

Jacqueline

In life, there is opportunity to love, but with love comes responsibilities. Jacqueline Leville had the perfect life. In love with her husband Frederick, a reputable medical practitioner, she would do anything to maintain her perfect life, but in the autumn of 1888, their marriage ran into problems.

West London was bathed in an opulent, charismatic dusk as summer was coming to an end. The wealthy streets were far less crowded. People hurried a little more, eager to get home as the evenings began to cool and the season turned the leaves from green to brown, which fell in the traditional manner to carpet the drab sidewalks. Street sweepers continuously removed the debris from the pedestrian paths. It was the right of the rich.

Jacqueline patronized the windows of their drawing room and studied each of the carriages that passed along the avenue, eager for one to stop and deliver her husband home from his practice. As each clip-clop of horses' hooves reached her ears, she peered into the street looking up from her delicate needlework. A floral sampler lay in her lap, the fine stitches lined up perfectly like soldiers with their arms crossed in the front. It was the ideal craft to fill in the long boring afternoons which were becoming frequent with time.

Frederick had been
left to fill the evening

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Jacqueline was
young doctor, it

was certainly a dream come true for the couple. Opportunities like this one didn't come along very often, so he wisely accepted. Sadly, Jacqueline hadn't realised the hours would stretch so late into the evening and she was beginning to regret her husband's decision. Lonely hours were tedious. A child could fill the void, there was plenty of room in their spacious home, but working long days was taking its toll on Frederick and he was far too tired to join in the amorous activities they normally enjoyed.

Jacqueline's sister Connie had not yet married and provided some company, but the single woman's social life thrived. The younger sister's bubbling spirit ensured her popularity, and evenings at soirees with handsome bachelors were regularly on offer. Many afternoons were spent shopping for fancy clothing to wear out to her numerous social events, and sipping tea with friends who liked to gossip about the goings on in the social scene they frequented. During a rare afternoon visit, Connie served up a slice of gossip to Jacqueline that seemed unlikely, but still quite possible.

On that very evening one week prior, Connie had attended a party. When she left the event, the carriage that had delivered her safely home from the evening's entertainment had travelled through Whitechapel and Connie had spotted a man who resembled Frederick Leville cavorting with some women of ill