

# Charlotte Harshley

a *SOLUTIONS* Ltd. story



## Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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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.



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# Charlotte Harshley

a **SOLUTIONS, Ltd.** story  
by Delphinia Longstreet

## ONE

Ms Charlotte Harshley, in her “female” persona, opened her evening paper and started to peruse the “Opportunities” page, one of her favorite sections, giving her many a chuckle at some of the ideas postulated there.

‘Let’s see,’ she thought. ‘Oh, here’s one! “Are you the daring type? Opportunity to get in on the ground floor of an exciting new invention guaranteed to. . .”’

Immediately, her eye slipped away as she looked at several other such tempting monetary “opportunities,” opportunities that always promised the sky and usually turned out to be merely pie in the sky instead!

Sighing with an unaccustomed ennui, she turned the page and an advertisement almost leapt off the page into her consciousness!

**WANTED: Governess and tutor for twin girls in dire need of discipline and guidance! This is a long term offering with appropriate benefits to a qualified candidate. Must have an advanced degree in child education and must be available for an extended term. If interested, please contact:**

**SOLUTIONS, LTD.  
Post Office Box 0096  
Charlotte Amalie,  
American Virgin Islands 00801**

Charlotte stared at the ad in utter disbelief. Why, it was almost as though the ad were aimed directly at her! For not only had she a doctorate degree in child care and development, she was more than available for a long term position!

With a lightness of heart that she had not felt in ages, she went to her desk, sat down and for the next hour worked on her response, wishing to get every word just right so there would be no mistake about her sincerity.

The next morning, she took her letter to the central post office on Lassiter Street and sent it on its merry way, special delivery, return receipt requested.

Then, she sat back to await developments.

Two weeks passed and she had almost forgotten all about the ad, even though it only appeared once - she had looked for it every day for a week before losing interest.

'It's just not to be,' she consoled herself as she prepared herself for a temporary gig at the Downtown Club, a gay and lesbian club that put on a drag show several times a month.

And, since Charlotte had been born "Charles" some forty or so years previously,

as a "temporary" job until something more lucrative turned up, The Downtown Club filled the bill nicely and meant that she could eat regularly and pay the rent.

Then, one evening almost three weeks after she had sent off her letter to the American Virgin Islands, she received a late night phone call.

“Hello?” she snapped somewhat peevishly.

Charlotte had just slipped into bed and was contemplating which late night comedian she would watch when the unexpected call had interrupted her decision making process.

“Good evening,” came a soft, cultured female voice. “May I speak with Ms Charleen Harshley, please?”

“Who is this?” Charlotte asked guardedly.

“I am Agent Double Oh Ninety Six and I am calling Ms Charleen Harshley on the express behalf of an application for employment she had submitted some weeks ago in response to the reader advertisement by SOLUTIONS, LTD, a multi-national corporation headquartered in Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands,” came the calm, measured, dulcet toned explanation

“This is Charleen. How may I help you?” Immediately, Charlotte’s voice went into her persuasive mode as she shifted her mental processes quickly. “Only my name is Charlotte, not Charleen,” she explained.

“Eh?” came the surprised voice. “Oh, yes, my bad. It is Charlotte! Please, won’t you excuse my faux pas?”

“Certainly,” Charlotte replied graciously. “It’s a common misapprehension.”

“Ms Harshley, I wonder if I could visit you on the morrow, say about two or three o’clock, to discuss the possibility of retaining your services on our behalf?”

“Why, yes, I don’t see why not,” Charlotte was surprised at the suddenness of the request. “Two would be the most convenient, I think. How does that fit your schedule?”

“Veddy good indeed!” the disembodied voice trilled smoothly. “Then I shall see you there!” There was an audible “click” and a dial tone started immediately.

“Well I be damned!” Charlotte murmured, staring dumbly at the dead phone for a long moment, struck by the abruptness of the caller.

“I be doubly damned!” she repeated, smiling wryly as she replaced the receiver in its cradle. She stared at the instrument for a long moment.

“Indeed!” she added facetiously.

Absently, she flipped her remote, settling for the first late-night program she came upon.

Afterward, she could remember nothing about the show.

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## TWO

Charlotte opened her front door and gazed with womanly approval at the smartly dressed woman standing there. “Ms Harshley?” the woman asked in the same deep, though feminine voice Charlotte remembered from the previous evening.

“Yes,” Charlotte smiled, putting her hand out to take the other’s hand. “And you must be Agent Double Oh Ninety Six!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, indeed, that is I. May I enter?” the woman asked.

Charlotte stood back. “Oh, of course, how inconsiderate of me!” she apologized.

“Would you like some oolong tea? It’s a fresh pot.”

“Yes, thank you, Ms Harshley,” came the cultured response.

Soon the two women sat across from one another as they sipped their tea, their conversation limited by circumstances of being strangers to one another.

Finally, “May I see your university doctorate in early child development?” Agent Double Oh Ninety Six asked quietly.



“Certainly,” Charlotte agreed, reaching for a large manila envelope on the table before her, as she extracted the requested document. “Here it is.”

Agent Double Oh Ninety Six barely glanced at the document as she asked, “What experience have you had with recalcitrant children? I ask because the position we offer involves twins who have been let run wild for far too long and are in dire need of proper discipline and guidance to correct their ill-advised lack of adjustment.”

“I see,” Charlotte murmured. “Well, I first got interested in child development when I was but a raw teen seeking my position in life. I was not happy with my home life nor the lack of acceptance I received there and in high school, although the nuns were much more understanding than my parents, siblings and other relatives.

“I entered Notre Dame immediately after high school graduation and five years later was robed as a doctor of Childhood Development and Education. My first job was as governess/nanny/nursemaid/companion to twin boys, the Wood Twins, Darwin and Harold. It was the elder Woods’ desire that the boys be raised and trained as girls, no matter the cost to their budding masculinity. In fact, Mr. Wood had had both boys surgically castrated long before I came on the scene and subsequent high dosages of estrogen and other female hormones just hastened the changing process. The boys were mere infants of three when I came into their lives. It was a labor of love to guide them and train them in all things female and feminine. By age nine or so, both were extremely girly girls and I took great pride in my accomplishments, as did their parents.

“Then, Mrs. Wood was killed in a drive-by shooting and Mr. Wood’s second wife did not approve of me from the get-go and I was fired a week after their marriage for, of all things, incompetence!

“Subsequently I was offered a professorship at the University and taught would-be teachers for the next six years. I left that position last May because of professional differences of opinions about students’ posted grades. I believe that good grades are earned by student performance, not as an aid to boost school ratings with over-stated grade averages for certain agencies of the government.”

"I can fully understand your frustration, Ms Harshley," the woman commiserated.

"Oh, please, call me Charlotte, or Char, as my friends do, er. . . those who know, I mean," she amended quickly.

"Very well, Charlotte," the woman agreed, "and you must call me Six."

Charlotte thought this was a strange nickname, but she kept her thoughts to herself.

"Tell me, Charlotte, are you able to sign on with SOLUTIONS, Ltd. for a quite extended tour? I am talking about a several year commitment, not weeks or months. Initially we would require your commitment to at least a three year contract, and we would hope you would seriously consider a five or ten year term."

Charlotte giggled. "Sounds extremely interesting!"

"It can be," Six answered ambiguously. "And we will pay you forty thousand per, to start, should you accept our offer."

'Better and better! More than I would have expected,' Charlotte thought. "Exactly what will be my duties when called upon or required to retrain these recalcitrant twins?" she asked as she leaned forward expectantly.

"You will have total physical and mental autonomy over each. There will be no area of physical or mental access prohibited nor denied your close attention."

"Whoa!" Charlotte objected. "I will not be part nor parcel of any sort of illegality nor anything that smacks of the sort for any amount of money or inducement. . ."

"I assure you, Charlotte, you have nothing to fear in that regard. As I have just explained, you will have complete autonomy to reform these hellions, with absolute authority to do what is necessary to correct their present misguided behavior."

"You know, of course, that I was born a genetic male," Charlotte admitted with a somewhat sheepish grin. "Even though I have lived as a female for most of my life?"

Six nodded. “Yes, we took that into consideration and since you had such great success with the Wood twins, we feel you would be ideal in this situation! I can’t go into too great a detail, but I assure you, if you accept our offer, you will not be disappointed and your accident of birth will not be held against you!”

Charlotte gaped at the woman in disbelief. “Then, you don’t care that I hide my maleness in my taffeta bloomers?”

Six shook her head. “No, Charlotte, not in the least. In fact, it may be to your great advantage that you are what you say.”

“I don’t understand,” Charlotte admitted.

“All will be explained once you are an official member of the SOLUTIONS, LTD. team,” Six assured her. “I’ll leave a blank contract with you. You look it over and if it is to your liking, sign it and send it to our post office box in Charlotte Amalie.” She stood and held out her hand. “It was so good to meet you.”

“And I, you,” Charlotte murmured, rising and taking Six’s outstretched hand.

Six turned and before Charlotte could ask her anything else, she was gone, the door closing firmly behind her retreating back.

“Well I be damned!” Charlotte muttered. “No, I be doubly damned!” she then exclaimed more forcefully. “You are something else, Lady!”

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### THREE

For two days Charlotte poured over the contract, looking for any loopholes, or anything that might smack of an illegal operation, but nothing appeared. She took it to an attorney friend of hers who looked it over casually before saying, “Looks legitimate to me, Charlotte. The salary is more than adequate for a doctor of child development and the working conditions seem to be more than reasonable. It will require you to relocate outside the continental United States, but

that shouldn't prove to be a problem as I see your passport is up to date in all respects.

"You were a governess at one point early in your career, so that should not be an obstacle to your employment. It looks to me like this company has gone to great lengths to acquire only the very best of the very best. In my opinion, it would be a good deal and were I you, I would consider signing very carefully and positively."

"Thank you, Roger," Charlotte gushed. "I had come to that tentative conclusion by myself. I just needed verification that I was doing the right thing."

"Go and God speed, my dear girl," Roger quipped, standing to shake Charlotte's extended hand.

Charlotte went directly to the post office where she signed the contract, crossing out the THREE and writing in SEVEN right above it, adding her initials as confirmation. Then, into the huge manila envelope and it was on its way by registered mail, return receipt requested.

Two days later, a well-stuffed business size envelope was delivered to her at her home. After signing for it, she tore it open to discover a one way, first class airplane ticket on American Airlines to Chicago on the seventh of the following month along with a certified check for twenty-five hundred dollars.

"Why, that's just two weeks from tomorrow!" Charlotte thought in surprise. "That doesn't give me much time to wind up my business!"

There was a note with the ticket.

"Please do not miss your flight. If you do, all bets are off. Use this money to wind up your affairs. Bring nothing with you except your birth certificate, your current driver's license and your University degree. You may bring any such clothing as you wish, but be reminded that anything and everything you will ever need will be furnished at no charge to you by SOLUTIONS, Ltd. We look forward to a long and fruitful association."

It was signed:

"6."

“P.S. Thank you so much for up-grading to a seven year term. As I promised, you will not be sorry!”

And again, it was signed:

“6.”

For the next several days, Charlotte went about closing her apartment, putting those items she wished to save in long term storage and disposing of all else with pangs of regret, but knowing she could not save everything.

Still, certain mementoes of the past had to be saved and she packed these dear relics carefully, her eyes filled with tears of remembrance.

One week later, she had sublet the apartment, installed the new tenant, and was as ready as she ever would be to embark on what she hoped would be the adventure she had always wished for but never quite attained.

She felt a deep sadness at leaving her many friends behind and many farewells were accompanied by copious tears on both parts.

‘Still,’ Charlotte consoled herself, ‘I believe the adventure will be worth every single tear and then some!’

In time, she would realize the absolute truth of her thoughts.

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## FOUR

Charlotte paused at the exit door and gazed with some trepidation at the crowded terminal that was O’Hare International. Her flight in had been routinely dull compared to the hustle and bustle she now faced.

Again, she wondered at the wisdom of wearing her reminiscently Gay 90s, strict, black school-Marm dress with all the proper accouterments, the tight, restrictive corset that whittled her waist to a breathless twenty-six inches, to the bullet bra that strained to contain her thirty-seven inch C-cups, to the wide expanse of her well filled bloomers by her cushiony bot-

tom flesh, to the four inch heels on her black buttoned granny-boots hidden beneath her full skirt with its many petticoats, to the long black, linen coat of the distinctive style to her black lace fingerless gloves to the wide brimmed picture hat atop her swept-back bun. Charlotte had always loved the outfit, but she thought it might be a bit too gauche for the sophisticated tastes of Chicago.

Hesitantly, she started for the luggage retrieval section, finding her two bags in the first pass of the merry-go-round. Taking one bag in each hand, she minced along the center aisle looking for the passenger's lounge she had been directed to seek.

'Ah! There's the sign!' she thought, pausing momentarily to reorient herself. Suddenly, something or somebody slammed into her from behind, sending her flying through the air to land ignominiously in a flurried show of her petticoats and the pink muslin of her severely old-fashioned bloomer under garment with the pink lace about her calves just below her knees, landing solidly on her well padded rump!

Two teen age girls, one in white patent leather and the other in red patent leather, paused momentarily. "Whyn't yuh watch where yer goin', ya old hag?" one girl snapped rudely, making no offer to help Charlotte regain her feet.

"Yeah," the other teen chimed in, "Old farts like you shud be locked up in a home somewhere in a fuckin' rockin' chair er sumthin'!"

"Or permanently residing in the cemetery!" the other snapped viciously.

With that, the two ran off, laughing and holding hands as they raced towards the lounge, leaving the shocked Charlotte staring after them in outrage. "Well, I never!" she gasped as she struggled to keep her legs pressed tightly together. She began to gather her spilled belongings to return them to her reticule when a soft voice spoke.

"Here, let me help you, Ma'am." Strong hands helped her to her feet and she swayed momentarily, uncertainly with the shock of her recent encounter. She saw a rather tall young woman and her smaller companion helping her to stand.

“May we get you a cool drink from the food bar to calm your nerves?” the smaller woman asked, her sweet voice filled with concern for Charlotte’s welfare.

“That rude pair should be totally ashamed of themselves!” Charlotte sputtered in outrage. “And punished accordingly!” she added vindictively.

The smaller woman introduced herself as Miss Sarad Kinklove which Charlotte thought was an odd surname for such a beautiful young lady. The other woman was Ms Kirsten Longsleeve, also an odd surname to Charlotte.

“Hello, I’m Charlotte Harshley, Ms Charlotte Harshley, just off the flight from Charlestown. How veddy nice to meet you both, although I do regret the circumstances thereof,” Charlotte apologized.

“We’re waiting for a plane to take us to Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands where we have been retained by SOLUTIONS, Ltd.,” Sarad explained breathlessly.

“How droll!” Charlotte murmured. “I too have been retained by the same organization. What will you do for them?”

“Beats the living dog shit outta me,” Kirsten giggled.

“Kirsten!” the smaller girl gasped, reddening, “Please! Your language!”

“Ooops, sorry ‘bout that,” Kirsten apologized insincerely.

Some minutes later, the three new friends were seated at a small table in the passenger’s lounge sipping their tea and nibbling sandwiches. Charlotte noticed that Kirsten took the second half of Sarad’s sandwich without asking and the girl made no protest whatsoever.

Charlotte glanced around the room, noticing immediately the twin girls who had treated her so rudely in the center aisle.

They were seated on a lounge seat in such a manner that they took up the whole lounge, leaving no room for anyone else who might wish to sit there. ‘Just one more mark against them!’ Charlotte thought, her

heart aching for vengeance! She glared at them angrily and one of the girls flipped her the bird, causing Charlotte to flush with embarrassment. She had never in her whole life as a woman been treated so crassly!

“Please, Ms Charlotte,” Sarad whispered, “pay them no mind. I’m sure they’re really very nice girls under their rude, crude, somewhat shy behavior. You just have to get to know them!” she tried to smooth Charlotte’s ruffled feathers.

“I doubt that!” Charlotte snapped with finality.

“Did you meet Agent Double Oh Ninety Six?” Kirsten asked conversationally.

“Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I did. She came to my home and spoke to me face to face, but I have to admit that after almost two hours of rather intimate conversation, I knew no more about the woman than I did when she rang my doorbell!”

“I know the feeling,” Kirsten echoed. “There’s one close mouthed broad, if you ask me! All secret squirrel and then some!” she laughed.

“I spoke with her on the phone and I found that she was a rather nice woman and I look forward to meeting her in person!” Sarad interjected.

“Well, hopefully we’ll find out soon!” Kirsten laughed.

“Indeed we shall,” Charlotte agreed gently.

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## FIVE

Daryl Bender was bored. He had been skating through life of late, regretting his decision to quit his master’s program and seek gainful employment in the “real” world.

Unfortunately, as he had discovered, such employment was not all that easy to find when the country was in the depths of a recession that, to him, was nothing less than a full-fledged depression, no matter what the talking heads on teevee claimed!

Even though he was well-versed in stem-cell research, when he went to apply for any position of quality, he was told to go back and finish his master's, then reapply.

Daryl did not think he could afford to waste his time (his thinking) when he already knew more than most masters did after two years of dedicated study. But, it was the same old story time after time, "Get your master's!" he was told so often he hated the sound.

At twenty-four years of age, five foot two in his stockings (five six or seven when in heels) and weighing just one hundred three pounds, he often lamented that he "was too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work," which had pointed him into micro-biology when he started University at age seventeen.

His transvestism had started around age four or five when his mother (recently divorced from his abusive father) accepted work at a prestigious high school, the only catch being that it was an all-girl high school. His mother had agreed to continue dressing Daryl in skirts and had enrolled him in parochial school when he was eleven. His hidden sex had not proved a problem for the most part as he had learned well the lesson taught by his former, rejecting, uncaring and insulting, wannabe girl-friends.

During college, he had interned for several stem-cell research facilities and had been greatly intrigued by what he learned.

He had one major problem with his internships. Daryl hated to kow-tow to the males who ran most research labs, because, being a die-hard transvestite and wishing to continue living as a female, he knew first-hand the prejudice that existed for anyone like him. That he looked effeminate and had "swishy" mannerisms, did not help. And, he hated their condescending attitudes towards those who were "different."

Usually this was not a problem because he kept it well hidden from prospective employers and acted like an on-the-make guy looking for a one night stand or a willing mistress or something of the sort.

That was true. He was looking for a woman. But he wanted a female who would accept him in panties, bras, slips, nylons, hi-heels, dresses and cosmetics as

her wife-husband and he refused to accept anything less.

Consequently, he was depressed because the two women he had told about his aberration had fled in horror at the very thought of such a thing happening to them!

For some time, he had been visiting a drag club on the lower East Side of town named *Do It*, that featured some of the more well-known female impersonators in the area. He had gone as a female and had been hit upon by several predatory males that he had turned down out of hand, not garnering any friends in the process.

Then, from out of the blue, or so it seemed to him, his eye was attracted to a tiny ad in *The Biologist*, a magazine he had subscribed to since early college because it had many articles devoted to his particular area of expertise, stem-cell research.

Unbelieving, he read it a second time.

Then a third.

**WANTED: Micro-Biologist with extensive back-ground in Stem-Cell research to be Team Leader in Genetic Code Research for International Pharmaceutical Corporation. Candidate must hold prerequisite doctorate with a minimum two years hands-on experience.**

**All expenses, including living, housing and clothing costs, plus all extraneous costs covered by Parent Company. Salary commensurate with degree held and past experience, with periodic raises for satisfactory work performance. Full medical, dental, optical and life Insurance coverage is included at no extra cost to the successful candidate.**

**Reply stating full legal name, full legal address, current telephone number, date and place of awarded doctorate, color of eyes and hair, weight, height, and all other pertinent information as may be required by Parent Company.**

**If interested, please contact us at: SOLUTIONS, Ltd., P.O.Box 0096, Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands 00801.**

‘Unbelievable!’ he thought.

‘Well, Hell!’ he thought. What’ve I got to lose? They don’t know I am not a genetic woman, and as long as I keep my panties on, no one will ever know!’ He chuckled. “I can live with *that*” he told the room.

He went to his desk and in moments had composed a short letter listing himself as a woman, recent college graduate with the appropriate degree as well as post-graduate work in the field. He had to fudge the facts slightly to fit the new “woman,” but he consoled himself by ignoring any repercussions thereof.

As far as good old SOLUTIONS, Ltd. was concerned, he was Miss Darlene D. Bender, age twenty-four, five foot two inches tall, weighing one hundred three pounds with Brunette hair and brown eyes and available for immediate employment!

But, as time passed, he forgot all about this as he was forced to accept several meaningless menial jobs for a temp agency as a woman because he could find nothing else. Still being a waitress wasn't all that bad, except for the long hours in ski-hi heels! And even that wasn't all that bad because he gained experience in heels that gave him a rolling wriggle to his hips that had been lacking before.

He discovered that being a woman wasn't all bangers and skittles! Most of it was lewd cracks disguised as come-ons for after-work activities which did not interest him in the least and exploring hands which interested him even less!

If there was one thing Daryl did not want it was an entanglement with some male who was on the make for a quickie or something of the like.

Then, six weeks after he'd sent off his letter, he received a huge packet in the mail with an unsigned contract and a phone number “she” was to call to set up a face to face interview.

In the packet were several pamphlets detailing some of the activities about the Parent Company that were even less informative than the original advertisement!

Accordingly, “she” called and an appointment set up with an Agent Double Oh Ninety Six, which he thought was a strange name.

The interview went off without a hitch with nothing being said about his “true” sex nor anything out of the ordinary.

At the end, he had signed the contract committing himself to a five year term with SOLUTIONS, Ltd. as assistant to the Team Leader at a handsome thirty-two thousand dollars American per annum, plus all the agreed upon perks.

He was even more surprised when she handed him a cashier's check for fifteen hundred dollars to wind up his affairs before meeting his flight to "the final destination," as yet unnamed, the first week in January from O'Hare International.

They parted with a handshake and Darlene promptly told the temp agency to "take a hike." Only those were not his "real" words!

In the three weeks before his flight, he got rid of all his male existence and became Darlene in toto! With the money realized from the sale of his man-self, he bought, what to him, were appropriate girl clothes for his new position.

Then he was in Chicago.

And totally at sea and impossibly confused, muddled and twisted around.

Finally, "she" managed to find the correct place to meet her flight, only to find she was just one woman among nine others, and two of those turned out to be two of the most obnoxious twin girls he had ever known!

He was appalled by their behavior when he witnessed them knock down an elderly lady in dated clothing and then run off after taunting her and laughing at her predicament.

Darlene was about to interject herself into the scene when two guardian angels appeared from the food court and took care of the lady.

It wasn't that Darlene was afraid of getting involved, it was more an abject fear of discovery than anything else.

She was even more surprised to learn from Agent Six that she had been "paired" with another woman, a very short, blonde, blue-eyed woman who reminded Darlene vaguely of her own baby sister who had been

about that age when she had succumbed to bone marrow cancer.

It was one of the main reasons why he had gone into this field in the first place!

If he could find a cure, it would save countless persons from the same fate. It would not help his baby sister, but it would save others from a similar fate!

The small woman smiled shyly at Darlene and that was the beginning of their real “pairing!”

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## SIX

Ms. Charlene Baker gazed in utter disgust at the four girls standing in front of her desk. As Principal of Sacred Heart Academy for Young Misses, she was supposed to be calm and unflappable under any and all circumstances.

And, for the most part, she was. Until today. These four had carried Sister Clarice’s lecture about the dangers lurking in common household materials and had constructed an explosive device that had not only blown out the windows of the entire third floor, but had caused smoke damage to the living quarters directly above where said girls lived!

“I am totally outraged by your behavior! You four have caused more trouble this year than all the other seventy-four students combined! Not only have you destroyed our chemistry lab for the rest of the year, you have rendered your immediate housing area uninhabitable as well!

“I may remind you girls that Sacred Heart depends on donations to keep our academic levels high. Tell me, how are we to maintain this level without our chemistry lab? I’ll tell you, we can’t! Unless some guardian angel comes out of the woodworks, our whole academic year is finished. I hope you are satisfied! Dismissed!”

She glared at the girls as they hurriedly left.

She slumped in her chair, totally spent and at the end of her tether. ‘Why did I ever agree to come to this mad house?’ she asked herself for the ten thousandth time that day alone. ‘If it weren’t for that foursome, this would be a darned good job! I should have stayed in research, even though this pays almost twice as much!’

Mentally, she kicked herself in the backside for ever switching career fields.

Charlene Baker was a midget, standing just four feet tall exactly, with dish-water blonde hair, hazel eyes and was perfectly proportioned for her height. She had weighed seventy-eight pounds since her fifteenth birthday when she had stopped growing. But just because she was small did not mean she was not as tall as anyone when it came to voicing her opinion on any given subject.

‘*Shortness*,’ she had decided long ago, ‘is just a word and if I ignore it, it will just go away!’ For the most part, this was true. Still, there were other times when. . .

She pushed the button on her intercom and spoke into it, ‘Honey Belle, I’ll be indisposed for a short time. I need a nap,’ she explained.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ Honey Belle Davis replied. ‘It’s a bad one, isn’t it?’

‘You don’t know the half of it!’ Charlene murmured.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ Honey Belle agreed, closing the connection.

Charlene leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a moment to rest and her thoughts drifted back over the past few months since she had left the ABZ Company for Sacred Heart Academy and its relatively simple (or so she had thought at the time) problems. After all, how much trouble could eleven and twelve year old girls be? After all, wasn’t she the same height as most of them? She could readily relate, or so she had thought. These four made relating an almost impossible undertaking!

She had soon found out when Georgina Brown, her sister Hannah, and their two cohorts, Liz ‘Elizabeth’ Caron and Jenny ‘Jennifer’ Adams had hit the school

early in September and had promptly tried to smash the Academy with determination!

In the first place, not one of the four wished to be at Sacred Heart, having set their goals on a co-ed institution some two hundred miles distant.

In the first few weeks, Charlene had been greatly tempted to send them there as punishment, but then she realized that she would not be punishing the girls, but would just be shoving her responsibility off onto the other school.

Charlene was too conscientious for that.

As a result, she was being punished for keeping them!

Infuriated, she picked up her phone. "Honey Belle," she ordered, "I want the four's fathers in my office before the end of business today!"

Shortly before four o'clock, three males stormed into the school demanding an explanation for their summary order to appear.

In Charlene's office, she glared at them angrily. "Before you start, gentlemen, and I use the term loosely, I want to show you some of the destructive handiwork that your daughters have accomplished. Follow me, please."

She stood and stalked from the room, followed by three puzzled men. She took them to the chemistry lab building and pointed. "See that? That's what your girls did to my chemistry lab! But, we're not done. Follow me, please."

She led them inside the chemistry lab and up to the fourth floor. Opening the door, she announced, "This is further destruction by your daughters."

The men looked inside and saw that the place was not fit for human habitation.

"My good God!" one man whispered. "My kid caused this?"

"How can you be sure?" another man asked.

“They confessed, demanded I send them to Hartsville Academy immediately and they’d be out of my hair. I was sorely tempted, gentlemen, believe me, I was tempted! But then, I just could not inflict their brand of savagery on an innocent school! Now, I ask you, how are we to pay for this damage? Our insurance expressly declaims any and all responsibility for any and all *wanton* destruction, which this is. And our budget is stretched to the limit too.”

“I suppose we should bear some of the costs of replacing what our four girls destroyed.”

“Some?” Charlene’s eyebrow rose angrily. “You shall pay for all of it! Further, you shall pay for all our additional costs of housing the girls affected until their living quarters are fit to be occupied again!”

The men had nothing to say.

She led them back to her office, sat down and waited while they talked among themselves. Finally, “OK, Ms Baker, we’ll cover your expenses, but only if our kids can stay at Sacred Heart!” The other two men nodded agreement.

“Much as I hate to do it, I agree. But any more she-nanigans from that four, and they will be charged and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Is that understood?”

Sheepishly, they nodded.

“Now, we have never used corporeal punishment here, but in this case, if their attitudes do not change and if they resist us in any way, they will be soundly punished accordingly!”

“Do you mean. . .” Mr. Brown asked timidly.

“I mean exactly that!” Charlene affirmed.

“You’d actually spank them?” Mr. Adams asked.

Charlene nodded. “If the offense calls for it.”

“But, isn’t that against the law?” Mr. Caron asked.

“Not if we have written permission from the miscreant’s legal guardian!”

“I don’t know. . .” Mr. Brown hesitated. “That seems sort of drastic to me.”

“Those are my terms, gentlemen, take it or leave it.”

The three men looked at each other, then nodded their agreement. “OK, but only if warranted!”

Charlene pressed her intercom. “Honey Belle? Would you come in please and bring your steno pad with you?”

From the speaker came Honey Belle’s contralto voice, “Surely, Ms Baker.” And a moment later, she knocked softly at the door.

Quickly, Charlene dictated a memo to the effect that the girls could be disciplined in a manner suited to the offense committed and asked Honey Belle to make three copies with the girls’ names prominently displayed in the header. Honey Belle smiled and left. In seconds, they heard her printer whirring and three minutes later, she had returned, handing duplicate pages to Charlene. She glanced at them and handed the appropriate pages to the appropriate father. “Sign in the designated spaces and keep one copy. The other goes into my safe. I trust that completes our business, oh, and be sure you pay the bills for your girls’ damages promptly. Good afternoon.”

She sat down and closed her eyes, effectively dismissing them.

‘Problem solved!’ she congratulated herself.

Thoroughly please with herself, Charlene picked up her latest issue of *Biology Monthly* and idly flipped through the pages until an ad caught her eye.

**WANTED: Two persons, preferably blood related, to participate in an on-going scientific experiment involving genetics and basic childhood development. No experience necessary, high school degree desired with an honest desire to further scientific knowledge. All personal expenses, including clothing, housing, meals and all other necessities furnished by the parent company. Salary commensurate with previous experience (if any), with full medical, dental, vision and life insurance being provided at the parent company's expense.**

**If interested, please contact:**

**SOLUTIONS, LTD.**

**P. O. Box 0096**

**Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands 00801**

**Please include such personal information as date of birth, height and weight, color of hair and eyes, physical dimensions, current telephone number, and anything else you think might be of interest to the parent company.**

“Interesting,” she murmured, “very interesting indeed.”

Quickly, before she could change her mind, she wrote a quick resumé about herself, and sent it off. Now all she had to do was to be hired by this Parent Company and find a suitable replacement for herself at Sacred Heart Academy! Finding a suitable replacement was easier than she would have assumed. It seems there are hundreds of women with experience willing to accept four brats as part and parcel of any continued employment.

On the Q.T., Charlene interviewed three of them. . .

Just in case.

“When the letter came from SOLUTIONS, Ltd, some four days later, she was pleasantly surprised, then even more surprised when Agent Double Oh Ninety Six contacted her for an interview for the position of Team leader!

The only thing Charlene was vague on was when she would be available. Agent Six gave her a month to find a replacement.

Actually, it took six days.

Amanda Hershington was a perfect fit for the position that Charlene was now filling. Charlene could not believe how easy it had been to fill her heels.

Accordingly, she had written Agent Six and several days later, received her plane ticket and pertinent information.

When she arrived at O'Hare, she was insulted when Agent Six had made some accommodations for her based on her petite size. A six-foot tall male police officer ran interference for her and she quickly saw the wisdom of Agent Six's vision.

She too witnessed Ms. Harshley's ignominious collision with the rude twins and frowned her annoyance, then greatly pleased by the intervention of two other women.

Following the hulking mass of her bodyguard, she went into the main lounge on the main concourse and awaited developments.

It wasn't long before Agent Six appeared and she found herself paired with Miss Darlene Bender. 'Wow!' she thought. 'I can't believe my good luck!'

When Miss Darlene took her hand possessively, Charlene noticed that her massive bodyguard had disappeared. However, with her Miss Charlene, Darlene was not afraid of anything. Somehow, she trusted SOLUTIONS, Ltd. to have her best interests in mind. . .

She was not to be disappointed.

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## SEVEN

Darwin "Darla" Wood stared with utter disbelief at the letter he had just received from the college Registrar informing him that he had been terminated because of lack of the necessary grade-point average to continue.

"Mr. Darwin Wood (it stated),

"Because of your utter lack of academic progress during the current semester, we have no alternative than to terminate your enrollment in classes effective immediately.



You will, therefore, turn in your student identification, mess library pass, campus parking sticker and you must vacate your co-ed dormitory accommodations, all no later than the close of business on Friday, coming.

If at some later date, your grades should improve, we will entertain a new application for study at our institution.

Thank you for your cooperation in this matter and we take this opportunity to wish you nothing but the best in all future endeavors.

Yours,

Carolyn Kennedy, Esq.

Ms Carolyn Kennedy, Esq.

Registrar."

'Damn!' Darla thought. 'I know I'm failing everything, but this is just too damned much! What will Holli and I do now?' He assumed that his twin brother had received a similar dismissal in the other letter he held.

'For sure,' his thoughts continued, 'Old Lady Koch won't extend another dime to us! Damn old bat thinks it's her money and not dad's!' He felt a great bitterness at his late father for putting his estate in the hands of the one person that he and Holli hated above all else, having made fun of her acrimonious ways and her dated fashion sense for years, to her dismay and the subsequent lack of cooperation on Ms Koch's part for their behalf.

But now, both boys had reached their eighteenth birthday and what they had heralded as liberation had been dashed when upon a rereading of their late father's will revealed that the estate was to be held in trust until their thirtieth birthday with Ms Alice Koch having absolute say over disbursement of any and all funds to the twins.

To be quite fair, she never quibbled when it came to any educational expense, but with that prop removed, they would starve in a matter of weeks. But in spite of their wasteful, "spend-every-dime" ways, she was sure they would survive. Somehow.

The Wood twins had recently reached their eighteenth birthdays and had been looking forward to their expected emancipation now denied them by circumstances beyond their control. Another twelve years! It was an eternity!

The twins were very small for their age, standing exactly four foot ten inches tall in their stocking feet and weighing a compact ninety-four pounds each, the same weight they had maintained for some three years now. Both had delicate hands and feet but their bodies were full figured, except for their almost A-cup breasts, giving each of them a perpetually girlish figure that they had learned to take advantage of when dealing with men. It didn't hurt that both were honey blondes with hair down below their shoulders and pinkish skin that drew male admiration like flies to honey!

They had been girls all their lives, their parents bringing them up as girls with a girl's education with the help of a kindly, approving governess and massive doses of female hormones, hormones that had endowed them with soft, throaty soprano voices that had already thrilled many a man's libido, and sexual indoctrination in all things female and feminine. That the boys were living as females outright and had enrolled in college as girls, almost goes without saying.

'Damn and double damn!' Darla muttered angrily. "It's not fair! It isn't! It isn't!" he repeated needlessly, except that it suited his feeling for the dramatic.

But, any chance to raise his grades had long passed, and not attending any of his classes at all had not contributed to any chance he might have had, no matter how slim.

'College is for having fun!' Darla thought. 'All the rest is just so much bull!'

Sighing with self pity, he undressed to his thong butterfly panties and crawled into bed, falling asleep almost immediately, his tangled thoughts full of the coming evening's fun and frolic!

Darla was disturbed some hours later by the arrival of his twin brother, Harold "Holli" Wood jumping atop him. "Hey, Bro! Wake up! Time's awastin'! Alla the guys will be down to the Club and today's the day they all get their checks from mommy! Us'n's gotta get our

asses in gear afore sum buddy else gets their munny afore us'n's kin!"

Then he kissed his brother warmly and all thoughts of anything but what then happened fled their minds completely. In seconds they had twisted in the bed and were engaging in a passionate sixty-nine that finally culminated in sexual release for both.

Holli lay beside his brother. "Damn!" he exclaimed. "You're about the best piece of ass I ever slept with!"

Darla laughed. "That was a mutual blow job, silly!"

"Yeah? Whut's the differmence?" Holli demanded. "Hey, why're yuh so glum, chum? Whut's buzzin', cou'sin?"

Darla went to the table, picked up his letter and handed it to his brother. "This came today."

Quickly, Holli read it, then handed it back. "So?"

"So what're us'n's gonna live?"

"The hotel, o'course."

"That takes munny, munny us'n's dun' gots! 'N you know Ol' Lady Koch wouldn't give us another dime if'n us'n's wuz in Hell with our backs broke!"

"Relax, Bro, we'll be OK after tonight."

"You got one too," Darla added as an after thought.

"One what?"

"Letter. Wanna see?"

"Naw," Holli waved his hand in dismissal. "Can't change nothing, so why bother? Fuck 'em all, I say, 'cept for two fer pall bearers."

"Why just two?" Darla asked absently.

"Only two handles on a garbage can!" Holli laughed.

"Ouch!"

"'Sides, long's we both cum, makes no mox nix atall!"

Darla giggled. "Bet I can blow more guys and make more munny doing it than you can!" he bragged.

"What'll yuh bet?" Holli demanded, his face lighting up.

"My newest blue and white corset," was the prompt rejoinder. "What'll you bet?"

"My tight ass and summa my other gadgets," Holli laughed.

"Tight ass?" Darla giggled. "You forget all those huge horse cocks last summer? I'd be a fool to risk my corset! Throw in your pussy mask and it's a deal."

"Aw rite! Jeezums! Bet or not?"

"Bet!"

So saying, both boys hurried to get ready for their night's adventure.

Neither boy thought of himself as homosexual, seeing in men an opportunity to make money without working too hard to get it. After all, they had started this activity in grade school with some of the older boys and as they got older themselves, they saw no reason why they should not cash in on their obviously feminine features and figures to further their monetary desires. It was just another word, wasn't it?

After showering and making sure his tiny masculinity was well hidden, Darla chose a black leather micro-mini skirt that barely covered his nude-to-the-waist panty-hose, the short rear slit showing tantalizing glimpses of his curved bottom cheeks whenever he moved. On top he wore a sheer black blouse that showed his nubile breasts with their excitable nipples in barely concealed glory.

He combed out his long blonde hair, letting it bounce against his shoulders and slipped his feet into black opera pumps with four inch high "fuck me" heels and turned to his brother.

Holli had chosen a bright red leather micro-mini-skirt with a sheer red blouse that also showed his nubile breasts and excitable nipples to best advantage.

And, like his brother, he had combed his long blonde hair out to bounce atop his shoulders with his feet slipped into bright red opera pumps, also with four inch high “fuck me” heels.

Both had done their nails in a blood red polish to match their blood red lips, giving them a predatory look that they knew would be irresistible to the males they would be hunting, with remuneration their ultimate goal.

“Damn, Bro,” Holli exclaimed. “If’n I din’ know better, I’d think yuh wuz a genetic, born to be fucked, real live feminine female!”

Darla preened greedily. “Yuh thin’ so?” She loved praise!

“Yeah, now let’s get goin’ afore us’n’s get carried away!” Holli leered.

“Werks fer me, Bro!” Darla teased. “Carry me away, Calgon!” he sighed.

Holli paused, then shook himself. “Naw, no time naow, le’s git afore us’n’s lose air place’n duh queue!”

“Yer on!” Darla yelped excitedly, and they were off.

Shortly before midnight, Darla met up with Holli, both taking a short breather before hooking up for the night with any one of the randy males hanging around them.

“How’d ya do, Hol?” Darla asked, sipping his ginger ale delicately through the straw he used to mask any unknown flaws in his outward impersonation.

“I gots eleven hunnert bucks, eleven guys for a hunnert apiece! And Charles Mason wants to give me four hunnert for the rest of the night, after I do another two or three guys,” he gloated. “How’d you do?”

“Better’n I thought. Nine hundred cash and two fraternity buttons and Jimmy Wilson has been panting after me to spend the night. I don’t think he’s got the five hundred I quoted, so I’m keeping my eyes open fer a better deal.”

“Hey, that’s great! With this munny we can live pretty good at the hotel and even have room service!” Holli enthused.

“Oh, oh, here comes Ol’ Mason panting at the bit! Tell him you had a better offer and if he wants you, it’ll be six hundred. See what he does. If he wants a piece uh yer ass as bad as I think he duz, he’ll go it without a quibble. Just make sure you get the munny first!” he warned.

“Hey, Bro,” Holli objected, “I din’ just fall offa the banana bush, yuh know! Damn, Dar, whu’d’yuh thinkin’?”

They were interrupted by Mr. Mason and after some heated discussion, he agreed to Holli’s new demands and Darla watched as he counted out the money into Holli’s hand before someone got his attention and just like that, he had an additional hundred dollars in his purse!

Finally, about two o’clock, those seeking quick blow-jobs had all but disappeared. Holli had gone with Mason and Darla was beginning to think he had struck out.

Then, a new face appeared, but a face Darla did not care for as they had had heated words over differences of opinion in the past, monetary differences.

Mr. James Enders was a tight fisted Irishman. It was said that he made Franklin Roosevelt squeal before he would part with one thin dime!

“Miss Wood,” he greeted coolly.

“Mr. Enders,” Darla responded dryly.

“All alone?” his brow lifted questioningly.

“No, not really, I’m just waiting for an invitation.”

“I’m free.”

“I’m not!” she snapped hotly.

The man was startled at the vehemence of Darla’s response, but continued, “I know we have had our differences in the past, but I really would like to spend some quality time with you. Wha’d’ya say?”

“Eight hundred for the rest of the night, and nothing out of the ordinary. Pure vanilla sex, straight up missionary style. In other words, no rough stuff and definitely no bondage. I’ve heard all about you and how you like to abuse a girl!” Darla chided.

“Kinda high,” he quibbled.

“Take it or leave it, Buster,” Darla snapped.

“OK, I’ll pay you in the morning,” he agreed.

Darla grinned. “Not on your chinny chin chin, you fuckin’ cheapskate! Cash on the fuckin’ barrelhead, in advance, before we leave here and I leave my purse with the front desk after you pay for the room,” she declared adamantly. “Us’n’s ben through this afore and I ain’t changed my mind since!”

He glared at her and she thought he was about to leave when, “All right, but you owe me, big time, little girl!”

“I owe you nothing, James Enders, nothing at all! Not now, not never! Better get that through your thick skull before we leave or we don’t leave, at least not together.”

Twenty minutes later, Darla’s purse was safe in the concierge’s hands at the hotel and she was in bed with James Enders with his huge horse cock filling her stretched orifice to over-flowing!

Three times he breached her rear defenses until he finally ran out of steam just before day-break and fell asleep. Moving quietly and carefully to avoid any sudden movement that might waken him or aggravate her torn, bloody and still widely stretched anal orifice and cause her any additional discomfort.

‘After all,’ she reasoned, ‘the night’s over anyway and he got his money’s worth.’ Downstairs, she retrieved her purse from a different clerk and was about to go looking for Holli when that girl walked into the lobby.

“Hey, Hol! I was just on my way to look for you!”

Holli grinned. “Well, don’t look too far ‘cause here I is!”

The two shared a quick kiss before Darla spoke. "As long as we're right here, let's get a room afore they're all gone. OK?"

"Suits me, Sister!" Holli laughed, staring impudently at an elderly gentleman standing at the elevator.

"I'm hungry too," Darla admitted.

"What?" Holli giggled. "Ain't six feet of male meat enough for you?"

Darla giggled. "No, it was raw. I like mine boiled on a bun with mouse turd!"

"How's about snotty eggs, home fries, toast and chocolate milk instead?"

"I can go that," Darla replied. "I loves snotty eggs!"

"Yeah, just like cum!" Holli laughed.

"Only tastier!"

Five minutes later, keys in hand, they had ordered room service and were in the elevator on their way to the penthouse suite they had rented for the coming week at two hundred dollars a night, paying in advance, which shocked the clerk!

Especially when they paid with crinkled, suspiciously stained fifty and hundred dollar bills! 'Now what is that pair up to?' he wondered.

Then promptly forgot about them when Mr. James Enders descended on him like the Wrath of God, demanding to know where Darla was.

It took the flustered clerk several minutes to assure Mr. Enders that he not only did not know where this Darla person was, he didn't even know this Darla person that Mr. Enders was raging and ranting about!

Muttering dire imprecations, Mr. Enders left the hotel.

The clerk was just happy to see him leave.

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**EIGHT**

“Hey, Bro, take a look at this,” Holli exclaimed.

“Whut?” Darla asked absently as he mentally calculated how much he could charge the two men who wanted a threesome with him in the middle that coming evening.

“This ad here. It’s tailor made for us’n’s!” Holli declared.

“Lemme see,” Darla ordered taking the newspaper from Holli and quickly scanning the ad under Holli’s pointing finger.

“Well, what’dya think?” Holy demanded.

“Sounds too good to be true,” Darla mused.

“Aw, yer allus thinkin’ the worse uh peep!” Holli complained.

“Experience has taught me that,” Darla dismissed his brother’s objection. “Still, it bears looking into,” he conceded hastily.

“HO-K, let’s answer it and say we’re twin girls. They dun gots tuh know the differmence. ‘Sides, they din’ specificulate.”

“Risky,” Darla cautioned as he held up a slinky satin sheathe gown against his slim body, admiring the soft sheen and knowing the gown would knock his gentlemen admirers’ socks off! He shivered with delicious anticipation.

“Columbus took a chance!” Holli exclaimed.

“Yeah, and look at the screwing he got!” Darla retorted, laughing at her pun.

“Gots a pernt there, Bro,” Holli admitted. :“Still, wha’d’us’n’s gots tuh lose?”

Laughing conspiratorially, they composed a letter to SOLUTIONS, Ltd. in which they claimed to be twin girls who were high school graduates still considering college but available for immediate employment.

The letter went off and they forgot all about it.

Until three weeks later when they received a rather cryptic phone call.

Darla answered on the first ring, expecting her date for the evening to be on the other end. "Hello?"

Instead, "Hello?" came a dulcet voice. "May I speak with either Miss Darla or Holli Wood? This is Agent Double Oh Ninety Six calling on behalf of SOLUTIONS, Ltd. to which they applied for employment some weeks past."

"This is Darla Wood," she replied, surprised to be referred to in the feminine gender, but liking the implications thereof.

"Miss Wood, have you secured gainful employment as of this date?"

"Why, no," Darla admitted, "not that we haven't been looking," she alibied.

"Well, then, if you are agreeable to our terms, we are prepared to offer you a five year contract at nineteen five per annum with all expenses paid by the parent company. Does that meet with your approval?"

'Nineteen five!' Darla thought with unbounded joy. 'Emancipation!'

"Why, yes, I suppose that would be adequate, but I would have to talk it over with my bro. . . er, sister before I could give you a final answer," he equivocated hurriedly, remembering that he was supposed to be a teenage girl!

"Of course, Miss Wood. You talk it over with your sister, er, Holli, is it?"

Darla nodded at the phone. "Yes, that's right, Holli."

"Veddy good, I shall call back in twenty-four hours for your final decision. Good bye," and the phone went dead in Darla's hand.

In the haste of preparing for her date with her gentleman admirer, Darla forgot all about the call, not remembering until late the next afternoon when it suddenly occurred to her that a phone call was eminent.

Hurriedly, she repeated what little she had garnered from the conversation the previous afternoon and to her delight, Holli was as enthusiastic as she was about becoming free from the domination of Ms Alice Koch and her reluctance to dole out funds for the twins use.

“Hell, nineteen five! It’s a fortune and it will all be ours!” Darla chortled.

“Less income tax, a used rubber and two recappable tires!” Holli added.

“Damned income tax!” Darla snorted in disgust.

“Hail Mary and the fuckin’ Easter Bunny!” Holli exclaimed irreverently.

“Amen to that, sister!” Darla laughed.

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## NINE

“Good afternoon,” the tall Nordic beauty told the receptionist, “I have a one o’clock appointment with Ms Alice Koch. Will you inform her that Agent Double Oh Ninety Six is here?”

“She’s expecting you, Ma’am,” the flustered girl replied, “straight through that door and the end office.”

“Thank you,” Agent Six replied as she walked through the door and down the rather long hall, coming to a door marked, Ms Alice Koch, Vice President.

She smiled and rapped gently.

At the muffled, “Come,” she opened it and walked in just as the lady seated behind the massive desk rose and extended her hand in welcome.

“You must be Agent Double Oh Ninety Six from SOLUTIONS, Ltd., are you not?”

Agent Six smiled. "Yes, that is I, and you have to be Ms Alice Koch?"

"Yes, but call me Alice, please. Won't you sit down? Coffee? Tea?"

"A cup of tea would be most welcome, and please, call me Six?"

"As I understand it, your interest is in the Wood twins, right?"

"That is correct," came the sort reply.

"How so?" Alice asked, her manner reserved but friendly.

"I represent a multi-national conglomerate, diversified in many fields including but not restricted to pharmaceuticals. Recently, we advertised for persons to take part in a scientific experiment and in due time, we received an application from the Wood twins. In vetting them, we discovered several rather disconcerting facts about them that we feel only you can properly explain, since you are their conservatoire."

"Yes, their late father did not trust them to properly use his vast fortune and he appointed me as their conservatoire until their thirtieth birthdays. The money was to be used for their education and their support in pursuit of that education. Instead, the boys chose to waste vast sums of money on frivolities until I put a stop to it, much to their utter chagrin and vehement denunciation of my efforts to salvage their inheritance. They were quite abusive towards me orally and vowed revenge.

"So far, they have lived a life of debauchery and sexual excesses such as I would never have believed of them!" she exploded.

"I can well imagine," Six soothed the woman's tensed nerves.

"I tried my best to put them on the straight and narrow, but they repaid my efforts with their many perfidious escapades and excesses until I am at the end of my rope with them! I really don't know what to do."

"Ms Koch, what if I told you that there was a program whereby the boys could be retrained, repro-

grammed, if you will, into productive, law-abiding citizens?” Six asked.

“A dream come true!” Alice agreed with a wan smile.

“However, it necessitates their removal from the continental United States to a land where they would be unable to escape the consequences of their misbehavior! It would mean the total release of all responsibility for their well-being, training, education and housing for the foreseeable future. We would require your written permission to use any and all means necessary to rehabilitate them, with no questions asked.”

“Would they be hurt?” Alice asked timidly. “I would not want them hurt.”

“Not in the manner you think. Their bare bottoms will bear the brunt of their misbehavior and marks from a spanking fade away quickly.

“We have tentatively retained a woman with a childhood development doctorate to oversee their rehabilitation. Our selectee is strict, but fair and is really a pussycat under her hard exterior.”

“She sounds Heaven-sent,” Alice agreed.

Six smiled. “In many ways, dear Alice, she is.”

“I think I can agree to your requirements, Six, provided you can assure me of your honesty in describing the boys’ rehabilitation.”

“The only way I can do that is by showing you results, and the only way I can show you results is by doing.”

“Well, the way they are going now will surely end in some prison somewhere, so I see no other way. Yes, I agree.”

“Good! I shall see them tomorrow and we shall commence their rehabilitation forthwith.” She stood and held out her hand. “It was very nice to meet you, Alice, and I assure you, we shall keep you informed as to their progress in future.”

“It was a pleasure to meet you too, Agent Six, and I look forward to nothing but good news on the Woods boys’ progress! Good day.”

A minute later, Six was gone.

Alice Koch smiled to herself. "OK, boys, let's see you get out of this one!" The anticipation sent delicious shivers up and down her spine.

Oh, revenge was so sweet!

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## TEN

When the phone rang, Darla quickly put it on speaker and both listened to the sparse directions and half-truths that came forth. But, being in a bind, they were blinded by the thoughts of being out from under Ms Alice Koch's oppressive thumb and agreed without being fully aware of the implications of the specifics they were agreeing to.

"Then I shall send you an employment packet with an unsigned contract. Look it over carefully before you sign since all provisions are irrevocable and binding on both yourselves and SOLUTIONS, Ltd," the voice warned.

"Yeah, yeah," Darla muttered, only half listening.

"Yes, we understand," Holli blurted, figuring there could be nothing to fear from another woman!

"Good. With the contract will be a certified check in the amount of fifteen hundred dollars for you to use to wind up your affairs before departing for your new posts."

"Yeah, yeah," Darla giggled, her attention diverted by rosy visions of a barrel of money. All she could see was nineteen thousand five hundred dollars salary a year, each, and a certified check for fifteen hundred dollars for them to blow!

'Life is good!' she laughed to herself.

"Us'n's have hit the jackpot!" Holli giggled.

"Whoopie!" Darla shouted.

“Yeah, me too!” echoed Holli.

“C’mon, let’s get dressed and we’ll hit the shops on Rodeo!” Darla urged.

“I’m with you, sister!”

Five minutes later, they were in a cab that was starting them on the adventure of a lifetime!

Little did they know what lay in store for them. . .

And even if they had known, visions of spendable cash blurred all else!

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## ELEVEN

“Geezums, look at alla them swinging dicks!” Holli exclaimed as she looked around crowded O’Hare International Airport.

“Yeah, us’n’s could make a fucking mint!” Darla replied, awe-struck.

“Too bad us’n’s’re otherwise engaged,” Holli groaned half-heartedly.

“So, whut’ll us’n’s do first?” Holli asked.

“Eat!” Darla blurted.

“Race you to the restaurant!” Holli dared.

“Yer on!” Darla laughed and the two started to run pell mall down the crowded center aisle, their high heels clicking merrily with neither paying any attention to where they were going nor who they might disturb by their abrupt passage.

All at once, they ran head-long into a seemingly immovable object, spilling their target to the ground and strewing her possessions willy nilly across the tile floor.

“Damn old hag!” Darla snorted. “Whyn’t yuh watch where yer agoin’! Ah mighta gotten hurt!” She glared at

the elderly woman who was fashionably dressed, but in a fashion almost a hundred years out of date!

“Damned old fool autter be in a nursin’ home er in her lousy grave!” Holli added vindictively.

“Well, I never!” the woman sputtered indignantly while trying vainly to rise.

“I can believe that!” Holli snickered.

“Don’t knock it if’n yuh ain’t tried it!” Darla taunted.

Impudently, Holli flipped the woman the bird. “Fuck you, old woman!”

“Get a life, yuh ol’ hag!” they chortled in unison as they continued their race along the center aisle.

Neither saw nor cared that two others had come to the hapless woman’s aid and were helping her recompose her dignity.

At the restaurant, they commandeered a wide, comfortable lounge, sprawling akimbo as they munched their egg salad sandwiches and sipped their diet Cokes.

They were only dimly aware that the two other women were helping their recent victim to a near-by table. They glared at the older woman, daring her to make some comment, but much to their surprised and welcome (though secret) relief, none was forthcoming.

They had just finished their Cokes when the hidden loud-speakers announced, “Attention, attention! Will all those passengers awaiting SOLUTIONS, Ltd. flight number double oh ninety six, please report to the correct assembly room on the main concourse?”

The message was repeated several times over, but at the very first mention of SOLUTIONS, Ltd., the twins were on their way, leaving a mess behind. They never knew that one of the women helping their victim cleared their mess for them before following to the main concourse.

Upon their arrival, they saw that they were the first to arrive and they quickly sprawled their lithe forms across the only comfortable lounge available, garnering some disgusted looks from several late comers.

Suddenly, a tall blonde appeared out of nowhere and stepped to the podium.

“Good afternoon, ladies, I am Agent Double Oh Ninety Six and I will be your contact while we are in Chicago. First, some bad news. Because of adverse weather

conditions at our eventual destination, all flights have been delayed for a minimum forty-eight hours.

“But, not to be alarmed as SOLUTIONS, Ltd. has reserved special rooms for each of you for as long as necessary at the Hotel Carlton in down-town Chicago.”

“Whooppy-do!” Darla muttered sotto voce.

“Shut yer fuckin’ cake hole and listen up!” Holli giggled. “Yuh mought learn sumthin useful, but ah doubts hit!”

“Now, let us see if everyone is here.” Agent Six began to read off the names on her list, “Reverend Mother Loretta Shortbridge and guide dog, Basil?”

“We’re present, Agent Six,” Reverend Mother replied as Ruth gasped with a sudden, insightful knowledge and a strange fright.

“Good. You are number one, Reverend Mother.”

“I understand, Agent Six.”

“Miss Ruth Grantson?” was the next name read off.

“Here, Agent Double Oh Ninety Six,” Ruth replied softly, gazing at Reverend Mother, her eyes shining with bright adoration.

“You are number two.”

“Yes, Agent Double Oh Ninety Six, I am number two,” she agreed with a blush.

“Miss Darlene Bender?” she continued.

A short, though striking brunet stood. “I am present, Agent Six,” she answered throatily.

“Ah, yes, veddy good. You are number three, my dear.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” quietly.

Agent Six looked down. “Miss Charlene Baker?”

A very petit, blonde, blue eyed girl-like woman rose and replied in a squeaky, childlike voice, “I am here, Agent Six,” she responded, curtsying quickly.

“Veddy good, Miss Baker. You are number four.”

“Yes, Agent Six, I understand.” She curtsyed before sitting down.

“Ms Kirsten Longsleeve?”

Kirsten stood. “Present, Agent Six.”

“Veddy good. You’re number five.”

“Yes, Ma’am, I’m five.”

“Miss Sarah Kinklove?” She looked up expectantly.

Sarad said nothing for a moment, then realized that “Sarah” was him! She blushed and stood hesitantly. “Er, I’m Kinklove, but. . .” she stammered.

“You are number six, Miss Kinklove.” Agent Six frowned at the girl.

“Yes, Ma’am, but. . .” she protested weakly.

“Is there a problem?” Agent Six asked coolly.

“Shut up, apologize and sit down, *Sarah!*” Kirsten hissed sotto voce.

“Sorry, Agent Six,” Sarad apologized. “I’m number six,” she acquiesced.

Agent Six nodded, her brow furrowed in annoyance.

“Good girl!” Kirsten whispered, squeezing Sarad’s fingers affectionately.

“Ms Charleen Harshley?” Agent Six called after a brief hesitation.

“Ms Six?” It was the lady the twins had knocked down! “Remember? My name is Charlotte, not Charleen.”

“Eh?”

“My given name is Charlotte, not Charleen,” Ms Harshley repeated.

“Oh?” Agent Six glanced at her clip-board. “Yes, I see, I misread it. Of course, Ms *Charlotte* Harshley, not to be confused with Miss Charlene Baker.”

“Present, Agent Six,” Ms Harshley smiled.

“You are number seven, Ms *Charlotte* Harshley.”

“I see. Thank you.”

For several minutes, Agent Double Oh Ninety Six droned on, giving information about what they could all expect, and the twins automatically tuned her out, until they realized that the woman had gathered her clip-board and was turning to leave.

“Hey, what about us’n’s?” Darla shouted indignantly.

“Yeah!” Holli snapped angrily. “Whut about us’n’s? ‘R us’n’s chopped liver er sumthin’?” she slurred her words deliberately, reverting to street slang.

“I beg your pardon. Weren’t you paying attention. What’s your name, girl?”

“I’m Holli Wood and this cheer’s muh twin sister, Darla!”

“Surely I called everyone,” the flustered woman gasped, reddening visibly.

“Surely yuh din’!” came the sarcastic retort. “Yuh din’ call us’n’s a tall!”

The woman shuffled through several pages on her clip-board, then spoke, “Ah, yes, here you are on page four. Twins, right, Darla and Holli Wood? Is that you two?”

At the mention of the name Wood, Charlotte’s head came up abruptly and she gazed at the two miscreants in a new light. ‘Yes!’ she thought excitedly. ‘It is them! Oh, thank you, Lord, for delivering them into my hands!’

“Tha’s us’n’s, Hunny Bunny!” Holli agreed rudely

“Yes, Darla and Holli. Which one are you, please?”

“I be Darla Wood!” the girl exclaimed as she stepped to the middle of the floor where she turned a full cartwheel, landing full on her curved crotch in a perfect split, her arms raised high above her head in triumph.

“And I be Holli Wood!” the other exclaimed as she repeated the same cartwheel as her sister, her gently curved crotch thumping the floor so hard Charlotte winced with an automatic reflex.

“Well, you,” and Agent Six indicated Darla, “are number eight-A.” She turned her gaze on Holli. “And you are number eight-B.”

“Cow-a-bunga!” Darla exclaimed. “Us’n’s’re gonna get ate fer uh change!”

“Naw, she sed us’n’s wuz number eight, dum-dum,” Holli laughed.

“Very well, ladies, all you odd numbers have been scientifically matched and are senior to the even number directly after yours. That is, numbers one and two are a pair, three and four are a pair and so on.”

Kirsten gloated. “That makes me the boss of our pair, Sarad!” she teased.

Sarad blushed and permitted Kirsten to hold her hand possessively.

Charlotte gazed at the twins who were blissfully unaware of the implications of their pairing with her. She did not find it at all odd that her *pair* was actually three, accepting the wisdom of SOLUTIONS, Ltd. as absolute and binding.

Her contract said so!

After some more explanation about odds and evens the twins were horrified to learn that number seven, their “scientifically selected pair mentor,” was the same elderly lady they had knocked down in their race down the center aisle!

“Hey, whut about us’n’s?” one twin demanded angrily. “Shorely yuh dun mean fer us’n’s to go along with this old bat!” she snarled vehemently.

“Yeah, whut she sed!” the other echoed.

“Surely,” Agent Six replied evenly, her lips curved in a satisfied smile. “It would seem that that is the case. All decisions made by SOLUTIONS, Ltd. are absolute and binding on the contract signee.”

“Now wait a damned minute cheer,” Darla protested. “Ah hain’t gonna kow-tow t’ no ol’ hag, not now, not never. Ah din’ sign on tuh be under some other gaw-damned ancient female spike heel like duh ol’ hag whom controls are inheritance! N’if’n yuh thinks ‘at, den ah quits!”

“N ‘at goes double fer me!” Holli declared.

“I suggest you read your contracts very closely, young ladies,” Six replied quietly. “You will find that you may quit, as you say, but before that, you must return every solitary dime we have invested in you so far. Can you do that?”

“Well, it’d take sum time on accounta us’n’s don spent all duh munny us’n’s got frum youse and. . .”

“Time, as you will discover, you do not have. Again, read your contracts. It states quite plainly that all refunds must be repaid immediatly. Can you do that?”

“Jest haow much duz us’n’s owe yuh?” Darla demanded. “Ah quits!”

“Veddy well, Miss Wood,” Agent Six spoke directly to Darla. “In that case, you owe SOLUTIONS, Ltd. exactly nineteen thousand seven hundred fifty six dollars and thirty one cents that we have already expended on your behalf. Pay me that amount in cash and you are free to go.”

“Hey, whut about me?” Holli demanded heatedly.

“Ah, yes, if you quit also, you owe SOLUTIONS, Ltd. exactly twenty thousand six hundred ninety seven dollars and thirty two cents that the Company has expended on your behalf. Pay me that amount in cash and you are free to go with your sister.” Agent Six smiled benevolently.

Darla gulped visibly. “Us’n’s dun gots dat kinda munny!” she stammered. “Hit’ll take us’n’s uh day er so tuh raise duh cash,” she whispered, trying to weasel out of her insurmountable obligation.

“Yeah, whut she sed!” Holli echoed.

“Immediately, Misses Wood. Read your contracts. If you quit, the Company has reserved the right to demand their money back immediately. And, as the only Company representative available, I demand you pay up or shut up!”

“Us’n’s dun gots ‘at kinda munny,” Darla whispered.

“Then I suggest you be quiet and listen carefully. Ms Harshley is number seven and you both are number eights. Therefore, Ms Harshley is the senior member of your assigned pairing and according to the contract you signed that was witnessed by your legal guardian, the very same gaw-damned ancient female spike heeled old ahag who so ably controls your inheritance, Ms Alice Koch, who your late parents wisely appointed as your conservatoire, else you would have spent it all and be destitute and living on the street by all rights now.”

“You don’t know that!” Darla replied angrily.

“No, but I have seen first-hand your wasteful, spendthrift ways that you have exhibited with the money that was given to you for your education, not on those frivolous pursuits as you have!”

“It’s our money!” Darla cried defiantly.

“Yes, but with a specific purpose in mind, your education.”

“Us’n’s gots plenty uh edicashun!” she raged. “Us’n’s’re hah skool granulates!”

“Yes, that is obvious,” Agent Six replied sarcastically.

The girl flushed at the implied insult, but had no reply to it.

“Now, if you wish to terminate your contract, so be it. Pay us what we are owed and you may depart free

and clear. Otherwise, shut up and obey your contract.”

Holli poked Darla. “Hit sez ra’ht cheer ‘at us’n’s gotta do’s she sez, er else,” she pointed out.

Darla turned back to Agent Six. “Awrite!” she snapped. Yuh gots us’njh’s over uh barrel, so us’n’s gotta mind yuh. Wha’d’us’n’s gotta do?”

“You and your sister are the other half of the seven and eight pairing, and as such, Ms Harshley will decide all for you from now on.”

“Dun us’n’s get enny say a tall?” one girl demanded petulantly.

Agent Six shook her head negatively in satisfaction. “No. Read your contract.”

“Ah toad yuh hit wuz too easy!” the other twin accused the first.

“Bull crap! Yuh should’a dun sumthang, yer so damned smart and all!”

“Girls!” Agent Six spoke sharply. “Stop arguing. The die is cast. Noiw, go along with Ms Harshley asnd I suggest you be on your best behavior because from what I have seen so far, you are not the best judge of what’s good or bad for you!”

Sullenly, and obviously abhorrent to them, the two turned to Ms Harshley. “Us’n’s’re sorry we knocked yuh daown out there,” they apologized in unison.

Ms Harshley smiled wickedly. “Well, we shall see just how sorry you are, won’t we? Now, sit quietly while Agent Six speaks.”

“Thank you so much, dear Charlotte,” Agent Six smiled winningly at the severely dressed woman.

Obviously not liking it, both girls sank back on the lounge in defeat. ‘How had this happened?’ they thought, then realized they should have read what they were signing more closely.

They were stuck and there was no way out of this bind. For one moment, they thought of Ms Alice Koch, but they knew without asking that that would be flog-

ging a dead horse before they even got started with that woman!

They caught the look of deep satisfaction the old hag sent their way and they cringed with sudden fear!

“Oh, shit,” Darla heard Holli murmur. “Us’n’s’re in fer hit naow!”

Darla could only nod in silent agreement.

“Yeah, oh, what you said!”

Ms Harshley sat down between them. Soon, she had their hands folded demurely in their laps, their heads bowed in the first steps towards their redemption.

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## TWELVE

Ms Harshley gazed at her newest charges, reveling in the fearful looks they gave one another and to her. She smiled wickedly and took satisfaction in the twins hurriedly down-cast, embarrassed glances to avoid looking directly at her.

She gloated mentally, her mind alive with possibilities.

How well she remembered the Wood twins. She had been retained by their parents many years before. They had been about three years old, she remembered. No wonder they did not remember her.

Still, after being their governess for some eleven years, they should have some recollection. But then, they had always been scatter-assed and forgetful and totally unaware of events happening right under their noses.

Even the death of their biological mother when they were twelve had not made an impression on them. Charlotte had grieved for weeks after the woman’s death, but the twins hardly noticed her absence.

Then their father had remarried and his new wife had taken an instant dislike to Charlotte, so much so

that she had been terminated before the first week had ended.

She had often wondered how the twins might have turned out had she stayed to oversee their development.

The intervening years had not been an improvement, in fact, quite the opposite. They had gone from quietly obedient girls to extremely obnoxious monstrosities instead.

‘Such a shame!’ she thought. ‘Well,’ she took comfort in the secret knowledge, ‘that is all going to change in a quick hurry if I have anything to say about it. And I do!’

Closing her eyes momentarily, her thought returned to those halcyon days when everything was perfect. It had been the Wood parents’ fervent desire that their sons be raised as girls and had actively encouraged Charlotte’s efforts to that end. Mr. Wood had even gone so far as to have both boys surgically castrated long before Charlotte had appeared on the scene.

This, plus massive doses of estrogen and other female hormones, had had the desired effect when both developed those secondary traits so restricted to those of the female, feminine persuasion. Now, at age eighteen, each had the small penis growth of a one year old child, barely an inch in length, more like an over-size clitoris and since the skin had developed in twin folds, neither was at all concerned.

That both boys grew to be ultra girly-girls had been no surprise to either the Woods nor to Charlotte.

Occasionally, Charlotte had felt remorse about what was happening to the boys, but she rationalized it as beyond her control, taking refuge in the fact that the changes had started long before she had come on the scene.

Still, she felt guilty in some way because she thought there might have been something she could have done to either stop or reverse this process.

Charlotte did not do either as she was fascinated by these genetic boys living, acting, speaking, and behaving as girls in every way possible.

As a frustrated transsexualist herself, she was fascinated to the point of actual acceptance of what was happening.

When Agent Six finally dismissed them, Charlotte took each twin into a near-by bathroom, pulled down their pantyhose and watched with some amusement as they fidgeted before relieving their bladders. Darla objected, but when Charlotte took the girl bodily over her lap, spanked her bare bottom soundly with the hard, wooden back hair brush she took from her reticule, thus bringing forth huge crocodile tears as Darla hastened to assure the woman that she would be a good girl henceforth!

Back outside, Holli noticed her sister's reddened eyes, but wisely kept her peace. Ms Harshley then took her into the rest room and once more when the twin objected to her treatment, another bare bottom was treated to a repeat of the earlier miscreant!

Two extremely chastened, red-eyed girls followed obediently, holding hands and walking two steps behind Charlotte as they made their way to the taxi stand.

Fielding requests from the other women in the group to accompany them, she took her subdued charges to the Carlton Hotel and registered. She was not surprised to find one queen size bed and a single cot set up as sleeping arrangements.

The Wood twins weren't quite as happy, so Darla asked hesitantly, "Do we get to sleep in the big bed, Ma'am?"

Ms Harshley laughed evilly. "Why, bless your soul, child, of course not! The cot is for the third member of our pairing."

"But, who's the third member?" Holli asked timidly.

"And what about the third? Who does she sleep with?" Darla asked timidly, knowing the answer in advance.

"That will be decided by lot after we have dined," Charlotte replied evenly, enjoying greatly the look of fear that crossed each pretty face. "Oh," she thought, "this will be such fun! At least, for me!"

“Now, I want you both to sit quietly while I rest a minute, then we shall go to the dining area and get a bite of lunch. Are you hungry?”

“Well,” Darla began, “we haven’t eaten since we were at the airport restaurant.”

“Fine,” she nodded. “Now, sit quietly while I rest, and no fidgeting!”

So saying, she lay atop the queen size bed, closed her eyes and sighed happily.

Totally cowed, the twins sat close together, holding hands, until Charlotte roused and sat up. “Ah, a power nap always does me good!” she exclaimed brightly.

Being unsure whether they were supposed to answer or not, each decided that the wiser course would be to keep still.

Charlotte gazed at the twins, measuring them mentally. Darla was wearing a sheer white blouse through which her budding breasts showed clearly. Her pure white leather micro-mini skirt stopped right at the line of her bottom, plainly on view because of the short vent in the skirt hem. On her feet she wore white opera pumps with four inch high “fuck me” heels. Because of the shortness of her almost non-existent skirt, Charlotte could see the girl’s hidden sex easily and she swallowed nervously.

Holli was a mirror image of her twin, only she was in red. Since Charlotte had already asserted her dominance over them, she decided to rev it up a notch.

“You, Darla,” she pointed. “Stand up. Holli, you kneel in front of your sister.”

Puzzled, the twins obeyed. “Fine,” Charlotte praised. “Now, Holli reach up under Darla’s skirt and remove her pantyhose!”

Startled, Holli looked at Charlotte in disbelief! “Ma’am?” she gasped.

“You heard me, girl, do it. . . NOW!”

Blushing furiously, Holli obeyed, rolling the sheer nylon down her sister’s legs, then removing each

pump before rolling it the rest of the way off. With a red face, she replaced her sister's pumps and turned expectantly to Charlotte.

"Good girl!" Charlotte praised. Now, Holli, you stand and Darla, kneel and remove your sister's pantyhose as she did for you."

"But, Ms Harshley!" Darla objected.

"Shall I use my hairbrush again?" Charlotte asked, her voice laden with desire.

"Er, no, Ms Harshley, Ma'am!" Darla hastened to reply.

In mere moments, Holli had been denuded and was once more wearing her "fuck me" heels.

"Very nice, girls," Charlotte grinned. "Let us go down for some lunch!"

"Like this?" Darla gasped.

"We're all naked under. . ." Holli hastened to add.

"Yes, I know. Keep your legs closed and move with decorum and no one will guess your lack!"

With red faces, Darla and Holli had no choice but to do as they were told.

In the dimly lit restaurant area, Darla and Holli became instant hits as those gentlemen present sensed the "availability" of each twin and requests to dance came at a fast rate. Charlotte insisted the girls accept these requests, and as a result, their food was stone cold before they got a chance to eat.

They loved to dance and as the dances got wilder and wilder, the twins were fully exposed and on constant display.

When Darla weakly objected, Charlotte quieted her with the threat of a bare bottom spanking right there in front of everyone! Knowing she had no choice, Darla became even more daring and when one gentleman surreptitiously slid the mini-skirt upwards to bunch about her waist, Darla made no objection and danced even more wantonly with her bare, bouncing, slightly

reddened cheeks exciting everyone who cared to watch. There were few who declined this blatant offer.

Soon, Holli went one better than her sister by removing her mini-skirt altogether and showed her bare bottom with easy abandon.

Charlotte made no objection when several evening gowned women approached the girls for a turn.

Being narcissistic by nature, the girls reveled in being guided by these women, going out of their way to excite them, turning many a feminine crotch wet with desire. A desire that was not to be when Charlotte finally took her charges in hand and led them back to their room.

As the door closed behind their backs, Darla let out a whoop. "Oh, that was so much fun! Did you see the look on that fat blonde's face when I laid my head on her breasts? Of course, when I moved my head and her bodice slipped down to expose that fat nipple, it wasn't my fault at all!"

Holli giggled. "Yeah, but did you have to bite it quite so hard? I mean, you could have heard her squeal half-way to Yankee Stadium!" she laughed.

"Well, at least I didn't have my hand down the front of my partner's pants giving him a hand job while I danced with him!" Darla scolded.

"Yeah, did you see his red face when I made him cum?" Holli chuckled happily.

"You girls are just brazen exhibitionists," Charlotte scolded fondly. "I see I have my work cut out for me!"

"What work?" Holli asked, puzzled.

"Why to teach you girls how to be absolute whores who tease and promise but never deliver! Your methods, while decisive for the most part, lack finesse, smoothness and effective in the long run. I have been chosen to start you both out in first grade, as it were, and teach you the proper procedures of a courtesan, or whore, if you prefer."

"Hey, us'n's're hah skool granulates!" Darla objected. "Us'n's gotta 'nuffa that there crap 'n don' need no more!"

Charlotte smiled. "Yes, I can see that," she teased sarcastically. "Your language usage is superb, if not articulate!"

"Whut's 'at dare mean?" Holli chimed in.

"Nothing, my dears, nothing at all."

"Naow whyn't I belief yuh?" Darla demanded.

"Let's start your reeducation right now. First of all, from now on you will address me as Mistress or Ma'am. I am in full charge and my will is paramount. For all intents and purposes, you belong to me body and soul for as long as it takes.

"If you don't believe me, ask Agent Six.

"Now, I have read your dossiers, which, by the way, are more complete and detailed than even I would have imagined."

"Whut's 'at mean?" Holli asked.

"It means, girls, that I own you, body and soul for the indefinite future. And we will start by a correction for knocking me down at the airport. That was inexcusable behavior and you both know it. So, to atone for your rudeness, I am going to whip your calves and thighs ten times each as an appropriate punishment. Once I have whipped you, we will forget your rudeness and you will be sure to be better behaved in future.

"Now," she smiled, "who wants to go first?"

The twins looked at one another in astonishment. They had expected some sort of retribution from this woman ever since being "paired" with her, and while a whipping of the sort appealed to their rather submissive, masochistic frames of mind, marks left by a whip would be oh, so visible to everyone!

Still, it wasn't all that bad. After all, some of their dates in the past had been even more volatile when discovering the truth about them!

"Might's well get it over with," Darla murmured. "I'll go first.

"Good girl, Darla. I expected no less of you!"

Soon, Darla found herself bent over the foot of the bed with her naked rear thrust high in the air. She gritted her teeth and waited.

Charlotte caressed the up-turned bottom lovingly, marveling at the innate curves of her girlishness. 'But, to business,' she thought and slashed her dog whip across Darla's unsuspecting calves, leaving a bright red stripe in its wake.

"One," she counted piously before slashing at Darla's thighs twice before giving one last slash across her stinging calves.

"Halfway there, my darling," she soothed, her hand caressing the reddened flesh lovingly. After a moment of resting, she quickly slashed her whip across Darla's thighs and calves for the full measure of ten.

Then, taking the sobbing girl into her arms, she kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Ms Harshley," Darla sobbed. "I am so, so sorry!" she quavered.

"All in the past my dear. It's forgotten."

After a long moment spent in consoling the quieting Darla, Charlotte turned to Holli. "Are you as brave as your sister, my child?" she asked softly.

"I can take what she can take!" Holy exclaimed as she bent over the edge of the bed and arched her bottom skyward in invitation. "Do your worse, Lady Jane!"

But, unlike the way she had whipped Darla, Charlotte slashed her whip across Holli's unsuspecting thighs and calves, delivering all ten strokes in one fell swoop.

Long before the last stroke was delivered, Holli was kicking her foot in anger, but to her credit, she remained in position for everything Charlotte gave her.

"That was for being cheeky, Holli," Charlotte explained. "Had you been polite like Darla, I would have spaced them out more. However," she went on as she took Holli into her arms for consolation, "it's all in the past and you will never do that again, will you, dear?"

“Oh, no, Ms Harshley, I shan’t!” Holli sobbed.

After some minutes, Charlotte continued her explanation. “As I said, I have read your dossiers and with my prior knowledge, have been able to fill in many gaps otherwise unknown.”

“What does that mean, Ms Harshley?” Darla asked gently.

“It means, my dear, that the information contained in these pages is a true, detailed representation of your past life to date.”

“Even when us’n’s wuz kids?” Darla asked hesitantly.

“Oh, yes, of which I am happy to inform you that I was able to fill in blanks that were hitherto unobtainable. You see, girls, I was there.”

“Only one person could do that, besides our parents, and he’s as dead as they are!” Holli and Darla objected with one voice.

“Sorry, girls, but one of the three is still alive and kicking!” Charlotte smiled.

“No, it can’t be,” Holli cried. “Us’n’s wuz at both their funerals and Nancy said that Mr. Harshley died when he abandoned us’n’s before daddy died.”

“Mr. Harshley was involuntarily relieved of his responsibility towards the Wood twins when your father’s second wife terminated his services for no reason.”

“She said he left because he din’ want no more tuh do with us’n’s!” Holli cried.

“I assure you, he did not leave because he wanted to,” Charlotte was on the verge of tears.

“But, Mr. Harshley wuz uh man ‘n us’n’s know that fer sure!” Darla added.

Charlotte smiled. “Yes, that is so.”

“But, you can’t be him! Yer a woman!” Holli cried as her eyes filled with tears. “Oh, we missed Mr. Harshley so much! Why did he have to go?”

“He didn’t go anywhere, my dears,” Charlotte whispered. “I’m right here.”

Holli stared in shock. But. . . but. . .” she stammered.

“I am Mr. Harshley,” Charlotte confessed.

“But, yer a woman!” Holli repeated.

“Come here, child,” Charlotte beckoned. “Kneel down.”

Holli obeyed and looked up at Charlotte fearfully.

“Let me prove it,” Charlotte whispered as she took Holli’s hand and guided it under her skirts and along her lisle-covered thigh to the hard bulge hidden in her muslin bloomers. Hesitantly, Holli’s fingers touched Charlotte’s bulge, then curled around the hard organ she found!

“Oh, are you really Mr. Charles?” she gasped.

Charlotte nodded. “Yes, dear girl, I am really Charles, but for SOLUTIONS, Ltd. I am a woman and have been hired to be your Govern-ess/Nanny/Nurse/Mentor, what have you, for now and into the far future.”

“It’s her!” Holli told Darla. “I mean, it’s him! Here, feel!” and she guided Darla’s hand under Charlotte’s voluminous skirts until the girl was fondling Charlotte’s rampant manhood as Holli pulled the interfering skirts back and reached for the bloomers waist to pull them down, thereby exposing Charlotte’s straining organ to their excited eyes.

Without warning, both girls attacked this fleshy pole, their lips kissing while their eager tongues laved its length with loving adoration.

Charlotte laughed. “I see you have not forgotten everything you were taught so long ago!” Just then, Charlotte’s length disappeared between Darla’s welcoming lips, her mouth ovalling wide to accommodate its great bulk!

“Hey, save some for me!” Holli cried and for the next several minutes, the girls took turns sucking and milking Charlotte’s more than willing flesh alternately.

When Charlotte stiffened with her forthcoming orgasm, both girls captured her crown between their welcoming lips, taking her copious discharge gladly into their hungry maws!

What a home cumming. . .

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## THIRTEEN

The next morning, Charlotte had the twins put on their same outfits from the day before, but minus the pantyhose, substituting instead footlets to protect their operas.

For an instant, each wanted to object at being so revealed at every step, but they rationalized that if they rebelled, Ms Harshley would just birch their bared calves and thighs, leaving even more tell-tale marks than they already had!

Besides, at heart the twins were flagrant exhibitionists who loved to show their bodies, especially if it would shock some of those who saw!

In the forefront of their minds was that awful Reverend Mother and her simpering companion who, they thought, would be shocked right out of their habits! Oh, especially when they saw the leashes Ms Harshley had attached to their waist belts.

However, in the lobby, they met Reverend Mother and Ms Grantson and neither made any mention of anything out of the ordinary. In fact, as near as they could fathom, both Reverend Mother and Ms Grantson approved heartily of Ms Harshley's choice.

There was some embarrassment when the other two women they had met, Ms Kirsten and Miss Sarad, stared quite openly at the marks left by the stinging whip.

“Oh, Ms Harshley,” Sarad gushed. “Did you really whip them?”

Ms Harshley smiled benevolently. “Yes, my child, as they so richly deserved!”

“Oh, my!” the girl whispered, awe struck.

“Would you like to examine them closer?” Ms Harshley asked, smiling at her red-faced charges. “I’m sure they would like nothing better than to show off my handiwork, wouldn’t you, girls?” It was not a request!

Both curtseyed low. “Yes, Mistress,” they replied in unison.

“I’m sure a trip to the lady’s is necessary, so why don’t you accommodate them while I converse with Kirsten and Reverend Mother?”

“I’d like nothing better!” Sarad replied, curtseying low and blushing.

“Fine! Here’re their leashes. Make sure you don’t let them go too far astray!” she laughed.

Taking the leashes in her hand, Sarad led the reluctant twins away.

Once the three had disappeared into the nearest lady’s, the others engaged in a lively discussion of places to go and so many things to see as well as things they should purchase, because, as Reverend Mother reminded them, “I’m sure that where we will wind up will not have the variety of items available in Chicago!”

“For sure, for sure!” Ms Harshley agreed.

“Yes, my Sarad is sorely lacking in some of the proper garments suitable to her new station in life,” she trilled happily.

“And Sister Ruth Joseph has needs equally as pressing.”

They continued to talk for some minutes until Sarad and the twins returned.

“Well,” Ms Harshley asked, “is your curiosity satisfied?”

Sarad curtseyed low, blushing brightly. “Yes, Ma’am, completely.”

Charlotte took the twins leashes from Sarad, saying, "Well, we must be off. Places to go and things to do, as it were. So, please excuse us, Ladies?"

And without further preamble, led her charges out onto the busy street outside.

"Uh, Ma'am?" Darla began.

"Yes, Darla?"

"Where are we going?"

"Well, first, proper clothing."

"But what's wrong with what we have?" Holli asked softly.

"Nothing, but I think you should have more, just in case. . ." In *case* of what, she did not say. . .

So, they followed her down the street until, suddenly, Ms Harshley stopped dead in her tracks. "Ah!" they heard. "Just what I wanted!"

The twins looked, but all they could see was a leather shop with all sorts of weird things on display.

But, they followed her when she entered, having no choice in the matter.

Ms Harshley immediately approached a show rack filled with collars and leashes and all sorts of related items.

"May I help you, Ma'am?" came the dulcet tones of a young sales clerk who was no more than a year or so older than the twins, although she looked much older.

"Yes," Charlotte replied, "I need appropriate collars and leashes for this pair."

Darla and Holli blushed helplessly as the girl smiled knowingly.

"Yes, Ma'am, any particular style?"

"Well, I think they should be at least two or more inches wide, made of a soft, supple leather, red I think. . . oh, yes, with sharp pointed steel studs. . ." she mused.

The girl smiled, reached out, took a collar. "Like this?"

Charlotte smiled. It was over two inches wide, bright red leather, with sharp steel studs and steel D-rings. Instead of a belt and buckle were two steel ends that clicked as she closed them.

"To open, insert this key in the slot, twist slightly, and it pops right open. Handy for those awkward moments, you know."

"Oh, how delicious! May we try one?"

"Certainly! We would never sell anything if the customer could not try it first!" the girl laughed.

"Indeed," Charlotte trilled as she fitted the collar around Darla's slim neck. "Oh!" Charlotte exclaimed, "Too large!"

"Easily fixed," the girl explained as she showed Charlotte how to adjust the item for a proper fit.

This time, it fit perfectly! Darla thought it was a bit tight, but she knew that by being slightly tight on her neck, she would be reminded of its presence at all times!

Five minutes later, Holli had a similar collar snapped tightly around her own slim neck and she was fingering it experimentally.

"It's much too tight, Mistress!" she whispered to Charlotte.

"Quiet, girl!" Charlotte warned.

She tried several leashes before she found two that were to her satisfaction. "Yes, these will do nicely."

"Is Madame looking for anything else?" the girl asked. "A nice snug corset for her toys? Full face bridles? With appropriate gags or bits? A harness, perhaps?"

Charlotte smiled. "Do you have a brochure of items for sale?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, and we will ship any ordered item anywhere in the world!"

“I think in future I might be interested in corsets for them, for their posture, of course!” she added hastily.

“Of course,” the girl agreed, but both knew the *real* reason for Charlotte’s interest.

Taking their new leashes in hand, Charlotte started for the door.

“Are we going out like this?” Darla asked, her face flaming in humiliation.

“Of course, or would you rather I bridled you first?” she teased.

A thrill shot through Darla’s body at the very thought of such a thing happening to her in broad daylight! “Oh, no, Mistress, I’ll be a good girl.”

“Holli?” Charlotte arched her brow at the other twin meaningfully.

Holli shook her head. “No, Mistress.”

“Good!”

And a moment later, she was leading her unwilling charges along while she examined store fronts, ignoring the strange looks she got from passersby.

She found a second hand shop and led the girls inside, their following quickly to escape the looks of those same passersby.

For some time, Charlotte walked up and down the rows upon rows of clothing, sometimes looking at girls’ things and sometimes at boys’. Occasionally, she would take a garment and lay it aside, “For,” as she explained, “trying on later.”

Finally, she gathered up her selections and took the girls into a near-by dressing room where she had them try on her selections. One they especially liked was a white lace and satin confirmation dress and Charlotte made a mental note to herself to do some “alterations” when she got to a suitable place.

The other items were several satin blouses and two ankle length full skirts. When she selected several crinolines to go with the skirts, the girls were chagrined. Long skirts were bad enough, but with several

stiff crinolines beneath, it would be obvious to everyone that their attire was hopelessly dated!

Soon, Charlotte had everything she wanted in several shopping bags that she handed to the twins for carrying.

The twins thought she was wandering aimlessly, but Charlotte was looking for a very special place. She wanted a costume store, but not just any costume store. She wanted one that would cater to her rather erotic tastes. Finally, she found one!

*For Any Occasion* declared the sign that jutted out over the sidewalk. Below that was *If We Don't Have It, It Isn't Maid!* Charlotte smiled to herself at this obvious pun, for in the window were several maids costumes in varied colors.

She led them inside where they were met by a smiling matron eager to serve! "Good morning," she greeted. "Isn't it a lovely day for shopping?"

Charlotte grinned knowingly. "Henrietta, don't you recognize an old friend?"

"Hey?" the woman stopped and peered myopically at Charlotte. She reached into her bodice and extracted her black rimmed glasses. "Is it you? Charlotte Harshley! As I live and or breathe!" the woman exclaimed, embracing the grinning Charlotte and kissing her firmly on her waiting lips. "I heard you had died!"

"Oh, no," Charlotte laughed. "Those reports of my unexpected demise have been greatly exaggerated I'm afraid, much to my enemies annoyance!"

"Enemies? My goodness, girl, I would have thought you had outlived all of them by this time!"

"Watch it! I'm not as old as you, dearie!"

The two laughed at their shared joke.

"Tell me, Charlotte, what brings you out of your southern cocoon? Surely not our balmy spring weather?"

“No, Henrietta. I have just been hired by a research company and am waiting for the weather to clear so we may continue to our ultimate destination.”

“Well, what’s on your so-called mind, besides that magnificent head of hair?”

“My girls need some clothing.”

“And you thought of me. How droll! What have you in mind?”

“Surprise me.”

“Very well, walk this way,” and she sashayed across the floor.

“Dearie,” Charlotte laughed. “If I could walk that way, Henrietta, I wouldn’t need the damned talcum powder!”

“Just as quick on the trigger as ever!” Henrietta laughed. She stopped at one of the many racks and pulled something out. It was a light blue Alice in Wonderland dress and matching pinafore apron. “Either would look adorably scrumptious in this!”

“Well, they say the proof in the pudding is in the tasting, so let’s try it!”

Five minutes later, Darla was mincing daintily about, the light blue of the dress matching his eye color perfectly.

“Good!” Charlotte exclaimed. “Have you one for Holli?”

“I thought you’d never ask!” Henrietta giggled as she pulled the dress’s twin from the rack.

In moments, Holli was again Darla’s twin sister!

“Those will do just fine!” Charlotte enthused. “Now, how about a change of pace? Something a little Peter Panish or Dick Whittington or the like?”

“Just the thing!” Minutes later, Darla was wearing a Peter Pan outfit and feeling stupid as a boy.

“One for our Holli too,” Charlotte ordered, and it was so.

Henrietta looked askance at the twins. "I have something. . ."

"Well, out with it, girl!" Charlotte snapped. "I do not have all day to waste!"

"I was thinking of Little Lord Fauntleroy. . ."

Charlotte beamed. "Great!"

Smiling happily, Henrietta brought a suitable costume from her storeroom and minutes later, Darla was Little Lord Fauntleroy, complete with fitted velvet half-vest, full figured high necked long sleeved satin blouse, white pantyhose, muslin bloomers that hung below the legs of his velvet shorts, shorts that buttoned up the right side. On his hands he wore white lace half-gloves and on his head a wide brimmed picture straw hat with a white lace veil fastened around his neck to hold it in place. His black, four inch high heeled operas went well with the costume.

"I love it! Don't you, Darla?" Charlotte urged.

"I hate it!" Darla thought. Aloud, "Very nice, Ma'am. . ." he equivocated.

"One for Holli, just for comparison," Charlotte enthused.

Holli was just as unthrilled as Darla, but said nothing of the sort. She had to admit though that she looked just like a girl masquerading as a boy and the thought thrilled her in some strange way that she couldn't describe!

"I have a Tinker Bell costume that you'd love!" Henrietta told Charlotte. "You know, the little fairy from the Disney movies."

"Tinker Bell? A fairy costume?" She laughed gaily. "Yes, just the thing for my two little fairies."

"I don't get it," Henrietta was puzzled.

"My twin girls were born twin boys," Charlotte explained.

"Surely you're yanking my chain!"

Charlotte shook her head. “Nope, check ‘em out, if’n youse dun’ belief me!”

In seconds Henrietta had her hands between the twins’ legs, a surprised look on her face. “Well, I be damned!”

“Probably,” Charlotte agreed.

“Wait a minute,” and Henrietta disappeared in the back of her store, emerging moments later with two green costumes with gossamer wings. The costumes were a perfect fit and Charlotte debated the wisdom of making the twins wear them or let them continue in their micro-mini-skirts.

“How about harem outfits?” Charlotte mused. “And a Marilyn, you know the one I mean! The Seven Year Itch dress. Maybe a Wonder Woman?”

“Thought you’d never ask!” Henrietta trilled. “And how about some varied maid’s uniforms? And I have some delightfully wicked Supergirl and Batgirl and Cat Woman costumes, not to mention many daring swimsuits that would delight any woman!”

In moments, harem costumes and white Marilyn dresses and many others had been added to Charlotte’s selections and after several minutes of reminiscing while her purchases were bagged, the two friends bade one another good-bye.

Then, armed with their purchases in store bags, Charlotte led the twins back to the hotel. She sent the bags up to their room with a bellboy and took the twins into the restaurant for lunch.

Lunch was an almost identical repeat of the night before with the patrons asking permission to dance with the twins, not caring that their soup got icy cold. Charlotte was pleased when several women came over seeking a dance partner, which Charlotte was only too happy to provide.

After lunch, she took them up to their room where she lay down on the remade bed for a quick cat nap before she decided what she would do next.

With a twin busily cradled on each shoulder, Charlotte slept very well.

Once she got to sleep. . .

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## FOURTEEN

Charlene turned to Darlene and smiled brightly. “Well, what shall we do first?” she asked shyly.

“I don’t know about you, but I want to get a room and sit down for a minute. It has been an exhausting day!”

“Yes,” Charlene agreed. “And I am so glad you are now in my life!” she gushed.

Darlene gazed at Charlene affectionately. “I could not have picked a better pair mate than the one SOLUTIONS, Ltd. found for me!” she whispered.

“I’m glad you find me so agreeable,” Charlene replied, blushing. “Some people would tell you a whole different story!”

“Ahh, what do they know? I’m satisfied, and if you are too, that’s all that counts in my book!” Darlene whispered softly.

Taking Charlene’s small hand in hers, she led the smaller woman out to the taxi stand and ten minutes later, they were signing the register at the Carlton.

They sent their luggage up to the room by a bellboy and entered the dining room for a light snack before retiring for the evening.

In the restaurant, Darlene asked the waiter to bring a child’s booster seat for her “daughter,” and the blushing Charlene obeyed readily, sitting in it without comment.

‘Damn!’ Daryl thought, ‘I hope I don’t screw this up!’

Encouraged, he ordered a child’s portion for Charlene and only a slightly larger portion for himself. He ordered coffee for himself and chocolate milk for Charlene.

“I love chocolate milk,” Charlene confessed shyly.

"I'll see that you get all the chocolate milk you can hold!" he replied.

"Why are you being so good to me?" Charlene asked.

"I don't really know," he confessed. "I guess it's because you remind me so much of my baby sister who died when she was still a child. She's the main reason I went into genetic research in the first place."

"That's so admirable. . ."

"But now, I don't know. . . I think it may have been because I wanted to meet you, and this was the easiest way of doing it!" he admitted shyly.

"Oh, you're just trying to get into my panties! I recognize your kind a mile off!"

"And what kind is that?" Daryl asked, afraid that she had seen through his, to him, thin disguise.

"You're a Bull-Dyke Lesbian!" she teased with a sly smile.

"No, my dear Charlene, I am not a Bull-Dyke nor a Lesbian!" he denied. "I just feel drawn to you for some strange reason."

"Gee, I was hoping it was because of my untouched pussy, like I said in the Main Concourse this afternoon."

"What do you want out of our pairing?"

Without hesitation, "I want love, commitment, fidelity and marriage with a woman who will understand my very special needs and won't laugh at me for having them! I want to be a woman's loved and loving daughter in any and every way possible!"

"Try me," he invited.

"I'm very small."

"I can see that," he agreed, nodding affirmatively.

"And I never knew my real parents. . ."

"I'm sorry."

“I was bounced around from one foster home to another until I rebelled at age sixteen and struck out on my own. I graduated high school, got a scholarship to college, found genetic research and here I am, twenty-something, unattached, alone, still a technical virgin. . .”

“You’re not alone anymore!” he averred, hugging her close.

“I’m a girly-girl Lesbian. And sorta masochistic too. . .” she smiled winsomely.

“Nobody’s perfect,” he teased.

She giggled. “I’m not even close.”

“That’s your opinion. I think you’re just about the most perfect woman I have ever known, even if you are kinda puny. . .” he giggled.

“Puny, am I?” she snapped. “Remember whom’s the team leader and whom’s the assistant around here!”

“Remember, I’m three and you’re four, and the odd one is the boss.”

“That’s away from the lab!” she protested laughing.

“Are we in the lab?”

“No, Ma’am,” she agreed.

“That makes me the odd one, right?”

“You’re *odd* all right!” she giggled.

“You know what I mean, little girl!”

She sobered immediately. “Am I truly your little girl, Ms Darlene?” she asked with a slight tremor in her voice.

He gazed at her in surprise. “Is that what you want?”

“I told you, I never knew my real parents.”

He took her into his arms and held her tightly against his breasts. “If you would like me to parent you, I’m available. . .”

She twisted in his arms. “Would you? I’ve always wanted to be a little girl for a loving Mommy,” she confessed.

“So, let’s pretend, shall we?”

“No, not pretend. I want a Mother who will treat me like her own daughter, her very own, young, mischievous daughter. I want a strict, no-nonsense Mother who will take control of me and teach me to be a proper young lady! Can you do that?”

“I can try,” he whispered.

“No! Don’t try, *do!* If I’m a brat, correct me, and I mean, *correct me!*”

“I think I catch your drift. . .”

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake, if I’m naughty, I expect my Mother to spank my bare bottom and make me mind her, whether I like it or not!” she exploded.

“I see,” he admitted slowly.

“Do you?” she challenged.

“Don’t push your luck, little girl!” he warned.

She turned her face up and kissed his red lips affectionately. “Hi, Mommy!”

“Hello, Char,” he whispered in return, “my dearest daughter!”

It was several hours before Charlene discovered Daryl’s secret.

But by then, it didn’t matter. . .

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## FIFTEEN

Finally, two days later, Agent Six informed the gathered candidates in the Main Concourse at O’Hare that the weather had cleared enough for a landing at their final destination.

“The bus will be here shortly to take all of you to the plane. Please have your luggage ready for boarding because anything not here when we take off will be left for a later flight.”

She slipped away before anyone could ask her where this mysterious destination was. All anyone of them knew was that it was in the Southern Hemisphere of the Pacific Ocean, was in a man-made dome and was near enough to Antarctica to be very dangerous when it got “cold.”

“Ah sw’ar,” Kirsten Longstreet declared, “That there woman’s slipperyer’n an ol’ alligator creepin’ up on yuh lookin’ fer uh quick snack!”

Charlotte smiled at the girl’s homily. “Yes, she does appear to be so,” she agreed. “But at least we’re going to get out of snowy Chicago!”

Twenty minutes later the loudspeakers blared, “Will all passengers for Flight Double Oh Ninety Six please go to Gate six where a bus awaits to take you to your airplane?”

Obediently, they all trooped along to Gate six where they found a huge gray bus waiting for them some yards from the door.

“My goodness,” Sarad murmured to Charlotte. “Won’t the twins freeze their legs off?” she asked worriedly. “I mean, are those bunny coats enough?”

“Not to fear, child,” Charlotte replied, “I assure you, they have enough baby fat to counter the few moments they will be exposed to the elements.”

Under the white faux-fur bunny coats the twins wore pink butterfly bikini panties and footlets inside their high heeled operas. Otherwise, they were naked and shivering.

And so it was, Charlotte herded her twin charges across the tarmac where they had to wait until all the other ladies had boarded. Only then did Charlotte allow them to board and take seats in the rear.

It was a smooth flight but much too long in Charlotte’s estimation. She was used to short hops across several states, but this flight was thousands of miles

longer with a comparable extension of flight time. It took eighteen hours.

When the plane was taxiing to a stop on the runway, the pilot announced, "The outside temperature is a balmy eighteen degrees below zero Fahrenheit, so I would advise caution appropriate to conditions. Please take your personal items with you and your luggage will be delivered to your pods by dinner time. Good luck, ladies, thank you for flying SOLUTIONS, LTD, Airlines!"

"Well, how about that?" Charlotte thought out loud as she walked behind her two shivering charges into the small waiting room where they were met by Agent Six.

"Good afternoon, ladies and welcome to Safe Haven. Your quarters are being made ready even as we speak. As I mentioned, you are the first wave of pairs and you have been assigned Pod A. Eventually, each pod will consist of four living suites for four pairs, all of whom will be engaged in similar research into the human genome.

"Now then, Suite one goes to Reverend Mother Loretta Shortbridge and her companion, Sister Ruth Grantson-Shortbridge. We have made accommodations for Basil in your suite, Reverend Mother."

"Thank you," the woman replied sincerely, patting her pet's head affectionately.

"Suite two will be occupied by. . ." and Agent Six's voice droned on.

Finally, "And Suite four is assigned to Ms Charlotte Harshley and her paired companions, the Wood Twins.

"As we promised, everything and anything you need can be readily acquired via internet access with all purchases sent to our Post Office Box in Chicago for pick-up and delivery to its requester here at Safe Haven at no additional cost to the recipient.

"Obviously we could not be expected to know what is needed by whom, so we do the next best thing, invite any of our lady leaders to avail themselves of our services. At present all such requests for additional items

must come from each room leader, but I assure you, all such requests will be given equal consideration.

“Your luggage has been delivered to your rooms and since it has been a long, tiring day, I suggest you all get some much needed rest. We have much to go over in the morning.

“One caution, do not go outside the compound for any reason! I cannot stress that too strongly. We lost several construction workers who did not listen to good advice. We found their frozen bodies much too late.”

With that, she turned and was gone.

“Dang!” Kirsten lamented. “Like oil on a hot fry plate! One sizzle and she’s gone with the wind, only there ain’t no wind!”

Pair by pair, the ladies made their way inside the huge dome and soon found their assigned rooms. Charlotte was impressed by her room. Not only was there a queen size bed, but an additional youth bed had been set up as an oversize baby’s crib.

‘Someone has a droll sense of humor!’ she thought with a grin.

“Hey!” Darla exclaimed. “A crib! I ain’t slept in one uh them since I was just a little kid!”

“Me neither!” Holli echoed her twin. “Wunner why they din’ put in two uh them? After all, they’s two uh us’n’s!”

Charlotte just smiled when she noticed the restraint straps at each corner of the crib. ‘How convenient!’ she thought happily.

“Hang your coats in the closet,” she ordered as she did the same with hers. “OK, I want you two to watch television while I’m gone. Make sure you watch a children’s channel, otherwise I shall birch your calves soundly!”

Smiling at them and kissing each tenderly, she went exploring.

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## SIXTEEN

“Good morning ladies,” Agent Six greeted the nine inhabitants of Pod A the next morning. “Today, you will learn your assignments and be shown to your work stations where you will take inventory and decide what you need that is not provided.

“Some of you will be in laboratories. The others have varied assignments. For instance, Reverend Mother and Sister Ruth are assigned to duties in Laboratory Six.

Other assignments were handed out, then, “And Ms Charlotte Harshley will be our resident school teacher. I know this will come as somewhat of a surprise to her, but be assured, dear Charlotte, students will be provided and it will be your responsibility to assign each student to an appropriate grade level. Past experience or performance is not to be considered binding on your decision. Your decision is final.

“Accordingly, your first students will be Miss Darla Wood and her sister, Miss Holli Wood. I trust you will treat them accordingly. Your instruction rooms with all needed accessories are in Pod B for the nonce until we can build a proper school.”

And as quickly as she had appeared, Agent Six was gone!

Charlotte gazed fondly at her victims. ‘Someone has read my mind!’

Charlotte stood and beckoned to the twins. “Come, children and let’s see what we have to work with, shall we?” It was not a request!

Obediently, the twins followed Charlotte as she went looking for Pod B and her new schoolroom. Amazingly, Pod B was right next door to Pod A and when they entered, sounds of construction was going on from behind screening panels. ‘Ooh,’ Charlotte thought, ‘that noise will be a distraction, I’m sure! How wonderful! More chances for a misstep by either or both and I shall have my excuse for whipping their fat bottoms!’

The room they entered was set up like a stereotypical schoolroom with slate blackboards on two walls, one of which was behind the teacher's desk, a typical office desk that would do nicely. Charlotte noted that it was just the right height to perch her bottom on and give "unintentional" or "accidental" flashes of her petticoats or bloomers to her (she was sure) appreciative students.

Under each blackboard was a chalk tray with several sticks of new white chalk waiting to be used.

The third wall, behind the students, was made of cork and had several pieces of paper pinned to its surface.

The fourth wall was all windows to the "outside," or what simulated the outside with scenery to match.

Arranged in four rows were twelve oak student desks, the kind found in almost every school house around the turn of the century, 1900, that is.

One additional item had been added, a sort of braced A-frame with a cross bar at just the right height for a girl to bend over for correction. They remembered one exactly like it from when Mr. Harshley had been their nanny and tutor.

"Oh, this is just too nice for words," Charlotte gushed. "Don't you agree, girls? And there's my old correction frame! Oh, this is just too much!"

Knowing better than to disagree, each nodded and chimed in unison, "Yes, Ms Harshley, it's very nice."

But, inwardly, each twin was asking, 'What's this all for? Didn't we finish hah skool and start college? Do they expect us to start all over again?'

Which was exactly what was in store for them.

Hidden in the twins' contracts was a small clause authorizing SOLUTIONS, Ltd. to utilize their talents in psychological experiments, designed to alter misperceptions on a student's part to a more reasonable level of acceptance.

This had been greeted with some degree of satisfaction by Ms Alice Koch, their conservatoire and mentor as dictated by their late parents' wills.

Charlotte stepped behind her new desk and opened the center drawer. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "A student records book just waiting for progress reports! I love it!"

Darla and Holli weren't quite so enthusiastic but didn't see any way they could avoid what they were sure was coming.

"OK, let's get started, shall we?" Charlotte enthused. Let's start with seating arrangements. As my first students, I think you should be front and center, don't you?" she smirked expectantly.

"Yes, Ms Harshley," they chimed in unison.

"Great. Let's see, four rows of three, A, B, C, and D, and A-1, A-2, A-3, B-1 and so forth. Darla, you shall sit in seat B-1, and Holli, you are assigned to seat C-1, and this shall be your permanent seats, no matter how many students there are eventually. Do you understand? Girls?"

Darla nodded her acknowledgement. "Yes, Ms Harshley, I am in seat B-1 permanently."

"Holli?"

Holli nodded in resignation. "Yes, Ms Harshley, I am assigned seat C-1 on a permanent basis."

"Good! Take your seats, girls, while I enter this information in the record book."

Busying herself, Charlotte watched the girls fidget, their sore bottoms squirming on the hard wooden seats of their desks.

"Be still, girls!" Charlotte ordered. "Your fidgeting is most distracting!"

After a long moment, Charlotte ordered, "Darla? Go to the blackboard and write your name, please."

Obediently, Darla wrote her name, finding the chalk quite unwieldy.

Charlotte stared at the scrawl in disbelief. "Child!" she exclaimed, "whatever happened to the beautiful Spencerian script I taught you before?"

Darla hung her head. "I guess I forgot, Ms Harshley," she admitted.

"Take your seat, Miss. Holli? Go to the board and write your name."

Holli went to the board and wrote her name. It was almost as unreadable as Darla's was!

"Well, that's where we will start. Open your desks and take out a number two pencil and a sheet of lined paper. You will start with a letter 'a' in row one and continue writing 'a' to the end of the line. Then you will start with 'b' on the second line and do the same to the end of the line. Then you will do a 'c' and then a 'd' until you have filled the page. This is your first assignment and will be graded accordingly."

She smiled at them. "Very well, begin!"

While the twins worked, Charlotte examined some of the items she found in her desk. She frowned at the Dick and Jane books, deciding to request books of her own choosing, like "Jane has Two Mothers" and "David has Two Fathers," and others like them. "Nothing like starting them off right!" she told herself.

She left them alone while she went next door to get a cup of coffee.

Returning, she was pleased to see her students working diligently, heads bent and hands writing steadily.

Idly she wondered who her other students would be. "Well," she thought, "in any case, it's completely out of my hands. As the late, great Alfred E. Newman asked so eloquently, "What, me worry?"

Finally, she saw that Holli had laid down her pencil and was sitting quietly at her desk. "Holli?" she asked. "Are you finished?"

Holli nodded. "Yes, Ms Harshley."

"Good. Please bring your work to me."

Obediently, Holli stood and handed her paper to Charlotte.

She looked at it carefully, noting that even though she had started out rather shakily, her letters had improved to almost perfect at the end.

“Not bad for a first time, Holli,” she praised. “Take another sheet of paper and start with ‘a’ again. Let’s see if we can get the next ones right, eh?”

Holli curtseyed. “Yes, Ms Harshley, thank you, Ms Harshley, I shall do better.”

“There’s my good, good girl!” Charlotte beamed as Holli sat down and started anew. ‘Progress!’ Charlotte thought in triumph. ‘There’s hope yet!’

“Ms Harshley?” It was Darla.”

“Darla, it is not polite to interrupt teacher. Next time raise your hand and I shall call upon you.”

“Yes, Ms Harshley,” Darla replied, chagrined as she raised her hand in the air.

“Yes, Darla?” Charlotte beamed.

“I’m finished, Ms Harshley.”

“Good. Bring me your paper.”

Quickly, Darla rose and hurried to hand her work to Charlotte, who took it and gazed at it for many minutes while Darla fidgeted nervously.

Like Holli, Darla had started out shakily, but by the time she got to ‘d,’ her handwriting had improved immensely!

“Very good, Darla. Your ‘a’ row is quite poor, but your ‘b’ row shows a vast improvement and your ‘c’ row is really quite good. However, your ‘d’ row is even better and your penmanship is almost perfect by the time you got to your ‘l’ row. I want you to sit down, take another sheet of paper and start over with ‘a’ and so on. Let’s see if we can be letter perfect, shall we?”

“Yes, Ms Harshley!” Darla whispered in relief, curtseying and hurrying back to her seat to start over.

‘Yes,’ Charlotte thought, ‘that’s the way I like it!’

After an hour, Charlotte called an end to the day and they returned to Pod A for lunch, after which Charlotte put them down for naps, thinking to herself, 'I think I shall take lunches with us tomorrow and some juice for mid-afternoon and a sleep rug for their afternoon naps, right after lunch. I don't want them getting too tired and bored, at least not at this stage of the game!'

As the twins were napping, Charlotte was surprised to be visited from Agent Six. "Do you like your school-room?" Six asked the surprised Charlotte.

"Oh, very much! I've taught before, but it was always in a sort of amphitheater with the students arranged in tiers above you. This is so much more intimate and even more conducive to teaching. I like it. However. . ."

"Yes, but. . . what?" Agent Six prompted.

"I'd like a different selection of children's books. Dick and Jane are so dated!"

"What did you have in mind?"

"Something more relevant to today's mores, like 'David has Two Fathers, or 'Darlene has Two Mothers,' and that sort of educational material."

"I think that can be arranged," Agent Six smiled. "As I told you before, anything you decide is needed, just ask and it will be provided. If you will order what you want from the appropriate web sites, just give your personal credit card number that we have provided and when it arrives in Chicago, it will be delivered to you as soon as the plane touches down and the cargo is unloaded. It may take a week or so because we are rather isolated and the weather is not always as accommodating as it could be," she laughed.

"I can see that!" Charlotte laughed too. "Er, I noticed there were twelve desks for students in the classroom. Who are the other ten?"

Agent Six laughed. "Well, at present you have just the two, but I assure you, all twelve seats will be filled with eager, and some not so eager, feminine bottoms thirsting for the knowledge I am sure you stand ready to impart."



“That tells me nothing,” Charlotte complained.

“To be honest, we do not yet know who they are ourselves! I assure you, we have not forgotten about the ten spares!”

They talked for some time before Agent Six stood. “Now, I’ve wasted about enough of your time, dear Charlotte and I must take my leave. Remember, anything you want or need, just order it and we shall do our best to acquire it for you.”

“I can’t thank you enough, Six,” Charlotte gushed, throwing her arms around the woman and kissing her cheek excitedly.

“Just glad to be able to help,” the flustered woman stammered and hurriedly took her leave.

‘Just you wait, Agent Double Oh Ninety Six,’ Charlotte thought with a secret grin, ‘I’ll get through that icy shield yet!’

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## SEVENTEEN

Charlotte was pleasantly surprised when two days later, several boxes of books arrived at her school and upon opening them, discovered some fifty or more children’s books, and not one of them was a “Dick and Jane” copy! She noted with satisfaction that several were Dr. Seuss books and even an old favorite of hers, Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel was included. Charlotte remembered that particular book from her own childhood and she smiled in remembrance.

The next day, she started her class in reading these books aloud, and after an initial reluctance on both student’s parts, quickly corrected by direct application of her special methods, two crying twins were only too happy to read aloud!

They even wrote several essays on the meanings of their readings, and Charlotte discovered that her charges were not as stupid or dense as they tried to portray. As she had known from previous contact with them, they were highly intelligent persons who had discovered that by playing dumb, they could get away

with their mischief, playing “air heads” with increasing success.

She forced them to study and to their surprise, they were soon advanced to second grade level where their former level of performance had stopped with the dismissal of their beloved Mr. Harshley!

How they had even been able to graduate high school in the first place was a feat so amazing that even Charlotte was puzzled.

Until the twins inadvertently let slip that they had paid others to take tests and write themes for them and they had never been caught.

To make up for their lack, Charlotte assigned double loads of home-work in all subjects and they quickly advanced to the head of the class, legitimately this time.

She was so impressed with their progress that she let them put on little plays for the others, plays in which the costumes she had acquired for them in Chicago were put to good use.

One they especially liked was Dick Whittington and His Cat. The only fly in the ointment was which would be Dick and which would be the Cat. Neither was too eager to play Dick because neither liked portraying a boy while being a cat left the door open for all sorts of interpretations!

Charlotte solved that by letting “Dick” wear a Little Lord Fauntleroy costume, complete with all the sissy accouterments they had.

Their audience liked this performance because they liked Dick sleeping with his Cat at the end and the sexual innuendoes and gyrations the twins exchanged while doing so.

Many an audience participant had wet her panties before the final curtain came down. And the most embarrassing part of that was that the twins somehow knew which ones of their audience was affected in such a lascivious manner.

However, Charlotte, being no fool, wasn’t about to rent them out and took them to her own bed to relieve their tensions.

Something each loved as much as they loved teasing others to such lengths.

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## EIGHTEEN

“Time to go to work, Sister,” Reverend Mother announced one morning soon after their arrival at Sanctuary. “Our lab materials have arrived and we must get things set up so we can begin our experimentation.”

“Yes, Reverend Mother,” Sister Ruth agreed. “It does get rather boring spending so much time doing nothing. Why, you can’t even watch grass grow!” she groused with characteristic humor.

“Indeed!” Mother huffed.

“Well, not *that*. . . oh, you know what I mean,” she alibied lamely.

Reverend Mother smiled. “Sister, you are a contradiction in a skirt!” she teased.

Sister Ruth blushed at this double entendre.

Reverend Mother kissed her Sister-Wife and stood. “Come, Sister, our work awaits our attentions!”

Sighing wistfully, Sister Ruth caressed the feminine rear end standing by the bed, and swung her legs over the side.

Reverend Mother wriggled her bottom suggestively, saying, “I’ll give you an hour to stop that!”

“What about the lab?” Sister Ruth asked softly, her hand caressing again.

“OK! OK! Two hours, but not a second more!”

Sister Ruth giggled. “Oh, Mother, you are too much!”

Ten minutes later, they sat at the breakfast table, devouring toast and drinking coffee. And twenty minutes after that, they entered the huge room that would

soon be an experimental laboratory where they would work side by side.

Wasting no time, Reverend Mother was soon attacking packing crates with the help of Sister Ruth.

Tables were set up. Cabinets went against the walls. Gleaming instruments appeared on the tables, while some, too large for tables, were assembled and rolled into place where they would stay until it was determined the best final placement.

It was a tired pair who retired late that night to their quarters where they fell into bed, snuggled into one another's arms and were asleep in seconds.

They worked at setting up for three days before Reverend Mother was satisfied with the equipment. They made notes of missing items which they gave to Agent Six who promised early arrival of each item.

One week after entering the lab for the first time, it was up and running and they had started experimental experiments because, as yet, they did not know what they were supposed to be researching. . . specifically.

Agent Six gave them a vague clue. "Our organization is vitally interested in the aging process and we would like you to do some extensive research into the genomes that are most closely associated with aging."

"That's a pretty broad area, Agent Six," Reverend Mother mused thoughtfully. "I can see several avenues of approach that have nothing to do with aging, per se, but are related in a loose sort of way," she added aloud.

"Such as?" Agent Six asked quietly.

"The birth process, lactation, diseases, malformalities, to name a few."

"What you study is up to you. What you discover may be just the thing we need to solve some of Society's major problems. One never knows," Agent Six replied.

"Then, we have a free hand?"

"Exactly!"

“Holy cow!” Sister Ruth breathed, awestruck.

“How about test subjects?” Reverend Mother persisted.

“Anyone of our group who will volunteer is agreeable to management.”

“But nothing covert?”

“Absolutely.”

“Very well, I have a list of materials that will help research into several different areas at the same time. There are several things I would like to investigate. . .”

“The lab is yours.”

And with that, Agent Six disappeared.

For several days, they tried different combinations and mixtures without visible success.

“Sister Ruth?” Reverend Mother began one afternoon.

“Yes, Mother,” Ruth answered, her mind a million miles away.

“I need your help.”

“Surely, you don’t have to ask,” Sister agreed with a shy smile.

“How would you like to be a cow?”

That got Ruth’s attention quickly.

“What?” she asked in disbelief.

“How would you like to be a cow?” Mother repeated.

“In a word, um-possible! Besides, I would not like to live in a barn and be locked in a stanchion and eat ensilage and hay and grain while I wait for some rube to come along and pull my teats with his cold hands just to get my milk! No thanks.”

“Some people might find that an enjoyable experience,” Mother chided gently.

“Well, not me! I would never consider such a thing!”

“Well, maybe I was a bit over-dramatic. . . let me explain.”

Ten minutes later, Ruth sat back, an amazed look on her face. “You want to give me some injections that will turn on the lactation glands in my breasts so that I would be able to nurse a baby?”

“No guarantees, dear Ruth, but I think it can be done.”

“Why not use yours? You’re predisposed to motherhood.”

“I need to observe, not participate,” was the rejoinder.

“I can see that. . .’ Ruth admitted. “OK, when?”

Reverend Mother turned, a beatific smile on her lips. “Bare your breasts, my dear Ruth,” she whispered, a syringe filled with a milky substance in her hand.

Ruth smiled. “You knew all along that I’d agree, didn’t you?”

“Not for sure, but pretty sure,” Mother admitted.

By now, Ruth had her clothing removed and her nipples were crinkling in the coolish lab air. Ruth shivered delicately. “Ready when you are, Gridley!” she quipped.

Ruth didn’t even feel it when the syringe needle penetrated her skin, nor the liquid that followed instantly.

When she was done, Reverend Mother leaned forward and kiss-nipped the crinkled nipples playfully, causing Ruth to shudder with delight.

“One must nurse them to activate the serum,” Mother explained, a devilish look in her eyes.

“And guess who gets to do that?” Ruth asked facetiously.

“I thought you’d never ask!” Mother whispered as her lips closed over one erect nipple and began to suck in earnest.

“Ooh, that feels soo good!” Ruth murmured.

There was no audible response. . .

She cradled her lover’s head against her breasts and cooed gently as sucking lips titillated her greatly.

‘Oh!’ she thought. ‘This is going to be so delightful!’

She bent and kissed the top of Mother’s head reverently.

“I love you so much, Mother!” she whispered.

There was no response.

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## NINETEEN

Ruth gazed down into Mother’s eyes, a smile of complete satisfaction wreathing her red, red lips. “Hi,” she whispered.

Mother made no reply as she awakened, but her lips kept nursing the steady flow of rich, warm, mother’s milk that flowed readily from Ruth’s swollen breasts.

The experiment had been a complete success!

Only now, they needed more subjects to relieve Sister Ruth’s discomfort from her over-swollen, milk filled, breasts.

Three persons immediately came to mind, the twins and Sarad Kinklove, who was now known by the feminine “Sarah.”

Reverend Mother first approached Charlotte Harshley with the proposition of the twins taking part in a scientific experiment.

At first, Charlotte was some hesitant about her “girls” being part and parcel of any such outre undertaking, which, to Charlotte at first sight, was bizarre in

the extreme. But, having learned to trust Reverend Mother in other ways, she agreed that the twins would empty Ruth's breasts twice a day.

What made it all the more attractive to Charlotte was Reverend Mother's quiet assurance that the same phenomena that had occurred with Ruth could be readily replicated with Charlotte!

And, as Ruth's production slowed and stopped, so did Charlotte's increase to the point where she let the twins nurse three times a day for her relief.

Reverend Mother reported her findings to Agent Six and that woman was greatly amazed that the lab had had such remarkable success in such a short time.

Accordingly, the lactation hormone, as it was named, was quietly introduced to a specially selected, yet receptive, consumer group, and many hundreds of thousands of women unable to produce an adequate milk supply on their own to satisfy their babies' needs were transformed seemingly overnight to bountiful wet nurses!

Reverend Mother and Sister Ruth were pleasantly surprised when an additional large amount was credited to their individual accounts.

Ruth laughed. "Really, Mother!" she giggled. "Whatever am I going to do with more money? Why, I haven't spent a cent since I got here!"

"Have you ever thought of donating it to the Order?" Mother asked quietly. "It's what I intend to do with my largesse."

"Mother! What a great idea!" Ruth kissed her Sister-Wife enthusiastically. "No wonder I love you so much!"

Reverend Mother smiled and held Ruth close.

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## TWENTY

"Sister?" Reverend Mother began hesitantly.

“Yes, my love?” Ruth answered absently, her fingers twirling maddeningly around Mother’s painfully erect nipple while her lips nibbled equally as maddeningly at its mate.

“Have you ever thought of having the operation?”

“Operation?” Ruth asked. “What operation?” Her teeth bit sharply at a nipple, causing Mother to wince slightly.

“Hey, be careful there, else I’ll warm your fat ass good!”

“Mother!” Ruth exclaimed. “I do *not* have a fat ass!” she objected vehemently as her teeth bit again.

“Hey! Careful!”

“Sorry,” Ruth apologized weakly. “What operation?”

“S.R.S., you know, Sex Readjustment Surgery, change your sex, make you a one hundred percent woman!” she explained.

“Don’t you like me the way I am, dear heart?” Ruth asked hesitantly.

“Of course, I do! I just thought you’d rather be a woman, that’s all.”

“Aren’t I woman enough for you now?” Ruth asked, a catch in her voice.

“I have had no complaints.”

“Then, why change?”

“It’s up to you. I would never force you into anything that you did not wish!”

“Mother, I love that I can satisfy your sexual needs as a man and then turn right around and satisfy you as only a woman can. To me, I have the best of both worlds with none of the drawbacks of either.”

“And I respect your feelings, my dear,” Mother agreed.

“If you’re looking for a subject for this surgery, why don’t you feel out Sarah and Kirsten? If I read them

right, Sarah didn't have the surgery while still on the mainland because the cost was exorbitant. Here, there is no such monetary limitation."

"Sister, you never cease to amaze me!" Mother exclaimed. "That is a brilliant idea, I must say. Oh, thank you, thank you!"

Ruth smiled. "You can thank me later, if you catch my drift," she teased.

"Loud and clear, Sister, loud and clear!" Mother giggled.

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## TWENTY-ONE

"Sarah?" came the distant voice through Sarah's dazed mind. "Sarah? Can you hear me? Raise your hand if you hear me!" the distant voice commanded.

Trying to obey, Sarah wriggled her hand slightly and heard a sigh of relief from that same distant voice.

"Oh, thank the DIETY!" someone said.

"Go away," Sarah murmured, or thought she did. That it was all in her mind at present, had not registered on her consciousness.

"Wake up, sweetheart," the same voice commanded softly.

"Don' wanna," she objected weakly. "Where am I?"

"You're in the hospital, my dearest," the same voice washed over her in relief.

"Wha-happened?" Sarah demanded. "I feel like I got hit by a train, dragged by a four by four and dumped on the manure pile!" she quipped weakly.

The voice laughed. "Close, but no cigar."

"Aw, that's not fair!" Sarah replied and went back to la la land without a whimper.

Kirsten looked up and Reverend Mother saw tears glistening in her eyes. A comforting hand fell to Kirsten's shoulder. "Is she going to be all right?" she asked worriedly.

Reverend Mother smiled. "She's a very healthy girl and as her Grams says, 'She's got guts enough for two!'"

"Someone mention my name?" an elderly woman asked, bending over Sarah and kissing her cheek fondly. "How is she?"

"Sore," Mother replied, "but in a few more days, she'll be turning cartwheels and running a marathon!"

"She always was an over-achiever!" Grams smiled.

"The best kind," Mother murmured.

"Amen to that," Kirsten added.

"OK, enough visiting for today. Let her sleep as much as she can. It'll help her heal faster, the more sleep she gets."

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## TWENTY-TWO

"I am so sore," Sarah complained as she drank the orange juice Kirsten held for her. "All over more'n any place else!"

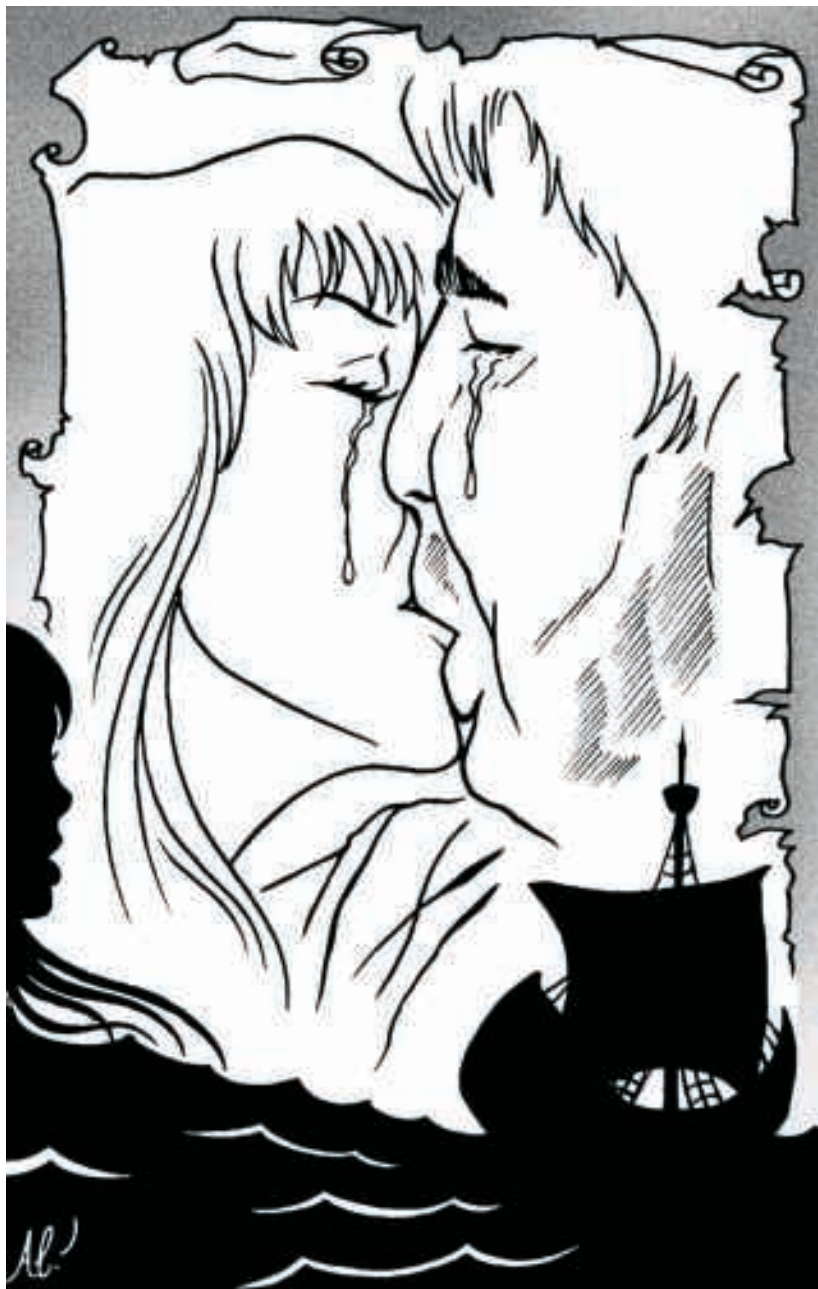
"It'll fade, Baby girl," Kirsten soothed.

"Am I a woman now, Kirsty?" Sarah asked timidly.

Kirsten hugged her, kissing her fondly. "One hundred and ten percent pure-dee-guaranteed—female! I'll have you knocked up in no time flat!" she bragged.

Sarah giggled. "That's all I am to you, just a horny baby factory!"

"Well, I didn't see you protesting too much," Kirsten kidded her.



“I want babies, Kirsty and I want your babies, but I don’t see how. . .”

“Now don’t worry your pretty little head about any of them details. Your surgeon took care of all that before your surgery.”

“How. . .”

“Like I said, don’t worry. Just rest and get well so I can bust your cherry, get you knocked up and get on with our lives!”

“I’m scared, Kirsty,” Sarah admitted.

“Trust me, Baby, trust me!”

“You know how they say, ‘Fuck you,’ in Holliweird?” Sarah grinned.

Kirsten looked puzzled. “No, how?”

“They say, ‘Trust me!’” she giggled.

“You’ll pay for that, little girl,” Kirsten warned.

“Promises, promises!” Sarah teased.

Kirsten kissed her wife’s lips lingeringly. . .

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## TWENTY-THREE

“Look, Kirsty, isn’t she beautiful? Grams says she’s the most beautiful baby she has ever seen!”

“Can’t argue with that!” Kirsten laughed. “What shall we name her?”

“Oh, Grams and I have already decided on that,” Sarah smiled warmly.

“OK, what have you two broads been up to?” Kirsten demanded.

“Oh, ye of little faith! One would think you didn’t trust us!” she pouted.

“Experience tells me not to,” Kirsten sniffed.

“We named her Kirsten after her daddy.”

“But I’m not. . .”

“Are you arguing with me, husband?” Sarah demanded coldly.

“Oh, no, it’s just that. . . that. . .” Kirsten’s voice faded away.

“Indeed,” Sarah replied, putting an end to the conversation.

Kirsten fled in consternation. She just could not win!

In the kitchen, she found Grams seated at the counter with a cup of tea, so she joined her. “Trouble in Paradise?” Grams asked gently.

“Do you know what that grand-daughter of yours did? She went and named the baby Kirsten without saying one word to me about it!”

“She and I discussed it at length,” Grams replied frostily.

“Yeah, but, I din. . .”

“But, nothing. Where were you during her delivery? Where were you after? And when you did show up, all you did was complain about the rotten day you’d had. Never a word about the travail of having a child. I just wish you men could have a baby once, you’d change your tune in one Helluva hurry!” Grams stormed.

Both had forgotten completely that Kirsten was a genetic, fully functional female and always had been!

“Yeah, but. . .”

“But, nothing! You’d better change your attitude about Sarah, or Sarah will be looking for another husband, one who will appreciate her!”

With that, Grams stormed from the kitchen, leaving a wide-eyed Kirsten behind. “Holy shit!” she murmured. “A fucking hornets’ nest!”

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**TWENTY-FOUR**

“Ms Harshley,” Sarah began hesitantly, “may one ask a boon?”

Charlotte looked up, “Oh, dear, why all of the formality all of a sudden?” she teased playfully.

“Well, it’s about the twins,” Sarah tried to explain.

“Oh, dear, what have they done now?” Charlotte asked with a sigh.

“Oh, they have done nothing!” Sarah hastened to assure her. “It’s just that my tree nursery is getting a bit beyond me and they have volunteered to help me, if you approve,” she explained.

Charlotte smiled. “Yes, my dear, I can see how you might be at some sort of disadvantage at work.” She referred to Sarah’s bulging stomach as the girl was six months into her second pregnancy.

“I’d be willing to pay them for their time and effort, but I’m afraid all I can afford right now is minimum wage and. . .”

“They shall help you for nothing out of the kindness of their wicked little hearts else I shall warm those sassy little bottoms until they see the light!” Charlotte snapped.

“No, I have to pay them. It’s in my contract with SOLUTIONS, Ltd. If I do not pay them, I may lose my tree farm altogether. I do not want to lose it!” she declared.

“Very well, but they shall deposit their earnings into the general welfare fund as they have no need for spending money. Their allowance is adequate for their needs.”

“Thank you, Ms Charlotte,” Sarah replied, curtsying.

“Da nada, child. Now, tell me what you have in mind for my girls.

And for the next half-hour, Sarah outlined a program to improve her trees while at the same time teaching Darla and Holli the ins and outs of tree husbandry.

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## TWENTY-FIVE

Charlotte raised her teacup to her lips and sipped delicately. “Ah, it is so good!”

“Yes, I find that a brisk cuppa at mid-afternoon works wonders with a flagging, aging body!” she quipped.

“Well, none of us are immune from that!” Charlotte teased. “Although I have to admit, the twins look the same as they did when we arrived. I can’t believe that five years have passed since.”

“Well, when one is busy, one seldom notices the passage of time.” Mother took another sip. “But, tell me, Charlotte, what is really on your mind?”

“Is it that obvious?” Charlotte asked timidly.

Mother smiled. “To others, probably not, but to me, I am supposed to be able to detect such mood changes from my training as a minister.”

“Oh, it’s a little thing, really,” Charlotte tried to wave it off.

“Nonsense! Out with it girl! Remember, you’re not too big to go over my knee!”

“Oh, picture that!” Charlotte giggled. “OK, you asked for it.”

Mother settled back in her chair as Charlotte continued.

“It’s Holli. She wants to have a baby like Sarah did.”

“And?” Mother prompted.

“She wants Darla to be its father.”

“No problem.”

“But. . .”

“They are healthy girls, well on the outside. Has Holli considered S.R.S.?”

“Yes and Darla has expressed a desire to impregnate Holli in the regular way, but I have several reservations,” she admitted.

“Such as?”

“They are much too close genetically. I mean, what if they should produce a defective? I mean, all the negative things are greatly magnified when genetics are too close, or so I have read. . .”

“Normally, that would be true, the chance of defects coming to the fore. But, we have come far in our genetic research, Ruth and I, and by close monitoring of the fetus, we can almost guarantee a perfect child.”

“Would you council them? I mean, they trust me, but it would bear much more weight coming from you.”

“Of course.”

“Oh, I feel so much better now,” Charlotte admitted, settling back in her chair.

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## TWENTY-SIX

“I am so scared, Darla!” Holli whispered. “I wish we had never thought of having this damned baby!”

Darla kissed Holli gently. “There, there, baby girl. Everything’s going to be all right! Reverend Mother says so!”

“She’s not laying her with her legs spread wide and her bare pussy staring at the world!” Holli cried.

Darla kissed Holli’s swollen tummy affectionately. “It’ll be all over in a little while and we will have a sweet

little girl all our own!” He smiled wistfully. “And you know the best part, Holl?”

“There ain’t no best part!” Holli snapped as a cramp twisted her face.

“Sure there is,” Darla soothed. “You got two milk-swollen titties, one for the baby and the other for me!”

“That’s why you knocked me up? So you could suck my tit? You’re a complete bastard, Darla Wood! God, how I hate you and that fucking prick of yours! I wish I’d never let you talk me into that damned S.R.S. shit! Oh!” Her face contorted and she screamed her vindictive into the oxygen cone suddenly covering her mouth!

Darla looked up into Ruth’s smiling eyes. “She gets a bit carried away at times, doesn’t she?”

Darla nodded.

“Never mind, the antiseptic will knock her out in a few seconds and then we can get on with it.”

“Will it hurt?”

Ruth smiled. “She’ll never know. Now, get out of here and let Mother and I do what we do, deliver babies!”

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## TWENTY-SEVEN

Charlotte gazed down at the smiling Holli who was holding a small pink bundle in her arms. “Oh, isn’t she the most precious thing?”

“And eight pounds six ounces too!”

“Yeah, a little horse!” Darla laughed.

“You’re just jealous ‘cause you didn’t have her!” Holli accused.

Darla smiled, cupped hHolli's up-thrust breasts fondly, bent and kissed her pursed lips sweetly. "One for me and one for our little Charlotte!" he teased.

"Humph! I coulda thought of a better name than Charlotte!" Charlotte grouched. "I wouldn't wish that name on my worst enemy!" Then she thought for a moment, "Well, maybe my worst enemy," she admitted slyly.

"You're just an old softie!" Holli laughed.

"I'll get you for that!" Charlotte threatened with an indulgent smile.

"Oh, I am so scared!" Holli scoffed.

Charlotte grinned happily. "Oh, I am so very proud of you! I always knew you had it in you! It just took the right one to bring it out!"

"Hey!" Darla protested. "I put it in her!"

"And I squeezed it out!" Holi giggled. "So?"

"Well, I think I should get partial credit," he pouted.

"OK," Charlotte laughed. "I'd say about a D-minus."

"If that high!" Holli teased.

Darla shut up. It was obvious he was not going to win. He consoled himself with the thought of Holli's milk swollen breasts, one for the baby and the other all his!

He sighed with anticipation.

Then he felt Charlotte's hand slide over his rounded rump and he tensed at an unexpected chill sweeping through him.

'Oh, no!' he thought with alarm. 'She wouldn't. . . would she?'

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