



Reluctant Press presents:

How Greg Became Jennifer

Philippa Peters



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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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HOW GREG BECAME JENNIFER

by Philippa Peters

Part One

I. THE JOKE IS ON ME

The incessant banging finally settled down to a steady rhythm. My eyelids felt as if they weighed more than a ton. I forced them open. I didn't have to do more than glance at the too-bright windows to know that I was on a railway train. The carriage lurched, helping me to sit up. What was I doing on a railway train?

Let's see, my mind set to work, as I closed my eyes again to slits. My mouth was dry and horrid. My eyes had seemed wrong, too, as if my eyelids wanted to stick together. Gosh, whatever had Jenny put in our drinks last night? She and I had been drinking and she was giggling as we slid under the table and I leaned back and closed my eyes for a second.

Jenny. Yes, where was she? My slitted eyes went round the compartment. Clearly this was a First Class carriage. The blinds were down on what must be the outer passageway but, on the other side, the windows, partly shaded, showed that the train was speeding past light green pastures dotted with dark brown cows.

I tried to get up onto my feet, my eyes still closed. There was something wrong with the shoes I was wearing. The heels seemed like points and dug in, as if I was trying to stand on pegs or something. I reached forward to steady myself on the wall opposite. Standing up, my clothes felt all funny. I squinted at myself in the mirror beneath the luggage rack and emergency cord. Jenny looked groggily back at me.

For just a moment, I couldn't understand what Jenny was doing in the mirror. It was only when she opened her black-lined eyes, just as I did, stuck out a pale pink tongue over red, shiny lips, as I did, and then suddenly swayed back from the mirror, as I did, with an awestruck expression on her face, that I realized that I was looking at my own reflection.

The train lurched as I hurled a curse at that blasted girl and whatever joke she was pulling and I was forced to sit down. A skirt brushed against my legs; I had stockings on (!), which tightened as I sat down. I looked down in panic at a dark, narrow skirt and my bare legs. At least they *felt* bare because of the stockings. No wonder I was having trouble standing. I was wearing women's high-heeled shoes.

I stood again, wobbling, and looked in the mirror. I was indeed Jenny! My face was hers! Black, Cleopatra madeup eyes, dark hair Egyptian style, she'd called it, but no, the ends curved along my jawline, under my chin.

My nails! Now I saw them. They were painted a bright red, too, just like my lips. There was a bracelet on my arm. Then the rest of my body began to check in.

In rising panic, I touched my chest, restricted by something, felt the brassiere about me, padded to stick out provocatively, as if they were real. I wore a little, grey jacket, three-quarter sleeves, a girl's jacket, over a white, silky blouse, a girl's blouse.

It was soft against me.

What had happened to me?! Am I Jenny, dreaming that I'm Greg – or am I Greg, dreaming that I'm Jenny? For a moment I didn't know who I was and actually thought that I might be Jennifer Bracewell.

My mind whirled and I sat again and felt the pull of a garter belt on my thighs. I bent and lifted my skirt. Yes, I had on stockings and a garter belt and white panties. I felt a stirring. Oh, thank goodness, it was me, Greg. I could feel myself through the sanitary napkin or whatever I was wearing beneath the panties. I had to feel to be sure; relief came even as I felt so strange, pushing 'my' panties back into place and putting 'my' skirt back down on 'my' stockings.

My mind was in a flutter. How, *how* had I ever got into these clothes? How had I had my face made up so expertly? How did I come to be on a train? Where was I going? The full impact of my predicament hit me as I looked wildly around the compartment. What kind of practical joke was she playing on me now?

There was a purse on the seat beside me. It was Jennifer's purse. I had seen it many times. It was odd to open it with fingernails so long, so red, so feminine. It held her makeup, lipsticks, her letters, vials of pills, cough medicine, I think it was, and a scent bottle, 'L'Air du Temps'. Oh, *that* was what I was smelling. It was all over me. There was also a single, one-way rail ticket. To Beddersley.

There was a case in the rack above my head. I got it down and opened it gingerly. It contained nothing but her clothes. My anxiety began to give way to fury. The train was careening on, Heaven knew to where, but likely to Beddersley, wherever that was. And here I was, Gregory MacEwan, dressed like a girl, with nothing but a purse and suitcase full of girl's things, without money as far as I could tell, heading for nowhere but complete embarrassment and humiliation. A typical Jenny caper. Only this time, her chief collaborator in embarrassing stuffed shirts was on the receiving end.

I would kill Jenny when I got my hands on her, I swore. The situation was absurd! I began to guess what had happened. I ought to have known that Jennifer Bracewell was capable of pulling off a harebrained jest like this. Look at the other jokes she and I had pulled all over London in the last two months. So now, she was playing a joke on *me*, was she? I bet she thought I couldn't get out of this one without having everyone laugh at me. I expected that she'd be there with all our cronies at this Beddersley or wherever, all lined up to whistle and giggle at me. How long would it be before I could get back to my own clothes, my own life?

What made the whole thing such a marvellous joke, especially from her point of view, was the extremely close resemblance between the two of us. Looking again at my madeup face, I could see that it was closer than I had thought. Damn her! She'd plucked or shaved off most of my eyebrows and shaped and painted in new ones. I touched my hair. It was my own but it was styled now into a girl's style. Normally, I was fairer than her. Now I looked as dark as her. My hair looked like hers, only longer. I should never have worn it so long though the girls I knew all liked it long and begged me not to cut it. Jenny had cut six or seven inches of it.

There were slight differences, though, between us, as I could see as I inspected myself in the mirror. I had had earrings in my ears for a year but never ones like these, little hoops flicking against my neck. I was thinner-faced than she. She had a mole, a beauty spot she'd called it, near her mouth and I didn't. I had bushier eyebrows and sandy eyelashes. She'd taken care of that with eye makeup.

I'll bet they'll all be calling me 'Jennifer' when I get out of here, I thought, and felt wobbly at the knees. I'll have to think of something really wild to get Jenny back for this, I thought angrily.

The train was beginning to slow down. I heard a loud voice from the train corridor bellowing, "Beddersley, next stop! Next stop, Beddersley!"

A heavy fist banged on the window of the compartment. I jumped, startled and then felt shocked and awful as a man looked in at me in my girl's clothes. A red-faced, heavy-featured man in a black, railway cap put his head in at the door.

"Oh, you're up, miss!" he boomed. "Hope you had a good sleep. Next stop is your'n!" And with that, he withdrew and went on down the passageway, continuing to bellow out his message.

My beating heart rate had increased considerably. He had taken me for a girl. And it wasn't the first time he'd seen me as a girl. I wobbled on the heels. How could I walk on these things? How did Jennifer manage it?

The train braked and I was flung forward onto the seat opposite. The view in the window changed to red-brick, semi-detached houses, with a long, green garden at the back of each. I looked at the purse and suitcase. Well, it would serve Jenny right, I thought, if I left them on the train but, if worse changed to worst, I could always pawn them, I supposed, to get some money to get back to my apartment in Acton.

A large sign on the platform went by the window as the train slowed to a stop. The sign said 'Beddersley'. Well, I couldn't do anything else but get out of there with my suitcase and purse. Easier said than done. The darn high heels tried to trip me with every step. Jenny didn't have to do that to me, though, come to think of it, she always wore high heels. What had she said about walking in them once?

I shortened my stride and put one foot deliberately in front of the other. Whoa, that was odd! I stayed upright and moved, yet I could feel my skirt and stockings on every move, the skirt restricting me. The air on my legs! I suddenly realized that she must have shaved my legs, too.

My stomach was queasy as I walked, no, *minced* along the passageway, the other people long gone off the train. I felt the tug of the garter belt on the stockings as my heels wobbled a little on each step. I minced a little more, feeling the constriction and movement of my bra. I must have on some kind of corset as well. The skirt and stockings gave up a feminine rustle as I moved.

I was fit to be tied when I got off the train and stood there quivering, looking up the platform, trying to think what to do next. There were two other platforms and another set of tracks in front of me, which suggested that this Beddersley would be a fair-sized town.

"Jenny! Over here!" A loud, female voice came echoing down the platform. I turned towards it.

There was an iron grille across the platform along with a ticket collector's box. Only three or four people were still going on through. I couldn't see beyond, where the voice must come from.

To cover my confusion, I put down Jenny's case and searched through Jenny's purse for the ticket I had seen there. I took my time walking down the platform, partly because of the enervating click of the high heels as I sashayed to the gate, and partly to hide my consternation at the feel of women's clothing.

I handed my ticket to the collector, wondering fearfully what Jenny would have set up for me, to embarrass me, beyond the grille work. The young man collecting tickets smiled at me, which made me shudder. Did he guess? But he waved me through without comment.

I stepped into a dark, covered section of the platform.

"Well, you took your time," said a grey-haired woman curtly. She almost snatched the suitcase from my hand. "Same Jennifer as always, yes?" She marched off to the doorway marked 'Exit'. I could do little but mince affectedly after her.

A battered, old, brown Humber was parked under a shabby hedge in the parking before the station. The case was already in the trunk, as the boot was known to the Ameri-

cans I had recently worked for, and the old woman was getting into the driver's seat before I hesitantly reached the car.

"Come on! We don't have all day!" snapped the woman, leaning across to open the passenger door.

I couldn't get in the car as I normally do. The tight skirt wouldn't allow it. I flushed, sat down as I had seen girls do, and lifted my legs into the car. The skirt rose on my thighs and I had to move and adjust my skirt under me but I'm sure the woman had a good view of my thighs and my garter belt. My red-tipped fingers were trembling as I closed the door, looking down on my feminized legs.

"Your grandmother's not been too well," said the older woman, clunking the car into reverse gear. Then she shifted into forward gear and we took off from the parking lot. "She'll be glad to see you." There was an edge to her voice as if to say, "but others won't."

I tried to work out what was happening as the car ambled its way through the picturesque town of Beddersley. I'd known Jennifer Bracewell for just four months in total. I'd met her in the American Bar of the New Hotel and we'd both been struck by our extraordinary physical similarity. Sitting together, we had immediately been taken for twins by our respective dates, siblings playing some elaborate joke.

I found it hard to concentrate on Jenny as we hurtled through the town, the woman beside me making terse comments about Jack-the-Butcher, Old Mrs Blenkinsopp, and Rogers-the-Mailman. None of the comments were complimentary.

We were soon headed out of town, past a new estate of detached bungalows. "God, aren't they awful?" shuddered the old woman. She couldn't be a relative, I thought, as I struggled to recall what Jenny had said about her family.

I had no one living I cared to remember.

"I don't have parents, either," Jenny had sparkled as we shared a Kardomah espresso coffee. She had wrinkled up her nose. "I just have a rich, old grandmother in the Midlands. You know the sort. Always wanting me home on the farm, being a proper lady."

She had stuck out her chin, lips compressed tightly. "My cousin Anne says I ought to go and visit her this year," she went on, pulling a face. "But I'm not going!"

A chill went through me as I recalled the determination on Jenny's face. Then, I remembered it now; a strange look had appeared there that altered her expression drastically. I had tried to pry out of her what she had suddenly thought of but she wouldn't share the thunderbolt that had stirred her up.

What an idiot I was! Girls didn't just make a dead set for me the way Jenny did from then on. The last three months had been fabulously crazy! The things we had done! But now Jenny was exacting payment for all the wonderful jokes we had played, the great times we had had.

She *can't* expect me to be her, I thought wildly. To be her to her own grandmother! That was insane! I couldn't pull that off. I shivered and the woman beside me nodded.

“Getting a cold, yes? You young girls. You don’t know how to look after yourselves.” She looked down at my nylons and I shivered even more. “At least you didn’t wear one of them miniskirts like the last time you was here.”

I quivered again, all over. I have *got* to get out, I thought, panic-stricken, reaching for the door handle. But now the old Humber was thumping along at about fifty miles per hour, skimming walls and hedges just a foot outside the car door on my side.

II. FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Even as I contemplated overpowering the old woman and turning back to town, the car began to slow. The old woman signalled and we pulled off the main road onto a narrower, winding, tree-lined lane.

It was like going through a tunnel. Several oncoming cars had their lights on as they slipped past us. A Porsche blared at us and the grey-haired woman sniffed. “Edward Kepple’s got a new car,” she said darkly. “He’ll be glad to see you back, won’t he? Give you a ride in it, yes?” There was something of a leer in the last remark.

I hadn’t said a word thus far. I felt terrified of her realizing suddenly who I was and laughing at me. I think she expected some response to her last question but I had no idea what to say. If I was supposed to be Jenny — and I was getting the idea that that was what Jenny intended — I’d no idea what she would have said.

Panic rose in my throat as I thought of answering the old woman. As soon as I spoke, she’d know that I was a man.

The brown car turned off the tree-lined lane, past two gateposts built up of flat rocks and mortar, and down an oak-lined driveway. An ivy-covered house, at least three storeys, stood at the end of the drive. To either side of the house, more huge, densely foliated trees cast dark shadows over a small lawn and a red shale driveway up to the main door of the massive house.

“Miss Beauchamp is probably in the kitchen, this time of day,” the old woman said as we eased up beside a station wagon, no, an estate car they’d call it out here in the country.

I didn’t even know what time it was. I looked to my left wrist. There was a thin-strapped feminine thing there, not my old, solid, reliable Bulova. You’d better not have lost that, Jenny, I thought angrily, as I saw my fingernails and hands again. I didn’t even have any hair on the back of my hands and lower arms. I must have been unconscious forever!

The car crunched to a halt and the driver bustled out to get Jenny’s suitcase. Now the earrings at my ears were hurting. I touched them and sort of flipped my hair. I heard a snort from the old woman.

She was exasperated at my lagging behind. She didn't know that I had to walk deliberately and slowly or I would fall. The old woman seemed to think I was being deliberately, defiantly, tardy. She led me into a wide hall and straight up the staircase to the second floor. It was an older house and everything seemed to be made of polished wood. She opened the door and led me into a girl's bedroom. There were even dolls, most dressed in crinoline, on the dressing table.

"You get your old room this time," snapped the woman, opening Jenny's suitcase. She pulled open drawers and began to pack away the female clothing quickly and efficiently, as I stood, watching and teetering on my high heels.

"So you *did* bring some of your miniskirts," the old woman mocked, opening an old wooden wardrobe and hanging tiny skirts next to a rack of all kinds of dresses. "There's all the stuff that was too big for you on your last visit here," she said, studying me, her eyes going up and down my figure, looking hard at my chest. I blushed and felt my skirt against me as I swayed. "They'll just about fit you now. Miss Anne took all your smallest stuff to the jumble."

The old woman had found a very frilly nightgown that gave me goose bumps to look at. She smiled at me and put it under a pillow on the bed. "Same old Jennifer," she said, her tone softening. Then she was off before I could have said anything, even if I had wanted. "Now hurry up and change. Miss Beauchamp," it was said as Beecham but spelled in a French way, I knew, "wants to see you before you go in to see your Gran."

There was a long mirror on the back of the door. A thin girl looked back at me. I took off the little jacket and she did, too. I turned slightly, wondering where I could find something to wash off the makeup and comb out my hair. The girl turned, showing off a nice, feminine figure, even a curvy waist, which felt very constricted. I put my hands on my hips. I must have on a tight corset, I thought miserably.

A pull window was slightly open at the far end of the room, the soft, frilly curtains blowing in a cool breeze, airing out the room. Girls' voices floated up to me from below. A great sycamore prevented me from seeing more than a glimpse of what was below or the green fields beyond

"Is she here, Woody?" A clear, high-pitched voice almost sang the words.

"Mrs Woodley to you, young lady," came back the voice of the woman who had driven me here, to wherever this place was. "Yes, she's here."

'She', I thought miserably. 'She' means *me*.

"What's she like?" A second clear voice floated up.

"Same as always, Miss Deirdre," said Mrs Woodley. "Girls like Jennifer never change." How right you are, I thought grimly.

"She *can't* be as bad as you say she is," said the first voice, laughter in her singing tones.

"Oh, Miss Danielle," said Mrs Woodley in exasperation. "That there's a bad 'un, all right. Why, she didn't even say one word to me on the drive out from town. Not a word in

eleven miles. And she walks and poses like a model if you please, strolling and letting me carry her case. She didn't even offer to unpack her own things."

The chattering moved away suddenly as if the group had gone indoors. Snoopers never hear well of themselves, the strict, old aunt who had raised me had said. I shivered. Aunt Louise was right. I was in deep trouble.

Here, Jennifer was not the kind, loving, high-spirited girl I'd known in London. This trick she'd played on me, the lengths she had gone to disguise me as Jennifer herself, proved that. I agreed with Mrs Woodley.

I didn't quite know what to do. There were cars outside. How could I get away and drive right back to London? If they had a phone somewhere, I could call someone and get help. There must be jeans in here somewhere. I could dump the female clothing, keep a shirt and even hitch if I had to.

I must find the phone. There had to be one somewhere in this large place. It certainly wasn't the small farm cottage I'd envisioned when Jenny had spoken of it.

Woody had said I was to change. One look at all the dresses in the wardrobe was enough for me. No jeans, only skirts in there. I shuddered, unable to imagine myself in one of those. Then I saw my female reflection in the mirror, the tight skirt hugging my hips and legs, my slim, shapely calves in stockings on lovely looking shoes. Lovely shoes — for a *girl*.

Resolution finally came to me. I slipped off the high heels. What a relief and how nice to be able to walk again! I tiptoed to the door and opened it quietly. There was no one on the stairs or along the hallway or on the stairs leading up to the third floor. If there was a phone, it would likely be downstairs, near the front door.

I moved quietly down the stairs, conscious all the time of my slightly moving chest and my tight skirt. I spied the phone in the wide room to the right, near the front bay windows.

The rasp of nylons on my legs was the only disconcerting sound as I entered the room. There was noise from the back of the house as I tiptoed over to the phone. I glanced at my girly watch. It was nearly five o'clock. Would they be having dinner, or a late supper, as it would be known out here in the country? My skirt moved, hugging my legs, but I was getting used to it.

Trembling, I picked up the phone. It appeared dead. But then an operator came on the line.

"Number, please," said a bored, nasal voice.

"Um, I'd like a London number, please," I whispered into the phone. "I want to reverse charges if I can." I'd phone Jenny first and give that girl an earful. She should drive down and get me. I wouldn't trust her, though. I'd call a taxi as well, to take me to Acton.

"Please speak up," said the operator officiously, "and please give me the number you are phoning from."

I looked at the dial of the phone. There was no number on the receiver! The oval piece of paper for the number was quite blank. What an antiquated system! There was a clicking

and several static noises on the phone line. "I-I can't see the number," I whispered, not daring to raise my voice. "This is the Bracewell residence near Beddersley."

There was suddenly a feminine chuckle on the phone and another voice. "Is that you making a call, Jennifer?" came a pleasant, contralto voice. "This is Anne Beauchamp, Rose. Jennifer is on the extension."

"Oh," said the nasal voice. "That's two-two-one, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Anne Beauchamp. "And Jennifer, I think you called this the Bracewell residence, instead of the Beauchamp."

"Oh," I murmured, frozen with the phone in my hand.

"You sound hoarse, dear," said the pleasant voice. "Come in and see me in the kitchen when you've finished your call."

The line clicked and there was a great deal of static for a while. Taking advantage of the cleared line, I was able to try my own number, leaving a jumbled message to myself. Then I tried Jenny's and my employer, Tony Lee, whom I thought of as a friend, and my former employer's, but there was no luck at any of them. By then, Rose had had enough with my whispered numbers and she cut me off in a huff. I'd heard of country phone exchanges like this. I wondered when they would ever get a modern, automatic exchange.

"There are other clients waiting," Rose sneered at me as she left me holding a dead phone.

I swore but I was calmer. I had spent half a day in skirts and nothing terrible had happened, yet. I would have to explain this very carefully to Anne Beauchamp, who had sounded very nice. If she knew Jennifer Bracewell as well as everyone else did, she'd be bound to understand. Oh, so she'd laugh at my predicament, but she'd help me, wouldn't she?

I glanced again at myself in the hall mirror as I went by. Jennifer Bracewell looked back at me. It was shocking and unnerved me. Would Anne believe me, looking like this? Or would she think Jenny was trying to embarrass her with a wild story?

Tempting aromas coming from the back of the house made me aware how hungry I was. I tiptoed back down the hallway, past the stairs. Ahead of me, a door was ajar, and from it came the smell of dinner roasting, and there were voices as well.

"And what does she do as soon as she gets here?" I heard the voice of Mrs Woodley say. She was talking with her mouth full. "She has to call London right away. Not a word to me, mind you, but she can tie up the exchange for over half an hour. She hasn't changed a bit, that one."

"Now, Woody," a calm voice cut in. It was the voice from the phone, Anne Beauchamp. "You must give the poor girl a chance. After all, you've only seen her once in the last three years, and she was quite ill then. And, before that, when you knew her, she was only a little girl."

"Spiteful little thing," said Mrs Woodley as if she was in a huff. "Broke that China doll of your'n and never would own up to it."

I was frozen again by the door, uncertain whether to go forward or to back away when I heard a sound at the front door behind me. It opened and girlish voices floated down the wide hallway. I retreated a little away from the girls, right into the open door of the kitchen and into the arms of Anne Beauchamp.

"Oh, Jennifer," there was a lilt to her voice. She smiled at me, a large soup tureen in her hand.

I stopped, unsure what to do, my nervousness rising as Anne looked at me, studying me. "It's all right," she said with a smile. "You didn't catch me with the door."

Anne Beauchamp was slightly taller than me. She was in her mid-twenties, I suppose, maybe a little older. Shows how wrong I was. She was actually pushing forty, as I found out much later. She had blonde hair, combed back and tied in a ponytail behind her head. She had blue eyes, wore no makeup and didn't need any. Her skin glowed with good health and a soft pearliness. She smiled under my appraisal, at ease with it.

"Do I pass?" Anne asked with a chuckle.

I flamed and didn't know what to say, even in the harsh whisper I had chosen. I stepped back slightly as Anne came forward with the tureen. "Thank you," she said, obviously thinking I was helping and not panicking and getting ready to run away. "Could you be a dear and get the dining room door for me, too?"

She stepped towards the only other door in the hallway and so I opened it, the red of my fingernails vivid in contrast to the white of the doors.

"Thank you again," said Anne, smiling as well. "You might as well come in, Jennifer, because we'll be having supper in a moment. I thought you'd appreciate a proper meal after your train journey. I want to talk to you about Gran as well before you see her."

"Why?" I croaked as Anne set the soup onto the long table already set with six places.

Anne looked at me sharply and frowned. "She's getting very deaf, Jennifer," said Anne Beauchamp very seriously. "And you know about her sight, of course." She was interrupted as two young, teenaged girls came bubbling into the room. "Ah, Deirdre, Danielle," she smiled at them. "You wouldn't remember my younger sisters, Jennifer. They were only babies when you saw them last."

"Babies," said the girl who was as blonde as her elder sister. "Dee and I were never babies." She affected a haughty look but there was a glitter in her eye. "The Misses Beauchamp were all born as the most proper of proper young ladies, I will have you know."

"Of course," said Anne dryly, but she couldn't help a little grin. "Now, girls, entertain Jennifer until dinner which will be served just as soon as Woody and I can get it here." With a warm smile, she bustled out.

I was left under the scrutiny of two teenaged girls. They looked at one another and I felt hot and awkward. I didn't want to give myself away to them. I couldn't bear to be so embarrassed in front of them. I wanted to behave femininely but all I could feel were the constrictions of the unfamiliar undergarments I was wearing. My ears were also numb but I couldn't figure out how to get the earrings off. The clasps weren't easy.

"Where are your shoes?" the darker girl asked. She was much more serious than her sister. Her grey eyes studied me, making me more than nervous as she looked over my figure, my makeup, my skirt and blouse, even the way I was standing.

"In the bedroom," I whispered, trying to raise my voice but making it worse.

The girls looked at one another as I flushed, gritting my teeth for the inevitable accusation. "You have the flu or laryngitis?" Danielle asked.

Relieved, I nodded and the sisters looked knowingly at one another. That made me hot again as I feared the worst.

"Have you lived in London long?" asked Deirdre. "Dani and I are going to London just as soon as we get our money. There's nothing worth staying for round here."

"Except for the horses," said Danielle.

"No, it's a real drag being stuck out here," said Deirdre, moving over to the chair opposite me and waving to me to sit down. I remembered the hash I had made of sitting in the car and so I emulated Danielle and swept the skirt under me as I sat. My skirt didn't ride up. Neither commented on the way I sat.

"There's a disco in Beddersley but it isn't up to much," Deirdre went on. "Besides, Anne won't let us go in more than once a week." She did her haughty imitation again which I suddenly realized was a parody of her elder sister, Anne. "Proper young ladies need to have a proper amount of sleep. Bumping on a dance floor through half the night is bound to lead to ..."

She broke off as Anne and Woody came bustling in with trays of hot food. Anne took one look at her young sister's guilty face and began laughing. "Deirdre doing her impression of her big sister again? Sit where you are, Jennifer. Nick isn't here tonight and I'll take a tray up later to Gran. So you have the place of honor, Jennifer, as you are the guest tonight. Girls, let's get this meal moving."

III. SURVIVING

I could eat very little of the marvellous dinner set out before me by Anne Beauchamp. I could hardly eat a huge supper and claim that I had a sore throat. Reluctantly, I nibbled on a few succulent roast beef portions, then pushed my plate away.

I avoided the table conversation, thankful for Deirdre, who explained that I had laryngitis, and who carried the conversation from then on with her sisters. Anne was solicitous of me and asked about medicines.

"In my handbag," I murmured. Mrs Sewell, the American wife of my last employer, had always referred to her handbag as a purse, which amused me since I thought of a purse as something small enough to fit in a pocket.

There had been a large bottle of something in Jennifer's handbag but I hadn't read the label yet.

Anne nodded and switched topics easily; the talk not flagging between Deirdre, 'Dee', and Danielle, 'Dani'. They were outrageous in what they said to Woody and 'Annabel' but I could sense the real bonds of affection between them all. I was very much the interloper.

"Nick won't be back for a few days," said Anne in response to a question by Dani.

"Ah, poor you," I heard Dani whisper with a grin to her sister, who pulled a face back as Anne, appearing not to hear, turned to me.

"Nick has his horses in the Dingle stables," she said, as if I should know what that was. "Since he's schooling them for the races, we see him for supper on occasion."

"All the time," mouthed Dani to her sister. "You remember Nicky, don't you?"

I managed a little shrug. Anne frowned. "You must have read all those horrible stories about him in the newspapers."

"Oh," I croaked as if I understood.

"They're so bloody unfair!" Dani said in a sudden outburst.

"Dani!" remonstrated Anne, turning her amused attention there. "I agree but let's use ladylike language. After all, we *are* all ladies here, aren't we?"

"They shouldn't write about your boy friend like that!" protested Dani.

Anne laughed easily. "I've told you a hundred times, Dani," she said, smiling broadly. "Lord Nicholas Alwyn is *not* my boy friend. I do like him, but he's much too young for me."

"Age didn't matter in the stables at Easter," muttered a rebellious Dani, and even I felt the table move as her sister, Deirdre, kicked her. Anne turned the conversation pleasantly to talk about the changes made to the Manor since I was there last. I noticed that she was a little pinker after the last remark by Dani. I would have liked to have been a fly on the wall to hear what went on between the sisters after I was gone.

Anne, as I expected, sent me packing to my room as soon as the meal was over and Mrs Woodley was despatched to run a bath for me.

"If you wash your hair, I'll set it for you," said Anne with a friendly smile that made me shake again in my female clothing.

"Let her," said Deirdre promptly, as she began to pile dishes on a tray. "Anne used to be a hairdresser," she stopped suddenly and lowered her eyes, "before the accident." There was a catch in her voice as she finished.

I had so much to think about as Anne ushered me out of the dining room and back to 'my own room'. She found the bottle of elixir and a container of tablets in Jennifer's handbag, marked 'For Your Voice'. Anne dosed me and made me take two pills right away. "I'll keep them for you," she said, putting the vial in her apron pocket. "If you're like my sisters, you'll never remember to take them on time."

All the time she talked, she was busy finding a bathrobe for me. She settled on a white, silky one, embroidered with pink roses. She picked up the nightgown from where Woody

had put it on the pillow and made sure it matched the robe. She eyed the shortness of the nightie, her eyebrows raised while I blushed to think of putting such a thing on myself.

“Do you wear panties with this?” asked Anne.

I didn’t know. I could only feel my temperature rising as Anne caressed the clothing she wanted me to wear. I nodded hastily and she opened one of the drawers and took out white girl’s panties with lace trim. They were for *me*, Greg MacEwan. I wanted to die as I took them from her. ‘My’ panties.

“I’ll show you where our new bathroom is,” she said, taking my hand. “You just won’t believe the difference the addition of modern bathrooms has made to this house.”

The bath was already drawn when we got to the second floor bathroom. I could smell the fragrance of the water from the doorway and my heart sank. I was going to have to bathe in scented water. I would smell like a girl all over. From the strength of the aroma, Mrs Woodley must have dumped two bottles of bath salts in the bath. The old woman left grumpily, muttering about young girls and how they expected to be waited on hand and foot these days.

Anne hung the nightdress and robe behind the door. She put the panties on a padded box beside the bath. “Just call me when you want your hair done,” she said, smiling. “I’ll be glad to do it.”

I shuddered as I locked the door behind her. I could have kicked myself, with a high heel, even, for missing the opportunity to tell Anne who I was and all about the trick Jennifer was playing on me, as well as on all of them.

I was *so* relieved to be alone. There were mirror tiles on the walls about the bath, clear and black marble tiles. The girl in those mirror tiles was Jennifer and not me. She got undressed and it was like watching a striptease. It was another person, I grimaced and she did, too.

She took off her skirt and blouse and she had on a short, silky slip, a pink ribbon interlaced about the hem. I slipped off the ribbony shoulder straps, startled by the cleavage the girl showed, that *I* showed! I didn’t have female breasts! But *she* seemed to.

With frantic fingers, I undid the bra and found that there were inserts in them that moved as if they were liquid. Worse was the way my hairless chest was taped to make it appear that I had cleavage. No wonder it had felt so itchy. Maybe I only had a few chest hairs before but now I had none.

The funny thing was, though, that when I pulled the tape from me, followed by the bra, and looked at the girl in the mirrors, she still looked like a girl even with her flat chest. I let the slip fall down my body and, oh, did that ever feel arousing as it lightly slid over my stockings. Then there I was, in stockings and garter belt, panties and waist cincher.

I aroused myself, I couldn’t help it as I took off the small corset or whatever about my waist, and undid my garter belt. Oh, I wanted to dive into the bath at the sensations I felt as I slid the stockings from my legs. Then I had to take off my panties and the sanitary napkin below that.