



Reluctant Press presents:

A Maiden's Prayer



Blind Ruth

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

By Blind Ruth

CHAPTER ONE: THE CASTLE DOUNE

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No not yet, Captain Edgar."

The Captain immediately put the guard on full alert.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Very well, sire."

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

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

CHAPTER TWO: COUNCIL OF WAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Like what, Mother?"

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

“How will we do that, Mother?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER THREE: THE WITCHES COTTAGE

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

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

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

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

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

"Can we help, Megan?" asked Eleanor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you really think so, Megan?"

"I do indeed."

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

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

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

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

Megan could see Eleanor was greatly disappointed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER FOUR: THE TRANSFORMATION TO SARAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, a few more days will do no harm. Here, I will give directions for you to follow on your journey to Robert and his band of followers.”



That night, Eleanor lay in bed and watched as Megan divested her clothes to put on her long night-dress. The sight of Megan's slim body had aroused her again.

"Eleanor," Megan spoke, "this is the ointment that I have given Sarah. I will show you how it must be applied by demonstrating on myself; it may be that you will have to assist your daughter at some time."

This Megan started to do, first raising her night-dress to expose her large breasts. She dipped her fingers in the ointment then lightly rubbed it on her breasts. Lady Eleanor watched, aroused by the sight. Eleanor wanted to make love to her old girlfriend, but if they were caught in the act of love, both women would be denounced as witches and burnt at the stake. That act would definitely confirm Megan as a witch, for only those in league with the devil would perform such lewd acts of debauchery.

Such fears may have held back a lesser woman but Eleanor was strong and the urge became greater as she watched Megan manipulate her large breasts, massaging them with her hands.

"Can I do that?" croaked Eleanor with desire. Megan said nothing as she handed her the jar containing the ointment.

She need not have given Eleanor the ointment but she desired the touch of a woman. All of this aroused Megan and little sighs came from her. Eleanor took these sighs as a signal to continue her ministrations to Megan's breast area. Megan's nipples were now being fingered by Eleanor as she rubbed the ointment into them. How glistening the erect pointed nipples looked with traces of the ointment shining on them. And how tempting they looked to Eleanor to kiss, which was ex-

actly what she was about to do. The ruby lips of Eleanor descended upon an erect nipple to kiss it. Megan made no attempt to remove the lips that were giving so much attention to her breasts. She was more than enjoying such attention.

Passions had been aroused in both women. Other possibilities would have to be explored by Megan and Eleanor; it was the beginnings of the love that could only be shared between women.

Megan put her hands behind Eleanor's neck and she was passionately kissing the woman giving her so much pleasure. The women were holding each other tightly. Eleanor felt daring; her hands left Megan's breasts and were now between her legs and entering her sex. Megan's response was to do the same to her woman lover. Their breasts were now touching and the nipples of both women erect and stiff. The fingers of both women were within each other, exciting themselves, their bodies pressed against each other.

Love like this had never been experienced by either of these women before. It was becoming too much; something had to give and it did. A deluge of their love was released from both their sexes on to fingers still actively stimulating and exciting each other.

With that release, things became calm as they lay back, rested and thought of what they had done. Eleanor's hands lightly floated over Megan's body in a loving way.

No words were spoken between the pair as Eleanor gently put a hand on Megan's chin and kissed her softly on the lips. "Megan?" Eleanor said.

"Yes, Eleanor?"

"I love you."

Megan remained silent for some time, then she spoke.

“Do you really? But do you not love Lord James, your husband?”

“Well yes, I do love him but I also have a deep love for you, Megan. It is all so confusing. I love both of you.” Lady Eleanor broke into crying.

Megan gathered her into her arms and held her to her bosom. “There there Eleanor, no need to cry. Dry your tears. It is just that you have love for your husband, me and your new daughter. Who can condemn you for that?”

“Do you love me, Megan? Here I am expressing my love for you, not thinking you could reject my love.”

“Eleanor, listen, do you think I would willingly give my body to you if I did not have love for you? If Nickolas had not died, I could have been in the same position as you, for Nickolas was the only man I ever loved.”

A gentle kiss between them, then they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Early morning saw Megan awake to see Eleanor watching her. Instinct told her Eleanor had been watching her for some considerable time and with longing for her body. Megan rolled onto her back, opened her legs and indicated for Eleanor to lie between them. The offer was accepted and no words were spoken between them. There was no need to as each knew what their desires were.

Eleanor carefully placed her sex to Megan’s sex and slowly moved up and down on Megan’s body. Megan raised her hips to receive the maximum amount of pleasure she could from this act of love between

women. The stimulation increased and Eleanor's clitoris became erect because of it. Eleanor could now feel Megan caress the plump cheeks of her buttocks with affection. Their lips touched and kissed with tender love for each other. Eleanor's hands ran through the hair of her lover; such passion hadn't coursed through her body for a long time. She wanted Megan's body and wanted to give herself to this woman for as much as pleasure as she was now receiving.

Eleanor shut her eyes in pure joy. The kissing became intense as the friction between the sexes of the women was faster and faster. For the second time within hours, both women simultaneously came. The women then smothered each other in loving kisses.

They rested for a long time as the smell of breakfast drifted into the room where they lay. It caused them to dress and go to the kitchen where they found Sarah in the middle of making breakfast.

Lady Eleanor was proud as she saw her new daughter at work. Sarah was becoming domesticated and doing the work of a woman. This was the life Sarah would have to be acquainted with should she find a handsome knight and marry. Lady Eleanor was thinking in terms of Sarah being a real woman and marrying. Could such a thing be possible?

After breakfast, Megan inspected Sarah; everything seemed to be going to plan. The progress of Sarah into womanhood was very satisfactory, on such evidence it was decided by all to proceed tomorrow on their way to search for Robert.

The next morning saw both women up early. After breakfast, all was ready for their departure. Lady Sarah, as she mounted her horse, observed her mother

and Megan, who passionately kissed Eleanor before both she and her daughter went on their way.

CHAPTER FIVE: HAPPENINGS AT THE WATERFALL

The destination for the first day, an old deserted cottage, had been reached. Both Lady Eleanor and her daughter, having been told by Megan, knew they would have to gather leaves and such to make a bed to sleep upon. This was done and a dinner of meat previously prepared by Megan was taken from their saddle bags. Wild fruit such as raspberry and strawberry gathered in the forest during their journey was eaten after the meat. The howling of wolves could be heard during the night as mother and daughter snuggled up to each other in their roughly-made bed. This made them realise how dangerous it was to be alone in this forest. Morning saw both women once more ready to continue their quest to find Robert and his band of loyal men. Megan had explained that by nightfall that day they should reach a waterfall where they would find a deep cavern in which to sleep the night. At times noises frightened both women, only for them to see a frightened rabbit scurry into nearby bushes.

Once when they stopped at a stream to have their horses watered and for a rest, Eleanor caught a trout with her hands, a skill she had learned from her brothers when she was a girl. "Fish for supper tonight, daughter," she said and placed the trout in her saddle bag.

The journey continued. Eventually the sound of a waterfall was heard and became louder as they came nearer. As they rounded a corner, the spectacular sight

of the waterfall loomed high above them. The water was falling a hundred feet or more on to rocks below and into a deep pool. The cavern that they had been told of was beside the bottom of the waterfall.

But there was no time at present to admire all of this; again, leaves and branches had to be gathered to make a bed within the cavern. Wood was collected for a fire to cook the trout and a meal for both was now made. "With a bit of luck, Robert should be found soon," Lady Eleanor said to her daughter as they ate. They knew they were in the area as had been indicated by Megan.

"Mother," asked Sarah curiously, "will I be accepted as a woman? I mean do I have the features of a woman? I am so afraid people will see that I am not exactly what I hope I am."

"Sarah, you are my daughter and a pretty one at that. If you think that way, your heart will tell you that. And if your heart says that, you will believe it and if you believe, you are a woman so will people understand, my daughter," finished Lady Eleanor.

"Yes Mother," said a convinced Sarah.

After a night's rest, Lady Eleanor decided a swim in the pool would be refreshing before breakfast and she left Sarah to take it. Exiting from the cavern, she removed her clothes and dove into the pool. She did not know that high above in a tree overlooking the pool was a young man observing all that took place below. He was about to leave the tree and enquire as to why she was in this dangerous forest but he stopped as he heard a younger sounding voice of a woman come from within the cavern.

"Mother, breakfast is ready, please come now."

“Very well, daughter, but you must have a swim in this pool before we depart.”

“Yes, that I will do after breakfast.”

The man watched the mature woman leave the pool, dry herself with a cloth, replace her clothes, then make to within the cavern, lost to his sight. He remained in the tree as he was curious to see this younger woman. Some time passed before both women emerged from the cavern, carrying saddle bags. The older one went to their horses and untied them from the tree they had been tethered to.

Meanwhile, the younger of the women had gone into some bushes to disrobe. Having done that, she ran naked under the waterfall. The water cascaded over her lithe and supple body as she cleansed herself. Having done that, she dove into the clear water of the pool below and swam around for some time. The young man silently watched this pretty maiden, someone he wished to know better. Sarah, having finished her ministrations, thought it was time to dress and continue their quest to find the elusive Robert.

The man climbed down the tree and hid behind it, waiting for the maid to emerge from the bushes. Sarah, having dressed, rubbed her long raven locks with the cloth her mother used. Her hair hung over her shoulders in wet ringlets framing her face. Such beauty this young man had never seen before in any woman. Whoever this female was, she had captured his heart.

As Sarah made her way to her mother in the far distance, the young man stepped out from behind the tree. Sarah jumped back in fear at the sight of this man. “Oh sir, please do not hurt me.”

The man laughed and replied, "Why would I want to harm a pretty maid such as yourself? What is your name?"

Sarah hesitated, hoping her mother would come to her rescue; she was still frightened by this man.

"It is Sarah, sir."

"And what a fine name for one as beautiful as you. Why would you be wandering through this forest?"

"My mother and I seek work, kind sir," Sarah said, not wishing to disclose the real purpose of their journey.

"Do you indeed? Pray tell, what kind of work that would be?"

"We would work as serving maids, sir."

The man looked at her hands. These were not hands of a serving maid, so refined and smooth. He said not a word of his thoughts.

Lady Eleanor looked back from where she stood at the stream holding the reins of the horses as they drunk from the stream. She saw Sarah in earnest conversation with a young man. Maybe her daughter was in danger so she silently crept back to overhear what they were talking about.

The young man informed Sarah that he was willing to guide her and her mother through the forest and protect them. "There are many rogues and vagabonds within this forest who would not only rob you but take advantage of such a pretty woman as yourself."

Lady Eleanor who had been listening nearby, exposed herself. "Are there, sir? We will accept your kind offer to guard us on our way. But my daughter has

been rightly cautious; our true purpose is to seek out one Robert and his brave band of outlaws."

"Is it indeed? Many have tried and failed. What is your purpose for such a thing, mistress?"

"I am afraid I cannot divulge that purpose. Only Robert himself will learn that, sir."

"I see. You do know that consulting with Robert means death if the authorities hear of it? Even my own life could be in danger, however I will lead you as near I can to his hideout."

"I thank you, sir, but how come you know of his whereabouts?"

"Trust me, mistress, I have my connections."

Lady Eleanor was rather taken with this strong and muscular young man and did trust him. Both Lady Eleanor and Sarah now mounted their horses. The young man got on his own horse which was hidden in the forest not far from the tree from which he first spied on Eleanor and Sarah.

He led at a slow pace with Eleanor and Sarah side-by-side behind. Eleanor observed that the young man seemed to know where he was going to.

CHAPTER SIX: ROBERT'S DEN

The party made their way through the forest on a well-trodden path; pleasant conversation passed among both women and the young man. Sarah was taken by the dashing figure of this young man, how strong and virile he looked. She blushed as thoughts formed in her mind as to how nice it would be to be held in his arms. Were these the thoughts of a woman

falling in love with this man? Lady Eleanor smiled; was not her Sarah becoming a woman who had attracted the attention of this handsome and muscular young man. It had been all worth what Megan had done to feminine her would-be daughter.

The party was being watched for high above. In the trees, men in their clothes of green saw every movement the party made. No action was taken at that time, however one man wrote something on parchment, tied it to an arrow, placed it on his bow, pulled it back, then let go. The arrow silently flew through the air till it struck a tree hundreds of yards ahead.

Another bowman took the arrow and again it flew through the air a few hundred yards causing the presence of the party to become known to this band of men in the forest. After some hours of travel, the party came to rest by a running stream. Lady Eleanor shared their lunch with the young man of whom no one asked his name. Lady Eleanor watched with interest as her daughter pleasantly talked with this young man and how Sarah's eyes sparkled in his presence. Lady Eleanor thought he was every "*maiden's prayer*." Sarah was becoming a beautiful woman and attracting the attention of the young man. This Lady Eleanor wanted; it was the fulfilment of all the work Megan had put in on Sarah. After a rest, the party continued their journey.

"Tell me, kind sir, how much further do we have to go," enquired Lady Eleanor after an hour since they had eaten.

"Oh, about another hour I would think, mistress," was the reply.

They had gone several hundred yards since that question when from out of a bush jumped some of the members of the band that had been watching them

travel through the forest. "Stop, I say!" A tall and brawny giant of a man stood there with a threatening appearance and bow and arrow in his hand. The sight of this man had both women in fear; not, however, the young man in front of them.

"So the bold Ewan McGregor has taken to frighten pretty women and maids who could never match his strength. Shame on you, Ewan," laughed the young man.

"You should know Ewan McGregor would never harm a hair on the head of any pretty woman such as these, you rascal Robert. I see you still have an eye for a pretty maid. Tell me who these women may be."

Lady Eleanor then spoke. "Are you Robert, son of Nickolas of Surrey, by any chance?"

Ewan answered for him, "Aye, that be he. Tell me, mistress, who do you be?"

"I am Lady Eleanor, wife of Lord James of Doune. This is my daughter, Lady Sarah."

"Then you are indeed with friends, Lady Eleanor. I remember my times as a boy with my father at the Castle Doune. Those were happy days," replied the young man. Then looking at Sarah, he said, "I also remember how pleasant it was as children playing with the Lady Sarah. Both of you women must partake of my hospitality tonight. Then on the morrow we can discuss that for which you have come here for."

"My daughter and I thank you for your kind offer, Robert and accepted it with pleasure. We will be pleased to meet your entire band of men."

Eleanor looked at Robert. Yes, there were certain features in that face that, if she looked hard enough, reminded her of the young boy he was. She also remem-

bered that as children, he and Sarah had been promised to each other in marriage. Could that still be possible, she wondered. Why not, Sarah was moulding into the role of a woman, the maleness of Cuthbert now completely gone. She would do everything in her power to aim for such a goal between both.

As all these thoughts passed through Eleanor's mind, Robert said to Ewan, "Go ahead and tell Maggie of our coming and to prepare a feast fit for these ladies."

Ewan was only too pleased to pass such a message to Maggie for once again he could see his lady love.

At Robert's den, a big bony woman wearing a long white apron stood over a large pot, stirring soup. This was an open air kitchen and it was clear she was in charge.

"William, not so fast with that spit. Go slower, I want them rabbits well done."

The man in question was turning a spit over a fire with a number of rabbits on the spit. "Very well, Maggie, you're the cook and in charge," he answered.

The large woman carried on stirring the soup with a wooden spoon, occasionally taking a sip from the spoon. "That needs some seasoning," she said to the man turning the spit. Putting her hand in a jar beside her, she pulled out and sprinkled leaves of some sort into the pot. She tasted the soup again. "That's better," she said. Leaving the soup to simmer, she went to inspect other pots on the roasting fire; these contained vegetables of many kinds. Maggie was fully involved

in her work; she had not noticed that Ewan had arrived and tied his horse up. He was now quietly creeping up behind her as she bent down to taste the soup and vegetables.

A hearty slap on her rear quarters by Ewan broke her concentration. "You can stop that at once, Ewan McGregor. Can't you see I have work to do here? Any more of that and you'll not be sharing my bed tonight."

Ewan laughed. "My, Maggie, what a big behind you have, just the thing a man likes to get his hands on." Ewan, having been distracted by the large behind of Maggie, now remembered why he had come here in the first place. "We are having two extra for the meal tonight, love of my life."

"Are we indeed why? Was I not told sooner? You have upset my plans. Two extra to cook! How do you expect me to cope?"

"Don't blame me, Maggie. If it is anyone to blame, it is Robert. He has met two ladies of high blood in his travels and they are coming here. Now is the night you can pretty yourself up and be a lady yourself like them." Ewan left; he knew Maggie was not one to meddle with when she was deeply involved in her work.

Maggie's thoughts turned to the coming meal tonight. Since she came here in the midst of Robert and his band, she had never had female company. Tonight she would really pretty herself up. She had beautiful skirts and dresses which she hardly ever wore but tonight she would be competing with other women to show herself off. She had Ewan to thank for her wardrobe of fine dresses and expensive jewellery; after hold-ups in the forest of aristocrats coaches, if their trunks contained woman's clothes he would take such

for her along with the necklaces and bangles and earrings of any woman within the coach.

Ewan always said she deserved them; she was as much part of the band as the men on these raids. Maggie knew Ewan adored her and was happy with that thought, even if she did scold him at times. Robert made sure the the loot from these raids was evenly distributed among the men, and also that a certain percentage was taken to villages that were being heavily taxed by the treacherous Lord Angus.

An hour or so after Maggie was told of the two extra guests for supper, Robert arrived with his band. He took Lady Eleanor to the caves where the band of outlaws lived and slept. "Put your saddle bags and things here for now. We will go and see Maggie about making a place for you to sleep tonight."

Lady Eleanor was a bit taken back when she heard the name Maggie. She had not thought a woman would be amongst this band of men but said nothing.

Robert then led them to the open air kitchen where Eleanor saw a big boned woman hard at work over various pots and pans. Robert interrupted Maggie. "Maggie, I would like you to meet Lady Eleanor of Doune and her daughter Lady Sarah."

Maggie stopped her work and did a deep curtsy. "If I can be of any service, your ladyship, please ask."

Lady Eleanor looked at the big, bony, friendly woman before her. "There is no need to curtsy and all that nonsense and drop the 'Lady.'" We are just women, aren't we, Maggie?"

"Yes of course, Eleanor, women." Maggie was taken by the friendly attitude Lady Eleanor had towards her,

unlike some of the aristocrats she knew who were snobs.

"Maggie," said Robert, "I will leave it in your hands as to where the ladies Eleanor and Sarah will sleep to-night."

"I will put them in a sheltered part of the cave near me. After all, we women must stay together. Now you must excuse me while I cook the meal."

Eleanor and Sarah made their way back into the cave and talked amongst themselves. "She is a funny one, that Maggie. I wonder how she came here," Lady Eleanor said to her daughter.

"Yes Mother, I wonder too."

After some time, Maggie appeared. "Eleanor and Sarah, I think it would be better if we women were together. If you bring your things here to the back, there is a lot more privacy."

At the back was a recess in the cave which was where Eleanor would be; a curtain put in front so no one could see within.

"Now, Sarah my dear, I think this space beside my own bed would be nice. We will put a blanket between us and make it into two lovely rooms." Maggie had some of the men fix a heavy sheet there and a bed of many lamb skins was made up. "Supper will be ready soon so I would pretty yourselves up, dear."

Sarah made her way to her mother's part of the cave. "Ah, there you are, Sarah. We must look our best for supper tonight. I have sorted out a fine skirt for you to wear," said Lady Eleanor. "But first you must be prettied up. Sit down and I will apply your makeup."

Sarah sat before her mother who skilfully went to work on her face with the makeup from Megan. The rouged cheeks and reddened lips looked begging to be kissed and Lady Eleanor hoped they would be by the handsome Robert. She now put some of her own jewelry on her daughter; an emerald necklace and gold bangle went round a wrist. A dress was taken out from one of the saddle bags and placed on Sarah. Her daughter looked more than beautiful enough to capture the heart of any man but there was only one man Eleanor hoped for and that was Robert.

Meanwhile Maggie was sitting in front of a mirror on a table full with many items of makeup, applying them to her face. The art of makeup had taken her a long time to learn for many reasons. She had the opportunity to show herself off among women who no doubt were also prettying themselves for the benefit of men. She now had the chance to wear some of the many beautiful frocks she had acquired from Ewan over the period she had been with Robert and his band of outlaws. Unlocking a trunk, she withdrew a number of frocks made of silks and satins and started to hold them one at a time against her body. Did this one or that one look nice? It was so difficult to decide, She finally settled on a long blue satin dress that felt so nice against her body. She was sure Ewan would approve of the dress. He was the man she loved even if she had been a bit offhand with him this afternoon when he treated her like any of the ladies who had come here today.

All was ready for supper. The band of outlaws had never seen so many pretty ladies within their numbers before: Eleanor and Sarah and their own beautiful Maggie. Before eating Robert clinked his glass for attention and spoke. "Men, I want to introduce the La-

dies Eleanor and Sarah. They have come a long distance for serious talks with us. I hope you will all make them welcome and share our hospitality with them. In the morning, we will all hold council. Till then, let the festivities begin. I give a toast to friendship and the beautiful ladies I see before me."

Glasses were raised and clinked and wine, ale or mead consumed, then the meal began. Maggie had made vegetable soup to be followed by the rabbits and freshly-caught trout from the nearby river, followed by a dessert of wild strawberry and blackberry, all consumed with wine and ale. Maybe the amount of alcohol that Robert had drunk made him bolder; he placed an arm round Sarah who blushed but did not attempt to remove it. Lady Eleanor saw with pleasure her daughter being held by Robert. No attempt at protest came from her of such behaviour. It was clear after the meal and the wine were consumed that the Ladies Eleanor and Sarah were feeling the effects of the alcohol. Sarah had never consumed strong drink before. Lady Eleanor had but too much always had her like this.

"A song of jollity, minstrel!" said Robert.

"Yes Will, let's hear that harp," chorused the band of men.

Will, the one who had helped Maggie that day in the kitchen, produced a harp and proceeded to sing many ballads after which Robert asked, "Can any of you ladies sing?"

Lady Eleanor, who had consumed a considerable amount of alcohol, stood up. "Yes Robert, I can sing you a song."

"Very well, Lady Eleanor, let us hear it."

She turned to Will. "Do you know 'A lover and his lass'?"

"Very well, Lady Eleanor, that I do."

"Then begin and I shall follow."

The ballad began, Eleanor started to sing "It was a lover and his lass with a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no." And so it went on and on, verse after verse, each verse getting more obscene than the last one. Lady Sarah was blushing. Wherever did Mother learn such words? If the truth be told, it was when she was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen for did not Queen Margarita teach her and Lady Megan these words. Lady Eleanor walked freely round the robber band, singing the obscene words to many belly laughs from the men. Then she walked over to her daughter who sat beside Robert, took her hand and his and placed them in each other's. Robert, not one to miss this chance, placed his other arm round Sarah's waist. Eleanor, looking at her daughter and Robert, continued singing the most obscene verse in the ballad.

"Oh and don't we ladies like our lovers to raise our skirts

And feel our inner most parts caressed by the skilful lover?

That is what every lady craves and longs for and so it may ever be so."

Lady Eleanor looked at her son dressed in woman's clothes and Robert, then stopped singing, realising she had perhaps made a fool of herself.

"You must forgive me, Robert. I have to lie down. I feel so dizzy."

“But of course, Lady Eleanor. You will need a clear head for our discussions in the morning.”

“I too must retire and I apologise for my mother. I think your hospitality has gone to my head. Please pardon my absence,” said Sarah.

“I am pained that you have to leave my company, Lady Sarah. I will be broken-hearted till your return. I shall count every second till my eyes behold your beauty once more.”

Sarah was overcome by such a passionate speech. It was evidence of Robert’s affection for her. As she left the festive table, she gave Robert a kiss on the cheeks. Lady Eleanor smiled, greatly pleased with her daughter’s response to the gallant Robert. Things seemed to be working out nicely between these two lovebirds, thought Eleanor. ‘He will make a good son-in-law and is just the man for Sarah even if she was originally of the same sex!’

Lady Sarah was quietly resting on her bed when she heard the sound of giggles coming from the other side of the blanket that separated her from where Maggie slept.

Sarah crept silently to where a chink in the blanket appeared and spied on all that was before her. Maggie and Ewan were entwined together and passionately kissing each other. Sarah, never having seen two people make love before, was more than interested in all they did.

“You’re beautiful,” exclaimed Ewan.

Maggie stopped giggling for a moment, deep in thought. Such a remark pleased her of course but she had her doubts. “Am I really beautiful, Ewan?”

“How could you even think otherwise. Of course you are, you’re a bonnie woman and the love of my life.”

“You are so romantic, Ewan and you make me glad I am a woman. Kiss me again.”

Ewan needed no second request and soon both were embracing; this time, Ewan had a hand up Maggie’s skirt and unlike this afternoon, his advances were not repelled but welcomed by Maggie. “You know you want it, sweetheart,” whispered Ewan. By now Ewan had pushed Maggie flat on to her stomach. His hands were pulling the blue satin frock she wore upwards. It made a rustling noise as it rode up her buttocks to expose the pure white globes of her backside. The strong and rough-skinned hands of Ewan pulled aside the twin cheeks of Maggie’s arse to reveal the light of day to her innermost parts. From the tenting out of the erection in his pants, it was clear as to where things were going.

The erection was slowly eased into the gaping entrance, much to the pleasure of Maggie. She could feel the hardness of Ewan’s member inside her. It plunged to the very depth of her innards, giving Maggie much joy. She knew there was better pleasure for her if she elevated her rear end higher from the bed. Then she could receive every small part of the monstrously long member that Ewan had to give physical pleasure and gratification to her.

Sarah watched as Maggie rose off the bed. She quickly had to put a hand over her mouth for there, unmistakably projecting from Maggie, was a penis, and erect at that. Sarah now watched very intensely at what was taking place.

Ewan's hand now sought that erection as his moving body pumped wildly into Maggie. Having found it, the hand moved up and down her hardness, much to her delight. She was delirious with pleasure and held her body tightly against Ewan. Words of endearment and affection poured out of Maggie. "My beloved Ewan, I love you so much. Make love to me again and again."

By this time, Ewan had shown his love for Maggie; pearly white drops ejected from not only his member but Maggie's as well. One could see from the expression on Maggie's face she was well pleased as her arched body collapsed onto the bed again.

'So,' thought Sarah, 'she is a he like me.' The thought occurred to her that the only way she could make love with any man was, as Maggie had done, in her derriere. But to Sarah, there was only one man she would wish to occupy that part of her body and that was Robert. Her thoughts had turned to wondering if he would reject her if he knew her original sex. She knew Megan had done everything possible in every way to make her as near as she could to be a woman, but would that be enough?

Sarah watched the amorous pair till their devotions to each other stopped and sleep overtook them. Then she could rest and sleep also. The morning found Sarah up bright and early to see if any sexual couplings would take place between the amorous pair. She was disappointed as only Maggie occupied the bed; Ewan was gone. Sarah started to dress herself and made to where her mother slept.

Shaking her mother who was slowly becoming awake, she said, "Mother?"

"Yes, my daughter?" answered Lady Eleanor.

“You were right about Maggie being a funny woman, Mother.”

“What do you mean, Sarah?”

“She is not a woman at all and is a man.” Sarah then went on to describe the details of the night to her mother.

“I see, however you must treat her as a woman if it is her desire to live that life as you are doing the same. And if Ewan sees her as a woman, then so be it. They must be respected as a loving couple, understand, daughter?”

“Yes Mother, I rather like Maggie.” No more was said on that subject but Sarah was still curious as to how Maggie came to wear woman’s clothes.

“Now daughter, it is time we prepared ourselves for our meeting with Robert and his band. You will pretty yourself up. I will put some rouge on you and the prettiest of skirts for you must look at your best for Robert, darling,” said Lady Eleanor.

“Yes, of course, Mother,” replied Sarah.

“But how can you face him after what you sang last night?” said her daughter.

“Whatever do you mean, Sarah?”

“Well, that song, ‘A lover and his lass,’ Mother.”

“Oh dear, did I really sing that? I really must have had too much to drink if I sung that. I can’t remember.”

“Wherever did you learn such bawdy words and what did Father say when you sang them?”

“It was the Queen who taught then to me at court but I never sung that song before your father. Do not condemn me, Sarah, for those was wonderful times at

court with the Queen and Lady Megan. When out hunting with the Queen, we would merrily sing such songs and laugh." No more was said.

After a good breakfast, Robert invited both women to the council that was to be held between him and his second-in-command, Ewan. A table had been all set out in the cave for such.

"Before we begin, I have distressing news, Lady Eleanor. As was expected, Lord Angus and his army are already outside the walls of Castle Doune and a siege has started."

"How do you know of this, Robert?"

"Trust me, Lady Eleanor, I have my spies."

"Do you know how my husband is fairing? Is he still alive?" a worried Lady Eleanor asked.

"Yes, how is Father," an equally worried Sarah asked.

Robert put a protective arm round Sarah shoulders "I am sure your father is safe, Sarah, along with all who came to the castle and everyone who lives within."

Lady Eleanor chimed in here. "That was one of the reasons we came here, Robert, to see if you could do anything to help my husband and the poor people who have come to the castle. Can you do anything to help us, Robert?"

"If I could, Lady Eleanor, I would but the situation is that the Lord Angus fears me here in the forest as he very well knows I can pick his henchmen off if they enter the forest. Outside the forest, he outnumbers me and at present we are no match to his forces. I am so sorry but that is how the situation is."

“Well, at least you are honest with me, Robert. I am not sure where I can go from here.”

“The first thing I would say, Lady Eleanor, is that you and Sarah must leave here and seek sanctuary with the Mother Superior at the nunnery of St Margaret’s. For it is certain that if Angus succeeds in capturing the Castle Doune, he will seek out you and Sarah and who knows what he will do to you. However he dare not touch you when you are under the protection of the Holy Mother. To do so would court disaster with the lords who have sworn allegiance to him but more importantly, the wrath of the church would be turned against him.”

“Then we must do as you say, Robert, for while we are alive there must be hope of overthrowing the tyrant,” said Eleanor.

“Exactly, that is why I want you at the nunnery. Then we could perhaps rally the people against Angus if it is known that some of your family is still alive. I would suggest that you and Sarah leave for the holy mother at the nunnery in a day or so after a rest.”

“Yes, of course, Robert, you are a wise man and I have every faith that you can raise a force against the evil tyrant and overthrow him for the good of all our people.”

The council broke up as Robert and Ewan took many of their men for archery practice, for their skills need always be sharp when required.

As for Sarah, she would seek out Maggie because of the events she had witnessed last night; she wanted to talk with her. Maggie was not hard to find for she was busy in the kitchen preparing the meal that all would have tonight.

“Oh hello, Lady Sarah. Can I be of any help to you this fine day?”

“Yes, I first of all, I have to confess I invaded your privacy last night for which I sincerely apologise. I saw all that took place between you and Ewan.”

Maggie’s face was turning a deep red with embarrassment. She didn’t know where to look.

“What you and Ewan do together is none of my business, but you are a man aren’t you, Maggie?”

“Yes, I have to hold up my hands and admit it. Please do forgive me for my behaviour and my appearance of masquerade as a woman.”

“What is there to forgive for you are not the only man here who dresses in women’s clothes,” said Sarah.

“What do you mean, Lady Sarah?”

“I also am a man in women’s clothes but I feel nothing like a man and have had certain changes to my body. I now feel so feminine and would never want to be a man again, Maggie.”

“I cannot believe that such a pretty maid as you is of the male sex. It is impossible. How can it be?”

“I will reveal all to you presently but I am most curious to know how you came to be in female clothes. Please, would you tell me, Maggie?”

CHAPTER SEVEN: MAGGIE’S TALE

Maggie began her tale of how she wore women’s clothes. “It began many years earlier when the Lord Angus had overthrown the noble Lord Nickolas, took his lands and put the poor people into slavery. In an effort to strengthen his army, he sent out many of his

henchmen to villages to round up men and pressgang them into his army as he was about to attack a number of lands surrounding those which he had already captured. So it was that news spread that a contingent of his men were seen coming to our village to take and force many of us into his army. Maggie, who was my beautiful and faithful wife, said that I must hide myself so that Angus men could not get their hands on me.

“How?” said I.

“Quickly, up into the loft,” said she. A ladder was found and I climbed up into the loft. Maggie hid the ladder and locked our house door.

“Not long after this, the gruff and loud voices of Angus’ henchmen could be heard as they made their way through the village. To our house they came, shouting loudly to let them in. The locked door stopped them but not for long. Soon they had it kicked in; three vicious-looking men entered and demanded to know from Maggie where her husband was. Maggie told them he was gone to another village to seek work. They did not believe her and threw her aside and proceeded to search the house. They, of course, found nothing. I watched from found an aperture in that loft thatching and saw all.

“Then one of their number looked at my wife. ‘Isn’t she a pretty one? Well, our day won’t be wasted. Let’s have her lads, hold her down.’

“Maggie seeing their lust for her, made to run away but they were too quick and soon were holding her to the floor. ‘Hold her tightly,’ said one as her legs were pulled apart. Her skirt rose while he loosened his clothes and an erect member appeared. Maggie fought bravely, trying to wrestle her body from side to side and spitting at them. But she could do nothing as the

member of the man severely penetrated her womanly parts with much grunting from him. He came very soon. When finished, he pulled a limp member out and his place taken by the next man till all three had raped my wife. I was a coward. I should have been there for Maggie but I stayed in that attic in fear.

“What happened next I shall remember to my dying day as the three of them had their wicked ways as Maggie lay there on the floor, sobbing. One of them withdrew his sword and ran it through Maggie. ‘Let that be a lesson to all that we men of the Lord Angus will not be meddled with. In the future, villagers like these will be more accommodating to us.’ Then all three of the thugs left, with Maggie there dying on the floor.

“As soon as they were gone, I jumped out of the attic although it had taken a tall ladder to get in there in the first place, and quickly made for my wife. Maggie lay there dying in my loving arms. I was distraught that I had let my wife down. I was not a man. I could never call myself one any longer, I was a coward. I wept over the dead body of my wife. We were so happy together, I had to do something to avenge her death and get at the vile and evil Angus. But what?

“It was then I decided that, as I no longer considered myself a man, I could only be a woman and do woman’s work. Then it came to me; I was a good cook so that was what I must be. My male life had to be forgotten forever. It was strange the first time I put on my wife’s clothes; they were somewhat tight on my body as Maggie was smaller than me but with a struggle I did manage to get into them. It had to be Maggie’s clothes as at that time they were the only woman’s clothes available to me. But as you saw last night, I was

to find other woman's clothes. We shall come to that soon. Having put on Maggie's clothes, what would I do next? Revenge I wanted against the evil Angus but how could I accomplish that in a woman's skirts?

"Then I realised that there was only one brave force fighting against Angus: Robert and his band of outlaws. I must seek and find him and join up with him. But what had I to offer him as a woman? I could be the cook to all of them. I was of the opinion they were not eating the right food; they needed meals of the right sort to strengthen their bodies and I was the woman who could do supply them. But how was I to find him in that large forest with wild animals, vagabonds, and rogues who would not hesitate to violate me and rape me, for how were they to know I was a man in these woman's clothes? Nevertheless, I would proceed to go into that forest and try to find him in my wife's skirts. So after a day's rest, I made my way to the forest of Doune but how would I attract his attention? It was stupid as I reflect now but I shouted his name over and over. It could well have attracted the people I did not want to see me, the rogues and vagabonds. For two days I did this, between sleeping rough in the forest under trees and bushes. Then on the third day, as I wandered past a bush, a large red haired man jumped out in front of me and yelled for me to stop. 'This is it,' I thought, 'I'm going to be robbed and even perhaps raped.'

A fly on the wall at the time would have observed the conversation proceed thusly:

"And whither may you be going, mistress?"

"Oh sir, I seek Robert and his band of outlaws."

"Do you indeed, and why would you wish to meet such a scurvy lot as these?"

“Sir, I wish to cook for these brave men and help them in their fight against the evil Lord Angus.”



“Do you? What be your name, woman?”

“Maggie, sir,” for that was the first name that came into his head, his wife’s.

“Maggie is it? Well I know Robert very well I could easily take you to him but how do I know this is not some plot of Lord Angus to kill Robert?”

“Sir, I have no such intentions and after you hear my story, you will understand why.”

“I see. Maggie, you look an honest woman. I will take you there, however if you make any move to kill Robert, this shall be plunged through your heart.” So saying, this giant of a man withdrew a large dagger from a scabbard round his waist and held it threatening at our protagonist’s throat.

“I will now put a blindfold round your eyes so that you cannot see where I take you. I will hold your hand. Do not worry, Ewan will not hurt or harm you, Maggie.”

So saying, the blindfold was placed on his eyes and soon Ewan and he were walking through the forest, hand in hand. A few times, he stumbled but the strong hands of Ewan soon steadied him. They walked for over an hour, then Ewan said, “We are here,” and took the blindfold off.

They was in the mist of the outlaws and in the centre stood a tall and strong, handsome-looking young man.

“And what have you here, Ewan?” he said.

“A woman who says she wants to join our band, Robert.”

“Does she indeed. And why would that be, mistress?”

“Sir, let me tell you in private of my story. I want to help you in any way I can.”

“I think we can trust her, Robert. I have faith in her, however post guards at the exits while we go into the cave and talk with this woman,” said Ewan.

Maggie told his whole story to Robert and Ewan, that he was a man and wanted to cook for Robert and the brave band of men with him.

“Yes, like Ewan, I believe you and your reasons for dressing in women’s clothes. We fight for freedom and that includes freedom to express your desire to dress in women’s clothes. We approve of that and will tell our men of such a desire. Any man making a fool of you will be severely dealt with. We welcome you, Maggie, to our happy band.”

Maggie was so happy to be amongst the men who were fighting the evil Lord Angus and freedom for all. Now that she was in charge of the cooking, Maggie made changes to what was being cooked a more healthy diet. She arranged fresh eggs; they had a hen house built for such. They cultivated a patch to grow vegetables; as for meat, there was plenty of deer for venison and streams with trout. The men soon became fitter. Maggie did feel she was becoming part of the outlaws, more so when Ewan praised her on her cooking.

“Maggie,” he said to her one day, “you know that when we rob some rich lord who may pass through this forest, we give so much of the booty to the poor and needy and keep a small amount for ourselves to live on. I feel as you are part of us now; you should get your fair share for what you do.”

“Oh Ewan, I am so happy to be here and help this band against that tyrant Angus. I need for nothing.”

“Nevertheless, you shall have your reward. Turn round,” said Ewan.

She did as he said, then he clipped a very beautiful diamond necklace round her neck.

“I am not worthy of such a thing, Ewan,” Maggie said.

“You are indeed, lassie,” he said, then turned her round and planted a kiss upon her mouth. Oh, how she blushed, never having been kissed by a man before. Then he confessed he had fallen in love with her ever since he first set eyes on her that first day. It mattered not of which sex she had first been. He saw her as a woman and to him, that was all that mattered.

Maggie did not know what to say but she was so happy that she had been accepted as a woman that, with impulse, she kissed him back. Ewan always gave her little gifts from various raids on the coaches of rich lords and ladies who passed through the forest such as rings, bangles, necklaces and earrings. He made Maggie feel like a woman and how she wanted to be as much like one as she possibly could. She had my ears pierced. She did it herself; it was painful but she was doing it for Ewan. Then there was the makeup and perfume that Ewan took from the ladies. Maggie persevered and by trial and error, eventually became perfect with the makeup. What a woman will do for the man she loves. Yes, she had fallen in love with that big redheaded giant of a man.

Ewan gave her dresses and skirts and ladies shoes and lovely silk stockings which were held up with garters you saw some of the clothes last night Sarah. Mag-

gie at last found dresses that were not tight on her body and fitted her perfectly but she only wore these lovely clothes on special occasions. Ewan gave her much love and attention and never asked for anything. Maggie felt she had to reward him by giving my body to him and she wanted to.

On the night she was to be deflowered, she prettied myself up and put on the finest dress she could find, a hard choice to make as over time, Ewan had presented her with many. She finally settled on a lovely red crimson plain satin dress and wore a set of hanging chandelier diamond earrings that went well with the first diamond necklace Ewan gave her. When Ewan saw her that night at dinner, he remarked how beautiful she looked. She was thrilled and overcome with love for him.

“Darling,” Maggie whispered, “come to my bed tonight and make me your woman in every way. I shall be waiting.”

Ewan squeezed her hand, “Yes, my darling Maggie. I have always desired you but was afraid I would offend you. I will be a happy man to take your body and make love to you tonight.”

A wonderful night of love was to follow as she lay in Ewan’s arms and he took the virginity of her anus. Maggie would always remember it. Ewan and she slept together every night from that point on but they did not always have sex; he was sometimes tired and Maggie was as well with her work in the kitchen, but when they were both fit, the lovemaking was fantastic.

Having told her story, Maggie wanted to hear Sarah’s.

Sarah proceeded to tell all about herself, how she became a woman and the work Megan had done on her.

"Then it is just as well that Robert has told you and your mother to go to the nunnery at St Margaret's to seek sanctuary. Angus will certainly kill you if he finds that you are really Cuthbert," said Maggie.

"You have breasts, Sarah, real breasts. Let me see them, please," said Maggie, changing the subject.

"I shall, Maggie." Sarah was unbuttoning the top of her dress to expose her breasts.

"They're wonderful, Sarah. Oh, how I wish I could have breasts like that. What I would give for them and let Ewan feel them. I would feel more like a woman when Ewan had them in his hands. But there is one other thing I desire more than breasts but it is impossible, I know, to have a child by Ewan"

"Maybe I can help you, Maggie, not with the child but breasts." Sarah liked the older woman.

"Can you? I would be ever so grateful, but how?"

"Well you see, when Megan did these changes to my body, she gave me two jars of the ointment to rub on my breasts every day. You can have one of them. However, there is no guarantee that anything will happen. Your body may react differently than mine but you are more than welcome to try it."

In a way, Maggie was somewhat afraid of Megan. They said she was a witch although whenever she had visited the den, Megan had never done her any harm. Megan came with medicines, ointments, and potions to give to any wounded man in the band of outlaws. These things worked as many a man recovered. Maybe Sarah was under some spell from Megan; this ointment

worked for Sarah but would it for her? Maybe it would kill her. But Maggie was willing to take the chance to have the breasts she desired for Ewan to feel.

CHAPTER EIGHT: TALES OF WITCHES

Maggie believed the stories of Megan being a witch. It was said she was the High Priestess of a coven of witches; there was great rivalry for that title and she had been elected by the coven as such. She and others would meet at times during the month other than the full moon, for that was the time they had sexual intercourse with the devil, dancing naked anticlockwise during which the witches would place leaves of flowers varies herbs with liquids into a caldron, boil them and watch them bubble. Once that was done, they would drink the foul-smelling concoction which acted like an aphrodisiac. They were also immune to pain from when the devil inserted his long stiff penis covered with spikes into their various openings; some people said the concoction made them invisible. It was said Megan, as High Priestess, had the right to search the naked body of each woman in the coven for the devil's mark which could be anywhere on the woman. She would kiss each part of that woman as she went along. When the mark was found, the rest of the coven would passionately kiss the spot. Megan's spot was between her right shoulder blades, she said she had had a bad fall as a girl and a scar was left there. Then Megan, who was also called the Devil Disciple, would give a sermon praising the Lord of Darkness, then lead the coven in chants and devotions to the Lord of Darkness, after which they would fornicate with each other. This all

had to be conducted in secrecy as any woman caught in a sexual embrace with someone of the same sex was condemned as a witch and both would be burned at the stake.

Among other ceremonies conducted by the coven was that of making images or dolls of persons whom they regarded as enemies of the devil and would stick pins into it. Many a person had died a most agonising death for some unknown reason. Another ceremony was that of paying homage to one of their number who was pregnant, for it was considered that she had conceived the devil's child. As it happened, two women of the coven were pregnant.

The ceremony consisted of the pregnant woman standing in the middle of the coven, naked. As she was danced around by the others, each woman in the coven in turn would kneel before the woman, put their hands round her and gently kiss the swollen stomach, saying she had been honoured by their Lord and Master to continue his line of disciples. It was the desire of every woman to conceive the devil's child. When the child was born, it had to be taken to the devil to receive his blessing as his child. Then the Lord of Darkness gave instructions to the coven that the child must be taught the Black Arts by each witch. If the child was a girl, no man must touch her and when she reached the age of consent, she must be brought to him to be initiated into his evil rites. None of the women in the coven had ever been with a man in their entire life. The Lord of Darkness was not a man but of a higher state than that; no man was his equal to the witches of the coven.

Megan, as High Priestess, had the right to be the first of the witches to have her openings invaded by the devil's member. When all thirteen had fornicated with

Satan, she again would be taken by him last. Some said they had seen her on a full moon naked, dancing with and leading other witches in their coven of thirteen in the forest. They were said to dance anticlockwise round their master, the devil himself, who was said to be half-man and half-goat, the top half being man with hands like claws and the bottom half goat with hairy legs, cloven hooved with an enormous penis that stayed hard and erect all the time. The observers were, of course, hidden for to be caught meant death most horrible. It was with fear they watched the scene being played out before them.

There was an altar covered with a cloth of black satin. The devil stood on it. There was an inverted cross on top of it. The devil would descend from the altar, grab some shrieking, wildly dancing witch, place her on top of the inverted cross, then climb back on to the altar and insert his hard spiked penis into her vagina. At the same time he would ask, "Who is your master."

The witch would reply, "You are, my lord." Then both would fornicate.

When the devil had finished in the witch's vagina, he would push her over on to her stomach and take her in her anus till eventually she fell, exhausted, off the altar. He, however, certainly was not exhausted. The witch had been taken in her vagina, anus, and mouth by Satan. Each of the witches uttered unspeakable blasphemies as the devil thrust his long thick and hard spiky penis into the very depths of each of them in turn. No pain was felt by the witches in their hypnotised state. As the devil had his way with her, the witch below him would buckle, wiggle, and gyrate her body in ecstasy with a faraway look in her eyes. The devil would rip his clawed hands into the flesh of their backs

and buttocks; in her altered state, the witch would feel nothing. The altar and inverted cross had become stained with the free-flowing blood of the witches. The scars left on their bodies was dangerous for any woman found with such a scar on any part of her body would be condemned as a witch. These markings or scars were said to be the mark of the devil and constituted proof that the woman had fornicated with Satan himself. To be convicted as a witch meant the most horrible torture till the poor woman confessed. She would then be burned at the stake. Many a poor innocent woman lost her life because of having scars or markings on her body said to be the devil's.

Then Satan would take another witch from the dancing, rowdy, cackling harridans as they chanted their devotions to the devil. He danced anticlockwise round the alter he stood on. Each of the thirteen witches was taken in turn and treated the same way.

As the devil made love with one, the other witches were making love with each other; it mattered not which made love to whom. By the time devil had finished with the thirteenth witch, he once again took the High Priestess, for she was his disciple. By that time, dawn was near; his penis was still erect and hard and his devotees were exhausted.

"Ladies, it is time to depart. You must pay homage to your lord and master before you leave."

Each of the naked witches in turn knelt before the alter where the devil sat and kissed his rock hard penis, then lifted their broomsticks and flew away till the next full moon when the coven would once more convene with the Lord of Darkness. Then they could again practice their satanic rites and worship their lord and master, SATAN. Each of the witches hoped that she would

conceive the devil's child. And so the debauched satanic orgy ended for the time.

Maggie believed such tales although she herself had never witnessed any of this. That was why she feared Megan whenever she was near, even though Megan was not what she had been told a witch looked like. To Maggie, Megan was too pretty to be one.

It was then that Sarah confessed her love for Robert and that she was worried about how Robert would react when he discovered her true sex.

"He knows what I am, Sarah, and has never said a word," said Maggie.

That reassured Sarah but not completely for she so wanted to give her body to Robert like Maggie had done with Ewan. But would the result be the same?

CHAPTER NINE: DISAPPOINTMENT

It was the night before the departure of Lady Eleanor and Sarah to the nunnery of St Margaret's to seek sanctuary. Robert had asked Maggie to put on a feast for the occasion. Sarah had prettied herself up for her beloved Robert; tonight was the night she wanted to lose her virginity. Her mother helped her dress and did her makeup for she, too, wanted Robert for her son-in-law.

It is true to say that Sarah had never looked as beautiful as she did that night; she only hoped Robert would be of that opinion.

Dinner that night was sumptuous to say the least with many courses such as venison, trout, and game pigeon pie, boar and the fruits of the forest. Sarah sat at

the top of the table next to Robert and Ewan and the love of his life, Maggie.

Maggie dug her elbow into Sarah and whispered, "You'll be all right tonight with Robert. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." She giggled, giving a glance at her own true love, Ewan.

It seemed Maggie was going to have another happy romp in bed that night, but would Sarah?

The wine once again started to flow as toasts were given. All were wishing Lady Eleanor and her pretty daughter well on their journey to the nunnery and sanctuary. It was then that Sarah felt a hand round her waist. It was Robert's. She said not a word and welcomed it.

"Sarah," Robert whispered in her ear, "please come to my bed this night. I love you so much; I want you and your beautiful body." Sarah blushed; that was what she wanted as well.

"Mother dear, I wish to talk to Robert alone before we depart on the morrow to the convent."

"I understand, daughter. You make a nice couple. After this all is over, I will arrange your marriage to Robert. Have a nice time with him." Lady Eleanor very well knew what her daughter and Robert were up to. They were young and she would do everything to encourage them. Even if she knew Sarah had once been her son, she/he was definitely made for the life of a woman.

Robert and Sarah rose from the banquet table and hand-in-hand, they made for Robert's bed. Both of them stood before Robert's bed, curtained off from the rest of the cave. Sarah was excited but knew not what to do. Robert certainly knew what to do. He was hold-

ing Sarah in his arms, cuddling and kissing her. Sarah sighed and snuggled close to him.

“Robert, my hero, my love,” she said in a soft, womanly voice, then added, “please have me now, I’m all yours.”

Robert was unbuttoning the top of her dress to expose her breasts which, while not large, were more than adequate, especially considering that a short time ago, she had none. The sight of them before Robert’s eyes inflamed his lust for them; in no time both were in his hands and he was fondling them, much to Sarah’s delight. Sarah was loving every minute of this; her breath was now coming in short pants. She could see Robert was becoming excited as well as a bulge appeared in his trousers. Those were quickly removed to expose his stiff, standing, purple-headed penis. Soon it would be inside her, Sarah thought, with desire, longing and lust.

Robert was now behind Sarah unbuttoning and undoing the rest of her dress till it fell to her feet. Robert stood there, admiring her shapely rounded buttocks, but for now that was not where he wanted to enter Sarah. He wanted to enter that hairy grotto of love at her front between her legs as she stood in front of him.

Robert quickly spun the naked Sarah round. Before going to that spot between her legs, he wanted to admire the rest of her body. He examined her beautiful serene face, her wonderful breasts and then the piece de resistance, that for which his stiff standing penis was aching to enter, her virgin vagina.

But what was this that appeared out from the thick and curly black hair between her legs? Robert rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, it definitely was a

man's penis, small, not even erect, but a penis nevertheless.



Robert was shocked. This he had not expected. His once erect penis immediately became limp and fell between his legs. Sarah was a half-man/half-woman, even more so than Maggie; she had breasts. While he accepted Maggie, what sort of witchery had Sarah been involved in? He could never have sex with such a person, he thought.

“You’re a man, Sarah, aren’t you?”

“No Robert, I am a woman and proud to be one. Can’t you see? Please make love to me. Oh please, I love you so.”

“I can never make love to a man as you are. Please leave my bed at once.”

Tears were streaming down a now distraught Sarah’s face as she sadly made her way back to her own room. She flung herself on her bed and cried her eyes out all night. Her love for Robert had been shunned. She could never love another man. What was she to do now?

The first rays of light were seen as Sarah made for her mother’s bed and woke her up. Lady Eleanor could see her daughter was upset about something. “Tell me, daughter, what ails you?”

“Oh mother, I have been rejected by my one true love, Robert, for what I still possess between my legs. I am so unhappy and disappointed. What am I to do now?”

Lady Eleanor had feared something like this might happen. She had hoped her daughter would never be hurt like this. There could be no blame on Robert’s part; he had not been prepared for such an eventuality. Lady Eleanor clasped her daughter to her breasts.

“There there, child. We must think again. You will marry Robert. Give him time, all will come right, you’ll see.”

“But Mother, after we leave here today, I may never see Robert again. I have been thinking that when we go to see the holy mother at the nunnery, I should become a nun, have a pious life, devote myself to God and become a bride of Christ for I cannot love another man again.”

Lady Eleanor said nothing; her new daughter was too young for such a thing. She had her whole life before her. No, there must be some other way. No words were spoken between Sarah and Robert that morning as they ate breakfast. Maggie noticed this and when she got Sarah alone, she asked how things had gone last night between her and Robert.

Between tears, Sarah sobbed out her sad story.

“Oh, I am so sorry to hear that, Sarah. Everything seemed to be going all right before that. I am sure things will work out between you.” Maggie hugged Sarah and gave her a kiss on the cheek; the two shemales bonded well with each other. Maggie thought herself lucky that Ewan had accepted her for what she was; she truly loved that man.

After breakfast, Sarah went for a walk beyond the den into the forest. Many things were on her mind. A walk in the clear morning air would help matters, she thought. She was not paying much attention as to where she was wandering but she had roamed into the territory of a wild boar whose sow had just given birth to a litter of piglets. The boar, being very protective of its family, would fight anything that came near to it. Its keen eyes spotted Sarah and it came out from the bushes where it had been hiding, some fifty yards in

front of Sarah. It was snorting, grunting, and pawing the ground, eyes firmly fixed on Sarah. When Sarah saw it, she screamed for she knew she was in great danger from the angry boar. She turned and ran but the boar charged. Luckily for Sarah, her cries had been heard by Ewan who quickly made to where they had come from.

Ewan immediately saw the danger, took his bow from his shoulder, an arrow from his quiver, aimed, and struck the boar just as it was about to catch Sarah. The boar fell instantly dead at Sarah's feet.

"Oh Ewan, you brave man, you have saved my live." She instantly flung her hands round him and kissed his cheek.

Ewan smiled. "Away, lassie. You know I love another but I can forgive you this once," he laughed.

"Maggie is such a lucky woman to have a brave man as you, Ewan." Sarah sighed, thinking of Robert; if only he would love her. Ewan put his strong arm round Sarah shoulders as they made their way back to the den.

It was now time to depart the outlaws' den to go to the nunnery, a journey of more than three days and a dangerous one as part of the journey would see them pass near the Lord Angus' territory. Before departing, Robert came to wish Lady Eleanor and Sarah the best of luck on their way. Sarah may be what she was but he had no animosity towards her or him, whatever he/she was. Lady Eleanor took note of this; there was still hope for her new daughter and Robert. Maggie was also there and she kissed both Sarah and her mother on the cheek.

CHAPTER TEN: THE FATEFUL JOURNEY

Lady Eleanor and Sarah were now some four hours into their journey to the nunnery and had stopped at a nearby stream for refreshment.

“We will need to stop at an inn to sleep tonight, daughter. Robert has given me instructions where to go; it is another six hours or more from here. Soon we will be leaving the forest and the protection of Robert and his band of men. We must be cautious of any persons we meet, especially men, for they will take advantage of us in the clothes we now wear.”

The clothes they wore were not the fine clothes of their high rank, as Robert had advised them not to wear such. Such clothes would attract any robbers who may see them. These clothes were those of the servants and serving maids of lords and ladies in their castles. Lady Eleanor would ask the landlord of the inn for bed and a meal, saying they would willingly work for him to pay off any money they may owe for their shelter.

As they neared the inn, Lady Eleanor said to Sarah that they must hide their horses; such lowly servants as they appeared to be could not afford horses like these. They would have to continue their journey on foot. After an hour’s walk, the inn came in sight. It was called “The Cock and Hen.”

“Leave all the talking to me, daughter.”

“Yes, Mother,” replied Sarah.

On entering the dark, dingy atmosphere of the inn, Lady Eleanor saw a fat ale-swilling man behind the bar and deduced that he must be the landlord. Going up to

him, she asked, "Oh good sir, be you the owner of this inn?"

"Yes, I be that. What can I do for you, mistress?"

"Sir, I be a poor widow woman. My daughter and I seek work, food to eat, and a bed to sleep in. We are more than willing to work hard for you, good sir."

The innkeeper looked both women up and down. He could use some hands; the older one looked nice and plump. He liked mature women. Soon he would have her in his bed but not so quick. The younger one he was sure was a virgin. He would have her as well, but after her mother. Lady Luck had surely smiled on him this very day. Two beauties were here begging for work. Work he would make them do, then afterwards, they would satisfy his lusty sexual needs.

"What be your names, mistress?"

"I am Eleanor and this is my daughter, Sarah, sir." Lady Eleanor almost referred to herself as 'Lady' but managed to hold back for she certainly did not want anyone to know their real status.

"Very well, I will hire you but you will have to share the same bed and you start work now. You, Sarah, will be a barmaid, a pretty one at that, who surely will attract customers into my inn. Your mother will be scrubbing out the floor and when she finishes that she can help you behind the bar. As for me, I can put my feet up and have a rest from this exhausting work. Get on with it," the landlord said, giving Lady Eleanor a hearty slap on her derriere. Eleanor now knew she would have to watch this randy old landlord.

Geoffrey, the fat landlord, kept both women busy; it was near midnight when their work was done for the day. "Mistress, I expect you and your daughter to be

up by six o'clock this morning to make my breakfast and those of my guests. Then you, Eleanor, will clean out the cellar while your daughter will not only help with breakfast but clean and make the beds in all the rooms in this inn. Understand, mistress?"

"Yes, good sir," answered Lady Eleanor.

So off a weary Eleanor and Sarah went to bed. They were lucky they had a room and bed for the randy old landlord had said if his inn had been full, they would have to have slept in the loft. Both women were certainly tired as Geoffrey had worked them to the bone; as soon as both women's head hit their pillows, they were out like a light.

They did not have much sleep; to make breakfast for six o'clock meant they must be up by half past five to dress, do their toilet, then go to the kitchen. Eleanor helped Sarah do her makeup and brush her hair which was becoming longer. She did look pretty, thought Lady Eleanor.

"Come, daughter, we must prepare breakfast. Keep your eyes open for that randy old sod of a landlord. His hands wander all over the place."

"Yes, Mother, I will. I watched Maggie at Robert's den and she gave me some tips on making breakfast."

"Good, daughter, then I won't need to worry as I clean out that basement. I expect it has never been cleaned for years."

Both women made for the kitchen. As Sarah made breakfast, her mother set out tables, not only for themselves but the other guests in the inn. Soon the randy old landlord joined them.

"Lovely, girls, I see you're hard at work and I must say this breakfast tastes delicious. Now Sarah, when

you have served the guests, I want you to give a hand to carry my guests' luggage to the coach which will arrive here in an hour or so. As for you, Eleanor, there is a bucket and mop to clean the cellar right. Now go, woman, go. I expect to see that cellar spotless. I will inspect it and if it is not perfect, I shall beat you with a stick. understand?"

"Yes, good sir," answered Eleanor. Lady Eleanor thought this randy old landlord was certainly going to get his money's worth out of her and her daughter. Both she and Sarah would be leaving here on the morrow but there would be not a word to that randy old sod.

Geoffrey sat, watching Sarah hard at work as he chatted to his guests at a breakfast being made by Sarah.

"Clean out the guest rooms and make their beds as soon as you have finished making breakfast. I want them spotless; if they are not, like your mother, you will receive a beating."

"Yes, sir," answered Sarah.

"That's the way to treat women," he said to some of the guests, men who all nodded their heads.

"Yes landlord, you're quite right there. Beat them, I say, the lazy good-for-nothings. That's all they're fit for," answered one man with a belly laugh which was joined in by Geoffrey. Just then, the sound of a coach was heard by all in the inn. Geoffrey the landlord made his way to the front of the inn in time to see a coach being pulled by four horses stopping at the front of the inn. The driver climbed off the top of the coach while the passengers were going to change to other coaches bound for other destinations descended.

The driver addressed Geoffrey. "I'll have a pint of your best ale at once, landlord, while you load the coach with luggage and passengers. It's thirsty work driving that coach."

"Yes, driver. Sarah, serve the driver with my best ale at once, then load the luggage onto the coach," shouted the bully Geoffrey. He was not going to do a stroke of work while he had these women to do it for him. Why should he? Soon the driver downed his ale and was ready to depart with his luggage and passengers now on the coach. The driver climbed back on top of the coach and with a shout and a crack of the whip, the coach moved off.

'Well, that's one lot away. More will arrive this afternoon. The women will be making dinner for them and they have to be here to welcome them off the coach. Yes, life is so much easier now that they are here,' thought Geoffrey. 'Now let us go and see how that Eleanor is doing in the cellar. If it is not perfect, I certainly will give her a beating. He touched the buckle of the belt that held his trousers up. He would use that for purpose of punishment.

The entrance to the cellar was a trap door behind the bar. It was already open, Eleanor being in the cellar. Geoffrey came down the steps and into the dank dusty passage that led further on to the wine cellar where he knew Eleanor would be working. The passageway was dimly lit by candles every five yards or so. The sound of scrubbing could be heard from beyond the wine cellar door. To this, Geoffrey silently crept; there before him, with her back to him, was Eleanor on her hands and knees scrubbing the cellar floor with brush and bucket beside her. Geoffrey stood silently at the wine cellar door not saying a word as he watched Eleanor in

the dim candle light scrubbing the floor. His eyes were fixated on the woman's backside as it wobbled from side to side with the motion of her scrubbing. How that excited him, God how that excited him. The motion of Eleanor's backside was giving his male member an erection. He wanted to take that woman here and now on the floor. Then he thought, 'Control yourself, Geoffrey. These women are not going anywhere fast. Tonight she will occupy your bed, then tomorrow night, you will have the young virgin one, then the next night both of them.' They were working for nothing and every night he could get between their legs and have his fill of their cunts.

But for now, he may as well have an appetiser. In the tempting position, the woman was beautifully placed to be goosed. He tip-toed to behind Eleanor's moving backside. He still stood for a few minutes, watching, fascinated by all of that movement. Then silently and slowly, he took the bottom of Eleanor's dress and raised it up her backside till her plump rounded buttocks appeared.

Eleanor could feel her dress being lifted. It was that dirty, randy, old landlord, she concluded. She moved not a muscle but let him have his fill, for now was not the time to blow their cover. She had not long to wait before he had a hand between her legs and a finger in her hairy love grotto. One finger, two, three, then four. She was trying her best not to be excited but she was. Lady Eleanor silently cursed herself; the randy old sod was working her into frenzy. What's more, she was moaning at every movement of his fingers inside her. Eleanor reluctantly deposited a white sticky mess onto Geoffrey's hand and fingers, much to the randy landlord's delight.

“You like that, Eleanor, don’t you? How long have you been a widow?”

“Five years, sir,” Eleanor told a lie as she croaked out the words, being all worked up by the quickly moving fingers inside her love hole.

“Five years, eh? Five years without cock. You must be hungering for it. But never mind; tonight you will occupy my bed and receive your fill of my cock. Isn’t that wonderful, Eleanor? No more nights without cock now. You will have it every night from now on.”

“Oh, yes sir, you are ever so kind to a poor widow woman.” Lady Eleanor had no intentions of sleeping in his bed she must as soon as possible leave this wretched inn and the randy, vile, old man with her daughter.

“That’s more like it, Eleanor. I’m sure you and I are going to get on nicely.” So saying, having one last grope between Eleanor’s legs and hairy grotto, Geoffrey rose and gave her a hearty slap on the derriere, then left Eleanor to get on with cleaning the cellar out.

Geoffrey was a happy man; just the thought of getting between Eleanor’s legs had his penis once more erect. That Eleanor had a big plump arse, the kind that he always dreamt about getting his hands on which he now had. He wasn’t so worried about the young one; although she would be nice in bed, it was the mother with that big arse that aroused him.

Having gone from the cellar, he now went upstairs to inspect the work of Sarah. She had tidily made up the first two rooms and was now cleaning out the third but the randy old sod wasn’t going to tell her that. Sa-

rah was in the middle of making up a bed when he walked into the room.

“I told you that you would receive a thrashing if your work was not up to my standards and it is not. Come here, girl, for you are about to receive the thrashing of your life.” Geoffrey was now unbuckling the leather belt round his fat waist.

Sarah was now in tears. “Oh please, sir, do not hit me. I did not mean it, oh please, please” a sobbing Sarah pleaded.

Geoffrey was going to take great delight in beating this young maid. He quickly strode across the room, grabbed Sarah by the arm and pulled her towards a chair where he sat down; in a flash she was across his knee. Sarah struggled but she was no match for the strong bully as he held her tightly down. Soon she felt her skirt being lifted and her knickers exposed before the eyes of the bully. Geoffrey’s eyes were taking in all of the wonderful sight before him. Sarah arse was not as big as her mother’s, the randy landlord concluded, but it was nice, young, fleshy and pliable meat which he would probe after he beat her.

He raised his belt and brought it smartly down on the young buttocks of Sarah not once but many times. Tears fell out of Sarah’s eyes; she had never been treated like this in her life. ‘Please let it stop,’ she prayed. It did as Geoffrey gazed on the crimson knickers of Sarah; he was mesmerised by them. This would not be the last time the virgin would receive a spanking. It aroused him, but soon she would be a virgin no more, he chuckled to himself. Now, like her mother, she was going to receive a finger up her virgin furry cunt.

'Lucky me,' he thought, 'mother and daughter in the same day.' Just as he was about to turn Sarah round to put his finger into her furry hole which would have exposed her true sex, a shout was heard from below.

"Landlord, landlord! Services at once. I say, where are you? If you don't come this very instant, I shall take great pleasure in running my sword through you."

"God, that's the Lord Angus' men! A nasty lot. Damn them for I was just enjoying myself." Geoffrey threw Sarah off his lap, quickly put his belt back on and exited the room, shouting at Sarah, "Get down there and help serve the Lord Angus' men."

The randy old landlord left the room in a hurry while Sarah rearranged her crumpled skirts, then descended down the stairway to be greeted by the rowdy bunch of Lord Angus' men. These were animals compared to Robert and the outlaws and there must have been twenty or so of them.

"Ale, landlord and food to eat. Quickly! We are hungry men; collecting taxes from these scum is not easy with this scurvy lot. Be quick about it."

"Yes sir, yes sir," a scared Geoffrey replied. "Eleanor, Eleanor," he shouted down the trap door to the cellar. He needed as many hands as possible to serve this menacing lot.

Lady Eleanor soon appeared. "Yes, sir?" she said.

"Get to serving ale to the Lord Angus' men."

"But sir, I have not finished cleaning out the cellar," said Eleanor.

"Forget that. Lord Angus' men are more important. You can complete that when the Lord Angus' men are satisfied."

Lady Eleanor knew she and her daughter were now in a dangerous situation. They were still a few days short of reaching the nunnery of St Margaret's. She could only hope that none of these men had seen her before, otherwise the game was up. Lady Eleanor had by now filled eight jugs of ale but was hesitating to take them to the tables that the rowdy crowd of men sat.

"Come on, woman, serve the brave men of the Lord Angus," shouted the cowardly Geoffrey, giving Eleanor a heavy slap on her buttocks. Eleanor lifted the jugs, four in each hand, and made her way to the tables to where they sat.

"Ho, ho," shouted one of them. "You randy old sod, we have a woman here serving ale now. I bet you don't pay her a penny and bed her every night, you dirty old man."

The randy old landlord was trying to keep in their favour for if this bunch got out of hand, his inn could be wrecked. "Oh, there is yet another one, much younger," he said.

"Well then, let's be seeing her," they all shouted.

"Sarah, Sarah, quickly do come here for Lord Angus' men want to see you now."

Sarah was definitely frightened of this rough and loudly lot. Who knew what they would do to her when fired up with ale and wine.

As soon as Sarah appeared at the bar, she was grabbed by Geoffrey. "There she is, lads. What do think of her? Isn't she a beauty?"

"You dirty old man, you've been hiding all these beauties for yourself, haven't you? Come here, wench," shouted one. Geoffrey pushed Sarah towards the man

who was speaking. She found her being caressed by one of the alcohol-filled ruffians and placed on his lap. The next thing she felt was a hard and erect member of the man forcing itself between her arse cheeks through the cloth of her skirts.

“Stop it, sir!” Sarah cried as she struggled in the man’s arms.

“Oh, ho ho, do you here that, boys? I like a woman who puts up a fight. It feels all the better when you get it in her hairy hole,” he said, then burst out laughing.

Meanwhile, Lady Eleanor was being pushed roughly from one man to another at the table she was serving.

“Here, the old one is not so bad looking and she has a nice big fat arse. Let’s have her, lads, what you say?”

“Yes,” said another, “but do it in style”

“What do you mean, Nathan?” some of them asked, curious to know what he meant.

“Let’s hire a room and we can take our time pumping them to our hearts content. When one man is finished, another can take his place. The first will have plenty of time to recover, then take the other one and so on. We could go on all night at it.”

“Such a great idea, Nathan, but what will happen to the women? they’ll be exhausted?”

“Who cares?”

So they all gave money to Geoffrey to hire a room for the night who was more than pleased to do so when he saw the silver. An idea was formulating in his money-minded brain. He had these women here and he could prostitute them for silver maybe even gold if the right Lord appeared. So what if the virgin lost her

virginity to another man, so be it. With them working for nothing and being prostituted, life was looking up for the randy old sod. It looked like the best thing that had ever happened to him when that widow woman turned up with her daughter. Not only that but he could still have them whenever they were not entertaining some other gentleman. He was rubbing his hands with glee. The money would be rolling in.

Lady Eleanor was again feeling a man's hand between her legs. It happened not once but many times as she was thrown from one man to another. Her skirt was raised and hands were inserted inside her womanly parts repeatedly. She realised she was going to be involved in a sexual act alongside her daughter. How could she stop this? She did not mind being abused if it meant not exposing who she was; if discovered, she and Sarah would certainly be taken to Lord Angus.

"Come on, Captain," shouted one of the ruffians, "and get your fill of this one." Captain Seth liked the look of the older woman with that plump bottom. He walked over to her and was just about to place his hands between her legs like many others had already done that day when he saw the face before him.

"Stop lads, stop, I say."

"Captain's a spoil sport just when things were getting interesting. But why?"

"Do you know who we have here?"

"No Captain, please tell us."

"It is none other than Lady Eleanor of Doune and her daughter Lady Sarah, if I am not mistaken. Am I right, madam?"

Lady Eleanor decided it was better to tell the truth and save the virginity of her daughter.

“Yes Sir, I am and this is my daughter Lady Sarah but how did you know?”

“I remembered you from the time my Lord and Master Angus visited the court of King John. You were a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. If I may say so, you are just as beautiful now as you were then.”

“Thank you for these kind words, Sir. You seem more honourable than your band of hooligans here who were going to rape me and my daughter. I shall report them all to the Lord Angus and hope he takes measures towards them.”

“That is your right, Lady Eleanor. Meanwhile, you and your daughter are my prisoners. I will take you to the Castle Blackhill, home of Lord Angus and his sister, Countess Gwendolyn.”

“Yes, that is your duty, Captain. I bear no ill will towards you, but you will I hope allow me and daughter to clean ourselves up. Then please take us to our poor horses who are a mile or so from here.”

“But of course, madam. I will give you all the courtesy your high position deserves. I must apologise for the conduct of not only my men but also myself.”

Geoffrey looked glum. His plans to prostitute Lady Eleanor and Sarah had fallen through. It was back to serving the guests, making meals, and cleaning rooms all by himself again.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: CASTLE BLACKHILL, HOME OF LORD ANGUS

Lady Eleanor was glad to be out of the hands of that lecherous randy old landlord like any woman who worked for him. But now there were more serious mat-

ters at hand for Eleanor knew there was going to be every chance her new daughter would be exposed as her son Cuthbert. The ruthless Lord Angus would have no hesitation in killing Cuthbert in some horrible way. Eleanor knew others who had defied him had been hung or drawn and quartered in public as a warning to all that such would be their fate for any uprising against him.

Then she would meet Countess Gwendolyn again, she who stole her lover. That would be unpleasant and there would be pressure put on her to reveal where her son was. She might possibly be tortured; that would not surprise her in the least. Lady Eleanor only hoped she would not yield to agonising torture like the rack, thumb screw or another devious methods Angus may devise, for she knew Angus was no respecter of women.

As Lady Eleanor and her daughter had been caught at the boundary of the lands of the Lord Angus, it would be a matter of some days before they reached the home of Angus and Countess Gwendolyn. She found Captain Seth most courteous towards her. Sarah sought out inns for them to stop at every night and beds to sleep in and meals to eat.

Eventually, one day they came in sight of the Castle Blackhill. Miles before Captain Seth and his party reached the castle, the dazzling silver outline of it was reflecting in the sunlight for the magnificent edifice was made of highly polished granite, built by people made slaves by the Lord Angus with money raised by him from tax levies on them. Inside the castle, they were to see splendour never witnessed before in these medieval times. Marble sunken baths, stained glass windows, curtains of the finest silk and velvet and

Lord Angus and Countess Gwendolyn in the finest of clothes that one could buy, but that was all to come. Now they had reached the castle moat; the drawbridge lowered and portcullis raised to allow the party to enter.

Dismounting from his horse in the courtyard, Captain Seth demanded to know where the Lord Angus was as he had very important prisoners. He was answered by the duty captain of the guard. "In milady's bedchamber. He has given strict instructions not to be disturbed and I don't have tell you, Captain Seth, what that means, do I?"

Captain Seth very well knew what it meant for it was an open secret in the castle that the Lord Angus would have sexual intercourse with his sister, the Countess Gwendolyn but one dare not mention that in this castle for fear of their life.

To be continued