



Reluctant Press

Lie Back & Think of England

Blind Ruth Scotland



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Lie Back and Think Of England

By Blind Ruth

INTRODUCTION

It must have been about some 3 or 4 months after my mother's death. The will having been read and I being her only family, all was left to me: money, and the family house. This I did not need as my husband and I had a large enough house for the both of us.

We decided to sell the house and use the money from the sale for other things. Mother died of a broken heart; father had died 2 years ago and she pined for him, they were always a close couple.

So here we were, my husband and I, clearing out the house, when I came upon an old, brown beat-up case in the attic. On perusing the many papers and documents within, I came across a most amazing journal, diary of her times during the Second World War.

Mother had dabbled in espionage, she was a secret agent and spied for Britain in the war. With the form the manuscripts were in, they looked to me as if they were ready for some publisher to print.

I read with interest all contained in them and felt the world had to know all about this. Why was this so important to me?

BECAUSE MOTHER WAS A TRANSSEXUAL!?

I contacted British Military Intelligence, who on seeing it, denied all knowledge of any such matters.

On this rebuff, I was more than determined than ever that the facts be known, not just for my mother, but for all

transsexuals and the part they played in the war. Justice has to be seen to be done.

This book has been written for you, my readers, to judge for yourself. This is a story that had to be told. The truth must come out, now read on.

Renee Langton

London 12th December 2002

Lie Back and Think Of England

PROLOGUE

Before embarking on our tale, it is best to give the reader some background. I was born Robert Meadowcroft, the youngest of three sons, in 1920. My brothers were 10 and 15 years older than myself and play no part in this story. I am told by aunts that mother always wanted a girl and this was one last try. Mother dressed me as a baby girl; of course I was too young to remember, however the subconscious mind stores such information, like a time capsule, to release it years later when the time is right. I had golden curls, which were kept as long as possible, 'til Father put his foot down. Father was a chief accountant with a well-known industrial company, on the way up. Mother came from a well-off family and was quite a beauty in her day, a real catch for Dad.

We go to Christmas 1929. I was 9 years old and Aunt Mary and her daughter, my cousin Susan, came to stay over the Christmas period. Aunt Mary was a widow of some two years, and had seen better times. Her husband had, however, left her reasonably well-off. She was a small, jovial, plump, but beautiful woman. She was my favorite aunt. Susan thought she was superior to me and made fun of me at every opportunity.

We had just come back from a pantomime, Aunt Mary's treat; it was Aladdin, the usual English pantomime, with women playing men's parts. Principal Boy was always a woman and had to be a good singer. Men played woman's parts; they were usually comedians. In this case it was Widow Twanky (Cinderella had two men, the ugly sisters). Pantomime Dame, with the very red lipstick, white powdered face, plastered on thick, very red rouge cheeks, long false eye lashes, extended black eye brows and a wig, with hair heaped up high on top like a beehive. She looked more like a clown than a woman, You were never in question that it was a man and it was of course played for laughs. Widow Twanky was wooed by Baron

Hardup; you can imagine the sexual innuendoes that were made there. Somewhere in the panto, she would fall down, exposing her drawers, of the brightest, flashy, gaudiest colors, that you can think of. Big long pantaloons down to her ankles.

I always thought that this made a mockery of women, just like drag queens do today. I never liked that. Women were to be respected, honored and held in high esteem, in my humble opinion. I would like to know what it was like to be a woman; it was something I really wanted to know. Why did I have such feelings? Was it mother's longing for a girl, unconsciously working on my brain. Whatever the cause, I just wished I was a girl.

I did not realize that Aunt Mary, who emitted a wonderful smell of perfume (Chanel No. 5 to be precise), had been looking at me with thoughtful eyes reflecting on what a beautiful boy I was, with my long blond, hair, blue eyes, small pert nose, cupid lips, thin for a boy of my age. She could well imagine how Dorothy, her sister, wanted to dress him as a girl, when he was a baby. She would have done the same herself. I was too beautiful to be a boy she thought, I was going to be better-looking than a lot of girls she knew, better even than Susan, her daughter. Robert was not going to grow very big, as a man, Mary was sure of that. Even now he was small for a boy of nine. Better he had been born a girl. But should she be even entertaining such thoughts? Were they evil?

Later that evening, Mary mentioned to Dorothy, "It was nice to ask Susan and myself here for Christmas."

"Well, we all are family and family should be together at the festive season," Mother replied.

"Yes, you are right. I was wondering if, to repay you, Robert could come to my house over the school summer holidays. I think he would like that. As you know, since Ian died, I have moved into a smaller house. However, we do have a spare bedroom," Mary said.

Mother replied, "I see no objection to that and I do not think Philip will either. What about you, Robert?"

Without hesitation I said yes. Aunt Mary stayed in a seaside resort called White Sands; she moved there after the death of her husband, a smaller, quieter, place to stay. It was not like the usual holiday summer resort of the 1920's, although it had the obligatory pier, which all seaside resorts of that time had. It had plenty of sand, hence its name, sand dunes, places where one could lie and get sun tanned, blue water for swimming. Yes, I was going to like the coming summer.

Summer had now arrived and on the first Saturday of my school holiday, I was in my father's car, along with mother, making our way to the coast and Aunt Mary's bungalow. Yes, Mother had persuaded Father to let me stay for the next four weeks of the school holidays at Aunt Mary's bungalow.

Aunt Mary and Susan were there to welcome us, in almost identical outfits, although Susan's was a junior version of her mothers; very pretty they both were. My parents stayed 'til just after dinner, then left for home. I had taken my two cases to the spare room. After having looked 'round the room, I came to the conclusion that it was made for a girl, with the dainty light blue bed covers and pillow slips, golden curtain rails and blue velvet curtains, with delicate white lace edging hanging from the rail, this room truly was made for a feminine presence. I really felt at peace and relaxed in this atmosphere. I had this feeling once again, that I wished to know what it was like to be a girl. My mind kept going back to the outfit Susan wore in the afternoon and what I would look like in it. I must put such thoughts out of my mind, I said to myself. They were EVIL thoughts that were not right. I labored to become too busy unpacking to worry anymore about it.

There was lots to do here: big lawn in front of the house, at the rear was a tennis court. Golden beaches to sunbathe on and of course one could swim in the sea.

It must have been Tuesday of the following week. I went to the beach with my aunt and Susan and had a delightful time swimming. Aunt Mary said she was going shopping and that I could stay sunbathing if I wished. I of course could not pass this opportunity up. Susan went with her.

After an hour or so, I made my way back to the bungalow and my room. I was alone in the bungalow and changing into some new clothes when a thought came to my mind, from where I do not know. I now had the opportunity to try some girls clothes on. This, I thought, would be the closest I would ever be to being a girl. This compulsion, this driving force, was spurring me on. Why, why, oh why?

I stopped dressing and went to Susan's room, which was next to mine. A real little girl's room, with everything in dainty, peaceful colors, even more feminine than my room, if that was possible. Looking 'round, the dressing table was the first place I made for. I opened various drawers, examining the contents with careful eye. I selected with shaking hand, and rapid beating heart, the items I would want to wear.

I had never been so nervous in all my life. From the drawers, I had taken out a pair of bottle green cotton knickers and a little matching vest with a red heart motif near the top right hand side and a pair of white cotton ankle socks. I removed my own pants and vest and slowly pulled up the green knickers, which felt so snug against my bare flesh; the vest felt the same. Although Susan was one year older than me, her clothes were a nice fit. The ankle socks were next on. I now looked in the wardrobe, it was full of delightful dresses, skirts and blouses of all colors and materials of all kinds. There was no doubt that Aunt Mary kept her daughter in the best of clothes.

I now removed a green school girl's pinafore dress, which I pulled over my head and straightened down my body. Shoes were now put on; they were Mary Janes,

black patent leather ones. The feeling I now had was unbelievable, indescribable. I just knew this was me, I should have been a girl. I was so relaxed, so comfortable, it was marvelous. I paraded up and down the room in this finery to my heart's content.

I had lost track of time, engrossed in my dreams. I never heard Susan return home or saw her looking at me for some time. Until I heard her say, "Well, well, well, what do we have here, my pretty little cousin? Little sissy, pretty little sissy. Does the sissy like my girly clothes? I always knew there was something funny about you! Wait 'til mother sees her favorite nephew is a sissy."

Everything happened so quick, I was taken by surprise. On recovering, I grabbed my clothes and tried to go out the door, Susan blocked my passage. Try as I might, I could not get past her. She was too strong for me, even if I was a boy.

"You don't get away that easy, little sissy. Mummy must see this."

I was now in a panic. What could I do? My worst fears were here. Susan had left her mother, to come and change for dinner.

"Please please, Susan, let me go. I promise not to do it again," I said.

"I bet you won't, but no, " she said with a laugh.

While all this commotion was going on, Aunt Mary arrived. Hearing the noise, she came through to Susan's room.

"What's going on here?" she said.

Susan eagerly burst in. "Look at little sissy Robert, Mummy. Isn't he a sissy boy?"

A flush of anger appeared on Aunt Mary's face. "Now I've had it," I thought, to myself. A beating was coming. I expected no less.

Then Aunt Mary turned to Susan and said, "You little prig, you're a snob. Did I not teach you better? I'll speak to you later."

She put a gentle hand 'round my shoulder My aunt looked down at me with a thoughtful expression and led me to my own room, saying to Susan as she left, "You stay here, my little lady"

"You're a delicate little boy, Robert. I've observed you all your life, you would have liked to have been a girl would you not have, Robert?"

I didn't know what to say. Without knowing it, I had been led over to the dressing table and I was sitting down before it.

"Do you still practice the piano, Roberta?" Aunt Mary said.

I had taken piano lessons since I was six, was beyond beginner stage. While I was about to answer, two things came into my mind. My aunt had called me "Roberta," a girls' name. The other thought was that I had expected to be over her knee by now, skirt up, knickers down and administered a severe spanking.

While all this was going on, she had sat me down on a stool in front of the dressing table, opened one of the side drawers, taken two little green ribbons out

and was now gently pulling my hair at the back of my head into two strands, one to the left, one to the right, tying a green ribbon on each. She took my hand and led me towards the living room and a Baby Grand piano and said, "Play, Roberta, I wish to hear what my little niece has learned."

I was so mesmerized by her, I put all my skill into the playing. After it was finished, Aunt Mary said, "Well-played Roberta. A credit to your mother and father. You're a talented little girl, keep on practicing."

I was now being called a little girl. I could not believe this. I asked Aunt Mary what was to happen to Susan.

"Let her stew in her own juice for now. I will talk to her in a while. Meanwhile, I think it is about time we get you a little girl's swim suit. You would like that, Roberta, wouldn't you?"

"Yes Aunty," I meekly said.

"And you can stay dressed as a girl for the rest of this holiday. You will like that Roberta, won't you?"

I could not believe my luck and answered, "Oh yes Aunty, I would just love that!" I was still worried about Susan.

"Good then, that's settled. Susan has plenty of clothes that will suit you. We shall fit them on you in the coming days."

"Will she not say something, Aunty?" I dared to say

"Never. I bought them for her. She will also introduce you to all her little girl-friends as her cousin, I'll make sure of that."

Aunt Mary was true to her word; she did buy me a little girl's swimsuit. To me, it was the best girl's swimsuit I ever did see.

In this era, children wore the same clothes as adults, but in a junior version. How could I describe my new swimsuit to you?

Well, it was a pink and blue striped knitted-cotton bathing costume, straight neckline, edged with knitted braid to match the shoulder straps, with a hemline buckled belt and panel seams, draped rubber turban, buckle trim, Rubber shoes with bar straps.

And what about Susan? Yes she did introduce me to all her little girl friends as her cousin Roberta, but when no one was near, she whispered words like "poof," "Nancy boy," "queer" into my ear at every opportunity. As everyone of these derogatory words were uttered, it was as if she had taken a dagger and pierced my heart with it. This hurt me deeply. I knew I was none of these terms, I just wanted to be accepted as a girl. I ignored them. Even with her insults, these were the happiest days of my life as a boy.

The next five years were joyous, until Aunt Mary met someone and married again. The last of our “girly summers” was to be monumental.

It was the usual start when I arrived: up to my room, off with all my male things and into my beautiful girls clothes. Then I put an apron on to help Aunty clean the house. I loved to help her with the washing, ironing and cooking. I was better help than Susan, or so Aunty said. She also said that I would make some man a good wife. I profusely blushed at such words. In my heart of hearts, though, I wished it could be true.

Aunt Mary informed me that I had been invited to a birthday party in few weeks time by Becky, one of Susan’s girlfriends. I liked Becky, she was really a nice girlfriend of mine. We shared secrets with each other. I was glad to go to her birthday party.

I thought that I would need a new dress. I really could not ask Aunty, she had bought me so many girls clothes, dresses, frocks, skirts and underwear over the year’s. It was only a week away from Becky’s party.

Meanwhile I soaked up the sun down at the beach, played in the amusement arcade, put pennies in slot machines, swam with Becky in the sea. What fun we had.

One day, Becky said to me, “Did you notice Billy was looking you over?” I blushed. “No he wasn't, Becky.”

“Yes, he was running his eye over you. I think he fancies you. He is coming to my birthday party.”

Billy was, in fact, Susan’s boy friend. I had met him before, a very nice boy. Of course he knew nothing about me. I don't think Susan would have dared to tell him, under threat from her mother. I felt proud that I had stolen the heart of a boy, especially Susan’s boyfriend, but also ashamed that I had such feelings. I had always wanted to be a woman; it never occurred to me that a woman’s feelings would also come with it.

Well, Becky’s party was to be the last Saturday at Aunt Mary’s before I was to go home. Thinking about this while lying on the beach one day, not yet having gotten a new dress, trying to get up the courage to ask Aunty to buy me one. Becky who was with me at the time, looked down at me said, “A penny for your thoughts.”

“Oh, I was just trying to summon courage to ask Aunty for a new dress, for your party.”

She gave me a most peculiar look. “Would you not be better off to ask your mother?”

I had let the cat out the bag. “You’re right, Becky, I should not be bothering my Aunt with such matters. It’s getting late, we should be going back for tea,” I said, changing the subject quickly. Phew, that was a close one.

The time was after 5 o’clock when I made my way back to Aunt’s; there seemed to be no one around. Since there was no one there, I went to my room, dressed for dinner. I put on a little black and white checked print dress on top of a white cotton vest, matching knickers, white ankle socks and black shiny shoes with a one button strap. My hair was now done up in pigtails with little bows at the end of each pigtail; they were black but I replaced them with white one’s. I felt my outfits were more suitable for a young girl, than the teenager I now was. But who was I to protest, when Aunt was providing all this? I was happy, that was all that mattered.

Going down to the living room, I picked up my embroidery and sat down in a chair. Embroidery? Oh yes, Aunt had taught me many things that a woman should know over the five years I had come here: knitting, sewing, making dresses from patterns, baking and lots more. There I was embroidering an intricate, delicate, pattern in silk thread, when I heard the front door opening and female voices. One was Aunt Mary’s, the other I could not quite make out. They came nearer and I heard Aunt say, “Well, we did have a good time shopping, Dorothy dear.”

“Yes Mary, I am so looking forward to seeing Robert once more.”

I froze in panic. It was my mother, what was I to do? The situation was taken out of my hands, for as I was thinking about running away from the room, they entered. Now I was in for it.

Mother said, “Is Robert in his room? I must see him. He will be surprised to see me.” She could not have spoken truer words.

Aunt Mary gave me a look, turned to mother and said, “Roberta is right here, Dorothy.” Mother had ignored me, thinking I was one of Susan’s girlfriends. “Where is he?” “In here, she’s right in front of you, Dorothy. “ Mother was confused, hearing the he’s and she’s.

“He’s not here, Mary, only this girl here,” she said, giving me a closer look.

“Don’t tell me you cannot recognize your own daughter, Dorothy?”. Again Mother gave me a look, then shock came upon her face, as it slowly dawned on her.

“Oh my God, it’s Robert! It’s really you. But why are you dressed like that, as a girl?”

“It’s your daughter, Dorothy, your daughter Roberta, the daughter you always wanted.”

Mother broke down and cried. I had never seen her so emotional before, which worried me. I hurried over to her, automatically put my arms round her, which seemed to me the thing any loyal daughter would do.

“Don’t cry Mother, it's only me, please don’t cry.”

Mother looked at me, still sobbing. Embracing me and pressing me to her bosom, she said, “Yes, the daughter I always wished for! My dreams have come true at last.” It was a matter of mother and daughter finding each other for the first time, hugging and kissing each other. Tears now fell from my eyes, I am not ashamed to admit. The emotional excitement of the occasion had gotten to me . After we had broke our embrace and were still inflamed with our situation, Aunt Mary disturbed the silence, which had lingered in the room for some minutes.

“Dorothy, I hope you did not mind this surprise, Roberta has been dressing as a girl for the last five years here. When you phoned and said that Philip had to go to a very important conference and asked if you could come here to spend a few days with Robert, I took a chance. I did not tell Robert about it, I had always thought you wanted a girl. Robert always wanted to dress as a girl, so now we have the best of both worlds.”

I did not know it then, but this was to be the first and the last time mother was to see me dressed as a girl. These few days together were the happiest of my life—and Mother’s too.

Mother accompanied me to the beach each day, for a dip in the sea; she had bought a swimsuit. I have to say, what a beauty she looked. It had not escaped her notice that I had reached the age of puberty; she thought my clothes were too much like a little girl’s. When she heard about the coming party for Becky, that was it. A visit to the big clothing shop in a nearby town was in order. Nothing, but nothing, was to good for her daughter. My dress problem had been solved. Boy, was I a lucky girl.

A couple of days later, Mother drove the two of us to a nearby town on a shopping expedition, to a large well-known store. The first floor in the store was devoted to woman’s wear: dresses, skirts, blouses, underwear, stockings, shoes and lots more.

I was in awe of the situation, never having had to buy any female clothes before. Mother, seeing the signs of fright on my face, gently squeezed my hand. Nothing to worry about, dear, just a dress fitting. We woman do it all the time.

This made me feel better. Also the smell in this delicately-scented haven of femininity was relaxing, making me comfortable.

Mother led me to the young woman's department. The sales lady, on seeing us, came over to Mother.

"Is there anything I can help you with, Madam?" "Yes, I am looking for a party dress for my daughter. Stockings, shoes, underwear; as you can see the clothes she has on are too young girlish. You know what I mean," Mother said.

"Yes Madam, if you will walk this way, we will soon have the young Miss fitted out with more modern outfits."

"Bobbie..." Mother said. So now I was Bobbie, the feminine Bobbie, as opposed to the male Robert.

"Bobbie, if you and your mother will go into this changing room, I will bring a selection of frocks along." So saying, she pulled the plush purple velvet curtains aside, allowing Mother and I to step inside and take a seat. The kindly elderly sales lady came in and looked at me. "If Miss Bobbie would remove her dress, I will take measurements." Mother was busy undoing buttons on the dress. I embarrassed. In no time I stood there in knickers and cotton vest. The saleslady gave Mother a kind-hearted look and in a soft voice said, "She's not developed her breasts yet."

"No, she is a late starter," Mother replied. "I understand but we can help girls like that until nature takes over." After having taken measurements, she left the changing room.

"What does she mean, Mother?" I said, giving her a questioning stare. "You'll see, Bobbie," was her reply. The woman soon came back with an armful of dresses. Many were tried on me as Mother perused each one. Her little girl had to have the most lovely, pretty, beautiful frocks ever. It was like a mannequin parade as I was told to try this one and that one, stand this way, that way. Finally, two dresses were picked one for the party, one for day wear.

For day wear, I was fitted out with a most beautiful multicolored artificial silk dress, boat-shaped neckline, self-fabric bound edge, inset sleeves gathered into tied cuffs, straight unfitted bodice to hipline, self-fabric sash, bow and waterfall, four tier accordion-pleated knee-length skirt and to match, a pair of leather shoes, with pointed toes and Louis heels. Mother decided she would have the same, in her size, of course. Mother and Daughter with matching frocks. I could see from the look on her face that she was happy and enjoying this. That made me feel good.

When it came to the party dress, the sales lady said, "I think we have something special here." She held up a black dress. "It's a copy of a Coco Chanel dress, a little black number. It's just adorable, Miss Bobbie will just love it."

"Yes Mother, I love it," I said as the dress was slipped over my head and straightened down my body. This was a black crepe dress with sequins and fringe to just below the knee.

"Yes Bobbie, you look really glamorous in it, but the price is too high."

“Oh Mother, please!” I could not believe what I was saying. Only the other day I was in fear if she saw me dressed as a girl at Auntie's. Here I was, pleading for a dress.

“Oh well, I suppose so. Yes, my darling daughter. Father is going to know I've been on a shopping spree when he picks up the bill. But what are daughters for but to make pretty?” She smiled at me as she said this.

The elderly sales lady now led us to the lingerie and hosiery department and whispered something into the ear of the woman in charge of the department. “Yes, I see. Poor dear, we can sort that,” the woman replied.

I wondered what was discussed. I could tell Mother knew. By this time, bundles of items were being brought to Mother and I: stockings, petticoats, knickers, corsets. The thought occurred to me that if I had to try on the knickers, I would expose my private parts, which was why I now attracted mothers attention. “What is it, dear? Yes I see,” after I whispered into her ear. Attracting the woman in charge of the department, she said, “Bobbie is a wee bit shy, so maybe if I go alone with her. She will try the knickers in my presence alone. It's okay to come in when petticoats, corsets and bra are tried.”

“I understand,” the sales woman said.

The corsets were tried first. They were small lace at the back ones with three suspenders hanging on each side. They were the first ones I ever wore. Silk stockings were attached to them. Aunty never gave me stockings before. Socks, yes. This was all new to me. This was getting to me in a strange exciting sort of way. I could feel a tingle in my tummy and when the sales lady started fitting me out with petticoats, it was getting too much. It was then that a brassiere was brought, a lovely little embroidered pink artificial-silk one, with three hook and eyes at the back, to fasten it and two shoulder straps which were now being put over my shoulders and hooked at the back. The sales lady looked at mother and said, “I have these inserts here, Madam,” as she put them in my bra. “So much better, giving her a young girl's chest, till nature takes over.” Now I knew what all the whispering was about and proud I was, as I pushed my chest out, small though it was.

It was time to try on knickers, so the sales lady left Mother and I to ourselves. There were many knickers, of all types, long, wide, lace edged and even tight-legged ones, of many colors and materials. This was too much for that little thing between my legs. It increased in size to become a bulge and protruded in the knickers. Mother saw it, said nothing, but disappointment covered her face. I felt I had let her down.

The shopping expedition was over, and loaded with parcels, homeward bound we went.

Well, the incident in the shop seemed to be forgotten by Mother, or so I thought. The big day of the party was now at hand and it had been arranged that I had appointments at the hairdressers, and beauticians, by mother of course. As I said before, she wanted me to be the prettiest young woman you ever did see. I could feel the exhilaration of emotion within her transferring to me.

After dressing in the morning in our identical day frocks, Mother and I made our way to the hairdressers for my appointment. On entering, we were warmly welcomed by Sophie, the woman whose shop we were in. Seating me down in a soft plush chair, she said, "It was the permanent wave we decided on, Dorothy."

"Yes, just like mine," Mother replied.

This process was to take some three hours. Sophie washed and shampooed my hair, then with funny smelling lotions, set it and tightly rolled it up in curlers, then put it under a dryer for a few hours. I was given a woman's magazine to read by Sophie, sweetly looking down at me. "It's your first time that your hair is in a real woman's style instead of a little girl's, your mother says." Yes, I nodded as the sound of the machine made conversation difficult.

When it was all over and the drying machine removed, I saw myself in the mirror in front of me. I looked smart with that waved coiffure, a smaller version of Mother. Like mother, like son?.

Now onward to the beautician. "Betty's Beauty Parlour." Betty was a good advert for her business; I'd never seen such a beautiful woman before. You would put your trust in her to do an excellent job on yourself.

I was seated in a plush chair once more. Betty looked closely at my face and ran her hands delicately over it. She said to me that I had a soft and bright skin and knew what colors and makeup to put on. I was a nice girl and I would have a nice girl's look, whatever that meant. It made me wonder what a *bad* girl's look would be; anyway, Betty was soon at work on my face. With cleansing lotion, she cleaned my facial skin. You'd be surprised how much dirt the cotton balls had on them when she was done. She now worked basic foundation cream into the face and went from there to applying face powder and eyebrow shaping. Eyebrow pencil was then applied, followed by eye shadow, mascara, blusher, lipstick. When finished, Betty said to Mother, "What do you think, Mrs. Meadowcroft?"

"She is very pretty, very nice, I like your nice-girl look." Again that "nice girl" thing. I still wondered what a bad girl's look was. Time would tell me.

Mother thanking all, made our way to Aunt Mary's where I was to dress up in all the finery that we had purchased earlier.

When in my room, before starting dressing, Mother said to me, "You remember the other day in the lingerie department, our embarrassment with your little problem?"

"Yes," I hesitantly said.

“Well, your Aunt and I have solved the problem. Nice young girls don't have these sort of things, darling.”

“Yes,” I again replied. What was this leading up to? Wasn't I a boy anymore?

“Your Aunt and I have come up with a little device which will put an end to that.”

Mother held in front of her a small blue silken sack with two silver drawstrings at each side and blue ribbons hanging from it. Whatever could this be for, I puzzled. I was soon to find out. Mother told me to take all my clothes off, which embarrassed me. Undressing in front of her was something I had not done since I was a little boy. Soon, there I was, standing in front of her, naked.

She now cupped my member in her hands and slipped the little blue silken sack over it and pulled it up to the base of my member, then drew the two silver drawstrings softly, but firmly, 'round the base and tied a bow with them, encasing my penis and testicles in its delightful prison. Two blue ribbons now trailed at the front, within was the tip of my penis. I was now asked to stand with my legs wide apart. From behind me, the two ribbons were now pulled slowly and gently between my legs by Mother. My penis and testicles could not be seen. Then taking the blue ribbons, she passed them to either side of my body, 'round the front and to the back and tied a bow. The penis, held firmly in place, could not be seen. A pair of blue frilly knickers were held in front of me, which I quickly and excitedly stepped into as they were pulled up my legs and snugly fitted around me. “There you are, dear, so much better. You are a nice girl now.”

The lace-in corset was now fitted 'round me, busks at the front were hooked up and laces at the back tightly pulled and tied in a bow. It's funny how it pulled my waist in. So doing pushed the flesh up which mother made good use of when it came to fitting the brassiere. That loose flesh was molded to form a cleavage, small though it was, a cleavage never the less. Silk stockings now were pulled up my legs and attached to the three suspenders hanging down each leg, which of course had been threaded under the knickers first. My member was tightly held in place and there were stirrings down there.

Mother look at me and said, “Well, we have a petticoat here, but I do not think you really need it. It might show below the dress and hang down.”

It was now time for the dress, that little black crepe dress with sequins from the waist down to just above the knees where the dress stopped. A pair of shoes were brought out and fitted on my feet, black and gold brocade evening shoes, gold kid straps with trim, open sides and plain black satin heels.

Mother now clipped a beautiful jade necklace 'round my neck and put on jade clip-on earrings, all in black, to match the dress. “A final touch,” Mother said, opening her handbag, taking out a perfume bottle of Chanel No, 5, dabbing some on her hanky, putting a spot behind each ear, another between my breasts and cleavage. I was embarrassed and blushed.

By this time, Aunt Mary had entered the room. She had a box camera in her hand. To Mother's delight, photos were taken, of me, mother and me. When devel-

oped, they were given to mother. I am sure she treasured them for the rest of her life. The fact that was inscribed in my mind, was the image reflected in the mirror on the dressing table. I looked and did not see a Robert, or a male of any sort. A shock to the system. Who was this girl, this NICE girl looking back at me? Why, it was none other than ME.

“She is so like you, Dorothy, when we were young girls. You always were a beauty, so much a mommy’s girl.” Mother blushed, I blushed.

Party time and it was arranged for Mother to give both Susan and I a lift in the car to Becky’s house.

At Becky’s, I handed her a little present, a pair of brown kid gloves. “Oh Roberta, how good of you, just what I wanted.” She gave me a friendly kiss on the cheek. I have to explain that Becky was my best girlfriend. This was the sort of kiss we had seen our mothers and aunts exchange, there was nothing sexual about it. I saw Becky and I as girls, nothing else.

The dinner was excellent. Afterwards, many of us did our party piece, I played the piano, both classical and modern and accompanied Becky, who was an excellent singer. As this was going on, Billy was giving me close attention. Between songs, Becky whispered, “I told you Billy fancies you.” I had been so engrossed with playing that I failed to notice. I now tuned ‘round and saw Billy. Behind him, a very red-faced Susan was scowling at me. I had stolen her boyfriend.

The party eventually broke up. I think it was fair to say all enjoyed themselves. Mother had come to collect Susan and myself. As I was getting ready to leave, Billy came up to me and asked, “Could I see you sometime next week Roberta? Go to the movies, go swimming, anything.” Seeing Susan and her having given me so many problems, I thought I’d have some revenge. “Why yes Billy, I would love that. Unfortunately, Mother and I leave for home tomorrow. However, keep it in mind for next year.”

Soon, there I was, sitting in front of the dressing table mirror, Mother helping to remove my makeup. She asked me about the party. Excitedly, I told her everything that happened, then she said, “Bobbie, keep your brassiere on and we will slip this nightdress over it when we remove the dress, stockings, corsets, etc. You will look like a beautiful young girl, which you are. It’s the last chance this year before we go home tomorrow.”

This beautiful nightdress was in pale blue crepe-de-chine, ankle-length, with wide ribbon shoulder straps, straight neckline edged with coffee-coloured lace.

Standing there admiring myself, I heard a voice from Susan’s room saying, “Oh Roberta dear, I wonder if you can come here a minute.”

Mother on hearing Susan, said, “I expect you young girls have so much to talk about. Oh, to be young again. I remember it so well.”

I entered Susan's room. She told me to sit on the bed beside her. I was completely off-guard for what she was to say. "Well, Miss Smarty Pants, thought you would steal my boyfriend, huh? You will never be a real woman like me."

"What do you mean, Susan?" I replied. "Yes I'm a real woman now. Since last year, I've had my periods. I am now a woman and can have babies, with Billy, or any other man I may marry, something that you, a fake woman, cannot do."

She really knew my sensitive spot. This was to be my last contact with Susan.

Because of circumstances, for the next five years, Roberta, or whoever the woman inside me was called, never saw the light of day. Many of you out there who have gone down this road will know what I mean. There's a woman in there; when you lock her up, put her in the prison of your mind, will torture and torment your mind. To put it politely, she will give you hell. She wants to be free, to express herself, to live her own life.

Well, Roberta, or whatever she was to be called in the future, did come out again under the most peculiar circumstances.

PART 1

IN ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

The little raindrops slowly trickled down the outside of the window pane, as I looked out on the parade ground at Cattrick barracks. Some squads were being drilled by an enthusiastic sergeant. It was December 1939 and I, Corporal Robert Meadowcroft of the Royal Signals, was on the first floor of Vimy Ridge barracks, looking out on this scene below me, with my training class behind me.

How did I arrive here? In the 5 years between Aunt Mary's and now, I had been to college, studied telegraphy and had gotten higher City and Guild certificates for it. I was apprenticed to the G.P.O. in telephones.

Well, Mr. Hitler came along and September 1939 saw the balloon go up, as they say. I felt the patriotic urge to fight for England, My England. Like a bloody fool, or so my father told me, I signed on for the army. They would have eventually conscripted me anyway, Father said, so why rush things? Mother, as could be expected was not pleased either and sobbed.

Having all these certificates, the army made me a training instructor in telegraphy in the Royal Signals. This was not what I wanted. Action was what I was looking for, front line and all that. I put in a request for a transfer to a more active unit. My request was turned down by the C. O. who considered there was more need of me here and secretly thought me too small and puny for the likes of that.

So there I was in my dreams, when suddenly a loud knock on the classroom door disturbed me. "Come in." The door opened and the C. O. came in with another officer beside him. The class stood up and saluted them. "At ease, men," the C. O. saluted back, turning to me and indicating to the other officer. "This is Major James Eager, Corporal Meadowcroft, from the Army Education Corps. He is here to make reports on all our instructors," I was informed. I looked at this impressive six foot tall, twelve stone two pound fair-headed man. He towered above my 5'4", eight stone, seven pound frame. He was a tall, handsome, pleasant looking man, about ten years older than me.

After the C.O. left, he spoke to me. "Relax, Corporal Meadowcroft. I will be here for an hour or two listening to you. Carry on as if I was never here." I instructed at the blackboard 'til, eventually, I forgot about him. I could see he was writing in a notebook, occasionally looking at me, then putting something in the notebook. After an hour or so, he stood up. Putting the notebook in his briefcase, he said, "That will be all, Corporal Meadowcroft." We all stood up and saluted him as he left.

SOMEWHERE IN THE COTSWOLDS

Colonel Frank Smithers was sitting at his desk. "Jim, you have seen all ten of them. What do you think?"

"I have my reports here, Frank," Major James Eagar said, pushing ten files over to the Colonel. "I know Jim, but it's your professional opinion I wish to hear,

can it be done?" With a sigh, Jim Eagar said, "I think so. I went over them thoroughly. I have eliminated seven for various reasons, which leaves three; Lance Corporal Jack Adams, Corporal Robert Meadowcroft and Sergeant John Mathews. Jack Adams would make an excellent candidate but he lacks one thing, the language. He can't speak German or French, but keep him in mind for the future. Robert Meadowcroft and John Matthews are fluent speakers of both. I see no problem with Robert Meadowcroft. I think he will be the most successful op I have done to date."

"Okay Jim, we go ahead. Time is of the essence. I'll send the orders right away," said Frank Smithers, taking a pause. "Jim, when you came with the idea of turning men into women, many officers would never have let it get past the door. Having worked with you before, having seen your skills as a surgeon, I rate you one of highest. Because of that, I thought it might be feasible."

"As you know Frank, I was a student with Magnus Hirschfield in Berlin. In 1930, he performed the world's first sex change operation. Although his first patient died after fourteen months, she said that she had found happiness as a woman. Magnus Hirschfield did not document his work and it was a good thing I took my own notes about his work. He was a prim target for the Nazi's; in 1933, storm troopers destroyed his institute," said Major Jim Eager, finishing his narrative.

"A couple of months ago, I approached the war cabinet. With the invasion of England not far off, I think any suggestion for espionage was welcome, although some in the cabinet remarked that they had never heard of such a thing. Change a man into a woman? Impossible. On the whole, though, it was accepted, but there were fears that it not would work. Anyway, after a lot of convincing on my part, here we are, Jim. All preparations are in hand. Let's go," Frank Smithers said

It was a week after Major James Eagar's visit. I was summoned to the C. O.'s office. "Meadowcroft," he said in a most aggressive voice, "I have been informed that you are to go on a week's parachute course. What is it all about Meadowcroft, eh?" "I'm sure I know nothing, Sir."

"Dammed interfering bureaucrats, I'll see to this. Meanwhile, pack your things and report to them tomorrow."

I did spend a week on parachute training, why I did not yet know. On coming back to camp, I was again summoned to the C. O.

If he was agitated last time, he was more so now. "Again, I have been told you are to be transferred to another unit, all hush, hush, no other information. You're one of my best instructors and I have no say. There will be someone here to pick you up in the morning. I'll not let matters rest."

Next morning, a khaki-colored car did arrive. In the back seat was Major James Eager, which rather surprised me. "Ah, Corporal Meadowcroft, nice to see you. If you will go in the back," he said coming out and gesturing me in as he sat in the passenger seat beside the driver. "I will sit with Jenny. We have one other to pick up, then we are on our way." I said nothing and off we went. About a hour later, the car pulled into a army tank depot and a Sergeant John Matthews came in the back with me. "Good, everyone's here. Did your C.O. tell anything about the operation?" Major Eager said, addressing both of us.

"No Sir," we both replied.

"I see. Unfortunately, you will both have to be blindfolded 'til we reach our destination. Everything is under wraps at present." So saying, he stopped the car and blindfolded the two of us. It was two hours later before we arrived, to where I did not know. We were led up some steps and into a large house, a Victorian house from what I could make out of the fittings, doors and furniture, after the blindfolds were removed. "I expect you must be hungry. Jenny cook up something while I go to the Colonel. When I come back, we will all go to him and let him explain what this is all about."

I wish he would, its all a mystery, I thought.

After about half an hour, Major Eager came back. "I see Jenny has fixed up some ham, eggs and chips. Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes Sir," we both replied. "As to your sleeping arrangements, for tonight I have fixed up one of the rooms here with a bed for each of you. Now, if you will come this way, please."

The Major led us out the dining room along a passage towards the back of the house and knocked at a door. "Come in," a deep-sounding voice from the other side said. Major Eager opened the door and bade us enter. We immediately stood to attention and saluted. "At ease men. Take a chair and sit down," he said, indicating to two chairs. "I am Colonel Frank Smithers. I expect you would like to know what this is all about. At present I cannot reveal too much except to say that you have been picked for special missions of utmost importance. That was why you were blindfolded. You are under no obligation to take the missions. You have the night to think it over. If you decide no, that is the end of the matter. You will be blindfolded again and taken back to your units. What I will say however is this, should you wish to join us, you may save hundreds, even thousands of lives

of men, women, children. You may even shorten this war by days, weeks, months. Even one day would be a tremendous victory.” The Colonel spoke this with such passion that one would have walked to Hell and back for him. “Discovery as spies will mean imprisonment, torture and death.”

“One last thing. To achieve this, you must become women. That is all. Dismissed.”

Major Eager then led us to our rooms. Not a word was said. I was stunned, to say the least.

It was Sergeant John Matthews who broke the silence. “Well, what did you make of that, Corporal Meadowcroft?” I was deep in thought at the time and answered, “I just cannot get my head ‘round what was said there, John.” It seemed pointless to call each other by our titles under the circumstances. “I mean, Robert, how can it be possible to change men into women? I’ve never heard of such a thing; has he got a magic wand or something?” he said, giving me a penetrating look. “Robert, would you like to be a woman?”. I took a long time to answer, my mind was racing back through time to boyhood days.

“John, it all sounds to strange to be true, but if it were to happen, the answer is an enthusiastic Yes. And you, John?”. “Funny,” he said, “but I agree. When I was a little boy, my sister used to dress me up in her dresses, skirts. I have to say I liked it. For some reason I knew that grown ups would disapprove of such behavior, but my sister encouraged me. Eventually my father found out and I got the biggest beating of my life, which did stop me for a number of years, but these, I don’t know, longings, feelings, whatever, were always there. By the time I was in college, I had the urge again. I even meet a man who knew what I was, and took me out, treated me like a woman. We made love together, when I was dressed as a woman. I was so ashamed after it, I thought the macho thing to do was to join the army, to prove I was a real man.”

I listened with interest. There had been some similarities in our life’s. I, of course, had never had intercourse with a man, never mind a woman. I could not face having intercourse with a man, dressed in woman’s clothes. But if I had a woman’s body, real breasts, a vagina between my legs, it would seem right. However, you must not get the impression that that would be the only reason I would love to become a woman. The tenderness, the love, that only women contain, all this is within me, I thought. I related my own story to John. “We will have to dream, on it and see what the morning brings,” John said. That night brought a restless sleep to us both.

At 6 am sharp, we both awoke, dressed, washed, in the adjoining bathroom. There was a knock on the door. It was Jenny to tell us breakfast was now ready and to follow her. Not much was eaten that morning. John and I just sat in deep thought, 'til seeing Major James Eager entering, we both stood to attention and saluted. "At ease, men. Jenny, a cup of coffee please. No need to stand on ceremony here."

"All have enough to eat?" the Major said, as John and I were finishing off breakfast. "Yes Sir," we both replied.

"Now is the time to visit the Colonel once more, " he said and led us to the Colonel.

"Sit down, gentlemen. Have you made your minds up? Meadowcroft, what is your answer?"

I enthusiastically answered, "Yes."

"And you, Matthews?"

With a little hesitation, John also said, "Yes Sir."

"Good, ladies. Now our work can begin. Before proceeding, any questions?"

"Yes Sir, what do you mean by us becoming women?" John asked.

"Ah, the obvious one first. You can stop calling me Colonel. The Major here is Jim and I am Frank. In all respects, you will look like women."

"Is that physically, Sir?"

"Yes, Robert. Please stop calling me Sir. You will have a woman's breasts, hips, thighs and bum, to put it politely."

John Matthews, blushing, quickly said, "What about between the legs?"

"Another obvious question, but understandable. Yes, your penis will be removed, and a vagina formed."

It was now my turn to blush, " Will this vagina be able to function, as a woman, for..." I blushed, once more. "For a SEXUAL purpose?"

"Yes, Robert, it will. Because of the nature of your missions, you may have to use it and bestow, shall we say, sexual favors, to the enemy. Spying is a dirty game; unfortunately, someone has to do it. That vagina will have feeling. Although you might not like it, you may enjoy any such encounters, but keep in mind, any information you receive might shorten the war."

John spoke again. "Why are real woman not used, instead of the likes of us?"

"The war cabinet, for some reason, does not believe that women should be used as spies. When Jim and I outlined our scheme, that was different and it got

the stamp of approval. You won't be fake women, you will be women. The only difference is that you won't be able to have periods and babies. Jim and I are surgeons, as you may have guessed by now, with all this medical talk.

“As of this very day, you can forget about your army uniforms. We will supply dresses, skirts, slips, bras, knickers, jewelry, all that a woman may need. There are women here who will teach you about makeup, deportment, voice and speech therapy. While in each other's presence, you must speak French and German. I know John, you spent a year in Germany which is going to stand you in good stead. Robert, you had excellent marks in both German and French at school. Time is short and there is a lot to cover.

“Finally your male names can be forgotten forever. A missing-in-action letter will be sent to your parents, followed by a telegram saying you are dead. You understand what this means? You will live as woman for the rest of your lives. John will become Hilda. Robert, you are Yvette. Call each other these names from now on. There are reasons for these names, which will be explained at a later date.”

It came as a shock to me, and I suppose Hilda too, that we would lose contact with our families. I loved my mother and father, but a sacrifice had to be made for my country. You must not think I took this lightly. I agonized for a long time about whether I made the right decision and that I was never to see my family again.

THE FEMINIZATION, OF YVETTE, and HILDA.

Jim Eager indicated for Hilda and myself to follow him. As we left, he said, “Well, Yvette and Hilda, what we are now going to do is fit you both out with dresses, underwear and wigs. Unfortunately, since you've been in the army, your own hair is short. When it has grown longer, it will be shaped, styled. You will be given beauty lessons and deportment, speech therapy. That all will begin first thing tomorrow morning. You will have your ears pierced and receive the first of your hormone injections, after I have given you a medical inspection.”

By now we were in a large room, where we were to dispose of our army uniforms for the last time. Jenny, who seemed to be everywhere, handed a skirt, blouse, bra, petticoat, stockings, knickers and shoes to each of us. There were two folding screens at the far end of the room. Behind these we each undressed. As we each were to go behind the screens, two rubber molded breast forms were handed

to Hilda and me. As we emerged from the screens, the skirts, blouses and wigs had completely changed our appearance. This made me wonder what I would look like, when we were “finished”.

“Now Yvette, if you will sit here. You Hilda, there,” Jim Eager said, indicating to two chairs. “We will now pierce your ears.”

Jim Eager, taking a cotton wool ball soaked with methylated spirits, now rubbed the lobe of my ear to sterilize it. With a piece of cork behind my ear, with a sterilized needle, he pierced the center of the lobe, then did the same with the other. Two keeper rings were now inserted in each ear, which we were to twist occasionally, ‘til the time came for proper earrings.

We were now led, one at a time, to a surgery. We were told to lower our knickers and bend over. Jenny rubbed my buttocks with antiseptic. Jim Eager, with a hypodermic syringe, injected hormone into me.

“Now it is lunch time. You girls can rest for the day. There is a lot of work to be done,” Jim Eager said to us both.

Cotswolds was where we were, in a Victorian mansion, surrounded with large grounds, enveloped in a wood. The nearest village was more than five miles away. The grounds were really magnificent: lawns with lush green grass, a croquet course, a summer house set out further on. The place had been gifted to the government, to the war cabinet, for whatever purpose they wished.

Jim Eager was showing me around the place. “Yvette, would you like a game of croquet?” “I know nothing about the game,” I said. “Nothing to it, I’ll show you,” he said as he lifted two mallets and gave me one. Jim showed me how to hold the mallet between my legs. He was behind me with his big strong arms ‘round my waist. I felt so weak and vulnerable. I felt a womanly stirring between my legs; it felt good. We had fun. Even though I had a long way to go, I felt very womanish. I now knew that I had made the right decision. Resting on a bench after the game, Jim gave details of my operation. I must say I understood little, but Jim, like the good surgeon he was, put any fear I had to rest.

Time flew by that day; it was late by the time I made my way to the bedroom. When I entered, Hilda was in a beautiful nightdress of pale-blue silk, low square neckline, edged with black lace to match the trim on short cap sleeves. It had a full-length flared skirt, both skirt and bodice cut in wide panels. It was clear to see that the sensitive, sensual, feel of the material had gotten to Hilda, as the

front of the nightdress tented out from her erection. I blushed, but I knew what she was going through, the same might well happen when I removed my dress, as the soft feel of the material was caressing my skin. I tuned my back to Hilda, to remove my clothes, I don't think she saw, as I quickly slipped my nightdress on.

Next morning, as Hilda and myself were getting our clothes on, a knock at the door disturbed us. It was only Jenny. "Did you girls both have a good bath this morning?" she said. "Yes," we replied. "Good, after breakfast, you both will be getting waxed and having electrolysis, removal of facial hair. It will be sore, but you must suffer for beauty." Jenny smiled as she said this.

Breakfast over, we were shown into a room where we were to have our beauty lessons, after the waxing, I was to be waxed first, as Hilda was to receive her electrolysis in another room. The nurse — there was a number of them here, as I discovered later — told me to strip off, to my knickers, also to remove my bra and falsies. I then lay flat on my back, on a bed covered with just a white sheet. A pot of wax near the table, at a moderate temperature, was used with a spatula to spread the wax on my arms, legs, back and chest. It did not hurt as much as I thought it would. After it was all over, I felt ever so clean, and smooth, all male hairs now removed. The nurse said this should last for four to six weeks. I was now on the female hormones estrogen and progesterone; that would slow hair growth, anyway as my breasts and thighs, developed and my posterior got bigger. She also said that after the operation, I would stop producing the male hormone testosterone, although there would still be a small amount in my body, as in all females. I was also informed that, because of the hormones, I might have morning sickness for a week or two.

After putting my dress back on, the nurse took me to the room next door, where I was to receive electrolysis. The woman who did it was called Liz; she told me to sit in a comfortable chair she indicated. "This may be painful, so I do a small area at a time. We will try a area and leave it, 'tll we see if there is any reaction." She zapped the hair, using tweezers to pull them out. It was indeed painful. As the days and weeks went on, I became used to it, the facial hair disappeared.

We were now at lunch, Hilda and I. Lettuce, tomatoes, with a bit of water cress, a diet, I was told, we were now on, to lose weight. We now also took exercise every day, touch your toes etc., nothing new. We had gone through that all the time in the army, but it helped to keep us trim.

I noticed Hilda, a day or so later, showing the first signs of morning sickness; she seemed to be taking it bad. I had some nausea and vomiting in the morning, but not as much as Hilda. I think it caused a empathy and bonding between the pair of us. In a way, you could say we became girlfriends. We helped each other with various things, trying makeup with each other. As my hair became longer, Hilda took a delight in standing behind me, combing it. As I gazed in the dressing table mirror, little shivers of delight, ran up and down my spine. As the weeks, months, wore on, and our hormones kicked in, I now saw a smoother body, like a butterfly, emerging from its cocoon, I could see that beautiful creature called Yvette, taking over. Robert was gone, but not forgotten.