



Reluctant Press presents:

A Maiden's Prayer



Blind Ruth

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

By Blind Ruth

CHAPTER ONE: THE CASTLE DOUNE

The lonely sentinel was keeping watch in the west tower of the Castle Doune on this bright and sunny early spring morning. Samuel, for that was indeed the sentinel's name, reflected that life had been good to him; he was a freeman had a beautiful wife and two lovely children a boy and girl. His master, the Lord James of Doune, was a kindly man and all under his domain were freemen unlike some lords he could name who kept their subjects in slavery.

The Castle Doune loomed high and magnificent over the flat plain below it. In the far distance, one

could see the beginnings of the Great Forest of Doune, a forest that would take days and days to travel from one end to the other, even by horse.

Samuel who had a very keen eye kept close watch at the west tower, then he spotted it. Emerging from the Forest of Doune were a horse and rider going at a fast pace towards the Castle Doune.

Samuel shouted to the Captain of the guard, "Rider fast approaches from the forest, Captain."

"Can you see who it is, Samuel?" Captain Eager came running out of the guard house.

"No not yet, Captain Edgar."

The Captain immediately put the guard on full alert.

As the horse and rider came nearer, Samuel could make out the features of his friend, Adam. "Adam approaches, Captain."

The Captain barked out orders. "Lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis." This was immediately done.

Rider and horse thundered over the drawbridge into the courtyard and the rider dismounted. "Take me to the Lord James this very minute, Captain Edgar. See Bess gets a good rubdown and is watered and fed; she has been a good beast to me."

The two men quickly made their way through the dimly lit castle to where the Lord James was at present in his chambers.

On entering, the anxious Lord James asked his spy Adam what news he had.

“I am sorry to say, sire, that after the long winter, the Lord Angus has once again raised an army and is at present on the march. I very much fear that he has your lands in mind. Already he has attacked and taken land and villages on the very borders of your territory. His thugs have raped women, pillaged and plundered and put many people to the sword and into slavery. I fear the worst as his army now rests to make an assault on the Castle Doune.”

“You have done well, Adam. We must call a council of war this very day at noon. Captain Edgar, make arrangements for such.”

“Very well, sire.”

Both the captain and Adam left the Lord James’ chambers. Lord James, a tall muscular man with a black beard, sat down to think. So the Lord Angus of Blackhill was once again up to his old tricks; this time he was targeting him, James, the Lord of Doune. There was no doubt Angus was ambitious and the throne was much in his mind. But as yet he was not strong enough to dispose King John. However with James’ own men forced to join and fight with Angus, he may yet be King.

Hadn’t Angus slayed his old friend and comrade, Lord Nickolas of Surrey and made up some story that Nickolas had been plotting to overthrow the king? A more loyal subject than Nickolas one could not find. The king, being a weak man, was taken in by this story and awarded Nickolas’ lands to Angus.

CHAPTER TWO: COUNCIL OF WAR

The council of war was now assembled and in session at the large banqueting hall. The council consisted of Lord James, the three captains of his army, and one other surprising member, namely Lord James' wife, Lady Eleanor, a wise woman whom James always took her opinions.

Lord James said, addressing the council, "I have sad and distressing news. I learn today that the evil Lord Angus of Blackhill has once again raised an army and is at this very moment invading our lands. I fear for the worst."

Captain Edgar then spoke up. "I am sure you know that Angus will not stop till he has this castle in his hands, sire."

"Yes, Captain Edgar, you are correct. I am afraid we must prepare for a very long siege. Captains, tell me, is our army prepared for such an eventuality?"

"Yes sire, the men are fit, ready and well-prepared but the Lord Angus' forces outnumber us. We need help and reinforcements."

"I see, then help must be sent to the King. Meantime, all the nearby villages must be evacuated to come here with their stock of animals. These will be needed to feed all within the Castle Doune in a siege." Then, changing the subject, he said, "And how is my son Lord Cuthbert progressing in his skills of war, Captains?"

The three captains looked at each other uncomfortably. Once again, Captain Eager was the spokesman. "Sire, I am afraid your son plays too much with the

girls to learn the art of using the sword or bow and has learned nothing of the art of war."

James was disappointed on learning this; he had hoped his son would be a strong leader of his people and someday sit in his place. Then Captain Edgar spoke again, "Sire, there is one worrying aspect of all this. Should you be killed, the Lord Angus will seek out the Lord Cuthbert and kill him. For he very well knows that as long as Cuthbert is alive, there is always the chance and hope that Cuthbert could raise an army against him."

From what his captains said about his son, James thought there was not much of a chance that would happen. However Angus was not to know that and there was every prospect Angus would seek Cuthbert out and take his life.

"Then Cuthbert must leave this castle now and go in disguise. But how?"

A silence came over the council. Then Lady Eleanor spoke. "I have an idea. Why do we not dress Cuthbert up as a girl? I very much doubt Angus will be looking for a woman."

"Do you think it could work, Eleanor?" asked her husband.

"But of course, James." Eleanor reflected on how girlish her son looked; in fact there were likenesses to her late daughter, the Lady Sarah, who had died of the fever. Ever since then, Eleanor had kept Sarah's room locked, she grieved so much for her daughter. Sarah's clothes were still there and would easily fit Cuthbert; with a little rouge, who would know her son was not a woman? Lady Eleanor had something to live for now.

But having dressed him in her daughter's skirts, where would they go?

"We need allies," said James, "but from where?"

"Sire, we could seek out Robert of Surrey and send the Lady Eleanor and Cuthbert dressed as a woman to find him. He is outlawed by Angus and is a thorn in his side. Robert and his band rule the forest of Doune. I am sure Lady Eleanor could find him and seek shelter with Robert till things turn for the better." The suggestion came from one of the three captains.

"Yes, that is indeed the solution," said the Lady Eleanor. "Robert could indeed be our saviour. He is strong and a born leader of men."

Yes, thought James, Robert, the bastard son of his old friend Nickolas of Surrey. Everyone knew the story of how Nickolas had left his wife, the Countess Gwendolyn, sister of Lord Angus after some dispute with her and gone to the French court and had an affair with a noble lady there. The result of that was his son Robert whom Nickolas brought back to his lands.

As young Robert grew up, he and his father were constantly seen at the Castle Doune. Many a time they went with Lord James on hunting expeditions to the Forest of Doune. Robert was a very expert bowman and had inherited the skills of his father although he was but a boy. Lady Eleanor was pleased to see how her daughter, Lady Sarah, got on so well with Robert. The thought of an arranged marriage was in Eleanor's mind and why not? They were but children now but when they came of age, why should not Robert and Sarah marry? She suggested the same to her husband who more than approved of this idea and would give much of his land to the couple as a dowry. James discussed all of this with his friend Nickolas and it was

agreed that the young couple would marry when they became of age.

The children knew of this; although they were young and innocent, the prospect of becoming man and wife in later life bonded them nearer to each other.

James was interrupted from his thoughts by his wife. "We know Robert is in the forest where Angus cannot find him but I think I know someone who will know my old girlfriend, the Lady Megan."

"That old witch!" cut in the Lord James. It was well known that Lady Megan lived in a cottage within the forest by herself; it was said she possessed magical powers. Witch or not, many people had visited that cottage for lotions and potions to relieve illnesses and other ailments. Megan had learned the properties of plants trees and flowers and how to use them.

"Oh James, how can you be so cruel? You very well know Megan and I were Ladies in Waiting of the Queen Margarita at the Royal court and great friends."

"I am sorry. I said that Eleanor if Megan can help, then she will be more than welcome in our camp," apologised her husband.

Plans having now been made, the council of war broke up. Lady Eleanor made her way to her son's room. On entering, Eleanor looked at the soft skin of Cuthbert, so girlish. Eleanor informed her son of the situation. The Lord Cuthbert immediately said he wanted to fight beside his father. His mother could see Cuthbert was not made for fighting.

"No Cuthbert, there are much more important things that must be done than fighting beside your father."

"Like what, Mother?"

“Help is needed. We must seek out Robert of Surrey and his fearless band. As you are the heir to Castle Doune, Angus will be after your head. If you are found, Angus will kill you instantly, therefore you must go in disguise.”

“How will we do that, Mother?”

Lady Eleanor could see the dream she had of bringing her daughter Sarah back to life through her son Cuthbert coming closer.

“What better way than dressing you in woman’s clothes? Angus would not be looking for a woman, would he?”

“I suppose you are right, Mother, but what clothes will fit me?”

“That is no problem; you are the same size as your sister, Sarah. We will go straight away to her room.”

They opened the room which had been locked since Sarah died. Lady Eleanor soon set to work and in no time Cuthbert was fitted out in his sister’s dresses. Soon, makeup was applied by his mother. Lady Eleanor stood back after that to admire her son in his woman’s finery. He looked so beautiful in his sister’s dresses, he could easily be mistaken for Sarah, so alike was he to his sister. To Eleanor, she had brought Sarah back to life. Cuthbert would be forgotten forever.

“We are prepared for our journey, Sarah. We must go to your father before we depart.”

In Lord James’ room, the new Lady Sarah was introduced to her father. “Well James, what do you think of your daughter?” asked Eleanor. He was absolutely stunned; she was so beautiful and so like Lady Sarah, he very much doubted if anyone could take his son for anything but a woman.

“You have done well, Eleanor.” James could see that his son easily fitted into the role of a woman; maybe that was what he should have been. But for now, there were other matters to attend to.

“I will have two sturdy white stallions waiting in the courtyard for you first thing in the morning and saddle bags filled with food for your journey. I wish you luck, Eleanor and of course, my daughter, Sarah.”

Early the following morning, Lord James stood in the courtyard and assisted his wife and daughter to mount their white stallions. Lady Eleanor bent down to kiss her husband as her daughter Sarah did the same to her father. How beautiful both mother and daughter looked in their riding outfits as their horses thundered over the drawbridge towards the forest of Doune. Lord James watched for some considerable time till eventually both riders disappeared into the forest.

CHAPTER THREE: THE WITCHES COTTAGE

Both women had ridden their horses hard since leaving Castle Doune. A stream having been sighted after some three hours riding, they came to a halt. The horses were rested and watered and food taken from the saddle bags. Sarah was frightened of tales she had heard of the witch Megan, even though her mother assured her there was nothing to be frightened of.

“Sarah, we will have to push on. I wish to reach Megan’s cottage before nightfall. There are many wild animals who roam the forest at night that I would not want to meet.” Things were quickly tidied up and once more they set on their way.

Dusk was fast approaching when a cottage in a clearing came in sight; both women slowed their horses down to a walking pace. Although Lady Eleanor had never been to Megan's cottage before, knowing the forest well, she had a very good idea where it lay. Lady Eleanor dismounted and tied the reins of her horse to a nearby post made for that purpose and signalled Sarah to do the same. Both mother and daughter approached the thatched cottage door and knocked. A most beautiful woman opened the door. "Eleanor!" she exclaimed and held her hands out to embrace her old girlfriend. Both women hugged and kissed each other on the cheek.

"How long has it been since we last met? Never mind, you and your lovely daughter are more than welcome to my humble adobe."

The cottage was small but comfortable with a living room with a roaring fire and kitchen and a room where Megan slept. "I was just about to make supper. You are welcome to share it with me."

"Can we help, Megan?" asked Eleanor.

"No, everything is about ready but we can talk over old times at the queen's court as we eat. But you must tell me why you have come here. It must be serious."

Over the meal, Eleanor explained the situation about Lord Angus, how he was mounting forces to attack the Castle Doune and that they were hoping to find Robert and his daring band for their help. Could Megan by any chance know of his whereabouts, enquired Eleanor.

Megan was very cautious in her answers. "How do I know this is not some sort of trick by Angus to get his hands on Robert?"

“I thought you knew me better than that, Megan. We were such good friends in the past. Angus would think nothing of killing my husband and Cuthbert and taking his lands and property.”

“Forgive me, Eleanor. I should have known better but one must be wary with the likes of Angus, such a devious and evil man.”

Megan had every right to beware of that man. She remembered when they were young ladies in waiting of the queen at the balls how excited they were as the handsome gallant knights would dance with them. Eleanor had met her James there. Megan was the favourite of Lord Nickolas of Surrey as he was then. So much so that Megan and Nickolas became.

Then she came, the seductress, the beautiful, desirable Countess Gwendolyn, sister of Lord Angus of Blackhill. There was no doubt that the beauty of Gwendolyn surpassed that of all the ladies in the royal court. Gwendolyn knew she was beautiful and used her beauty for her own wicked purposes. She was ambitious like her brother; while he wanted to seize the throne and become King, she wanted to rule beside him as his Queen.

It was not unknown to see Angus leave her bed-chamber in the early hours of the morning in his castle. Angus persuaded his sister to use her charms to entice Dukes and Earls to her bed and pledge their allegiance and armies to him. What her brother took by force, she gained with her body. She slept with so many men to strengthen her brother’s army so that some day she would rule supreme as Queen beside him. That thought was why she was set to win the heart of Lord Nickolas. So what if he was engaged to this Lady

Megan? She soon would be cast aside when Gwendolyn turned her charms on Nickolas.

Countess Gwendolyn cared nothing for Nickolas; it was just that he had the largest army in the land and could well be used by her beloved brother. Gwendolyn aimed her charms at Nickolas. In no time had she not only taken him from Megan but they were married. Gwendolyn for once had miscalculated; being married to Nickolas, she thought she had him under her thumb and that he would obey her commands. When she asked him to pledge not only his vast forces to her brother but himself as well (for Nickolas was a great commander of men), he answered that he supported the King and that he and his army would fight for the His Majesty.

Relationships between Nickolas and his wife became strained; she eventually left him to go back to her brother and let him share her bed for as we have seen, Gwendolyn was a sexually active woman. But Gwendolyn wanted to be more than a Queen to reign beside her brother; she wanted to start a dynasty, a line of kings to rule the land. And when she sat on the throne, she would conceive a son by her brother to start the royal line. Their reign would not stop when she and her brother died, it would go on forever and ever. Such was her dream. A more evil cunning woman one could not meet but she was such a beautiful one.

Lady Eleanor remembered these events and was sorry for her old girlfriend. Yet Megan was not vengeful or even jealous; she still loved Nickolas but she too left the court to come to the forest and live in peace.

“Eleanor, I will make a bed up near the fire for your Sarah while you can share my bed for tonight, if you don’t mind,” said Megan.

The sound of Megan's voice disturbed her thoughts of Eleanor. Another subject entered her mind. Just what sort of things had Megan discovered in the forest that people came for her advice. Was it fanciful thinking that she could turn her son into a woman; she had heard tales of all sort of miraculous things happening here And was not her son Cuthbert more suited to the life of a woman than a man? It was worth asking Megan; she had nothing to lose and maybe everything to gain.

It was as both women undressed for bed that Eleanor asked the question.

"Megan they say that you have unknown powers. I only repeat what I hear. Do you?"

"That depends on what you mean. I commune with nature. Having lived many years alone in this forest, I understand the properties of the many plants, flowers, trees and herbs that grow within this forest. Why do you ask?"

"Megan," said Eleanor, "you have seen my daughter Sarah. What do you think of her as a woman?"

"She is a very beautiful woman, so like yourself. If I was you, I would send her to the royal court for she will indeed capture the heart of some noble knight."

"Do you really think so, Megan?"

"I do indeed."

Lady Eleanor was pleased with this reply; it more than convinced her that Cuthbert was not made for the life of a man. He must take the place of her dead daughter Sarah and fulfil her wish.

“Megan, what would you say if I told you that Sarah is not a woman but of the male sex? She is my son Cuthbert, but I would dearly love him to be a woman.”

Megan could now see where this conversation was heading and paused for a minute.

“I know many things, Eleanor, but for all that, I cannot change your son’s sex. Such things are not possible.”

Megan could see Eleanor was greatly disappointed.

“However there are certain things that can be done,” Megan said, filling Eleanor’s heart with hope.

“I can give your son breasts of a reasonable and acceptable proportion for a woman. I cannot remove his penis, but it can be reduced to very small size so that he will have to squat to relieve herself. However if that is done, it will not ever become erect again and Cuthbert will never be able to give any woman a child. But does your son know of your desires for him to change his way of life? I may have made a mistake saying his penis cannot be removed. It can if he is castrated but that is so agonisingly painful that Sarah would not wish it, would she?”

This was something Eleanor had not taken into consideration. The thought that somehow her Sarah could in some way be brought back to life outweighed any other thought. What did it matter what Cuthbert/Sarah thought?

“Yes Megan, you must do that as soon as possible. I am sure Sarah will agree to such a change and live the rest of her life in a female form.”

“Very well, I will prepare for such a change in the morning. I may have to leave the cottage for a few days

to collect the items required for that purpose. But the decision of castration must be left in Sarah's hands."

The following morning all were up bright and early. Megan was busy making breakfast; a smell of ham and eggs drifted through the cottage. On enquiring where the eggs came from, Eleanor was informed that Megan kept hens and recently had received a portion of boar from one of Robert's men. Megan had taken Eleanor into her trust and would divulge the whereabouts of Robert and his merry band after the change required to alter Sarah's features had been made. The journey to Robert's den would take a few days and she would map out where both women would have to go. She explained the places they would have to stop overnight.

Megan left Eleanor and Sarah to collect the required items for the change to Cuthbert. Eleanor asked her son how he felt wearing the skirts of his sister. The wearing of girl's clothes was not entirely foreign to Cuthbert as his sister had dressed him many times in her clothes when they played as children.

"It feels nice, Mother. Women's dresses are so soft to my body; they do something to me."

"How would you like to wear skirts and dresses all the time? You have such soft features and with a little makeup could easily pass for a woman. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"Yes Mother, but how could I become a woman forever?"

Lady Eleanor explained how this could be achieved with help from Megan. Sarah was still afraid of her even though there was no crooked nose, which he had been told all witches had. But she/he had played with the girls from many families that lived within the walls of Castle Doune and loved being with girls. The thought of being one himself was exciting to him. He dearly would like to be a girl and would endure any process that made him one.

To Lady Eleanor, the preparing of her son to become a woman had been a lot easier than she had thought. She told him he would never be fully a woman. That was not to say he would never have the feelings of a woman because she truly believed after Megan had finished, the transformation would do female things to her/his mind.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE TRANSFORMATION TO SARAH

Megan had arrived back at the cottage after a day or so. Her saddle bags contained the desired leaves flowers and shrubs to make up the concoctions required for the transformation of Cuthbert into Sarah.

Megan, after taking these items to her kitchen, now started to prepare mixtures, chopping and pounding, then adding liquids in jars to her concoctions. There were two different mixtures which were put into a cauldron and placed over the fire in the living room to boil and simmer.

“There,” said Megan to no one in particular, “all is becoming ready. Tomorrow the procedure shall begin to feminise Sarah to her new gender.”

Sarah once again feared Megan as she saw things boil and bubble in the cauldron; surely that was one of the things a witch used.

After dinner, Megan said she was going to retire to bed; the hard work of the day had taken a lot out of her and tomorrow was going to be a long day.

When Lady Eleanor came to bed, she saw the beautiful sight of an exhausted Megan fast asleep in the bed. She remembered the happy times both had together as young ladies in the royal court. But now they were mature women. She remembered how they had combed each other's golden hair. How exciting that was as they made themselves pretty for the dashing knights at court. Eleanor had always admired Megan and at times she wanted to touch the soft glossy hair and tender skin of her girlfriend. Such things were frowned upon for members of the same sex. Yet as she saw Megan, now a mature woman like herself, these feelings came back once more to Eleanor.

Make no mistake, Lady Eleanor loved her husband although they hadn't made love for a long time. This was not anyone's fault as James was much worried about the Lord Angus even before the spring offensive by Angus. He was worried about his family his people and lands and how he could protect them.

The first signs of bisexuality were appearing in Lady Eleanor's mind and they disturbed her. She did love her husband but she had this strange feeling of desire for Megan. Maybe if the Lord Angus had never existed and never threatened her husband, this meeting with Megan would never have taken place. But it had and she would have to deal with her feelings for Megan. For now there was the matter of Sarah.

Early next morning, Eleanor rose and made the breakfast for all, wanting to preserve Megan's energy for the task she was to perform today. When all was finished, Megan commanded Sarah to remove all her clothes and sit on a chair while she took the mixtures which had hardened to apply to various parts of Sarah's body. First, Megan applied a mixture that would thicken the hair. This was made up of 300 snails taken from their shells and boiled added to which was laurel leaf, honey, saffron and Venetian soap. This Megan used as a shampoo and vigourously rubbed into Sarah hair. Then she combed out any unpleasant residue in the hair. Moisture was now applied to the face, worked into the skin. This moisturiser consisted of rosemary, roses, and lilies, all set in beef fat. "Now for the makeup," said Megan with delightful thoughts of turning this young man into a pretty woman.

The makeup consisted of extracts of white rose and water lilies and made the face white and attractive. Water lilies were said to act as an aphrodisiac while the roses would encourage conception! The anchusa flower root was the source of rouge and was applied to the cheeks of Sarah.

How pretty and beautiful Sarah looked, thought Lady Eleanor. Her once son was so becoming the lady she wanted him to be. She was about to say so to Megan, but she was so engrossed in her work she would not have heard.

Megan had never actually made a male into female; care would have to be taken over this. A gooey mess was about to be placed on the chest area and between Sarah's legs. This had to be left to harden, then it would remain there for two to three days.

The gooey mess put on the breast area consisted of herbs, chicken fat, calves foot jelly and turpentine. For Megan this had worked for her own breasts had enlarged and became firm, but that was for a female. What would the reaction of a male body be? The solution applied between the legs differed from the one on the breast area; this one consisted of many of the items mentioned above but also mare's urine.

"It is all finished, Eleanor. Now is the waiting period, pray and hope for success."

"I have every faith in you. Does not Sarah look beautiful and womanly? Her thick hair hangs nicely over her shoulders. The traces of boyhood are being eradicated, aren't they, darling?" Lady Eleanor lovingly took her new daughter into her arms and kissed her on the cheek.

"I feel so happy. I think we are all starting new lives," Lady Eleanor said, looking at her daughter and Megan. There was no doubt Eleanor desired Megan but would Megan be receptive to any sexual advances Lady Eleanor would make?

Three days had now passed and it was time to remove the plasters from Sarah body. That morning after breakfast, all assembled. Sarah sat on a chair and Megan had a sharp knife to remove the plaster. This Megan did with care, not wishing to cut Sarah.

Finally the plaster was removed carefully from Sarah. "It has worked." Eleanor could see she was forming breasts. Lady Eleanor looked; yes, her daughter

was indeed forming breasts. Small they may be but nothing had been there before.

“They will increase in size but how large they will become, I do not know. I have made an ointment which must be rubbed into the breast area every day. Do you understand, Sarah?” Sarah nodded and was handed two jars by Megan.

“Now we must proceed to the vital place.” Again carefully using the knife, she cut the hardened plaster off down there. Both Megan and Sarah’s mother watched anxiously. Then they saw her penis. It was still there but considerably smaller. Lady Eleanor rejoiced, kissed Megan on the cheek and exclaimed, “You have done it, sweetheart. It’s wonderful! How small it is and of no use to any woman, thank goodness.” Eleanor smothered Megan in kisses once more.

“It will never grow any bigger or become erect again,” said Megan with a smile, a little excited by the numerous kisses she had received from her old girlfriend.

When asked how she felt about the situation she was now in, Sarah answered, “I had the strangest feelings through my male member. I could feel it shrinking and shrinking and tightening. It seemed as if my maleness was leaving my body and a feminine awareness taking over. I am so happy, it’s wonderful. How long will this last, Mother?”

“I would imagine forever, Sarah.” Happy smiles beamed from both mother and daughter.

“But now we must remain at the cottage for a few more days to see if there are any adverse effects to your treatment. Is that correct, Megan?”