



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# More Dark Destiny

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# MORE DARK DESTINY

**BY BLIND RUTH**

Dr. Diana Dark and Nurse Mary Delaney returned from their honeymoon in Canada, where they were legally married. The extension to their clinic was finally completed and operations were scheduled two or three times a day. Their illegal operations were done in the new extension. The legal gender reassignment ops were performed in the clinic itself.

Diana and Mary now lived in the cottage that was Mary's. Today was one of the few times in months that both women had a day off. Diana said they needed a rest, and that suited Mary.

It was a brilliant bright summer afternoon. Mary had her bikini on, lying out in her back yard; she stretched on a large blanket face down. Mary was enjoying lapping up the sun.

Diana watched Mary through the large bay windows in the lounge. Diana wore a light yellow summery pant suit with flared bottoms and a pair of matching yellow sandals. Mary looked beautiful although Diana could only see her body from the back through the window.

Diana went to their bedroom, opened the top drawer of their dresser, took out a bottle of suntan lotion and made for the back garden where Mary lay. Diana, kneeling down beside Mary, undid the bow at the back of Mary's bikini top. She poured some suntan lotion on to Mary's back and started to rub it in.

Mary, who had been dozing, became aware of someone rubbing her back. "Is that you Diana?"

"And who do you think it is? I'm the only one who can touch your beautiful body," Diana said in a suspicious tone of voice. "No one else has touched your body, right? I won't allow it, Mary."

Mary, with her eyes shut, said, "You in one of your jealous moods, Diana? You're *so* possessive. You think I'm going to run away with every woman I meet."

"It's just that you are the jewel of my heart, Mary. You're mine and I want no one near you."

Mary now rolled on to her back, eyes still shut. "There's a darling. Put lotion on my front, dear."

Diana lost no time rubbing lotion into Mary's flat stomach and working her hands upward to cup Mary's breasts. A pleasant sigh now released from Mary's lips, her eyes still closed. Diana's lips descended on the erect nipple of Mary's right breast. She flicked it with her tongue, then, placing her mouth on it more firmly, she sucked. Mary was breathing deeply all the time. When Diana had her fill of the right nipple, she transferred to the left one and repeated the same procedure. Mary kept her eyes shut, and put her hands round Diana's neck.

"You had your fill, sweetheart, don't over do yourself. Remember, we still have tonight, and I want my share of you."

The two women lay on the blanket kissing each other.

"Tell you something that will make you jealous, Diana. You know that new nurse, Cindy Brown? She has a crush on me."

"How do you know, Mary?"

"I've watched her. If I said 'drop your panties,' I really think she would, right there and then."

"It's probably because you look so stern and demanding in that Nurse uniform. Anybody would jump to it when you bark out orders. No, Cindy Brown does not make me jealous, because I know she is not your type.

"I think a game of chess would be in order before our lovemaking tonight, don't you, Mary?"

The game of chess was never finished, these games never were. Both Diana and Mary were skillful players; the games always ended in a stalemate. Mary and Diana could read each other; that was why they got on so well with each other.

Eventually both women retired to bed, for a night of womanly love.

The following day being Monday, they were back to work, but not till after two o'clock. Two illegal operations were scheduled, one starting at 6:30 PM and the other in the dead of night.

As two naked bodies stretched out in bed, Mary said, "Dr. Edna Potter is suspicious of what is going on in the new extension. Good thing I always keep the place locked."

"Is she really? I guess it's good that Edna deals with the legal ops, so that we can devote all our time on the illegal operations. What has she been up to, darling?"

"She keeps asking to see records of what is happening there. She doesn't see any men going in, only women coming out."

"I'll have a word with her. If she wants to stay in the clinic, she'll have to learn to be less nosy."

"Diana, I'm afraid that she could somehow get her hands on the BOOK OF DARK DESTINY. Should that ever happen, then all hell would break loose."

"You're right. In the future, we must take extra precaution. From now on, both of us will go down into the vault; one to write in the book and the other to keep watch."

"Diana, I would hate it all to come to an end. I don't have to tell you all the good that has come out of it. Remember my husband, Barney the drug dealer, and how we made him into Louise and she became such a good mother to three children."

"Yes and there was that Freddy who we turned into Freda, a devoted daughter to her mother, after the sex change. No, Mary, we must not let anything get in the way of our work. We fight for the women of this world and right the wrongs that they have been done to them by men."

With that zealous speech, we will once again open that large black leather-bound volume called the BOOK OF DARK DESTINY.

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## **FILE NO. 41: REVERSED ROLE**

This file was certainly was not the usual sex change of man to woman. Let me explain how it all started.

By now my daughter Reganne (who was once my son) usually came back home at quarter terms from university. She had her own room in the live-in flat at the clinic. The first time she came back, I introduced her to Mary. Reganne only knew Mary as Head Nurse Delaney. But Reganne, being a very intelligent young woman, could see there was more than a doctor-nurse relationship between the two of us.

Reganne had been to Mary's country cottage a few times but had never stayed overnight. I felt it was time I told Reganne the truth about Mary and myself.

Mary had gone for a walk in the beautiful woods because she knew I was going to tell Reganne all about our relationship. I was nervous, how would she take the news that I was sleeping with another woman? Would she call me a pervert? As we sat in Mary's living room, I approached the subject.

"Reganne, I've something important to tell you."

Reganne who was reading a woman's magazine, looked up. "Yes mother, what is it?"

"Well, it's just..." I stopped for a second, maybe I was embarrassed.

"Reganne, you will have to know sometime. I'm sleeping with Mary Delaney and I'm not ashamed of it."

Reganne looked at me for a minute, then spoke. "I'm so happy for you, mother. I suspected something was going on between you two. Mary's a nice woman. It was you who made me happy and changed my sex, so why should you not find happiness as well?"

“Oh, thank you, Reganne! I did not know how you would take this news.” I put my arms round her and we hugged each other, then kissed each other on the cheek.

“I shall call Mary, Aunt Mary from now on. Is that okay with you and Aunt Mary?”

“I’m sure it will be okay with Mary. Oh, tonight we are both staying here. The spare room has been made up for you. I will be sleeping with Mary now that we have nothing to hide.”

Mary liked the idea of being called Aunt, and the relationship between her and my daughter went well. Reganne would share a confidence with her Aunt Mary, about intimate matters more often than she would me, as I was to find out later.

It was at the end of one of Reganne’s terms when she phoned me. “Mother, can I bring a friend home to stay for a few weeks?”

“Of course you can, dear. Who is it?”

“Amanda Brennan from the university.”

“I’ll make the spare room up for your girlfriend Amanda. I’m looking forward to meeting her.”

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A week later, Reganne arrived at the clinic about four in the afternoon in a old second-hand car I had bought her. I never noticed her arriving, being too busy in my office.

Reganne knocked at the door. I, of course, said to come in, thinking it was a member of the staff. When I saw it was my daughter, we hugged and kissed each other. “Where is your girlfriend Amanda?”

“Oh, I took her to the spare room in the flat, Mother. She is unpacking her case; you will see her at dinner tonight. Is that okay, Mother?”

“Sure, sweetheart. I have invited your Aunt Mary to dinner to meet your girlfriend.”

“Oh, good. It will be so nice to see Aunt Mary again.”

Nothing more was said as I had work to do, and Reganne had her case to unpack.

Although dinner was a informal affair, Mary arrived dressed in a black satin evening dress.

“You’re looking lovely tonight, Mary. Why the evening wear?”

“Isn’t my favorite niece coming to dinner? Her Aunt Mary must put her best frock on for her.”

“But of course,” I laughed. If I laughed at Mary, I was astonished to see my daughter dressed in a lemon evening gown. I was out of place amongst these beauty queens. But I was even more astounded to see my daughter on the arm of what I took to be a young man.

“Mother, this is Amanda Brennan. She is studying engineering at university.” She shook hands with both me and Mary.

I studied this woman; she was tall and slim, flat-chested, with close cropped fair hair. She wore trousers, not a pant suit like a woman might, but rough black trousers, a white shirt, and black flat men’s shoes. If this was a woman, the only conclusion I could come to was that she was a butch lesbian. My daughter must be inclined that way, I assumed. This was no business of mine. So long as my daughter was happy, then I was happy. After all, I slept with Mary. Who was I to act like a judge?

There was no doubt as the night went on, and we ate our dinner, that Reganne and Amanda were close to each other. They were holding hands.

I made pleasant conversation with Amanda. She told me after she passed her examinations, she would be going abroad to seek work. Amanda told me she got on very well with my daughter and liked her very much. I did not know quite what to say. I could see that Reganne hung on every word that Amanda said. My daughter was in love with this woman, who was about the same age as her.

Reganne said she and Amanda would be doing some site seeing together in the next week or two.

“Good, then you can borrow my car, it's better than your heap of junk,” I laughed. “Besides I don’t need it just now, I have too much work to do in the clinic,” I said, giving Mary a glance.

“I was going to ask you and Aunt Mary to accompany us but I see you're both tied up with your work.”

During the time Reganne stayed with us, she did spend some time with Mary shopping. One night I was again up to my eyeballs in the business of the clinic. Mary invited Reganne and Amanda to her cottage for dinner. Being so busy, I declined.

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After Reganne and Amanda left to go back to university, one night I was lying in bed with Mary. She said to me, “Well, what do you make of your daughter and Amanda, darling?”

“Its not really about what I think, Mary. The only thing that matters is if she is happy. If she is happy with that butch lesbian, then so I am I.”

“That’s just it, Diana. Your daughter is not a lesbian, and Amanda is certainly not butch.”

“What do you mean?”

“Reganne told me the whole story. When they met at university, Amanda dressed like the other girls. As they got to know each other better, Amanda told Reganne about her childhood. She was a bit of a tomboy then, dressing in trousers and shirts, running around with the boys.

“Then her mother said she was to stop that and dress more like a girl. Her mother bought her the prettiest of dresses, in satin with lace, bows, and ribbons, that sort of thing. Amanda did not feel like a girl, even though she did look pretty in the frocks her mother bought. Amanda wanted to be a man and do a man’s job in life. That’s why she took up engineering.

“Your daughter said to Amanda, ‘Why not dress as a man? I’ll support you.’ So Amanda dressed as a man, went to her lectures as a man, no one said anything. At that time, there was nothing going on between Reganne and Amanda.

“Then Reganne and Amanda fell in love. But it was love with a difference. Reganne was a woman, and Amanda was a man, even if he was really a woman.

“Reganne told Amanda that she had been a man. Their lovemaking never entered the physical, they did not touch each other’s body. They would hold hands and give each other a kiss on the cheek, nothing else.

“Amanda longed to be a man for the sake of Reganne. He/she wanted to make love to your daughter as a man in every way. Until that happened, physical love between them would be denied.

“Before they came to visit you, they decided to ask you if anything could be done for Amanda. Reganne felt shy about asking you, but she felt she could be more open with her Aunt. I felt like a mother confessor as she poured everything out to me. So what are you going to do, Diana?”

“Do? What do you mean, do?”

“Come on, Diana, do I have to spell it out to you? Will you change Amanda into a man, for your daughter, and Amanda?”

“For my daughter’s contentment, I would do anything. Only one thing, though. I’ve never done a female to male operation before.”

“Diana, I would trust you to do a good job. Together we can do it. Brush up on the procedure; the op is not going to be done tomorrow. It’ll probably be a few years down the line.”

“Okay Mary, you convinced me. We’ll make arrangements to see Amanda.”

Mary gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “I know together we’ll do a good job on Amanda.”

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A few weeks later when I found time, I called on a Saturday morning to Reganne’s flat at the university. I had driven all night to meet my daughter. On knocking at the door, I was met by Reganne in a pretty pink dressing gown.

“Mother, this is a big surprise. What brings you here? Not bad news, I hope?”

“Can’t your mother visit you when she wants? I’m starving after an all-night drive. Got anything to eat?”



“Of course, Mother, come in. Andy and I are just about to have breakfast. I’m more than delighted to see you.”

Reganne sat me at the breakfast table while she cooked breakfast. Soon a plate of fried eggs, sunny side up, appeared along with bacon, beans and hash browns. Reganne called out, “Breakfast is up, Andy. Come and get it.”

Out of Reganne’s room emerged Amanda in a male dressing gown and pajamas. As before, Amanda looked more like a man than a woman.

Reganne said right away, “Mother, although Andy came from my room, you must not think the worst. You see we both sleep in single beds and there is no funny business between the two of us.”

“Reganne what you do between yourselves is none of my affair, as long as you are happy.”

“I knew you would understand, Mother.”

“The reason I am here is your Aunt Mary has told me the whole story about yourself and Amanda. Your aunt tells me you both were shy about approaching a delicate subject, and I am sympathetic to that. But you should know, Reganne, that I love you, I would do anything for you. Didn’t I make you a woman?”

“Yes, Mother, but asking these questions is embarrassing. Oh, by the way, please call Amanda, Andy. It is more fitting for the way she dresses.”

Turning to Andy, I said, “I hear via Reganne’s Aunt Mary that you wish to be a man. Is this correct?”

“Yes, Dr. Dark, that is correct. I want you to know that I love Reganne. I respect her and nothing improper has happened between the two of us.”

“Yes, Mother. Andy is a proper gentleman, and treats me like a lady. Mother, I would dearly like to give my body to Andy, if only he was a complete man.”

“I see, Reganne. I will do everything I can to help both of you. Andy, before I go any further, you must be certain that you truly want to change your sex. There is no turning back once the process has started, do you understand?”

“Yes, Dr. Dark, I do understand. But I love Reganne. I want to marry your daughter as a man.”

“Andy, if you are to become family, you must stop calling me doctor. Just call me Diana from now on. There is nothing we can do here, so I will make an appointment to see you in a medical setting. There are tests and a whole host of other things we’ll have to arrange.”

“Diana, feel free to make whatever arrangements are necessary.”

After that, I spent a delightful weekend with my daughter and Andy, seeing all the sights around the university. I treated the young couple to a nice dinner in one of the top restaurants in the town.”

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Some weeks later, I conducted a medical examination on Andy. The first thing I noticed after she/he stripped was that she had well-developed breasts. These had been kept flat with binding around the chest area. These would be a problem, as I explained to Andy. Further down the road to becoming male, the breasts would have to be removed. A mastectomy would have to be done for that; there would eventually be a hysterectomy as well to remove the womb. Before all that, Andy would be put on testosterone, the male hormone. Within a few months, that would deepen his voice, and he would start to grow facial hair. Andy laughed and said that he always wanted a mustache anyway. All this would take a few years, Andy said that was okay as he had to study for his engineering degree before he could have the operation to change him to male. When all that was accomplished Reganne and he would marry. That was what they both wanted, to live together as husband and wife.

As Reganne's mother, I wanted the best for my daughter and her future. This operation would be my wedding gift to my daughter. Not the only gift, but the biggest one.

Everything happened as I predicted. Andy voice became male-sounding. Facial hair appeared, and Reganne said she got a kick out of being tickled by Andy's mustache

Both he and Reganne got their degrees, Reganne as a doctor, and Andy as an engineer. Andy wanted to go abroad with an engineering company to Africa. The company had a contract to build a dam there. Reganne wanted to set up her practice there, so the natural decision would be to marry here, then go to live in Africa.

Before their wedding, I personally performed the operations on Andy to remove his breasts and womb, which I removed with so-called "keyhole" surgery. For six weeks after that, Andy had to rest. Andy had sacrificed so much to be a man, I must give my best for his sake. Finally came the operation to change Andy fully to a man. I reconstructed Andy's chest area to a male contour shape. I reattached his nipples after the operation.

I paid for a lavish wedding; after all, Reganne was my only daughter. She asked her Aunt Mary to be her Maid of Honor, about which Mary was absolutely thrilled. Andy had as his best man Steve, another female-to-male transsexual he met at the Buddies Club, an FtM organization. I was so happy that day, not only for Reganne but Andy as well. I had studied the latest techniques in female-to-male operations, and I think Reganne was in for some surprises on her wedding night, a secret shared between Andy and myself.

After the ceremony at church, the wedding party made to a five-star hotel for the reception and meal. I had booked an eight-piece band; when the music started, Andy and Reganne led the dance off, followed by Steve and Mary. Andy, in his tux, took me for the next dance, then Mary. Steve asked me for a dance and I was quite pleased about that.

Reganne and Andy disappeared to change into their going-away outfits. They were going straight to the airport to fly to Canada to spend their honeymoon in a hotel at Niagara Falls, just as as Mary and I had when we got married in Canada.

Reganne and Andy appeared in their going-away outfits. I had never seen Reganne so radiant, as she stood in a black knitted-wool sweater dress, outsize polo neck collar, full-length sleeves with ribbed cuffs, and a straight knee-length skirt. She also had on a char-

coal grey wool flannel wrap, bias-cut, with a single arm hole, worn draped over the shoulder. On her feet were black leather shoes, with almond-shaped toes and high heels. Reganne carried a wine red shoulder bag, with a scalloped flap embroidered in gold thread. This was a present from her Aunt Mary, and it cost a pretty penny, I can say. Andy wore a charcoal grey business suit.

I hugged Reganne with tears in my eyes and whispered, "You're beautiful, sweetheart and I wish you and Andy all the best in your marriage."

"Mother, it's all thanks to you for making me the woman I wished to be and for making Andy the only man I wanted to marry." I think both of us were overcome with emotion as we kissed each other on the cheek.

Soon the happy couple were away in the taxi to the sound of tin cans tied on the back. Steve the devil had tied them on, to the amusement of the standing crowd.

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Reganne was quite open about her honeymoon with me, years later. She told me the intimate details of her first night.

Having arrived at the five-star luxury hotel, the couple was shown to their room.

"It would be fair to say we both were a little nervous. Andy said to me, 'Reganne honey, let's go to bed. I want you so bad.'

I undressed in the bathroom. Funny being shy to undress in front of my husband, huh? I slipped a beautiful black lacy see-through negligee over my head and smoothed it down. This negligee left nothing to the imagination. I picked it myself to arouse Andy, if he needed arousing on this night of all nights. One thing about this negligee was that it gave easy access to my vagina by putting a hand into the overlapping slit down the middle. That was exactly what Andy did as I emerged from the bathroom.

"His hand parted the slit and went straight to my pussy, I widened my legs as I stood there. The feeling I was receiving was sensational, to say the least. Andy worked me up to a high pitch with fingers in my pussy. It got so intense as Andy pulled me close to him that I put one hand round him as with the other, I pulled the bow at his waist in his pajamas which fell to his ankles.

"I now first caught sight of his new penis. I have to admit I was disappointed, but knew I must not show that in my face. His penis was limp, flaccid, and drooping down. Whatever happened, I must never mention that. I loved Andy and if it was to be platonic love, so be it.

"Andy lifted me on to the bed and soon divested me of my negligee. I kissed him and put all my feeling into it; I felt sorry for my husband. I knew Andy had put so much into becoming a man, and sacrificed his body for this. I was not to make him feel it had all been in vain.

"Andy by this time was as naked as I was. Andy was on his back and I was on top of him. Andy spoke, 'Reganne, take my penis with your hand.' To keep him happy I did, and

held the limp member in my hand, to no response. 'No Reganne, touch the base. Put your hand on the base.' I did so. Nothing. 'NO, NO, press with a finger.'

"This I did and received for my efforts a wonderful surprise which rendered me speechless. For there in all its glory was his purple heeded penis, hard and erect, I could feel it throbbing in my hand.

'Let's get on with it.'

"I, being on top of him, lowered my body onto his member. I cannot describe the feeling as it entered my pussy. I closed my eyes and let Andy do what he wanted to me. Then Andy said, 'Press the base again, beloved.' Stupidly I asked why. 'You'll see, darling.' I obeyed

"My eyes were shut at the time, but I pressed the base once more. Astounded was not the right word for how I felt. His penis grew longer and harder. I cried, tears of joy fell down my cheeks, not for myself. Andy was a man, a complete man.

"Here was a woman (me) who once was a man, making love to a man (Andy) who once was a woman. Despite our origins, I was being fulfilled as only a woman can by her husband. If I had made Andy a man, he certainly had made me a woman. This was a love very few woman could ever achieve; I am so lucky to have found it. After that night, our love for each other grew and grew. Our love derives in part from the deep spiritual union of our new sexual characteristics.

"As Andy said, I will never be let down as his penis would always be erect for me. Even though his was the very first female-to-male operation you ever performed, Mother, you obviously studied well before you undertook it. Andy is as good as any natural man in bed, but I have you to thank for that, Mother Dear."

Tears welling up in her eyes, Diana responded. "Reganne, I can't begin to tell you how pleased I am that my work came out so well. It was my fondest hope that Andy would be a complete man after I was done operating on him. Even after years of study, any doctor will tell you that he can never guarantee the outcome of a surgical procedure, especially one as demanding as a sex change.

"I did the very best I could for you, my darling daughter. I'm just glad that the two of you are happy. I hope you continue to be as happy as you are today. Consider your husband's sexual stamina to be my gift to your marriage."

Both mother and daughter got a good laugh at that last comment. Had any mother anywhere ever been as directly responsible for her daughter's sexual enjoyment? Unlikely.

## **FILE NO 87: DOMINATED DARLING**

"See this clipping, Diana? Alice was one of my best girlfriends when we were in Junior High. I lost touch with her after we went on our separate ways. Alice and I got on well, and we swore we would do anything for each other. It seems now is a good time to do her a favor."

"Let me see, Mary." Mary handed me the cutting

It seemed Alice, or Mrs. Alice Little as the paper named her, had been to the divorce court. Her husband had beaten her up. Of that there was no doubt as there was a photo of her coming out of court, with a swollen face, with black and blue marks on it, and two black eyes. She had successfully won her divorce.

"He's a wife-beater, Mary, one of the worst you could find. But what do you suggest we do?"

"I don't know, Diana, but I believe I should give her a visit, even if it is just to console her. What do you think?"

"Yes, yes of course. You should go on your own, you know her better. We can take it from there."

"Right I'll go, but as you can see from the clipping, she now stays at the other end of the country. I'll need a few days off."

"No problem, I'll rearrange the schedule. You take as long as you like, Mary. Your girlfriend needs you, at this time."

So Mary went to visit her old girlfriend. When she came back this was what she related to me.

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"I phoned Alice saying I was on vacation in her area, and had read all about her divorce. I couldn't help it as it was in the papers. Would she mind if I called in on her? From the sound of her voice, she was grateful for anyone to talk to.

"When I called on Alice, there was no doubt she had married well. She lived in a very exclusive country house, complete with a large lawn with sprinklers going. I knocked at the door, a maid opened the door and directed me through the house to the back. At a table covered with a large sun shade sat Alice. She beckoned me to sit at a chair beside her. I did so. Alice was beautiful, always had been. Even her swollen face looked pretty. She took her sun glasses off; then I saw her two black eyes. Then Alice spoke.

"Long time since we last met, Mary. My but you look great, radiant. You're not pregnant, are you?"

"No Alice, I'm not, but forget about me. It's you I've come to see. If I can be of any help in your hour of need, just tell me.

"Alice gave me a look. 'I always said Mary was my best girlfriend. If anyone would come to my aid, it would be old Mary.'

"Hey, back off that 'old' stuff, Alice, I've still got all my teeth. We both burst out in giggles.

"But seriously, Alice, how are you?"

"Alice started to cry, I did the only thing a girlfriend would do. I put my hands around her and gave her a cuddle.