



Reluctant Press presents:

BOSS LADY

Blind Ruth



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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BOSS LADY

BY BLIND RUTH

INTRODUCTION

Dear reader, before we embark on our tale, one must realise that Fitz-Herbert Hall, the home of the Fitz-Herbert family, is very old and is where most of this tale is situated. It has existed since the Fitz-Herbert family came to England with William the Conquer in 1066. Of course back then it was not the magnificent manor it is today; it has evolved over the centuries. Within its walls it contains many strange secrets but none stranger than that of the one described by the present occupants of Fitz-Herbert Hall. Listen to a woman who became a dominatrix, and who found satisfaction by pleasuring herself. You will also hear about a woman who once was a man, led into a life of servitude by her mistress. We will tell of two women who were lesbians since their school days and find the real true meaning of lesbianism as mature women. There are many strange stories to be told within the hallowed walls of Fitz-Herbert Hall. Please read on.

THE PRESENT; THE DAUGHTER'S NARRATIVE

Hello readers. I have just awaked from my beauty sleep. For the next hour or so, you will be following me around my home. First, let me introduce myself. I am Leticia Johnston, a married woman in my twenties.

I am told I am beautiful, but how is beauty defined? I am five feet seven with black hair. If I do say so myself, I have a shapely body with ample breasts. My face is rounded with blue eyes and a petite nose. I have small lips and soft skin. Mummy says I am just delicious.

I am wearing my baby doll blue satin nightie. I like feminine clothes. Enough small talk. I must prepare myself for the task in hand this morning. I am now slipping out of the sturdy four-poster bed; it is rare and worth a lot of money. Legend has it that Nell Gwyn, mistress of King Charles II, once slept in it with the king. I shouldn't wonder.

I am now slipping my feet into my pink fluffy open-toed mules and I put on my white silk dressing gown. I am now going to shower. I am afraid you cannot come into the bathroom; a girl must have some privacy. Don't go away; there is much to do this day.

That was a nice, refreshing and invigorating shower. As you can see, I have wrapped the large pink fluffy towel around myself. I look at my boots. Come with me. Here we are at my large walk-in wardrobe. I am going to take the black Basque and the sweet little waist clincher corset and the nice black leather skirt. That is all I really need from here. The other items can be found in my dressing table drawers.

As you can see, I am now placing the Basque over the chair in front of my dressing table. I open a drawer and remove a pair of black fishnet tights. The drawer below that contains my knickers and panties. There is a small black satin pair of panties that I particularly like; that is my choice for today. The boots again attract my eyes. Not now, not now but...

I had my hair done yesterday. Do you like the nice fluffy style? I admire myself in the mirror. It is a woman's privilege to admire herself. Let's not dawdle, Leticia. You have her to attend to. In time you, my readers, will find out all about her. I glance at the boots again.

I have started my makeup. First comes the soft soothing lotion on my face. My face is now ready to receive the powder which I am now applying. Some pinkish blusher; shape both eyebrows with the brown pencil, now a light blue eyeshadow, that's it. Do you like my make up so far? The black mascara wand on my lashes sweeps them up into that long vamp look. I take the lip brush in one hand, open the lipstick holder and twist; the red, red lipstick rises to meet the brush. I pass the brush over the lipstick, then lightly apply the lipstick to my lips. Having finished that task, I use a lip gloss which makes my lips so nice and shiny. Did you know the first women to use lipstick were prostitutes to attract men in the dark and lead them to their brothel, a sort of advertisement for business. Not a lot of people know that.

I am now ready to dress. Oops, I have exposed my breasts by mistake, not that I am afraid to expose them. They are beautiful as you can see, firm and round with the red tips of my nipples protruding out like organ stops. I am afraid that may not be all of my body you may see; I will have to remove this large pink fluffy towel to dress.

I now put the little waist clincher corset around myself and pull the laces at the back as tight as I can. Even so, it is not as tight as Mummy did the first time I wore it when she whispered into my ear, "You're on your way to becoming a dominatrix, darling".

"But mummy, I don't feel like a dominatrix."

"Don't worry about that, dear. I know you will be one. What has happened to you will make you determined to be one."

Having pulled the laces in, see how narrow my waist is and how prominently my backside protrudes. My breasts are thrust out in front of me, which Mummy says is the hallmark of a dominatrix.

I now slip the black satin panties up my legs and cover the vital parts up between my thighs. I hold the black fish net pantyhose up. Nice, isn't it? I sometimes wonder why I put them on since no one can see them after I put the boots on top of them. Still they do feel so nice against my skin and I like that. Now that that is done, the black Basque is about to go on. It is tight and it barely covers my tits. The black leather skirt is slipped up around my waist. Every dominatrix has one, Mummy said. I open my jewel box and take out the diamond choker, fit it around my neck and fix the clasp. If follow that with matching dangling earrings, I just love them. Next comes the gold bangle, then put the gold ring on my finger. It is not a wedding ring. No I will not make that mistake ever again. Look at my red polished fingernails! Everything is almost ready.

Now is the time to put on the boots. Look at them, highly polished black patent leather ladies thigh-length boots with six-inch spike metal heels. She knows all about them. She polishes these boots every day till you can see your face in them. She fears when I walk in them, which I do every day. They were a present from Mummy and a very expensive one too.

"Walk proudly in them. These make you the dominatrix that is your fate and destiny, my darling. Remember her, remember her well. That memory will only spur you on."

"Yes mummy, you are right," I replied.

I am now sitting on the high-backed comfortable chair. Taking the right leather boot, I push my lovely fishnet stockinged foot within. I can feel it coming along. Now the right foot enters its heavenly prison. There we are. I stand up and as I do so, the power, the energy surges through my body. Yes, yes I am a domina-



trix and all my power will be used on her. Mummy was right.

I stand proudly and erect before the looking glass in my darling boots. The high heels make me supreme and I will tower above her. See that flattened tummy; see that prominent derriere which shows my authority over her; see my breasts firmly protruding in front of me. They are a lovely and beautiful sight which I know she fears to see. I am an enchantress, possibly even a goddess in her eyes. That is why she is so timid in my presence and she obeys my every command.

Time to take that walk along the corridors of this old, ancient and stately house, to the room she sleeps in. I don't think I need the silver handle leather riding crop, another gift from Mummy, this morning. She said I should stand with authority before her, put the crop in one hand and slowly tap it on the other hand. "She will have fear, darling. I know."

I am stepping out of my room into the long corridor that will eventually take me to her room. I stand upright and erect as I tread over the carpet towards that goal. See how I stride, my figure firm and upright. I walk with authority. I have to. She must realise that I am her Mistress. Look at the carpets on the highly polished wooden floor. These are not ordinary carpets, they are part of the family heritage through the centuries. The walls are covered with tapestries depicting wars in which my ancestors fought. Then there are the paintings of my ancestors, pretty ladies on the arms of their husbands and wearing the fashion of the day. Soon my portrait will hang beside Mummy's. I have already had one sitting with the painter.

We are now passing Mummy's boudoir. No time to disturb mummy this morning. We have other things to do, have we not? She must be attended to first.

Here we are at her room. It is locked. I enter the key and turn it. There she is, fast asleep on her beautiful bed, tired from the tasks I had her perform yesterday.

Isn't she beautiful? See her glossy black hair spread over the pillows as she tosses and turns in her sleep? Let her sleep. I will sit on the Queen Anne chair beside her vanity, cross my legs and wait.

She stirs, yawns, opens her eyes, looks round the room, then sees me. No words are spoken, but she knows why I am here. I know she has seen the thigh-length black leather boots. If alarm is within her heart, rejoicing is within mine.

She is now slipping her long slender feet out from the satin sheets of the bed. She wears a long flowing rose patterned silk nightdress. She slips her feet into pretty red slippers and is now ready to go to shower. I watch as her feet glide over the carpeted floor and she enters the bathroom.

I wait again; presently she emerges from the bathroom in her blue rayon panties. Her breasts softly move with the motion of her frame, they are nice and plump. I have felt them many times in her training.

She goes to her wardrobe and removes a frock, a black one, places it on the bed and sits before the vanity to begin making her face up. She painstakingly takes care with this task; she knows the consequence should I find fault with it. Having done that to her satisfaction, she opens a drawer in the vanity, takes a white brassiere out and puts her arms into the shoulder straps. Now easing her plump breasts into the cups, she leans forward and puts

her hands behind her back to attach them. Now she adjusts the shoulder straps of the bra to her comfort. Mummy said her breasts were lovely and I agree.

Opening her jewel box, she removes the double row pearl necklace, clips it round her neck and places the matching stud earrings in her pierced ears. A pair of black lacy top hold-up stockings is already on the table waiting to be placed on her legs. She takes one, scrunches it up as I have taught her, delicately puts a toe into it, then works it up her leg till the tight band of the stocking grips the top of her leg. This process is repeated with the other leg. She looks at me for approval. I give her none. Her face is a little glum from my response

however this does not stop her from resuming her dressing. The black frock is slipped over her head, smoothed and straightened down her curvy body. Now removing the black shiny high heeled shoes from under the vanity, she eases her feet in them. She stands up. She has mastered her balance well in these difficult shoes. But I will never let her know that I appreciate this.

“Mistress?”

“Assume the position,” I reply.

She looks at my hands and does not see any riding crop. She takes her ivory handle, silver backed hair brush off the vanity and hands it to me, handle forward. Then she stands before me and wiggles her blue rayon panties down her legs. What a magnificent sight! She hands them to me and I place them on the Queen Anne chair for now.

She has now bent and touched her toes. Her body is very supple. She can hear me tapping the hair brush in my hand. I let her wait, adding to her fear. I slowly rise and gently lift her frock till it falls down her back, exposing the bare cheeks of her buttocks. She is very pretty. I look at her shapely legs, beautiful rounded posterior, and curved nipped-in waist. I lift the silver back hairbrush and bring it down smartly on her bottom. Thwack, thwack, thwack. I never count the strokes; I just watch that bottom get a rosy red glow. I think her buttocks look so much better now that they have that glow. She should be thankful to me for the spanking.

I now feel that secretions have dampened the gusset of my own panties. That will be dealt with shortly.

She must remain in the pose she is now in till I tell her otherwise. Do you see how she stands there with her legs slightly apart? Do you see what hangs between them? Your eyes do not deceive you. It is a penis, not much of one I admit. Soon, after consultation with Mummy, it will be arranged to be removed forever. Oh happy day!

And who is this pretty little shemale? It is none other than my husband! How he/she came to be a shemale is a long story which we will soon reveal. For now she will receive my instructions for the day.

“You may adjust your clothing, Esmerelda and pay homage to me, your dominatrix, your mistress and your boss lady.”

I put the black patent leather thigh-length right boot one pace in front of me. Esmerelda is kneeling and knows what to do. She takes the boot and kisses it. She repeats the same

with the other foot and says, "Thank you, Boss Lady Leticia for my chastisement of my sins. I will never commit them again."

"You may now raise, Esmerelda."

As she does, I hold her chin tightly in my hand, look in her eyes and whisper, "See that you never do."

Now completely changing my mood, I smile at her. "Today Emerald, I want you to buff, paint and polish your finger nails in the colours I shall supply. Now go to the drawing room and wait for me and your instruction. You may replace your panties." I hand her the blue rayon panties from the Queen Anne chair and take great delight watching her wriggle her big bottom into the panties. That bottom seems to get larger every time I look at it, which shows that the hormones are doing their work.

"Yes mistress."

Now that Esmerelda has gone, it is time to deal with the excitement I felt earlier between my legs. As you can see, I am sitting comfortably in the Queen Anne chair.

I open my legs wide. My blood-inflamed clitoris stiffens, awaiting my touch. I give it the attentions it craves. My fingers lightly touch its protruding head and gently massage it. The slow build-up I know so well is beginning. Masturbation has served me better than he ever could. I feel the wetness on my finger as I manipulate the projecting obelisk of my womanly gender. The slow build-up goes on and on. I love the pleasure it gives,

"Oh, you beautiful little thing I love so much, you give me so much gratification and only ask that I return the same to you. That is an easy request to grant, you deserve it."

My fingers are going at a faster pace over my clitoris now.

"I'm coming, coming."

I am in pure ecstasy. I am sorry, reader, I shall have to leave you to go to my room lie down and recover from the sexual energy I have released.

THE PAST; THE DAUGHTER'S NARRATIVE

It is a few days since the scene you witnessed. To keep you updated, after my rest that day I went to inspect the work assigned to Esmerelda. She was polishing and painting her nails but did not complete the task to my satisfaction. As a result, she once again had to receive punishment. Mummy had the task in which she took great delight. She lifted Esmerelda's skirt and placed it over her back while Esmerelda bent over, touching her toes and exposing her white satin panties. Then Mummy sat down on the chesterfield beside her woman companion (about whom you will hear more later.)

"Carry on, dear," Mummy said. Which I promptly did with the silver handle riding crop. We won't go into details here. Mummy and her woman companion watched with interest and congratulated me when I finished.

I told Mummy I had a migraine coming on and I needed hand relief between my legs.

“Oh have you, darling? I expect it is from all the energy you have been using on Esmerelda. Go to your room and have a lie down. I am sure you will have a delightful rest, dear.”

“Yes Mummy, I expect I will.”

“Don’t worry about Esmerelda. I shall assign her tasks and carefully watch she does them correctly.”

Leaving the room, I gave Esmerelda a stare that promised chastisement for failure. Mummy would be only too happy to administer it.

I left in the knowledge that mummy really knew why I had a migraine; I had used that excuse before. Ever since that dreadful day, my fingers had been my best lovers.

At this point, let me clear up some other things that may be on your mind. You heard Esmerelda call me Lady Leticia. I am indeed a Lady of nobility, Lady Leticia Fitz-Herbert. The history of my family tells me the Fitz-Herberts came over to England with William the Conquer. You also heard me call myself Leticia Johnson which is my married name. Mummy to restore my maiden name back to Fitz-Herbert as shortly I shall be divorced from Eddie. When that happens, it will be a day of rejoicing not only to me but Mummy as well. Mummy never really liked Eddie. Her suspicions about him were right. If only I had listened but that is all water under the bridge now.

This whole affair started some six or seven years ago. Before that I had gone to university. I had gained a number of degrees including one in Egyptology. It turned out to be utterly useless although I have been to the Valley of the Kings and on archaeological digs in that area.

Mummy always said I was a intelligent girl. After university, she brought me into the family business. Our family business was real estate, one of the top companies in the country. Mummy is the brains behind it all. The west wing of Fitz-Herbert Hall has been converted into the head office of our company and we also have branches spread all over the U.K. The rest of Fitz-Herbert Hall is more than adequate for those of us who live here.

You have heard about Mummy. Poor Daddy died a number of years before I came into our company business. His full name was Lord Randolph Henry William Fitz-Herbert. He was shy and retiring, always walking a few paces behind Mummy. Mummy always seemed the stronger of my two parents, although they seemed to be a happy couple.

I had been working in the company for say five or six months when mummy came to me one day. “Leticia, I am sending you to a five-day course about the real estate business. Your work has been excellent since you started here. I think this course will be to your advantage.”

“Yes, Mummy,” I answered.

Mummy booked me into a five-star hotel and I attending the course, held at the local college of that town. I took notes during the course; we were also handed a paper with a synopsis of the course and a CD disc which contained all the material we went over.

That first morning a man sat down beside me in the patio cafeteria during the 10:30 coffee break. We all wore name badges. He looked at mine.

“Leticia, I have been watching you this morning. You are a very pretty woman.”

I looked at his badge which said Edward Johnston. “Thank you very much Mr Johnston. I don’t know what to say.”

“Please call me Eddie. I think we could get to know each other better over a few drinks before dinner perhaps?”

“Thank you, Eddie, I will take you up on your kind offer.” I was most impressed by this man.

In hindsight, Eddie was charmer, a ladies’ man and very devious. Wanting to shoot up to the top of the ladder in the real estate business, he had noticed the name Leticia Fitz-Herbert and realised I was connected to the Fitz-Herbert Real Estate company. Knowing our company was one of the largest in the country, what better way could there be to get move that ladder than marry into the company?

After the day’s class, I prettied myself in my hotel room. I had brought a number of outfits with me. I was planning on wearing a pretty slinky black evening dress and had arranged for makeup and a manicure with the beauticians in the hotel.

That was how serious I was taking Eddie. I’ll let you in on a little secret here. I was ready to drop my panties for him. I’m no Miss Prim, I’ve had a tumble or two in the sack.

I headed for the cocktail bar. Eddie was there waiting for me. Proper gentleman that he was, he asked what I wished to drink. I said a glass of white wine. I must admit he really was handsome.

“How would you like to paint the town to-night with me after dinner, Leticia?”

How could I refuse this charming man?

We made the rounds of the town’s night clubs, dancing cheek to cheek. I ended up in his bed. That was the start of things between us. Soon Eddie and I were going together exclusively. Things were becoming serious. Eddie wanted to get married which I wanted too. First, though, I felt we should have an engagement, maybe just a month or two. Before that, he must be introduced to Mummy.

When I told Mummy that I wanted to bring my boyfriend to Fitz-Herbert Hall and introduce him to her and that we were going to be married in a few months, she was not happy.

“Leticia darling, far be it for me to make you unhappy, but don’t you think you are a little young to marry? I mean, you have plenty of time for that.”

“Mummy, I am so in love with Eddie, I can’t wait to marry him.”

“Very well then, Leticia. Bring this young man here to the hall and we shall see.”

“Thank you, Mummy,” I said.

As I lived at the Hall, my sleeping with Eddie was restricted. After all, I couldn’t do that with Mummy around. But we did find time to have sex in Eddie’s flat occasionally.

Then came the day I was to introduce Eddie to Mummy. I was so excited. I hoped he would make a good impression.

Eddie shook hands with Mummy, then we went to the drawing room to discuss matters. Eddie explained that he too was in the real estate business, which impressed Mummy. I have to say here readers whatever Eddie turned out to be he was an extremely good business and sales man. After talking for half an hour or so, I was surprised to see Aunt Euphemia appear; I did not know she was here. Aunt Euphemia was not really my aunt but an old school girlfriend of Mummy. When Daddy was alive, her visits were infrequent. Since his death, she seemed to be here more and more. I expect Mummy needs womanly company now that Daddy is dead. Mummy always told me to call her Aunty. Her real name is Dr. Euphemia Francesca Burchett. More of her you will read of later.

Anyway we had a pleasant day together and I had the all clear to go ahead and make plans for my wedding. It must have been some three or four weeks after that meeting that Mummy called me into her office.

"Leticia, I have made a few enquires about your Eddie. I am afraid to say he is not all you think. He is a womaniser. The detective agency I hired checked him out and it seems he has broken a few women's hearts. I would give him up before he breaks yours, Leticia."

This was the one time I fell out with Mummy. I was so in love with Eddie, I was blind to her wise words. "Mummy, you must be wrong, I just do not believe you. I will marry him despite the lies you are telling me."

"Leticia darling, Mummy does not want to see her baby hurt, however if that is your wish, I shall not stand in your way. But should he hurt you in any way, I will destroy him. I love you, my baby." No more was said as I departed Mummy's office.

So the plans went ahead for my wedding. Mummy said no more and worked to make sure it would be the happiest day of my life. My best girlfriend, Lady Priscilla Modella, would be my bridesmaid. I had known Priscilla since we were little girls of three or four in the pony club. As we became older, we both took to horses. Priscilla was rather better than I and became a very good horsewoman, so good that she took to gymkhana. Her Mummy and Daddy bought her a string of horses. She won many competitions, including a top prize at the Horse of the Year show. Mummy had Priscilla and I measured for our bride and bridesmaid dresses, both in lovely white silk and very expensive. Mummy spared not a penny as it was my big day.

Before the big day I of introduced Priscilla to Eddie. She came with her current boyfriend. They had met at horse shows, he was a horseman. We arranged for a meal at a first class restaurant and we all got on well with each other.

I had intimated to mummy that I would be leaving Fitz-Herbert Hall to set up home with Eddie. Eddie was not too happy with this arrangement as he had assumed we would be living at the hall. However he could see I wanted our own little love nest so we rented an apartment in a nearby town. Shortly before the wedding, Eddie asked if I would ask Mummy to give him a job in the company business. It wasn't that he was sponging, you see. It was just so that we could be together all the time. I stupidly swallowed that line. I guess things look differently when you are in love.

So I did ask mummy. She wasn't too happy about it but because I was her daughter, she would give him a job. But the job would be at the same salary he was receiving at present. To earn more, Eddie would have to prove his ability as a salesman. As I have said before, in business, Mummy is a hard taskmaster.

Looking back, I'm sure Eddie was thinking he might be given a promotion seeing that I was the daughter of the boss. He had a foot in the door, though, so he accepted that decision. Up to the wedding day, I was occupied with fixing the apartment up. It was fun laying out plans for each of our rooms. I had even assigned a room as a nursery for the children I thought it was inevitable we would have.

The happy day finally came and I was indeed the happy blushing bride. We were wed at the high church. Mummy laid on a wonderful reception including a lavish meal in a top hotel. After the reception, Eddie and I went off on our honeymoon to do the grand tour of Europe.

Returning to work after the honeymoon, I was in pure bliss and so in love with Eddie. I swore I would never look at another man again.

About eighteen months into our marriage, it happened. Eddie was complaining that Mummy was not promoting him to a higher post in the company. Would I intercede with Mummy and plead on his behalf? I said that I dared not do so. If Mummy thought he merited it, then he would have promotion. Mummy was a good businesswoman and fair. If she thought he was deserving, he would be promoted in time. That answer was not to his liking. I, as his wife, should be giving him better support than that.

I soon forgot about that incident. Eddie played it down, Maybe he thought he had exposed his hand too early.

Although Eddie and I both worked from the company's head office at the hall, we did not always see each other every day as we had clients to meet at the various properties the company sold or rented. We would of course meet up again at night at the apartment.

For some of the company properties, we sometimes had two keys cut, not always but sometimes. And so it was one day that I had made arrangements to meet a client at a cottage out in the country they had expressed an interest in. It was a lovely cottage with beautiful surrounding scenery which added to the selling price. I arrived early for the meeting and was most surprised to see Eddie's car sitting outside the cottage. There was another car there as well, possibly the client's. The door wasn't locked so I entered. Looking around, I could see no one, although I heard sounds coming from a bedroom.

As I approached the room, the door was wide open. I was about to say something till I saw who was on the bed within. It was Eddie and another woman. Not any other woman, it was my so-called best girlfriend and bridesmaid, Lady Priscilla Modella! My jaw dropped as I saw Eddie between Priscilla's honey-coloured stockinged legs, using his tongue on her vagina. Priscilla wore her white button-up blouse and nothing else except her lacy top hold-up stockings. From the expression on her face, she was in heaven. They

were so involved in their own pleasures, they never saw me. I quickly turned heel and left the cottage.

At my car I threw up onto the road. I opened the car door, sat for a minute or so, then turned the ignition key and made off. During my journey, I kept thinking of the sight I had just witnessed. How could Eddie, how could she, my best girlfriend and bridesmaid, do this to me? How long had this been going on? How long had Eddie been fucking my so-called best girlfriend Priscilla? Was it going on before I married? I was not paying attention to where I was on the road. It was a wonder I didn't have a serious accident.

I drove back to the office and immediately went to Mummy's office. She was looking at some papers before her on the desk. "Mummy," I exclaimed. She immediately looked up from the papers in front of her and rose. I rushed over to put my arms round her neck and burst out crying. Mummy hugged me to her bosom.

"There there, darling, tell me what this is all about."

"Oh mummy." That was as far as I got. I broke down in tears and cried into Mummy's bosom.

"Take your time, Leticia. Sit down and I'll get a glass of water."

The cool water was refreshing and settled me down. Mummy waited, then I began and told the full story of all I had seen. Mummy was a little bit angry with me and I suppose she had some right to be.

"What did I tell you, Leticia? You and Priscilla were always so close! She will never be invited here again."

"Mummy I am leaving the apartment. I'm going to rent one of our flats."

"You need not do that, Leticia. You can come back here. I know you will not like me saying this, baby, but go back to him for now. I vowed I would destroy him if you were ever harmed, and I bloody well will do so. Neither of them saw you?"

"No Mummy, they were occupied in their lovemaking."

"Good. If you go back to him, he will suspect nothing."

"But Mummy, I couldn't bare his hands to touch me."

"I know it will be hard, baby but I must have time to devise a plan without him being suspicious. Please do this for Mummy."

"If you say so, Mummy. My blood curdles just to think of his slimy hands on my body but for you, Mummy, I shall try."

Going back to the apartment that night was hard, even trying to talk to him was hard. That night in bed, he wanted sex which utterly disgusted me. Was one woman not enough for him? I told him it was the wrong time of the month even though it wasn't.

After that, whenever he tried to initiate sex, I made different excuses. I was tired. I felt a migraine coming on. I was running out of excuses and I think Eddie was becoming a bit suspicious. Then Mummy came to the rescue. I got a call to see her in her office one day.

"Leticia, I am sending you to the opening of our new office in Carlisle so that you need not be near Eddie for now. You will be there for about ten days. The story to Eddie is that

you are going there to organise office matters. What I don't want you to do is interfere with John Rutherford, the office manager. Do what he tells you and you will get on well, understand, baby?"

"Yes Mummy."

When I told Eddie that I was going to Carlisle right away, he wasn't happy. He thought it should have been him that was going. That type of organising usually meant you were in line for promotion. It worried me not one bit what Eddie thought. I just wanted to be away from him. I called in to Mummy on that morning for any instruction she may have for me.

"Oh, I had Priscilla checked out. She is definitely no innocent. Apart from Eddie, she has had a number of affairs. They are well matched, those two. To use the words of the horse set she mixes in, she has been well-mounted many times." It seems both Eddie and Priscilla have been seeing each other since before your marriage. Not only that but Eddie has had affairs with other women during your marriage. He can't keep his prick in his pants. We must do something about that, baby, but don't worry. All is now in hand and I do not think you need worry about sleeping with Eddie again."

THE PAST; MUMMY'S NARRATIVE

This is Leticia' Mummy speaking. My given name is Lady Samantha Fitz-Herbert. My maiden name is Hyssop. I let my close friends call me Sam. To others it is Lady Fitz-Herbert. I could be described as a mature woman. In my younger days, I was considered a blonde beauty, a very desirable woman although at that time there was only one man in my life, Willie, of whom you will learn more later. Oh, one more thing you should know is that I am a lesbian, a daughter of Sappho.

I was educated at St Theresa's School for Girls. It was a boarding school. After I left there, my mother put me in what was called the debutante train. This meant being introduced into high society. I was also going to be introduced in the royal court and would meet the Queen.

The main idea of being a debutante was being introduced to eligible young men, lords, dukes, earls and such like. This would be done at garden parties, ball dances and other such happenings through the season which lasted over the spring and summer of the debutante year.

Such things as being a debutante have stopped now, much the pity. If they were still in operation, Leticia would have meet a man of blue blood and high position instead of that awful Eddie.

For a girl of some innocence as me, it was so exciting to meet handsome dashing and distinguished young men.

During the summer, I met Randolph Henry William Fitz-Herbert which is quite a mouthful to say. I always called him Willie. Willie was heir to the Fitz-Herbert fortune and would inherit the estate and become Lord Fitz-Herbert in time. I had seen Willie at a number of garden parties and the occasional hunt ball. It was at Lord Bellingham's weekend when we first talked to each other.

The weekend started on Saturday afternoon with a charity cricket match between Lord Bellingham's eleven and County Championship Select. Willie was playing for Lord Bellingham, batting at number four. Willie was a reasonable cricketer and made 37 runs against top class players in the County Championship Select even though they were professionals. When he was bowled out and came back to the pavilion, he received applause from those within. I thought Willie was a handsome man. Therefore at the ball held that evening in Lord Bellingham's Grand Hall, I made myself known to him. Lucky for me my attentions were rewarded and he asked me for a dance not once but many times. That was the start of it. During that summer, we were to see each other numerous times. I would make a special point of going to see Willie in any cricket match he may play in. After the debutante season was over, we were still seeing each other.

At Christmas that year, Willie invited me to meet his parents at Fitz-Herbert Hall. I had never seen anything like it; I was most impressed with Willie's ancestral home. I met his mother and father, Lord and Lady Fitz-Herbert, and Willie younger sister, Lady Hester. Hester and I got on really well as we were around the same age. Hester was a beauty with flowing blonde hair who had many men after her hand in marriage.

Hester confided in me when we were sitting in a restaurant one day. "Samantha, you are just the kind of woman Willie needs. You are strong and supportive and from all reports, you have a good business head. That all goes well for our family business. I know in the future, you will have my support in whatever you do."

"Thank you, Hester. I appreciate that support but your brother has not as yet asked for my hand in marriage."



“He will, Samantha. He has been with a number of women but he has spent more time with you than the rest put together.”

We kissed each other on the cheek and departed on the best of terms.

Hester’s forecast was right. During that stay, Willie asked the question. I, of course, said yes. Our engagement was announced at Christmas dinner.

Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Hubert, Willie’s mother, patted my hand. “You’ll make a good wife for Willie. I expect grandchildren soon.”

In those days, one had to have an engagement of a year or so. The announcement of The Hon. Randolph Henry William Fitz-Herbert’s engagement to Miss Samantha Hyssop appeared in the social columns of the newspapers.

We married a year later. Hester was my bridesmaid at a big wedding and the newspapers the following day were full of photos of me as a blushing bride on Willie’s arm.

The wedding night was sort of frightening. You see, up till my wedding night, I had never had sex with anyone. My parents had never explained the sexual side of marriage to me. I’m sure this sounds amusing to the girls of today. I did what I considered my wifely duties that night, saying nothing, lying there like a lump of lead while Willie did what men do on their wedding night.

After three months into our marriage, I found myself pregnant. Pregnancy did not go down with me well. I was very sick with what was to be Leticia. I was more than glad when I finally gave birth to Leticia. After that, I was put off with sex with Willie, afraid I would become pregnant again. From then on I would let Willie go only so far but make him stop short of intercourse, I actually felt a bit sorry for Willie.

We hired a nurse to look after Leticia which gave me a lot of time to look into the family business. It was Hester who first noticed my interest. “Do you want to work for Fitz-Herbert?”

“As Leticia has a nurse looking after her during the day, I have a lot of time on my hands. Yes, I would be interested, Hester.”

“Leave it to me, Sam. I am on the board of directors and I think the company could use you well.”

Hester was good to her word and I soon found myself working in the family business as a sales person. I got the hang of it and was selling much of the property we dealt with. I was puzzled though as to why we had our office in the nearby town when we could have it in Fitz-Herbert Hall. I mentioned this to Hester.

“Your suggestion is good but I fear some of the family may oppose it. Using the family’s ancestral home for business will never do. Say nothing about this to anyone and I will propose you be on the board of directors. Although you have only worked for the company a short while, your sales merit that promotion. If I did not think so, I would not even suggest it.”

I was most honoured that Hester thought so highly of me. If I did get on the board of directors, I knew Hester would be right behind me in all I wanted to achieve for our company’s business.