

WOMANVILLE



Blind Ruth



A "Her Tv" Novel



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Womansville

By Blind Ruth

You've probably never heard of the place for it is a closely guarded secret amongst women. For those who have found the place it is Heaven, a somewhere that many women have dreamed of. And why should it be named so, as the name suggests a place for women only.

It is a place where only those who wear women's clothes may reside. Yes men are there but they are all in a frock; even boys are in skirts. That is the law for no one is permitted to wear any type of clothes but women's.

There are the usual types of relationships including married couples of course with both parties in skirts. If they have a family, all their offspring are paraded in dainty girls clothes, whether male or female.

'Sissy' is a word one would never hear mentioned in the polite society of Womansville. Boys are encouraged by mothers, aunts, and stepmothers in the finer arts of girlhood and taught such by their Mama. It is fair to say that the female of the species outnumber and dominate the males in Womansville. And all are, of course, dressed in women's skirts.

NEW TOWN/NEW LIFE

Claire Morgan pulled her car to the side of the road. In front of her the road sign read, "Womansville City Limits."

"Mother, why have you stopped?" asked her pretty red-headed daughter.

Claire heard her but at this moment Claire's thoughts were far away. She was thinking about that article she read in a woman's magazine years ago of such a town where there were women and women only. That was only a dream for her then; she was a business woman, a successful one with her own company. A large conglomerate made an offer for her business that she could not refuse. Claire could retire at 38 and follow her dream. Maybe after a while when her batteries were recharged she would return to business matters. For now she was about to relax among others of her own gender.

Claire Morgan turned to her daughter. "I was just thinking of my dream of coming to this town. For years I have thought of it. We are about to start a new life in a new town away from the hassle of business. For you, my darling, there will be plenty of new girlfriends to meet. Does that not excite you, Gayle?"

Gayle Morgan was the product of a relationship Claire had with her then-husband Gilbert, a man she had never gotten along with. It ended in divorce. As Claire got involved in her company she had no time for sex which Gilbert was always looking for and rarely got.

Gayle had been brought up by governesses most of her life, her mother being too involved in matters concerning her company. Gayle thought going to Womansville would an opportunity to get to know her mother better now that she was no longer involved in business matters. That was in Claire's thoughts too for she had no time to get to know her daughter, flying all over the world for the company.

With these thoughts, Claire started the car engine and off they went. The outskirts of town passed, Arcadia Avenue was the place Claire was looking for. She had picked it based on the estate agent's recommendation. Even before that, Claire had to present herself before the town council and be vetted as a suitable person to live in the community of Womansville.

Claire had driven for some time through the town. "I think we are lost, Gayle. I only visited the house once and have lost my bearings."

"We should ask the first policewoman we see, Mother," her red-headed daughter said.

"Good idea," replied Claire. They drove further but there was no sign of the law anywhere. A little frustrated, Claire pulled up at the side of the road. "No sign of the police anywhere."

"Then let's ask this woman walking on the street towards us, Mother."

Claire wound her car window down. "Ma'am could you direct us to Arcadia Avenue please?"

The woman in a pretty white summer dress with red rose patterns on it sweetly smiled. "I'm afraid you have missed the turn. It was three roundabouts back; you should have turned right. Nice place Arcadia Avenue, nice folks live there. You must be new to the town?"

"Yes that's right, this is out first time here. I was rather hoping to ask a policewoman but no sign of any, ma'am."

"The name's Doreen Linley but call me Doreen. We are all on a first name basis here. Policewomen are hard to find around these parts for there is hardly any trouble. I expect Hester Browning Chief of Police and her Deputy Abigail Miller are at the local high school talking to the children about road safety. Hester and Abby are all the law needed around these parts. The girls do a good job which is why Womansville is such a peaceful town."

“Thank you, Doreen. I’m Claire Morgan and this is my daughter Gayle. I’ll turn around and find Arcadia Avenue thanks to your direction.”

“Yes, you do that, Claire. Who knows, we may meet again. I’ve some friends down Arcadia Avenue way.” Doreen gave a friendly wave as Claire and her daughter departed.

“What nice people around here!” said Claire addressing her daughter.

“Yes, so friendly and helpful. I think I’m going to like living here.”

“Me too,” answered Claire.

Arcadia Avenue was eventually found along with the house with a nice spacious lawn to the front of it.

“Oh Mother, this is truly magnificent!” gushed Gayle on entering the house.

“You like it, darling? I’m so glad, I was afraid you wouldn’t. Wait till you see the rooms. I know there is still some furniture to arrive but in a few weeks all will be here.”

Claire Morgan took her daughter by the hand and up the winding marble staircase both ascended.

On the landing Claire opened the door to her wide and spacious bedroom. The floor was covered in natural Oak Rustic Parquet block floor tiles. There near the bay window overlooking the lawn below was a highly ornate four poster bed made from oak with a canopy above. The oak panelling on the bed was carved in intricate detail. The canopy above was painted in delightful colours with scenes of angels and cherubs. At both sides at the top were blue-coloured curtains with a ribbon tied in a bow holding them bunched together. The bed itself was vast. The sheets and pillows were of the finest satin. This was a bed of pure luxury for Claire to indulge herself in and why not? She deserved

it, she said to herself. This was what she had worked for, a life of ease.

“Oh Mother, this is truly wonderful! Such delicious luxury that you have surrounded yourself with.”

“Yes darling, you have only seen the half of it for my fantastic wardrobes is still to arrive in the next few days.”

“And what of my room, Mother?” asked daughter Gayle.

“Follow me, darling.” Claire walked over to a connecting door that, when opened, led to her daughter’s room. It was not as large as her own but a lot bigger than Gayle’s previous bedrooms.

“I have not done as much in your room because I want your input as to what you want. We will purchase whatever you fancy, darling.”

“Oh Mother, I love you. You’re not the strict mother I may have thought you were but then we really never saw much of each other, did we, Mother?”

“No Gayle, we did not. I’m hoping we can make up for that now in Womansville. Your happiness is all that matters to me.”

“Oh Mother!” Gayle Morgan threw herself into her mother’s arm. Mother and daughter kissed and hugged each other.

“I really think we are going to love it here, Gayle.”

Gayle glanced out the window in her room. “Mother, there is a woman coming up our garden path to the front door.”

Claire looked out and saw a woman in a black skirt with a white apron over it and a basket in her hand. She was now at the front door and pressed the button. The Westminster chimes were heard in the house.

Claire and her daughter opened the front door.

“Sorry to have disturbed you. My name is Alicia Roberts, your next door neighbour. I thought you folks, having just arrived, would be tired out so I’ve brought you some soup and a bit of meat pie.”

“That’s very nice of you, Alicia. Come on in. My name is Claire Morgan and this is my daughter Gayle. There is still a lot to do to the house yet so you must excuse the condition of the place.”

“Don’t worry about that, Claire. It was the same when I first came here.”

Claire and her daughter led Alicia Roberts into the living room which was below Claire’s bedroom. There in the centre was a glass-topped table with six modern seats surrounding it and a sofa in one corner of the room. There were a number of pictures on the walls; prints of artists such as Renoir, Cezanne, and Rubens. There were numerous bookcases, a television and easy chairs nearby.

“Gayle, be a dear and make a pot of coffee for ourselves and Alicia and we can chat.”

“I’m afraid I’m not in my best dress to greet you. This is the maid’s day off. She deserves it, Rose is a hard working girl. Anyway, I like messing about the house. I’ll be better dressed when you come to the welcome party we have arranged for you and your daughter,” said Alicia.

Claire Morgan raised her eyebrows. “You’re having a welcome party for my daughter and me?”

“But of course. We always do on Arcadia Avenue so you can get to know your new neighbours. We’re a friendly lot around these parts. That won’t be for some weeks yet till you sort yourself out. It is in my house, I wouldn’t like to impose on you. Just tell me when you’re ready and I’ll take it from there.”

“That is most kind of you, Alicia. As I said to Gayle, I think I’m beginning to like it in Womansville.”

By this time Gayle had entered with a tray and coffee pot and cups. She placed them on the glass top table, poured out the coffee, then passed the cups round.

“You must drop in on me whenever you find time, Claire and of course your beautiful daughter as well. I will reciprocate your hospitality. Jenny and Danielle always did, they had this house before you, Claire.”

“Oh yes, so the estate agent told me. Two sisters were they?”

“No, I don’t think you could call them that,” answered Alicia.

“Mother and daughter like me and Gayle?”

“No, not that either,” replied Alicia.

“Oh,” thought Claire. There was only one conclusion to be drawn; they must have been lesbians. Well, that was to be expected in a town called Womansville.

“Lesbians,” exclaimed Claire.

“No,” answered Alicia, “although there are many such relationships here, we all live in peace and harmony with one another. One never questions another’s sexuality in this town.”

“If they are not sisters or mother and daughter what sort of relationship had they?”

“The usual type of heterosexual relationship. They were husband and wife. Jenny was the husband.”

“I was under the impression that all within Womansville were women or girls,” said Claire, a little bit disillusioned.

“Sorry to disappoint you, Claire. It is hard to tell who are men and who are women here at times for everyone here wears skirts, dresses, and frocks. You will get used to it. A word of warning, though. Never but never call any boy you may see in a skirt a sissy. That would not be fair to his mother, aunt or whatever female relative that is bringing him up to be a girl.”

“I just want to lead a quiet life and let everyone do their own thing.”

“Good, Claire! With that attitude you’ll get on well here in Womansville,” said Alicia.

While her mother may have been somewhat disillusioned, Gayle was not. She had had a few boyfriends, some a bit dull. The thought of finding one in a skirt fired her imagination. It was going to be fun finding out which local girl had that little bit different under their panties! Yes, Mother was right; new town, new life and new fun.

Six-year-old Louse Palmer was about to give a piano recital before her mother and lady friends. “Aunties,” Mother had told her to call them. Everyone was an Auntie to pretty Louise in Womansville. Mother had told her she was so talented that Mother’s lady friends must hear her beautiful daughter play.

There was no doubt that Louise was talented and had a career ahead of her as a concert pianist. Beautiful, she stood in her gorgeous soft voluminous chiffon frou-frou dress with elasticised ruffle with twirly tutu pettiskirt in a peaches and cream combination. The outfit was completed by masses of ruffles in 100% soft nylon, white ankle socks, cute white ballerina shoes with a bow on the front.

There stood this vision of loveliness, a six-year-old girl, admired by her aunties. Louise was nervous she



had never given a recital before; Mother had reassured her all would turn out for the best. It was in this state that Louise stepped forward to seat herself on the piano stool. She lifted the back of her dress, exposing a little of her pink panties which descended on the soft cushion on the stool. Her "Aunties" had briefly seen the pink panties, causing knowing looks to pass among them.

Louse launched herself into a Chopin Polonaise followed by Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," not the easiest of pieces to play for one so young. Louise was indeed a child prodigy, a genius, and her mother felt it was only right she should exhibit these skills.

Having finished, Louise rose from the stool and curtsayed to the delight of her aunties. For a moment there was silence, then thunderous applause from the ladies assembled. Louise's mother Mildred stepped forward, hugged her daughter, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You were magnificent, Darling. I am so proud of you." Mildred's daughter shivered with excitement in her mother's arms. Unfortunately the excitement of the occasion had gotten to little Louise; she had an "accident" and wet her panties.

"Louise, maybe this has been too much for you to take. I understand. I think it's better that your nanny take you back to your room where you can rest after. It's past your bedtime."

The long oak clock standing near the piano read ten minutes to five, well past Louise's naptime. Mother was always strict that she have her beauty sleep.

A mature-looking woman stepped forward, "I shall take the little lamb to her bedroom, Mildred. I expect you and Louise's Auntie have much to discuss. I shall leave you ladies. Come Louise, kiss your Mother and Aunties before we depart."

This Louise did, receiving many kisses and hugs from her so-called aunties.

“Thank you, Nanny Beatrice. I shall visit my darling later tonight. Ah, here come the waitresses with our afternoon tea and scones.”

Louise and her Nanny departed with a wave of Louise’s hand to all there in her mother’s drawing room.

Tea and scones were handed out to the ladies and conversation began.

“When do you think Mildred will have her daughter doctored?” asked one lady of another.

“That would certainly be nice, Rachel. That is Mildred’s decision, why don’t you ask her?”

That question was put to Louise’s mother; it was no secret among the assembled ladies that several mothers, aunts and even stepmothers in the community of Womansville had had their offspring, or those they were responsible for, ‘doctored’.

It did not shock Mildred Palmer for she had put considerable thought to that decision.

“I will need to consult with Amanda on that, won’t I, dear?”

“Yes Mildred, why don’t you drop into my surgery and we can discuss this,” said Dr. Amanda Houston.

It was well-known if any mother wished her precious darling doctored, Dr. Amanda Houston was the one to see in Womansville.

Nods of approval from the ladies, then someone said, “Don’t put it off too long, Mildred.”

That led to further conversations between the ladies about doctoring. “Takes the aggressive instinct out of them,” voiced one lady to more nods of approval.

Meanwhile Mother’s Little Darling was being led hand-in-hand by Nanny Beatrice to her bedroom. Louise’s bedroom was what one would wish for any

six-year-old girl: vivid pink wallpaper, pink bed sheets and satin pillows on the single bed.

“I think I will bathe you after such an exhausting time playing for your mother’s lady friends.”

“Yes, Nanny Beatrice,” answered the sweet Louise.

Nanny Beatrice departed to the adjoining bathroom where she ran the bath, then sprinkled the sweet smelling bath salts in the warm water.

When she returned to the bedroom, Louise was in the process of taking off her clothes.

“That’s right, Darling, just leave then there. Nanny will sort that out after. Now give me your hand, Darling.” So saying, Nanny Beatrice led Louise to the bathroom. It wasn’t hard to determine what sex Louise was. However neither Louise’s mother nor Nanny Beatrice had ever made Louise any the wiser that she was not a girl. Louise had been brought up as a girl ever since she was born.

Now back in her bedroom. Nanny Beatrice had taken a long length white sateen girls nightdress with the name Louise embroidered at the top, with its hem frilled with lace, from the drawer. This she placed over Louise’s head and it slithered down her body. “She is sweet,” thought Nanny Beatrice, “but it will be all the better for her when she is doctored.”

“Louise, what is it we now do?”

“Say our prayers, Nanny.” Louise kneeled beside her bed and said her prayers, hands clasped together. “God bless Nanny and especially my Mother.”

“You are a good little girl, Louise. You will be rewarded for such I’m sure but always remember to obey your mother.”

Nanny Beatrice tucked Louise into her bed, then opened the bedside table drawer and withdrew what looked like a pair of Angora mittens. Louise held her

hands out for this was a nightly ritual. Her hands were put into the mittens. Beatrice, with a silk cord, tied them to the front of Louise with the cord. Louise's hands were immobile but would be released in the morning.

It was Nanny Beatrice who first suggested it to Mildred. "Young persons like Louise, their hands can wonder at night and play with themselves if you see what I mean."

"Yes of course, Beatrice. We want none of that for Louise is to be a proper little girl at all times. You have my approval to do as you say."

It was never explained to Louise Palmer why her hands were tied at night just that it was for her own good, her mother said.

Louise, now tucked in her bed, received the customary kiss from Nanny.

The following morning, young Louise was up bright and early. She sat before her dressing table mirror, Nanny Beatrice behind with an ivory-backed hair brush gently brushing Louise's long blonde hair. Nanny took meticulous care as she brushed Louise hair. Nanny Beatrice had already dressed the young girl for Mother's inspection, not that there was ever any fallout between mother and Nanny. Nanny Beatrice was always open to any suggestions as to how much more that Louise could be feminized as was the girl's mother. Eventually Louise's mother entered the room.

"Let me do that, Nanny," said Mildred, relieving Nanny Beatrice of the brush to continue the good work started by her.

"Louise, you pleased Mother so much yesterday afternoon that I will buy a new dress. What do you say to that?"

"Oh Mommy, I love you so!" answered the six-year-old Louise.

“Then does Mother get a kiss from her pretty little girl?” Mildred bent her head down to the chair that Louise was sitting on to receive the expected kiss from her so-called daughter.

Nanny Beatrice stood at the side of the chair watching the delightful scene of mother and daughter kissing each other. Beatrice had ribbons and a tortoise-shell Alice band in her hand, waiting to attach them to her little charge.

While Nanny attached the coloured ribbons to Louise’s long hair, Mother waited patiently till nanny was finished, then placed the Alice band on her daughter’s forehead to hold the hair in place.

“You know, Mildred, that was an excellent performance Louise gave yesterday. However it is my opinion that it will be so much better if she...” Beatrice lowered her voice to almost a whisper. “If she is doctored,” she finished, hoping Louise would not hear.

Louise had heard a strange word. Just what did ‘doctored’ mean? she thought. Why did Nanny whisper it to Mother?

There were more delightful thoughts in Louise mind: a new dress! Mother would take her to Madam’s Laverne boutique. Louise knew it had a children’s section.

“Welcome Mildred! How can we be of service to you today? Is it a chic outfit that you wish for yourself or something for the little miss?” Madam Laverne addressed Mildred with a hint of a French accent. Laverne du Charleson personally knew all her customers personally; it made for good business.

“Nothing for me, Laverne, although I may look round the boutique for there are some afternoon teas I

may be attending. My daughter Louise is looking for a dress.”

“Ah yes, the beautiful Louise. I am so sorry that I could not attend yesterday afternoon. Work, you know. However I have heard glowing reports from others. Only this morning Crystal Burroughs raved about your talented daughter and she should know. Now I shall take you to the children’s department and leave you with Beth the manageress who will give you all her attention.

“Beth, will you please attend to Mildred and her delightful daughter Louise? Give them your personal attention.”

“At once, Madam. What sort of dress were you thinking of for your daughter, Mrs. Palmer?”

“Something really girlish. Frothy, lacy. Maybe you could show me something.”

“But of course, Madam. We have a few nice dresses that may be what you are looking for. If you’ll follow me.”

So saying, the elderly Beth Forsyth led Mother and Daughter to a number of frocks made for sweet little girls.

“What do you think of this, Madam?” said Beth holding a sleeveless blue spot pattern prom dress with ribbon detail waist and rear, and a full mesh skirt.

“What about this?” Beth was now holding a dress featuring a mock top Shirred skirt. It had a floral print to the skirt and appliqué flowers on the black top. Beth then held another dress; a pink designer number which had a pleated chiffon overlay with a bright all-over floral design. It had pretty appliqué flowers on the top with sequin details and a tie back waist.

“It is so difficult! They’re all nice and dainty, perfect for my Louise. Let me think.” After considerable thought, Mildred Palmer decided to take all the en-

sembles. She just *had* to lead Louise deeper into girlhood.

“Excellent choice! Of course Madam would wish for some delightful lingerie to go with these frocks. Just look at the finery displayed here.”

What Mildred saw were cute little panties in all colours covered in masses of frothy, frilly lace. Then she was shown slips made from the finest of silk and satin. These she must have. Her precious Louise deserved to be smothered in girlie things.

Then Beth softly said, “We have brassieres for girls that may have problems, Mrs. Palmer. I think you know what I mean.” Beth Forsyth may not have been an “Auntie” to Louise but knew she was not born female. The word ‘problem’ was code for describing a boy that had not yet been doctored.

Mildred was more than interested. “Yes, do let me see. It’s time Louise was prepared as to what she will be in the future.” The special padded bra was added to Mildred’s previous purchases. “Money well spent,” was her thought.

Their purchases had excited Louise and her mother. Mildred simply must see Dr. Amanda Houston about doctoring Louise. It always had been in Mildred mind to do so but the sooner the better.

And if that had not been enough to persuade Mildred, who should she meet in Madam Laverne’s Boutique but Gloria Riverton, another child prodigy, accompanied by her mother. Gloria and Louise were great friends; their mothers encouraged them to be for in the language of these parts both little girls had problems. However Gloria Riverton’s mother Helen had partly bypassed that problem.

Gloria had a great singing voice which Helen realised, having heard her daughter sing in the local church choir. The potential of her daughter’s future did not escape Helen. As Gloria was born male, there was only one way to preserve that voice: castration.

Helen Riverton had Dr. Amanda Houston castrate Gloria so this gift from God would not be wasted. She hadn't exactly 'doctored' Gloria; that could be happen at a later date. However, to Helen, her daughter was at least halfway there.

The young girls were happy to meet each other as one would expect; they were great girlfriends. Helen Riverton had what one might call a superior smile on her face, knowing that her Gloria was castrated and Louise was still of the male gender under her panties.

"Have you been to Dr. Amanda yet?" asked Helen, knowing full well the answer.

It hurt Mildred but she tried to put a good face on it. "I have an appointment with her next week."

"Have you indeed? Gloria will be going to Italy soon to have her enchanting voice trained, won't you, Darling?" Helen smiled at her daughter.

"Yes Mommy. Madam Callas said she had never heard such a delightful voice in one so young, didn't she, Mommy?" Gloria beamed up at her mother.

"That she did, Darling. She also said she was going to devote all of her time to train that voice to perfection. Nothing but the best for my precious little girl!" A smiling mother and daughter looked at each other.

Mildred vowed one day she would show Helen Riverton just how good her daughter was as a pianist. She would make sure that Louise would be doctored long before Gloria.

Claire Morgan and her daughter had now been living in Womansville several weeks. As Claire lounged on the patio at lunch one afternoon, Gayle spoke.

"Mother, I'm bored"

“Bored, Gayle? I thought you have made new friends here.”

“I have, Mother, good ones too. However they all got jobs. During the day I am the only one in the house. Most afternoons you are at some afternoon sophisticated garden party or tea party, not that I am complaining. To see that you have new friends and enjoy life makes me happy. But I think I need a job, Mother, something to occupy my time.”

Claire looked at her daughter. “Gayle Darling, I’ve been enjoying my new life of pleasure and and not thinking about your enjoyment. I am pleased to see that you do not want to be idle. We must see about you getting a job here. After all, you have been to university and have degrees. What sort of work were you thinking of, Dear?”

“I don’t know, Mother, anything to be out of the house during the day.”

“I’ll see what I can do and take it from there. Speaking of parties, if you remember Alicia is going to have that welcoming party for us Saturday night so pick your best party dress.”

There was no doubt Claire Morgan was enjoying her new life of party rounds. She seemed very popular among her new women friends. She would get a new gown for this welcoming party. Everyone said Madame Laverne’s boutique was the place to go. There she would be attended to hand and foot. Claire Morgan had had no time for the finery of womanhood during her hard business life. She would indulge herself in the luxurious gowns and lingerie that previously she had no time for.

Claire Morgan got the attention she wished for from none other than Madam Laverne herself.

“Madam wishes a gown for this party on Saturday evening. Nothing but the best. I shall also be present; I would not wish to see the name of the House du Charleston disgraced by Madam wearing a bunch of rags. I will advise you as to what to wear to bring out your beauty and it must be black. I have just the thing. Remove your dress please.”

Observing Claire standing in her blue knickers and white bra , Madam exclaimed, “Oh dear, that will never do, Madam. For such a dress as you will wear on Saturday, your lingerie is disgraceful. Do not fear for I show you our delightful lingerie which no woman would be ashamed to wear. You must realise you are woman, you are feminine you are the *femme fatale*, you are here to pamper yourself in femininity as all do in Womansville.”

Those were the words Claire longed to hear and Madam Laverne knew it. She could always quickly size up her customers. Claire was being pampered and loving it. She was being attended to hand and foot like a Lady.

“Black is your colour. Here, I have brought this dress, not the one you will wear on Saturday. I will personally make that for you after I take your measurements. This is just to give you some idea of the finished product.”

So saying, Madam Laverne held up a halter-necked full beaded tulle bodice backless dress with a sexy dress court train in black and a split in the dress on the right side.

“Well, what do you think, Madam?”

Claire looked it up and down. With the split on the right hand side and backless, it seemed so embarrassing and so sexy. Was it really her?

“I don’t know, Madam Laverne. Is it really me?”

“Of course it is! You have a beautiful body. Your legs are magnificent so let the whole world see them. Why

not? You are a woman. Always remember that first and foremost.”

Madam Laverne was right; Claire was here to pamper herself in womanhood and the finery of her sex and be a woman again, away from the world of hard nosed business men.

“Now that we have that settled, let me show you our lingerie; delightful brassieres, petticoats, and panties to grace that pretty body of yours.”

Claire, now in the heavily-scented lingerie department of Madam Laverne’s boutique was astounded to see the vast range displayed within.

“I did say black was your colour, Madam Claire. I think this delightful French lingerie bustier is a must for you. Feel the fine tulle of black lace; see the embroidered red flowers with a ladybug on each cup. Magnificent luxurious detail in front, with adjustable straps brightened with flower embroideries. This truly is a must in your lingerie drawer. Madam has a personal maid?”

Claire hesitated for a moment. “I do have a maid but it depends on what you mean by the word ‘personal,’ Madam Laverne.”

“That is easily explained. Does she help you put your clothes? Does she advise you what you should wear to afternoon tea parties or when entertaining lady friends at home, any of those things?”

“No, not exactly, Madam. My maid Hattie just does menial work around the house. However now that you mention it, I always wanted an assistant like that. Now that I am leading a life of luxury here in Womansville, I want one. ”

“Madam Claire, you need one with your endless round of afternoon tea parties, entertaining lady friends, and such like. She will make all the decisions as to how you should be dressed. For this coming Saturday, I personally will dress you before you go to the

welcoming party. However there are some women I would recommend that are worthy of becoming your Personal Maid. Having said that, shall we proceed with the rest of your lingerie?"

Claire Morgan spent a vast amount of money on her lingerie collection, spoiling herself with knickers of all sorts, camisoles, and the like, things she had dreamed of but had no time for in her business life. This was life in Womansville, smothering herself in silks, satin, lace and, of course, meeting new women friends. When she thought about it, she had a lot to thank Madam Laverne for' she really felt like a Lady.

The following morning Claire consulted her diary on what was planned for the day ahead. She needed a diary for her social life had taken off with a whirlwind of afternoon teas and garden parties and she loved it. "Doreen Lindley at 3 PM," it said. That was the nice woman who had given her and Gayle directions to Arcadia Avenue. Doreen had extended an invitation to her house for afternoon tea.

Claire showered, talced herself, then sat naked before her dressing table to apply her makeup. Just what should she wear after Madam Laverne's lecture. How she wished that Personal Maid was here now to advise her. She just needed to know which dress was appropriate for this afternoon occasion.

Claire open her wardrobe. Maybe what she had within was not appropriate for the smart set in Womansville. There was not much she could do about that at present. Maybe new clothes would be purchased on the advice of her Personal Maid. Money was no object as long as she fitted in with the smart set here in Womansville.

Claire lifted what she had been told was a flattering floral purple dress. She was not so sure now. In fact,

after Madam Laverne's talk she was not sure about any of her dresses or lingerie. Finally, Claire made a decision. Tight or wrong she would go bare-legged with no slip, heeled sandals a pair of black panties and that was it. The weather was warm so Claire felt this was the right outfit for today but there was doubt in her mind. That doubt would be taken away once she had a Personal Maid.

"It is nice that you could make my afternoon tea, Claire darling." Kisses on the cheek were extended between Claire Morgan and Doreen Lindley as was now customary in Claire's social life.

"A little bird tells me you were to Madam Laverne's boutique yesterday. What sort of dresses did you buy? We must know," said Doreen Lindley.

Claire blushed. "It's a secret. They are for the Saturday night welcoming party at Alicia Robert's home."

"Did you hear that, girls? A secret at Alicia Robert's! We can't wait, can we, girls? I think everyone here will be there. Laverne has some magnificent outfits; only the other day I bought a wonderful evening dress myself. I'll be wearing it on Saturday."

There were seven women present at the afternoon tea, all dressed in delightful colourful tea dresses. Then the beverage was served.

"Tell me, Doreen. My Gayle is looking for a job. Would you know of any?"

"Has she any qualifications, Claire?"

"Depends what you mean by 'qualifications'. She has been to university and has degrees, if that helps."

“Sarah Rogan is retiring in a few months from the library. I expect they will be looking for a replacement,” said Barbara Shields, one of the ladies present.

“So she is and your daughter seems to have the right qualifications, Claire. I would advise she applies for the job,” added Doreen Lindley.

“Thank you, ladies, you have been most helpful. Gayle will apply tomorrow.”

“That is what we are all here for in Womansville; to help one another,” Barbara said.

Claire Morgan felt happier as she explained to Gayle about the job in the library.

“Oh Mother, you do care about me! I will apply this very day. I’m so excited and I love you.” Kisses were exchanged between mother and daughter.

“Word of warning, Gayle. You haven’t got the job yet, maybe that would be the time for kisses.”

“I know, Mother but at least you care about me. I think we are beginning to know each other better. Coming to Womansville has been a wonderful change for me.”

“I’m so glad you feel that way, Gayle. You are a nice, intelligent girl. I see no reason why you shouldn’t get the job but I would, wouldn’t I, being your mother” Claire laughed. “To other matters, dear, have you thought about what to wear on Saturday. It is important as Sarah Rogan will be there. You won’t be replacing her for she is the Head Librarian and I am informed that position is already decided. However Sarah will be interviewing all applicants for the open job. You should make a good impression on her on Saturday.”

“I understand perfectly, Mother. Maybe you could advise me?”

“I’m afraid, my darling daughter, from what I’ve learned from Madam Laverne, my dress sense is unreliable. However I shall ask her to advise you what to wear for she is coming to help me dress on Saturday. And speaking of that, I am adding a Personal Maid to the staff in the house. She will live here unlike the other domestics who all stay in Womansville.”

“Why not, Mother, for there are plenty of spare rooms here.”

“She will be at my beck and call all day, assist me with my toilet in the morning, arrange my social dates, assist with the afternoon teas and cocktail parties here in the house and so forth. By the way, Gayle, I am thinking of giving this house a name. What would you suggest?”

“Like what, Mother?”

“Oh, I don’t know, something more grand than 43 Arcadia Avenue. You and I are going to be important people here in Womansville,” proudly said Claire Morgan.

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Saturday morning arrived, a very busy day in the social life of Claire Morgan. A light breakfast was followed by a bath, after which she perfumed herself, then dressed. She was now ready for the 10 AM visit to the hairdresser, Lynette, who would be her permanent hairdresser. At least once a week she would visit for a new hairstyle. She just had to do that to show off for her new girlfriends.

“I think an upswept hairstyle is in order for today, Claire. It’s your welcoming party at Alicia Robert’s tonight, isn’t it?” Everybody knew everybody else’s business in Womansville.