



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Dark Destiny

Blind Ruth



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT*

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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# DARK DESTINY

**BY BLIND RUTH**

## THE CLINIC

Tom Bradley sat in the hut assigned to him on the building site as the chief architect. Plans of the new medical clinic he had designed lay before him on his desk. Tom came here two or three times a week to check that all was going well. He had meetings with various contractors, carpenters, electricians, plasters, painters, etc. Today he was more than pleased; things were going well, and he anticipated the one o' clock meeting with Dr. Diana Dark for whom the clinic was being built.

A knock on the hut door interrupted Tom's deep thought.

"Yes come in."

A beautiful clear-skinned woman in her mid thirties entered. Dr. Dark had shoulder-length brunette hair, sparkling green eyes, a small petite nose, lips with pale pink lipstick; otherwise she wore little makeup. The 5'5", 9 stone 10 pound pretty woman sat on the chair Tom Bradley offered her. Diana Dark wore a black business suit, skirt and jacket. Underneath the jacket was a white button-up blouse. On her legs were black stockings, on her feet, black court shoes.

"Can I offer you a cup of tea and some biscuits, Dr. Dark, while we discuss matters?"

"Yes, that would be nice, Mr. Bradley"

Diana made herself comfortable on the soft cushioned seat. This was Diana Dark's fourth visit since work on her clinic started many months ago. Today, Tom Bradley would be updating her on the progress of the clinic. As they drank the tea and munched biscuits, Diana looked at the photo of Tom Bradley's wife and family on his desk and commented on how lovely his wife looked. She inquired about the two beautiful children to either side of his wife in the photo. Tom's pride and joy were his son and daughter.

The small talk over, it was now down to business. "Dr. Dark, I have made the changes you requested, here, here and here." Tom said, pointing out sections of the plans.

"In a little while, I shall take you 'round the building site. I am happy we are ahead of schedule."

"Oh really, Mr Bradley? When would you say I could move in and start work?" Diana asked with interest.

"Hard to say, Dr. Dark, but not more than a month at most. Come 'round the site and I'll explain as we go."

This was quicker than Dr. Dark had expected, now her life work could start, the work she had specialized in, the work that had never entered her mind till that husband of hers double-crossed her with that woman. Diana, lost in her thoughts, never heard Tom Bradley say that she would need protective clothing to visit the work site. It was only when he repeated it again that Diana snapped out her day dreams.

"Sorry, Mr. Bradley, I was somewhere else. You were saying I needed protective clothes to visit the work site."

"Yes, Dr. Dark, it is the law. You'll need a hard hat, overalls, goggles, safety shoes and protective gloves. There is a changing room over there," he said, pointing to a door.

Dr. Diana Dark took the safety clothing and made to the little room. Having changed, Diana departed the room and stood before Tom Bradley, awaiting a tour of her clinic. Tom Bradley, looking at her, thought that the outfit spoiled the pretty woman, but safety laws are safety laws.

The slim Dr. Dark looked out of place among the bulky workmen on the site. She could not see how this building would be finished in less than a month.

Tom Bradley would stop every so often and chat with some workmen or other. Then, turning to Dr. Dark, he would explain what they were doing. The noise at times was deafening with drills, hammers, and chisel all in use. On reaching a quiet spot, Tom Bradley beckoned Dr. Dark towards him and opened a door. There was a much more peaceful place inside

"Sorry for all the noise, Dr. Dark, but you cannot expect anything else on a building site. You probably thought because of the mess, this clinic will not be ready in a month. Having talked with the many contractors, I can assure you it will. The surgery which we now stand in is finished, as is the pharmacy.

He opened a side door. "Your house is completed. The ground floor with the private rooms for patients is ready. There's only the second floor with operation theater still to complete."

"Could I move in, say next week, Mr. Bradley?"

"Sure, Dr. Dark, if you can put up with the noise, although here in the surgery and your quarters, the sound is not so bad."

"Good, then I can start interviews for staff for the clinic, here in the surgery, next week." Dr. Dark had already put advertisements in the local news papers, telling those who replied she would inform them when the time was right to come in for an interview.

Tom Bradley gave Diana a tour of the surgery, then the live-in quarters, with its ensuite bedroom for herself and her daughter, a living room, kitchen and combined library and study. Everything was in peaceful restful colors just as she wanted.

The place Diana Dark most wanted to see was the operation theater, the place where the bulk of her work would be done. It was a labor of love turning men into women. Some were going to like it, others would be women anyway. The pre-op room had a built-in screen on the ceiling; when operations took place it would be switched on. It would display a peaceful scene, like wind blowing over swaying corn fields, or gentle waves on the sea. At the same time, peaceful music would play from concealed speakers

The patient would be fast asleep; on awaking, their male parts would be gone, replaced by female breasts and vagina. Dr. Dark looked forward to that. To date she had only done one operation, a very important operation, more about which we will learn later.

Tom then took her outside to view the landscaping. There were large lawns, a rock garden with shrubs and bushes all surrounded by fir, pine, and cedar trees which concealed the gender clinic from the outside world. This two-floor clinic was everything Dr. Diana Dark longed for. She could now make arrangements to transfer everything from her town house to the clinic in the country.

## **Diana Dark's Marriage**

Dr. Dark's marriage had started off well. She had fallen head over heels in love with Paul Bright,

he being one of the top designing engineers in the company he worked for. They met at a company dance to which she had gone with one of her girlfriends. Her friend Amy's father was also a design engineer with the company. Diana was young and just out of university, starting her own practice as a G P. Paul swept her off her feet; inside a year they married. Her practice as a doctor flourished. Paul Bright moved up the ladder in his company. After a year of marriage, Diana became pregnant, which resulted in a baby boy. They decided to call him Reginald after Amy's father in memory of their first meeting.

Diana was back at work a week after birth. She took the baby to work with her to keep a close eye on her son. Everybody at the surgery made a fuss over Reginald and many toys given to him.

Ten years into the marriage Paul found himself having to more and more go out of town on company business, leaving Diana for days at a time. Paul Bright had a eye for the women. When he met Diana, he kept it under control, but now that he was away from her, there was no restraint. Meeting many pretty women in the high class hotels where he stayed on his travels, he wine, dined, and bedded them.

Paul tried to keep things quiet, however someone saw him with one of his road conquests. Word went back to Amy's father, Reginald and he told Amy. Amy felt it was her duty to inform Diana. Amy anticipated that Diana simply would not believe her and she was correct. Amy said no more, but felt deeply sorry for Diana; she believed her father.

A seed of doubt had been sown in Diana's mind. She now kept close attention whenever he said he had a out-of-town meeting and would be away for a few days. When Paul came back from those trips, Diana, before putting his clothes in the washing machine, would smell his shirts. She felt guilty about this; there seemed to be nothing to find.

She was on the verge of giving up, then one time she detected a hint of perfume. It was not hers, it was a very expensive perfume. Maybe Amy had been right about Paul. A plan came into her head, but she still felt guilty spying on her husband. Paul made regular visits to Blackstone town at least once a month, for a overnight stay. It was on returning from one of those trips that Diana smelled the expensive perfume.

She had to get things clear in her mind one way or the other. Diana hired a private detective agency.

### **Ben Brooks, Private Eye**

Diana knocked at the door of the fourth floor office. The sign on the door said **Ben Brooks, Private Detective**. A gruff-sounding voice came from the other side of the door.

"Come in."

On entering the one-room office, Diana saw a tall, rough-looking man sitting with his feet on a beat-up desk. A old typewriter sat next to some notepads scattered on the desk with Biro pens on top of the pads. The office needed a touch of paint, well, more than one touch.

"Yes lady, what do you want?" Ben gruffly said. The tone of his voice almost frightened Diana, and she wondered if she had made a mistake coming here.

"I understand you are a private detective, Mr. Brooks."

"That's what it says on the door, lady." Ben eyed this broad. She was a nice bit of ass. No time for that, this looked like business.

"Want a cup of coffee, lady?"

Diana looked at the half washed cups and decided no. "No thanks, Mr. Brooks. I better tell you what I am here for."

"Unfaithful husband."

"But how did you know, Mr Brooks?"

"Call me Ben. You have the unfaithful husband look before. I've been around. Now, do you want to give me the details?"

Ben Brooks was not worried about the money for the job. This dame was loaded, he was certain.

"By the way, how did you learn about my about my agency?"

"I saw your ad in a magazine."

Ben grunted in response.

"I'm Dr Diana Dark, Ben. I'll tell you all I know and you can advise me where we go from there." Diana proceeded to tell Ben Brooks everything she suspected about her husband.

"I see. You say he goes once a month or more to Blackstone town? I'll take it from there. I will report to you as soon as I know anything. I'll need some money for expenses, then my fee, but that can wait till the job is finished."

"Whatever you say, Ben. Money is no object. I hope you find that it's just jealousy by me."

"Well, we will see. Wives usually have a good instinct about these things. Prepare yourself for the worst. Do you have a photo of Paul?"

Diana had expected this; she opened her handbag and handed a photo of Paul to Ben Brooks. Ben studied it for a minute, then put it in his inside jacket pocket.

"Leave it all to me, Dr. Dark. It could be some months before you hear from me. Don't worry, I haven't ran away with your money. Whatever else I may be, I'm straight."

In spite of Ben Brooks' rough exterior, and gruff manner, Diana trusted him. Ben Brooks held out his large spade like hands to seal the deal. The small hand of Diana was completely enveloped by Ben's in a almost vice-like grip.

Diana left Ben Brooks' office hoping against hope that no incriminating evidence would be found against Paul. Ben's watched her leaved, then thought how stupid that husband of hers must be if he was two-timing her. With a body like this dame had, he certainly must have a screw loose.

Ben had a job to do. Ben Brooks had been a cop, and a damn good one. Ben never played by the book, he took short cuts and got results. His superiors did not like that, but they could not argue when criminals they had been trying to put behind bars for years were nailed by the unorthodox Ben Brooks.

Because of the way he worked, Ben felt promotions were held back from him. So in desperation, he threw in the towel, and branched out on his own. That was all water under the bridge now, though. Now Ben Brooks was a private dick, one with a job to do.

Ben Brooks couldn't do much till Dr Dark phoned him to say when her husband's next trip to Blackstone town would be. He could start to check up on Paul Bright, though. One day Ben drove over to Paul's workplace before Paul arrived. In the parking lot, Ben waited patently in his car for Paul to turn up. From Diana Dark, Ben knew the type of car Paul would come in: a silver Chrysler Crossfire Coupe 3.2, an expensive little number. There were not many of that car about. Ben spotted it right away and kept his eye on Paul. Then he "accidentally" bumped into him in the parking lot.

"Sorry sir, are you alright?"

Paul said he was, and walked on. Ben Brooks quickly made back to his car. The leather wallet he had taken out of Paul's back pocket in the "accident" was quickly thumbed through. There were a few business cards, some dollar bills. Then there it was, what he was looking for, a Blackstone phone number written in a woman's hand, scribbled on lilac notepaper. Ben took down the number; it was just what he was looking for. He replaced the notepaper back in the wallet.

Going to the reception desk of the company where Paul Bright worked, Ben asked the pretty young girl, "Does a Mr. Paul Bright work here?"

"Why yes. I'm afraid you'll have to make an appointment to see him"

"Oh I think he will see me, I'm holding his wallet," Ben said, showing the wallet.

"Oh," the pretty receptionist said. She lifted her phone and relayed the information.

Paul Bright soon appeared at the reception.

"Mr. Bright, you dropped this. I'm sorry, I had to look at it to see whose it was."

"Well, that is nice of you, Mr..."

"Brooks is the name, Mr. Bright. Well, I'll see you some other time. Bye."

Paul Bright checked his wallet after Ben had gone. It's nice to meet honest people, he thought.

Ben Brooks now knew the sound of Paul Bright's voice. That was important. He also had a phone number which could be useful. The next time Paul Bright might see him could be in a messy court case.

Ben Brooks was back in his office. It was worth a try to phone the number and see what would happen. The phone rang. A female voice answered.

"Mrs. Ella Donnelly's residence. Who is calling?"

"I wonder if I could speak to Mrs. Donnelly?"

"I'm sorry Ella is chairing a women's guild meeting this afternoon. She should be home in a hour or so. This is her personal secretary. Can I take a message?"

Ben Brooks hung up. A personal secretary? Chairing the women's guild? Whoever Ella Donnelly was, she mingled in high society. A trip to the local library was in order.

In the library's reading room, Ben perused through the Blackstone town area phone directory. There were plenty of Donnelly's but none with the number he was looking for. If he found the number, the address would be with it. Ben's next stop was the local newspaper's archives.

The elderly lady at the archive reception ushered him to the reading room and left. After a while she came back, wheeling a trolley loaded with copies of the Blackstone Recorder.

"There, see you sometime next year," the elderly woman laughed and departed. Ben Brooks did not know where to start so he would have to take an educated guess.

Ben scanned columns and features like women guild meetings. Ben glanced at his watch. It was near closing time; he would have to leave and come back tomorrow. Going back to the reception desk, he informed the elderly lady he would have to abandon his studies till next day.

"That's okay, sir. Just leave the papers, I'll put them aside for you," the helpful woman said.

Ben informed her that he would be doing an book on the local gentry. Sometimes it was helpful if you brought people like this woman into your confidence. No telling what help she might be to him.



Early the next morning, the woman at the reception desk said she had put the trolley with the newspapers at a desk for him. She also informed Ben about Blackstone.

“Do you know that Blackstone town is one of the most wealthy communities in this country?”

The elderly woman was not finished. “And do you know the owner of the biggest steel works in the country, Andrew Donnelly, lives there?”

Ben's ears picked up. “Does he?” Everyone had heard of Donnelly Steel Works.

The elderly woman interrupted Ben. “I should have said *did* live there.”

“Why?” Ben asked.

“Because he is dead for some years, although I think his wife is alive.”

“You wouldn't know her name by any chance?”

The woman shook her head. Still, there must be some reference to Andrew Donnelly in the obituary column of the Blackstone Recorder. Ben went back to copies of the Blackstone Recorder from 15 years ago and worked his way forward methodically. Then he hit it. Andrew Donnelly died five years ago. He had gotten a very long obituary, as one would expect for such a distinguished person.

Then there it was, near the end. “He is survived by his loving wife Ella.” There was no mention of any family. There was a picture of Andrew Donnelly, but none of Ella Donnelly. Andrew Donnelly had died in his late fifties; Ella Donnelly must be roughly that age.

This Ella Donnelly, being such a distinguished person, must have a photo somewhere in the paper.

He struck gold with an article.

Last week the Blackstone Ladies Guild elected Mrs Ella Donnelly president of the local guild.

Ella Donnelly appears to be back in circulation three years after the death of her late husband Andrew. Mrs Donnelly has plans for the guild and the good work they do. Mrs. Donnelly sits on the board of Donnelly Steel. Ella Donnelly says she will begin to take a more active part at the board meetings of Donnelly Steel, and in the local community. We watch with interest.

The picture showed a big boned woman, in a flowery summer dress in a red rose pattern, with a big white floppy hat on her head.

There was no mention of any address for this Ella Donnelly. No matter, Ben was now armed with all the information he thought he would need.

Next, Ben phoned Dr. Diana Dark and asked what hotel Paul stayed at when he went to Blackstone. La Scala, she replied.

A few days later Ben arrived at the hotel in a black business suit, very different from the jeans he usually wore. He checked in and made it known he was a salesman. He was there to see the layout of the rooms, and he made discreet inquiries about Ella Donnelly.

He found out that Ella stayed a mile or two outside of Blackstone in a country manor house, with tight security. There were security guards and video cameras everywhere and electronic gates at the entrance. If Paul Bright and this woman had any sort of liaison, he hoped it would not be there. They seemed an improbable pair to be lovers, but he had seen many bizarre couplings since starting divorce word.

The bugging of the hotel would present him with no problem, but this manor house would be a lot of trouble. Hopefully they would do nothing there. His preparation done, it was matter of waiting till Diana Dark phoned and said Paul would be going to Blackstone on business.

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The phone call came a week after Ben had done his reconnaissance. Ben booked in the day before Paul Bright. When Paul arrived the next day, Ben was in the bar, sitting at a table with a beer, watching him and keeping a eye on the reception desk. Paul Bright booked in, the bell boy took his luggage to the elevator. As Paul departed with the bell boy, Ben strolled over to the reception.

"Excuse me, Miss, was that Paul Bright that checked in?"

"Yes sir," the pretty receptionist replied

"I thought so, long time since I last saw Paul. Could you give me his room number, please?"

"Sure. I'll ring him and let him know you're here, Mr. Brooks," the receptionist said. Having a good memory for guests' names and faces was part of her job.

"Oh, don't bother about that. I'll surprise him. Fancy meeting old Paul again."

It worked. Ben Brooks was now in possession of Paul's room number: 272. Ben figured Paul would be going out soon, to whatever customers he had to see, and he was right. Going back to his own room, Ben picked out what he would need, put it in a bag, then walked down a floor along the thick pile carpets to Paul's room. A master key from the bag soon opened the door.

Ben acted quickly; unscrewing the ear piece from the telephone, he placed a bug inside. Then he hid very small video cameras in the bedroom area and the large lounge area.

Ben was happy as he left. In his own room he set up the rest of his equipment. A monitor screen received, excellent audio and video.

As Ben waited for something to happen, pictures flashed through his mind, erotic but laughable. Images of Paul Bright and Mrs Ella Donnelly in sexual congress. Imagine Paul Bright and a high society matron! Ben roared in laughter. Maybe it was that personal secretary of Ella Donnelly's, she sounded younger.

A sound through the headphones interrupted Ben's thoughts. A quick glance at the screen and Ben saw that Paul had entered the room. Lifting the phone, Paul dialed out a number. The phone at the other end immediately lifted.

"Ella darling, Paul here. The usual arrangements? The usual place?"

“Yes of course. It's been so long, hurry.” The phone hung up.

Ben Brooks had to get out of his room fast; Paul Bright was about to depart from the hotel. Ben got the elevator to the reception area in time to see Paul go out the front door. Ben made for the hotel parking lot. He saw Paul's silver colored Chrysler Crossfire depart. Ben jumped rapidly into his own car to follow. Ben Brooks cursed. The two lovers were not having their liaison in the hotel, they were probably too smart for that. If it was in Ella Donnelly's house, he was beat; there was no way he could get past that security.

Paul Bright had now gone past the town limits in the opposite direction from Ella Donnelly's manor house. This was not what Ben had expected. He followed the car for twenty miles off the beaten track, and onto country roads. In the distance, woods loomed. Paul slowed down and stopped. Ben Brooks pulled into a side road. Opening the glove compartment in his car, Ben took out a pair of binoculars and focused on Paul, who was now walking into the woods.

A woman came to meet him; they embraced each other. Ben got out of his car fast and opened the car trunk. Putting the back pack which contained his sound equipment over his shoulder, camcorder in hand, he started to run. He was afraid he would lose the couple.

Ben Brooks, a fit man, made the distance in no time, even with the weight of his backpack. As he passed Paul's car, he saw a Bentley parked a little further in, concealed by the leafy branches of the many trees and bushes around it.

Ben took the mic out his back pack and slowly turned it through a 180 degree arc. Then he hit it, speech coming from the left. He began slowly walking in that direction, watching his step so as not to make a noise, the stick mic pointing all the time in that direction. Then through the trees, a hundred yards in front of him, the loving couple was kissing and cuddling.

Ben found a bush which hid him completely and took the back pack off his shoulders. The mic was picking up their conversation clearly. The camcorder was capturing all the illicit action perfectly.

“It's been so long, Paul my darling. I counted every minute, till you came back. Make love to me as only you can.”

I've missed you, Ella. You mean so much to me. These few precious moments we spend together are everything to me, beloved.”

“These stolen seconds, what would become of us if the world found out?”

“Ruin for both of us, but let us not think of such things. Let's think about the present and our love for each other.”

The lovers fell into deep kissing again. As far as Ben Brooks was concerned, the action was good, but that was not enough for a divorce case, not with no actual sex so far. A smart lawyer could concoct a story that could get Ella Donnelly off the hook.

To Ben, Paul Bright definitely had a screw loose. Ella Donnelly was no beauty. In fact she was a fat old lady. It could be she was using Paul as a toy boy. Perhaps Paul was using her; after all, Ella Donnelly had connections in high places, connections Paul could use effectively. That was none of Ben's business, though. He was being paid to do a job.

Heavy breathing was now coming through the headphones.

“Do it now, Paul.”

That's more like it, Ben ruminated. Ben Brooks was about to witness a most amazing scene played out before his very eyes.

“Do it the way I like it, Paul,” Ella Donnelly said, rising from the grassy patch where both lovers had lay. Walking over to a tall tree, she put her arms around it, her legs wide apart, her back facing Paul. He now ascended from the ground. Walking towards Ella, he took the hem of her flowery summery rose-patterned dress and lifted it up, exposing her naked *derrière* Ella had no panties or stockings on. Paul caressed the naked backside, gently stroking it. Ben watched fascinated as her fat flesh wobbled from Paul's touch to sighs from Ella.

“Do it now, I want it Paul.”

Paul Bright unbuckled his trousers and they fell to his ankles; he had an erection. How could any man have a hard on for a woman like Ella Donnelly? But Ben concentrated on the task in hand, turning the telephoto lens to focus for a close-up shot.

Standing up, Paul now entered Ella from the back to more sighs from her

“Oh Paul, keep on doing it. You're the best,” Ella said as he took his erection out and plunged into her again.

These shots were good, but Ben knew he had to have face shots. Putting the backpack on once more, he silently crept around in a semi circle. He was now face on to the sex act. This would be crucial for any divorce case. Even though Ben was over a hundred yards away, the close-ups were clear and to the point. The two lovers had no idea they were being recorded. Ben had nothing more to do but sit and enjoy the erotic scene being played out in front of him.

Their sexual engagement lasted fifteen minutes, Paul pumping and pumping into Ella. Ben timed it. He kept a record of such minutia; sometimes a court asked questions like that. Who would have thought that old woman had it in her? She looked as though she could go for more. Paul didn't.

Ben Brooks had all the evidence he needed. He went back to the hotel and debugged Paul Bright's room, then checked out. He was sorry for Dr. Diana Dark but life's like that sometimes.

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Ben Brooks had now prepared a full dossier on the affair, complete with a full write-up on Mrs. Ella Donnelly, who and what she was. With everything in place, it was time to give Dr Diana Dark a phone call.

Dr. Dark sat in Ben Brooks office, listening to Ben.

“I'm sorry I have to do this, Dr. Dark. Prepare yourself for the worst. I'm afraid your husband *is* having an affair with another woman. I have here the proof. Do you want to see the pictures?”

Diana Dark hesitated for a minute or two, trying to make up her mind; she still could not believe this was true. She had to know.

“Yes, Mr. Brooks. Show me the video.”

Dr. Dark sat, stunned, shocked, as the erotic images emerged on the screen. When it was all over, Diana Dark sat still in her seat, not saying a word.

Ben Brooks looked at her. “Are you alright, Dr Dark?”

Then it came out her mouth in fury. “The bastard, the bastard! How could he do that to me? I loved him, I loved him.”

Diana broke into tears. It was a reaction Ben Brooks had seen many times before. This was not a time to discuss fees, court or ask what Diana Dark would now do.

“Do you want to go home now, Dr Dark?” She nodded her head and departed.

“Poor kid,” Ben thought after Diana Dark departed; she certainly didn’t deserve this. Although Ben Brooks was a hard nosed detective, he did feel compassion for Diana Dark.

### **DR. DIANA DARK'S CRUSADE BEGINS**

Dr. Diana Dark excused herself from her surgery for a few days, passing her patients on to other doctors. She had much to think about. As far as her husband was concerned, she said little to him. She told him she was not feeling well. He brought her little presents, but that did nothing to help her snap out of the mood she was in.

Every day she would look at the video; this would infuriate her. How could a man do that to a faithful wife? Diana Dark was a virgin when she married Paul, had never been unfaithful in any way to Paul. If it was sex Paul wanted, she would have done any sex act he wanted, Diana was up for anything, but only with Paul.

There were other women, good women like herself who had suffered something similar. How had they reacted? Men did not know what it was like to be a woman. Then it came to Diana in a blinding flash. What if these men *became* women? Then they would know what it was like for their wives.

Dr. Dark sat in her study, calm and collected. She had a crusade to start, for all the women like herself. It would be a crusade for all women wronged by a man. If a male was treating a wife or sweetheart right, they would have nothing to fear from Dr Dark. Those who did not should beware, however.

The first thing Diana had to do was to learn all about sex change operations. Now her dream was to set up her own gender change clinic. But that required money and lots of it. Where could she get that?

There was one place and one place only: from Ella Donnelly, at first she didn’t like the idea. She had taken Diana’s happiness away; there was going to be a messy divorce case. Mrs. Ella Donnelly was going to pay through the nose. The money was not for Diana, but for the marvelous new sex change clinic that she would build.

There were plenty of men who wanted to be women, and those operations would be done. But the men who had wronged a woman in some way would also be changed into

women. How Diana Dark would get them into that clinic, she did not know at first, but by hook or crook, women they would become!

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Ten days passed and Diana once more sat in Ben Brooks office. "I'm sorry Mr. Brooks, the last time we met, I was in such an emotional state, I left without paying you. How much do I owe you?" Diana pulled a checkbook out of her handbag.

"Oh that's alright, Dr. Dark. I knew I was safe with you." He then named his fee.

Ben studied Diana intently, this was not the same Dana Dark who came to him originally. That Diana Dark was frightened woman that her fears were founded. This Diana Dark was a strong-willed, determined woman, who would stop at nothing to get her way. This frightened Ben. He had seem that look before. A woman scorned can be merciless, vicious even.

"Mr. Brooks, I have decided to initiate divorce proceedings against my husband. Could you advise me of a good lawyer. I suspect you know one."

Ben knew plenty who handled this type of case.

"Yes of course, Dr. Dark, but it will take a lot of money. You can Ella Donnelly to put up a fight. With her money, she probably can hire better lawyers than you."

"I don't care. I'll fight to the end. I'll drag this Ella Donnelly and my husband through the mud if need be."

"Yes, I understand. The video should be an asset. I'll put you in touch with a lawyer who has had good results."

"One other thing, Mr. Brooks. I'm sure you can advise me on security guards."

"Of course, Dr. Dark, but why would you want them?"

"Because I'm throwing my husband out of the house, the bastard."

"I see. Does he know?"

"Not yet but he soon will. After that, I'll change all the locks on the doors."

Ben Brooks said no more as Diana departed. It was none of his business what his clients did after he supplied the information.

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Everything was now set up for Diana to drop the bombshell. She had prepared a good meal that night, Paul's favorite foods. After dinner, she asked him if he had enjoyed the meal. He answered yes.

"Good, Paul, for its the last one you will receive in this house."

"What do you mean, Diana?"