



Reluctant Press

Lie Back & Think of England

Blind Ruth Scotland



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Lie Back and Think Of England

By Blind Ruth

INTRODUCTION

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

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

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

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

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

BECAUSE MOTHER WAS A TRANSSEXUAL!?

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

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

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

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

Renee Langton

London 12th December 2002

Lie Back and Think Of England

PROLOGUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes Aunty," I meekly said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He's not here, Mary, only this girl here," she said, giving me a closer look.

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

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

"It's your daughter, Dorothy, your daughter Roberta, the daughter you always wanted."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I understand,” the sales woman said.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, just like mine," Mother replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," I hesitantly said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART 1

IN ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOMEWHERE IN THE COTSWOLDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No Sir," we both replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I enthusiastically answered, "Yes."

"And you, Matthews?"

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

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

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

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

"Is that physically, Sir?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FEMINIZATION, OF YVETTE, and HILDA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

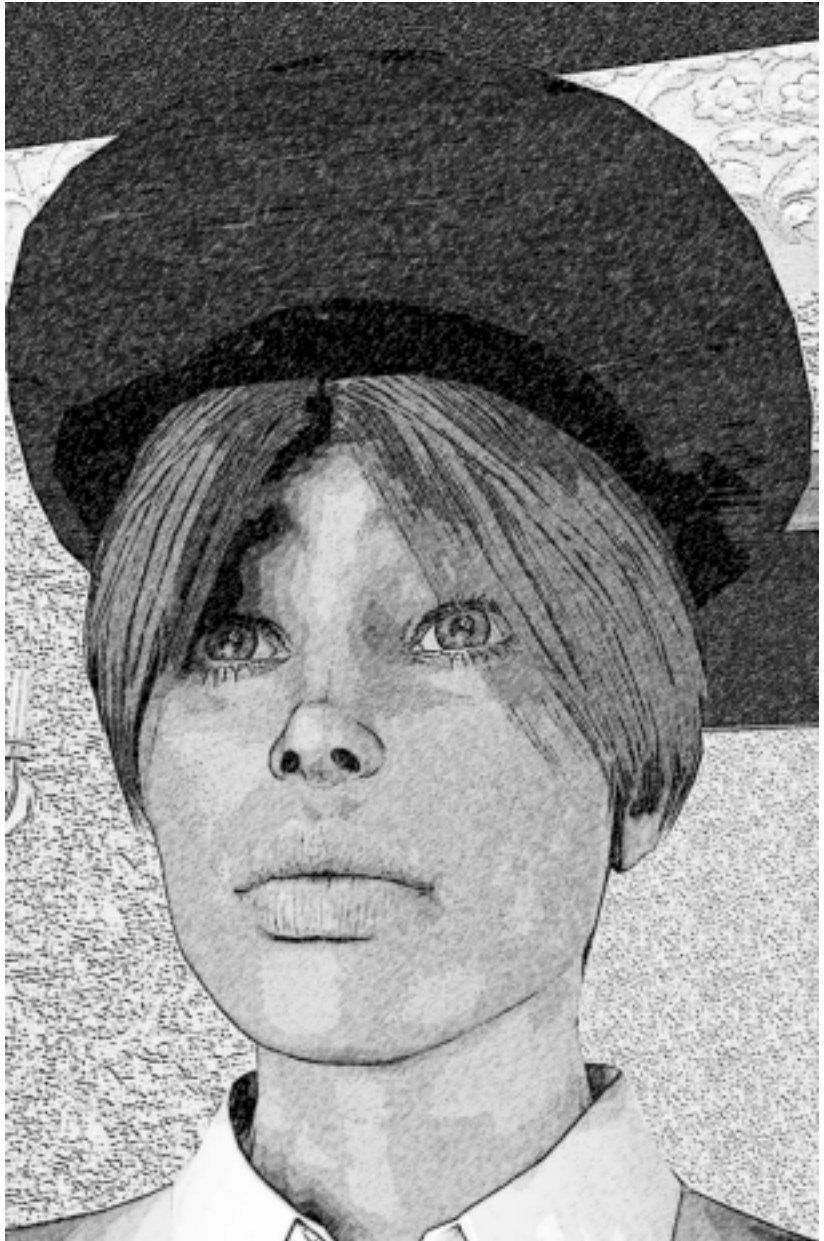
I noticed Hilda, a day or so later, showing the first signs of morning sickness; she seemed to be taking it bad. I had some nausea and vomiting in the morning, but not as much as Hilda. I think it caused a empathy and bonding between the pair of us. In a way, you could say we became girlfriends. We helped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

Yvette had her own life to lead. My breasts now started to develop. The nipples became most sensitive; at times when I wore a silk blouse, my nipples would become erect and show through the material, which made me blush. I would finally fit a 34B cup bra. If I thought that was big, Hilda seemed enormous, a 38C cup. Where Hilda might be big on top, I, on the other hand, expanded in the rear. I was told, I had “child bearing hips.” This made me happy; I only wished it could be true.

As Hilda and I shared the same room, we could see each other’s development. We padded about in our knickers, bra, with mules on our feet. This seemed so girly. Our voices, were now changing, too. It was so wonderful, it was worth all the problems we may have had. Do not let that distract you from remembering the seriousness of the reason we were to become women.

A month or so after our feminization began, Hilda had a rhinoplasty op scheduled. Jim Eager dutifully performed it to perfection. Her nose was now smaller, more female. She had slight discomfort for a day or so.

After a few months, Jim Eager arranged for Hilda and me to go out, to various places in the Cotswolds for days out to merge with the general public, to get used to our new personas.



A DAY OUT IN THE COTSWOLDS

As the first of the days out approached, I felt I had to look as beautiful as I could. No man had ever been in public with me as a woman. The night before, I fussed with my hair and asked Hilda which dress should I wear, this one, or that one? "Oh for heaven's sake, its only Jim Eager, your surgeon," she said. Only Jim Eager, I thought, he is a man, he is taking me out, the first man to do so, I must pretty myself, for him.

Between Hilda and myself, we sorted out a dress, slip, bra, stockings, shoes and knickers. "You have taken a lot of care over your choice of clothes, evan down to your knickers, I don't think he will see them, will he?" Hilda slyly asked. "Of course not," I quickly replied, with a red face.

After breakfast next morning, there we were, Jim and I, outside the mansion, Jim in his full captain's dress uniform, Sam Brown belt, officers skip cap. Handsome he looked, too. I was in my dusty-pink rayon-crepe dress, padded shoulders, tight inset sleeves, bodice and narrow knee-length skirt cut without waist seam, ruched shaping on bust and hipline from both sides of narrow central panel running from under from v-shaped neckline to low hip-level. I also had on a navy-blue straw hat, long navy-blue cotton gloves, navy-blue and white leather shoes, which I wore with a matching coat and tan stockings. Jim remarked, "You look really gorgeous, Yvette," which made me feel so good. I have to say we did look a beautiful couple, the officer and his lady.

As we descended down the steps, Jim took my hand, led me to the awaiting car and held the passenger door open for me. I smiled sweetly to him as I sat down, smoothing my dress, swinging my legs into the car. Jim shut my door, came 'round the car, climbed into the driver's seat beside me. Off we went to our day out in the Cotswolds.

"Where are we going, Jim?" I dared to say.

"Oh, to a number of quaint old towns and villages, Yvette dear. I think you'll like it," he said as he patted my hand. I think I wet my knickers, then and there. On reflection I thought, *Maybe it's just his doctor's manner, making me feel at ease. Stupid girl, you are making a mountain out of a mole hill. Still, it seems you're sensitive down there. Does not take much to trigger that little thing between my legs, even if it is shrinking all the time.*

Jim Eager had a pleasant manner and he talked about what he would be doing after the war. "As an interested party, I see how you have improved in all departments, since you arrived here: your makeup, hair. Your voice is more womanly, the electrolysis is working good, hormones are doing their work. Yvette, I hope you take this the right way. You really never were a man," Jim said.

I blushed, glad to hear these words. I had made the proper decision. I had always felt this way of life should be the way for me.

While all this conversation was going on, I did not know we had now reached our destination. "We are in Winchcombe, Yvette. You noticed the stunning views as we came here," Jim said. I nodded a yes. Continuing on, Jim said, "We will park the car here, because the next part is on foot. Winchcombe was the ancient provincial capital of the kingdom of Mercia, under the Saxons," he said authoritatively. "We are going for a short walk to see Sudeley Castle."

This was a beautiful place, with paintings of Turner, Constable and a bed King Charles 1 slept in, which with the walking I had to do, I could have climbed into and slept in. We went outside to the Queen's Garden with its huge yew hedges, creeper-covered ruins of the banqueting hall. Then on to Belas Knap, one of the most breathtaking spots in the Cotswolds, then to Hailes Abbey. We sat on the grass nearby and drank in the tranquillity of the scene. After I don't remember how long, Jim took my hand.

"You were somewhere else there, Yvette."

"Yes Jim, I was." Funny, it seemed second nature now to be calling him Jim. His strong hand pulled me up from the grass. I felt so weak with him, like putty in his hand. Why I thought it now, I will never know; was Jim married? As we strolled back to Winchcombe, I asked, "Jim are you married?" He gave me a smile and with a laugh, said, "Good Lord no, I'm a bachelor, but that's not to say I will remain that way, if the right person comes along." Why I gave a sigh of relief to myself, I could not tell. *He is only your surgeon, for Christ's sake.*

We headed back to Winchcombe, for a meal, in one of the local Olde Worlde English pubs. I certainly mixed with the public that day. The pub was crowded, I think it was market day. Jim found a table at the back. I think because he was in uniform, he got quick attention. A war on and all that. Jim asked me what I wanted to eat. "I will leave it to you."

"Okay," he said. Off he went to the bar, ordered a pub lunch, steak and kidney pie, potatoes and veg. "Jim, a girl's got to watch her figure, that's too much," I said.

“One day off your diet, Yvette, is not going to hurt you,” Jim said, as he put a pint of real ale down in front of me. *That’s even worse*, I said to myself. The pretty bar maid came with our meal and flashed a smile at Jim. Flirting, I think you’d call it. Yes, I had a twinge of jealousy and moved nearer to Jim. The body language was clear to see; she backed off. The meal was great. I did enjoy it, even if I had to drastically diet for the next week.

During the meal, Jim told me an amusing story about a character called Elmer the Monk, who in 1005 attempted to fly from the abbey tower at Malmesbury, with the aid of wings. He limped for the rest of his life, but won immortal fame as the “flying monk”. I had parachute lessons; why had I been made to them in the first place? Maybe Jim had a answer to that.

With all the walking and eating, especially the pint of ale, I needed a wee. “Jim, where is the toilet? I need a wee.” A bit crude, not ladylike, but I was in a hurry by now. A girl about my own age, at a table near us, pointed to a door to the far right of us. I made towards it, squeezing through the throng. Once n there, I found another two or three women in a queue waiting for a cubicle.

Here I was amongst women, in a ladies room for the first time. I felt no embarrassment, I was one of them, to all intents and purposes. It came my turn to use a cubicle. I quickly went in, dropped my knickers, sat for a wee, which we had been told to always do. I have to say, that, that thing between my legs was reaching a stage where all it was good for was having a wee. I came out of the cubicle, stood in front of the big makeup mirror, removed my face powder, lipstick, from my handbag and prettied myself. As I did this, a nice woman in her late forties came up to me said, “That’s a nice husband you have, dear, so handsome in his uniform. I love men in uniform. My own husband was in the forces, but died in this war. Terrible things wars. You look after him, dear, be a loving wife.” Off she went, before I could correct her. Maybe somebody was sending me a message.

On the way home, I said to Jim, “I was thinking. You know I had parachute lessons and I’m just curious to know what they were for, Jim.”

“Yvette, there are a number of ways agents are put in enemy territory. The usual way is dropping then in by parachute. Sometimes they go by boat and are transferred to a fishing smack of an enemy-occupied country, then by l and to there destination. Your mission has not yet come to fore, although Hilda’s has. As you know, I am not at liberty to tell you what it is.” I, of course, did understand the need for security.

“Let’s talk about other things, Jim. I really did enjoy my day out; pity it’s all come to an end. I learned so much, had a great time.”

“Glad you did. Yvette, there are more days to come. This is all to have you merge with people, talk to them, become one of them. I watched you today, that is part of the exercise. You have no troubles at all, you were not read.” Jim told me that I may cry or weep, from time to time, for no particular reason. The more he spoke, the more I liked him, I felt comfortable with him.

We were at the mansion again. Jim, like the officer and gentleman he was, held my door open and as I exited the car, he took my hand, led me up the steps, held

the door to the mansion open for me to enter. As I stepped into the hallway, he gave my buttocks a gentle pat. If I wet my nickers at the start of the day, I now drenched them. "See you at supper," Jim said, as he went to his room, I hurriedly climbed the stairs to Hilda and my room. No one in. To the bathroom I quickly made, to remove the offending knickers. Wet, soaking wet, they were, with white sticky blobs on the crotch. I looked down at that thing between my legs. Small, shrivelled, shrinking and wrinkled it might be, but it was still sexually active. I thought of something Jim mentioned about the op. He said the tip of the penis was used to form a clitoris. The most sensitive part of the male would become the most sensitive part of the female. I thought I was going to like being a woman.

I removed the knickers to put them in the laundry basket. Within it were a pair of direction knickers; not mine, they must be Hilda's. I made to my own drawers, pulled out a pair of dry, black, silky, lace-fringed knickers and slipped then on. The feel was so yummy, yummy and nice down there. I looked into Hilda's wardrobe and dresser drawers. Her clothes were, you might say, less exciting. than mine, plain. It made me think Hilda was destined for a more specific purpose than mine, at present anyway.

I'LL SHOW YOU MINE IF YOU SHOW ME YOURS.

It had been a tiring day, as I sat before the dressing table mirror, in my bra, knickers, mules, black fluffy satiny ones, of course. I was disturbed from my attraction to myself, as Hilda entered the room. "You look lovely, dear, even without the face powder. I could just eat you."

"Hilda!" I blushed but it did make me feel great inside. Hilda took the hair brush on the table, a lovely silver backed one, with roses engraved on the back and began stroking the back of my hair with it. This was a nightly ritual with us. When it was over, she asked how did the day go? I gushed to her. "You seem to have it bad for Jim Eager, dear."

"No, no, nothing like that, Hilda."

“Who’s kidding who, Yvette?” I did not reply.

To change the subject quickly, “How did the day go for you, Hilda?” “Oh, Frank asked me to call in his office, after speech therapy lessons.” By this time she stripped to put her nightgown on. This was nothing unusual, to see her like this; I noticed her tits were still growing. “After the lesson, I called into Frank’s office. ‘Come in,’ he said, ‘take a seat.’ He took a cigarette case out of his jacket pocket, offered me one. As you know, I don’t smoke. ‘Pity,’ he said, then lit it. ‘Hilda, there are number of things I wish to discuss with you. You don’t smoke I see. Would you smoke, if it helped in the mission that we have planned for you?’ Why yes Frank, I would if you really think it would help. ‘Yes it would, Hilda, but you do not need to inhale, if you do not wish to. I cannot as yet tell you why I ask this, but at the appropriate time all will be revealed.’ So saying, he gave me a gold-plated cigarette case with 20 cigarettes within. ‘Now Hilda, I have been monitoring the progress you are making. Very good it is too, but some medical adjustment here is of necessity. We have to increase your hormone dosage, I will do that today. Another thing, your hair will have to be dyed brunette. Jenny will do that. You know the reason you had a nose job was not for fun, it’s part of the image that we have to create. Lastly, you will need to start your periods now.’ I gave Frank a puzzled look. ‘I know, I know,’ he said, ‘you cannot have periods, but we need to start a pattern, a cycle, that people know, when it is not a good time for you to have sex.’ I raised my eyebrows.

“Look,” he said, “I am putting this badly, you know what I mean. If you were to be involved with a man, then he must know there are times when sex is okay, times when not, like a real woman.” I sort of felt good about that.

“So, Yvette dear, I am on my periods now.” She lifted her nightdress to show her sanitary belt and pad, which of course covered her penis. “I have to keep it on for three to five days, change it every morning, like any woman.” Then Frank told me to take my drawers off, up on the examination table, ‘til he gave me the extra dose of hormones and a good examination. I pulled my D K knickers down, put then on the chair beside the table, went on top, with my face down on the pillow, rump in the air. He rubbed some antiseptic on my rear, injected more hormone in me, gave a through exam

As I pulled my D Ks on, he said, “You know there is a reason why you wear these. It’s part of the planning, there is a reason. By the way, I like your choice of colour and material.”

Hilda, I blushed, a man seeing me in my drawers! But they did have a nice silky feel against my body. With what Frank said and the material sliding over me down there, I’m afraid I let the side down and had a erection. Frank just looked and gave me a smile. Then he told me to see Jenny, who tinted my hair, showed the right way to attach the sanitary belt and pad. “And there you are, Yvette.”

Real girlfriends we were, sharing our secrets, as you can see. The boobs worried me. “More hormones, bigger boobs,” was my reasoning. At present, they were straining to come out her bra. Mine seemed like bumps, compared to Hilda’s.

The next day, deportment lessons were the order of the day, balancing books on the head, walking in a straight line with them. I could not take my eyes off Hilda as she stood erect, pushed her chest out, her nipples like organ stops, hard against her blouse. Many a “breast man” would chase after her, I was sure.

August is a summery month in England. In 1940, though, it was not, as the Battle of Britain raged in the sky above. It’s true that the morality of men and nations change at the time of war. What might ordinarily have been considered shocking, a man and woman, unmarried, having sex, was okay if the man was in the forces. One never knew when one would die.

By now, Hilda had developed a husky, sexy, woman’s voice. I had a giggling voice that went well with my blond hair, which was now shoulder-length.

There was no doubt by now, Hilda and I were feminine, in all ways, bar one. My breasts were developing nicely, while not as ponderous as Hilda’s, which seemed to be stretching to a 40C bra, my 34B was miniature compared to them, but adequate for me. You might say I was a busty blonde.

Hilda said to me one night, at the hair brushing ritual, “Yvette, do you mind if I ask an embarrassing question?” “Of course not, Hilda. You know we have been through a lot, together. Shoot.”

“Well its just, err, would you show what you have down there, between your legs?” she stammered out, with a crimson face.

“Of course, we have no secrets between us. We are girlfriends, Hilda dear.”

At the time, I was dressed in a pale-blue silk, ankle-length nightdress, low V-shaped neckline trimmed with coffee-colored lace and border. Matching short bolero jacket, high round neckline, tied at the neck with a bow, short puffed sleeve. Pale-blue quilted satin slippers, feather trimmed. I swung my body and legs ‘round to face her. I had no knickers on and I slowly pulled the nightdress up my legs to above the waist. “There Hilda, you see all.”

“Your member, its disappearing, I can hardly see it. Do you mind if I touch it?”

“Hilda, I’m not a prude.” She slowly slid her hand there, cupped the small testicles, rubbed a finger on the tip of the penis and I shot a load, of white, sticky, milky fluid from it. “It triggers fast, Yvette. By the size of it, I thought that would not be possible.”

“I thought that too, but as we have now found, it gets aroused easily.”

“So Hilda, let me see yours.”

“That is only fair, Yvette. Come over to my bed.” She was wearing a sleeveless pale-turquoise rayon-satin nightdress, with a pink, pale-blue and green pattern of flowers and leaves, low neckline, frill of white cotton broderie anglaise under the plain rayon-satin binding, bow trim on center-front matching hemline of ankle-length flared skirt, shaped seam above natural waistline, turquoise satin slippers, peep toes. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she pulled the nightie up. “Go on, touch it.”

I looked at her member; it was bigger than mine, by far. "It really is a monster compared to mine."

"You should have seen it when I was a man. A whopper, if I say so myself. Frank told me, one of the reasons he increased the hormones was to reduce it before the op." I gently put my hand 'round it, moved it up and down. Hilda put her hands behind my head. "Oh darling, please, please kiss it." I had never done such a thing before, but if it made my girlfriend happy, why not? I put my red lipstick lips on the tip, kissed it. Hilda pushed harder, forced my lips to open. The member slid in; it felt natural to suck and lick it. "Oh dear, this so heavenly, I am floating on Cloud Nine. What a wonderful girlfriend you are." I made to answer her, but gagged, my mouth full. We did this for some three or four minutes, my head bobbing up and down on it, licking, sucking, blowing it. "Oh my darling, I'm going to cum." Come she did, like a fountain in my mouth. I swallowed this tangy, slightly salty-tasting fluid like nectar as it dribbled down my chin, on to Hilda's legs.

When the excitement finished, both of us lay side by side, on Hilda's bed, arms 'round each other's waist, kissing each other now and again, in the afterglow of our friendship. We were real girlfriends now, we had just sealed it then. Nothing was said, as we fell asleep in each other's arms.

A CHURCH, A BALL, AN OPERATION, (NO BALLS. !)

About the end of September, with the Battle of Britain now over and the country saved from invasion, for the present anyway, Jim asked if I wished to go to the Thanksgiving service at the local church, next Sunday. Yes, of course, I would love to be his companion. Mother and I went to church every Sunday. I had been a bit lax since I came here. I did believe in God; I am sure He, She or whatever, was looking over me and approved of what I was doing. Being supper time, I was surprised to see no sign of Hilda. Returning to our room, I was surprised to see Hilda lying on her bed, looking worried and depressed. I knew at once something was wrong. I immediately came to her side and sat on the bed. "Tell me baby, what's the matter?" "Oh Yvette, Frank has just had a talk with me. My op is to be in ten days time. I'm so afraid." Hilda burst into tears. I put my hands 'round her,

hugged and kissed her. "This is what you always wanted, baby. This is your new life."

"I know, I know, but I fear the worst."

"Listen Hilda, Jim and Frank are the best surgeons in the country. I trust Jim Eager. If I trust him, so should you. Let me see it." Hilda knew what I meant; she stood up and dropped her knickers — D K's of course— and raised her frock above the waist. The penis now was very small, on a par with mine. "Can I tell you something, Hilda? You cannot go back to being a man, even if you stop now. Look at your breasts, your bum, your hips, your waist. Your bum would split a pair of men's trousers, there's no going back."

"You're such a good girlfriend, Yvette."

"Listen, after the op, you'll be one up on me. I want to see and feel, that vagina, to see what my own will be like. You won't be interested in me, you'll chase everything in pants, to try it out." We both laughed. "That's more like it. Come to church on Sunday with Jim and I."

"You're such a comforter, Yvette," she said and gave me a kiss, lipstick on lipstick. Yummy, yummy, two women, who once were men.

I realized if Hilda was having her op, I could not be far behind. I asked Jim. "You're right," he said, "Hilda's op is in late October. Early November is the schedule for you, to let you recover by the end of the year. About January your mission will begin. As yet no word what that will be. I'm glad Hilda is going with us to church."

Sunday arrived, Hilda and I, were fussing around the room, taking out our Sunday best frocks, hats, jewelry, earrings (mine were big gold hoop ones, Hilda's were nice diamond studs), bangles, ladies wrist watches. I was glad to see Hilda, so I could take her mind off matters. Hilda had a small gold chain mesh necklace with a golden crucifix which lay just under and between her ample breasts. I had a gold chain necklace, to match the earrings. Of course we styled each other's hair the night before and slept with our hair in curlers. It's nice being a girl.

Friendship rings of gold, which Hilda and I bought for each other, were inscribed on the inside, *Hilda and Yvette, special girlfriends, in love forever*. They just looked like any ring when worn. Hilda looked magnificent, in a simple black full-length satin dress which halted at her ankles, black heels 2" high to put the icing on the cake, so to speak, a very beautiful black lace mantilla covered her hair to down over her shoulders, fringing the face, stopping just above the eyebrows. Then she had a black leather clutch bag, zip fastening on the side, fringed leather trim and black leather gloves. I was not far behind her in dress sense, in a powder-blue linen dress, bloused bodice above navy-blue leather buckled belt, matching buttons on mock double-breasted fastening, topstitched darts on right side of fabric continuing as hip yoke in knee-length flared skirt, white cotton-pique roil collar matching cuffs of short sleeves and padded shoulders. Then there was my navy-blue felt hat with small crown and swept-up bonnet brim, navy-blue leather clutch bag, white cotton gloves, navy-blue leather shoes with 2" heels and a blue silky petticoat blue lace edging over a blue bra, small dainty blue lace-

edged and tight knickers. There was no bulge down there any more, nothing to bulge them with.

At roughly 9 o'clock, Jim shouted up the stairs, "Breakfast, Hilda, Yvette." It was another 40 minutes before we appeared, what with fussing, preening, how-does-my-hair-look, Hilda, is-this-the-right-dress, Yvette, are-these-heels-the-right-ones-for-this-dress. Yvette, is-my-makeup-right. Hilda and so on and so on. Just two happy, girly girlfriends together. When we did emerge for breakfast, Jim said, as we sat down,

"My two beautiful English Roses." I had a fit of the giggles. Hilda said in her husky, sexy, voice, "Oh Jim. Flattery will get you anywhere."

When the meal was over, as we rose from the table, Jim took an arm of each of us, and led us to the car outside. So smart he looked, in his officer's dress uniform, Sam Brown belt and peak skip cap. He held the car's back door open for Hilda, then the passenger door for me. Off we went to the local church, St. Margaret's. It was a typical English country parish church in a small village, with a yard with oak trees and old grave stones.

During the service, Hilda would hold her crucifix in her hands, at prayer. The vicar gave a sermon of the dark days we were going through, that God would be at our side, to help us through the blackness before us. Hilda was, I am sure, relating this to her own forth coming op, although he was talking about the war.

At the end of the service, the vicar at the church door, shaking hands with all on leaving, said to Jim, "I've never seen you here before, Captain."

"Yes vicar, I have just moved here with my wife Yvette and my sister Hilda." None of us showed any sign that was not right. As the vicar shook our hands, Hilda, with tears in her eyes, said, "That was a good sermon, Vicar."

"Well ladies, lets have a spot of lunch." Jim was indicating to a nearby Inn. We found a table for three near a window, looking onto the cobbled street outside. Jim like the gentleman he was, ordered a beautiful meal of breaded haddock, chips and peas for us all. "What's your poison, ladies?". Hilda ordered a gin and tonic. Remembering the last time with Jim, I ordered a glass of white wine, no ale. I had to watch my figure. Jim had a malt whiskey this time. He raised his glass and proposed a toast to "ladies in waiting."

I had a fit of the giggles, Hilda laughed. "Maybe someday that wife of yours will be a lady in waiting."

"Hilda! behave yourself, " I said, blushing. Hilda patting my hand and Jim's, said, "A little bit of sisterly advice. There's a good woman there. Take good care of her, you were made for each other."

"I will indeed, Hilda. She is a charming girl, just as I will take every care of you during your operation."

A happy threesome made their way home. As we left the car, Jim put his arm 'round my waist and gave me a kiss on the cheek as I was about to ascend the stairs.

The time for Hilda's op soon arrived. The night before she was to sleep in a room prepared for her downstairs. After the operation, she would stay there for a few days more, 'til she felt she was able to climb the stairs.

The night before the op was the first time I was alone in this room since Hilda and I arrived here. I stared at her empty bed; my thoughts were with her that night.

That next day, I silently waited in the room, 'til Jim came up to the room, put his arm round me and gave me a kiss. "Its all over, Yvette. Hilda's a woman now."

"Oh Jim, I'm so glad," I said and burst into tears.

Jim put his arms 'round me. "You can see her after dinner, she is resting now."

I came to her room that night. She looked pale under the sheets. She faintly whispered to me, "I've done it, they made a woman of me."

"Quiet baby, hush. Save that strength." I put my arms around her, hugged and kissed her. She smiled at me, whispered, "Girlfriends," closed her eyes and fell asleep.

A few days later, Jim and I, with Hilda in her nightgown and quilted housecoat, helped her up the stairs to our room and put her into bed.

After a week, Hilda was on her feet, feeling much better, more like her old self. Jim said to me, "I've got a little pick me up, for both you girls. The local military are having a ball next Saturday in the officers' club. We are all invited."

That really cheered Hilda up. That night, I remarked to Hilda, "Remember the talk we had before the op, about me seeing your vagina? Would you show it to me now?" "Yvette, there is no problem for my girlfriend." So saying she dropped her drawers. "Feel it, Yvette. You will be the first. I am so glad that my girlfriend is going to give me a feel."

She lay on her bed, pulled her white lacy nightdress to above her waist, opened her legs as wide as she could. I saw Hilda's shaven vulva, the entrance to her vagina, her clitoris. Hilda took my hand, placed it in the entrance. "Feel it, darling." I slowly put one finger on it, slid it up, then a second finger, then another. It must have been 4 inches deep. Jim had done an excellent job. "It's wonderful, Hilda."

"Yes and so sensitive, dear. I can feel your every movement, like any woman. Kiss it, darling." This kiss was different from the first time I kissed Hilda there. As I knelt, looking and kissing it, she put her legs 'round my head. I eased my tongue

into it, licked and licked, until wet sticky secretion poured on my tongue. She gripped tighter behind my head. "Oh darling, my pretty girlfriend, I love you." We gently broke our embrace, lay side by side on the bed. "Oh my God, Hilda, I hope Jim does as good a job on me." In her husky voice she said, "He will, he will. It will be better than mine, I would think. He loves you, I can see it in his eyes and your eyes. You were made for each other." I did not blush now. I wanted Jim for myself, I felt so happy whenever he was near to me.

"Hilda, I think some man is going to have you soon, sexually. You're ready for it now."

Hilda for the first time ever, I think, had a red face. "Yvette!" I do not think she was shocked; in fact, she was looking forward to it. She wanted to try her new equipment out, on some man.

The night of the ball, Hilda and I looked wonderful, in our long evening dresses. I wore a lilac-grey matt-silk -crepe evening dress, semi-fitted bodice, low sweetheart neckline, short cap sleeves gathered over padded shoulders, ruched shaped over bustline, narrow self-fabric belt, floor length flared skirt, lilac matching 3' heels with a shoulder length fur wrap and a lilac clutch bag.

Hilda had on a grey silk-chiffon evening dress, fitted bodice, ruched from centre-front seam under low shaped neckline to hip-level, narrow self-fabric rouleau shoulder straps, floor-length skirt draped over hips, gathered front panel from centre-front hipline to hem, deep-purple silk underdress, along with purple kid-leather shoes, peep toes and a purple clutch bag. Hilda was not wearing a bra; her 40-inch breasts and deep cleavage held the dress well out in front of her.

It was my bum that clearly protruded and filled my dress out. Underneath I had a lilac bra, matching satin knickers, fringed with lilac lace.

I had my diamond necklace and matching dangling earrings on. I also wore my friendship ring, as did Hilda and a beautiful marcsite ladies watch. Hilda had on stud emerald earrings, emerald choker and a gold watch. We were two beautiful ladies helping each other with their makeup. I helped with Hilda's light blue eye shadow. "Let's put false eye lashes on, Yvette." I squealed with delight and giggled. "Oh yes Hilda, what fun. It's great being girls." Excitedly, I gave her a peck on the cheek. There we were, carefully applying false eye lashes with glue and tweezers. "Oh, what we girls go through to make ourselves pretty for our men," Hilda said. "But we love it, don't we, Yvette?" I nodded and giggled again.

Ball time arrived. Jim partnered his two beautiful ladies again. Jim had paid for the tickets; this was to be a buffet dance, so no dinner tonight. The cloakroom

attendant took my wrap and Hilda's fox fur coat. A band made up of all forces in the area had been arranged, very good too, they were. Jim took me up for the first dance, a waltz, then quicksteps, fox-trot. Jim held me closely. I gazed into his eyes, as he towered over my 5' 4". I was in love with him. After a few dances, we sat down for a rest. "Where's Hilda?" Jim pointed to a table on the far side of the dance floor; she was sitting with an officer, chatting away to him. He took a cigarette case from the inside pocket of his jacket and offered Hilda one, which she took. She put it in her lips, the officer produced a cigarette lighter which he held to the tip of the cigarette. Hilda inhaled and sexily blew smoke rings in his face. She pushed her breasts out and at the same time fluttered her false eye lashes, talking with her husky, sexy, voice.

Brazen hussy! Hilda, you're flaunting yourself. I bet that man has a hard on, just watching your antics. Intermission came. Jim had whispered something to the band leader before that. As the band broke, the leader announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, during the break, Captain's Jim Eagar's fiancée, Yvette, will entertain us on the piano." I looked embarrassed. "Come on, Yvette," everyone shouted. "Well, it's been some years since I tickled the ivory's, but here goes." Remembering all my boyhood skills, I launched into the tunes of the day and finished off with a medley of Vera Lynn songs. White Cliffs of Dover and the favorite of all, which everyone joined in on, We'll Meet Again.

When I came off the platform, on to the dance floor, Jim was talking to Hilda and the officer she was with, at our table. He introduced all to Major George Villers, Royal Engineers. We all got chatty and danced some more. At the end of the night, with the band playing Good Night Ladies, Jim accompany me to the cloak room and held my wrap for me to slip on.

I sat on the passenger seat of the car and said to Jim, "Where's Hilda?" "Oh, she has gone with George back to his cottage for a nightcap."

"Nightcap," I thought, "well, that's a new name for it. She is going to have sex. Her little pussy going to be well oiled tonight, and why not?"

As we drove back, Jim said, "It's no secret now, Hilda has had her brief on her mission. She will be leaving in three days. As you know, I cannot reveal any of it. As you saw tonight, she is out to enjoy her last time for a while in this country." Hilda, had never said a word, to me. In this game, the less one knew about each other's mission, the better.

By this time, Jim had pulled the car on to a grass verge, under an oak tree, in a local lovers' lane. It was a beautiful moonlit night. Stars twinkled in the sky. Jim put his strong arms around me. I melted in his strong grip and, as his lips slowly descended on mine, I opened them, to receive his tongue. I put my arms 'round his neck. His hand was now sliding up my silk stocking-covered leg, past my knee, on to the thigh, touching the fringe of lace on my blue satin knickers I wanted him so badly, but this?

His hand became more urgent. "Jim no, it's my period." Jim, realizing the game, said sorry. I felt that I had let him down. I unbuttoned the fly on his trousers and knelt in front of him. His penis was stiff, erect, purple-headed. I kissed

the tip; opening my mouth, I slowly took every inch it had, licked 'round the dome, sucked it, blew on it, let the dome touch the back of my throat, which nearly gagged me and put my arms round him. Jim hands were now in the sweet-heart neckline of my dress, with his hands feeling my tits. That erected the nipples; they were so sensitive, as his fingers lightly touched the nubs of them. I could feel the activity of his member. It now erupted in spurts, Jim pumping down my throat sticky white love juice, which I greedily devoured. I took a lacy pink perfumed hanky out, wiped his penis and my lips. We finished our lovemaking, sorted ourselves and straightened our clothes. As we left the lovers' lane, we passed another car, with a couple stretched out on he back seat. The man was on top, the woman's knickers were on the floor and her legs in the air. She gave us a friendly smile as our car passed.

That Sunday afternoon, I lay on my bed, thinking about Jim and me, my op, our lovemaking, what was going to happen to me, after the op. The sound of car brakes disturbed my reverie. I heard the voice of Hilda. "Yes George darling, see you in a few days. I had a wonderful night." Then there was the sound of kisses and the car driving off, followed by the clickity clack of Hilda in her heels ascending the stairs.

She was all bright and breezy as she entered the room, like a teenager in love for the very first time. She grabbed me, hugged me, kissed me, did a little dance, around the room, sat me down on her bed. "Oh Yvette, it was fantastic. I got laid, for the first time, a whole night of getting his dick up my pussy."

"Calm down, tell your girlfriend all about it. We have no secrets, do we?" This was her story.

THE NIGHT HILDA FOUND HER LITTLE LOST PUSSY!

George and I left before the end of the dance to have our nightcap at his cottage, about a half mile from his camp. George was thirty-nine year old, five foot nine inches tall and weighted eleven stone seven pounds. He had a rugged-looking face, one that looked lived-in. It was the look of a womanizer to me, but tonight I could not care less, I was asking for it myself. As we drove back to his cottage, I felt his hand slowly going up my leg, his other hand was on the driving wheel. It was now on my knee, I opened my legs, to let him have easy access to my quim.

His hand came to a stop at my knee, just where the elastic of my DK's stopped. Damn, I said to myself. There was a reason for wearing them, part of the role I had to play on my mission. I took his hand, placed it on my crotch felt the fingers probing into the grotto between my legs through the purple silky lace trimmed DKs. The love juices within me bubbled and oozed on them, to dampen the finger tips of George, who must have thought he was on to a good thing. "Suck them, darling," I said. The car pulled up at the front door of the cottage. In no time, I was in his lounge, on the plush settee. "Drink, Hilda?" "Yes, George, a gin and tonic, please." I asked where the toilet was, went in, sat down, removed my soaking wet knickers, smooth honey-colored silk stockings and purple suspender belt. I opened my hand bag and put them into it. I looked at my little pussy, smiled at it. Pussy is going to be fed tonight, no more starvation for you.

George handed me the G and T when I returned. I sat beside him, on the settee, sipped the drink; George had his Rye on the rocks. His hand, 'round my neck, felt nice. With the other, he turned my face towards him and held my chin as he kissed. I returned same, our hands were 'round each other now. As lips opened, tongues entwined and my lipstick was on his mouth. His hand was in the crevice between my boobies. "Bedroom," I whispered. George rose, took my hand and led me towards it.

I now stood at the side of the bed, as my dress was being unbuttoned from the back by George. Kissing my neck, he slid the shoulder straps off; it silently and slowly fell in a puddle at my feet. There I stood naked: shapely curved body, narrow waist line, ample hips and big forty-inch inch tits with large strawberry-colored nipples pointing upward, shaven pussy. I think that got to him. George removed his own clothes, now he lifted me on to the double bed. I saw his stiff, standing erection loom over my face. In a former life, as Sergeant John Matthews, I would have stood at attention to him. How sweet, his little soldier was standing at attention for me. In a purple-colored uniform, as well. Good little soldier, I hope you have a twenty-one gun salute for me.

I held his little soldier in my hand. It was weeping a tiny white tear at its tip. "Don't cry," I thought, "Hilda's got a nice warm cove, to soak up all your tears. Come to mummy." Foreplay could wait for some other day. I pulled purple-coated soldier towards my little pussy, George was not far behind, his hands were under my rump, pushing it up to his soldier. With a push, the soldier slowly entered the love cave. I could feel every bit of the purple-headed dome, searching around my cave. His stiff ram rod excited every part within. I smeared his face with lipstick kisses. "Oh George, its soooooo goooood," I whimpered, "give it to pussy, its soooo hungry, its starving." This only helped to swell it. Pussy gripped its little soldier tightly, squeezed it with the muscles of the vagina wall. Milk came in a dribble to start with, then copiously, finally flooding pussy so much that its mouth could not take it all. It dripped onto the bed sheets. Pussy had had its fill for now. The little soldier no longer at attention, limply plopped out pussy's mouth. Oh dear, I thought, I hope you can stand to attention again soon, when pussy gets hungry.

As a man, like George, I too, would not be able to get my penis up again for a while. As Hilda, I could have "done it" right then again. This is the power of women.

I loved it, loved it. He was going to give me more, even if he dropped with exhaustion. The night was young, there was more for my pussy to learn. Call himself a man, does he? Let me see him satisfy me, I would drain every bit of love juice from his balls. I knew there was no time to try every sexual position in the book. However, we did manage another three that night. I found the most exhilarating position was when I knelt, face down, on the pillow, backside in the air and George took me from behind. That gave me the deepest penetration by his cock; it felt wonderful, as I pushed my bum against it. I had now experienced the ultimate, that any woman could.

Morning came. George was snoring at my side. "Not for long," I said to myself, "he's got work to do." I slid from the bed, threw on a dressing robe of George's over my naked body and in my bare feet, I padded to his kitchen. I took out ham, eggs and mushrooms, put them in the frying pan, made tea and toast while the breakfast



was sizzling. I returned to the settee, retrieved my purple clutch hand bag, took out my silver compact, powdered my face, puckered my lips, applied some deep red lipstick, brushed my hair, squirted some perfume, between my ample breasts and on my little pussy.

The perfume was called Morning Delight, which with any luck it would be. I then found a tray and brought breakfast through to the bedroom. "Breakfast in bed, George, and that's not all you're getting," I said, in my husky, sexy voice. He slowly opened his eye and made room for me to slide beside him in bed, as I put the tray on top of the bed sheets. While we ate, one hand was on his member all the time. I could feel it gradually raising again. George starting paying more attention to me, hands were between my legs, fingers in my pussy. He pushed the bed covers down, then put his head at the V of my legs, licking me

out. I freely floodws his tongue and mouth with my pussy love juice, feeling his dick. "Hilda, give me fellatio," he said. "Not now, George, be patient. Everything comes to those who wait." I had my own agenda, things were in my control, not George's. I was the dominant woman, I felt my power over him.

"Come George, follow me." I took his hand, led him naked to the lounge, sat him down on the settee. His cock was standing rigid. Kneeling between his knees, I placed his penis in the deep valley between my tits. Clasping my hands tightly over the front of my breasts, I could feel the hard buttons of my nipples, pressing in my palms. I then moved up and down with his prick in the gap in my breasts. I squeezed them tightly to his dick. Dropping saliva from my mouth on the tip of his dick, I stopped every so often, pulled my tits apart and kissed his member, then I would wrap my tits 'round his cock again. After some time, I stopped, lay still, then George pushed his prick up the valley of my tits. Of course some white creamy liquid was now seeping from its head. I pulled my breasts apart, dipped a finger on the tip of cock, rubbed the slick creamy white cum into the valley. I clapped the breasts tightly again on his prick. He was going up and down like a rocket, with all the lubrication. It wasn't long before he came, with a gush, all over my face. It has been said that semen is good for the complexion. With the amount I got, I must be the prettiest woman around.

I knew George had been wanting my tits all night. I hope he got his fill. I know I did. George now could not keep up with my pace. He said, "You're some woman, Hilda, let's rest." I could see his willy had had it for the day. Pity, I wanted more from George. It was late in the afternoon by now, time to come home. As I dressed, while pulling my stockings up my legs, I looked at my pussy and said to myself:

Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?

I could swear, as I moved my legs, it seemed to wink and answer,

I've been to London, to see the Queen.

"Did you?" I said to myself. "It must have taken twenty-seven years to find your way back. Your mistress will keep you happy with plenty of milk and cream to feed you, from many, many men. Don't leave Hilda again."

When Hilda finished her narrative, I looked at her, giggled and said, "Hilda, you're a tart, a trollop. Well, you certainly found your lost pussy."

“Oh Yvette, don’t think badly of me. I go on my mission in a couple of days and I wanted my fling. I may be dead by the end of this war.”

“Hilda, you must put such thoughts out of your head. I want to meet my girlfriend after this is all over, here in England's Green and Pleasant Land.”. Then I held her and softly kissed her on the cheek.

The night before Hilda’s departure, she asked me if we could sleep together. There was nothing sexual about this; we lay with arms entwined, softly kissing each other, on the lips, neck and hair ... and fell asleep.

BIRTHDAY GIRL, and A BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE

Hilda was gone. Thoughts now turned to my own op, which was fast approaching. Jim put any fears I may have had at ease. Jim was most attentive to me, not just as his fiancée, which rightly or wrongly I now considered I was, but also in his bedside manner as a surgeon.

The arrangements for the operation were the same as Hilda’s. The day before I stayed in the same room on the ground floor. I was given nothing to eat after midnight. In the morning, I took a bath and washed my hair. The nurse helped me into an ordinary white gown, tied at the back with three bows and put a white paper hat on my head. Jim and the anesthetist came to see me to reassure me all would be okay. Jim kissed me. “In six or seven hours, you will be all woman.” Off they went to the operation theater. Two nurses brought a trolley to the bedside, transferred me on to it. They wheeled me to the theater. The last thing I remember was a rubber mask coming over my nose and being told to count to ten.

I woke up and saw a blurred vision of Jim hovering over me, whispering softly in my ear, “You’re a woman now, Yvette.” As I fell asleep again, I vaguely heard Frank say, “Well done Jim, its the best you have ever done. That vagina, no one would know she once was a man. Many woman would be envious of it.”

The next few days passed in a haze of waking, eating, drinking and falling asleep. By Day Three, the effects of the op were wearing off;; I felt much better. One of the nurses came in one morning and said, “When you finish breakfast, you can see your Birthday Present.”

“Birthday Present?” With everything going on, I had forgotten it was my birthday. I was twenty-one. “Who is it from?” “Jim Eager, I would think,” the little nurse said. I could not wait to see what it was. The nurse removed the breakfast

tray from the bed covers, pulled the covers back, pulled my nightdress up and started to unravel bandages down below me, 'round my legs and between. "What are you doing?" I said. "You will see for yourself in your own time." She pulled my long nightdress down and put a chair in front of the mirror of the wardrobe door. "I'll leave you now, Yvette and let you open your present first. Then you can show us all after." She was gone in a flash. Talk about thick! I was all of that. "Whatever is she talking about?" Then it came in a flash. Jim Eager. Present. "How stupid can you be, Yvette?" I said to myself. I climbed out of bed in my long white lacy night gown, puffed sleeves to elbows. I thought to myself, "Before I even look, I must be the best I can." Opening my hand bag, I took out my compact and lipstick, touched up my face. There, that's better. A woman must look good at all times, especially for this occasion."

I sat down on the blue velvet soft covered chair, sank into it. Now was the time. I slowly pulled the white lacy nightdress up above my knees to my waist, opened my legs slowly and looked into the mirror. I saw the present I had wanted for twenty-one years, for all my life, the thing that made me a woman. Before I say these next words, I apologize to all who read them but they are what I felt that day.

It was my cunt! I say it again: MY CUNT and no one else's. In the mirror, I could see a young boy changing to young girl in pigtails, a teenager in her first party dress, a soldier in khaki. Then I saw the transformation by hormones, the beauty lessons, the speech therapy, deportment lessons, dress sense. Now, here I was, Yvette, all woman. I was obsessed with every detail of my body, from the blond hair on my head to my tits, my hips, my rump, my thighs, to my hairless cunt. When the pubic hairs grew in, they would be blond and curly like the ones on my head.

I quickly dressed, left the room, and found Jim. "Oh darling, what a wonderful Birthday Present you gave me. I will have it all my life." I gave him a big kiss and hug in front of Frank and a couple of nurse's. Jim blushed but I could not care less.

"Yvette, you should not be running about. You should be in bed, young lady." Always caring about his patients was my Jim.

"Now back to bed upstairs, young lady. You seem to be fit enough to climb the stairs on you are own," Jim said, patting me on my bum.

The days now passed slowly; no word of my mission yet. I was fidgety and restless during this time, waiting and waiting. There was nothing to do but review and review all the lessons learned here in the Cotswolds.

Jim could see this. "No word yet, Yvette. Christmas is coming in two days. Let's go to the Officers' Club Christmas party. You'll like that, it'll take your mind off things. We will get you a new dress, my girl has to look beautiful." I knew he was only trying to cheer me up.

Party time came and I had chosen a very pretty outfit.

A floor-length black taffeta sleeveless evening dress, which rustled as I moved, along with black silk gloves and black satin strap sandals, over which I draped a floor-length red velvet evening cape, with wide padded shoulders, embroidered and beaded stand collar and a black silk hand bag with a black wooden handle.

Jim was in his white tuxedo and white bow tie. A magnificent couple we looked, if I say so myself.

At the Officers' Club we met many couples from last time, sat and chatted to them. George Villers came over and said, "Have you seen any sign of Hilda?" Jim answered right away. "She's gone to Scotland to attend to our sick aunt Helen. She may be some time there, George, sorry." George went away disappointed, although it may have been his cock more than "him".

I was once more asked to entertain and obliged. Near the end, Jim whispered to me, "I hope you don't mind, darling, but I've booked a room at a nearby Inn for the two of us for tonight. If you think I am being too forward, I can cancel."

"Let me think for a minute, Jim," I said and left him for the powder room. I sat down in a toilet and closed the door. "You love him," I said to myself. "How long are you going to live with this cursed war on? You're a woman. You need to be fulfilled in the way a woman can only be by her man, the man she really loves. I may never see him again. Oh God, what am I to do? Yes, yes, I will sleep with him tonight." My struggle with my conscience was over.

I informed Jim of my decision. We left immediately, drove to the little Inn and signed in as Mr. and Mrs. Jim Eager. The old woman at the desk looked at us with a smile. "Bloody war makes us all do funny things, dear." That was all she said but I knew she knew we were not married. The lack of luggage may have been the tipoff.

The bedroom was small, but clean. There was a double brass framed bed near the window, a hand basin and jug on the other side of the room on top of a dressing table were a bit primitive but who cared? There was a knock on the door; it was the old lady bringing in tea and biscuits. "I'll leave them here, dear. I hope you are comfortable here. Just let me know. You're a good girl, I know. Bloody war." Off she went. Jim and I looked at each other, I poured a cup for each of us. Like two love sick school kids, we sipped our tea, too frightened to make a move, as we sat on the bed.

Jim made the first move. He put his cup down on the bedside table, took mine, placed it beside his own, put a hand under my chin, softly held it up towards him,

brought his lips down towards mine. Our lips merged and we kissed and kissed. Now his tongue was slipping into my mouth, entwining with my own. Our French kissing continued and continued; time was forgotten.

Jim now slipped the black taffeta evening dress off my shoulders. I got up from the bed to assist him and there I stood in my black satin bra, black satin knickers, black suspender belt, flesh-colored stockings, posing like a good time girl. I was using my womanly wile to allure him. To be honest, I don't think he needed to be allured. As he stripped off his trousers, I could see his firm erect penis standing for me. When divested of all clothes, he took me once more in his strong arms, his hand slid over my satiny knickers at my rear, probing the crevice between my bum cheeks. I was not idle myself and placed my hands over his prick, rubbing up and down. Jim, with his other hand, now unclasped my bra at the back. I helped him ease it off my shoulders; it fell on the carpet in a bundle.

His hand was now in my knickers between my legs, rubbing there in my cunt. I was now in a sexual state of excitement, my love juice seeping on Jim's fingers and my knickers. The damp patch spread over the crotch of the knickers. "I'll take them off, darling," Jim said. I stood there with legs apart, letting Jim slip them to my feet and I kicked them off. There I was, standing in my suspender belt and flesh-colored stocking. "Be gentle with me, Jim," I whispered, as he lifted me onto the bed. "Oh darling, Yvette how could I be anything else? You're so fragile. I've seen every part of you." Which of course he had, from man to woman. As a man, I had been a virgin; as a woman, I was still a virgin. Not for long, I hoped.

Jim now kissed my breasts, sucked the nipples and started a journey down my body, licking, sucking. His destination of my cunt soon arrived, via belly button, tits and all stops between.

His penis was well-lubricated by now as was my cunt. No words were said as my legs opened wider and wider. The tip of his cock pushed at my pussy. I felt a slight resistance at the virginal opening. This was overcome as the head of the penis entered. Jim let it rest there some minutes, 'til my cunt adjusted to it. All this time, his fingers were in my bum hole, my arms were around his neck as I kissed Jim. Then it happened. With a push, all six inches of his dick went right up me and hit the apex of my cunt. As this was happening, the shaft was stimulating my clitoris, causing sexual excitement, sexual joy, sexual happiness. This was my man and he was pouring his love into my body, for me, just me.

Jim pumped his member in and out, up and down my pussy. "Oh Yes! Oh Yes!" I screamed. "Give it to me," and I pulled his bum harder into me. I soon felt his dick jerk a couple of times within me. "He's going to come," I said to myself, quickening my own pace to keep up with him. A gush of sticky, milky white fluid hit the walls of my cunt, as my own love juice flowed to meet it,.

The bed sheets were awash with love juice, the room smelled of sex. I had been deflowered and this was not to be for the last time that night.

Morning came. Jim and I lay naked in each others arms, bodies entwined, as exhaustion and sexual fulfillment eventually overcame us that night. A knock at the door eventually awoke us from our reverie. "Breakfast ready whenever you

come down ... and a Merry Christmas to you both,” the old lady was saying. “Merry Christmas,” I said to myself. “Jim has given me the best Christmas present any girl could wish for. I have passed that barrier from man to woman. Thanks, Darling.” I gave him a big kiss and a hug. “What’s that for?” he said. He never received an answer.

SHE’S GOING WHERE? TO BE A WHAT!? WHY?

A couple of days later Jim and I had been out in the Cotswolds, its lovely in the winter snow covered villages and valleys, a pub lunch, holding hands, sipping wine (For me anyway no ale have to watch that figure of mine) it was all so peaceful and tranquil one would never think there was a war on but there was.

When we arrived back at the Victorian mansion, which had been home to me for nearly a year. Jim was told to report to the Colonel right away, this sounded all official to me not the easy atmosphere of previous days.

Jim knocked at Frank’s office. “Come in and take a seat you’ll need it, Yvette’s mission came in last night by teleprinter, I decoded this morning, could not believe what I read, sent a message back to confirm it, confirmed it was. Still could not believe with my own eye’s, put the scrambler on the phone, got threw to British Military Intelligence explained the teleprinter message, has there been some mistake, the Officer at the other end said I will check it out, hang up I will get back to you very soon. Five minutes later he called back yes that is correct Colonel you have your orders, and your briefs, we expect you carry them out, that is all and line went dead”. Frank Smithers handed Jim the message, Jim’s face went red, and crimson with rage. “They cannot do this to Yvette she is such a dainty, fragile, woman did we go to all the trouble of her op to become this.”

“I know, I know, Jim the trouble with you is that you became so attached to her, never do that with your patients, our whole operation here stands or falls on this, spying is a dirty game but someone has to do it.”

“She will hit the roof when she is told about this.”

“Jim I suggest we tell her right now.”

I was summoned to Franks office, “Sit down Yvette ” Frank said to me. “Your assignment has come through, err hum, err you have been, err assigned to a BROTHEL as a PROSTITUTE.”

I was all smiles as I listened am I dumb blond or something, then it hit me right between the eye’s. “WHAT? You cannot be serious, this is all a mistake Jim say its not true. ”

“I’m afraid its all true Yvette so sorry.”

“JIM EAGER you are a bastard, you took advantage of me the other night was that to see if my cunt, pussy, was all right for other men to use, to see if you had made a good job of it, I hope you are pleased, and now I have to give it to any man who will pay for a FUCK, you bastard.”

I immediately ran from the room, tears running down my face, to the upstairs bedroom, threw myself on the bed, and wept on the ivory silk covered pillow slip.

For two days I lay on the bed, looking into space, eating nothing, although they called me at meal times, once in a while some nurse would drop in to see if I was alright. I nodded yes off she would go. Jim called in once, I turned my head away and spoke not a word.

My mind was in a turmoil, words like, prostitute, whore, harlot, lady of the night, lady of easy virtue, hooker, bordello, brothel, whorehouse, house of prostitution, house of ill repute, cat house, these words were tormenting my mind.

I was a nice girl, a good girl, so they all said, never a **BAD GIRL**, but remember that time as a boy you wondered what a bad girl would look like?.

But then you had volunteered Yvette **WHY?**, no one twisted your arm, because you wanted action in this war. You wanted the world to be free from NAZI domination an evil order that would rid the world of JEWS, GYPSIES and HOMOSEXUALS, in a free society this cannot be tolerated. God knows what they would have made of me. What was it Mr. Hitler said THE THIRD REICH would last a thous and years, NO whatever I can do to destroy this evil empire, however small, however degrading, I must for the lives of generations to come, I now know my duty.

On the 3rd day I came down for breakfast, looked at Jim and Frank “ You can brief me on my assignment after I have ate ”.

In Frank’s office it was explained again that Jim and Frank had no say in this matter orders were orders and had to be obeyed, I trusted them this time and saw the agony on Jim’s face, “ Its alright darling I underst and, war is a dirty game but someone has to do it.”

My briefing told me for the first time my real name of Yvette Soubirous a French Woman of 20 years who died in a train crash with her parents, at the outbreak of war, as France was being over ran by the nazi’s French Intelligence came over to Engl and and gave these facts to us, learn all within this file and destroy it. A leading resistance worker has requested that a French woman be sent to her as soon as possible, for instructions, that is where you come in Yvette.

“Who is this woman, Frank? ”

“Madam Gabrielle Galliard the Madam of a brothel, in a very important garrison town, in which the Wehrmacht have based themselves, the information she has given so far is very accurate, there no more I can say.”

“I see Frank and she wants me to be whore in her brothel, stupid question but why?”

“She needs someone she can trust, a French woman like herself, a patriot who can help her and of course the first thing that came into the head of British Military Intelligence was this unit. That’s what its there for they said so now you are in the picture.”

“She will of course know I am not a whore Frank.”

“Yes she understands, but that is of no importance to her, she will take that chance, and err, hmm, skill you in the art of prostitution, her words not mine.”

“Does she know anything about me and my op Jim.”

Frank answered; “No Yvette you must never divulge anything that has happened here, to her, or anyone else, it could jeopardize operations here. ”

“I understand, I’m sorry Jim I flew off the handle the other day, but as you keep saying war is a dirty game but someone has to do it. When do I depart?”

Frank looked at me with a smile, “Thank you, from myself and Jim, Yvette, I know the agony and heartbreak you have been going through, you may have saved this unit from break up. You are scheduled to go in a weeks time. ”

Jim and I patched-up our lovers tiff, a few days later Jim asked me to come with him to a nearby town for a day out, before my departure of course I would, we had a nice lunch, a walk round town, as we stopped at a jeweller’s shop window. Jim took my hand kissed me on the cheek said “Darling, will you marry me?”

Just like that! No matter what had gone on before, I knew in my heart of hearts this was the man for me.

“Oh yes Jim, Oh yes! Lets pick an engagement ring now,” I said

Into the shop we went, the man behind the counter was most helpful, having seen many couples before. We finally picked a gold ring, with an emerald, and a diamond either side of it, inscribed in the inside was *J.E. to Y.S. with love xxx*. It did not take much persuasion on Jim part for us to spend another night together, our last in England and for now, maybe forever.

Arriving back at the mansion the following day, Frank informed us of two new arrivals, which he had seen last night, they affirmed their willingness this morning to go for the op. Frank had set up two other beds in my room, I would be leaving in two days.

“What are their names? ” I asked

“Amy and Theresa, be a kind of mother to them, Yvette, even if it is only for a day. They look like two lost souls.”

I remembered my own times, but then I had found Hilda we were such a comfort to each other girlfriends.

After dinner to which Amy and Theresa had been introduced to me, and such a trying day they both had. such sweet darlings they both were.

At bedtime Amy shyly said to me, “I’m told you were once a man but you don’t look like one.”

“Yes Amy but I am a woman now, just as you and Theresa will be.”

I looked at both of them - small, five foot six inches, both were, just right slim build and had everything going for them.

“Are you really a woman?” Theresa dared to say.

“Of course, Theresa but I see doubts in your eye.” I was disrobing myself anyway and I was now naked, so I displayed my breasts and twat to them. “Both of you are destined to be women, too. To join the club, so to speak, so now take off your clothes and let me see you, too!”

This they did, and their pricks both standing erect, taking both their hands, standing kissing then both, on the cheeks, “Now you two have to become girlfriends, you have a lot to go through like Hilda and you must love each other. Now hold each other and kiss each other.”

They shyly did this with blush’s. “Girls I want you to sleep with each other tonight.”

I heard bed springs creak during the night and saw two happy girls holding hands and kissing each other at breakfast.

WE WILL MEET AGAIN

The day arrived for my departure, Jim was to drive me to an airfield used by the R.A.F. during the Battle of Britain, I was wearing a combat jacket, and trousers, not my usual clothes for the last year, I was to be parachuted in to France, by plane. my face was blacked out, my briefing had been finalized by Frank I was

to be met by resistance workers, my fate was now to be in their hands, from there,

By now it was midnight, Jim and I were now in a Nissen hut drinking a cup of tea, as I look round a war propaganda poster caught my attention and made me giggle, it said IS YOUR JOURNEY REALLY NECESSARY and pointed it to Jim, he laughed too.

I could hear the roaring up of a plane engine near the hut, a R.A.F. officer came in, that's the plane ready Captain Eager.

Jim and I left the hut, walked arm and arm to a Lysander plane, 30 yards away on the tarmac, we stopped a few yards from the cabin door, wrapped our arms around each other, we kissed in a long lingering kiss, till Jim opened the cabin door, and I swung myself in the passenger seat

The plane taxied up to the end of the runway, the engine roared again then we were finally speeding down the runway, then a lifting, the plane had taken off into the night sky.

As I looked down on the scene below, the haunting words of the famous song Vera Lynn song came to me, words that inspired many men and women in World War Two, a song that I even played myself.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN
DON'T WHERE DON'T
WHEN

BUT I KNOW WE'LL
MEET AGAIN SOME SUNNY
DAY.

PART 2



IN NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE

The little two seated Westl and Lysander high-winged monoplane now was raising up beyond the clouds and as we leveled out the pilot turned to me; "We should reach our destination in about one and half to two hours depending on the wind Sir... Sorry Sir err hmm I mean *Miss*, thought there was something wrong on the tarmac thought I saw two men kissing." I said nothing. Continuing on he said, "This old plane was meant to be a fighter but it was too slow, so it found its niche as air/sea rescue, reconnaissance, photographing the enemy. It's now constantly used to drop spies into enemy territory. I have taken her up to 15,000 feet because there is too much light tonight, however we are not on the usual flight paths of R.A.F. bombing raids, the Luftwaffe should not be in this area. Your drop zone is 50 miles from your destination, you will be met by resistance workers there I of course no nothing of tour mission."

Thank goodness, I thought. I could see the English Channel below then the coast of France, no more conversation for a while.

Finally the pilot said, "In about 10 minutes we shall be there, the drop zone is in a clearing in a wood. I will go over it, then if all is well four fires will be lit at each corner, and then on the next run over these two canisters with rifles and armaments, will be dropped. Give me a hand and watch because your landing will be next."

We were now over the drop zone did the dummy run, and as we turned for the first drop four bonfires were lit in each corner of the clearing. Now over it I was pushing the canisters out my open passenger door, watched as there parachutes opened out, three figures running from the shadow of the woods to recover them. We had turned again, now it was my turn, God I hoped I had remembered all my training, here we go out the into the cool night air, what was it again 1-2-3-4-5 pull the rip cord, with a jerk the parachute came out, there I was slowly descending towards the ground, twisting the parachute cords as I had been taught targeting to centre field. My instructors would have been proud as the ground came to meet me I curled in a ball to kill the impact of the fall.

I was now on my feet. gathering the parachute in, a figure in a combat suit, beret similar to mine, was running towards me.

"Yvette is that you?" and took my hand.

It was a female hand and voice, I answered, "Yes."

"Good, quickly - follow me."

Helping me with my parachute we ran towards the woods, about 50 yards in we stopped at some shrubbery, where a hole had been dug, two spades were lying nearby, without saying a word the woman gave me one, no need to tell what it was for, threw the parachute in and started to fill the hole in. When finished her soft hand took mine, whispered, "Follow me."

We were now running through the woods again, we must have ran for 15 minutes and I getting out of breath, then suddenly a cottage appeared, the door was quickly opened, a elderly man and woman ushering us in, asking, "All went well?"

"Yes," the woman with me said. "Is the room is ready?" We were told it was.

MADAM GABRIELLE GALLIARD

The room had bare floor boards, a dressing table, wardrobe, one bed and a single one at that. The old lady now had two jugs of hot water, which she put down on the dressing table beside a wash bowl, and left.

The woman beside me spoke, "Yvette after you wash take off all your clothes and let me see you."

I had never heard of such a thing! "And who might you be, Madam?"

Rising to her full height she haughtily said, "I am Madam Gabrielle Galliard, and I demand OBEDIENCE, Yvette, do you understand obedience?"

I cowered in fear, what had I let myself into, was this woman some sort of dominatrix?, tyrant?, bully?, and I meekly answered, "Yes."

"Then we underst and each other, Yvette."

Having washed my face removing the blacking taken the combat uniform off stood before her stark naked

Walking over to me, she slowly ran her hands over my face and down my body, stopping at my breasts taking one in each hand moving them up and down, as if weighting them, down to my belly, feeling the curve of my hips, turning them inroads to my twat. Inserting a finger in it, then two, moving them about slowly then faster and faster, I could not stand this much longer, with a gush my white

sticky love juice covered her fingers, which she removed and licked. I thought to myself, *she handling the 'merchandise' to see if I meet her requirements.* Well I hope she is satisfied.

"Well there is no doubt you are very pretty. Nice firm tits, a prominent ass, nice legs, a pussy that cum's very easy as I can see, and. shaved as well." She now removed her beret, shook her long red hair, which fell past her shoulders, now washing herself taking the mud off her face, that had been used for camouflage, removing her own uniform, now stood beside me in the same condition as myself.

The Madam was 36 years old, red headed, five foot nine inches in height, weighted just over nine stone, blue eye's, clear complexion, smooth skin, breasts were one's that would fit a 38b bra, slightly sagging, smooth belly, between her legs a red very curly haired twat, very proud she was of her body.

Walking over to the bed she pulled the bed sheets back bade me in, I slid in turning my back to her, she was right behind me, putting her arms round me said, "Lets get some sleep, we have to be on our way in 4 hours." It was already four in the morning.

A knock on the door and the old woman shouting breakfast, woke our slumber, the madam rose went to the wardrobe took some dresses out, went the dressing table, opening drawers removing bra's and knickers, "Hurry, Yvette get ready!" As clothes were laid on the bed, she applying her make up. I followed suit.

Breakfast consisted of many mugs of hot steaming coffee and rolls. The old couple those names I now found were Eva and Albert (They were resistance sympathizers and this was a safe house) were now helping us outside the cottage to remove tree branch's covering an old beat up Citroen car, camouflaging it from the air.

I was instructed to climb in the passenger seat, the Madam was now driving down the rough tracks in the woods, till we came to the main road. The Madam now speaking to me asking me a lot of questions curtly, with me answering, 'yes, Madam,' 'no Madam.'

After a while she turned to me. "Yvette, there is no need to call me Madam all the time - Gabby will do here. But in the house when the clients are about, I must be called Madam I demand it... plus it is good for business. You know, Yvette, I had hoped for an older woman - possibly married with more worldly experience, if you know what I mean. You have a lot to learn. I will help you as much as I can, everyone thinks being a whore is easy, just lie on your back, open your legs, put it in and there you go. But it is a skilled profession. Be proud of what you are. It is an art, and you have to be an artist."

It put a whole new light on what I had to do; this was no degrading profession - I had skills to learn, and by God I was going to learn it to the best of my ability.

Madam suddenly asked, "have you ever made love to a woman?"

I thought of Hilda. Did that count? I answered, "You mean a lesbian? Um, no."

Gabby looked furious at me. "That's not what I meant. Women who love other women, the highest form of love making any human can have for another. You must never mention that word in my house, or my presence."

I had to hand it to Gabby, she knew all the feminine tricks to distract a man's attention.

The check-point soon arrived. We stopped and the guard looked in my window. "Papers!" He glanced at them and gave them back, we were told to step into the guard room while the car was searched.

The Captain was called out of his office. "Ah Madam I see from the papers you have brought a pretty young seamstress back with you this time. That's a new name for you and your girls."

"Whatever can you mean, Herr Capitain?" Gabby replied.

"Surely Madam we all know what goes on there."

"My girls are all good girls."

"Yes Madam, and we all know what they are good at." The whole guard contingent was in an uproar of laughter over this good-natured banter between the Captain and Madam.

"However, so be it. I will have to strip search your new seamstress. You understand."

I was led to the captain's office the door shut behind me we were alone, "Now Mademoiselle if you will kindly remove your clothes, I will search you."

I did what I was told. He looked in my clothes ran his hands down my body lingering between the V of my legs. It made me shiver in disgust being handled like a piece of meat.

As we left his office I said, "You saw more of me for nothing, maybe next time you will have to pay for that privilege." I struck a pose and slapped my bum a couple of times playfully. Again the guard house erupted in laughter.

"Be off with you, Madam. You and your 'seamstress' have had enough free advertising for your products."

The guards waved as we sped off to Madam's house

THE HOUSE OFF THE RUE DES PETITS FOSSES

As the car sped away I asked Gabby if she was afraid of the captain.

Gabby laughed. "Good Lord no, we are old bed partners - many a night we shared the same bed. In fact he is one of the good Nazis, if there is such a thing. He knows what I am and he prefers older women. I think it is better to keep on his good side."

I said to Gabby does not the Nazi party outlaw your establishment and the like.

"Yvette, when soldiers are hundreds of miles from wife's and sweethearts, that little thing between their legs gets restless. The authorities turn a blind eye, a happy army is easy to manage than an unhappy one."

By know we had gone through town, were in a residential district, entering along a tree lined avenue called the Rue Des Petits Fosses. About halfway we turned off into a long driveway with conifer tree's either side, pulled up in the gravel in front of the very large house. A gray military Mercedes car with a black swastika, on a white circle, on a red background pennant, on the wing, parked beside us.

Gabby carrying my bag, led me through the hallway to the back into a large kitchen with a big table in center, a woman sitting eating a meal, Gabby looking at the woman; "Where are the others, Simone?"

"Valerie, Estelle, Cherie and Adrienne are all in the big room getting things ready for to night, Suzanne is upstairs in her room with the Major Gabby."

"Yes I thought that was the Majors car tell them all except Suzanne to come here Simone, I want them all to meet our new companion, Yvette."

Gabby introduced me to Simone as I held my hand out to shake hers she ignored it and kissed me on the cheek. Simone, I later found, was the number two to Gabby. An older woman of about 40, 5 foot 7 inches, Simone had known Gabby since she was 22 when they had walked the streets together. In a way she was a mother to the girls, as was Gabby.

Gabby cared for all her girls, I found Gabby took care of the money matters put money in the bank for them. But more important she said bought gold, silver, jewels, as she said when this war is over they will be better than any money.

They all gathered in the kitchen, I was introduced to all, they had known Gabby had gone to another town, to bring back someone, as she told everyone she needed time to organize everything. That was her cover story, again I was kissed on the cheek by all, except Valerie who kissed me smack right on the mouth, and looked happy about it.

Gabby now led me from the kitchen to her bedroom, which was also acted as her office. Her boudoir was magnificent the only word that fits. A luxurious room, Persian rugs on the floor, a beautiful four poster bed, fitted wardrobes, mirrors all round the room and on the ceiling, many things in this house was bought on the black market, and many favors given to the Wehrmacht.

Gabby began, "Yvette, none of the girls know why you are here. I am your only contact. What you are going to do being a whore, in bed, is the time when men are most vulnerable, just listen to anything they say, anything may be of importance. Every morning report to me, I want to hear everything no matter how unimportant you think it is, what kind of sex you had, what you did, he did, you underst and Yvette espionage is a dirty game, but darling someone has to do it. Another thing, I understand you are fluent in German. Well forget you ever knew it, act dumb, there is a lot of information that can be heard when people think you cannot speak their language.

"Tonight you will just watch, you need a clean bill of health by the garrison doctor before you can work I have arranged for him to come tomorrow, all the girls will get a monthly check up then. I run a clean house here, no sexual diseases, you bath and shower every day, after a customer you douche your pussy, and bum, no unwanted babies. In the 1940s that was considered safe sex, but all you special girls out there who cannot have a baby for whatever reason make sure your partner use's a condom when making love. If you know what I mean I don't want to see you come to any harm, I love you all. I hope you are a neat, clean, tidy girl Yvette I will not st and bad language, you must clean your bedroom every day as all the girls do. Now I'll take you to your room."

After my little lecture Gabby took me up the stairs to my bedroom. As we ascended the stairs another woman holding a Nazi officers hand passed us going downwards. My room was very spacious and beautiful like Gabby's, but not as big, the mirror's on the ceiling fascinated me.

"Now Yvette I will show the tools of your trade." The walk in wardrobe was full of dresses, which were much, much shorter than any I wore in the Cotswolds, shoes with heels or 4, 5, 6 and 8 inch I had never worn any that size before, boots that came up to my thigh's black leather one's, little ankle one's with long 6" spike heels, boots, all sizes, colours, materials. In the drawers of my dressing table I was shown suspender belts, cami-nickers, petticoats, corsets, knickers, briefs, and what else being in France but French Knickers.

Gabby left me saying she would be back later that night to show me around the place, during night activities, and to take a rest after our eventful day. Before I took a rest, I further inspected some more drawers, found many more stockings, long black ones, fishnet stockings, knee garters of all colors frilly lace edging round the borders, knickers, and briefs that were crotch less, peep hole bra's which let your nipples peep out, suck on tassels which covered the nipple only, in another drawer I found canes, whips, chains. I decided to get some rest.

When I awoke, it was dark outside, a knock at the door and Simone entered with a pot of coffee and a meal of chicken and vegetables on a tray. "Gabby sent this up, when you are finished get ready and she will bring you down." Simone sat on the bed and chatted as I ate, helped me as I dressed and put my make up on, a very friendly woman she was I got on well with her left the room. I wore as long a skirt I could find which only came to the top of my knee's, a tight blouse, which clearly showed the outline of my bust, nipples propionate through the thin mate-

rial. black court shoes with 4” heels when I walked the skirt being so tight my ass stood out, and wiggled from side to side as I walked.

Gabby came into my room without knocking, that was her manner with all the girls, “I’ll take you down to the big room, all the girls are in there working clothes, in about an hours time it should fill up.”

TURKISH DELIGHT (IN FRANCE?)

Gabby led me down to the big room as she called it, large it was with sofa’s and chaise lounge around, with men not all in uniform and some of the girls I had been introduced to sitting on them. To the opposite side of the room, from the door was a small bar, Simone behind it chatting to some officers, serving drinks, at one end the windows looked out on the garden, at the back of the house. The other end was a raised platform that I was to learn acted as a stage from time to time. Gabby took me over to the ordered a drink for me a white wine, then led me over to a sofa where a woman and an officer were sitting talking away. “Suzanne meet Yvette. ” the woman rose gave me a kiss on the cheeks as the others had done. I was invited to sit with the couple and put my drink on the table in front of me sat down. Gabby left us as she had other things to attend too.

Suzanne asked me where I came from, my briefing gave her all she wanted to know. The officer who I found name was Martin said to Suzanne how beautiful I was, and that all the young officers would be making a trip to my room, This was of course in German I acted dumb, but Suzanne who spoke German very well, laughed, and gave me a sort of jealous look, I picked this up right away. I thought her name maybe Suzanne, but just like another Susan there’s trouble in store. Suzanne translated only what she thought I needed to know. It did not make any difference to me I already knew what was being said.

As Gabby said the room was already filling up and I left Suzanne in a while to mix with the other girls although some were occupied with customers, Cherie who was sitting on the lap of some man patted a space beside her, to sit there, “The show will be starting soon, I think you’ll like it.” I hadn’t a clue what she was talking about.

I chatted away to Cherie and her gentleman friend, who by now had a hand on her thigh, she talked away to me as if nothing was happening to her as if she was used to this sort of thing. Then the curtains drawn, lights were lowered, except over the stage that was flood lit. Gabby was now on stage.

“Gentlemen as you know from time to time we put a little show on, just for you, tonight I think we have something a bit different, we always look for the unusual to keep you interested. Tonight the girls are gong to give you TURKISH DE-LIGHT.”

As all this was going on Simone handed out small cymbals to all the girls myself included, which you slipped on your fingers and stuck bringing your fingers together.

There was a radiogram at the far side of the stage, Gabby now putting on an old 78 record (New in those days, no CDs or DVDs then) and started to play it.

The music was a sort of Turkish/Egyptian kind, you know what I mean, a woman stepped out of the shadow of the wings, dressed in a diaphanous pale blue harem pants, which went from the waist to her ankles, and elasticized there, her breasts were covered by the same material, with a bow tied at the back. A yashmak covered her face from beneath the eyes down, again in the same pale blue material. She was bare between the material covering her breasts and the top of the pants. She started to sway from side to side, at the same time doing a shoulder shimmy, moved her head from side to side, then her stomach, tummy, BELLY, then the flesh there started to ripple like waves on the sea, at the same time doing a hip shimmy. Then she got down on her knee's, with her hands fully extended either side of her, shaking her body, and leaning backwards moving her arms. Another woman in an identical outfit as the first, but the color this time was lemon, went through the motions of the first woman and as she knelt, the woman in pale blue, rose. The woman in blue sort of stood there rippling her belly, till the second woman rose. The two women looked hungrily at each other, standing side on to the audience, removed their yashmaks, their carmine lips came closer to each other, and kissed slowly and lingeringly, to which tongues entered each others mouth, I could see some bulges appearing in the pants of men around me.

They were now pulling the bow tied behind their backs, each pulled the others, the blue pulled the yellow, and vice versa. Their boobs were stiff and erect, nipples red and enflamed standing out. They held each others breasts red lipstick descended on each nipple, leaving the red imprint on the tips, as lips transferred to the other breast.

They were holding the scarf's that had covered their breasts, and as they turned full on, I saw the fair headed BELLY dancers were Valerie and Estelle. The harem pants were split and exposed at their quims. The scarf's were now placed between each others legs at their vagina's, and a slow movement of pulling the scarf's, Valerie pulling her blue one between Estelle legs, and Estelle's yellow between Valerie's.

The tempo of the music now slowly started, as the pace of the girls went with it, Gabby now clicked her cymbals together, his was a sign for the rest of the girls

to join in as I did. The rhythm was now going faster and faster, as were the scarf's between legs, and of course rubbed against clitoris's, the happy smiles on their faces was a sight to behold, even more faster went the music, a frenzy of activity was going on between their legs, Then they collapsed in a heap on the stage, I could see white creamy cum running down both their legs. They threw their scarf's, which were wet with love juice, into the waiting audience.

Cherie had disappeared to her room upstairs with her gentleman friend, and I was on my own again. The other girls were now fully occupied, Adrienne disappeared with a man on each arm. I wandered over to the bar and chatted to Simone, when all of a sudden I let out a yell someone had a hand up my skirt, was poking in the crevice between my bum cheeks.

Gabby immediately came over, slapped the intruders face, "Wolfgang don't you ever do that again I will report you to your superiors the doctor has not yet given Yvette a clean bill of health, you could get this house shut down."

"Yes, Madam, " he said like a naughty school boy.

The following morning I seemed quite dressed, compared to the others at breakfast (Which I found nobody appeared till after 10 am) my skirt still above my knee's, Gabby had slung a dressing robe over herself but you could still see a breast hanging out, Adrienne was in a red petticoat, Simone in something similar, saying to Gabby, "That was a good night last night, the girls were working overtime."

Yes we must think of something new the money was up," Gabby replied, Just then Valerie and Estelle appeared arm and arm: "Ah our two beautiful belly dancers!" exclaimed Gabby. "You did a wonderful dance, give me a hug." - which they duly did. They were both around my age, and I now knew they were les....I mean, women who loved other women. We now ate breakfast coffee pot on the table and plenty of rolls.

"Pity Yvette could not work last night, would have eased the work load," Simone said speaking to no one in particular. I carried on with my breakfast saying not a word.

Adrienne a big friendly woman of 27, looked at my feet in peep toe sandals said, "If you wish Yvette I'll paint our toenails, and give you a foot massage as well I'm good at that."

I thanked her for her kind offers. There I was after breakfast lying on a chair, in my room Adrienne on a stool massaging my feet, and how relaxing it was, then applying a base coat of nail varnish, then the final coat of deep red to my toes.

"All finished, Yvette, just let it dry for a few minutes - what do you think of it?"

"Very beautiful Adrienne where did you learn to do that?"

"Was a beautician at one time before I came into this game," she said. She then gave me a kiss on the cheek and left.

Gabby appeared 10 minutes later, doctor had arrived, my check up took place in her room as did all the girls, I received a clean bill of health. After all had left Gabby said, "Good you start tonight get yourself ready an hour before the rest and I will give you a run over what is expected of you."

STAGE FRIGHT

The time had come to get ready for the night activities, there I was sitting in front of the mirror, in a short black dress, black stockings, 6" high heels, putting makeup on sexily as I thought, like the other girls, then I froze, oh my god what am I doing here, and tears fell down my cheeks, I sobbed into my hanky. Oh mother where is your good girl now, I'm nothing but a cheap whore. If only I could turn the clock back, but that was now impossible.

Just then Gabby walked in, looked at me put an arm round my shoulder. "Little one, I see the full impact of what you are about to do has got to you. To me it is nothing. I've been on the streets since I was 12, but you I understand, it won't be easy, but you are a brave Frenchwoman - you fight for your country in maybe the only way you can, remember you do this to save the life's of other's, and you must do it to the best of your ability here let me dry your eyes." Taking the hanky she dab my eyes and wiped my face, as if she was my mother and I a little girl.

A bond was formed then, the saying a prostitute with a heart of gold came to mind, she cared for all her girls. I felt much better after that talk by Gabby. "Now little one your tears have ruined the makeup... clean it all off, I will get a nice relaxing drink for you, redo your makeup, and sort your clothes out so take all your clothes off and wait till I return."

Gabby came back with a glass of wine and a jar of something in her hand put them down on the dressing table. I of course was still naked.

"Yvette, bend over." I obeyed. Unscrewing the top of the jar, she took some jelly from the jar, inserted a finger in my anus, which felt cold moving it around as if to widen it, and my anus was tight. I asked what was happening. "Yvette, in this establishment all type's of sex are available, and sometimes you may have anal sex, whether you like it or not, without lubrication it can be dammed sore, all the girls take this precaution every day."

She now put a black garter belt on, with fishnet stockings to match, a black lacy crotch less pair of knickers, then taking a bright red lipstick in her hand, held my breasts in the other, and applied it to the tip of the nipples of each, as if they were not bright enough. already, put a black see threw blouse on (No bra) redone my make up very red lipstick, pale blue eye shadow, false eye lashes, pink blusher, false finger nails painted deep red to match my toes, large golden hoop earrings about three inches in diameter, matching choker, and gold bangles on my wrist.

"There, Yvette, all done look at yourself." Which I did, it was nothing I had been taught at the Cotswolds, a right tart I looked, and looking for sex, I suppose that's how I would have to look from now on.

"Here, Yvette, drink this."

"What is it, Gabby?"

"Oh just a concoction to ease you up and relax you."

What I did not know it was Spanish Fly that had been slipped in the drink, a very dangerous drug and fatal if improperly used, so warning girls do not use this if you have no knowledge how to use it, I love you all and would not like to see any harm come to you. Gabby knew what she was doing. The results of this administration you will see shortly.

In the big room Gabby introduced me. "Everyone this is our new acquirement Yvette and I hope you get to know her better."

A lot of oh's and ah's went on and sly remarks, Then some younger men can over to talk to me, one putting his arm round my waist, which I encouraged. The effects of the Spanish Fly was now working on me, down below in my genital area my pussy was itching intensely, not the normal itch that you wanted to scratch, but I wanted to rub myself sexily against any man, which made me very popular. It wasn't long till some man had me upstairs in my room, and on the bed, what happened after that was a blur.

I remembered waking, the sun shining brightly in my eyes, what time is it 2 o'clock in the afternoon I got out of bed, discovered I had not a stitch of clothes on, they were strewn all over the room, what had I done last night. Everything was blank after I entered that big room, slung a peignoir on, made my way to the kitchen only Simone was there: "Sit there, Yvette, I'll make you something to eat, tried to waken you up this morning but you were out for the count, expect it was all the customers that were in a queue for you, going like a rabbit you must have been."

It was now that I felt a soreness between my legs, I looked between them they were red raw down there "Gabby wants to see you in her office when you finish here."

Gabby gave a kiss on the cheek as I entered her room, "I'm sorry little one of what I had to do to you last night I saw you had stage fright."

"What did you do?"

Gabby then explained, "I had to relax you I could see you were going to run away from it do you forgive me." Of course I did. "Good, you were a very popular girl I've already had people asking about you. I know Suzanne is jealous she was always the favorite here, you are now her rival. Anyway the result is in a few weeks time you have been invited to a party of high officials of the garrison here at a chateau near here, this is important keep your ears open you might here something, some of the other girls will also accompany you, they are looking for wine, women and sex."

After the first night I got used to what was wanted, well as used as one can be. I told Gabby everything that happened in my bedroom, sometimes nothing that as I thought would be of any interest. Although this was a serious business, I have to admit there was a funny side to it, like when a young officer in the nude, on the bed, I in the same condition, said I'll have to put this sheath on. I burst out laughing, he must have thought I was some sort of madwoman. The ludicrous thought

went through my mind, here I was in France, in a French brothel, French kissing, wearing French knickers, and he wanted to put a French letter on, and I couldn't get pregnant if I tried. It was the most hilarious thing I had heard for ages.

Even the first Sunday there, had a sort of black humor about it. Gabby as was her usual habit walking into my room. "You are a good Catholic girl, Yvette."

Me still in bed after a hard night, rubbing my eyes looking at the bedside clock 7 it was, "Yes, now let me get some sleep."

"No get ready for mass at 9. Put on a white dress, and mantilla, plus a gold chain with a golden crucifix I left on the bed. I expect to see you in half an hour in the kitchen."

What kind of bloody game is she playing at I said to myself. I got up washed did my make up, put the dress on pure white right down to my ankles it went, and with the mantilla I looked like a virgin.

There I was at breakfast with everybody dressed in white, all long dresses, and white gloves, Gabby led us all to the chapel, walking all the way, leading her retinue, talk about Snow White she wouldn't have had a look in virgins all?. I found we were not all Catholic's (I wasn't, that was what Gabby had been told in my briefing, I was Church of England) but that would not have mattered, all her girls went to chapel, whether they liked it or not. After mass Gabby was talking to the priest at the chapel door. "...and this is Yvette, a good Catholic girl, father."

"Has she been to confession?"

"No father, she has just came here this week, but I will see she goes to confession from now on."

Gabby's little escapade every Sunday was to thumb a nose at the locals, who called her and the house all sorts of names. It also, she said, refreshed the girls mentally for the forthcoming week. Maybe she was right.

SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY

By now I had done all sorts of sex, missionary, rear entry, anal sex, bondage, and lots more, Gabby explained and showed me as much as she could, how to prolong intercourse, make a man come faster,. slower etc. I was of course still telling her everything some officer moaning because he had been put on guard duty, another because his duty times had been changed etc.

One day Gabby said to me, this coming weekend, you and the girls are going to that party I told you about at the chateau, only myself, Simone, Suzanne will stay here I also fear Yvette that we have a traitor in our mist. No Gabby how can it be true. I just have this feeling woman's instinct you must watch everyone this weekend.

The garrison sent a staff car to pick us all up that Friday afternoon, Cherie, Adrienne, Valerie, Estelle and me. Cherie in the passengers seat, and the rest in the back laughing and me giggling, it was fun to them, however it was serious to me. In an hour and a half we reached the chateau, Gabby had put a trunk in the boot with all our clothes, this was unpacked, taken to our rooms. I was to share with Cherie and Adrienne, Valerie and Estelle shared a room together.

Some of the girls had been at weekends like this before, and knew the routine, explained it to me, dinner, talk, and drinks, followed by eventually going with some man to his room. We of course were not the only women there, there were some girlfriends, some girls out for a good time. Amateurs Cherie called them, whereas Gabby had been paid for her services to provide us. Adrienne who was sort of in charge, did all our make up, Cherie who knew something about hair styling, did all our hair. I wore a black outfit, with sequins, which flared out from the waist, ended just below the knee's, a deep plunging V neckline to which you could see my tits (No bra) big gold hoop earrings, matching necklace, barely black stockings, black heels 4 inches, black French knickers very wide at the legs (Wide enough for someone to get their hand up) trimmed with black lace.

When all were ready we made our way down the winding staircase, to the huge banqueting hall. There were a number of high ranking Nazi officials from the garrison there. We had an excellent meal, drinks followed white wine for me, most men could speak good French, which suited me, although I knew every word they spoke in German. A young officer very polite he was started a conversation with me about how they were going to win the war. I went along with that, we became friendly (Which of course I had been sent here for) we eventually left for his room, I spent the night with him. I had sex with him, but learned nothing of which I had been sent here for.

The morning came, the girls discussed happenings of the night, one of the good time girls appeared with a swollen face, and black eye, Cherie said to me, "Watch yourself Yvette some of these men can be right brutes and beat you up that's how they get there kicks."

There was plenty to do that Saturday, we all were taken for a picnic in nearby woods, a complete day out, us woman providing female company for these Nazi officers.

Getting ready for the evening festivities, Adrienne said, "Martin Vildirjm should be here tonight."

That made everyone stop what they were doing.

Valerie with horror in her eyes said, "No!" while the others looked frightened. I was in ignorance of what was to come.

The outfit I wore that night was more or less the same as before with one exception, the black shoes has 6 inch heels, but they were exceptional, in that since the heels had been hollowed out in one, and contained a small camera with micro film, Gabby had other pairs of different colours, for me, These were parachuted in at the same time I was.

The dinner went well, afterwards as I sat on a sofa a Nazi officer came over to me, started to talk to me in excellent French, I did not know who he was, but noticed amongst all the medals on his chest was an iron cross first class. Everyone called him Martin, and gave respect to him, I later learned he was SS-Obertuehrer Martin Vildirjm of the Waffen- SS, a man to be feared " and so my pretty little Mademoiselle we will be sharing a bed tonight. " Putting a hand round my waist, and squeezing my tits roughly.. It did not take him long to pull me up on to my feet, and led me to his room.

As soon as the door was shut, he struck me, ripped my dress off like I never had it on, like a wild animal he was, God I thought I'm going to be raped, he threw me on the bed. Unbuckling his belt he hit me across my breasts, by now I was rolling over the bed, he now pulled my knickers off, was in the process of divesting his own clothes.

I looked at his member, I had already seen many pricks by now but never one as big as this, if it had not been erect, it would have hung to the top of his knee. He was now holding me strongly down on the bed I could not move. His penis was at my twat, pushing in. I have to state here that Jim Eager made did a good job of vagina-construction with the op, it was much like any normal woman's. But any normal woman was going to have trouble with this monster. There was nothing else to do but lie back and think of England.

The brute soon had his wicked way and fell asleep. I was sore down there in my cunt so I climbed out of bed to wash myself, to ease the pain from between my legs. As I did so I noticed in his SS jacket he had taken off some papers in the inside pocket of it, removing then I quickly perused them. They were train schedules in German, for armaments in this region, for the coming month, I quickly unscrewed the heel of my right shoe, the little micro camera came out, took the papers to a table, lay then out photo them, put the camera in the heel screwed it back on, put the papers back in the pocket. Martin by now was snoring away.

He screwed me again in the morning but I had what I wanted.

Gabby was highly delighted with outcome of the weekend, the resistance struck 3 times over that month with derailments, and the R.A.F. had a few bombing raids.

TRAITOR

I was feeling quite happy with myself, when I told Gabby what happened that weekend. Gabby soon put a damper on that. “Yvette, the Nazis are not stupid there will be a major inquiry as to why the resistance and the R.A.F knew the right places and times to bomb. We will have to be on our toes and I am sure we have a traitor here.” Gabby was a wise woman in these matters.

One morning soon after that I in Gabby’s room, nothing exciting happened last night, I said to her, when she put a finger to her lips, pointed to the door, went over to it quickly opened it, just in time to see the back of someone running up the stairs and disappear.

“That's the traitor, do you know how to use a revolver, Yvette?”

“Yes, ” I replied. Army training had taught the use of all small firearms rifles, machine guns, revolvers.

“Good, I have a Luger, I will give you this Mauser 83 revolver and silencer, although this is an old revolver it is still in working order. Put it in your handbag, I expect someone to leave here very soon.”

“What do you want me to do Gabby?”

“Stay here I will follow whoever leaves, should anyone leave after that I want you to follow then. This is important, Yvette, all our lives depend on it. Betrayal mean’s the Gestapo, torture and death. For you and me we can expect nothing less, but the others are innocents if necessary we must kill for there sake.”

Gabby now snapped open the loading gate of the Mauser, inserted 6 cartridge’s into the chambers. snapped shut, safety catch on all ready for firing and gave it to me, I put it and the silencer in my handbag.

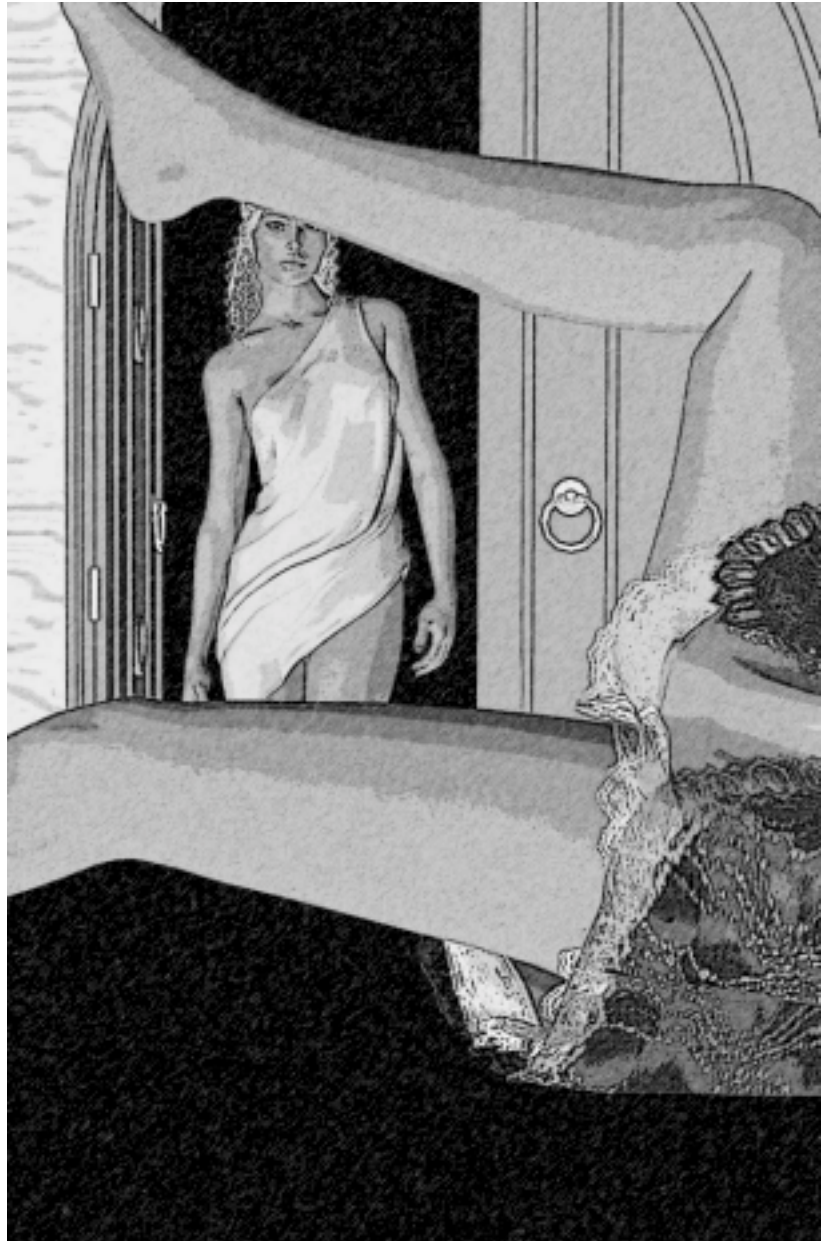
Gabby told me to fetch my coat should I have to follow anyone, as I came back down the stairs I saw Gabby leave through the front door. I rushed down to look out the window, but the wintry mist obscured my view, there was nothing else to do but wait until Gabby came back. or someone else left.

I must have waited over an hour. when I heard the noise of someone coming down the stairs, I slung the handbag over my shoulders, peeped out the door of Gabby's room in time to see the front door closing,. I followed right away a figure in front of me was about to disappear in the swirling mist, I quickened my step. I kept the figure just in sight, she must have walked for over 20 minutes, now into a residential part of town, this was a part where some high ranking Nazi's were given houses to themselves.

I could now see her walking up a driveway to a villa, taking a key out her clutch bag opening the door and going in.

I looked all around me, quickly made my way to the door, thank goodness she had not locked it, there was a large hallway, and various doors leading off it. I crept softly along the hallway, suddenly stopped as voices were heard coming from behind a door, one which I took to be the lounge "You have done a good job the Third Reich, will reward you well. So the informants were Gabby and that little Yvette I should have smelled a rat when that little whore came on the scene, but enough of that for now, come darling lets relax."

I by now had managed to look through the keyhole, a woman still her back to me in the arms of the man who had just spoken, both kissing each other, the man by now divesting the woman of her clothing, she now stood in bra, knickers



and silk stockings, the man now lifting her made for what I surmised to be a bedroom. I was right.

They had gone in, I now silently opened the door crept over to the bedroom door, heard grunts and groans, I took a chance looked in and quickly out again, they were so engrossed with each other they never saw me. And who were they? None other than Suzanne and the Major whom she had been with the first time I arrived at Gabby's house.

There was only one thing I could do now, putting the handbag down, taking my shoes off, opening the handbag, taking the revolver and silencer out, screwing the silencer on the revolver barrel, took the safety catch off. I tiptoed on my stocking feet into the room. Silently crept to the bed, they were now in a 69 position the Major on top facing the end of the bed, head between Suzanne's legs, licking her cunt, Suzanne's occupied with the Major's penis.

I now stood a foot from the Major with feet 18 inches apart and quickly raised the revolver. Two inches from the back of his head I fired two shots, his head fell on the sheets, Suzanne had a terrified look on her face, but any scream she had in her throat never came out, as I quickly fired two more shots in her forehead.

As you can imagine the bed sheets were soaked in blood. I made out the room, methodically unscrewed the silencer, replaced it and revolver back in my handbag. put my shoes on, found the bathroom washed my hands left the house, and walked back to the house off the Rue Des Petite Fosses.

WOMEN WHO LOVE WOMEN

You might say I was on auto-pilot, like a robot I headed straight to Gabby's room. As I entered, her back was to me. She immediately turned around, walked to me, embraced me to her bosom and patted me on the back. I burst out crying and sobbing.

"Oh Gabby, it was awful. I have killed a man and a woman. What shall I do?" I cried into her bosom.

"There there, Yvette don't cry little one. You are a brave French woman, courage comes in many forms and fighting for freedom is not easy. Who was it?"

Between sobs I told her it was Suzanne and the Major. Gabby nodded said she had suspicion's about Suzanne.

"Give me the revolver and silencer," which I did. She released me, gave a kiss on my lips, putting a coat on and revolver and silencer in her handbag, turning to me; "Yvette, I want you to go to your room, stay there, lie and rest till I come back, I may be a while."

It was over 4 or 5 hours before Gabby came back, all that time I wrestled with my mind with what I had done, (Even to this day I cannot get it out of my mind, but now have come to terms with it.) I still had the clothes on I left the house in that day.

Gabby did eventually come to my room, all she said was, "Come to me, little one," which I did, without a word.

Gabby unbuttoned my dress, divested me of the rest of my clothes, and led me to the bed. As I slipped between the sheet's of silk, Gabby removed her own clothes, and this red headed 5 foot nine inch woman was in bed beside me, her red lipstick lips descending on mine, and I making no resistance, at that moment I only wanted love from someone, anyone. the kind of love never entered my mind, as long there was someone out there, who would ease the pain from my tortured mind. I returned her kisses with one's of my own and with interest, her hands ran through my hair as she kissed me on my eyes, cheek, held my face and sweetly kissed me again.

This loving was something I had never experienced before, its hard to put into words, a woman loving another woman can be so delicate, so soft, so loving, so wonderful. The funny thing about all this, I as a man never made love to a woman, in fact if you think about it up till now I still hadn't, Jim, Hilda and the many men I had been with in this house. Here was Gabby the first woman I had made love to, sorry change that, the first woman to make love to me. Her hands were now caressing my breasts, the nipples enlarging, becoming stiff under her fondling, then sweet kisses on the tips of then. I just lay there letting Gabby do whatever she wanted. All I wanted now was love and more love, to ease the pain of my mind, of what I had done.

Gabby indicated for me to do the same to her, I took her ample 38 inch tits in my hands and reciprocated, sucked her tits, I by now was moaning with ecstasy.

Gabby being on top of me, straightened up, and started to rub her vulva against my mons veneris, this at a later date I was told was called Tribadism, or

humping, grinding. Whatever it was I was exploding inside, my juices were flowing down there. I was now what Gabby called a woman who loved woman, it was a sort of unusual love we were not l-sb—ns, that's Gabby's story and I'm sticking to it.

Gabby now put a finger in my ass, this only caused me to press closer to her cunt, and she to mine. our rubbing became more intense, I now felt how wonderful it was two women making love to each other, it was a feeling like no other. Only women can be so tender to each other, I put my hands round Gabby's bum, pulled her closer to me if that be possible, I felt a creamy solution coming from her cunt on to mine, at the same time my own juices were coming it was a mutual cum. We were to cum many times that night as only woman can, we woke up in each others arm's as morning came. It was not the last time I made love to Gabby as women who love each other only can.

Gabby told me the revolver and silencer had been dispossessed off, the body's removed, the room cleaned, by the resistance of course, there would be an inquire when the Major failed to turn up, Before that Gabby would report Suzanne missing, and that she had been seeing the Major a lot were they lovers. ? That was to be the idea to feed to the Nazi's that they had run away.

Simone had taken charge that night, as Gabby told her I was not feeling well, and she (Gabby) would look after me.

In the morning Gabby made a joke about the house now being one short. "It look's like I'll have to go into business again, and fill in you'll show me what to do, Yvette." With arm's around each others waist we both laughed.

SO THAT'S WHAT LITTLE GIRLS ARE MADE FOR?

By now it was 1942, I had many men in all sort's of way's you'd be surprised in the number of things they wanted me to do to them. Some just wanted to talk to a woman, some wanted me to walk over there body's in thigh high black leather spike boots, and caress there prick with the toes of the boots, others would smell my knickers before they got a hard on, I tell you its a funny old world. But I was used to anything by this time.

One day Gabby called me into her office, there she was lying in bed, patted the bed for me to lie beside her nothing unusual in that, Gabby and I shared a bed whenever circumstances allowed.

"Darling Yvette a job for you, its not in the house, I have had a request from Frau Wolfe to send a girl to her house in three days time, I'm sending you, I think there's something going on. You see I know Gerda Wolfe very well she would not be asking me to send any girls round if her husb and was at home. She is a pillar of respectability to all, till her husband goes to war he is a tank comm ander, when the cat's away the mice will play, if you see my meaning, Yvette."

"Yes Gabby, what do you want me to do?"

"You do whatever she wants you to do listen keep your ear's to the ground she may let something slip, one other thing she likes girls, young girls, very young girls! Valerie tells me, if you know what I mean." I did not but soon found out.

The day came for me to go to Frau Wolfe, it had been arranged that I go the afternoon and stay the night, Although Gabby was the first woman I slept with, the only one till now, the prospect of sleeping with another did not put me off, I was here to find any secrets, if I could.

I walked to Frau Wolfe's villa, Gabby told me I would have to as Frau Wolfe did want to send any staff cars from the garrison, which she could have, not wanting anyone to know.

I arrived at the villa door knocked, a big tall woman of about 5 foot 11 inches, 14 stone, and must have been in her late 40s answered the door.

"Frau Wolfe?" I asked. She answered in the affirmative and I told her that I was Yvette. She led me to a very spacious lounge and sat me down.

"Now Yvette, my lovely little daughter, come with mummy to your room, we will sort some nice little frocks for you to wear in the house." Taking my hand like a little girl led me into a room fitted out for a little girl, doll's, Wendy house and all a little girl could wish for.

What's her game? I said to myself, I was soon to find out. On the bed there laid out a little girls outfit, but in a bigger size to fit me, "Now Heidi (God knows where she got that name from) be a good little girl and change for mummy." There I was in a white dress with a wide blue belt round my waist tied in a big bow at the back, puffed sleeves, with stiff petticoats underneath holding it out to above my knees, and the way it was held out my matching white knickers could be clearly seen. I wore white ankle socks, black flat shoes with a strap across it which but-toned.

"Now Heidi be a good little girl and help mummy with the housework, washing and do the dishes, but you must keep that dress clean, mummy likes her little girl to be clean do you underst and."

I helped her clean the house with brush and cleaning pan. (No electric appli-ance in those days.) If you have ever tried cleaning a house in a pure white dress, and not even an apron to cover it, you must realize how difficult it is to keep clean, that of course was her purpose. This took a number of hours at the end I had to go to the lounge, for her to inspect me. The dress did have some stain's which would have come out in a washing, if she had given me an apron it would never have been there in the first place.

"Now Heidi, let mummy see how clean you kept your beautiful dress." She in-spected me told me to turn round, lifted the dress inspected the knickers, when finished said, "Heidi you've been a bad girl your dress is dirty, and you've dirtied your knickers, mummy doesn't like dirty girls, and you know what mummy does to bad girl's, go to your room at once and st and facing the dressing table mirror, looking at that dirty dress and knickers till mummy comes to your room."

I made my way to the room going over in my mind what was about to happen, I waited maybe over an hour, this was part of her game, to make me anxious of what was to happen. When she arrived, it took me completely by surprise. I was too busy looking at myself in the mirror.

"Is Heidi ready to except her punishment?" I was startled.

"Yes, yes mummy," I stammered. I didn't know what was to come. She then sat in a big easy chair pulled her red skirt to above her knee's, to her waist.

"Come here, Heidi, and lie across mummy's knee's to receive your punish-ment." This I did my - skirt was pulled up, and my knickers lowered to my ankles. She rubbed her hand across my backside a few times, then laid into me with her hand striking me 6 times on the rear. As I said she was a big woman 14 stone, and very strong, so her striking was very sore.

"You know mummy does not like her little Heidi to be a bad girl, and I hate this as much as you do, but I must do it for your sake. " Then she gave me 6 more whacks, tears were rolling down my cheeks by now.

"Now my darling Heidi let that be a lesson."

"Yes mummy, I love you so much." Why I said that I do not know but it seemed part of the game and it softened her a bit.

“Oh Heidi, and mummy loves you too, now pull your knickers up, and sort your clothes.” I was still over her knees and she was pulling the knickers up for me, lingering at my twat and having a feel. “Oh Heidi, someday you’ll be a big girl and go with boys, mummy will have to teach you all about men. but not now. Now change into this nice clean dress, don’t get this one dirty.”

This time the dress was a sort of party dress in black lace again came to just above the knee, stiff black petticoats holding it to above my knee’s again showing black frilly knickers, a white sash round the waist tied in a big bow at the back. Well I thought these cannot get dirty, funny how wrong one can be.

“Heidi, how pretty you look, so sweet, you deserve a treat, don’t you dear, don’t you?”

“Yes mummy,” I replied. She took me to the kitchen, gave a bowl of ice-cream and peaches to me, the ice-cream was at the melting stage. I think you have already guessed what was about to happen, well it did some white cream dripped on my dress, it was not long before eagle eye Gerda spotted it.

“Heidi what did I tell you? You’ve dirtied the dress again, and your knickers I shouldn’t wonder, go immediately to your room, stay there till I come to see you miss, this time you will have to learn your lesson the hard way.”

Well there I was again in that room, she played more games, making me wait. She arrived this time with a wooden paddle in her hand, this time she just lifted me so strong she was, put me over the back of the easy chair, tied my hands behind my back with rope this had been all planed by her beforehand, pulled my skirt up, and my nickers down and off me, stuffed them in my mouth, which gagged me, my bum now being highly exposed, placed the paddle on it, touching it three times, as if taking aim, then flayed into me so many time’s I lost count, and lost conscious, when I came round, I was lying on the bed, Gerda pouring cold water on me. My arse felt as if it was on fire, my head seemed the wrong place for the water, I said something then, I do not know why, a lucky break in the spying game.

“Mummy why should you be giving me all the punishment, if I’m a bad girl daddy should be doing that?”

“Daddy’s not here he left two days ago to play sand castles with uncle Edwin.”

That was it she thought she was being funny, some may think I was a dumb blond but the exploits of General Edwin Rommel the Desert Fox and the Afrika Korps were well known even to a dumb blond like me. It brought to mind a poster hung in Engl and during the war, Careless Talk Costs Life's, this was to cost many life’s when information got back that her tank comm ander husb and, and his Panther tanks were heading to bolster up Rommel’s forces.

“Oh mummy you are so good to me, I love you so much teaching me to be a good girl.” Laying it on thick, I couldn’t care what she did to me, I had got my information easier than I thought, just having my knickers down, and being spanked, I was not going to do an analysis of Gerda, why she did this she must

have had reason's, being childless for one, hoping for a daughter, although the way she treated me I don't think I would like to be her daughter.

One day shortly after that episode there being an old piano in the big room, but slightly out of key I played a tune or two on it, Simone happened to be passing at the time looked in " I didn't know you could play Yvette, " " Yes I can Simone but its out of key."

"No problem I'll have a word with Gabby that could come in useful. "

It did in fact Gabby had the piano fixed, she got bigger crowds, and more business at night, as I played the old Joanna, of course I was asked to play some songs I did not know, but said if they had a music sheet I could play off that. The one song that was requested more than any other was Lili Marleen a popular song with the Afrika Korps and adopted by both side's in that awful war

FRAU VOGEL

I had been in Gabby's house over two years now, it would be difficult to put a finger on how much information was passed on to the allies, and resistance, some of it must have been already known to them, or confirmed something they already knew, as I said before I reported all to Gabby. I never asked who her contacts were in the resistance, the less one knew about others the better, if captured you could not reveal name's address's etc.

Gabby true to her word, explained the knowledge, and skill that a whore had to learn, the good whore's have skill in things you would not know existed. Have you ever been in bed with two men at once, I have, one taking me from the front and the other from the back. other's wanted to see sex done by two women, then join in after, this I usually did with Adrienne, if available, sometimes Valerie who enjoyed it remember her kissing me smack on the mouth when I first came here.

Gabby taught me the various ways women made love to each other, I suppose the male fantasy is one woman using a dildo on another, well I can tell you there other way's a woman can please, and pleasure each other.

I still played the piano at night, in fact this brought me personally more business everyone wanted to bed the piano player, made me popular, on day's I felt really tired out said to Gabby it was my time of the month, which she excepted and I got a rest for a day or two. I found some girl's preferred woman, that's why Valerie shared the same room with Estelle, they were both small about 5 foot 6 inches fair headed and did look like twin's but were not. Adrienne had, had man trouble at one time now preferred women more dependable.

I could never say I would have chosen this side of life for a living, but circumstances put me here so make the best of it, and I did want to be a woman, so shut up and get on with it I said to myself. I reminded myself even if I was doing these things with other men, the man I really wanted to do them with was Jim Eager, and rubbed my engagement ring.

Gabby handled the business side of the brothel, all the men gave the money to her, as I said before she gave some to us the rest was invested in gold, silver, and jewels for the girls. (Even me.) She was a rare breed and honest with the girls, not like some madams, some of the girls had been with. They trusted her.

It was early in 1943, one day Gabby as was sometimes her habit lying in bed, and me telling her what happened the night before, said to me, "Yvette how would you like a trip to Paris. " What a stupid question even in a war, what girl could resist Paris?

"But of course Gabby. "What devious plan have you in mind? I know you are not letting me go there to admire the scenery."

Gabby laughed. "You've been sharing my bed too long, you know my mind better than myself, you are not the dumb blond everyone thinks you are. Its this Yvette Oberst Rolf Gutterman has asked me for an escort for him, to take with him to Paris, You see he is always seen with young ladies on his arm, where ever he goes, your duties shall we say is to provide special service's at night. You understand Yvette, now you see I am most interested in young Rolf he is an expert in aerodynamics, and I am sure he is not going to Paris for the view."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Keep your ear to the ground, I just have this feeling like some others I have had. By the way do you like Wagner, Richard that is?"

"Yes. " What a funny question.

"Good you'll get on well with Rolf."

Well there I was in the back of this staff officer's Mercedes with Rolf, his sergeant in front driving us to Paris. Rolf was a quick worker, although I had on a longer skirt than was usual at Gabby's house, it had already been raised up passed my thighs, I don't think he was the least bit worried if his sergeant saw a thing in his driving mirror.

The knickers I wore that day were very short, and tight, so tight they barely covered my crotch, and blond pubic hair peeped either side of the crotch. You may have had sex in a car, but did you ever have it while it was moving at 80 MPH or more I did that day, he soon removed my knickers stretched me out on the long luxurious black leather seat, his uniform trousers were soon joining the same place my nickers had been thrown to. He lent over me, his red engorged prick was now between my legs, ready to thrust into the warm haven that was called my cunt, Gabby had taught me well I opened my legs to receive it and as it slid in, pulled my legs up and over his shoulders, he pumped into me like a wild thing, as if he never had seen a woman before. Then I began to feel he was about to cum, and cum he did, spurting and spurting into me. I had some lace hankies which I used to tidy the both of us up. Funny how men go quiet, when that act is complete, I could have gone on for more.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, no more amorous exploits from Rolf, his French excellent made conversation about his love of Wagner and how lucky he was to be in Paris at a time a Wagner opera was to be performed. Wagner I said to myself, I might have known the Nazi's liked his music, I hope its not the Ring or I'll never see any of Paris.

Rolf was most surprised that I knew anything about music and Wagner in particular, I expect he thought all whores knew nothing else but lie there open there legs for every man, and were thick. This turned out to be a good move on my part, he became more open with me, told me we were going to meet his great friend and mentor General Hans Vogel, and Frau Vogel, he and the General would be leaving me with Frau Vogel for a few days, as he and the General had work to do. We would be living in the best of hotels during that time.

The hotel in Paris was a magnificent, luxurious one, frequented by the Wehrmacht and Nazi high command. The suite I shared with Rolf was the last word in excellence, I was in the Nazi high set here with Rolf, yes as I thought tonight it was to be a Wagner opera Tristan and Isolde, Gabby had packed a couple of beautiful dresses for me, I put on a Yellow bias-cut crepe dress, draped bodice, very low neckline (you could clearly see my tits and red tipped nipples) twisted shoulder straps caught by diamante clips, matching fastenings on self-fabric belt, floor length skirt, slight back train. Long drop silver earrings set with white paste stones; matching wrist bracelet, Yellow shoes (Which could not be seen because of the long dress.) with 3 inch heels. Black cloth bag, covered metal frame, rouleau handle, plastic clasp. A pair of yellow silk French knickers, with blue butterfly motif on each leg, trimmed with white lace.

By the time I had applied my makeup Rolf had been waiting for over an hour, let him wait I said to myself. With a final spray of perfume between my tits it was opera time.

“We’ll go down to the bar to meet the General and Frau Vogel.”

At the bar I was introduced to General Hans Vogel, in his fifties he was one of the old Prussian school, even had a scar across his right cheek. Rolf introduced me: “Herr General this is Mademoiselle Yvette Soubirous.”

The General in typical Prussian officers style, clicked his heels together, kissed the back of my hand.

“Your servant, Mademoiselle, Rolf always had a good eye for a beautiful woman.” I blushed but was pleased, any woman would be with his manner, “My wife went shopping this afternoon, she was late in coming back, still getting ready, you know women Rolf, sorry Mademoiselle, by the way she speaks excellent French.” We were now sitting at a small table, awaiting the arrival of Frau Vogel, a fat middle aged woman in her fifties I thought, delighting in spending the General’s money I would imagine.

After a little while the General arose. “Ah there you are my dear, Rolf has brought this pretty Mademoiselle to Paris with him.” My back was to Frau Vogel, I rose to greet her turned round and thought I saw a ghost it was my **girlfriend** none other than Hilda. I coughed on the glass of white wine in my hand.

“Gone down the wrong way, dear?” Hilda quickly said, no sign of recognition on her face.

“Yes, Frau.”

She gave me a kiss on the cheek. “No need to stand on ceremony here my dear just call me Hilda everybody does, don't they Hans?”

“What my dear?oh yes Hilda.”

“You like Wagner Yvette, a bit too heavy for me, you like it Hans and I know Rolf does, but tomorrow we girls will go on a shopping spree, that's more your line Yvette eh?” I nodded yes.

Hilda had a long black satin evening dress on which came down to her ankles, (A pair of black Directoire Knickers on underneath I would have thought and almost laughed out loud.) she looked very beautiful, tits seemed to getting bigger since the last time I saw her, that was over 2 years ago. When would I have a chance to talk to her in private.

The following morning there I was in bed with Rolf breakfast tray lying across the two of us, Rolf had just told me that he and the General were going to leave about noon, to go on some business for a few days, but Frau Vogel would keep me company.

At lunch Hilda was making light conversation to us all. "Hans, bring your little Hilda back a present won't you, promise?"

"Yes darling," the General replied, I think Hilda had the General around her little finger, if she said jump he would say how high. Leave us they did in the Generals car, Rolf giving instructions to his sergeant to give Hilda and I a sight seeing tour of Paris. Paris during the war was not the same place as Paris today, but we did see the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, Montmartre, Louvre, Bois De Boulogne, we were supposed to do some shopping, but many famous designers had fled France by now.

At the end of our trip Hilda asked me back to her room for a drink, before she ordered dinner for two in her room.

When the sergeant had disposed of the various packages we had bought, well you know women can't pass a dress shop without buying something and left.

Hilda and I rushed into each others arms and kissed each other, like the two long lost **special girlfriends** we were. We both spoke at once: "I thought I would never see you again." We both laughed "What brought you to Paris?" again we spoke in unison more laughter, her sexy laugh, my giggling, it was wonderful to see Hilda again, like she always did when happy she had me up on my feet and danced round the room, "Oh Hilda tell me all that happened after you left the Cotswolds."

HILDA'S STORY

Well as you know I left the next day, in a high speed car, waiting for me, to take me to the north of Engl and. in a secluded bay a Motor Torpedo Boat waiting for me, with six comm ando's, as soon as it was loaded we sped across the North sea to meet a Danish trawler, and transferred on to it. At the dead of night. about a mile off shore, a small rowing boat met us and every one rowed it into a sandy cove, by foot overl and for a few miles till linking up with the main road, and two waiting cars transported us to our destination. We had to go a long way round to avoid any road blocks.

Why had I been sent here? It is one of the most amazing double bluffs this war has ever seen. I was to take the place of the woman General Hans Vogel was engaged to, and shortly to marry in two weeks, Hilda Gunther. her mother and father were both dead which was a good job, she was staying at her country home, the home of her parents but now belonged to her, Hilda was an only child.

The comm ando's silently entered the well laid out and spacious wood surrounded grounds, quickly surmised where Hilda was, in her bed room sleeping. In no time they had her gagged and bound, then I was brought on the scene to take her place, the only time I ever saw Hilda Gunther was when the comm ando's took her away to bring her back to Engl and.

I could not believe what I was seeing, I thought I was looking in a mirror, her hair was brunette, her nose was small that's why Jim had to do rhinoplasty, there was nothing in size between us, or weight, and well breasts, tits whatever they were big, even I could see that through her nightdress, nipples making an indent on it. It was like ships that pass in the night, as far as I know she is being held prisoner in Engl and till this bloody war is over.

The officer in charge of the comm ando's wished me luck, gave me a kiss on the cheek as he and his b and silently left with he real Hilda. Of course he knew nothing about me, just another agent, and God there using women now.

Gone and now I was to face General Hans Vogel, that came a week later, Hilda I found had been a heavy smoker from all the cigarette packets lying round the house, and Turkish cigarette's at that hence why Frank had asked me to smoke. When Hans did arrive I found he was twice my age had a few presents for me plenty of cigarettes, and a gold cigarette holder with the Nazi swastika engraved on the front, back had front Hans to my love Hilda. I should have picked this info on my briefing, that he was much older than me, and that Hilda's father was an old army friend, anyway he never suspected a thing, our marriage came an old girlfriend of Hilda was to be the bride's maid, I was well briefed on her I wish you could have been at the wedding it was all a girl could ask for. A lovely white wedding dress long train, and as we came out the church a row of fellow officers holding high over our heads crossed swords, at the reception officials from the Nazi high comm and toasting our health.

The wedding night I did not know what to expect, but he's a randy old bugger, He kept me at it all night, I found he wanted a son and heir to follow him, because

of military commitments I only see him once in every 6 weeks, but by God he is at it every night with me. I also found the reason I wear Directione Knickers he goes banana's over then you should see the many pairs he has bought me, in silks, satins, velvets, lace trimmed I could go on and on. I found however when Hans was away I liked male company, you could say I am promiscuous, I had affairs with officers in the Nazi high comm and this came useful, I found a number of items that would be of interest to the allies.

It wasn't hard to get lovers these things attract men like moths to a light (Holding up her breasts.)

I have a contact in Berlin but only use him once in three months, in case someone is keeping a watch on me.

I have met the Fuehrer a couple of times, but I don't think he would have recognized me, at a party given for the high comm and in Berlin I accompanied Hans, wife's girlfriends and all that. I am glad that I have met you again Yvette, I have a number of urgent matters which I hope you have connections to get to the allies.

I told Hilda my own story that brought the two of us up to date. " Well Hilda you have been living the high life and I the low life as women. "

"Yvette it does matter we both fight for the same cause, sisters in war."

"Yvette my husband works in aerodynamics, he tells me freighting things at night in bed how the Third Reich have superior weapons which will win the war for them. He works on an island called Peenemunde on which they are working on unbelievable planes, planes without pilots at speeds so fast you would not believe ." Hilda pausing taking out a Turkish cigarette, lighting it, this cigarette had a perfumed smell. The reason he and Rolf are here, is that the project Hans is working on a rocket called the A4 (This became the infamous V2.) they are looking for launch pads on the French and Belgium coasts, that will put London within range, not of the A4 but another dangerous weapon the pilot less flying bomb." (This was the buzz bomb, or the doodle bug which was to blitz London shortly after D-Day.) Taking a puff on her cigarette carried on. "The only reason I'm here is the silly old fool thinks that a change of air, and environment will get me pregnant, they do say miracle's can happen, I'd be a saint."

I quickly cut in. Hilda of the Directione Knickers!, we both laughed "Oh you are droll Yvette I've missed you so much, life is less serious when you are about." By this time our lunch had arrived, I said to Hilda during the meal of Chicken

and French fries, that I would give this information to Gabby when I got back too the brothel. She said that she would also try and pump the General for more information before I left.

“Well Yvette whets it like being a whore?” I knew she meant no malice, but an inquisitive question.

“When I was told where I was going, and what I was to be, for a number of days I would not speak to anyone. till I excepted within myself that was to be my part in the war, we all have our parts to play, if it makes for a free and better live after this war then I must except it.”

“What about all these men crawling all over your body?”

“I come to accept that as well, Gabby has taught me many tricks, which I have to say makes things interesting, I feel any secrets I may have passed on makes it all worth while.”

“And do still love Jim after all the pricks and willies you have seen, does it not disgust you, do you not think men only lust after one thing, and that's between your legs? Sorry for being so frank, Yvette.”

“Yes ,Hilda, I still love Jim, I see that as something different, nothing whatever to do with what I am doing in the bordello, I only hope Jim will not thing any the less of me for what I am doing.”

“Listen Yvette if Jim Eager is half the man I think he is, he would be a fool not to, I still want to be your bridesmaid even if I am a married woman, what do you call that a Maid of Honor or something.”

We just looked at each other and our bond of *Special **Girlfriends*** were there, without a word, on the chaise lounge, we brought our faces closer together, and our red ruby lips touched, we pressed long hot kisses on our lips, and arms around each other, tongues entering mouths entwining with each other, French kissing each other for how long I do not know.

Finally Hilda said, “Come with me lets bathe together we have at least two days on our own, I want to see all of my girlfriend.”

Rising from the chaise lounge Hilda taking my hand, led me to the exquisite, luxurious bathroom, green marble tiled floor, sunken bath, gold taps, where Hilda filled it, and poured blue scented oil into it.

“Come Yvette let's bath together.” so saying, started to strip her clothes off indicating to me to do the same, when naked, we both hand in hand descended into the large bath, till the scented water covered our tits. Taking a large sponge Hilda soaped my back and front, I reciprocated we both lingered between our legs, putting the sponge in our moist pussies, and kissing ourselves again. Sighing and moaning in each others ears, we now reached each others breasts, I admit Hilda's titties fascinated me, their size, their texture, their softness, the smoothness of their surface, the large red erect buttons of her nipples, on a large brown background of her aureole's, which I now placed my hands upon, started to lick, sucked the large buttons, took them one by one into my mouth. Hilda had not

been idle, her hands were between the cheeks of my buttocks, finger inserted in my rear love hole.

This was a most unusual, odd, strange type of love, not of two men, because the outline of our bodies would not suggest that, two woman yes, but different, a love the dictionary's, encyclopedias have no name for a *Special* kind of love, that very few people can share.

Our excitement now reached a peak, although nothing invaded our pussies the juice of love seeped from them, our lips, our tongues, our mouths, our saliva was another type of love juice.

"Come Yvette lets dry ourselves. " Ascending from the water we wrapped ourselves in soft yellow towels, patted each dry, Hilda from a cupboard produced scented talcum powder, and sprinkled it all over me, rubbed the delightful powder into my body which only aroused me, I just had to do the same to Hilda. I took delight rubbing and inserting my fingers into her twat something if you remember I did after her op. I looked curiously at the curly bushy hair surrounding her cunt, it was brunette, yes said Hilda I dyed that too.

The sight before the eyes of a secret onlooker, would surely aroused passion in them, two beautiful sweetly smelling women displaying all their charms entwined in each others arms. Hilda now led me out the bathroom to a four poster bed, soft pink silk sheets, fluffed up pillows, awaited us to receive an unusual love upon them, a love both women had wanted to consummate ever since they had seen each other in skirts, stockings and heels, but now they had none on.

Hilda pulled the pink sheet back for me to slip under, and as my derriere softly rested on them, her body like in slow motion descended upon mine, powdered skin rubbed against powdered skin, carmine lips pressed against carmine lips, hands explored secret places, little sighs, little moans, emitted from our throats, smiling eyes shone into each other, heavily mascara eyelashes fluttered at each other, this was a love that was unexplainable.

Hilda nuzzled my little breasts (Little compared to hers.) traveling down to my now hairy bush, kissing my belly above, now doing what she always wanted to do, putting her tongue into my twat licking on my clit, we had by now maneuvered into a 69 position, she being above me her cunt was now at my lips, which I placed on them and kissed.

Our milky white secretions were now flowing on to each others tongues, we greedily drank from each other, till exhausted we fell off, white sticky love juice clinging to the hairs of our cunts, and our mouths. Wanton sluts I here someone say, but that's not what I or Hilda would have made of it, God knows if we would ever see each other again in this terrible war.

Rolling off each other we lay there breathing and panting quickly, just gazing lovingly at one another.

"I suppose we're now lesbians," Hilda said.

"No!" I quickly replied.

Hilda gave a look of surprise and raised an eyebrow. "Then what the hell are we?"

"You must never utter that L word, we are women who love women, the highest form of love one can have, in our case even more so," remembering Gabby's words.

Hilda looked at me; "You are funny Yvette, that's why I love you so, but I do like your explanation, I like that women who love women."

For the next two days we shared the same bed, making love in only the way two *Special Girlfriends* can, till Hans and Rolf returned.

Hilda informed me that they had looked at over 100 sites on the French and Belgium coasts which worried the both of us. As soon as I could Gabby received this knowledge, the parting had to come Hilda and the General, me and Rolf, as Hilda and I kissed softly on the cheek a little tear rolled down our face's would we ever see each other again.

ITS ALL OVER (OR IS IT?)

Well the years had gone past to 1944, I did my by now routine business, well as routine as one can be as a whore. What struck me, and I could never understand, why did Rolf take me to Paris, during the Nazi occupation the whore houses in Paris were really busy, I said this to Gabby she just shrugged her shoulders "Who knows maybe he took a fancy to you, what does it matter, we got what we wanted."

She was right I never gave it a thought after that (By the way if it is of interest to you my readers brothels were officially closed in Paris in 1946).

I never failed to wonder at the many requests men made on me, some wanted to dress as women before they had sex, in fact could not have sex unless they were dressed as a woman. Dress then I did, some as tarts, some in beautiful long evening dresses, some just wanted to be dressed and talk to a woman. Some wanted to be flogged, (I wasn't too keen to do that.) some wanted me to piss on them, (I wasn't keen on that either.) Gabby told all the girls if any man wanted to flog them and they were averse to it, there was a bell push in all rooms, which if they pushed would alert the house, and help was at hand everyone would come to her help. I lucky enough never had to use it. Some had sex up my back passage

the only way they wanted it, some wanted cunnilingus only, others fellatio, I tell you the list could go on and on.

By spring 1944 rumors went around of a probable invasion by the allies. The girls heard this from clients as I did myself, we all discussed what we would do after the war, Gabby said some girls would leave her, and she expected that, but she and Simone would carry on the brothel, Simone asked me if I would like to stay with Gabby and her, maybe she said looking at Gabby a partner in the business, I thank the both of them for their kind offer, but I had other plans showing my engagement ring.

Simone said, "Does he know what you do Yvette, if he doesn't he may walk out on you, and end back in this game. Once in there are obstacles in the way, but I wish you luck." Gabby of course knew all about me as she thought. The story I had told her was I meet this English officer during my training as a spy and were engaged two days before I left. That's the thing about espionage your right hand never knows what your left is doing, we weave a web of deceit.

As D-Day approached (We didn't know when or where it would be,) our clients got less and less, because the Wehrmacht were dispersing forces to the French coast.

Then one day although the house was in the outskirts of town, early morning it was, the rumble of tanks and armored cars, marching troops could be heard, Gabby came to my room, a dressing gown flung on,

must have been 5 in the morning, "Its over for you Yvette, the Nazi's have left, allies are getting near the resistance tell me they should be here in a day or so, just wait, " By this time the whole house was awake, it was impossible to sleep, we all assembled in the large kitchen in our varies states of nightdresses, some had none! Valerie and Estelle hadn't, arms about each other, all sort of waiting for Gabby, still the Madam, to say something and direct them, which she did.

"Well girls its all over, there's not much we can do for now till the allies come to town, which could be a day or two, I suggest we make a big celebration meal now, to get your strength up, because when the allies arrive its happy days are here again for all of us. You'll never be off your feet, sorry that's wrong, You'll never be on your feet." To which everyone burst out laughing a really happy household and everyone in a good mood.

Well an excellent meal was laid out on that kitchen table, that morning Gabby opened a couple of bottles of Champagne she had put by for just such an occasion. Everyone was merry that morning, everything was turning up roses, what could go wrong.

COLLABORATORS!

It was Cherie who heard it first, about 4 in the afternoon, a noise of marching feet becoming louder and louder, going to front window seeing a large crowd of towns people making their way up the driveway towards our house, rushed to Gabby - "Whets going to happen now, Gabby?"

"I don't know but am taking no chances." so saying went to her room opened a drawer extracted her Luger, loaded it, came into the kitchen, told the girls to barricade the front and back doors, this they did, the crowd had now reached the front door. They themselves were armed, you could see that they were angry, the bolting of the doors was useless, and in no time broke in, Gabby the brave woman she was stepped in front holding the Luger.

"Don't touch my girls," she said.

The cry went up from the crowd "There she is - the Madam, the leader of these Nazi lovers, lets get the Collaborators." So saying the crowd now attacked us all, Gabby fired a shot in the air, to stop it, but it was of no use, in no time we were overwhelmed, the women in the crowd were worst they pulled us by the hair, Valerie and Estelle now cried, I was not far off that myself. They now pushed us out the house, led us down the drive, where were we going and what was to happen, it didn't take long to find out. The main square in town was the destination, padlocks and chains appeared, were about to be applied when women in the unruly mob shouted, no strip them of their clothes and let the world see their shame, then chain them to the railings of the mayors office all night. Yes, yes went up the cry, (Mostly by the women I have to add.) the women ripped our skirts, and dresses off, knickers, bra's, the lot in no time we were chained to the railings, expose to all in our nakedness.

"Brave lot you are, exposing helpless women, pronounced guilty without a trial, cowards."

"Don't worry Madam you and your whores will be triad in the morning," came a shout from the mob.

I thought to myself the mood this lot are in, would we get justice, what would happen to us, tales had already reached our ears, of collaborators being hung, shot, etc. It made me frightened, it did others Valerie and Estelle were like frightened little schoolgirls and tears rolled down their cheeks, I felt sorry for them. They tearfully asked Gabby what was going to happen to them. Gabby of course could only guess, but cheered them up as best she could.

As the day wore on people came to stare at us, voyeurs, pigs, seem enough, Gabby shouted at them. It was of no avail they still looked at our predicament.

The day soon changed to night, we were lucky in a since, it was summer, the temperature was warm.

At the far end of the square, opposite to us, was the chapel to which Gabby took us every Sunday. In the chapel yard stood a statue of the Virgin Mary, this night the moon shown brightly on it. To my mind a halo appeared over the head, although as I said before I am not a catholic I had this impulse to kneel and pray, "Holy Mary mother of God pray for a sinner."

Gabby who had heard me looked at me and said, "Yvette, Yvette you are innocent, being a whore was not of your making, God in his wisdom will know. I am certain of that." The other girls looked they knew not what she spoke of. The night passed on with much sobbing and tears from the girls.

Daylight saw much activity in the square, we were informed that our trial would take place at noon, Gabby pleaded, at least give us the decency of covering ourselves, this was done and some clothes found for us grudgingly from the women.

Noon came we were all marched still chained hand to hand, leg to leg, into a hastily erected courtroom. Sat down on wooden benches - all seven of us. The Mayor was to be a judge, (*Hanging judge* I said to myself. There was to be no justice here.)

All our names were called out, to which we answered yes, Gabby was the first called up "Are you Madam Gabrielle Galliard the Madam of this whorehouse, and did you and your girls consort with and make love with Nazis, and therefore aided them against this country of France.

That last remark really hurt Gabby and me, she who would have laid her life for her country, more than anyone that was in this so called courtroom. Gabby had her pride and did not reveal how patriotic she really was working for the resistance.

"If you please Sirs try me not the others, they are all innocents, let them go, I will take any blame, please. please let them go," said the brave Gabby. She may well have been taking to the wall they were not he least interested in what her pleadings were for.

"Guilty - the verdict for all, take them to the square to execute sentence." Marched off again to the center of the square, a chair was placed there Gabby the Madam would be first as the leader, to set an example to everyone. What were they going to do I asked myself, had I gone through this war to be killed by the very people I fought for, surely not.

Gabby placed on the chair, tied to it, her head held back by two women, a third now appeared with a large pair of scissors, started cutting her beautiful locks of red hair, till none was left. Completely bald she now was, not a hair on her head, a terrible, terrible site, many girls now disturbed, crying again.

Some man who knew how to do tattoo came forward, although Gabby tried to move her head, it was held in place, roughly by two women. The man doing the tattoo went to work a large black letter **C** for collaborator engraved on top of her head.

When that was done her hands and legs untied, pushed from the chair Gabby collapsed in a heap on the ground, nobody came to her help. The crowd wanted more blood, I was roughly handled and led to that chair, tied like Gabby.

As the big woman with the scissors was about to start her shearing me the noise of an armored car entering the square brought proceedings to a halt. The red, white and blue tricolor with the cross of Lorraine, flying from the wing of the car the flag of the Free French, came to halt at the chair. An officer emerged with another man, "What is going on here?"

"Collaborators!" the crowd shouted.

The officer looked at me. "Untie this woman at once, I will have no rough justice here, if they are as you say then the proper courts will deal in the proper manner."

"Oh thank you sir, thank you, thank you," I kissed his hand, "We are all innocent of there charges, especially Gabby here."

The man standing beside the officer now stepped forward, looked down at Gabby put a hand down to help her on her feet. "Is it you, Gabby, really you, my God what have they done to you? Bastards, here is a woman who has more patriotism for France in one finger than the bunch of you lot have in your whole body" It was the leader of the resistance group Gabby worked for, he was there to assist the Free French in this area.

"This is a brave woman Captain she may have run a brothel, but the information she obtained there was invaluable to the war effort." This put a different light to the town's people, many felt ashamed of what had been done.

The rest of the girls were now released, they gathered around Gabby supporting her, she was still weak from her ordeal. "You women can go back to your house, if you are needed we know where to get you." the captain was now saying.

The resistance leader who was called Jacques came with us, "I'll get some men to stand guard here for a few days should there is anymore disturbances."

"Thank you Jacques," Gabby said. I thought she really fancied him, I hoped so and that he would make an honest woman of her.

I said to Gabby after a few days, I will have to leave here, as you know I am an agent and have to get back to the British Army to be debriefed, the war I hope is now over for me. Besides I have a man to catch up with, holding my finger with the engagement ring up.

Gabby looked at the ring, "Well I hope he knows how good a woman he is getting, I wish you well Yvette, visit me sometime after this is all over in peacetime. I will see if Jacques can help you get back to British lines.". Gabby had by now taken to wearing wigs to cover her head, she made a joke about it that she wore a

different wig in bed every night with Jacques, a blond, one night, a brunette the next, redhead the following, and so on. I said to her seven woman for the price of one, in a brothel that's a bargain, she smiled at that.

It was then arranged for me to get a lift back in a supply lorry, to Free French company HQ, once there I would have to get lifts where ever I could, to British lines.

The day came where I made my final good-bye's to all, kissing all the girls on the cheek except Valerie who again kissed me smack on the mouth. My last kiss was to Gabby, who embraced in her arms like a daughter, patted me on the back, and with tears in her eyes kissed me on the cheeks.

Well I did get back to British lines on inquiry on a Major James Eager of the medical corps, I was informed a Colonel James Eager was serving at a field hospital in France, would that be the same person.

I did manage to get other lifts, finally reached this field hospital, inquired if I could see this Colonel James Eager. Please wait in this office miss, till the Colonel finishes his daily ward rounds. Would it be my Jim I wondered as I sat there, a sergeant said come this way miss. I walked along corridors through hospital wards, full of wounded soldiers, till I came to an office door. Knock and go in miss the sergeant said leaving me, my heart was beating fast, would it be my Jim.

I knocked a voice said enter, a man with his back to me holding up an x-ray, studying it turned round, a look of surprise, filled his eyes, he ran over to me grabbed my waist lifted me up, kissed me. "Yvette, Yvette my love I thought I would never see you again."

I was so happy tears filled my eyes my Jim had not forgot me.. "Oh darling its been so long, I love you, I love you."

We told each other our story's, he of course had got promotion, recommended by Frank, who was also over here with another field hospital. Jim at once arranged for my debriefing and demob.

Then out of the blue Jim said, "Yvette will you marry me know please." I wouldn't say it was a shock, but it did take me by surprise, and it was what I wanted. It was a quick marriage, a military chaplain was soon found, papers were in order (Remember my birth certificate proved I was a Frenchwoman.) Jim even wangled to get Frank to be best man, made me sad that Hilda could not be here. It was not a white wedding like Hilda's I did have a pretty dress on it was white, but apart from that nothing exciting. A woman in the army acted as a witness, someone I did not know, our wedding night was spent in a requisitioned hotel from the Nazis, we consummated our marriage that night.

As a war bride I was shipped back to Engl and, I was to stay with Jim's folks, till he came back and was demobbed. It had of course came as a surprise to his parents, however his mother and I got on well, a very pleasant couple. I was by now 25 and Jim's mother Gladys was looking forward to me having children, and her becoming a gr andmother, I felt sorry for her, Jim of course had told nobody what I had been born as. Nobody need know, he said.

Jim came back, we set up home near his parents, Jim with his qualifications soon had a job as a top surgeon in a well known hospital.

EPILOGUE

Our marriage was a happy one, I looked like any English housewife, shopping, cooking a meal for my man. I asked Jim now that the war was over, if there was any word of Hilda, Jim pulled some strings in British Military Intelligence. There are conflicting reports darling, some say Hilda and the General were killed as Berlin was over run by the allies, others say they fled to South America (Many Nazis did after the war.) and may still be there The most surprising thing I learned Yvette that her husband and the General was involved in the Hitler bomb plot, or rumoured to be. .

This I could believe Hilda I know had a great influence over the General (I laughed was she wearing a special pair of Directione Knickers again.) I could see her hand behind this, if the General was indeed involved. I never saw Hilda again, I only hoped she and the General escaped to South America, although she had spied for the allies, I do believe she liked the General in her own way, and was a loyal wife.

So the years passed on, my mother in law hoping for a grandchild and I have to admit parental instincts were with me too. I knew I could not have a baby, and yet I wanted a child somehow. I made my feeling known to Jim, who quite understood, suggested we apply for adaptation, this we did were accepted, as a suitable couple.

We were eventually given a beautiful baby boy, whom we called Ralph, which made Jim and I very happy, even the changing of nappies was a task I took a delight in. Jim was happy bouncing his baby son on his knee, Gladys was happy with her grandson, and when he said his first word mama I really was aesthetic, I hugged and kissed my son.

The first sign of a problem with Ralph, came when he was at nursery school. The teachers told me Ralph preferred to play with the little girls and their dolls, he wasn't at ease playing with the boys. Like a fool I played no attention to that. It was when he went to primary school, the first inkling there was something different. One day I went to my room to get something, as I passed Ralph's room I saw what I thought was a girl, running about the room. I looked in no one else seemed to be there said to the young girl is Ralph here.

The young girl ran to a corner of the room, rolled herself into a ball, put her hands in front of her face, and said, "Don't hit me mummy." I looked closer, it

was Ralph in one of my old dresses, which was too big for him. I saw a pathetic site of an unhappy boy, I put my loving arms around him, and hugged Ralph. "How could I ever hit my little boy - tell mummy all about it."

He told me, he was bullied at school, because he preferred to play with the girls, said he was more at ease with girls. He wanted to wear girls clothes to be like them, the nearest he could get to them was his mothers, that was why he had my dress on.

I thought long and hard about that, let him wear the dress for know, said he could dress everyday for know, even bought him a little girls dress, this I said was to be our secret at present.

This outcome of matters worried me I felt I had to confront Jim, he maybe know better than I what to do. Tell him I did, he suggested that we see a child psychiatrist about Ralph. This we did, we were told our child had the mental systems of a girl, what were we to do?

The first thought that came in my mind was my own story, and I had empathy with my son, and what he was going through. I asked Jim if an op could be done to Ralph, to change his sex, he answered in Engl and at present the time is not right, remember Yvette you are a special case no one knows about you if they did we would be pestered by the press. Let me think it out.

Jim said we would have to be very wary, as any one knowing we were thinking of having a sex change op for our son might have him committed to a mental institution, Ralph still dressed in skirts he was now 12 years old. In early 1960s Jim told me he had heard of a clinic in Casablanca, who performed such operations, no questions asked, and was informed by those medical colleague's results were excellent.

We decided to go ahead with this op on Ralph, after having a very long talk with him explaining what was to be involved. and did he really wish to become a girl, remembering there was no going back, I know it was a lot for a young boy to take in, but I felt, and Ralph did as well, this would be the right decision.

The die was cast, Jim would apply for a new post far away from our present house, where no one knew us, both Jim's parents had died by now. So one day in early 1960s we arrived in Casablanca with a suitcase of used notes in order to get the operation, there was no formal review process, it was purely on dem and. The surgeons technique was to invert the penis to create a vagina.

All went well, everyone was delighted, the surgeon, Jim, me, and most important our son now our daughter, whom it was agreed by all to rename Renee, which of course is French, I thought right with my connections during the war, but more important the name Renee means reborn, reborn from male to female. Jim with his war connections even managed to have the birth certificate changed.

Renee was given female hormones, and eventually became a very beautiful woman, and in time married. This time she had the wedding I never had, white wedding dress long train, brides maids, an underst anding husb and, Leonard

Langton who knew all about her, but not me I was the proud mother of the bride that day, and I cried like any mother, such a beautiful couple.

Renee by now knew something about me but not all. It was then, now that my daughter was married, and settled down, that I turned my hand to writing my life story, because I felt the world knew nothing about the part transsexuals played in World War Two.

In this present age things seem to be getting better for transsexuals, but a long, long way to go.

THE END