



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Angelica, Pretty Sex Slave

Blind Ruth



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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# ANGELICA, PRETTY SEX SLAVE

**BY BLIND RUTH**

## **WARNING**

Do not read this account of my life if you are easily shocked. I warn you now, my life is sometimes sad, sometimes humorous, and full of explicit sex for which I make no apologies. That is the way I live my life. This is your last warning: put this book down now if you are a prude.

## **MY WICKED, WICKED LIFE/MY NAUGHTY AUNTS**

I started life with the name Timothy Ville.

Things started when I was a boy somewhere between five and eight. I can't rightly remember. What I do remember is what I called my naughty aunts. Naughty they may have been but I love them dearly, even now. They were my mother's identical twin sisters, June and Judy. They were ten years younger than my mother, Janice. In my early years they were going to college to be nurses.

After their studies, they worked as nurses in the local Royal Infirmary and had more time to visit mother and father; they were always welcome in our house. They were fun and could always make me laugh. I liked both of them.

One Sunday afternoon when my aunts had come for tea, my mother said that she and my father were going out later that week to a play. She mentioned how hard it was to find someone to look after me.

Aunt June looked at Aunt Judy and a mischievous smile past between them.

"Janice, I think we can solve your problem, can't we, Judy? We are both off on Thursday and could look after little Timmy here."

"I would be so grateful to both of you. At least no harm would come to him since it would be family looking after him. Are you sure it will be no bother to you?"

"No bother at all, Janice," replied my Aunt June.

"I can't thank you girls enough," said Mother.

On that Thursday, my aunts arrived for tea before my parents left to go to the theatre. Polite talk passed between my aunts and my parents. Then my parents left for the theatre. I was sitting between my aunts when Aunt June said, "Go and get that holdall out of the car trunk, Judy."

Aunt Judy came back with the holdall. I was still seated between my aunts when Aunt June said, "Do you like playing games, Timmy?"

"Oh yes, Aunt June."

"Good, Timmy. Do you like playing secret little games that you must not tell your mother about? Secret games that only you, Aunt Judy and I will know about. Exciting games."

"Oh yes, aunt," I answered. I was most curious to know what this secret games was.

Opening the holdall, Aunt Judy said, "In this game, you become someone you have never been before." Aunt Judy was now holding up a dress before me.

"It's a dress, Aunt Judy." I laughed.

"Yes, that's right, but you're not a girl. This is where you become something you are not. If you put this dress on, you can become a girl and that is not something every boy can say! You can be privileged to be a girl for a short while. Isn't that nice, Timmy?"

The way my aunt was saying it, it sounded exciting. It made me feel like I wanted to try this dress on. I think by the look in my eyes, my aunts knew they had convinced me.

"Good Timmy, lets go to your room and try it on," said Aunt June, taking me by the hand with Aunt Judy following with the holdall.

Once in my room, my aunts helped me divest my boys clothes, then slipped the dress over my head and straightened it down my body. "Did you bring the knickers, Judy?" asked Aunt June.

"Of course I did, June. Here they are."

Aunt Judy had now rummaged through the holdall and was holding up a pair of red cotton knickers. "Put your feet into this leg, Timmy."

Aunt Judy was holding a leg open for me to put my right leg in, followed by the other foot. Aunt June was helping Aunt Judy pull the knickers up my legs 'til they reached my waist. The elastic of the knickers gripped just below the knee and around my waist. It was very comfortable.

"She is nice, isn't she, Judy?"

"Yes, June. I found the clothes in a charity shop. Maybe I'll find a petticoat next time, June."

"Please do, she would look nice in a petticoat as well."

"Timmy, don't you think it's nice wearing girls clothes? You're now into a secret world all your own. Only Aunt Judy, you and I know this little secret. Your mother doesn't have to know."

"Yes, aunts," I said

"And we can play this little game every time we look after you. Isn't it fun, Timmy?" I was bewildered by it all.

Then Aunt June produced a big white ribbon out of the holdall. "Come here, sweetheart, and sit between us."

I did and Aunt June produced a large tortoise shell comb and brush set, then proceeded to brush my soft brown hair. When she was satisfied, she took the white ribbon and tied it into my hair into a big bow.

"Oh, isn't she pretty, June?" said Aunt Judy. "She deserves a little kiss," which she promptly gave me on the cheek followed by Aunt June.

"Let's make some coffee, June." That was just what Aunt June did as we all left my room to go to the kitchen and sit at the large table there.

"Isn't this nice, Timmy?" said Aunt Judy as she opened a box containing doughnuts and cookies.

"Yes, Aunt," I replied.

"Our little secret girl is having tea and cakes with her aunts," said Aunt June. "Now you mustn't say a word to your mummy. She wouldn't understand these secret games, would she, Judy?"

"Oh no. You do like being a girl, don't you, Timmy?"

I said nothing. I was still bewildered by it all and the attention my aunts were giving me. My aunts chatted away to each other in a conversation I did not understand about men, every so often giving me a cookie, then carrying on their conversation.

Then Aunt Judy looked at her watch. "I think it is time you went to bed, Timmy. Your mother and father will soon be home."

Both aunts, taking me by the hand, led me back to my bedroom. Aunt June withdrew my pajamas from the bedside drawer as Aunt Judy helped slip off the dress. Aunt June helped me put my pajama jacket on and was easing the girl's knickers off my legs to proceed with putting on the pajama bottoms.

The white ribbon was still in my hair and Aunt Judy was in the process of untying it. I must have looked a little glum as she did this.

"Oh, the little darling wants to keep the ribbon in her hair, Aunt June."

"Does she really? Well, maybe at some future date you can, sweetheart but not tonight, darling."

Once my aunts tucked me in bed, they switched the light off and shut my bedroom door, saying, "Sweet dreams, darling."

I didn't fall asleep right away; everything had been so exciting to a little boy like me. I seemed to remember everything that happened that night. I was awake in that darkened room when I heard my parents arrive back.

I heard snatches of conversation like "How was he, girls?"

"He was as good as gold, Janice and Tom."

My parents and aunts seemed to talk for a long time, although it was difficult to make out conversation. Eventually I fall asleep.

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Now I looked forward to my aunts visiting our home. Then came the time I shall never forget which probably set me off on my present lifestyle.

One night, my aunts were visiting once more. My mother said she and my father were hoping to plan something big for their 10th wedding anniversary.

"Like what, Janice?" queried Aunt June.

"Oh, I don't know, maybe a slapped-together meal with you, mother, father and family."

"I see," said Aunt Judy. "Why don't you do something like having a second honeymoon?"

"I don't know, Judy. Who is going to look after Timmy?" I think mother was tempted but was worried about me.

"If you are really worried, Janice, June and myself will look after Timmy."

"You girls have looked after him for a night but two whole days? It's too much."

"We can get time off. The hospital owes us leave."

Father came in at that point. "I think it's a good idea, Janice. Time alone together is something we have not had since we married."

My mother looked at me. "And what about you, Timmy?"

"Yes, mother, I like my aunts."

"Good, then it's settled," said Aunt June.

Aunt June was looking at me. "How would you like a little brother?"

"Or a little sister," said Aunt Judy.

Mother went all red in the face. "Girls, please." Mother blushed

I, of course, did not understand what they were talking about.

I'm sure I caught a glance between my aunts. I just knew something special was being hatched between them. It made my heart pound with excitement. I could not wait 'til that weekend.

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My aunts came early that Friday in the beat-up second-hand car they shared to give my mother and father an early start to their weekend. Mother had a little present for each of my aunts for being so kind as to look after me. It was a silver necklace with their names hanging from the necklace.

"You and Tom run along. Have a good time and phone us every night to see how Timmy is. By the way, tomorrow the hospital is having its annual Children's summer party for sick children. I asked if we could take Timmy to it. Is that okay, Janice?" Aunt June was talking.

"Yes sure. You'll like that, won't you, Timmy?"

"Oh yes, Mother." I was thinking about ice cream and jelly and toys and party games.

"Weather forecast says it's going to be hot this weekend. I expect you and Tom will not see much of it," said Aunt Judy.

My father laughed. "You girls are something else. I pity the man that marries you."

"Did you hear that, June? One man between the two of us. That will be interesting."

"Stop it, girls, you'll have me in stitches," Father said, laughing again.

Mother was embarrassed. Me, being innocent and naïve, did not know what my aunts and father were talking about.

Mother told my aunts to help themselves to anything they wanted. Soon my mother and father departed to kisses all around. I was left with my aunts.

"Now that mummy and daddy have left, since it's so nice a day, we will have a picnic in the back garden."

"That's a good idea, Judy. What about carrots, tomato, lettuce, and cold ham? There's a tin in the fridge along with some ice cream in a fruit salad for Timmy here."

Aunt Judy produced a sun hat and put it on me. It looked like a girl's hat.

We spent a pleasant hour or two in the back garden, then Aunt June looked at her watch. "It's time for your afternoon nap, Timmy."

"Do I have to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon?"

"Of course you do, Timmy. You're a growing boy and need your rest. Now don't argue with your aunts. We are nurses and know what is best for you. Let's hear no more about it." My Aunt Judy was addressing me.

"I suppose so," I grumpily answered.

In my room, my aunts put me in my pajamas, drew the curtains and left me to sweet dreams. I woke some three hours later, much refreshed from the sleep. Aunt June was standing at my bedside.

"Ah, the sleepy head awakes. We have your tea all ready. Put your clothes on and come to the kitchen."

This I did. It entered my mind that I had played the secret game we always played together when my aunts and I were alone. I was so looking forward to that game.

Tea passed with conversation between my aunts and me.

"Let us go to the living room, Timmy. Aunt Judy was looking at me.

"This is it," I thought, "we are going to play our secret game."

In the living room, Aunt June and Aunt Judy carried on, talking about boyfriends, it seemed. Now that I am older, the significance of that conversation is clear to me. It went something like this:

"June, what did you think of Andy?"

"Oh, he was a good kisser and we petted heavily. What about you, Judy?"

"I played the prude for a bit of devilment. Every time he put a hand on me, I slapped his face."

"Poor man. He musn't have known if he was coming or going. I liked that game. Let's play it again on our next boyfriend!" Both of my aunts went hysterical with laughter. It was only when I became older that I realized the poor man was dating two different women, my naughty aunts being identical twins.

I was more interested in playing our secret game; it had been a long time since we played and I was most anxious we should play it tonight.

I sat between my aunts. Aunt Judy said, "You looked rather worried, Timmy. Is there something the matter with you?"

I was embarrassed and sort of whispered, "Are we going to play our secret game, Aunt Judy?"

Aunt Judy gave me a funny look. "You'll have to speak up, Timmy."

I repeated my question. "What secret game is that, Timmy?" inquired my Aunt June.

"You know, Aunt. Putting a girl's skirt on me."

Loudly, Aunt June addressed Aunt Judy. "Did you hear that, Aunt Judy? He wants to put a girl's dress on."

"What kind of little boys put frocks on, Aunt June?"

"Boys putting frocks on are naughty, Aunt Judy."

"And what happens to naughty little boys who put on girl's skirts, Aunt June?"

"They get spanked on their nickered bottom, Aunt Judy."

"Slapped on their nickered bottom, Aunt June."

"Come here, Timmy," said Aunt June.

I was frightened. This was indeed unusual behaviour from my aunts. I almost cried but tried to keep a calm face.

I stood trembling before Aunt June who beckoned me to stand closer. Putting a hand round me, she undid my braces and pulled my boys trousers down. I stood before her in just my short underpants.



"Now bend over my knee." This I did with tears running down my cheek. Aunt June had pulled her skirt to above her knees as I lay across them. I felt a pulling down of my short pants, then another hand pulled something up my legs. A hand lightly touched my now covered bottom, then a completely different hand gently followed it.

I heard peals of laughter from my aunts. "Did you see her face? I do believe she thought we were actually going to spank her." Which of my aunts was speaking, I do not know. Next thing I knew, Aunt Judy had lifted me on to the settee and I was once again sitting between my aunts.

"Oh, you poor dear. Did your aunties gave you a fright? We are both sorry." Aunt June gave me a kiss on the cheek, followed by Aunt Judy. It was then I noticed I was wearing a pair of white cotton girl's knickers. These had been put on me by Aunt Judy when I was over Aunt June's knees.

"We will be playing our secret game again but not tonight, darling." Aunt Judy was speaking. My face fell in disappointment and both aunts noticed.

"Darling, cheer up. Tonight, you are going to be prepared to be a girl for the next two whole days. You'll look like a girl as you have never been before."

"Prepared, Aunt? Whatever can you mean?"

"You'll see, Timmy. There is a lot of work to be put in tonight."

"Do you love wearing, girl clothes, Timmy?"

"Oh yes, Aunts, I do."

A knowing smile passed between my aunts. "She is going to be a beautiful girl in the future, Aunt Judy."

"Yes she is, Aunt June and we will help her on the way."

"Now, Darling, we start the preparations. June, go and run the bath and I will bring Timmy to you when you are ready"

Aunt June departed. Aunt Judy took me to my bedroom and divested me of my T-shirt, vest and ankle socks, then put a pair of slippers on my feet. A shout from Aunt June declared the bath was all ready for me.

Aunt Judy led me by the hand to the bathroom, where a hot steaming bath was ready for me to get into.

"Did you put the bath salts in, June?"

"Can't you smell the lavender aroma rising from the water, Judy?"

I stepped into the bath to be soaped all over by my aunts.

"Judy, you shampoo her hair and I'll get all the rest of the stuff out the car trunk."

"You do that, June. We will meet you in the living room in a while to set it all up."

Aunt June exited the bathroom, and Aunt Judy looked at me. "Come here, Timmy. We will need to shampoo your hair—and what beautiful hair it is. I see that you have kept it long as we told you to."

"Yes, Aunt Judy. I tried to distract mommy every time she wanted it cut. I did as you said, Aunt Judy."

"Good girl." Aunt Judy filled the wash basin with lukewarm water.

"Come over here, darling and we will start on that soft brown hair."

Aunt Judy now had my head in the water soaking, then she produced a bottle of sweet-smelling shampoo, poured some over my head and rubbed it in. Her gentle hands eased the shampoo into my hairs. It felt so nice and relaxing.

"There we are, Darling. Let's dry it." Aunt Judy took hold of the large fluffy white towel and gingerly dried my hair. Wrapping the towel round my head, she said, "Let's go and see what surprises Aunt June has in store for us, Timmy." I put on the pair of white knickers on and we made for the living room.

In the living room, there was Aunt June. "It is all set up, Judy; rollers, tissue paper, everything."

"Timmy, you're going to be a pretty girl. Unfortunately, we girls must sometime suffer for our beauty. Darling, we are going to put your hair in rollers for tonight. To do that, we have to pull your hair tight and wipe it with a lotion that may sting. You will be a brave little girl, won't you, Timmy?"

"Yes, Aunt Judy."

"Good girl. You know, Judy, we will have to stop calling her Timmy. She needs a girl's name for that party."

"You're right, June. I'm sure we will come up with something."

My aunts started to attend to my hair. One pulled a section of my hair very tight, then the other was wiping that section with tissue paper soaked in a solution of stinging liquid. Then a roller was inserted and tightly rolled up and a bobby pin was put in to hold it there. This process was repeated all over my hair 'til twenty or thirty rollers were in my hair. It certainly stung but my aunts assured me that would diminish.

A setting lotion was sprayed over my hair. "There we are, Darling. Now for the finishing touch, a hair net," said Aunt June. It was stretched over my head and fitted nicely.

"A cup of coffee would be nice Aunt Judy for us all along with some cookies."

In a short while, I was sitting between my aunts in my knickers, my hair in curlers, sipping coffee and munching cookies.

"You'll have to go to bed after you finish your cookies."

"But aunts, it's early. I always stay up later than this."

"I know, Darling but you will have an early morning. There is much to do; tomorrow is going to be a long and exciting day for us all. Isn't it, Aunt Judy?"

"Yes, Aunt June. Timmy, we have one more surprise for you before you go to bed. Get it, Aunt June."

Aunt June walked over to a large case I had not noticed before. She withdrew something, hiding it from me.

"Timmy, what do you think of this?" Aunt June was holding up a white nightie.

"Now come here, Precious and I'll slip this on you. You have never worn a girl's nightie before, have you?"

"No, aunt."

"It is a nice nylon one. Feel it, Timmy. We thought if you're going to be dressed as a girl for the weekend, you may as well go to bed dressed in a nightie, didn't we, Judy?"

"Yes we did. You can wear the white knickers tonight as well. We have much better ones for that party tomorrow."

I felt the nylon nightie, then Aunt June slipped it over my head and the beautiful nightie slithered down my body, causing me to shiver. My aunts looked at each other with happy smiles on their faces.

Taking me by the hand, they led me to my bedroom; I was once again tucked in by my aunts. Then my aunts kissed me with "Good night and pleasant dreams" and put the light out.

My dreams were certainly pleasant. I was so excited for the part tomorrow I just knew something special had been planned by my aunts.

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"It's time to get up, Timmy," Aunt June said as she shook my shoulder.

"What time is it, Aunt June?"

"About six-thirty. There is a lot to do on this bright and sunny day, Sweetheart." Aunt June was holding out a pink pair of mules for me to put on, which I did.

"How's our little girl this morning, Aunt June?"

"Sleepy, Aunt Judy."

"Is she really? Well, a good breakfast will soon sort that out. Then it is down to making you pretty for that party."

Breakfast finished, I was taken to Mother's room and seated before her dressing table. My aunts set to work on me. I had my face cleaned with lotions and smoothed over. Some makeup was applied by Aunt Judy; just enough to highlight my good points, she said.

Aunt Judy then lightly powdered my face, rouged my cheeks and told me to pucker my lips. This I did Aunt Judy took a lipstick out her purse and applied it.

"Now press your lips together, Timmy. That's it." Taking a tissue from her purse, she said, "Gently press this between your lips and any excess lipstick will be removed. Now on to the next stage. I'll get the case out from the under the bed."

The large case I had seen last night was pulled out and opened; in it there was a multitude of girls' clothes that Aunt June laid out on my parents bed.

"I think this pale blue petticoat will go nicely with the dress she is about to wear, Aunt Judy."

"Yes I think so, too. Put it on her."

Aunt June was now easing off my white nightie and putting this blue satin petticoat over my head. She let it fall down my body as I stood up to receive it. The petticoat was springy as it flared out at my waist.

"That is really nice, June. Where did you get it?"

"On the internet some time ago. I had it just waiting for a moment like this. It hardly cost anything. Now, Darling, let's slip your knickers off. We have something a lot better here."

Aunt June was holding a matching blue pair of knickers before me. These knickers were much different from any my aunts had put me in before.

"Can I feel them, Aunt June?" I dared to say.

"But of course, Darling." Once again, knowing smiles passed between my aunts.

These knickers were soft and silky, like nothing I had ever felt before. My aunts had said I was privileged to be wearing girl's clothes; now believed them. How I wished I could wear girl's clothes forever!

"Had enough, Sweetheart? Then let us put them on you."

Aunt June was now pulling the soft blue satin knickers up my legs. She was right; they did feel much better on me! It all felt so relaxing that I never wanted to take them off, which I would surely do after to-day.

My mules were taken off by Aunt Judy and white socks were put on my feet.

"Rise up so we can put your beautiful dress on you."

Aunt Judy was holding up a blue party dress, matching my petticoat and knickers. I stood still to let my aunts put this marvellous dress on me. This gossamer dress felt like a second skin, so thin was it.

"A perfect fit, Aunt Judy. I just knew this was the dress for her when I got it from the charity shop."

"You're right again, Aunt June, but let's press on. Her hair is still to be styled."

I was once again seated on my mother's chair; Aunt Judy was easing the hairnet off my head. Both aunts took the bobby pins out and eased the rollers out my hair. When it was all over, I was asked to look in the dressing table mirror. I could not believe it, a completely different person was staring back at me. An aunt would take a curl, roll it out with her fingers, let it go and the hair would spring back into a neat curl once more.

"I'm a girl, Aunts. I'm a girl!" I excitedly exclaimed

"Oh course you are, Timmy and we love you," both aunts said in unison.

"Now just sit there 'till I ease these Mary Jane shoes on your feet."

Aunt Judy was now kneeling at my feet. When she finished, I was told to stand up. Aunt Judy then produced from out of her purse a set of multi-coloured beads, clipped them around my neck. Then a gold bangle was slipped on my right wrist.

"That's better. She looks more girlie now."

"Isn't she a little angel, Aunt Judy?"

"Of course she is, Aunt June. That's it, Aunt June."

"That's what, Aunt Judy?"

"Her name. I shall call her Angelica from now on. Our little angel."

And so my name Angelica came into being.

"Look at the time, Judy. We have to get a move on. The party starts in an hour's time."

"Get her coat and I'll fix the white rose in her hair."

An initiation white rose was fixed into my hair Then Aunt June held open a powder blue girl's coat for me to put on.

There I stood to sighs of delight from both of my aunts.

"We have time for a photo."

"Stand upright for your photo, Angelica" A click, then a whirr and the photo came out the front of the camera. I saw myself in my coat with the peeking out below.

"Set the Polaroid on timer, June then come into the shot." Aunt June placed the Polaroid on a table, pressed the button and stood beside me. Aunt Judy was on the other side. Both aunts had their arms round my shoulder. 'Click' the camera went. I could not believe the girl in the photos was me.

"Take the Polaroid with us. We may get some good pictures today. Angelica, you can keep this photo of yourself. Aunt Judy and I will keep the other."

My aunts took me by the hand and led me out the house to their car. "You drive, Judy. Angelica and I will go in the back."

At the hospital, I was led to the children's ward where many boys and girls were mingling together. A woman in a blue nurse's uniform and a white peak hat stood in the middle of them. My aunts went over to her.

"Matron, this is the niece we mentioned we would bring today."

"I remember, Judy and June—or is it the other way around?" she laughed. Kneeling down to me, she asked, "What is your name, little girl?"

"Angelica," I replied.

"That's a nice name for a pretty little girl." Clapping her hands, she said, "Everyone, this is Angelica Make her welcome."

"It's such a nice day, I'm moving the party to the gardens at the back. Come on, everyone."

Tables were set out in the back garden. As this was being done, Matron organized party games. I was involved in them all. Then I sat down to ice cream and jelly as did the others.

I was happy talking to the little girls either side of me; I was accepted as a girl by all present. A roar of thunder was heard in the distance.

Matron said, "I think it would be better if we went inside. Come along, children. Follow me."

Back in the ward, Matron asked, "What game do you want to play, children?" Someone said Blind Man's Bluff. Another said Postman's Knock. Matron turned to my aunts. "That's a bit risky. What do you think, girls?"

"Oh, they're only children," said one of my aunts.

"Okay, we will play it after Blind Man's Bluff."

At the end of the game, my aunts went round, giving bits of paper with numbers on then to all the boys and girls.

"You pick the boys' numbers, Matron and you pick the girls', Mr. Blair." Aunt Judy said. Mr. Blair was a surgeon.

"Here goes," said the matron. Putting a hand in a hat, Matron held up a paper with a number on it. "Number four. Who is number four?"

"I am, Matron," said Johnny Higgins, holding his hand up. Then Mr. Blair put his hand in another hat and pulled out number twenty.

"Who is number twenty?"

"I am," said a little girl.

"And what is your name, Dear?"

"Violet Elizabeth Bolt."

"Now what happens?" whispered another little girl.

An older girl said, "They kiss, silly."

The two did to giggles from the girls and calls from the boys of "Johnny Higgins kissed Elizabeth Violet Bolt." Johnny and Violet were red-faced.

And so it continued to giggles from the girls.

"Number nine," said Matron.

"It's me, Harry Townsend," said a boy, holding up a hand.

"Number twelve," Mr. Blair called.

"It's me, aunts. What should I do?" I said.

"Same as all the others," said Aunt June, pushing me towards Harry Townsend.

"Oh God," I said to myself, "I've to kiss this boy and I'm a boy myself."

I shut my eyes and felt a wet kiss on my cheek. Opening my eyes, I stepped back to my aunts.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it, Angelica?" said one of my aunts. Which one, I can't remember.

Then there came cries of "Harry kissed Angelica" from all the children.

"Oh, children can be so cruel. Never mind, Angelica, your aunts love you." Aunt June was cuddling me to her side.

The party was nearing its end. As we departed, Matron was giving presents to all the girls there as Mr. Blair was doing for the boys.

"There we are, Angelica, isn't it nice?" I was being handed a small plastic doll in a box. "Oh, she will just love that, Matron," Aunt June said.

I was soon in the back seat of the car with Aunt Judy while Aunt June drove.

"Did you like the party, Angelica?"

"Yes, Aunt, it was nice."

"And did you like being dressed as a girl? No one knew you weren't a girl, you know."

"I don't know. I guess I liked it."

"Good, Angelica And did you like kissing the boys?"

"Oh, Aunt Judy, please don't ask me that," I shyly said to Aunt Judy.

Aunt Judy cuddled me close to her bosom and whispered softly in my ear. "Angelica, when you grow up into the beautiful woman you surely will become, many men will want to kiss you." Aunt Judy gently placed a lipstick kiss on my forehead, leaving me to ponder just what she had said.

The following day, my aunts took me to a seaside fun fare. I still dressed as Angelica

Sunday night was to end it all. The pretty clothing was packed away except for the nightie I wore that night. Monday morning saw me back in my trousers and shirt once more with my aunts waiting for the return of my parents.

Aunt June was fiddling about with a comb on my hair. "I can't get her hair straightened, Judy. It keeps springing back to a curl. What should I do?"

"Let's just tell Janice and Tom we were trying out a new hair style on Timmy for the party and it's gone a little wrong. I think they might just swallow that."

My parents arrived home with boxes of candy for me and my aunts.

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The occasions when my aunts and I played our secret game were few and far between; I still had the Polaroid photo to remind me of the girl I now wanted to be. Angelica Then it happened. I suppose it was inevitable. Father was away on a business trip for the week. Mother was looking for a part-time day job to supplement our income.

She had already asked my aunts if they could look after me as she would be going for an interview. No problem, said my aunts as they were on leave anyway.

So there I was home from school; a frock was held before me as soon as I entered the door. Everything was going nicely in the living room to laughter and giggles. The frock was rather nice, pink with a pink sash tied round my waist and a big bow tied at the back.

Someone failed to turn up so mother had her interview earlier than she had expected. Coming into the house, she heard laughs coming from the living room. She saw my aunts, then looking at me, she joined in the laughter.

“And who is this pretty little girl?” There was no answer from me or my aunts which made my mother all the more curious. Looking closer, her face turned purple with rage. “It’s you! Timmy, go to your bedroom at once. I’ll deal with you later.”

I left as mother turned to my aunts. In my bedroom, all I could hear were snatches of conversation. “How long has this been going on?” “What have you done to my son?” “Perverts, both of you.” “Get out of this house. I don’t want to see you ever again.” heard a slamming door as my aunts left.

All was silence for a while. I feared my mother coming to my room given the temper she was now in. Then the door opened. There Mother stood.

“Get that dress off now.” I didn’t need to bother as Mother was ripping it off my body and shouting at the same time. “YOU WERE LOVING IT ALL THE TIME, WEREN’T YOU?”

I could not reply as mother was hitting me all over my face. The dress, petticoat and knickers all now lay at my feet.

“This is what we do to all these clothes.” Mother picked up my dress and proceeds to rip it into shreds along with the rest of the clothes.

“Now get to bed and stay there ‘till I tell you differently.”

Not long after that incident my mother was pregnant. I’ve always had the impression she had gotten pregnant out of spite to show me she could care for others more than me.

My new brother Tommy received more attention than me. It was Tommy this, Tommy that, and I was ignored altogether. I once asked my mother about my aunts. She replied, “You can forget about them. You’ll never see them again.”

## **LEAVING HOME**

My life was miserable without my aunts and I left home after my studies in accountancy and found a job. I found a little apartment and was happy there, I had my freedom, and my longing to wear women’s clothes had free rein. At that time, I had nothing in the way of female clothes. The only vestige of my former life was that photo my aunts took of Angelica

I soon learned, however, that there were organisations that would help you with your desires. I found one such group; I would go to their meetings every Friday night dressed in my women’s clothes. Then I reached the stage where I would go out in public dressed as Angelica, which I found relaxing.

During that period, I had some girlfriends, girls who would be happy to marry, settle down and having a family. But I was looking for something else; the more I saw of men dressed in women’s clothes, the more I wanted a relationship with a man. I was also coming to the conclusion that I wanted to dress full-time as a woman. That was going to be difficult, especially at work.