

## Lady of the Hour - Chapter 3

**For George Washington**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A man goes to sleep one night only to wake up in an entirely new reality where he is a woman of nobility and men don't seem to exist.*

~

I found myself falling into an odd sort of routine; wake up each morning, document the changes to my body, force myself not to enjoy them, then enjoy them anyway. I'd managed to keep Anna out of my bed and the temptations to touch her away but it was getting harder each day. I could only pretend to be sick for so long before Anna would insist on calling a doctor.

"Darling a bit of fresh air will do you good, why don't we take a stroll through the gardens?" She asked at breakfast on the third day, I barely hear her I was too busy trying to see my breakfast over my new cleavage.

"What?"

"That garden, darling. We used to stroll all the time; it's been too long."

Ah yes, strolling through the garden. That sounded like the sort of thing two rich women with too much time on their hands would do. My mind immediately went to my daydream of ravishing her among the rose bushes and my cheeks started to get hot.

"Sure." I swallowed.

Anna made a sour face and put down her fork.

"Darling, will you please tell me what's wrong?"

"Why do you never call me by my name?"

I hadn't intended to ask, it just blurted out and Anna blinked in surprise.

"I suppose I always want you to know how much you mean to me, Analise. But surely that's not what's been bothering you." She questioned, "You never minded me saying it before."

"No, I was...just curious." I blushed, suddenly feeling very silly. "Let's go for our walk."

I had to wonder what the logic was, wearing heels with these long dresses. It wasn't like anybody could see them and wobbling around in heels while dressed in layers of flowing fabric seemed like a good recipe for disaster. I'd already torn the hem of one of my outfits putting a heel through it the other day.

Walking on grass, in heels, in a long dress was my biggest challenge yet. It took half my concentration just to keep myself standing straight. Anna on the other hand was poised as a ballerina, effortlessly walking through the flower bushes, occasionally stopping to lift one to her nose and breathing deeply.

"Everything will be in full bloom for the spring ball." She said dreamily, "Won't it be lovely?"

"Oh yes." I replied unenthusiastically, I could feel my heel sinking into the ground, how was I supposed to get it out without making it obvious.

I yanked it free and wobbled on the spot before smiling to myself; I didn't even fall that time! I turned back to see Anna looking at me with a mixture of frustration and worry; guilt swirled in my stomach.

"Sorry, what did you say?"

She stepped forwards and held both my hands in her own.

"Analise, darling. Something is clearly going on, please tell me."

She sounded so sincere; I couldn't remember the last time anybody had talked to me like that with so much genuine love and affection. For the first time, I imagined the last few days

through her eyes and realised how weird it must have been. My guilt grew and then I was suddenly hit with a strange sense of déjà vu. Standing here, amongst blooming spring flowers hand in hand...

"This is where we had our first kiss..." I whispered, somehow knowing it to be true and Anna smiled a little.

"Yes. But you're dodging the question, darling."

She deserved an answer at least.

"I guess I have been feeling...out of place lately." I admitted, it wasn't exactly a lie. "I almost feel like this life isn't mine. What did I ever do to deserve all this finery, the servants, the fancy bathtubs and food...these outfits?"

"Oh darling, this again?" Anna giggled before cutting herself off. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't laugh, I just thought we were over this."

"You did?"

"Analyse. I don't care what station you came from, or what your interests are." Anna said with a harsh voice. "I couldn't care less if you want to spend your days doing things others would consider low class. I love you. I love your smile and your dedication and your unending curiosity. Also..."

She quickly looked around to make sure our maids were out of earshot before leaning in.

"Your butt is dynamite."

My butt was currently a pink, peachy shape that was growing to suit my womanly figure. Hearing somebody as refined as Anna say something so crude made me giggle.

"Anna!"

"What, it's true. Absolutely beautiful ass, do you know why I buy you so many big dresses? So, nobody else gets to see it and I can have it all to myself."

My laughter started to get out of control.

“There is the smile I love so much!” Anna beamed, “you mean to tell me all this time I just needed to flirt with you and the problem would have been solved?”

I wiped a tear from my eyes and Anna stepped forward to finish the job.

“There, was talking to me so hard?”

“No,” I shook my head. “No, it really wasn’t.”

It was true, Anna was so wonderful and caring, talking to her was easy. I never would have expected somebody from her station or class to be so kind. For the first time I considered not trying to look for a way back. Staying here with a lavish life and a woman who cared so deeply about me didn’t seem like a bad option at all. If only I wasn’t turning into a woman myself.

“You’re a good woman.” Anna finished, placing a hand on my cheek.

I couldn’t help it; I raised a hand to cup hers against my face and hold it there; it felt so nice.

“You think so, I really don’t know what I am doing half the time.” I admitted. “All these girly things don’t really come naturally to me.”

“Well, I know one thing you’re very good at.” Anna whispered huskily, stepping closer again so that now we were bust to bust.

She leaned forward and this time I met her in the middle, returning the kiss instantly. It was even better than the last kiss in the car; my lips had taken on a fuller, more feminine shape the last few days and it felt so good sliding them against Anna’s own.

I felt my arousal build after days of denial and for the first time I decided to indulge. I let myself enjoy the sensuality of my new body. I could feel the way my nipples hardened and turned twice as sensitive against the inside of my corset and my new pussy getting wet. It was so odd, yet so *right*.

Like every guy, I'd indulged in my fair share of porn involving two girls, so I knew how this was supposed to go but I still felt my hands trembling as they hiked up Anna's skirt. She seemed to sense my nervousness and pulled away with a shake of her head.

"Let me pleasure you, darling." She whispered, "you seem like you need it."

Oh Gods. My mouth went dry, all the moisture seemingly moved between my legs. The curiosity and temptation were too much, I could only nod and lift the hem of my own dress. Laddy got down on her knees, right there in the grass in her expensive gown and shuffled under my own giant skirt, her face disappeared into the ruffles and I could feel her hot breath on my sex.

A moment later I felt something soft and warm worm its way between my folds and my vision went white. A touch this light would barely register on my cock but my new pussy was twice as sensitive. Every light lick felt like ecstasy and I couldn't help but bend my head back and let my eyes flutter closed with a soft gasp. Anna whispered to me so quietly I could barely hear her under my skirt.

"Quiet now, don't want our ladies to hear us."

A shiver went down my spine; the taboo of the situation was only making it hotter. Anna continued to lick and suck on my pussy until I was forced to bite my lip to stay quiet. I could feel orgasm building inside me but it was so different to how it felt when I was a man. The pressure was still there, but it was somehow deeper. The bliss just kept getting stronger and stronger until finally it was all too much and I tumbled over the edge.

My whole body shuddered as pure ecstasy filled every pore; but instead of slowly fading away, it kept going. Anna wasn't done with me and she continued to swirl her tongue around my clit; effectively pinning me in place with the intensity of the situation, head tilted back and mouth lolling open until I came a second time.

Anna pulled away, taking a small silken handkerchief from her pocket and cleaning her face with a wide smile; she looked very happy with herself.

"Ah, it's been far too long since I got to do that."

I was still shaking; I didn't know anything could feel so good. My whole body seemed to thrum with the afterglow and I could feel my pussy quivering. It was like experiencing mini

orgasms over and over again as I came down. For the first time I didn't miss my cock at all; not when pleasure like this was possible without it.

"That was...amazing." I breathed.

"You're amazing." Anna smiled, linking her arm through mine as I adjusted my skirt.

We walked arm in arm around the corner formed by the bushes and came face to face with Margaret and Anna's own lady in waiting. Both standing with their faces flush looking down. Anna looked to me; they had heard everything.

We both burst into giggles.

We finished our stroll, taking turns slipping as much innuendo into our conversation as possible just to see whose maid got more flustered. I laughed and relaxed more than I had since waking up that first day and before I knew it, the whole day had passed with me at Anna's side. I felt as though a wall had come down; this place was starting to feel almost like home. All thanks to her.

"So," Anna started as we finished yet another lavish dinner. "Do you think you are well enough that I can join you in our bed again."

I dropped my fork.

"Oh my Gosh I totally forgot I kicked you out of our bed!" I cried, "That was so mean!"

Anna just laughed.

"I'll take that as a yes?"

"Oh yes. I have to pay you back for our lovely...stroll today."

Margaret dropped the empty serving tray she'd been removing from the table before hurriedly picking it up and flustering her way out the door.

“We really must set your maid up with somebody, she’s a little high strung, a good lay will help her relax.”

“Anna!”

“What? It’s true.” She grinned, popping another tomato slice in her mouth. “You know it too. You know she gets turned on hearing about this stuff because she’s so repressed, poor girl.”

“But then we couldn’t have fun teasing her like this.”

“True.”

Anna moved her chair a little closer to mind and placed a hand on my lap, close enough to be intimate but also not close enough to be improper.

“I’m glad you’re feeling better.”

“Me too.”

Once again, I was blown away with just how beautiful Anna was; and she was *mine*. To hell with the nerves and awkwardness, after her little display in the garden I wanted to take full advantage of the position I’d been put in. I reached over and cupped her face, pulling her into the deepest, most passionate kiss I could muster. When we pulled away her sharp cheeks were flushed pink and her lips slightly swollen and rosy.

“I think I should pay you back for today.” I whispered. “Let’s finish dinner later, I’m not hungry. Not for food anyway.”

Like a couple of giggling teenagers, we jumped up from our seats and started up the stairs, we only got halfway up before Anna pushed me into a wall and began to ravish my mouth. I could feel her breasts pressing against my own, turning my nipples hard and I groaned in satisfaction. If only they didn’t get in the way so much! Between the two of our massive busts, we almost had to crane our necks to reach one another, or press harder.

I heard the scandalised gasps of a serving girl as she turned the corner to climb the stairs and saw us, followed by her hurried footsteps to get away. I smiled against Anna’s lips.

“I think we’d better take this somewhere more private.”

“If only we could do it right here, I wouldn’t care.”

“Yes, but I think our servants would.”

She gave me a playful nip before stepping back and grabbing my hand.

“You’re no fun.”

“I’m plenty of fun, get me to the bedroom and I’ll show you.”

“Promises, promises.”

Somehow, we made it to the bedroom and immodestly locked the door behind us as we fell into the lavish bed. Our hands fumbled with dress ties and ribbons, the many layers of our dresses and petticoats forcing us to take our time exploring one another’s bodies.

It was playful in a way I’d never experienced before, we rolled across the enormous bed, sliding across the sheets and giggling as we kissed and licked at each new patch of exposed skin we managed to excavate from the frankly ridiculous levels of cloth.

“Now I know why our bed is so big.” I giggled, as I wrapped my arms around her to unlace her corset.

After what felt like far too long, we were both down to our underclothes and I discovered just how truly stunning my wife was. Porcelain smooth, pale skin, beautiful supple curves that while not as large as my own were still utterly gorgeous.

I unhooked the last of her garments and helped shimmy her out of her panties so that she was naked beneath me. My breath was coming in fast gasps now, I could feel the rise and fall of my breasts as she undid my own corset and finally set them free. After so many hours supported, I almost forgot just how heavy they were when they were free. Not that I had to worry because Anna was more than happy to hold them for me.

“I know I have said it a thousand times, but I’ll say it a thousand more, “she said with a voice full of wonder, “your body is simply to die for, darling.”



I grinned and leaned over so that my tits hung in her face as she laid back on those satin sheets. Anna kissed and licked all the way along them, paying special attention to each nipple individually and giving them quick, pleasurable sucks. All at once I started to kick myself; I'd had these tits for weeks and how much of that time had I wasted *not* having them sucked?

I moaned, letting my eyes flutter closed so I could just enjoy the sensation as Anna took one breast in both her hands and began to massage it as she suckled. Her tongue circled around the nipple till it was hard as diamond before gently pressing her teeth into it. Not quite a bite; certainly not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough that I saw stars.

I could feel my new pussy moistening, the juices slowly staining the satin undergarments. Poor Margaret would have to wash the stains out with her eyes averted. The mental image made me giggle and I grabbed Anna and rolled her atop me.

She continued to play with my tits, teasing me until I was a mewling mess on the bed. My hole burned and Anna could sense just how desperate I was becoming and took the opportunity to grind down. Our mounds pressed together with only the thin fabric of my panties to separate us as I practically howled; the whole household would know what was happening in here and I couldn't care less.

Finally, she took mercy on me, sliding down my body to remove the last bit of clothing between us before returning to her place above me. Once more she ground down on my mound and I trembled with the intensity. I couldn't let her tease me anymore, I was simply too horny to wait a second longer!

Anna laughed but the sound turned to a pleased gasp halfway through as I once again switched out positioned and bore down on her. I pressed our pussies together so hard that our clits brushed and we both moaned. I repeated the motion, over and over again as Anna massaged and motorboated my tits.

I'd never had sex this fun before; or this erotic. I never wanted it to end but I was so out of control I couldn't slow down, I humped and groaned as I got closer and closer to another one of those glorious female orgasms. Just as I was on the edge, I felt Anna go ridged beneath me and she cried out.

"Darling!"

I felt her squirt against me and that was all I needed to go tumbling over the edge and into and ocean of ecstasy. Wave after wave of pleasure rose and fell until finally, I collapsed into the bed next to Anna and curled myself around her.

We didn't say anything, just basked in the afterglow and one another's presence. Her skin felt heavenly against my own and I buried my face into the nape of her neck. The scent of her hair filled my nostrils and an overwhelming sense of calm and belonging settled over me. It was like a blanket, warm and comforting.

We didn't bother getting up to put on our nightgowns.

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Slowly, I felt a sort of familiarity settle over me. Even though logically I knew I had only existed in this strange world for a few weeks I began to remember things. Not proper memories, more like muscle or reflex memories. I couldn't recall my wedding with Anna, but I knew where it had taken place and that we had tired ourselves dancing the night away after our vow and been too tired to consummate until the next day. I knew which fork to use when we had Lady Sybil over for lunch from a selection of fifteen (fifteen! Who needed that many forks?) and I knew all the steps to the dances Anna mentioned wanting to perform at the spring ball.

It was comforting, like I was slowly growing at home in my own skin. And speaking of skin, I was sure getting a lot more of it. My womanly figure was fully grown in now, with weight and curves in all the right places. I wasn't a stick thin model; more like those 1950s pinups I remembered seeing back in my original reality. With a heavy, round butt and an hour glass figure.

The star attraction though were my breasts. They were huge, but natural and beautiful with dark pink nipples. I just couldn't believe how curvy I was getting; I kept thinking I was finally done but then I would wake up the next day to discover just a little more weight had been added to my chest.

I was starting to need those heavy corsets from the closet but of course Margaret acted as though I had always been wearing them. I posed each morning as she laced them up, then pulled the ties tight so that my breasts were pushed up, squashed together so that the low, square neckline of my dresses showed off my now ample cleavage.

At first it was embarrassing but watching Anan blush each time she saw them pushed up helped me get over it quickly enough. Now that I had finally fully indulged using my female body I was obsessed; I'd sneak off with Anna and fuck in cupboards, in the library, anywhere we could be alien for a few minutes. I'd sneak a hand under her long skirt

while we were eating dinner and finger her until she gripped the table hard enough to turn her knuckles white.

“I don’t know what I did to earn this second honeymoon of ours.” She breathed as we finished up our second round of love making for the day. “But I am loving it.”

“Well, I love you.”

The words just slipped out; of course, she smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek. Having your wife say ‘I love you’ wasn’t a big deal after all. But it was for me; she had no way of knowing that in a way, that was the first time I’d admitted it, even to myself.

I’d never loved anybody before; oh, sure I’d dated here and there. I’d *said* ‘I love you’ to a handful of girlfriends over the years but now that I was experiencing it for the first time, I realised I’d never really meant it until now.

“Excuse me, Lady Anna, there is a phone call for you.”

Anna gave me a little wave and followed her maid down to where the strange, steampunk telephone sat in one of our many sitting rooms. I was thinking about heading to the kitchen for a snack when I heard the sound of a crash and Anna’s voice, screaming louder than I had ever heard it.

“That BITCH!”

I flew down the stairs so fast it was a miracle I didn’t break a heel.

“Anna? What’s wrong?”

She was standing by the remains of the phone, the handset of which she’d torn off its wire and thrown across the room. Her shoulders were heaving up and down and her beautiful face twisted in a way that almost made it look ugly.

“It’s Sybil,” she hissed, “She ‘accidentally’ organised to hold a garden party the same day as the spring ball!”

“...and that’s bad? The ball is at night, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but she’s hired all the same caterers and entertainment!” Anna flopped down onto a chair in a huff. “People will go to her ‘casually little get together’ then come to my ball, expecting the biggest, fanciest occasion of the season and see the exact same food, drinks, layout and entertainment.”

My blood started to boil; how dare that woman try to ruin Anna’s special night! After helping her with all the preparations too!

“She took all the notes and things you planned and used them herself?”

Anna nodded.

“That bitch.”

“And then she has the gall to call me and apologise saying she booked the wrong day, she intended for her casual get together to be the day after as a celebration of my achievement.” Anna rolled her eyes. “As if I’d ever buy that.”

“Can’t she cancel?”

“No, it’s too late now. Everything is locked in and she has family coming from out of town. Even if she didn’t, she’d find some other excuse. I should have known she hadn’t changed a bit.”

I racked my brain and felt those strange half memories coming to me; Sybil has been Anna’s best friend growing up, but they’d had a falling out...when she’d married me. I felt my heart sink into my stomach.

“This was the first time since we got married you’ve been able to host the season’s opening event.” I whispered. “This was your chance to prove yourself again.”

All the other nobles had decided it was best to host the opening parties each year since Anna’s taste had clearly ‘soured’ as they put it when she married me. The scandal of our matrimony had finally died down enough that this year Anna had been selected by the Queen to host a season’s first ball and now Sybil had ruined it.

“They’ll never give me another shot.” Anna sighed with tears in her eyes. “I know these big formal parties seem silly to you, but they mean a lot to me.”

It was true, I was from such a minor house that I’d only ever attended balls sporadically before marrying Anna. It was a good thing I had to, or we never would have met. I sat down on the couch gently and held Anna’s hands in my own.

“There is only one course of action then.” I said stubbornly, “We need to make your ball even more fabulous. New caterers, new dishes, new decorations.”

“But that’ll be so much work-”

“I’ll help you. And then, we will make a grand entrance in the fanciest, most beautiful dresses you’ve ever seen and show Sybil what real beauty and grace looks like. Together.”

Anna smiled and it lit up my whole world.

“Alright. Oh Gosh, we have so much to do, what first, flowers, food-?”

“How about a repairwoman for the phone?”

Anna blushed.

“Yes, that’s probably for the best.”

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We only had two weeks to plan the ball from the ground up for the most part. I threw myself into the world of high society planning; I helped make menus, colour coordinate decorations and pick music. Anna hadn’t been kidding about the little details; even dance cards had to be designed and each fairy light threaded perfectly through the hedges, and of course there was the matter of what to wear.

I had just planned on wearing whatever Margaret put me in but now that Anna’s pride was on the line wasn’t leaving things up to change anymore. I had an incredible body and so did my wife; we needed something that truly showed us off. I wasn’t much of a designer, but

after browsing through every fashion magazine I could get my hands on I knew exactly what we should wear and sent off my notes to the tailor along with both our measurements.

I couldn't help but blush a little as Margaret flitted about with the tape, wrapping it around my chest and hips; I didn't even know J cups existed but apparently, I needed them. I could tell Anna was as excited as she was nervous. She woke up at the crack of dawn each day to double, triple check everything, and didn't go to bed until late in the night. The only breaks she took were at my hand, literally. We managed to avoid scandalising any more staff at least.

Finally, the night of the ball itself arrived; we'd skipped Sybill's luncheon of course. We simply had too much to do getting ready for such a big event, I'd explained breathlessly. She's said she understood in that fake, sickly sweet voice of hers. I could practically feel her sense of victory radiating down the phone line; she thought we were running around like chickens with our heads cut off. Little did she know that tonight when she attended the season's official opening, she would have her pantyhose blown right off.

The sun began to set and Anna kissed me on the cheek, disappearing to her own dressing room to get ready with her ladies in waiting. The air was alive with the excitement of the impending ball, the servants hurriedly moved about the mansion, arranging flowers and food so that everything would be perfect for Anna's big night.

I stripped down and let Margaret put me in my formal undergarments, both of us were smiling in excitement, though she turned a little pink when I decided to go without underwear. With my long skirt nobody would know; nobody but Anna of course at the end of the night. Margaret opened the box from the tailor and breathed out a soft 'oh'.

"It's beautiful." She whispered. "Oh, my lady, you are so lucky."

The gown was a masterpiece of craftsmanship; even I with no knowledge of sewing could tell it must have taken days to make. If not the entire week. Its fabric, spun from the finest silk, shimmered in the light, catching every glimmer and gleam that danced across its surface. It was a rich pink, with white and gold trimmings to match the corset and shoes laid out next to it. I already knew I was going to look stunning and utterly feminine; I couldn't wait!

Margaret held it up and the gown unfurled like a blossoming flower, its petals layers of lace and embroidery that would have made a Barbie doll blush. Even a few days ago I would have still felt embarrassed being put in a garment like that but now, instead I felt excited. I spent a moment marvelling at just how much I had grown, physically and mentally to have picked such an outfit then stepped up onto my little pedestal buzzing with anticipation.

Margaret's fingers deftly fastened ties and ribbons while I watched in the mirrors as I was slowly transformed into the belle of the ball. When she was done, I couldn't help but stare in wonder; the wide neckline allowed my full bust to be on display without seeming immodest and I felt a sense of pride fill me. I knew other women would be jealous of my full figure, including that stick Sybil.

"Come, we need to get your hair done and set."

I settled into the plush seat before the ornate vanity mirror and allowed Margaret to brush jasmine oil through my long honey coloured hair before styling it in intricate braids atop my head. With a final flourish, Margaret placed a crown of gilded golden flowers upon my head to match the pair of golden roses she hung from my earlobes. I stood up and Margaret took a step back and let out a soft gasp.

"Oh, Milady you look so lovely." She breathed, "Even a princess couldn't outshine you tonight."

I grinned, swaying back and forth so that the ruffles of my dress danced around my ankles; she was right. I'd never felt more beautiful in my life. A soft knock at the door and another servant stepped inside.

"The guests have begun to arrive, milady. They are being led out into the entrance hall and served their canapes."

"Thank you." I nodded, I wonder what Sybil thought of the new menu Anna had put together, taste testing it had been a dream.

"Let's go make our grand entrance." I announced, patting down my hair one last time to make sure nothing was out of place.

Anna and I had agreed to meet at the top of the stairs where the guests were mingling before officially starting the ball. I could hear the murmur of voices as I approached the top of the stairwell and then my breath caught in my throat. I felt my jaw drop; beautiful wasn't strong enough a word to describe my wife right now; the only thing that came close was radiant.

Her dress was tailored in the same style but with purple and soft orange instead of pink. She looked more beautiful than the queen herself. I watched as her eyes widened looking at me and dipped to my bust before going back to my face with a blush. We joined hands and I could feel her trembling with nerves.

“This is going to be perfect; don't you worry.” I whispered as one of our servants announced us and we descended the stairs.

A hush fell over the crowd and I searched until I found Sybill whose face was pressed into a sour expression. I could see her taking in the decorations, the music and the mini cucumber and watercress sandwiches dressed with rose and cherry to suit the spring theming.

*Take that you evil bat.*

“Welcome everybody, to the spring season.” Anna announced, “Please, enjoy yourselves, dances will be held in the garden on a special stage constructed for the evening, among the flowers.”

People clapped politely and smiled as she continued to talk about all the virtues spring brought. But I watched Sybil get smaller and smaller with each word; Anna exuded grace and inner beautiful as well as outer; unlike her.

“And of course,” I spoke up, “We welcome you all into our home, please, enjoy yourselves.”

We descended the rest of the stairs and gave each other one final squeeze before disappearing to mingle with the guests. I fanned myself against imaginary heat to draw attention to my bust, I laughed and sashayed my way through the crowd feeling like the absolute belle of the ball. I could hear the hushed voices of people as they gossiped behind hands and fans;

“That dress is stunning! Yes, according to the serving girl she designed it herself.”

“I never knew she had such taste.”

“She's the diamond of the night that's for sure.”



“Look at that chest, oh my goodness!”

“I’m so jealous!”

“I didn’t even know breasts could get that big…”

I grinned smugly and soaked up all the praise, whispered or otherwise before taking to the dancefloor with my wife for the first dance. I pulled Anna close enough that her breasts crushed and wrapped a hand around her waist to pull her close. Then, I lead her in a dance, swirling out glittering gowns around our ankles as the music played softly.

“I think it’s going well.” She whispered as we bowed our heads together.

“As if it could go any other way.”

“Those cucumber rosehip sandwiches were a stroke of genius. I’ve heard people whispering about them, they say you’re innovative.”

“I’ve been hearing whispers about other parts of me.”

Anna’s cheeks reddened under her make up.

“Yes well, you are eye catching, darling. I’d be lying if those weren’t the first thing I noticed about you. But in my defence, it’s hard not to notice, especially when you dress like that.”

I puffed up my chest a little and she giggled; that laugh sounded like angel bells. I was just about to lean in for a kiss when there was a cry from the side of the dancefloor and everything paused. My blood turned to ice; surely something hadn’t happened to spoil things?

I saw Sybil sitting on the grass, her yellow ball gown stained with rosehip and lavender ice tea. Margaret was standing there, flustered and furiously dabbing at the dress with a handkerchief which of course only made things worse. I felt my brow furrow; Margaret wasn’t supposed to be serving drinks.

“I’m so sorry ma’am.” She whispered, but the kind of loud whisper half the garden could hear, especially since the music had stopped. “It’s just that you pushed me a little too hard, the tray went forwards instead of back.”

Everybody started to mutter.

“I saw it, you did push her toward the dance floor.” Said one woman.

“Yes, I think she was trying to spill drinks under the hostess’ feet!”

“How rude!”

“Well, it backfired.”

“You know she tried the same trick two years ago when Kynthia Darlow showed up to a ball wearing the same type of gown as her.”

“How shameful.”

Sybil pushed Magaret away and for the briefest of moments our eyes met and Margaret winked; she must have known Sybil would try something and decided to play damage control.

“Remind me to give that girl a raise.” I whispered before walking over to Sybil and offering her a hand.

“You poor thing, here, let me help.” I said, my voice full of fake sympathy and she batted my hand away, only to realise a second later how bad it looked. “I’d offer you one of my dresses to wear but I am not sure you would fit my...measurements.”

The crowd giggled and Sybil’s face turned bright red, even with her bust pushed as high as it could go; she couldn’t hold a candle to mine. With a frustrated screech she stormed out of the garden, leaving a trail of gossip in her wake. I did my best not to look too pleased with myself as I took my wife’s hand and rejoined the dancefloor. Sybil getting a bit of her own medicine was just the thing to make this night totally perfect.