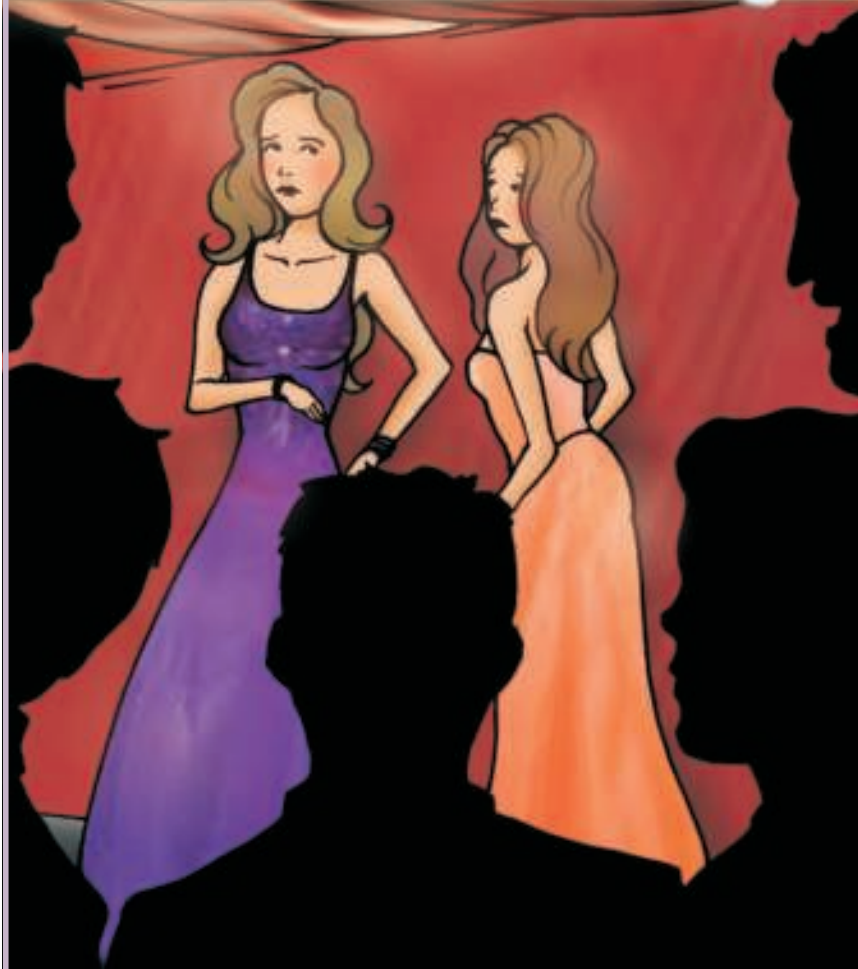


Sweet Little Things



Blind Ruth



A "Young Adult Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

SWEET LITTLE THINGS

BY BLIND RUTH

SWEET LITTLE ELLEN-JAYNE

Louise Bromley sat sedately and composed in the drawing room of her best friend Jill Mattingly. Jill, a widow for some six years, had a young daughter nearing six years old to bring up.

Jill had married late in life and was now 46. Jill had become pregnant in the first year of her marriage to George.

Ellen-Jayne, Jill's daughter was a pretty girl and wanted for nothing. Jill saw to that for her hard working husband had left her well off financially. Ellen-Jayne was always seen in the prettiest of frocks that any little girl could wish for.

Louise Bromley and Jill had been girlfriends since school; she, like Jill, was in her forties and still a spinster, but by no means a virgin. Louise had been referred to as somewhat eccentric by some people as she lived on her own, but she was well liked nevertheless.

Louise had had some torrid love affairs when younger in a time when such things as *The Pill* were not yet known. Louise could have considered herself as lucky that she never became pregnant, for at that time an unmarried mother would be known as a scarlet woman. But even so, Louise had always wanted a baby and a daughter but that was not to be.

Over the years Louise had taken an interest in little Ellen-Jayne and Jill had told her daughter to call Louise Aunt.

Ellen-Jayne had always fascinated Louise and not just because she would have liked to have a daughter. There was something different about Ellen-Jayne but Louise couldn't put her finger on it, try as might.

Today was Ellen-Jayne's sixth birthday and Louise would be helping Jill with Ellen-Jayne's birthday party. Little Ellen-Jayne looked so pretty as she sat in her party frock beside her Aunt Louise for the little guests had not yet arrived.

Louise had been present when her girlfriend Jill had fitted Ellen-Jayne's party dress in her daughter's room. It was a proper little girl's room, thought Louise with its dressing table and mirrors. No doubt in time Jill would have makeup on the dressing table for her daughter. Jill had put some of her own powder and some lipstick on her, just enough.

Ellen-Jayne stood there in just her petticoat for Mommy. She was becoming a big girl and this was

her first petticoat, a lovely one. It was a short white three-layered puffed-out petticoat, which came to above her knees. As Ellen-Jayne walked, the petticoat would swirl from side-to-side, showing occasional glimpses of the delightful knickers underneath. The knickers themselves were of elasticised ivory lace and bow, frilled at the waist and legs. Ellen-Jayne wore white cotton ankle socks and white ankle strap shoes with three-inch heels.

“Very soon,” Jill said to her daughter, “I will put you in young girl’s long stockings with a suspender belt and shoes with higher heels for you must be prepared to be the woman that you will undoubtedly be one day Ellen-Jayne.”

Ellen-Jayne had still to put on her dress over her underclothes. It was indeed magnificent; Jill paid plenty for it. It was a marvellous dazzling creation of silver dress, with a sequin-embellished bodice, a tieback satin bow, and layered multi-frill skirt.

Ellen-Jayne fidgeted as her mother placed the dress over her. “Stand still!” Jill sternly ordered to her daughter.

“I can’t, Mommy. I’m so excited with everything; my party, my *clothes*, everything.”

The stern face of Jill changed to one of smiles. “Are you, my precious little darling? Come here.” Jill hugged her daughter and gave her many kisses.

“Give Mummy a twirl in your dress, sweetheart.” This Ellen-Jayne proceeded to do to more smiles from her admiring mother.

Louise watched very carefully. There was no doubt the little girl was very excited about her birthday party and new clothes. This she would expect from

most little girls, however there seemed to be more excitement from Ellen-Jayne for some reason. The swishing and swaying of her dress round her legs gave her excitement that maybe did not belong to the female sex. Even as Ellen-Jayne now sat beside her Aunt Louise on the settee, it seemed she was excited at the rustling noise her petticoat made as she moved. She did look a pretty picture with her long blonde hair, with the white ribbons, hair hanging over her shoulders and such cupid-shaped kissable lips.

And yet, yet thought Louise there was a mystery that she as yet could not solve about this child.

Louise had bought a girl baby's pram for Ellen-Jayne. This would go with the doll her mother would give her at the party. On presentation of the pram, Ellen-Jayne's mother told her daughter to kiss her Aunt Louise. This she did with arms round the neck of Louise. It wasn't as if Ellen-Jayne hadn't dolls before; her mother had made sure she had plenty. However this doll was more realistic than the others; it could cry and wet its diapers so little Ellen-Jayne would have to change them and feed it with the small milk bottle to stop its crying. Jill was more than happy the way she was bringing up her daughter into girlhood.

Among the presents Ellen-Jayne received was a sewing kit. This pleased her mother. Jill had decided to teach her daughter sewing, embroidery and knitting which all little girls of her age should be taught. There were so many girly things Jill wanted for her daughter; Ellen-Jayne would also receive instructions in dressmaking. Had Jill forgot anything in making her daughter the proper lady she wanted Ellen-Jayne to be?

Louise couldn't agree more and yet she thought Jill overloading her daughter with femininity, rushing her into girlhood for some unknown reason. Louise's keen eyes kept watching her girlfriend's daughter; she would solve this mystery somehow.

Little girls were always seen playing with Ellen-Jayne; never boys for Jill never invited any to play with Ellen-Jayne. Such was the environment Ellen-Jayne was raised in.

It was after Ellen-Jayne's sixth birthday that Jill decided to take her daughter out of school; a live-in governess had been hired for her lessons.

THE GOVERNESS

A Miss Marion Galbraith had been recommended. She was a well-educated woman and a spinster of 40 years. Marion was one of the old school. Her motto was "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Many affluent families had hired her. No matter where she went a well-used cane accompanied her everywhere. To Marion, it mattered not that Daddy was a managing director of such and such company; his offspring still felt her cane on their backside. Wherever Marion went one of the first things the child must learn that she was the one to be obeyed. Marion would always find something, no matter how trivial, to use as an excuse to cane the child on their first meeting which would establish her authority.

Marion Galbraith made it very clear to Jill she must never interfere with her methods otherwise she would walk out. In fact she had a contract drawn out stipulating this. It could be a costly affair for Jill if such happened.

At that time Jill had no idea what Miss Galbraith's methods were, just that she had been highly recommended.

Time was to tell Jill that Marion was a wise choice although at first she did not think so. It was arranged that Marion had a room in the house for herself. During that first weekend when Marion moved in, she kept an eye on Ellen-Jayne, a pretty girl in the finest of girl's clothes. It was on the Monday after breakfast that little Ellen-Jayne was to receive her first lessons from Miss Galbraith.

To Ellen-Jayne, her new governess was a tall, stern-looking woman, so unlike her mother who was always kissing and hugging her. Ellen-Jayne that morning never saw her mother although she was in the house. Marion Galbraith told Jill in no uncertain terms to stay away from the library, which was used as a schoolroom for that was her domain.

"Stand up, child!" were the first words spoken by Marion to Ellen-Jayne. Ellen-Jayne who had been mollycoddled so much by her mother was not used to be spoken to that way.

"I said stand up NOW!"

Little Ellen-Jayne obeyed the command and a tear formed in her eye.

"I hope you're not going to cry, Ellen-Jayne, for I shall give you something to cry about. COME HERE!"

Miss Galbraith opened her desk and took out her faithful cane and beckoned with a finger to the frightened little girl to come to her. It was a hesitant Ellen-Jayne who came towards her governess. She didn't know what was about to happen but she was about to be caned for the first time in her short life.

Marion Galbraith's hands reached out to Ellen-Jayne. In no time the girl was across her sombre black skirt-covered knees. Miss Galbraith knew exactly what she was going to do: cane Ellen-Jayne.

Ellen-Jayne's mother had put her in a long blue frock that day. For her first lesson with Miss Galbraith, that came down to her ankles. The frock swished and swayed round the girl's legs making a froufrou sound as she walked towards her governess, watched by her eyes which pierced into the very soul of the little girl. That frock was lifted as Ellen-Jayne lay over her governess' knees. Underneath the frock were three plain layers of white petticoats as long as the frock. Ellen-Jayne's bare legs with white ankle socks and a little girls black shoes were now to be seen.

Marion Galbraith would not take the little girls knickers down this time; in future they may well be removed. Marion's strong hand forced Ellen-Jayne to lie still over her knees. The first stroke of the cane descended on the girl's knickers. Ellen-Jayne felt it, she couldn't move; nothing like this had ever happened to her before. Tears began to poll down her cheeks.

"Yes, you may well cry, Ellen-Jayne. I'LL GIE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY FOR," came from the snarled lips of her governess.

The next stroke arrived on her knickers. It was more severe than the first, and then came a third. Marion stopped at that. Ellen-Jayne was lifted from her governess' knee.

"Adjust your clothes and go to your seat. Next time I come in, rise and say 'Good morning, Miss Galbraith.' DO YOU UNDERSTAND, Ellen-Jayne?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

“No, no, no it is ‘Yes, Miss Galbraith,’ child. Say it now or you’re going over my knee again.”

Sobbingly, Ellen-Jayne stuttered it out. “Ye...s, Miss Gal...braith.”

“And what do you say in the morning, Ellen-Jayne?”

“Goo...d morning, Mi...ss Galbraith,” she sobbed out.

“Remember that and we will get along fine.” Marion Galbraith was pleased with herself. She now had control of the child. There could be repercussions when the mother learned of her methods but she was prepared for that.

Ellen-Jayne seemed very subdued to Jill that day, not the bubbly, effervescent, happy-go-lucky child she knew. She looked at her daughter’s face, not the usual happy smiling face.

“What’s wrong, Ellen Jayne?” her mother asked.

“Miss Galbraith smacked me, Mummy.”

That was something Jill had never done to her daughter.

“Show me where, dear.”

Ellen-Jayne rubbed her bottom. “There, Mummy. It was very sore.”

“Tell me the truth, were you a naughty girl?”

“Oh no, Mummy, I was a good girl.”

Jill believed her daughter but said nothing. She would see Miss Galbraith later that day and have it

out with her on the matter of smacking her precious little darling.

At dinner that night alone with the governess, (Ellen-Jayne was always been put to bed early)

, she brought up the subject.

“I believe you smacked my daughter very severely this morning, Miss Galbraith.”

“That is correct.” Marion Galbraith said nothing further and carried on eating her dinner.

Jill had wanted some explanation and was most annoyed that this was not forthcoming from the woman she had hired.

“Why?” Jill asked.

“That is no business or concern of yours, Mrs. Mattingly. You hired me to do a job and that I will do, so don't interfere.”

“But little Ellen-Jayne is such a good little girl, Miss Galbraith.”

“I have nothing more to say on the subject, Mrs. Mattingly.”

Jill could fire the woman but although she had been left a considerable amount of money by her late husband, the penalty clause in the contract with Marion Galbraith would fairly eat into it.

Jill felt she had no option but to leave her precious daughter in the hands of this severe woman. Whatever would become of Ellen-Jayne?

LIFE WITH AUNTIE

Meanwhile, what had happened to Louise Bromley since Ellen-Jayne's 6th birthday? Louise kept an eye on Ellen-Jayne; she suspected something unusual about the girl. That eye had other things to look at however, her nephew for a start. This all came about when her youngest sister Margaret died unexpectedly. Louise, her brothers and sisters, gathered at the funeral. Their main concern what was to happen to David, the young son of Margaret? Margaret's husband had run away with another woman not long after David was born, leaving her literally holding the baby. Two of her brothers had gone abroad to live while one was still single and the other dead for some time.

That left Louise and her two sisters, both married with children. None of them wanted the boy; they said they had enough on their hands coping with their own children. That left only Louise or the orphanage. Her sisters pleaded with her to take the boy in her house.

This she did reluctantly. She would have preferred a little girl but she was stuck with David. Every time she looked at the child she thought it was a pity he was a boy. He would look nice in a dress.

That thought fascinated Louise. Every time she went shopping, she looked in the girls clothes department. "Was there something you wanted for your daughter, Madam?" asked the sales lady.

"Oh no, I was just looking."

"We have a lot more dresses than these on display, Madam, very pretty ones. Maybe you will bring your daughter next time. I'm sure there is something that would make her ever so pretty."

Louise Bromley was sure there were dresses that would make David a PRETTY GIRL. Louise kept thinking how she could persuade a boy like David to dress in little girl's frocks forever. She just couldn't bear to have a boy in her house for years.

David Anderson, five, was playing with boy's toys; guns and soldiers. They were aggressive toys in Louise's mind. She took them away; it was a start.

The boy said nothing. Louise had expected some sort of rebellion but it never came. That looked promising for what she had in mind for little David. There was hope.

"Aunt Louise," little David said one day, "I can't find my underpants."

"Have you lost them?"

"No Aunt, I can't find them."

"I can't go around buying boy's pants all the time; you'll have to be more careful. Come with me."

Louise took the boy's hand, led him to her room, rummaged in her lingerie drawer and came out with a pair of knickers. She handed them to David.

"These are girl's knickers, Aunt," said David.

"I know," Louise said angrily. "You'll have to wear them. Where do you think I have the money to buy boys' clothes?"

David said nothing, never having seen his aunt so angry before.

"That went okay," thought Louise, for she had dumped David's underpants. A girl's knickers were a start and they were nice, silky satin ones. They

weren't actually knickers but cute light pink satin puffed-out bloomers with a large pink bow at the front. They were nice and girly soft, much better than his horrid old boy's underpants. Louise had in mind a cute matching dress that these bloomers would go nicely with, which David would eventually wear. Louise visualised in her mind her nephew, or niece as David would be by then, in such a dress held out by the stiff petticoats he/she would be wearing and showing the pink bloomers. Girlhood was coming to David Anderson like it or not, Aunt Louise would see to that. And that name would have to change. She would think of a more appropriate feminine one. "Well," she thought, "if you can't have a little girl, you make the best with what you have and get on with it." Louise was in a happy mood.

Not long after the missing underpants incident, David's boy's pyjamas went missing for some unknown reason.

Louise handed him a long silky girl's nightdress. "You'll have to be more careful with your clothes, David, otherwise I'm sending you to the orphanage."

To Louise it was a calculated risk. Young David may well have taken up the offer.

David never thought about how his aunt just happened to have these girls' clothes at hand. As far as the orphanage, he wasn't so sure about that he did feel safe in his aunt's house. Aunt Louise, he thought, was a *queer* woman giving him all these girl's things but he must admit wearing these knickers felt nice, so different to his boy's underpants. It also was nice, this girl's nightdress against his soft skin. Judging from the way his aunt reacted, while in her house he would be wearing these girls' clothes all the time.

Louise was pleased the way matters were going; there was no need to rush things. After all David would be in frocks for the rest of his life so that name would definitely have to change. When she hit on the right feminine name for David it could officially be changed by deed poll. That was a mere detail. Meanwhile she was stocking various items of girl's clothing for she by now knew all his sizes. Already she was in the process of preparing his room resemble a more girly room.

The room had been painted pink; one wall had wallpaper with lovely ladies in various puffed-out gowns in delicious colours of gold, blue, violet, and scarlet. A dressing table with drawers that would contain items of a girl's under things and a wardrobe yet to contain dresses and gowns for the girl-to-be had also been installed. What more could any little girl wish for...but David wasn't one YET.

Louise had decided that David would accompany her in future shopping expeditions to stores, especially those with a girls department. She would linger there so that David could familiarise himself with these delicious items; frocks, petticoats and such like. She wasn't as yet going to buy any; she could wait until the right time came, as inevitably it would.

"What do you think of this dress, David?" she would say, telling him to feel the material be it silk, satin, or lace. Bit by bit he was beginning unconsciously to know the materials of which girls clothes were made.

"Isn't it so nice, David? Pity you're a boy; if you were a girl you could appreciate them better. However you are a very sensitive boy and someday soon I may allow you to wear one but you would have to earn that right from Aunty."

Louise just hadn't flung him into a dress; she had put out a challenge. Forbidden fruit always tastes sweeter. Louise had a net ready to catch her prize which, once caught, would never be released from the silks satins he/she was encased in.

David Anderson had to admit girl's clothes were much different from boys and he was becoming used to them although as yet he never was actually in any of them. This was a slow process, by design.

Louise Bromley could patiently wait and plan her nephew's entrance into girlhood. Once it happened, she would move swiftly, never letting her prey go. His room was already prepared for a life as a girl, the clothes locked up in her room. As for his education, although she had lost touch with her girlfriend Jill for now, the grapevine told Louise that Jill had hired a governess for Ellen-Jayne. Maybe this governess could take charge of her nephew/niece?

DISCOVERY

Little Ellen-Jayne had found by now she hadn't the protection from her mummy that she thought she would have. Miss Galbraith still smacked her, without reason it seemed. To Ellen-Jayne, her governess took great delight in doing so.

Every morning as she entered the library, Ellen-Jayne would stand to attention to her governess and say, "Good morning, Miss Galbraith." Marion smiled; she had the little girl where she wanted her under her control. That obedience to her never stopped the stern-looking governess from exercising the hand that held her trusty friend, the well-used cane.

It had been some considerable time since the governess had to reprimand her little charge. At such

times she had an uncontrollable urge to exercise her arm and cane on the posterior of Ellen-Jayne.

“Show me the homework I gave you yesterday, Ellen-Jayne”. Marion figured there must be something she could find wrong with it; spelling, writing, something. If not, she would lie, the little darling would never be any the wiser.

Eureka! Miss Galbraith had found what she wanted: a spelling mistake. Marion Galbraith had gone over the homework with a fine-toothed comb.

“Your spelling is atrocious, Ellen-Jayne. You know what that means.”

Ellen-Jayne by now knew the ways of her governess and tears began to slowly roll down her pretty red cheeks.

“Yes cry, for you know you have been a naughty girl. After I spank you, tonight you will make out a hundred lines.” Marion Galbraith gave a very long-winded dictation of what Ellen-Jayne had to write, knowing the girl would hardly get any sleep doing so.

This is what the governess dictated: “I must not ever make spelling mistakes for Miss Marion Galbraith. If I do, she will spank me many times so I must be a good girl for Miss Galbraith.”

By now Ellen-Jayne knew the format and she was already beside the governess who promptly had her over her knees.

“You’re such a naughty girl, Ellen-Jayne. This time your bare bottom is going to feel the cane.”

Up till this time the governess had never taken the girl’s knickers down. Marion would take a delight in

seeing Ellen-Jayne's little buttocks become redder and redder. She had to admire the way her mother dressed the girl, for no little girl could have so many pretty clothes. However that must not distract the governess from the serious business of the girl being chastised.

The long white satin dress was lifted to expose a beautiful pair of knickers below. Without hesitation these were quickly taken down the girl's legs. There before Marion Galbraith's eyes a secret was revealed, not one she was a stranger with having seen such before in her capacity as a governess.

A small male appendage was snugly between the legs of Ellen-Jayne. Miss Galbraith said nothing as if it never existed; it never stopped her exercising her arm. After she had been spanked, Ellen-Jayne was sent back to her seat with some arithmetic to do.

Miss Galbraith was thinking seriously of the revelation she had discovered and what to do about it, if anything.

At dinner that night, Marion Galbraith brought up her discovery about Ellen-Jayne.

"Mrs. Mattingly, did you know that Ellen-Jayne is a boy?" asked Marion Galbraith. She was intrigued to see what sort of answer and reaction the woman gave. Of course she must know all about it, being the mother.

The governess could see her employer was becoming all flustered, worried and uncomfortable as she fidgeted in her seat. Jill Mattingly cursed herself. What a fool she was, couldn't she see something like

this was bound to happen, particularly as Miss Galbraith seemed to be smack happy? She was going to be exposed as a mother who petticoated her son, wasn't she? No doubt Miss Galbraith would expose her for what she was. She would be embarrassed to say the least, and more important, her dream would fall all around her in tatters.

George, her husband, had died in their first year of marriage, she pregnant at that time. Forty was a dangerous age for a woman to be pregnant then, not like the present day. Many complications could arise during pregnancy; she could even have lost her life. Therefore her hope of a girl faded fast. However the birth certificate had yet to be registered and a carefully written 'Fe' in front of 'male' and her dream would become a reality. So the boy became female with the name Ellen-Jayne and was brought up as a girl.

This exposure would be devastating and not just for Jill. What harm would it do to Ellen-Jayne?

Jill had to tell the whole story to Miss Galbraith and appeal to her better nature, if she had one.

"I see," said the governess, taking time before giving any sort of comment to this information.

"Do you read the papers much, Mrs. Mattingly?" asked Marion Galbraith.

What had that to do with her Ellen-Jayne? thought Jill Mattingly

"Yes of course I do, Miss Galbraith."

"If you read papers like the Times which has a Royal correspondent, you may have seen that the

Queen has appointed a new lady in waiting at the Royal court.”

“I don’t follow these things all that closely. No doubt it’s very interesting, but what has this information to do with the present situation?”

“In a way it is relevant. You see Lady Catherine Abelson was appointed Lady in Waiting to the Queen. Nice young thing she is. There are rumours she and Prince Rupert, the Queen’s youngest son, have been seen dancing together at top nightclubs. They could marry. It is a pity they cannot have a baby, which would be somewhere in line for the throne, and I’ll tell you why. I was her governess at my interview with her mother Lady Agatha Abelson.

“I was taken into her confidence. She came straight out with it and told me in no uncertain terms and in the strictest confidence that her daughter was in fact a boy. I was sworn to secrecy of that fact, it must never be revealed. I had been hired when Catherine was even younger than your Ellen-Jayne. I was there at the moulding of her into girlhood. Even to this day she does not know she was born a boy.

“I won’t go into the reasons Lady Agatha wanted her son to become a girl. It’s too long to explain. However I am more than willing to share with you the procedures her mother and I planned to use to feminize the boy.”

As Marion Galbraith said the last few sentences, she placed a hand over the back of Jill’s hand and patted it. Jill knew she had a friend, a good one who would help her through the trials and tribulations of bringing up a boy to become a girl.

“I may have misjudged you, Marion. I thought you were my enemy but I find you are my friend. Like

Lady Agatha, I should have put you in the picture at the start.”

“That’s all right. From now on we together can see that Ellen-Jayne goes along the proper road to girlhood and become feminine. It is getting late. Tomorrow is the time we put our heads together and plan the future for Ellen-Jayne.”

The following morning, Ellen-Jayne was given a lot of work to revise by her governess.

“I must leave you, dear, to get on with what I have given you for I have much to discuss with your Mummy. I will test you later. I expect nothing less than the best. You know the consequences if I am not pleased.”

Ellen-Jayne from past experience certainly knew what her governess meant by ‘consequences’ so her head went down to study earnestly.

Marion Galbraith left her pupil, knowing she had left enough lessons to occupy the little boy/girl for the rest of the day.

A cup of coffee was on the drawing room table as Marion Galbraith entered with her briefcase.

“Thanks Jill,” said the governess as she took a sip of coffee. “I’ve jotted down some suggestions. Maybe you have a few yourself about Ellen-Jayne.”

The governess opened her briefcase and took out a notebook.

“May I clarify matters first, Jill? Just how far do you expect to take Ellen-Jayne into girlhood?”

“I really hadn’t given much thought to that. I just wanted him dressed as a girl.”

“I see. Well, there are boys dressed as girls and boys who become girls when dressed in frocks. Ellen-Jayne can remain dressed as a girl all her life and still have all the accoutrements of a boy. Or we can go halfway there, which would mean breasts later in life via breast implants or the use of hormones. The third and final solution is to go all the way and she has the full operation.”

“I had never thought the whole thing through, Marion. It’s not as simple as I may have thought.”

“Exactly. There is no doubt in my mind that whichever one we choose, Ellen-Jayne has to remain in frocks one way or another. Having already been put in a skirt, putting boy’s clothes back on will be most foreign. She will reject that and there’s no telling what harm that could do. If we consider the first two options, there is a problem.”

“Is there, Marion?”

“Ellen-Jayne will find she is really a boy even if breasts come into the equation. That, like being put back in boy’s clothes, could be mentally damaging. You have started Ellen-Jayne off with the belief she is a girl. It is my considered opinion she must never know what she really is. That being the case, I suggest we continue along the feminine road so that Ellen-Jayne is none the wiser. Do you not agree?”

“Well...I suppose you’re right,” replied the mother of Ellen-Jayne.

“I know I am,” said the governess, a headstrong woman very much in control of the situation. Marion

Galbraith knew she had the upper hand and Jill Mattingly would adhere to her advice.

“Of course taking the third path is threatened with as much danger as the other two I have mentioned but will be all the more rewarding to you as her mother if it is successful.”

“How can these dangers be avoided, Marion?” asked Jill Mattingly.

“By taking precautions such as prevention of erections which Ellen-Jayne at an age when this is likely to occur.”

“I’ve heard of infibulation for girls but that is illegal and banned. As for boys, I thought that stopped after the Victorian days. Would that not be illegal as well?”

“Yes it is illegal, however I know a doctor who can perform such an operation for a price, no questions asked. She can also supply saltpetre which was used in the army at one time to stop men from having erections. I think we have caught young Ellen-Jayne at the right time. Get them all done now and Ellen-Jayne will never know she was ever a boy.”

“Won’t she be in pain, Marion?”

“No, these operations have been modernised and improved. Dr. Stella Barstow is an expert in infibulation, trust me. This is where you play your part, Jill. You must prepare Ellen-Jayne beforehand for her visit to Dr. Barstow. Tell her she has a condition that has to be rectified now before she becomes older. I think Dr. Stella has the bedside manner that would ease any worries that little Ellen-Jayne may have. You know that is what you want for Ellen-Jayne, don’t you, Jill?”

Miss Marion Galbraith relaxed and took a sip of coffee and a breather before continuing.

“After the operation, there is more work to be done. We must revise some of the clothing that you have bought. But let’s leave that for present. The appointment with Dr. Stella, I am certain, can be made within the week. I know her well.”

“And that’s the whole story, Stella,” finished Marion Galbraith as she sat in the plush office of Dr. Barstow.

Stella Barstow, a smartly dressed woman of 34, looked up from her desk where she had been taking notes as the older woman spoke.

“I see, Marion. That one fell into your hands unexpectedly, unlike Lady Catherine. The operation is but a minor one and easily performed, usually under local anaesthetic. However, seeing that Mrs. Jill Mattingly is paying for it, we’ll make it a general anaesthetic and put her little darling in a private room for a few days. That’s just the start. This Ellen-Jayne will be my patient until she has her final operation, probably somewhere between the ages of 18 to 20. A nice little earner, wouldn’t you say, Marion?”

“But of course, Stella. You have to get your money for you are playing a dangerous game if you are ever caught. How is business?”

“Couldn’t be better. I’m run off my feet at the clinic with mothers, aunts, whatever wanting their sons and nephews turned into girls. Unlike little Ellen-Jayne, some of these frocked boys know that they are boys. Mummy has a strong hand and a male



member is taboo. I tell you it's make hay while the sun shines. I've a nice little place in the Bahamas lined up for when I retire and an account in a Swiss bank so if I am exposed, no one can touch the money. I may possibly spend a few years behind bars but a fortune awaits me when I come out."

"You certainly thought everything out, Stella, but with any luck that will never happen. It hasn't yet," Marion laughed

"Yes and I intend to keep it that way, Marion. You have prepared Mrs Mattingly. This is all hush-hush if she wants her little boy to become a beautiful woman."

"Yes, I have to tell her that Ellen-Jayne at age 12 will be sent to Miss Earline's special boarding school for girls. You know her well, don't you, Stella?"

"Yes, we shared a flat at university."

Miss Marion Galbraith knew that they shared more than a flat. They had an affair. That was none of her business, however, and Ellen-Jayne was.

The governess reported back to Jill Mattingly that her daughter would be taken in the clinic of Dr. Stella in two days' time. "Have you told the girl, Jill?"

"Yes. I said I was worried about her and that I would take her to a *special* doctor who would examine her. She mustn't worry, all will be right in the end and whatever the doctor recommended has to be done. She must be a brave little girl for Mummy and I promised her a pretty new frock after."

"I am sure she will have lots of pretty clothes after. That is something we will discuss when the operation is complete," said the governess.

Dr. Stella Barstow finished her examination of the little boy/girl. “Yes, she is in excellent condition, aren’t you, darling? However your Mummy has brought you here to avoid a problem that may arise in the future. We will have an operation, nothing to worry about. Then she will be alright for the rest of her life, Mrs. Mattingly.”

“Did you hear that, darling? The nice doctor is helping you to be the girl your mother wishes?”

Ellen-Jayne was booked into a private room, the minor operation scheduled for the following day.

Naturally Ellen-Jayne was a little frightened even with all the assurances the doctor had given her. Her mummy had promised her a new dress and lots of other goodies but even so she was still somewhat scared.

The following day the matter was taken completely out of Ellen-Jayne’s hands as she was wheeled in a trolley to the operating theatre. The nice nurse chatted to her to divert her mind and before she knew it she felt a jag in her arm. Ellen-Jayne was out like a light and the operation began.

It was an operation Dr. Barstow had performed many times. As far as she was concerned it was money for old rope. The doting mothers paid plenty so she wasn’t complaining.

The operation consisted of pushing the little penis into the cavity between Ellen-Jayne’s legs, then stitching the penis inside. The only way Ellen-Jayne could urinate was to sit on the toilet seat like any girl.

While she was at it, Dr. Stella decided that the first hormones were to be injected into Ellen-Jayne. There could be some soreness around the area where stitches were inserted but a few days in the clinic and that would disappear.

Jill Mattingly was given a liquid to administer to Ellen-Jayne periodically so that she may never have erections.

From now on, Ellen-Jayne would have a monthly check up by the doctor to monitor her progress towards girlhood. That meant more money for Stella. She rubbed her hands together; all these mothers and aunts who wanted their male descendants to be female! She was more than willing to oblige.

Ellen-Jayne found her ears had been pierced; something the doctor did during the operation. Her mother was delighted; her precious daughter would be fitted with beautiful earrings as soon as she was released from the clinic. She was beginning to be a big girl now, Jill Mattingly told her would-be daughter.

Ellen-Jayne was all set on the road to girlhood and femininity. Many others were soon to follow.

THE BIRTH OF BELINDA

While Ellen-Jayne was well on the road to girlhood, Louise Bromley was figuring how to start her nephew along the same lines. It was true the starter's gun had fired and he was off the line wearing bloomers and girl's nightdresses but the pace was slow. It was time for Louise to accelerate the walking to running. He was constantly being taken by his aunt on shopping expeditions and told how delightful this or that girls dress was; having to feel the silk or satin material was gradually getting through to him. This

was always his aunt's intention. It could be monotonous time-consuming but she must plod on, never giving up. He would crack and eventually there would be no more David and before his aunt would stand Belinda, her niece. After some considerable deliberation, Belinda was the chosen name for David.

The resistance David had was gradually being worn down, as Louise bought more and more bloomers and silky nightdresses. David's aunt would prefer to see him in a frock, which after the feel of the bloomers and nightdresses might not be so bad.

One day his Aunt Louise took him by the hand as they wandered through the girls department, a common occurrence when shopping with Aunt Louise. They stopped before a most pretty little girl's frock made of organza, all in white.

"Now isn't that a gorgeous creation, David?" Louise said.

"Feel it," she told the little boy. This he did. It was so nice; maybe, just maybe, he would like to put it on.

"Could I try it on, Aunty?"

Louise Bromley looked smilingly down at the young boy. She had waited so long for that reaction. "Gotcha," she thought, "there is no getting away now."

"But of course, darling. We shall buy it for you and tonight I will fit it on you, sweetheart. You'll have no regrets."

With thoughtful insight and careful deliberation Louise came to the conclusion to delay tactics. Doesn't one appreciate an item better when told they can-

not have it, then after a time they can? They cherish it better and never let it go.

Louise never said a word that night as she tucked David in bed. The dress, still on its hanger, hung on the handle of David's wardrobe right in front of his bed. He could not fail to see the dress. Louise was tempting her nephew, carrot before the horse and all that. Hadn't she waited so long? What difference would a few more days make? She wanted him to be a girl for life.

Seeing the delightful dress every day and his aunt making no move to place this creation on him was frustrating the young boy. While it may have been against his nature to suggest such a thing, David timidly asked his aunt if she had forgotten about the dress.

"Oh, dear me. I have indeed, David, but it shall have my full attention this very afternoon. It isn't just a case of putting the dress on, oh no. Little girls smell nice. You know what that means, David, don't you?"

David Anderson wasn't too sure what Aunt Louise meant but it didn't take him long to find out.

"A hot scented bath and lovely smelling bath salts and that just the start. You just can't wear the dress. You need all that goes with it; petticoats, knickers, stockings, and girl's shoes. We will soon fix you up with those."

Of course Aunt Louise would. She hadn't bought all these girl's clothes for nothing. She had cupboards full of them and it was time they got aired.

"Now wasn't that fun?" said Louise. A large pink towel was wrapped round David as he climbed out the scented bathwater. David dried; Louise wasted

no time in sprinkling the boy with Lilac talc powder. Louise took the young boy by the hand to his bedroom where beforehand she had already laid out the lingerie that David would wear.

There was no stopping Louise now as various items of girls underclothes were put on David's body. A little white vest was first, followed by matching knickers, then white ankle socks. All was ready for Aunt Louise to place the white nylon petticoat over David's head. The petticoat, made of soft nylon with adjustable shoulder straps, ballooned out in two tiered layers of frothy white net above the knee. The dressing of the yet-to-be Belinda was only beginning.

The dress that David's eyes were on the last few days was at last taken off the wardrobe handle by his aunt. She held it temptingly before him, then placed the dress over his head and let it fall down his body, stopping above the knee. The dress had a light blue top while from the waist a darker blue with white polka dots flared out over the knees because of the net petticoat beneath. At the waist were a red ribbon and a bow on the front. Aunt Louise was already at the back, zipping the dress up.

Aunt Louise had placed the boy on a seat before his dressing table and Mary Jane shoes were now fitted. A hairbrush and comb in hand, she set to work on the boy's long hair. She had left it deliberately long; it was now shoulder length. All this time David was not saying a word. He was completely in the control of his aunt.

When she finished with his hair, Louise was rather pleased. A nice Alice band with two white ribbons strategically placed and tied in a bow would complete the job.

“Look at yourself in the mirror. Don’t you think you are a nice looking girl?”

“Yes, Aunt,” replied the small boy.

“Then you can’t have a boy’s name, can you?”

David pondered that over in his mind.

“We shall call you Belinda from now on, won’t we, Belinda?”

Aunt Louise had spoken and he/she was under her thumb. Within the next few days David/Belinda was to see her boy’s clothes disappear and her wardrobes filled with those of girls. She now accompanied Aunt Louise in her shopping expeditions dressed as a girl. To Belinda this was all exciting and different; girl’s clothes were all these vibrant colours, unlike her dull boy’s clothes. Aunt made her take a bath everyday; she had to be clean. There were so many dresses to put on, sometimes three each day for morning, noon, and tea.

After tea Aunt Louise put her to bed; she had to have her beauty sleep to grow up to be a pretty woman. Going to bed wasn’t so bad for all these new nightdresses Aunt had bought felt so silky and satiny against her delicate skin.

Belinda found that her aunt was making her comb and brush her hair everyday, something little girls had to learn. While Aunt Louise may have put an occasional ribbon in her hair and tied a bow, that task was more and more left in her own hands.

In Louise’s mind Belinda was handicapped by five years in the race to girlhood. She had a lot of ground to make up and her Aunt Louise was determined she would and win the race to girlhood.

In time people were becoming used to see a little girl accompanying her aunt everywhere. Belinda seemed a pretty nice sweet little girl and all liked her.

Belinda being five, Louise had a difficult decision to make about her. She needed an education. Sending her to the local primary school could be fraught with danger. What if someone discovered she was a he? That could do untold damage not only to Belinda but also to Louise's plans to feminize the boy. She had heard her old girlfriend Jill Mattingly had hired a governess for her daughter Ellen-Jayne. Maybe that could be a solution to the problem.

She trusted Jill with her secret but was not too sure about this governess. She always had her suspicions of Ellen-Jayne but would never say anything to Jill.

So Louise Bromley made the decision to trust her old friend with the secret of little Belinda.

"It's been a while since we met, darling Jill," came Louise's opening shot.

"Hasn't it?" Jill said as the ladies sipped lemon tea.

"And how is your darling daughter Ellen-Jayne coming along?"

"Marvellous ever since I hired Miss Marion Galbraith as her governess. In fact, she is at lessons with her just now."

"Yes, I heard Ellen-Jayne had a governess Jill. That is why I have come to speak to you."

"Oh, why would that be, Louise?"

"You may have heard my sister Margaret died recently."

“I did hear something of that sort, Louise.”

“Margaret was my youngest sister. When she died, it left her son David homeless. I was the only one of my brothers and sister not tied down by marriage and therefore free to take him in. Everyone expected me to bring him up.”

“Very noble of you, Louise”

There was silence for a moment.

Louise then spoke. “Jill, you are my oldest friend. I can trust you, can’t I?”

“Yes of course, Louise.”

Louise changed her voice into hushed tones. “You see, I always wanted a girl if I ever married. I have a secret to confess. I couldn’t stand a boy like David, nice as he is, for the next twenty or so years around the house.”

Jill interrupted. “He’s still with you I take it. You haven’t killed him, have you, Louise?”

“Talk sense. Jill. I would never do anything so drastic to a little boy. No, I’ve guided him to more, shall we say, feminine ways, which I think are better, suited for him. He is not a boisterous person by any means, quite the opposite.”

“What exactly do you mean by ‘feminine ways,’ Louise? Gets to the point,” asked Jill Mattingly.

By the aggressive manner in which her friend spoken, Louise was not too sure if she was doing the right thing in confessing her secret. However she had started and would carry on, it could be the end of a wonderful friendship.

“Well,” she hesitatingly said, “it’s like this. I am dressing Belinda in girl’s clothes; frocks, skirts, and such like.”

“Who is this Belinda?” asked Jill.

“It is the female name I gave David. I mean if he is wearing a skirt, there is no point being called David, is there?”

“I see,” said Jill, more than interested for she was doing the same thing with Ellen-Jayne.

What Louise observed there was no hostile reaction to what she had said so far. This gave her encouragement to continue with the request she was about to make.

“You know my secret and I know nothing of this governess Miss Galbraith. Could Miss Galbraith also be a governess to Belinda? Can she be trusted with Belinda’s secret?”

Jill Mattingly was silent, and then spoke after thinking matters over in her mind. “I can’t give you an answer to that question at the moment; it is something that I will have to discuss with Ellen-Jayne’s governess. I shall deliberate this with Marion but mentioning no names. That is the best I can do.”

“Then from what I have said, you do not disapprove of what is happening to Belinda?”

Jill Mattingly never answered that question and Louise Bromley didn’t press the point.

Jill Mattingly broke the promise she had given Louise when she spoke to Marion Galbraith.

Everything Louise had said about what had happened to Belinda was entrusted to Marion Galbraith.

"I would not be adverse to teaching Belinda, however there are problems. On the other hand, it does have its advantages, Jill."

"Give me the pros and cons and we'll take it from there, Marion."

"On the down side is the fact that Belinda knows she/he is a boy from the start. Should that become known to Ellen-Jayne, they could get into the old 'show me yours and I'll show you mine'. Then the whole shooting match is up in the air. On the plus side, teaching the two together as girls could be most helpful."

"I would want nothing to stop Ellen-Jayne in thinking she is a girl. That could be most dangerous, Marion."

"I don't know. I have had sufficient dealings with boy/girls and am more than confident this could work to the advantage of all. I say let this experiment begin."

"I would be guided by you, Marion, and your superior knowledge of these things. If it is alright, we should go ahead."

"Belinda will have to go the same way as Ellen-Jayne. A visit to Dr Stella Barstow is essential, whether your girlfriend likes it or not."

"I anticipate no objections from her to that; in fact Louise will welcome it."

"One other thing, Jill. You will have to disclose your own secret about Ellen-Jayne. Louise has told

you hers and I would think you have enough mutual trust in each other not to disclose secrets.”

The world of girlhood was quickly closing round Belinda Anderson and there was nothing she/he could do about it.

SECRETS EXCHANGED

“I have asked you to come along tonight, Louise, for there is an important matter to be discussed that I think you should know before Belinda comes here.” Jill Mattingly looked anxiously at her old friend.

Louise Bromley took heart that her friend Jill had said Belinda would come here; that could only mean she had been accepted by the governess. Louise was very attentive to what her friend had to say.

Jill continued. “You have freely given your secret regarding Belinda that he is a boy dressed in girl’s clothes, I have my own secret and I feel I can trust you, Louise. It is very important for the future of both Belinda and Ellen-Jayne.”

Louise was all ears for she had the suspicion that what she was about to hear would confirm what she always suspected about Ellen-Jayne. Louise could see her friend was very nervous as she now spoke.

“You see, Louise...” Jill hesitated slightly, and then with a rush of words said, “Ellen-Jayne is not what you think she is. She is a boy.” Jill Mattingly burst into tears.

Louise Bromley comforted her old friend. “There there, Jill. You got the secret out and off your mind; you’ll feel so much better for that. I am not likely to tell anyone am I, as you know my secret. However I must confess I always suspected there was some-

thing different about Ellen-Jayne. Don't get me wrong. I very much doubt anyone else would suspect from the way Ellen-Jayne is dressed, such a sweet innocent looking girl. Does Ellen-Jayne know she is a boy?"

"Good heavens no! She must never know for her future life as a girl, then a woman, is planned by me."

"I see. Then you and I are travelling along the same road. What about this governess, Miss Marion Galbraith?"

"Marion Galbraith knows everything about Ellen-Jayne. Now that we have let our secrets out to each other, it may be time she was brought into matters for she has some suggestions to make."

"I am more than happy to hear what she has to say," replied Louise Bromley.

Marion Galbraith was brought into the conversation between the two women.

"Louise, if I may be permitted to call you such, it is imperative that Belinda is taken to see Dr. Stella Barstow."

"Is it indeed? I have never heard of the doctor. Who is she?"

"A very accomplished doctor who deals with young children and specialises in boys who wear girl's clothes. She has already seen Ellen-Jayne."

"Has she? Then Dr. Barstow is someone I have been seeking for some time. An appointment must be made with the good doctor to see Belinda."

"That I can arrange. However a meeting with you and she should happen first, so you can describe

where you are with Belinda at present,” finished Marion Galbraith.

Louise Bromley sat before Dr. Stella Barstow explaining all that she had done to her niece/nephew David, now Belinda.

“I see, Miss Bromley. From what you say, there will be some problems if Belinda is going to be schooled with Ellen-Jayne. She knows she is a boy; Ellen-Jayne does not. Therefore it is most important that that fact is eradicated from her memory.”

“With that I must agree. How can that be accomplished, Dr. Barstow?”

“By means of subliminal messages that make her think she is female, Miss Bromley. Then I can take her along the same path as I have with Ellen-Jayne. Belinda will have to stay at the clinic longer than Ellen-Jayne did, for these boyhood memories will take some time to get out of her system. You can of course visit her any time that you wish. In fact it will do her a lot of good to see her aunt.”

“Thank you, Dr. Barstow you have been most informative. We must make arrangements for Belinda to visit your clinic,” finished Louise Bromley.

Belinda was soon to see the inside of Dr. Stella Barstow’s clinic. He, or she as she was about to be, knew no reason why her aunt had brought her there, only that Louise said it was all for her own good. The doctor talked nicely to her, never addressing her by her male name. She was being treated as a female,

what she would have expected as she was dressed in girl's clothes. Aunt Louise had taken her on a shopping spree, saying she had to look nice for she was being taken to a special doctor, a nice woman who understood boys such as her. Just what did Aunt mean by 'boys such as her?' He was a boy, wasn't he? Yet everyone in the clinic addressed him as if he was a girl. The doctor put her arms round his shoulders and said he would have to remain there till she completed her tests. What tests? he/she wondered and for what. Then Belinda thought a doctor must know what she is doing, and Aunt did say it was all for his own good.

It was a nice comfy room that he/she was put in and he felt relaxed. The doctor had asked him many things which he thought would be asked of girls. All he saw in this clinic were women and young girls. Belinda didn't know that what he thought were young girls were in fact boys on their way to girlhood, aided by Dr. Stella Barstow. Some were going down that path willingly, some with a mother or aunt encouraging them to be female, just like his own Aunt Louise.

As for Belinda, after she left this clinic she would never realise that she too had once been a boy. Why would she ever want to be a boy, as her aunt paraded her in the finest of silk dresses? It was nice being a girl; the thought that she was ever a boy diminished and eventually faded away. The subliminal treatment had worked as it always did with Dr. Stella, who then proceeded with infibulations like she had done with Ellen-Jayne and many other boys. That was just the start of a process that would last many years till the final operation that would see both Belinda and Ellen-Jayne become what their mother and aunt wanted: fully functional women, pretty ones. That was all in the future; both Belinda and Ellen-Jayne had to live as girls before that ever happened.



One day as Belinda recovered from her operation she asked a question that surprised Louise.

“Auntie, do you think I’m a pretty girl?”

Dr. Stella Barstow had certainly eradicated all thoughts that Belinda had ever been a boy. That was money well spent in Louise’s mind.

“Why of course you are, Belinda. Whoever said you were not?” Belinda received many hugs and kisses from her aunt. Aunt Louise could be very affectionate at times, thought Belinda. For whatever reason she was beginning to like being fussed over by her aunt.

Aunt Louise now saw the possibility of Belinda and Ellen-Jayne becoming friendly rivals as to who was the prettier of the two. That could only lead to both going deeper into girlhood, just what she and Jill wanted as they encouraged the girls. Belinda and Ellen-Jayne had yet to meet; that day was coming nearer as the atmosphere seemed right. Ellen-Jayne never really had girlfriends of her own age before but she was going to see Belinda day after day as Miss Galbraith gave them their lessons. A friendship was bound to happen. Ellen-Jayne was always being told what a pretty girl she was by her mother; now that Belinda had arrived, she too was being told what a pretty girl she was. Ellen-Jayne’s beauty had never been questioned before. Now there was another girl here in her house being told she was also a pretty girl.

There was no doubt Ellen-Jayne was becoming jealous of Belinda. She wanted even more beautiful clothes than Belinda. Jill Mattingly was only too happy to oblige her daughter; what a good idea Louise had suggested. Not to be outdone, Louise would also buy new dresses for Belinda. It could all end in tears for both the girls though, couldn’t it? Big girls

don't cry, they were told. Their mother and aunt had planned all that.

So what do big girls do? Kiss and make up said mother and aunt. How sweet to see these boy/girls do just that before aunt and mother. Of course aunt and mother joined in with kisses and hugs to the children; it was now one happy family for all.

Belinda and Ellen-Jayne were still rivals in a friendly way. They would show off their dresses and frocks to each other, admire how beautiful they were, while mother and aunt exchanged knowing smiles.

Belinda, like Ellen-Jayne, soon found discipline in the form of Miss Galbraith, now governess to both girls. Marion Galbraith was always happy to administer that discipline with her trusty friend, the cane. That cane was now in almost constant use; it wasn't in use on Ellen-Jayne, it would be Belinda's turn.

The first time Ellen-Jayne saw the cane being used on Belinda, she really felt sorry for her. Ellen-Jayne knew from past experience what Belinda was suffering. Afterwards she came over to Belinda, put her arms round her, and kissed her on the cheek like she had seen her Mother do with her friend Louise Bromley.

"There Belinda, I hope that makes it better for I too have received a spanking from our governess."

"Oh thank you, Ellen-Jayne. I shall remember your kindness. May I kiss you whenever you receive a spanking from Miss Galbraith?"

"Oh yes, Belinda, that would be ever so nice, just like Mommy and your auntie do."

Yes, it was nice, thought Belinda. It couldn't be bad for Aunt and Ellen-Jayne's mommy were always kissing each other when they met, weren't they? It became a familiar sight when the two girls met for them to kiss each other and at times when their governess would wield the cane on their backsides. Ellen-Jayne and Belinda were becoming great girlfriends, but still rivals in a friendly way.

THE CHILDRENS' BOUTIQUE AND MISS CAROL WINSOR

Shopping expeditions became an essential part of the young girls' lives, how they loved it. Their mother and aunt would take them to boutiques. In later life as young women, they would visit many boutiques together. That was in the future. At present Mother and Aunt were leading them into a boutique.

Both girls had been taken into various shops selling girls clothes; department stores and such like. However this was an experience unlike any other and one they would savour for the rest of their lives.

The first thing that was forever to remain in their memory was how spacious a sanctum of elegance and femininity this boutique was. Mysterious sultry aromas seemed to float in the air of the boutique. It was all so feminine, womanly, a place where no man dare enter. This was a young girls' boutique, which prepared the young person for later life in a woman's boutique. "Catch them young and you have the woman forever" was their motto.

The boutique was heavily curtained; should any man set a foot inside, he was immediately told in no uncertain terms this was a sanctuary for ladies only and to get out. This made mothers, aunt and female relatives relaxed, knowing that they could bring their

charge there and no male would ever see the young girl in her under things.

Upon their entrance a young woman was immediately at their side. "Can I be of service to you ladies?"

"Yes," answered Jill Mattingly, "we are looking for frocks for our children."

"Children? "Oh dear no, never, these are young ladies and must always be thought of as such by their mothers," said the young woman putting her arms round the shoulders of Belinda and Ellen-Jayne. The attitude and friendly way taken by this young woman impressed both Jill and Louise. But then that was what Carol Winsor had been employed for by the management, her unusual approach with little girls who were the main concern of this boutique.

"Now if you will follow me, I shall show you a number of delightful frocks and under things that are made just for young ladies like yourselves. My name is Carol. You may call me Miss Carol. Now you must tell me your names that we can all be friends." Carol Winsor was talking to both Belinda and Ellen-Jayne, completely ignoring their mother and aunt.

Both boy/girls were entranced by the woman and happy to reveal their respective names.

"I'm Belinda," was quickly followed by, "My name is Ellen-Jayne."

"Oh, you delightful darlings, what wonderful feminine names. Do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No, Miss Carol" both boy/girls said in an excited state, as Carol Winsor anticipated.

"I'm going to kiss each of you young ladies because you have very such feminine names. Isn't that nice?"

This was a new experience. While their mother and aunt may have kissed them in the past, they were related to them. This was a lady who was not a relative.

“So there is no jealousy between you young ladies I will kiss you in alphabetical order. You first, Belinda.” Belinda rushed over to the nice lady and received a kiss on the cheek. She was followed by Ellen-Jayne.

“Now wasn’t that nice? We may do it again soon. Did you like it?”

“Oh yes, Miss Carol,” both girls replied with excitement. Such a thing had never happened to them before, being kissed by another woman who wasn’t a mother or aunt.

Jill Mattingly and Louise Bromley looked on with astonishment but said nothing. Carol Winsor took the party to a section of the boutique where many frocks were on display. “Now Belinda and Ellen-Jayne, what do you think of these dresses? Take your pick, then we will go to a booth and see how they look on your person,” said Miss Carol.

Miss Carol took the party to a changing booth. “My, don’t you young ladies have a great sense of fashion! It shall be my pleasure to fit these dresses on you. Firstly we put these under things on you. Aren’t they delightful?”

Miss Carol never waited for an answer, she was already undressing Ellen-Jayne in preparation of fitting her lingerie.

Before the delightful lingerie was to be fitted, all young ladies like Ellen-Jayne must be well corseted. Now was the time to start. Start at this young age

and, as she becomes older, her figure will be moulded into that shape that all women strive for.

This was only a junior corset but it was a beginning. Carol Winsor was well corseted herself. It was something she was particular about; her small waist and broad posterior attracted many men, not to mention women, to her. At the moment, though, the little lady was her only concern.

The laces behind Ellen-Jayne were tightly and pulled as she watched her little waist contract. Ellen-Jayne never complained for Miss Carol had captivated her with the kissing she had received from the lady. As far as Carol Winsor was concerned, the corseting would lead in later life to the young lady obtaining a "Merry Widow" corset. That was the ultimate, which all women must have, as Carol did herself. Carol Winsor had a number of "Merry Widow" corsets in her collection including an exquisite two-piece black in satin and lace. It was a corset that accentuated the gentle swell of her hips.

There were a number of petticoats and panties already selected by Miss Carol waiting to be fitted by her. Miss Carol always got great pleasure from fitting these delightful feminine items on young ladies in addition to the pleasure she received from wearing the delightful lingerie.

A wonderful pair of white frothy lace satin panties tightly fitting round her hips was placed on little Ellen-Jayne. Ellen-Jayne had many pairs of panties but these seemed different, maybe because the lady had kissed her, Ellen-Jayne liked that.

A white satin petticoat slipped over her head and slithered down her body. That was a nice feeling for Ellen-Jayne. Miss Carol helped Ellen-Jayne into a lovely dusky pink organza occasional dress in

smooth satin with a luxurious sheen. The sleeveless bodice was detailed by a fabulous big bow at the waist (also in dusky pink).

Miss Carol was now at the back of Ellen-Jayne, buttoning the three pink buttons of the bodice. Miss Carol took the sash ties at the back of the dress and formed them into another big pink bow, the ends of which hung sweetly behind her dress. Ellen-Jayne received a welcomed kiss on the back of her neck from Miss Carol.

“Don’t you look so pretty, Ellen-Jayne? Look at yourself in the mirror. Do you know what I’m going to do?”

“No, Miss Carol,” replied Ellen-Jayne.

“I’m going to kiss you again. You deserve it, you are so beautiful.” This was so different from Ellen-Jayne’s governess who seemed to have nothing but chastisement for her.

Ellen-Jayne received the kiss on her cheek with a smile on her face.

“Now Belinda, it’s your turn to be treated like the little lady you are.” Carol Winsor held her hands out to embrace Belinda who, after seeing Ellen-Jayne’s treatment, was very excited to have her dress fitted by this lady. She too found herself being fitted with a junior corset. It made Belinda feel like she was growing up, and the lady smiled as she pulled the laces.

Like Ellen-Jayne, Belinda found herself being dressed in gorgeous lingerie and was admiring herself in the mirror. She stood with a pale blue petticoat of silk over matching little pale blue panties trimmed at the leg openings with blue-coloured lace.

“My pretty little darling, you look simply magnificent and ready for the alluring dress you have picked. My heart beats all the faster to see you grace it,” said Carol Winsor.

Belinda had picked a floral jacquard and tutu dress with a corsage belt. The bodice had watercolour flowers in summer hues. The full tutu skirt came in a pretty pink tulle material that was super soft to the skin; a gorgeous gold belt went round the waist adorned with a cream corsage.

Carol Winsor stepped back to admire the girls.

“Don’t you think they look fabulous?” she spoke to Jill Mattingly and Louise Bromley. Both women had to agree with Carol Winsor.

“Do you know what you are going to do?” Carol Winsor addressed both Ellen-Jayne and Belinda.

“No, Miss Carol,” both answered excitedly.

“You little ladies are going to display the finery that is on you, aren’t you?”

“Oh yes, Miss Carol,” both replied, even more excitedly.

Carol placed herself on a large well-upholstered chair with large armrests and made herself comfortable as her large posterior sank into the chair. She could watch as Ellen-Jayne and Belinda were about to parade themselves before her. The finery they wore and the way they had been handled by Miss Carol sent exciting shivers all over their small bodies. Everything about Miss Carol had the girls enthusiastic and eager to please her.

“Belinda, you first. I want to see that dress sway and undulate from side-to-side on your body. As you

walk, take small ladylike steps. And do it slowly,” said Carol Winsor with some authority in her voice that demanded obedience. For that obedience there were rewards, as both Belinda and Ellen-Jayne were to find out.

Belinda began that walk with short quick dainty mincing steps met with approval by her Aunt Louise. Didn't she look so nice as her tutu kept bobbing up and down? As she walked there definitely was something effeminate about Belinda. The word his aunt was searching for was 'sissy.' She smiled.

Miss Carol Winsor observed the graceful rhythmical movements of Belinda. She lifted a hairbrush and comb from the nearby table, smoothed her black dress around her, and beckoned Belinda to her.

“Come, my precious little darling and sit on my lap.”

This Belinda did and Carol Winsor undid the bows on Belinda's hair and placed them on the table beside her. Belinda's long golden hair hung down to her shoulders; it was about to be brushed by Miss Carol. The brushing was of long slow strokes by Miss Carol; to Belinda it felt so nice as shivers ran up and down her body. Every so often Carol Winsor would stop her brushing and give Belinda a soft kiss on the cheek. Belinda liked that. Then she would continue with her long brushing strokes.

Ellen-Jayne watched with mounting excitement for she knew it soon would be her turn to have her hair brushed. She just couldn't wait to be kissed by Miss Carol once more. She had exhibited her beautiful dress and was now sitting on Miss Carol's lap, having her hair brushed like Belinda and receiving kisses again from Miss Carol. Ellen-Jayne had forgotten all about her mother as she looked up into the

eyes of Carol Winsor, mesmerised by her. This was the effect Carol Winsor always had on little ladies like Ellen-Jayne.

This wonderfully strange day was almost over for Ellen-Jayne and Belinda with the equally wonderful strange woman called Carol Winsor. She had taught them to love to comb each other's hair, something that lasted from girlhood till they were young women and beyond.

While Ellen-Jayne and Belinda still kissed each other after receiving a spanking from their governess, a new dimension had been added to the art of kissing as practiced by Miss Carol. One would see them in Ellen-Jayne's room. Belinda would be in a chair with Ellen-Jayne behind her, hairbrush and comb in her hand, brushing and combing in the same slow manner that Miss Carol had. Then every so often Belinda would tilt her head back to receive a kiss on her lips from Ellen-Jayne. It was so exciting for the two girls. They liked it. Now it was Ellen-Jayne's turn to have her long blonde hair brushed by Belinda. She, too, tilted her head backwards to receive the expected kiss from her girlfriend. Such innocent fun, wasn't it?

Some weekends Belinda stayed at Ellen-Jayne's house; they would sleep in separate beds in Ellen-Jayne room. The dresses that had been purchased at the boutique were exchanged and each girl helped the other into her dress. This became a common occurrence; dolls were also exchanged, for Louise Bromley had bought some for Belinda since she they been at Dr. Stella Barstow's clinic.

Early years of girlhood memories were so wonderful to the girls, just what their mother and aunt had planned. Now at the age of 12, both girls must move on for further development in their aunt and mother's quest to help their charges become women.

Both girls were now in Dr. Stella Barstow's clinic for their monthly check-up; for Dr. Stella monitored their progress into womanhood. Stella watched Belinda closely as she replaced her clothes after her examination. Belinda had fastened the hook and eye combination at the back of her small training brassiere. She had developed well on the course of hormones Dr. Stella had prescribed. Dr. Stella was pleased with her progress; Belinda's breasts were coming along nicely for her age. She was not too pleased with Ellen-Jayne's progress, she too had a training brassiere, but there was really nothing inside the bra cups. When Ellen-Jayne saw Belinda being fitted with her training brassiere, she wanted one too. Mother duly obliged so there would be no jealousy between the girls. Jill Mattingly put fillers in the bra so that her daughter could proudly fill the front of her dresses as Belinda already did.

That was all very well, thought Dr. Stella Barstow, and commendable by the mother, but that wouldn't solve problems later in life for the Ellen-Jayne. Dr. Stella would increase the dose of hormones to Ellen-Jayne and see how that went. If that failed, the final solution when she became older would be breast implants, but that was a long way off. There was no doubt the early corseting of the girls had been a great help, particularly in Belinda's case for she certainly was showing a more young girl's shape.

Dr Stella Barstow worried more about Ellen-Jayne; if she performed the implants op then the girl may have her final operation quicker than her girlfriend Belinda. Everything was in the lap of the

Gods as far as Ellen-Jayne. One reason why Dr Stella was so pernickety today and worried was that both girls were about to go to Miss Earline's special school for girls. Their mother and aunt, encouraged by their governess Marion Galbraith, had decided that. She and Debra Earline were old friends since university.

MISS DEBRA EARLINE'S SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Debra Earline sat at her desk waiting for the new intake of girls to her establishment. Unlike her friend Marion Galbraith, she didn't look stern. She was quite pretty and younger than Marion Galbraith. She had had a relationship with Marion as a student at university, but that was never mentioned in the presence of her girls. It was at a time when she had broken up with her current boyfriend. It hadn't put her off the male sex but it did give her an opportunity to explore her sexuality. As Debra and Marion shared the same flat when they were students at university and Debra knew Marion had a preference for the female sex, it was not hard to become friendly with her in more ways than one. It was to become a relationship that lasted throughout their time as students. Since leaving university, Debra had a number of relationships with men. Even now she had a boyfriend. Peter had asked her to marry him. She never gave an answer, as she wasn't sure if marriage was for her. She knew Marion Galbraith would never marry, she wasn't the type. Debra considered herself as bisexual; she could never be contented with just one sex. Debra's parents were reasonably well off and could afford to send her to university. She also had an old aunt who she regularly visited, and who left her a considerable amount of money, which Debra invested in her school.

Debra at first took in genetic girls until a woman made her an offer to educate her son, now dressed in girl's clothes, and treat him as a girl. Debra felt she had found a real niche and other women soon followed with sons and nephews dressed in girl's clothes. There was more money to be made in that line of work than in teaching genetic girls, lots more. She had to change the school curriculum to suit the gender of her pupils. That was easy and a new type of teacher was hired.

Before her pupils ever entered her school, Debra had a long talk with their parents or guardians. She therefore knew the hopes and aspirations of the mother or aunt for the boy dressed in girl's clothes. Some students were more than dressed in girl's clothes and had been *doctored* beforehand. Debra knew that Ellen-Jayne and Belinda were going to university after finishing at her school. She also knew both were on hormones; that wouldn't stop while they were at her school. The school doctor would be advised of such. She would put them in the same dormitory, as they were so close to each other, almost sisters.

Debra knew that some girls hadn't taken to her school; they missed Mommy pampering and spoiling them, to see her beloved son in a frock. They liked that and would rather be at home with Mommy. Belinda and Ellen-Jayne had each other's company, although both were pampered when school broke at times like Easter, summer holidays and Christmas.

While Ellen-Jayne and Belinda had from time to time slept together at Ellen-Jayne's house, now they were together every day and night. Not only that, both found themselves sharing the dormitory with

four other strange girls. Both considered this a new, exciting adventure. As time passed, they became familiar and friendly with the other four who went by the names of Kathy, Pearl, Connie, and Lily. The destiny of the four, like Ellen-Jayne and Belinda, was womanhood.

BOYS

When all the new intake of boy/girls had finally arrived, Miss Debra Earline gathered them in the large assembly hall.

“Girls,” she said, as she stood high above all on the platform dais. “Girls,” she repeated, “this is what is called a finishing school. This is where you will be taught subjects other than your academic studies of late, although they will not be neglected. You will be taught what young ladies should know for you are only years away from becoming one. These skills consist of makeup, dress sense, deportment and you will meet...” Debra deliberately paused a few seconds, “boys”. A lot of chatter was heard among her girls as Debra anticipated she would.

She said no more, she knew the meeting between her girls and boys would not come soon. Everything she had talked about would have to be learned to perfection before her girls would ever see any boys. While her school was not exactly a prison, it was hard to avoid the dormitory mistresses demanding an explanation of why one would want to leave the confines of the school. Therefore the meeting of any of her girls with the opposite sex without Debra Earline’s permission was almost impossible.

That didn’t stop the chatter among the girls as they made for their dormitories.

“Have you ever kissed a boy?” asked Kathy Staff to no one in particular.

“Have you?” asked Belinda, interested to hear Kathy’s answer.

“Yes,” she proudly boasted, thinking she was the only one of the group in the dormitory who had.

“What was it like?” asked Ellen-Jayne, also interested to hear the answer.

“Well,” Kathy said slowly, knowing she had a captivated audience. “I played with a gang of boys. We were always playing Cowboys and Indians and those sorts of games. The only reason they let me play with them was because they had a hideout in the woods. Because I was a girl, I had to sweep it out and tidy the place. Sometimes we made a fire and I cooked. Then one day Tommy Brentford said to me, ‘I like you, Kathy, you’re nice for a girl.’ And before I knew it, he gave me a great big sloppy kiss,” Kathy proudly finished.

Kathy was soon to be deflated as a voice said, “I got kissed by two boys,” and everyone’s head turned in the direction of the voice.

“Did you?” said Belinda in astonishment. She hadn’t been kissed by one boy, never mind two.

“Oh yes,” continued Lily, the owner of the voice. “It was at Johnny Lindsay’s birthday party. We played blind man’s bluff. Billy Thomson and I were the two that came out in the draw. We had to kiss in front of everyone. It was my first kiss, apart from Mommy that is.”

“What was it like?” someone asked.

“Sort of yucky. I didn’t like it. Besides Billy wasn’t the one I wanted to kiss.”

“Oh, who did you want to kiss, Lily?” asked sweet little Ellen-Jayne.

“Johnny Lindsay whose birthday party it was. He is really handsome, much better than Billy Thomson and his yucky kisses. But then the kissing games stopped.”

“So what did you do then?”

“I soon devised a plan to get kissed. Simple, really. I got him on his own and said, ‘I think you could kiss me better than Billy Thomson ever could.’ Johnny Lindsay stood there like a dummy, not sure what to do. I puckered my lips and shut my eyes. Johnny Lindsay wasn’t slow on the uptake. He pressed his lips on mine, even put his tongue into my mouth.”

“I’ve never heard of that,” said an innocent Ellen-Jayne. “Was it nice?”

“Nice?” replied Lily. “Of course it was. It sent shivers up and down me. He can do it any time he likes.”

“Is Johnny Lindsay your boyfriend?” asked Belinda.

Lily blushed. “I hope so.”

The sound of laughter was heard behind the girls. All turned to see their dormitory Mistress, Miss Cecilia White, standing with hands on her hips. She was the one who was providing the laughter. She put her hands round the shoulders of some of the group.

“Girls, if you really want to be kissed by a boy, you will have to look pretty, won’t you?”

“Yes Miss,” they all answered. That seemed reasonable.

“Then I hope you will pay attention to all I have to say in my classes. Every one of you can become beautiful girls with the right makeup. You’ll have the boys fighting to kiss you, won’t they, Ellen-Jayne?”

Ellen-Jayne wasn’t too sure how to answer that question for she had never kissed a boy. Now if Cecelia had asked Belinda, she would have received a definite yes, for she did want to kiss a boy, any boy. It sounded like a nice thing to do.

Miss Cecilia White was the teacher in charge of the makeup classes as well as the dormitory Mistress to all six girls. Cecilia White had a pleasant disposition and got on very well with the girls, who liked her. She of course knew all of them were boys in frocks. She liked challenges and this was a challenge she would conquer. When she finished with them, her skill of cosmetics would be passed onto these boys. No one would ever detect from their feminine makeup and demeanour that they were not female.

With Cecilia’s makeup lessons and the dress sense they were about to be taught by Miss Evelyn Redmond, another dormitory Mistress and teacher in Debra Earline’s establishment, all were being moulded to become proper ladies in later life.

And speaking of ‘moulded,’ thought Cecilia, hadn’t that Belinda have breasts that look like they were moulded on to her. Unless she has stuffed a pair of falsies in her bra, which had happened in the past with some of her girls. It was to attract attention to them, particularly when boys were about. Cecilia could only laugh at the little minxes, they were learning fast the tricks and wiles of women. If one of her girls didn’t have a well-endowed bust for a girl her

age, Cecilia was always at hand with falsies that would enhance the figure of any of her girls.

As far as Cecilia White was concerned, that was something she need never worry about, her breasts were well formed. As for boys, she had a few on a string running after her. Kissing? She had lost count the number of times she had been kissed by the opposite sex. Her experience would be passed on to her girls.

Belinda was becoming a tall figure of a girl, with breasts beginning to show in her schoolgirl's uniform. Her pointy nipples were beginning to show under the white blouse she wore. Ellen-Jayne was not so lucky; she, unlike Belinda, remained petite, which was good for her in becoming a woman. However there was no sign of breasts as of yet. If it concerned Dr. Stella Barstow, it was beginning to worry Ellen-Jayne when she noticed Belinda and some of the other girls in the dormitory. Ellen-Jayne would always look in the mirror to compare her outline with the other girls.

When Ellen-Jayne was home on Easter break from school her mother saw her crying in her room.

Jill Mattingly went to her daughter. "What's wrong, darling?" she asked.

"There's something wrong with me, Mother."

That sentence put Jill on her guard right away. Had Ellen-Jayne discovered what she was not?

"Why, what do you mean, Ellen-Jayne?"

"I'm not a real girl, am I, Mother?"

"Of course you are, darling. Whatever made you say such a thing?" Jill Mattingly feared the worst. All

her dreams for her son to become a woman looked like they were all going to fall around her.

“Well, Belinda has breasts and some of the girls in the dormitory are beginning to show signs of breasts as well. I’ve nothing to show I’m becoming a woman.”

Jill Mattingly gave a big sigh of relief. Was that all? It could have been worse.

“That is nothing to worry about, precious. Some girls are late developers and you’re probably one. I’ll tell you what we will do; I’ll make an appointment with the nice Dr. Barstow. Maybe she can help us out.”

Consultation and examination confirmed what Dr. Stella must do. Implants were clearly called for, even at the young age of 12, for Ellen-Jayne. When the time came for the full operation, these would be removed and a more appropriate size installed.

Ellen-Jayne was never so proud when she returned to school with a blouse that proclaimed she had her fair share of mummies for a girl of her age.

“What happened to you, Ellen-Jayne?” said Belinda as she looked at her girlfriend’s blouse that seemed to be filled out better than she had ever seen it.

“Mother took me to see Dr, Stella and this is the result,” Ellen-Jayne proudly proclaimed, trying to force her new breasts forward to their best advantage.

“Did she really?” asked Belinda, not the least bit jealous for her girlfriend’s breasts were of the same proportions as her own. The overall smallness of Ellen-Jayne and the size of her breasts as she grew into womanhood were going to attract many of the male

sex to her. Such things were not in the mind of these boy/girls yet; however as they grew into womanhood, it would be of importance to attract the opposite sex.

Their headmistress Debra Earline announced that there would be a dance with the boys from the nearby school shortly after they returned from their Easter holiday. There was nothing but chatter among all the girls in the school, boys being the main subject.

For the two girls, combing and grooming their hair had never stopped since that day in the boutique with Miss Carol. That delightful pastime took a more serious turn when boys came into the equation. Belinda, a brunette, just loved her hair being combed by Ellen-Jayne. She always tilted her head back to receive a sweet kiss from her, something the girls always seemed to do now. Today, for a change, Belinda put her tongue into Ellen-Jayne's mouth. Ellen-Jayne stepped back in surprise. "Why did you do that, Belinda?" she asked.

"Well..." she said. "I wanted to see what it was like after Lily said she had been kissed like that."

"Are you going to kiss some boy at the dance like that?" asked Ellen-Jayne.

"I might, then again I might not. How did you feel?"

"Sort of funny but then you're only a girl. It could be different if you were a *boy*," said Ellen-Jayne innocently, not realising both she and Belinda were indeed *boys in frocks*.

The combing and brushing between Ellen-Jayne and Belinda became infectious inside their dormitory as the other girls began to do so with each other. The thought of boys and all that kissing as described by Kathy and Lily encouraged their grooming. El-

len-Jayne and Belinda seemed to be getting into practice already as others watched. Cecilia White laughed all the more as she watched her dormitory girls. She was certainly not going to interfere.

When Mommy or Auntie learned about this forthcoming dance, their precious little darling just had to have a ball gown, didn't she? These were already in their wardrobes in the dormitory; they could not wear them till that special day. All girls wore the regulation dress for the school, as stipulated by the headmistress. That being the white button-up blouse, black pleated skirt, white ankle socks, and Mary Jane-style flat shoes.

"I hope your boys are going to behave themselves like gentlemen, Peter," said Debra to Peter Gilmore, headmaster of St. George's private boarding school for boys.

"Well, what if they didn't. They're all young adventurous boys, Debra."

"Yes and that's the trouble. I don't need to tell you what my girls have under their skirts, do I?"

"No but not being near girls since their last break, anything in a skirt is a girl. However I will keep a watchful eye at the dance."

"I hope so Peter, as I will with my girls, I have had complains in the past from irate mothers whose sons have something under their skirts which they believed they never had."

"If you married me, Debra you wouldn't need to worry about these boy/girls."

Debra Earline never answered; she was a woman who didn't want to be tied down to anyone. The only things Debra was tied down to were her school and those within it.

DANCE DAY

Well it finally arrived, Dance Day. That had been all the talk the last few weeks, well that and *boys*. Now they could take the ball gowns out their wardrobes and give them an airing. Yes, they would be wearing stockings, real long stockings all their way up to their thighs and suspenders they would be attached to. They were growing up to be young ladies. Wasn't it so wonderful, the whole of that Saturday was to be dominated to femininity, which was the way Miss Earline always planned these dances. They were to be the highlights of their year along with the makeup, the hairstyles, the excitement of their first ball gowns and the wearing of them. The dormitory Mistresses were always on hand to assist the girls with makeup or helping them into a ball gown, even recommending what jewellery and accessories to wear with whatever dress they wore.

Before any girl went as far as putting her lingerie or dress on her body, they were all going to take a hot steaming scented bath. Young ladies have to smell nice for their gentlemen friends or in these cases, boys. This was to be a lasting memory for the rest of their lives. Every one of them was going to have talc sprinkled on them, and have perfume sprayed all over their little bodies. Their dormitory Mistresses, with perfume bottles in hand, made sure of that as they gently squeezed the pump and watched the fine perfume settle on the little bodies.

That completed, the girls were now ready for their lingerie. Mothers, aunts and other relations may al-

ready have put some in such finery. Others had never been petticoated before. Such a pleasure they were to receive, and dormitory Mistresses made sure they did.

“Susan dear, you certainly are growing up. Now you are old enough to be allowed to wear this nice petticoat, such a privilege. I hope you take care of it, otherwise you may never wear a petticoat again,” said one Dormitory Mistress. The little girl looked around at her companions in their brightly coloured petticoats, all gaily enjoying themselves. She couldn’t be the odd one out, she thought as she skipped with the rest in her pink petticoat. Wasn’t this ever so much fun?

For Ellen-Jayne and Belinda, petticoats weren’t exactly strangers, Miss Carol at the boutique having smothered them in them. However these seemed prettier, if that was at all possible. Both girls had been well corseted before they even put a petticoat on their bodies. Cecilia White noticed that fact for it seemed to be a habit to both girls as they laced each other into their corsets. Cecilia held two petticoats of delicious colours in her hand.

“Didn’t your Mommy buy you the most delightful of petticoats, Ellen-Jayne? You’re going to look as pretty as a picture in this,” said Cecilia as she proceeded to place the leopard print lace-trimmed satin petticoat over the head of her ward. “Pity,” thought Cecilia, “you could wear that petticoat on its own without the ball gown.”

Being a tall girl, Belinda’s petticoat was different; it was white, made of nylon with slim adjustable straps and a flared skirt with ruffled design. Before the girls went any further, they were to have fully-fashioned stockings on their legs. This was new to Ellen-Jayne and Belinda; they were really growing up. Cecilia



demonstrated the proper way to fit these stockings and the girls copied her. For the first time, both had the delight of wearing women's stockings. The silky feel on their legs sent shivers up their spine. Being a girl was *so wonderful*.

Now to the fitting of the girls' ball gowns. Ellen-Jayne had a simply ravishing sleeveless ball gown of satin, coloured orange with glittering sequins and a floor-length train, which was going to make that delightful froufrou sound as she walked music to the ears of her dorm Mistresses.

Belinda had an elegant ball gown of purple that flared out from her hips like Ellen-Jayne's did but made in satin. These were the girl's first prom dresses. Belinda's made that hissing sibilant sound as she walked in her gown.

As for jewellery both girls had little silver chain necklaces with their names on them. Then came sterling silver frosted heart-shaped stud earrings, for Dr. Stella Barstow had pierced their ears.

All the dormitories were a hive of activity for makeup had to be applied, every available mirror was occupied by some girl, or some compact flipped open and face powder was being put on their faces. Dormitory Mistresses gave a helping hand to their girls.

Miss Cecilia White was stuffing what was called 'bum padding' down the knickers of some of her pupils.

"Is that what is called womanly wiles, Miss?" asked one girl it was happening to.

"You catch on fast, Lily. No wonder you kissed two boys," laughed Miss Cecilia White. All the girls in her

dorm were going to have nice shapely figures whether real or otherwise.

Shoes had not been forgotten either. They were in colours of pink or baby blue with black bows to the front. Yes, some of their shoes might have been of a bigger size for girls their age, as were some of their dresses, but Debra Earline thought there are big women in this world. And there are men who like to be under the heel of a big, bossy woman. "These girls will get on in life," Debra concluded. They'll always have men running after them."

Everyone was ready for the dance. A bus waited outside the school to take the young ladies to the dance to meet the *boys*.

DANCE NIGHT

Naturally all the talk on the way to this dance was about *boys*, *boys*, and more *boys*.

Debra Earline, having a look over her girls, thought Belinda Anderson was perhaps the prettiest of them all, maybe a bit tall for her age, but that wouldn't deter many boys asking her for a dance.

The dance was to be held in the local village hall, where tables had been set out for a meal before the dance. The bus arrived as Peter Gilmore, the headmaster of St. George's school and Debra's boyfriend, was outside the hall with all of his boys waiting for Debra and her girls. As each girl stepped off the bus, one boy would come forward and offer his hand to accompany the girl into the hall, to a selected table.

"You look very smart tonight, Peter" said Debra as she observed him in his evening suit and bow tie. "And I might add so do your boys in their tuxes, very nice."

“You wanted proper little gentlemen. Well you’ve got them,” smiled Peter Gilmore.

“Let’s hope they stay that way, Peter.” Nothing more was said as Peter Gilmore accompanied Debra to the top table.

The top table consisted of Debra and her Dormitory Mistresses, and Peter and his House Masters. All were there to supervise the proceedings after the meal.

To a certain extent, the ice had been broken between the boys and so-called girls with the meeting outside the hall. Ellen-Jayne and Belinda had a head start over most girls for the boys they were with knew their names from the necklaces they wore.

“My name is Philip Biggins, Jayne,” said a fair-headed boy opposite her at the dining table. Jayne blushed. She never really had spoken to boys before. That wasn’t her fault as it was only little girls her mother invited to her house, never boys.

“Can I dance with you, Jayne?”

“Well...I suppose so, Philip” she stammered out. She was actually going to dance with a boy, which would be a new experience. It was not that she didn’t know how to dance, dancing lessons had been taught at school, but that was always with another girl. This time a boy was going to hold her round the waist.

The meal being over and waitresses clearing the tables, all was ready for the dance. There was going to be a mixture of music, from waltz, foxtrot, and quickstep to modern popular tunes. As far as old-fashioned dances like the waltz went, the girls had practiced such steps at school, and most were proficient.

Peter and Debra were already on the floor to lead their pupils off. Debra knew there would be wallflowers among her girls; her job was to encourage them to mix with the boys. After all, they were to grow up as girls, weren't they, these boys in girls frocks?

One girl who had no problem about dancing with a boy was Ellen-Jayne or Jayne as Philip Biggins, her partner, had cut it down to.

It felt strange to have a boy's hands round her waist, but it was so nice. There was no doubt Philip was captivated by his small charming companion. It wasn't as if he had never been in the company of girls before; he had two sisters, but that was different. Jayne smelt nice, that was something he had never thought of before.

Jayne and Philip never seemed to be away from each other, dance after dance. There was a room set aside where soft drinks were available for those who wanted refreshments and seats where tired legs could be rested. Both Jayne and Philip made use of this facility.

As they sat together, Cokes in hand, Philip remarked to Jayne, "I like you, Jayne. You're a pretty girl."

Jayne Mattingly blushed profusely. Such adoration had never come from the opposite sex before. Her mother had told her that kind of thing many times but never a boy. Philip Biggins placed a hand on hers and looked seriously into her eyes. "Jayne, can I see more of you after tonight?"

Jayne Mattingly's heart beat all the faster. "Well Philip, that won't be easy. Miss Earline has to give her permission before any of us girls is allowed outside the school on their own."

“I see. Where do you live?” Jayne Mattingly duly gave her address to this boy.

“You know, I live the next town away from there. Could I call sometime?”

Jayne thought it over in her mind. She was becoming older and Philip seemed a nice boy. There was no reason why they couldn’t meet again. Mother would understand, wouldn’t she?

“Yes Philip, I’d like that.”

“Then you’ll be my girlfriend, Jayne, won’t you?”

Jayne shyly answered, “Yes.” Jayne received a surprise kiss on the cheek. That was nice, she thought, not really what she had feared from a boy. Boys weren’t really that bad.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jayne spotted her girlfriend Belinda with two boys beside her. That had come as no surprise to their headmistress, for hadn’t she said Belinda was perhaps the prettiest of all her girls?

Belinda seemed somewhat disturbed. She didn’t really like kissing boys despite her recent exhibition with her girlfriend Ellen-Jayne. But that was a girl, not a boy.

“Stop that, Harry!” said the pretty Belinda as he kissed her on the cheek.

“Leave me alone!” said Belinda as she struggled from his grasp.

“Girls are funny,” thought he as he watched his friend Phil with Jayne. “Now she seems a quite docile girl, compared to this spitfire.” Harry guessed he would never understand girls.

Belinda looked across at her girlfriend Ellen-Jayne; she seemed to be coping well with the opposite sex. Belinda wondered what her secret was. The markers for both girls had already been set out and would continue to affect them as they grew into womanhood.

Belinda was never short of partners for dances, they just seemed to flock to her. Phil and she quietly went about their business of dance after dance.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end. Debra Earline clapped her hands. "Girls, gather your things up for we will shortly have to leave. Say goodbye to your beau, whoever he is" laughed Debra. Turning to Peter Gilmore, she said, "I must say, Peter, your boys behaved themselves extremely well."

"Of course they did, Debra, what else would you expect. Now when can I have a date with you?"

"I'll think about it, Peter." No more was said as Debra rounded up her girls to the waiting bus outside the hall. Like with their entrance, the boys accompanied the girls to their bus, maybe a little friendlier than their first meeting.

"If I can't see you till the holidays, Jayne, I'll write to you," said her first-ever boyfriend, Phil.

"Oh yes, please do, Phil. I'll reply to every letter," said the now-Jayne, her heart pounding madly. Then she stepped forward and planted a kiss on Phil's cheek. It was all so nice, she thought.

All the way back to Miss Debra Earline Special Finishing School for young girls, the talk was about boys and who had danced with them. That talk didn't stop for days and days. Lily said that another two boys

had kissed her. Cecilia White laughed when she heard.

“I can see you’re going to have a lot of boyfriends when you grow up, Lily. Play the field and you’ll get Mr Right. I don’t think I can teach you much more about women’s wiles,” laughed the Ms White.

The summer holidays had arrived and Jayne Mattingly was showing the first signs of independence. She informed her mother that she now had a boyfriend. Then she said she had a summer job at Mrs Taylor’s General store as an assistant. Jill Mattingly worried; she had done so much to keep her Ellen-Jayne away from boys.

When Louise Bromley heard, she told her old friend not to worry. “You can’t expect Ellen-Jayne to go through life without meeting boys or men. I only wish Belinda would. For some reason she seems rather frightened.”

“Maybe it’s just a phase, Louise,” said Jill.

“I only hope it is. Belinda has declared a wish for acting. Remember when we watched her in a play at Miss Earline’s school, Jill?”

“Oh yes, I thought she was good.”

“I had hoped to send her to university but if her talents lead her in that direction, maybe a theatrical career is more for Belinda. I am thinking of sending her to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art after she finishes school.”

“That could be rather expensive, Louise.”

“Yes, I know but if she has the talent, I feel I owe it to my sister, her mother.” In time, Louise was to find government grants to ease that situation.

Whatever Belinda’s feelings about the opposite sex were, she was going to be trained as an actress, not the easiest of professions, but something she would be happy at applying her skills to.

“What of Ellen-Jayne, Jill?” asked Louise Bromley.

“I am still sending her to university. I’m not sure of what she will study, but she is a bright girl and will make a success of anything.”

Audrey Taylor, a widow, had watched her newly hired assistant Jayne Mattingly at work. Jill was a bright and pleasant girl, she thought, who seemed to get on well with her customers which is always good for business. She dressed in pretty clothes which overalls supplied by Audrey covered. Like many teenagers, if she had any spare time Jayne was seen filing her nails.

“Got a boyfriend, Jayne?” asked Audrey Taylor.

“Yes, Mrs Taylor,” she blushed prettily.

“Tell you what, Jayne. After Saturday night, you can take your pick of any nail polish you like free for that boyfriend of yours. What’s his name?”

“Phil Biggins, Mrs Taylor”

“Can’t be from these parts or I’d have heard that name. I usually know everyone here, it’s my business to know.”

“Oh no, Phil lives a town away. He’s a nice boy.”

“Good for you Jayne, you’re a nice girl,” smiled Audrey Taylor at her teenage assistant.

Jayne knew the pattern at the cosmetic counter, particularly on a Saturday. Teen girls like herself would come and buy makeup for their Saturday dates. She only hoped that the pearl nail polish she had her eye on didn’t disappear. Phil was going to take her to meet his parents later next week; they had dated regularly during the holidays. Of course they had kissed. Jayne was a sensible girl, she wouldn’t allow anything further, and she did know the facts of life. All the girls had learned of them at Miss Debra’s school, even if Mother had not said a word about any of that to her.

At the end of Saturday that pearl-coloured nail polish was still there. “That’s a nice colour Jayne,” commented Mrs Taylor as she placed the nail polish in a bag for her assistant.

Jill Mattingly used to watch her daughter change in her room. Since she had been to Debra Earline’s school, Jayne liked the room to herself. After all, it was *her* room. Jayne Mattingly wanted her own space. Jayne was slipping into being a young woman; she could experiment with makeup without her mother interfering. That was why she had taken the pearl nail polish. Mother would probably have told her red was best. With little things like that, she was starting to make her own decisions, Jayne Mattingly, slowly but surely, was becoming independent. It was not as if she didn’t love her mother, she did but would do things her way.

This was not what Jill Mattingly anticipated when she decided to have a daughter instead of a son. Other things were changing, too. Jayne told her she had been invited for the weekend to meet the parents of this boyfriend of hers. It seemed as if she too would

have to meet this Phil Biggins. Jayne was growing up faster than she had anticipated.

Jayne, now on holiday, could cast her schoolgirl clothes aside and wear her teen girl clothes. There was no way she would wear anything near what her girlfriend Belinda Anderson wore. Her outfits were outrageous, but then Belinda had artistic tendencies, hadn't she and maybe that sort of thing could be expected. Belinda had joined the local armature dramatic society. Belinda also paid more attention to her makeup than Jayne. Belinda's contacts in the dramatic group helped. At least Belinda knew what she wanted after school: a life in the theatre. Jayne only wished she could make her mind up.

That night Jayne paid more attention to her makeup than she would normally have done. She had just finished painting her nails with the pearl nail polish. There, didn't it look nice? This was the first time she had tried anything but red or pink. Now for her dress. Her job at Mrs. Taylor's had helped her buy a better dress than she would have done before. The boutique's dresses were too pricey for her; maybe when she was older. Mother did give her an allowance every month, the trouble was Mother wanted to pick the dress or frock she liked.

Jayne had her own say now and had selected a sleeveless polka dot, bow belt cotton dress. It can down to just below her knees. It did have a rather deep V at her neck. Jayne worried about what Phil's mother would think about that. She didn't want to give the wrong impression, she wasn't a tart.

Jayne was at an age where her teenage breasts were really beginning to show, they were still the same ones Dr. Stella Barstow had implanted earlier. Belinda would never be so shy; she craved attention to herself.

“Mother,” said Jayne as she finished her dressing. “Mother, you don’t think this dress makes me look like a tart, do you?”

Jill Mattingly looked at her daughter. Yes, she really was growing up. “Not at all, Jayne (even she was beginning to call her daughter Jayne). You were never brought up that way. Why do you ask?”

“It’s just that I don’t want Phil mother to think I am. This V at the front, you don’t think it exposes my breasts too much?”

“No Jayne, however if you are worried, wear a cardigan. You’re not that type of girl.”

“Thanks, Mother,” Jayne said. She put her arms round her mother’s neck and gave her a kiss. “At least mothers are good for something,” thought Jill Mattingly.

Jayne made her own way by public transport to meet her boyfriend Phil Biggins. He met her at the bus station and took her to his home. Jayne had brought an overnight case with her.

“Mother, this is Jayne Mattingly,” said Philip as he introduced his girlfriend to his mother.

“We’ve prepared a room for you, dear. Show her the way, Phil.” Patricia Biggins looked the girl over. She seemed a nice and pretty girl. No doubt over the weekend she would find out more about her.

Later that night in bed with her husband, Patricia Biggins asked him, “Ralph, what did you think of that Jayne?”

“What was there to think? She seems a nice girl. Its Phil life, it’s what he thinks. Besides, he’s young. This time next year he’ll have another girlfriend.”

“She’s a lot better than that last one he brought here. A bossy boots she was. She would have made his life a misery if they ever married. She definitely was the one who would wear the pants. Smoked as well, I don’t like women who smoke. It’s a dirty habit.”

“Hell, Pat, they’re not yet at the altar. It might never happen, leave them alone.”

Over the weekend Jayne was to meet Phil’s younger sister Emma. His older sister by some ten years, Diane, was married and lived in Australia.

Emma, a teenage girl of the same age as Jayne, was lively and high-spirited girl, not one afraid to speak her mind, in appearance almost her mother’s image.

“You’re a nice girl, Jayne, with a nice disposition, better than that snotty-nosed bitch you last brought here, Phil.”

Philip Biggins gave his sister a look.

“She was the nearest thing to Hitler in knickers. She would have ruled you and wore the pants. You’ve struck lucky with Jayne.”

Jayne Mattingly was a little surprised that Phil had had a girlfriend before her. Despite her aggressive manner, she was to get on well with Emma, who became a good friend to her in later life.

School days were fast ending for Jayne and Belinda. Soon they would become young ladies taking their first steps into womanhood. Such exciting times lay ahead for both.

Belinda entered RADA where she was to study acting for a number of years, Jayne, now at university, was still not sure what she was going to be in life. Phil had taken business studies at university; he and Jayne regularly dated. As for Belinda, she was never short of men asking her for a date. She turned most down as she buried herself into her acting studies. That, it must be said, did pay off for she found herself being given larger parts as time went on in the plays performed at the acting school. For some unexplainable reason Belinda was still afraid of men.

Belinda' and Jayne's days as sweet little things were coming to an end, unfortunately. Such is life and the cold hard world was facing both girls as they entered into young womanhood. Before that happened, Dr. Stella Barstow would perform her gender reassignment operation to let the girl's enter their next stage of femininity. There were exciting times full of excitement, happiness and disappointment, even heartache ahead for them, but then life never runs completely smoothly. That, however, is all to come for our sweet little things as their womanhood proceeds.

###