but found she had a price to pay for it. That was always the danger for girls such as Fanny and Stella. Life might be more pleasant in Mrs. Bates' house.

One big difference to the girls was that they now had a room to themselves, whereas at the flat they shared one bed between them. To keep this luxurious lifestyle both were very well aware of what was expected of them. It involved nothing that they hadn't done in the past, but the rewards were better.

Fanny sat on the well-cushioned seat before the dressing table covered with plenty of makeup supplied by Madam. In the flat she and Stella had to share their makeup and dressing table; there never was enough for the two of them in the pokey flat. This was the life. She felt she could perform better in this environment.

Soon Fanny was ready. There was a knock on Stella's door and the two were ready to meet their new companions in this house of ill repute.

The marble spiral staircase was magnificent as the two descended hand-in-hand to the dining room. On opening the mahogany door, there in her impressive low-cut dress in which one could see the swell of her ample breasts, sat Myra Bates. She was in all her glory, painted and powdered with a deliberately placed black beauty spot on her right cheek. She wore the sparkling diamond necklace and matching stud earrings she had earned by the hard work of her girls. There could be no doubt who was the Madam of this house of ill repute. While the girls at the table were suitably dressed, Myra Bates was the Queen among them.

She rose to greet her newly-acquired girls, put her arms round their shoulders and kissed each on the

cheek. "Girls," she said addressing all round the table, "These are Fanny and Stella who are new to this establishment. I expect every one of you to make yourselves known to them and make them welcome to this house." Both girls sat on the chairs indicated by Myra.

A dinner followed consisting of roast beef, potatoes, peas, and carrots. It was a simple meal but adequate. A hot meal was served each day, something not guaranteed when Fanny and Stella shared the flat.

As all ate, a maid came to Mrs. Bates and whispered something in her ear.

"Very good, Maria. Take the young gentleman to my office and tell him I shall see him shortly."

Addressing a woman beside her, Mrs. Bates said, "Helen, I have business to attend to, take over from me while I am gone."

"Certainly, Myra," said an elderly-looking Maryann.

Eventually Myra finished her meal rose and went to her office where a young man sat before her desk.

"You wanted to see me, Madam?" he asked.

"I do indeed, young Sir." Opening a drawer in her desk, Mrs. Bates withdrew a sheet of paper and handed it to the man.

"I don't need to tell you how much you owe me. I'm afraid till such is paid off you are banned from this house, I'm sorry to say."

The young Honourable Edward Locales looked over the sheet. "Madam, Father pays my allowance at the end of the month; I'll pay what I owe then."