

Sweet Little Things



Blind Ruth



A "Young Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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SWEET LITTLE THINGS

BY BLIND RUTH

SWEET LITTLE ELLEN-JAYNE

Louise Bromley sat sedately and composed in the drawing room of her best friend Jill Mattingly. Jill, a widow for some six years, had a young daughter nearing six years old to bring up.

Jill had married late in life and was now 46. Jill had become pregnant in the first year of her marriage to George.

Ellen-Jayne, Jill's daughter was a pretty girl and wanted for nothing. Jill saw to that for her hard working husband had left her well off financially. Ellen-Jayne was always seen in the prettiest of frocks that any little girl could wish for.

Louise Bromley and Jill had been girlfriends since school; she, like Jill, was in her forties and still a spinster, but by no means a virgin. Louise had been referred to as somewhat eccentric by some people as she lived on her own, but she was well liked nevertheless.

Louise had had some torrid love affairs when younger in a time when such things as *The Pill* were not yet known. Louise could have considered herself as lucky that she never became pregnant, for at that time an unmarried mother would be known as a scarlet woman. But even so, Louise had always wanted a baby and a daughter but that was not to be.

Over the years Louise had taken an interest in little Ellen-Jayne and Jill had told her daughter to call Louise Aunt.

Ellen-Jayne had always fascinated Louise and not just because she would have liked to have a daughter. There was something different about Ellen-Jayne but Louise couldn't put her finger on it, try as might.

Today was Ellen-Jayne's sixth birthday and Louise would be helping Jill with Ellen-Jayne's birthday party. Little Ellen-Jayne looked so pretty as she sat in her party frock beside her Aunt Louise for the little guests had not yet arrived.

Louise had been present when her girlfriend Jill had fitted Ellen-Jayne's party dress in her daughter's room. It was a proper little girl's room, thought Louise with its dressing table and mirrors. No doubt in time Jill would have makeup on the dressing table for her daughter. Jill had put some of her own powder and some lipstick on her, just enough.

Ellen-Jayne stood there in just her petticoat for Mommy. She was becoming a big girl and this was

her first petticoat, a lovely one. It was a short white three-layered puffed-out petticoat, which came to above her knees. As Ellen-Jayne walked, the petticoat would swirl from side-to-side, showing occasional glimpses of the delightful knickers underneath. The knickers themselves were of elasticised ivory lace and bow, frilled at the waist and legs. Ellen-Jayne wore white cotton ankle socks and white ankle strap shoes with three-inch heels.

“Very soon,” Jill said to her daughter, “I will put you in young girl’s long stockings with a suspender belt and shoes with higher heels for you must be prepared to be the woman that you will undoubtedly be one day Ellen-Jayne.”

Ellen-Jayne had still to put on her dress over her underclothes. It was indeed magnificent; Jill paid plenty for it. It was a marvellous dazzling creation of silver dress, with a sequin-embellished bodice, a tieback satin bow, and layered multi-frill skirt.

Ellen-Jayne fidgeted as her mother placed the dress over her. “Stand still!” Jill sternly ordered to her daughter.

“I can’t, Mommy. I’m so excited with everything; my party, my *clothes*, everything.”

The stern face of Jill changed to one of smiles. “Are you, my precious little darling? Come here.” Jill hugged her daughter and gave her many kisses.

“Give Mummy a twirl in your dress, sweetheart.” This Ellen-Jayne proceeded to do to more smiles from her admiring mother.

Louise watched very carefully. There was no doubt the little girl was very excited about her birthday party and new clothes. This she would expect from

most little girls, however there seemed to be more excitement from Ellen-Jayne for some reason. The swishing and swaying of her dress round her legs gave her excitement that maybe did not belong to the female sex. Even as Ellen-Jayne now sat beside her Aunt Louise on the settee, it seemed she was excited at the rustling noise her petticoat made as she moved. She did look a pretty picture with her long blonde hair, with the white ribbons, hair hanging over her shoulders and such cupid-shaped kissable lips.

And yet, yet thought Louise there was a mystery that she as yet could not solve about this child.

Louise had bought a girl baby's pram for Ellen-Jayne. This would go with the doll her mother would give her at the party. On presentation of the pram, Ellen-Jayne's mother told her daughter to kiss her Aunt Louise. This she did with arms round the neck of Louise. It wasn't as if Ellen-Jayne hadn't dolls before; her mother had made sure she had plenty. However this doll was more realistic than the others; it could cry and wet its diapers so little Ellen-Jayne would have to change them and feed it with the small milk bottle to stop its crying. Jill was more than happy the way she was bringing up her daughter into girlhood.

Among the presents Ellen-Jayne received was a sewing kit. This pleased her mother. Jill had decided to teach her daughter sewing, embroidery and knitting which all little girls of her age should be taught. There were so many girly things Jill wanted for her daughter; Ellen-Jayne would also receive instructions in dressmaking. Had Jill forgot anything in making her daughter the proper lady she wanted Ellen-Jayne to be?

Louise couldn't agree more and yet she thought Jill overloading her daughter with femininity, rushing her into girlhood for some unknown reason. Louise's keen eyes kept watching her girlfriend's daughter; she would solve this mystery somehow.

Little girls were always seen playing with Ellen-Jayne; never boys for Jill never invited any to play with Ellen-Jayne. Such was the environment Ellen-Jayne was raised in.

It was after Ellen-Jayne's sixth birthday that Jill decided to take her daughter out of school; a live-in governess had been hired for her lessons.

THE GOVERNESS

A Miss Marion Galbraith had been recommended. She was a well-educated woman and a spinster of 40 years. Marion was one of the old school. Her motto was "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Many affluent families had hired her. No matter where she went a well-used cane accompanied her everywhere. To Marion, it mattered not that Daddy was a managing director of such and such company; his offspring still felt her cane on their backside. Wherever Marion went one of the first things the child must learn that she was the one to be obeyed. Marion would always find something, no matter how trivial, to use as an excuse to cane the child on their first meeting which would establish her authority.

Marion Galbraith made it very clear to Jill she must never interfere with her methods otherwise she would walk out. In fact she had a contract drawn out stipulating this. It could be a costly affair for Jill if such happened.

At that time Jill had no idea what Miss Galbraith's methods were, just that she had been highly recommended.

Time was to tell Jill that Marion was a wise choice although at first she did not think so. It was arranged that Marion had a room in the house for herself. During that first weekend when Marion moved in, she kept an eye on Ellen-Jayne, a pretty girl in the finest of girl's clothes. It was on the Monday after breakfast that little Ellen-Jayne was to receive her first lessons from Miss Galbraith.

To Ellen-Jayne, her new governess was a tall, stern-looking woman, so unlike her mother who was always kissing and hugging her. Ellen-Jayne that morning never saw her mother although she was in the house. Marion Galbraith told Jill in no uncertain terms to stay away from the library, which was used as a schoolroom for that was her domain.

"Stand up, child!" were the first words spoken by Marion to Ellen-Jayne. Ellen-Jayne who had been mollycoddled so much by her mother was not used to be spoken to that way.

"I said stand up NOW!"

Little Ellen-Jayne obeyed the command and a tear formed in her eye.

"I hope you're not going to cry, Ellen-Jayne, for I shall give you something to cry about. COME HERE!"

Miss Galbraith opened her desk and took out her faithful cane and beckoned with a finger to the frightened little girl to come to her. It was a hesitant Ellen-Jayne who came towards her governess. She didn't know what was about to happen but she was about to be caned for the first time in her short life.

Marion Galbraith's hands reached out to Ellen-Jayne. In no time the girl was across her sombre black skirt-covered knees. Miss Galbraith knew exactly what she was going to do: cane Ellen-Jayne.

Ellen-Jayne's mother had put her in a long blue frock that day. For her first lesson with Miss Galbraith, that came down to her ankles. The frock swished and swayed round the girl's legs making a froufrou sound as she walked towards her governess, watched by her eyes which pierced into the very soul of the little girl. That frock was lifted as Ellen-Jayne lay over her governess' knees. Underneath the frock were three plain layers of white petticoats as long as the frock. Ellen-Jayne's bare legs with white ankle socks and a little girls black shoes were now to be seen.

Marion Galbraith would not take the little girls knickers down this time; in future they may well be removed. Marion's strong hand forced Ellen-Jayne to lie still over her knees. The first stroke of the cane descended on the girl's knickers. Ellen-Jayne felt it, she couldn't move; nothing like this had ever happened to her before. Tears began to poll down her cheeks.

"Yes, you may well cry, Ellen-Jayne. I'LL GIE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY FOR," came from the snarled lips of her governess.

The next stroke arrived on her knickers. It was more severe than the first, and then came a third. Marion stopped at that. Ellen-Jayne was lifted from her governess' knee.

"Adjust your clothes and go to your seat. Next time I come in, rise and say 'Good morning, Miss Galbraith.' DO YOU UNDERSTAND, Ellen-Jayne?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"No, no, no it is 'Yes, Miss Galbraith,' child. Say it now or you're going over my knee again."

Sobbingly, Ellen-Jayne stuttered it out. "Ye...s, Miss Gal...braith."

"And what do you say in the morning, Ellen-Jayne?"

"Goo...d morning, Mi...ss Galbraith," she sobbed out.

"Remember that and we will get along fine." Marion Galbraith was pleased with herself. She now had control of the child. There could be repercussions when the mother learned of her methods but she was prepared for that.

Ellen-Jayne seemed very subdued to Jill that day, not the bubbly, effervescent, happy-go-lucky child she knew. She looked at her daughter's face, not the usual happy smiling face.

"What's wrong, Ellen Jayne?" her mother asked.

"Miss Galbraith smacked me, Mummy."

That was something Jill had never done to her daughter.

"Show me where, dear."

Ellen-Jayne rubbed her bottom. "There, Mummy. It was very sore."

"Tell me the truth, were you a naughty girl?"

"Oh no, Mummy, I was a good girl."

Jill believed her daughter but said nothing. She would see Miss Galbraith later that day and have it

out with her on the matter of smacking her precious little darling.

At dinner that night alone with the governess, (Ellen-Jayne was always been put to bed early)

, she brought up the subject.

"I believe you smacked my daughter very severely this morning, Miss Galbraith."

"That is correct." Marion Galbraith said nothing further and carried on eating her dinner.

Jill had wanted some explanation and was most annoyed that this was not forthcoming from the woman she had hired.

"Why?" Jill asked.

"That is no business or concern of yours, Mrs. Mattingly. You hired me to do a job and that I will do, so don't interfere."

"But little Ellen-Jayne is such a good little girl, Miss Galbraith."

"I have nothing more to say on the subject, Mrs. Mattingly."

Jill could fire the woman but although she had been left a considerable amount of money by her late husband, the penalty clause in the contract with Marion Galbraith would fairly eat into it.

Jill felt she had no option but to leave her precious daughter in the hands of this severe woman. Whatever would become of Ellen-Jayne?

LIFE WITH AUNTIE

Meanwhile, what had happened to Louise Bromley since Ellen-Jayne's 6th birthday? Louise kept an eye on Ellen-Jayne; she suspected something unusual about the girl. That eye had other things to look at however, her nephew for a start. This all came about when her youngest sister Margaret died unexpectedly. Louise, her brothers and sisters, gathered at the funeral. Their main concern what was to happen to David, the young son of Margaret? Margaret's husband had run away with another woman not long after David was born, leaving her literally holding the baby. Two of her brothers had gone abroad to live while one was still single and the other dead for some time.

That left Louise and her two sisters, both married with children. None of them wanted the boy; they said they had enough on their hands coping with their own children. That left only Louise or the orphanage. Her sisters pleaded with her to take the boy in her house.

This she did reluctantly. She would have preferred a little girl but she was stuck with David. Every time she looked at the child she thought it was a pity he was a boy. He would look nice in a dress.

That thought fascinated Louise. Every time she went shopping, she looked in the girls clothes department. "Was there something you wanted for your daughter, Madam?" asked the sales lady.

"Oh no, I was just looking."

"We have a lot more dresses than these on display, Madam, very pretty ones. Maybe you will bring your daughter next time. I'm sure there is something that would make her ever so pretty."