

In The Beginning

a SOLUTIONS, Ltd. story



Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel



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IN THE BEGINNING

A SOLUTIONS, Ltd. NOVEL
By Delphinia Longstreet

Chapter One

On a warm summer afternoon in the year 1899, a uniformed officer of the law mounted the front stoop of the large Victorian home of the Slocum family and knocked respectfully. Shortly, Mrs. Slocum answered. "Yes, Constable?" she inquired timidly.

"T'is sorry I am to bother ye, Mrs. Slocum," Constable Barber apologized as he stood on the Slocum front stoop, holding the scion of the house, fifteen-year-old Stuart Slocum by the scruff of his collar.

Mrs. Slocum sighed. "Oh, my, and what has Stuart done now, Constable?"

"Weel, he and two other byes threw some rocks at Aaron's Emporium, breaking two of his larger front windows, and t'is quite upset Jacob Aaron is, I c'n tell ye true, 'specially since one o' the culprits was his very own son, Jonathan!"

“Oh, dear, tell Mr. Aaron that I will be down to reimburse him for his windows, just as soon as I deal with Stuart,” she promised.

Constable Barber bobbed his head and turned to Stuart. “Now ye listen to me, bye, the next time I’ll run yez all in and we’ll see if’n that’ll cool yer dampers a wee bit!”

He tipped his hat to Mrs. Slocum, murmured, “And a good dye to ye, Ma’am,” turned and hurried down the street towards the center of town.

She turned to Stuart, her eyes filled with unshed tears. “Stuart, Stuart! Whatever am I going to do with you? You’re too little to horsewhip and too big to spank like the unruly child you persist in being!”

“Aw, Mom,” Stuart whined. “We was just having some fun on accounta nothing ever happens around here and we were just trying to liven things up,” he whined.

“Don’t you, ‘aw Mom’ me, young man! This time you have gone too far! It’s just a good thing your father isn’t alive to witness your shameful shenanigans!” she stormed.

At the mention of his father, killed in the late insurrection in Cuba, Stuart felt a wave of remorse and longing, and unbidden tears leaked uncontrollably from his eyes.

“You may go to your room and stay there until dinner while I do some thinking,” she managed at last through her own breaking heart.

“Yes, Mom,” Stuart mumbled tearfully as he brushed past her and ran upstairs to his room where he threw himself across his unmade bed and let the threatening tears flow unashamedly across his downy cheeks.

Downstairs, his oldest sister, twenty-six year old Holly, came into the darkened parlor where Mrs. Slocum sat slumped on the settee, her trembling hands holding her wet handkerchief in her lap. Holly

sat beside her mother and took the older woman into her arms, holding her tenderly, comfortingly.

“What’s wrong, Mom?” she asked gently.

“It’s Stuart. . . again!” the woman cried.

“What has that little bast. . . er, scamp done now to upset you?” she demanded.

Hesitantly, Mrs. Slocum told the story.

At the end, Holly snapped, “Something is going to have to be done with him else he’ll wind up in gaol for sure!” she stormed.

“Oh, Heavens, Holly, no! Stuart’s a good boy under that gruff exterior,” the older woman defended her youngest. “He’s trying so hard!”

“Humph!” Holly snorted. “He’s very trying for sure!” she added angrily.

Mrs. Slocum sat up straight. “Well, I promised Constable Barber that I would see Mr. Aaron and pay for the windows. Would you go with me?”

“Certainly, Mother, I’d be happy to!” Holly affirmed. “Let me get a wrap and my reticule and I’ll be right back.”

“I’ll get ready while you do that,” Mrs. Slocum agreed.

And ten minutes later, the two women were walking down the North Street and approaching Aaron’s Emporium. The broken windows were quite obvious, as was the man removing the broken shards before replacing them with new glass.

“Hydee, Miz Slocum,” George Lucas greeted, looking up from his work.

“Hello, Mr. Lucas,” she greeted in return. “My, you got here fast.”

“Yeah, well, my Henry was one of the culprits, so I sorta owe Jacob, you see.”

“Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Lucas.”

“I don’t know what I’m gonna do about that boy!” Mr. Lucas lamented. “Ever since his momma died, he’s been into one thing or another until I’m just fed up!”

“It’s the same with Stuart ever since his father died in Cuba last year. It seems that nothing I do is enough.”

“I know the feeling,” the man agreed as he turned to his work. “Oh, Miz Slocum, this won’t cost you nothing. I had some spare glass and my labor is my own, so no cost, although I will not tell my boy that! I told him he would have to pay for everything out of his savings, money he has been saving to buy a new bicycle.”

“Stuart wants a bicycle too. Tell me how much you told your Henry he had to pay and I’ll see to it that Stuart matches it.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he agreed as he lifted a new glass into place. “I think the sum is twenty-one dollars for the deluxe Schwinn Racer, the same as I’m charging him for the windows.”

“That sounds reasonable enough, Mr. Lucas. I shall see to it that Stuart is fined an equal amount.”

“As ye wish, Ma’am,” he nodded in agreement.

Mrs. Slocum and Holly entered the store just as Jacob Aaron came bustling down the aisle. “Ah, good morning to ye, Mrs. Slocum. . . Holly,” he greeted with a wide smile. “Isn’t it a beautiful day?”

“Yes, Mr. Aaron,” she agreed absently. “I had come down to pay for your broken windows but Mr. Lucas seems to have gotten here first. I am so sorry!”

“To tell the truth, I was a little perturbed my own self, especially when Constable Barber told me that my own son, Jonathon, was one of the perpetrators! I tell you, since that boy turned fifteen, he’s been a trial to his mother and me, I tell you!” he repeated in

derision. "At any rate, your cost is nothing as my boy shall bear all replacement costs."

Mrs. Slocum told Mr. Aaron what Mr. Lucas had said about costs, and Mr. Aaron beamed. "Capitol idea! Jonathan too has been saving for a new Schwinn Bicycle, and a fine of twenty-one dollars will put a big dent in his savings and maybe it will teach him the value of other people's property!"

"I agree and I know something has to be done before they get into real trouble," she stated firmly, then blushed, "er, not that breaking windows isn't trouble enough!" she amended faintly.

"I know what you mean. Mrs. Aaron has an idea, but I'm not so sure. . ."

"What is it?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to ask her," and he would say no more.

Outside, Holly turned to her mother. "Let's go talk to Mrs. Aaron and see what's so bad about her idea," she urged.

"Dare we approach her without warning?" Mrs. Slocum asked aghast.

"The boys' actions necessitate stern measures," Holly snapped.

"You're right, of course," the woman nodded.

Soon, they were on the stoop of the Aaron home, waiting for someone to answer the bell. Mrs. Aaron answered and recognized them straight away.

"Oh, Mrs. Slocum and Miss Slocum," she greeted with a warm smile, "won't you come in?" She stood back from the open door.

She ushered them into her parlor. "I was just about to have tea, would you join me?" she invited graciously.

“Yes, please,” her two guests replied almost in one breath.

She excused herself, going through a near-by door, reappearing some five minutes later with tea things. She poured for her guests and sat back expectantly.

“Mrs. Aaron,” Mrs. Slocum began, “we’re here to . . .”

“Oh, please, call me Rachel, won’t you?” she objected sweetly.

“Rachel, such a lovely name! Mine’s Harriet,” Mrs. Slocum continued.

“And I’m Holly,” Holly added with a bright smile.

“You’re here to discuss our miscreant sons, right?” Rachel asked.

“Yes, I am afraid so,” Harriet Slocum admitted. “Something must be done before they get themselves into real trouble!”

“Yes, had it not been that our own son was one of the culprits, Jacob would have preferred charges against them. He just couldn’t do that to his own, you see,” Rachel explained, sighing gently.

“Nor would I have blamed him!” Harriet interjected angrily. “Those boys need a strict hand to bring them into line!”

“Or a gentler hand,” Rachel added.

“Gentler hand?” Harriet was puzzled.

“Exactly. I have an idea. . . let me explain,” Rachel urged.

“Please do,” both Harriet and Holly answered as one.

“I was talking to Mrs. Wayne over the back fence this morning after the incident and she told me of a method her own mother used on her three unruly

brothers when a similar situation occurred right after the big war (she was referring to the Civil War) and how it had straightened them right out in short order.”

Harriet nodded. She knew two of those brothers and knew they were two of the nicest men she had ever known, except for her late husband.

“What did she do?” Holly asked impatiently.

“Petticoat punishment,” Rachel smiled, leaning back contentedly.

“Petti. . . I never heard of that,” Holly admitted. “What is it?”

“Making an unruly boy wear skirts and petticoats and button boots and corsets and live as a girl until his attitude changes for the better. Mrs. Wayne says her oldest brother took almost two years to reform while her youngest brother only took a few months.”

“And that cured them?” Harriet asked in amazement.

Rachel nodded. “Indeed!”

“Imagine that,” Holly mused, “our Stuart in skirts and heels! That would surely slow him down!” she giggled.

“I don’t know,” Harriet abjured. “It has to be all or none.”

“And it would serve him right!” Holly insisted.

“Jacob will do as I say,” Rachel snapped, “if he knows which side his bread is buttered on!”

Harriet and Holly laughed with her.

“After all, we have plenty of material on hand,” Rachel added with a soft smile.

“We do?” Harriet asked, puzzled.

“Certainly, you have three daughters who have been wearing girls’ clothes since birth and I’m sure they have out-grown many items that would be suitable.”

“Yes, and what we don’t have, there are other mothers who would be more than happy to donate to such a worthy cause!” Holly laughed.

“Indeed,” Harriet smiled.

“I agree. We do not have any time to waste if we’re going to effect this drastic change of attitude and behavior,” Rachel continued.

“How about George Lucas?” Harriet asked. “Will he go along?”

“Let’s ask him,” Rachel replied, standing. “Let me get a wrap and my reticule and we’ll go right down to the store and put it to him straight away.”

“Good show!” Harriet enthused.

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Chapter Two

Ten minutes later, three angry women descended on a hapless George Lucas, demanding he listen to them. Jacob Aaron came hurrying out when he heard his wife’s shrill voice and was promptly shushed by Rachel’s explosive attitude!

Finally, Jacob sheepishly managed to persuade them to come into the store’s office where they might discuss the situation away from the public eye.

After much heated opposition, Jacob Aaron and George Lucas agreed to the women’s plan to petticoat each of the culprits in an effort to straighten them out.

It was proposed that to make it more effective, the three be housed together thereby increasing their embarrassment and humiliation and leading them to



the conclusion that obedience would gain them more than rebellion or other resistance!

Further, it was agreed that since Mrs. Slocum had the largest house, the boys would live there for as long as it took. Expenses would be shared by all three, with clothing being donated by local women or made by the boys themselves!

Holly laughed to herself at the thought of any one of the three sewing a dress or petticoat or blouse or slip or corset cover or whatever!

It was agreed that the boys would be taught whatever feminine or female talents they might need as they would be expected to live as girls until the end of their parent-imposed punishment!

Rachel asked that their Jonathan be renamed 'Sarah,' after her late mother; Harriet picked 'Betsy' for Stuart; while George Lucas opted for 'Penelope' for his Henry in memory of his late wife.

Later that same evening, they all met at the Slocum home when the boys were informed of their future. As expected, there was violent opposition to this solution.

Subsequently, each boy was over-powered, pants lowered, and a stinging paddle used to help them see the error of their wandering ways!

It took several applications before each boy had been redressed in appropriate female attire and thus had learned the extent of their future learning.

Through tear filled eyes and bitterly resented words, each boy agreed to be as girlish as possible, with each one being assigned one of the Slocum sisters as mentor. Betsy (Stuart) objected to Holly which earned him another session over his mentor's lap with the paddle extracting his promise to be a good boy. . . er, girl!

Then, bloomers back in place, skirts swishing about their calves, each boy got his first taste of femininity, high heeled button boots! With much wob-

bling and twisting of ankles, they sort of mastered the heels and were led off to their new rooms.

Betsy was appalled when he learned he would be sleeping in a trundle bed by Holly's bed, and further that he would be in a frilly nightgown when he was in bed.

Penelope (Henry) soon found himself in the hands of the second older Slocum daughter, Barbara, a buxom girl of twenty years, a girl whom Penelope feared right from the get-go, especially when she handled him so easily when he was slow to obey her and he was spanked by her work-hardened hand which was every bit as pain-filled as the paddle had been!

Sarah (Jonathan) was handed over to the youngest Slocum daughter, Dorothea, an eighteen year old beauty who would rather have girlfriends to any boy for a friend, in an era when "Lesbianism" was a forbidden, unspoken pursuit. If she was to reform a boy, he would have to be girlish at the start, and Sarah was that, the slightest of the three at just under five foot in height while weighing ninety-seven pounds, with dark eyes and coal black hair that he had allowed to grow much longer than local Society approved in males. In her own right, Dorothea was just two inches taller and six pounds heavier.

"I think we're going to be the very best of friends!" Dotty leered and he shivered with fearful dread, knowing instinctively what she meant.

"Well, that should do it," Rachel beamed at her befrocked son and kissed him lightly. "Be a good girl for Dorothea and this will all be over before you know it!"

Sarah doubted that, but was powerless to resist.

Each Slocum sister took her new charge by the hand and led him upstairs to his new fate. None went willingly, but none resisted. . . openly!

In the Slocum parlor, good-byes were exchanged and the adults retired to their respective homes.

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Chapter Three

Betsy was appalled when Holly started undressing him, which rebellion she curbed by pulling him face down across her lap and spanking his bare bottom with her wooden-back hair brush until he capitulated and allowed her to do what she wished.

For the longest, Holly had resented her brother's swaggering and condescending mannerisms towards her and her sisters by virtue of being "the man of the house." Now the high heel was on the other foot and she was boss. A feeling of almost bliss swept over her every time she thought of it.

Holly was tall for a woman at five ten and weighing one hundred forty-eight and a half pounds, well able to handle her much smaller brother who was a mere five foot two and a half inches and a scant one hundred pounds.

She soon had him stripped down to his blushing skin while she gazed at him with an appraising eye. Finally, she nodded. "Yes, dear heart," she mused, "you'll be a most beautiful girl when I'm done with you!"

She led him into their bath and made him wait while she filled the tub with hot water, sprinkling a generous amount of bubble bath and oil in to make mountains of redolent suds and bursting bubbles.

Once she had him in the bathtub, she knelt, took a wash cloth, soaped it well and began to wash his body thoroughly, her hand going everywhere, invading his privacy, thereby causing him to blush uncontrollably.

"Don't worry, little sister," she giggled, "you're going to love it, just wait and see!"

Betsy had his doubts, but realized he was in no position to object, so he lay back in the warmth and let her do as she wished, even saying nothing when she

handled his stiffening little sex toy, merely blushing while she caressed it soothingly, squeezing and stroking as he squirmed impotently.

When he exploded, she giggled, wiping the swollen head tenderly while finishing his bath. She stood his blushing body on a bath mat while she dried him carefully and held out a silky nightgown for him to wear while sleeping.

He obeyed sulkily starting to protest, but a quick slap to his already tender flesh brought him up short and he allowed her to slip him into her bed.

“Hey! Mom said the trundle bed!” he objected, blushing with shame.

“I changed the rules. As long as you’re mine, you will sleep with me. I have a desire to share with you!” She smiled knowingly. “That way you won’t have to spy on me to see what I have,” she teased.

Betsy blushed. ‘Oh, how had she known about that?’ he wondered. Some days earlier while ranging outside after curfew, he had discovered Holly’s part-open bedroom window, it being left up to allow whatever breeze there was to blow through. He had seen her shadow against the curtains and had climbed a near-by tree to get a better view. Heart pounding, he had watched her nightgown clad body for some time before she blew out her lamp. With the show over, he had climbed down but upon reaching the ground, he stumbled over a wayward trash can and fell heavily against the rain barrel. When nothing happened, he relaxed and crept away, never knowing that Holly had seen him clinging to the tree branch and had been outraged to think he would spy on her in such a crass manner!

‘You want to watch, little brother,’ she stormed inwardly, ‘then watch!’ She turned to him and smiled evilly. She reached behind to open the buttons of her dress.

He watched as Holly nonchalantly began getting ready for bed, removing her clothing slowly, languidly, enjoying this blatant display before her

brother. For his part, Betsy stared open-mouthed as each forbidden area was revealed!

When she finally turned out the lamp and slipped in beside him, cuddling him close to her naked skin, he thought it was all over.

“Good night, little sister,” she whispered in his ear. “Sleep tight, if you can!” And settling down, she held him close to her naked breasts, closed her eyes and was soon fast asleep while poor Betsy just lay there, confused and perplexed.

But, eventually, even he slept.

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Chapter Four

Meanwhile, Sarah was experiencing a similar treatment from Dorothea who had wasted no time in stripping the protesting, blushing boy to his skin, and when he had continued to shield his privates from her after her warning to drop his hands, she took him over her waiting lap and he discovered that while she might have been a small girl, she was able to handle him easily!

Her wooden back hair brush beat a tattoo on his bare bottom, causing bitter tears to course their way across his creamy cheeks, eventually bringing on his complete and utter capitulation when he begged her to stop, promising to be a good girl for her!

Soon, she had the cowed boy in the bathtub and was washing him thoroughly, enjoying her discoveries in ways she had never dreamed possible!

Poor Sarah was dying a thousand deaths as she handled his growing erection while making no effort to avoid the inevitable.

Soon, she tired of this game and forced him to stand in the tub while she poured warm water over his body to rinse the suds. It didn't help when she

grasped his erection and pulled it this way and that, “inspecting,” she told him!

Once she had dried him off, she slipped a silky nightgown over his head and had him sit on a straight back chair while she brushed his hair a hundred strokes, making him count each one aloud.

Then, as with Holly, she slipped him under the blankets in her bed before getting ready herself. Sarah’s heart was in his mouth long before a naked, smiling, delectable Dorothea was lying beside him, cradling his timid head to her naked breasts and cooing gently into his ear.

“You’re going to be my good, good little girl, aren’t you Sarah?” she teased as she kissed his trembling lips tenderly.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied.

“Mistress,” she corrected. “I am your Mistress!”

“Yes, Mistress,” he repeated, his blush rushing unbidden across his trembling body.

“That’s my good, good little girl!” she praised, settling down and cradling him close to her naked form.

Eventually, both slept.

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Chapter Five

“You are adorable, Penny!” Barbara cooed with delight as she viewed the blushing nakedness standing before her. “Oh, it is going to be so much fun teaching you to be a good girl! There are so many nice things we will do together! There are so many swell things that girls can do together and I am sure that you will not disappoint!”

Penelope (Penny) was vaguely aware of same sex relationships and he sensed that his ordeal with

Barbara would include everything she desired, whether he wished it or not!

Vaguely, he wondered what was happening to the other two. . .

Before long, Barbara was teaching him to cup her breast while stroking the hard nipple. He was surprised when it got stiff and throbbing under his hesitant ministrations, but he dared not stop for fear of what she might do to him!

For her part, Barbara was exploring his erection boldly, stroking and squeezing it gently until the inevitable happened.

She pretended surprise and scolded the hapless boy mercilessly. She spanked him for his “disrespect” and made him remake the bed before sleeping.

Sobbing softly, he allowed her to hold him close to her nakedness, hesitant to start anything for fear of doing wrong!

Only to finally fall asleep cradled in Barbara’s arms, his cheek pressed against her turgid nipple. . .

Oh! Oh!

Involuntarily his lips opened to the insistent nipple and closed around it, sucking instinctively.

“Good girl!” she whispered encouragingly. “That’s Mommy’s good, good girl!”

Sleep was a long time in coming. . .

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Chapter Six

The next morning, each boy got his first lesson in being a girl by learning how to get dressed for the day, helped along by having to dress their mentors before being allowed to follow suit. There were many humiliating blushes before each was tightly corseted,

silky lisle stockings tautly gartered to the corset, then bloomed, into a suitable dress and high heel button boots before learning how to brush a girl's hair, repair nail enamel and apply make-up for their public appearance.

In the days to follow, each boy became an expert in the art of looking and acting like a girl, their speech losing its roughness, their actions becoming entirely girlish, and even when they had to go to school as girls, they were chaperoned by Dorothea and shielded from the worse harassment.

To their amazement, several boys approached them for Saturday dates all of which Mrs. Slocum vetoed without comment, to each one's relief!

To his delight, Sarah found himself delighted with his immersion into femininity and as time progressed, lost the inferiority complex caused by his height, or rather, his lack of same in a masculine world. As a girl, he was expected to be less aggressive, more docile, weaker and even subservient to a fault.

He found his estranged relations with his parents loosening considerably as he learned humility and how to listen instead of turning a deaf ear.

In an like manner, the new Miss Penny was more resistant to Barbara's attempts to soften his unmore aggressive tendencies with the result that he went across her lap for correction at least twice as often as either of his two friends.

But, eventually, even Penny too succumbed to the insidious lure of femininity and became a more pleasant, compliant person.

The biggest change was with Betsy. His main obstacle to conversion was that he was petticoated by his own mother and then taught by his hated oldest sister to be a girl, something he had always considered as a well below-par status in a male dominated Society. Women were nothing more than objects to serve a man's wishes and not only keep her place, but know it in the first place!

Suddenly he was plunged into a sea of frothy lace and restrictive corsets, not to mention those blasted high heel button boots that he was forced to wear! He dreaded going back to school, but after a sound whipping administered by Holly in the barn, he “saw the light,” and his vocal objections ceased, at least overtly!

Inwardly, he was still the rebellious boy he had always been and Holly sensed his reticence instinctively, thereby resolving to conquer him or die in the attempt! That he was accountable to her made her corrections that much more detestable to Betsy, a name “Stuart” detested more than the skirts he was forced to wear!

So, outwardly, Betsy became even more girlish and feminine than either of his friends, throwing himself into learning and being as feminine and as much a female as he could without losing his inner self!

Harriet Slocum was quite pleased with the tranquility of a home of, for and by, females, and after a few weeks of harmony, she began to think of relaxing their grip on the three boys.

Mistake!

The very first afternoon Stuart was allowed out, he proved that his prelearned male responses were still paramount in his behavior.

Susan Huff was the recipient of his pent-up rage.

It wasn't that Susan had done anything to deserve Stuart's anger, it was just that she was the first girl he saw and he vented his bottled up rage and frustrations on her!

He ripped her hat from her head, throwing it on the ground and stomping on it until it was torn to shreds! Next he ripped her shawl from her shoulders and threw it into the near-by bushes, all the while screaming his rage and frustrations!



Fortunately for Susan, she was much bigger than Betsy (Stuart), and once over her initial shock at the attack, fought back! She swung her reticule at the boy's head, connecting and stunning him momentarily while she punched him squarely on his nose, drawing blood and knocking him to the ground.

Susan fell on the prostrate Stuart, holding him helplessly on the ground while she screamed for help. Harriet and Holly heard her screams and ran to her aid. Fearing that Stuart (Betsy) would be arrested and thrown in jail for his assault, they hustled him into the Slocum home, bringing Susan with them.

There, an outraged Miss Huff was somewhat mollified when Harriet and Holly promised that Stuart's punishment for his transgressions would be permanent reduction to skirts, to which she agreed, but only on the condition that she have a personal hand in his immediate correction and future guidance!

Stuart (Betsy) sat on the floor, stunned by his reactions and wishing he were any place except the Slocum home! It wasn't so much that he was sorry for what he had done to Susan, more he was sorry he had been caught before he could fully vent his rage and frustrations and effect an escape!

"He deserves to be soundly whipped," Susan averred.

"A hard hand spanking is more effective with this one," Holly mused, "especially when I am the one doing the spanking!" She smiled knowingly at Betsy, who hung his head in utter shame.

"Yes," Harriet agreed. "Betsy, stand up and remove your dress and petticoats," she ordered.

Reluctantly, blushing profusely and shaking with shame, Betsy did as told, standing before the three women in his corset, stockings, button boots and muslin bloomers.

"I think the bloomers should go too," Susan grinned.

“Yes,” Holly smiled. “Take your bloomers off too, Betsy!” she ordered.

Wishing he could die on the spot, Betsy obeyed, standing pigeon-toed before them with his hands shielding his privates.

“Here, here, none of that!” Holly exclaimed, pulling the concealing hands away while directing Betsy bodily across her waiting lap.

“Oh, please. . . please!” Betsy begged as Holly caressed the rounded bottom laying so vulnerably across her lap.

“You may count, Betsy,” Holly directed as her hand raised.

SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, oh, ow, that hurts!” Betsy cried.

SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, ow, er, one, two!”

“No, no, Betsy sweets, you must not wait but must count after each one. Shall we start over? And this time, count as you should!”

SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, oh, one!” Betsy cried.

SWISH, SMACK!

“Two!” Betsy’s legs kicked ineffectually.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, three! Four!” she blubbered.

Holly continued spanking the hapless Betsy until he was reduced to helpless, impotent tears and lying limply across Holly’s lap.

At twenty, she dumped Betsy to the floor squarely on his freshly whipped bottom and stood. "There, that should suffice for the nonce," she exclaimed.

"I still think something should be done to curb that rebellious masculinity residing within his soul," Susan stated pompously, glaring at the object of her dissatisfaction with unconcealed hatred.

"I agree," Harriet observed, "but, how?"

Remember, this was long before S.R.S. and the pill and a wide knowledge of the effects that estrogen could do.

"I think I have a partial solution," Susan smiled.

"What, girl?" Holly demanded.

"Oh, it's just a thought," Susan admitted. "You know how cows are fed certain vitamins and minerals to increase their milk production and make them easier to handle while confined in their stanchions in a barn?" she asked them.

"Yeah, so?" Holly demanded.

"Cows are mammals, right?" Susan pointed out.

"Again, so?" Holly demanded, puzzled.

"Boys are mammals too, right?" she continued her litany.

"Well, yeah, using the general reference point, but so what?"

"What would the effect be on a boy if we force fed him those same milk producing tablets. It should have the same result, make them easier to handle," she explained.

Holly laughed. "And turn them into milch cows?"

"Why not? Look at all the trouble they cause the way they are!" Susan exclaimed heatedly.

"The girl has a valid point," Harriet conceded.

“Damned straight!” Susan exclaimed.

“Then there’s something else,” Susan mused.

“Well, don’t keep us in suspense, girl!” Holly giggled.

“Well, you know how male cattle and horses and goats and hogs are castrated to reduce their male aggressiveness and assertiveness. . .”

“You mean, de-nut him?” Holly gasped.

“Exactly!” Susan enthused. “It did wonders for my Thomas.”

“But Thomas is a cat!” Holly objected.

“So? He was an aggressive male before and look at him now. He’s calm, placid, contented and easier than ever to control.”

“Oh, my, that would be such an extreme step,” Harriet observed.

“Well, I like it,” Holly exclaimed. “It’s the best answer I’ve heard! After all, we cannot trust any one of them to be wholly responsible for their behavior!”

“Who would do it?” Harriet asked, still not wholly convinced.

“Me!” Susan declared. “I did my Thomas, and Gerry Hudson’s cat George, and Addie Hamilton’s little dog Fluff Ball, and look how they turned out.”

“Indeed,” Holly laughed. “I remember how ram-bunctious they were before they got into that terrible fight where Gerry got all scratched up and Addie got bitten. It took weeks for those wicked scratches to mend!”

“I don’t know,” Harriet demurred. “It seems such a radical idea. . .”

“But, entirely doable,” Holly added.

“But it would be so permanent,” Harriet objected.

“And the alternative is that evil lurking just below the surface, threatening to burst forth at any time, Mother? What if he should kill someone next time?” Holly observed, pressing her advantage.

“When would you do it?” Harriet asked.

“The sooner, the better. I promise you, you will notice a decided change in his attitude towards all things female and feminine within a few days’ time!” Susan asserted bravely, hoping she spoke the truth.

For his part, Betsy (Stuart) cowered in his corner, not paying any attention to the three women as he schemed to escape at the earliest possible time, tonight! All he would need would be a change of clothes from these hated female things!

However, Harriet proposed they have some tea to get prepared. This was most agreeable to the other two and as Holly poured tea for all of them (Betsy included), she

slipped a heavy dose of laudanum into Betsy’s tea and less than ten minutes later, he was out cold and the women were stretching him out, naked, atop his bed.

Then, Susan wound a rubber band tightly around the skin separating Betsy’s scrotum from her groin. Taking an extremely sharp knife, Susan sliced through the skin between the rubber band and Betsy’s scrotum, thereby severing it from the groin!

Permanently!

She swabbed the area with an antiseptic salve, bandaged his groin with a cotton swatch, covered him and left him to sleep it off.

“There, that’s that!” Susan chortled with unconcealed satisfaction. “Let’s see *him* try to rape another innocent girl!”

“I’m anxious to see what effect it has on his behavior!” Holly agreed.

“Aren’t we all?” Mrs. Slocum observed.

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Chapter Seven

When Betsy (he is no longer Stuart!) awoke the next afternoon, she had a splitting headache from the aftereffects of the laudanum and a dull ache between her legs when she tried to move.

Harriet came into her room, observing brightly, “Come, come, it’s much too nice a day to waste by lying in bed all day!” she chided brightly.

“I hurt and my head aches,” she complained.

“Well, you just sit up and eat some of this chicken soup and soon you’ll feel much better.” She propped a pillow behind Betsy’s back and slid the tray onto her lap.

“I am hungry,” she admitted.

“You eat up and Holly will be in soon to help you dress.”

“Oh, Mom! I can dress myself!” she objected.

She laughed. “Nevertheless, Holly insists.”

‘Holly insists!’ she thought rebelliously. ‘I do not insist!’

Once Betsy was done eating, mother removed the tray and sat on the edge of her bed. “Do you remember what you did yesterday?”

“Vaguely,” she admitted reluctantly, head hanging low in shame.

“You attacked Susan Huff for no reason whatsoever!”

“I . . . I . . . did?”

“You certainly did, young lady, and as punishment, Susan is now going to take a direct hand in your petticoat punishment. And believe you me, she will not be as easy on your tender bottom as Holly and I have been!”

“That’s not fair!” she blurted.

“What wasn’t fair was you attacking Susan for no reason! Would you rather go to prison for attempted rape?” mother demanded.

Betsy blanched. ‘Oh, no, they couldn’t do that. . . could they?’ After a moment of deep thought, she realized that that was a distinct possibility! After all, it would be her word against that of Susan! And she was already on everyone’s avoidance list!

“I’m sorry, Mom,” she whispered.

“And well you should be! So, in future, stop and think before you do something stupid! I’m sure Susan will teach you the error of your ways straight away!”

After she had left Betsy alone, Holly and Susan entered, laughing and carrying on like the best of friends.

“Wha’d’a you two want?” Betsy slurred.

“My, my, you’d think we were the culprits instead of the other way around!” Holly observed sarcastically.

“Indeed,” Susan observed just as sarcastically.

“Get out of that bed,” Holly ordered sharply.

Surprised, Betsy obeyed, swaying before them.

“Take off that nightgown,” Susan snapped.

“Wha. . . ?”

SMACK! Holly’s open hand slapped Betsy’s unsuspecting cheek hard.

Before this had been fully comprehended. . .

SMACK! Susan's open palm had back-handed him across the opposite cheek!

Bitter tears started from her eyes as she hurriedly pulled the offending garment over her head and allowed it to fall to the floor.

"That's better, girl!" Susan snarled. "Doesn't look so tough without those two little things dangling there, does she?" Holly observed with a wide grin.

"Oh, well, she'll never miss them!" Susan giggled, almost choking on her soft laughter. "Much," she added after one short, meaningful pause.

"What have you two bitches done to me?" Betsy demanded as her hands fell to shield her bandage covered groin from them.

"My, my, how shy she is all of a sudden!" Susan teased.

"Bitches, are we?" Holly cried in outrage and before Betsy realized what was happening, she was lying face down across Holly's lap with her rounded bottom high in the air as Holly caught her wrists together behind her waist.

"Let me go, damn you!" Betsy yelled.

SWISH, SMACK!

Holly's hard hand landed on Betsy's arched bottom sending wave after wave of excruciating pain throughout her aching body.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

Holly spanked the hapless girl for many long moments while Betsy tried and tried to wriggle free, all to no avail! Finally, Betsy collapsed across her sister's lap and cried brokenly, all fight drained away in her frustration.

Holly got tired after a bit and she dumped the hapless girl squarely upon her recently scorched rump onto the rough carpet!

Betsy collapsed in a huddled heap, her sobs loud in the room's quietness.

When her tears had subsided, Holly drew her to her feet. "Now, little girl, we're going to make sure you never attack another girl again!"

She took a molded steel apparatus and placed it around Betsy's hips and when it was fully closed, it dug deep into her thigh flesh making it impossible to raise or lower it. Another solid steel cup shaped piece went between her legs in front, split in the middle and rose in back to fasten to the sides of the girdle. When it was all locked in place, Betsy's former maleness was hidden securely, making it useless for anything except passing water!

"There, that should hold you!" Holly panted from her exertion.

"Yeah," Susan agreed.

Betsy had been completely desexed by her loss and her new condition.

Sympathetically, Harriet took her into her arms and comforted her, letting poor Betsy sob her heart out in mother's loving embrace.

Needless to say, Betsy was "cured."

The next afternoon, Susan reappeared with Betsy's new medication and with token resistance, Betsy obediently swallowed the huge pill that would make her even more docile and complacent and accepting of her newly acquired status, a lowly servant in the Slocum household.

Even her younger sister, Dorothea, had more actual say-so than Betsy!

Holly redoubled her efforts to feminize Betsy, forcing the girl to practice anything and everything fe-

male and feminine until it was second nature for Betsy to react as a woman to a situation.

She became so accepting of her new status of servant that she looked forward to her daily walks with Holly and Susan on their frequent shopping trips and the ice cream sodas they shared while out.

From a rebellious young, almost outlaw, she had become a sweet, obedient girl!

As time progressed, the loss of her masculinity and the great dosages of milk inducing vitamins and minerals, brought about a physical change that was easily attributed to her newly acquired feminine attributes.

When she began to show signs of impending maturity in the form of a light beard, Holly and Susan merely plucked each and every offending hair from its root and her skin became soft and smooth after the numerous applications of oils, creams and balms that were used by “real” women to bring about smooth, hair free skin.

In a matter of a few short months, Stuart became Betsy in much more than just the name! Her hips widened slightly while her thick waist shrunk dramatically and her breasts grew to a great size (C-Cups by today’s standards) with greatly excitable nipples that erected with every movement of material across them.

All in all, except for the trapped sex toy between her legs, Betsy was a complete and total female!

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Chapter Eight

After Betsy had been coerced into joining the Church Choir, her life took a more realistic turn as she became almost friends with some of the girls with whom she had fought in the recent past, and she discovered than some girls could be quite nice, given the

chance, while others were natural bitches eager to slander and vilify anyone they thought “beneath” them.

But, that is true anywhere you may live. Individual persons are people too and people are what they are wherever they are.

Betsy enjoyed singing in the choir, her newly acquired soprano voice a pleasure to hear, and especially liked the Wednesday and Thursday evening choir practices when she was free to be Betsy, within reason. Holly and Susan didn't quite trust that Stuart was fully suppressed!

But, their suspicions aside, Betsy was now Betsy and Stuart seldom intruded on her thoughts. Betsy thought as a girl; Betsy acted and reacted as a girl; Betsy identified as a girl in all respects, even in her reactions to “normal” males she acted girlish at all times, her coquettish manner becoming to her and captivating to others.

Mrs. Slocum was greatly surprised one afternoon when Betsy came to her to ask permission to attend “the flicks” with a neighborhood boy and to go for a soda after.

Taken aback by the request, she almost denied her permission, but then relented at the longing in her “daughter's” face.

She realized the longing to be treated as a “normal” girl was uppermost in Betsy's mind and any and all thoughts of anything untoward not a subterfuge nor scheme with ulterior motives designed to thwart her petticoat punishment.

Betsy's “petticoat punishment” had long ago lost its sting and she now readily accepted her skirts, corsets and button boots as her due!

Smiling broadly, Mrs. Slocum agreed to this afternoon “date” with the proviso that Holly go along as chaperone.

Betsy agreed to this quickly as she had already talked it over with her sister and it was fine with her. Holly took a secret delight in Betsy's new found interest in boys as she never forgot that Betsy had been Stuart and being Stuart was what had given rise to her (his) present circumstance.

These "dates" soon progressed to the point where a Saturday afternoon movie date was the norm and being escorted to Church services an accepted practice.

And the more Betsy dated, the more at ease she became with boys and that led, eventually, to the next phase of her feminine indoctrination.

Although it seemed totally unrelated at the time.

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Chapter Nine

One afternoon in mid-April, Mrs. Slocum answered the front door bell and was surprised to find Mr. Weatherton W. Weatherby, III standing on her porch, hat in hand.

"Why, Mr. Weatherby!" she exclaimed, puzzled by the visit as the only dealings she had with the Weatherby Bank and Trust Company were her checking and a small savings accounts, the home mortgage being long since relegated to history.

"May I have a moment of your time, Mrs. Slocum?" he asked softly, twirling his hat brim nervously, his eyes downcast.

"Surely," she agreed. "What is it?"

"May I speak to you privately?" he was blushing furiously.

"Certainly, please, come in. I was just having my afternoon tea. Would you care to join me? I'll have Betsy bring a second serving," she invited with a welcoming smile.

“Thank you,” he tried to smile. “I’d be delighted.”

Soon, they were seated comfortably in the Slocum parlor, Betsy had served tea and retired, closing the door firmly behind her.

They sipped their tea for several moments. “Now then, Mr. Weatherby, I am certain that you had a greater purpose than to sample my tea,” she observed.

He cleared his throat. “Yes,” he replied and blushed, “It concerns your Betsy.”

“Heavens, what has that scamp done now?” All sorts of dire happenings flashed through her mind, all based on past experiences.

He started in surprise. “Why, the girl has done nothing wrong, Madame!” he hastened to reassure the woman.

“Then. . . what?” she asked, wondering.

“As you know, I lost my wife in the flu scare last year and I have lived alone in my lonely mansion since that time,” he began.

“And,” she waited expectantly.

“Dammit, Madame! I’m lonesome! I need companionship!” he exclaimed.

“I can understand that,” she agreed. “But what has that to do with my Betsy?”

Weatherby blushed and stammered, “I. . . I. . . want. . . dammit, this is hard! I want to court Betsy and if she’ll have me, marry her!” he declared emphatically.

“Marry? My Betsy?” she gasped.

He nodded. “As you well know, Elaine and I had no issue. Not her fault, it was mine! My desires are quite plain. I want a companion, a friend, someone to whom I can confide, someone who can understand me.”

“And you think my Betsy can fulfill that gap in your life?” she asked, astonished.

He nodded again. “I have observed her from afar for some time, ever since she started walking out with the James boy of a Saturday afternoon, and it came to me one night as I sat alone in my study that Betsy would be a perfect companion for me.

“To that end, I would seek your permission to call upon her and court her and try to convince her of my honest intentions toward her future welfare.

“I am not a young man. I will be fifty-two on my next birthday. Now I realize that Betsy is merely eighteen years of age, but such a spread in years between a husband and wife is not uncommon, as you well know,” he declared defensively.

Mrs. Slocum leaned back in her chair, fanning her face vigorously. “Oh, my dear Mr. Weatherby, I am overwhelmed! You know Betsy’s origins, of course?”

“Yes, Madame, I surely do,” he admitted.

“And still. . .” she waited.

“No, none of that makes any difference in how I have come to feel about her and from what I have seen and heard, she would not be averse to such an arrangement.”

“Oh, my!” she gasped as she raised her summons bell and tinkled gently.

Immediately, the door opened and Betsy appeared. “Ma’am?” she curtsied and inquired as she gazed at Mr. Weatherby, blushing.

She had been listening! ‘That scamp!’ Mrs. Slocum thought in surprise.

“Betsy, dear, come, kneel,” and Mrs. Slocum pointed to a spot near her left foot. “Mr. Weatherby has a proposition and it involves your future.”

“Ma’am?” Betsy was wide eyed with feigned surprise.

“He wishes to court you,” Mrs. Slocum explained.

“Court? Me?” Betsy continued to pretend surprise.

“He wishes to eventually marry you,” she continued.

“Marry? As become a wife? *His* wife?” she gasped.

Mrs. Slocum nodded. “Exactly!”

“I. . . I. . .” Betsy stammered, laying her head against Mrs. Slocum’s knee.

She caressed the head on her knee. “It would be a big step,” she whispered. “But it’s up to you.”

“Oh, Mother, I don’t know, I just don’t know!” Betsy whispered.

“You don’t have to make up your mind immediately. It will take time to fully appreciate me and what I can offer you,” Mr. Weatherby intoned quietly.

“You mean a courtship?” Mrs. Slocum prodded.

He nodded. “Exactly.”

To Betsy, Mrs. Slocum asked, “Would that be agreeable, dear?”

Unconsciously, Betsy nodded.

“Very well, you may continue your duties, my girl, while I speak further with Mr. Weatherby.” Betsy had been summarily dismissed.

Curtseying automatically, she hurried from the room.

“Mr. Weatherby, there must be certain conditions placed on you before I should consent to your courtship of my daughter.”

“Madame?” Weatherby sat up straight in his chair. “Proceed.”

“First, Betsy is a shy, reserved girl and I will stand for no encroachment on her sensitive feelings towards her origin.”

“That is a foregone conclusion,” he agreed.

“And as such, she must be led gently and with care that she not misunderstand. I propose a period of calling with offerings in which you sit on the porch swing and get used to being together. You will be allowed two hours to sit and swing. At which time you will depart after your ‘Good-byes.’

“Then, after a week or so, if she’s comfortable with you, you may hold hands with her and engage in light conversation. As she relaxes in your presence, you may then proceed to take her for short walks on our street but you will do no more than engage in some light conversation. You may not hold her hand while you walk. At first.

“As she begins to accept you, holding hands is agreeable, if she initiates it. If, by the end of May she is at ease with you, you may invite her to the Saturday flickers and for a soda after, at which time you will walk her home, say good-bye and leave.

“You will take no liberties with her person without my express permission!”

“I would never do such a thing!” he protested.

“As she grows more and more used to your attentions, you may take her for short rides in your surrey, but you will attempt no intimacy whatsoever!

“Is that firmly understood?”

He nodded. “Yes, Madame.”

“Fine, we shall speak again.”

“I look forward to it!” he rose.

“Betsy shall expect you at five. You will have one hour today. Tomorrow and for the next week, you are allowed two hours. Agreed?”

He nodded. "Yes, Madame, agreed." He turned to go but stopped at the door. "I wish to thank you for your consideration."

"See that you do not abuse the privilege!" she warned.

As she closed the front door, Betsy came from the back. "Madame?"

"Your suitor will arrive at five. Be ready."

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, than you, Ma'am!" Betsy gushed.

Mrs. Slocum gazed at her daughter. "Then am I to take it that you are not averse to Mr. Weatherby's stated intentions?" she asked.

Betsy hung her head. "No, Ma'am. He is a very handsome man and would be a catch for any girl!"

"Yes, he is that."

"I am just so pleased that he would consider me!"

"You have a great deal to offer any man, my dear."

Promptly at five, the front door bell rang and of course, when Betsy answered it, there was Weatherby all decked out in his Sunday best! Betsy smiled and stepped out onto the porch. "Shall we?" she gestured shyly at the swing.

For the next hour they gently swung, neither saying a word. At the end of the first hour, Weatherby stood, whispered, "Good evening, Miss Slocum," bowed and took his leave.

Betsy's heart was beating almost uncontrollably as she watched him get into his sully and drive off. She could hardly wait for the next afternoon!

Betsy was pleasantly surprised when Weatherby presented her with a bouquet of yellow roses from his own rose garden that next afternoon, and she rushed inside to place them in a vase which she proudly displayed on the sideboard.

They enjoyed a pleasant afternoon in the swing before he had to leave as per his agreement with Mrs. Slocum.

Harriet closely interrogated Betsy that afternoon and discovered that Betsy was greatly pleased by the man's attentions and she expressed a desire to accelerate the courtship to the next level, short walks and hand holding.

Mrs. Slocum was vastly surprised by Betsy's acceptance of Weatherby's as yet careful advances and agreed with Betsy to let Weatherby continue at an accelerated pace. Weatherby was all for the quickening of the courtship, but knew that he had to be careful and not press too hard else Betsy become disenchanted with her paramour and seek to abandon the whole idea.

So, like a good general, Weatherby advanced his cause slowly and soon was escorting Betsy to Church of a Sunday in his surrey to the amazement of some of the more shockable members of the congregation who had nothing better to do than gossip and spread rumors about other congregants.

That had to be squelched immediately!

A few words dropped in certain ears soon stopped all gossip lest something dire (financially) occur and those who owed the Bank knew better than to roil calm waters.

Soon, Betsy and Weatherby were a common sight on the streets of the town riding about in the surrey, and the day came when Betsy drove the surrey herself with no Weatherby in sight!

It was in mid-September when Betsy asked Mrs. Slocum for permission to marry Weatherby.

"Has he proposed?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, no, Mother, but I get the idea that he wishes to but is afraid I will say, 'no.'"

"And will you?" she asked. "Say, 'no,' I mean?"

“I don’t know, Mother. Oh, I am so confused!” she blurted. “Tell me what to do!”

“Do you love him, child?”

“Yes! No! Oh, I don’t know! I mean, I am still Stuart, well partially, but the part of me that is now Betsy wants to become his wife, no matter what it does to Stuart!” she exclaimed.

“Betsy, that’s the woman in you talking. All I can say is, follow your heart. If you truly love him, you and he will find a way. I did so when I married your father, love him, I mean, and I was never sorry that I had agreed to marry him!

“I went to my wedding bed with no knowledge of what was to come and I was filled with dread at not knowing. But, like millions of women before me, I learned the duties and expectations of a wife and was quite at peace with myself after.”

“I do want to marry him, Mother, but I am afraid I’ll be a disappointment to him when he finds out. . .” Betsy wailed.

“Child, he already knows! He knew when he first asked to court you and nothing he has done since has shown any adversity to anything you might or might not have been!” she soothed.

That afternoon, instead of taking Betsy for a surrey ride, Weatherby asked to speak with Mrs. Slocum.

“I’ll get right to the point,” he declared. “I have been courting Miss Betsy for some months and I believe I have adhered to your rules during that time.”

“Yes, you have,” she agreed.

“I wish to marry Betsy Slocum, make her my wedded wife, Mrs. Betsy Slocum Weatherby, and take her to live in my big house on State’s Drive. I believe that she loves me as I love her, but I waited before asking for her hand until I had secured your express permission. May I marry your daughter?”

“This is not unexpected. In fact, why did you wait so long?” she teased.

“I . . . I . . .” he stammered.

“If Betsy will have you as her lawfully wedded husband, you certainly have my permission to marry her,” Harriet smiled her approval.

“Thank you, Madame!” He rose. “I shall ask her now!” And he strode from the room onto the porch where Betsy waited demurely on the swing.

“Miss Slocum,” he began formally, “I have something to ask you.”

She batted her eye lids playfully. “Yes, Weatherton?” she spoke expectantly.

He fell to one knee before her and took her left hand in his. “Miss Betsy Slocum, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?” he asked formally. Then he slipped a huge diamond ring onto her third finger left hand.

“Will you marry me, Betsy Slocum?” he asked again.

Betsy gazed at the ring in awe. “Oh, Weatherton, it’s beautiful!” she gushed. “Of course I will marry you!” she enthused.

“You will?” he asked in surprise.

“Of course I will,” Betsy crooned joyously.

She leaned down and kissed him sweetly.

“What made you think I wouldn’t?” Betsy asked.

“I didn’t. I just wanted to make sure,” he replied sheepishly.

“OK,” Harriet broke in, “now that that’s settled, get lost so we can start planning the wedding,” she ordered.

Weatherby blushed. "Er, I thought we'd just elope. . ."

"Elope? Over my dead body!" Harriet exclaimed. She stepped forward, her hand raised menacingly.

Betsy laughed, "You'd better disappear for a bit, Weatherton. She gets violent at times! Believe me, she certainly does!"

Hastily he beat a retreat, closing the front door behind him.

"That's better," Harriet conceded. "Now, what sort of dress did you have in mind for the ceremony?"

"Well. . . to start, white satin. . ."

"Of course!" Mrs. Slocum agreed. "What else?"

"A smaller corset. . ."

"Without doubt."

"Satin bloomers, lisle stockings, high heeled button boots. . ."

"And a long veil for demureness and to show chastity," Harriet added.

"Oh, Mother, this is so much fun!" Betsy enthused.

"All part of being a girl, my dear!" Harriet assured her newest daughter.

"Oh, Mother, I am so glad you made me a girl!"

"I love you, Betsy, it was the only way I could help you avoid disaster!"

"Thank you, Mother!"



Chapter Ten

They settled on a brisk Saturday in October for the ceremony and the Slocum household began working tirelessly in preparation while the happy couple did their best to stay out of the way of everyone.

Betsy grew more and more attached to Weatherby as she learned more about the man himself. Weatherby was a self-made man, having been less than happy with his father's insistence on him following in the family tradition.

He had attended Harvard as had his father, grandfather and great grandfather before him, but whereas they had focused on economics and banking, he had much preferred the physical sciences, to their displeasure.

Still, when the time came, he had taken the bank over and in the years since, had expanded to the point where he controlled five banks in the surrounding area. In a time when a million dollars was a great fortune, Weatherby, with many times that amount, was a very wealthy man indeed.

"So why," Betsy asked, "with all that you have, why me? I mean, you could have your pick of any one of a thousand real women who would jump at the chance to share your life, so why me when I'm not a woman in the first place?" Betsy was concerned with this facet of her past and she did not want Weatherby to enter into anything that he might find embarrassing after.

"Because, my sweet Betsy," he grinned, "I know you whereas I don't know the rest! You have been raised as a girl and no matter what you may think, you are a girl in every way possible. Well, maybe not every way, but close enough to suit me!

"First, you are the most beautiful woman I know. Second, you are the kindest person except for my late wife and mother that I have ever known. You are ar-

ticulate and intelligent and gracious and loving and affectionate and everything! I would have to look the world over to find anyone like you, if indeed there is another like you, which I doubt very much!" he averred passionately.

"I don't expect you to be a wife in a physical sense as that might be impossible for you to accept. Just to be a warm companion, a sounding board, if you will, will please me in ways you cannot imagine.

"Anything extra will always be your decision and your decision alone," he finished abruptly.

"Weatherton, you amaze me!" Betsy replied softly. "With any other man I would expect an entirely different response and a husbandly approach to his prospective wife. He would expect her to respond as a wife in all ways in all situations. But, not you. You are completely understanding of my differences and accept me as me as I am with no reservations. I promise you, when the time comes, I will keep your statement in mind and will act and react accordingly."

"A man could not ask for more than that!" he whispered as he kissed her cheek.

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Chapter Eleven

"Honestly, Betsy," Holly hissed, "will you please stop that infernal fidgeting while I tighten this darn corset? Grab on and suck it in!" she ordered.

"But, Holly," Betsy gasped, "it's so tight already! You're cutting me in half!"

"Nonsense, girl! I still have an inch to go before you will fit mother's wedding dress! Honestly, I would have thought you'd have dieted long since!"

"I did!" Betsy gasped as she sucked in her stomach to the limit. Holly took quick advantage and pulled the laces tight, the busks closing finally!

“There!” she praised. “Twenty inches exactly! One must keep up the Harmon tradition! Mother was twenty inches as was grandmother and so are you!” she chortled.

“I can hardly breathe!” Betsy protested, stepping away from the lacing bar. “I feel like I’m in a steel cage!”

“You’ll get used to it. Now, hold still while Susan and I finish dressing you for the ceremony.” She ordered.

‘Oh,’ Betsy thought, ‘Why didn’t we just elope as we originally planned?’

“She’s adorable!” Susan teased. She gazed at Holly with a conspiratorial look. “I just had the most amazing idea, Holly!” she enthused. “Let’s take off her steel chastity belt so that Weatherton gets the whole effect of his new bride!”

“Susan, you have the most evil mind!” Holly grinned.

“Yeah, hurry up. Time’s a’wasting!” Susan laughed.

In seconds, the hated steel belt Betsy had been wearing for several years had been removed to reveal the tiny scar where his scrotum used to be and the swiftly engorging four inch penis that had been denied expression for so long!

“It’s going to poke the front of her dress way out!” Holly giggled.

“So what?” Susan laughed. “It ain’t us, is it?”

“All right, let’s get on with it,” Holly remarked as she held up a pair of snowy white muslin bloomers for Betsy.

Obediently the humiliated Betsy raised one foot after the other as Holly held the snowy bloomers for her, drawing them up and settling them around her waist. Betsy winced when Susan grabbed her erec-

tion and yanked painfully. "Better think pure thoughts if you don't want to make a spectacle of yourself!" she giggled.

As Holly adjusted the bloomers, Susan turned her attention to Betsy's larger than average breasts with their prominent nipples. "I must say, those vitamin and mineral supplements have given you cow's udders and I'm sure your new husband will find them lots of fun to kiss, and especially to pinch these adorable nips! My, they do stand firm and tall, don't they, Holly?" she asked.

"Hunh?" Holly asked, distracted momentarily.

"Let's make these stand at attention and see what her new husband does with them!" she laughed.

"How?" Holly asked.

"By getting them as hard as possible and then tying a string around them, that's how!" Susan laughed. Remember, we did the same to Rebecca Thomas when she got married last spring!"

"Didn't Rebecca say that they started to hurt after a while?" Holly asked.

"Sure, but so what? It ain't us and who's she gonna complain to?" Susan asked smugly.

Betsy shuddered with fear.

"Besides, they'll be noticed under her bodice and everyone will think she's just over excited!" Susan laughed.

Moments later, Susan had prepared Betsy's straining nipples made even more prominent by the tight rubber bands fastened around their bases!

Holly helped Betsy into several swirly muslin petticoats that helped conceal her embarrassing erection and stood with arms upraised as the dress was settled over her body. The skirt was full and swishy satin, the bodice of the same material only fitted to her now tightly drawn waist. When the dress was

buttoned up the back, Betsy was almost ready for her trip down the aisle.

But first, white patent leather high heeled button boots and an eighteen inch hobble chain stretched from ankle to ankle, and with the final addition of her white lace half-gloves and a veil that was at best translucent, allowing just the merest outline of anyone outside the veil!

As the Wedding March welled in the small church, Betsy, on Holly's arm, minced slowly up the aisle to where her husband to be waited.

Even though her bound nipples hurt like Heaven and the hobble chain made her stumble uncontrollably, they finally made it to the front of the altar where the petrified Betsy stepped hesitantly up to stand beside the equally scared Weatherby and face the parson, Reverend Joseph Ste. Denise who had agreed to perform the ceremony.

"Who giveth this woman to this man?" he asked loudly.

"Her late father and I do," Harriet Slocum announced proudly.

"Marriage is a sacred rite," he began and continued his boring litany for several moments before a glare from his wife brought him up short, "and must not be entered into without grave consideration."

He paused and gazed skyward. "If there be any who object to this union, let him or her speak now or forever hold their peace!" he announced piously.

There was a stir as people looked around nervously but when no one responded, they all sat back in anticipation.

There was the usual quiet as the parson prepared his opening soliloquy, "We are gathered here today to witness the joining of these two young persons in the bonds of Holy Matrimony," and he began to lecture the entire congregation, as was his usual wont, belaboring his points until everyone was fidgeting and

wondering if it would be thought insulting to duck out!

Finally, "Do you, Worthington W. Weatherby, take this woman as your lawfully wedded wife? To have and to hold from this day forward while forsaking all others, to love her, to honor her and to cherish her in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?"

There was an expectant hush as Weatherby gazed down on his bride. "I do!"

"And do you, Miss Betsy Stuart Slocum, take this man as your lawfully wedded husband? To have and to hold from this day forward while forsaking all others, to love him, to honor him and to obey him, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?"

Betsy paused, gathering her wits about her. Then, "I do!"

"May I have the rings, please?" the Reverend continued. He handed one to Betsy, and the other to Weatherby. Weatherby took Betsy's left hand and as the parson went droning on, "With this ring, I thee wed. . ."

At last, he turned to Betsy, "With this ring, I thee wed," and she slipped it on her almost husband's third finger left hand, squeezing his hand reassuringly as she smiled up into his radiant face.

"In as much as Weatherton has affirmed his vows to Betsy and Betsy has reaffirmed her vows to Weatherton, under the laws of this State and the canons of our Holy Father, I do pronounce that they are husband and wife. What God hath joined together, let no man nor woman put asunder!"

He closed his Bible with a loud snap. "You, Sir, may now kiss your bride!"

It was a short kiss and the two ran up the aisle to the vestibule where the rest of the wedding party had gathered

“Where you going on your honeymoon?” one of Weatherby’s friends asked.

“Nunya!” he laughed.

“Where in Hell’s that?” the man asked, puzzled.

“Nunya frapping business!” was the reply.

“OK, everyone, there will be a short reception in the church parlors, so please remember where you are!” Harriet laughed.

Susan and Holly took Betsy into a secluded cove where the wedding dress was removed to be stored away for its next user. Holly checked to see that the corset was still tightly laced and that the button boots were buttoned securely with the hobble chain stretched inexorably between her ankles before removing her bloomers entirely.

The dress was replaced by a heavy velvet travelling slim skirted dress with a form fitted bodice that showed off Betsy’s straining nipples beneath the translucent material. Betsy’s stiff erection tented the front of her skirt but at a quick, sharp slap, it receded momentarily in shock!

“Keep it under control or we’ll cut it off!” Susan warned. “I’m sure your husband would appreciate its loss, even if you wouldn’t!” she threatened.

“Hey, let’s fix it right!” Holly suggested.

“How?” Susan asked, intrigued.

“It just needs a leash!” Holly giggled.

“Hunh?”

“A tight rubber band around its head and anchored securely in its rear orifice with a ball! Then, as long as she keeps her ass tight, it will stay in place and keep her little toy under control!”

Susan laughed. “Yeah, that’s almost as good as cutting it off!”

Some minutes later, this added humiliation had been secured in place and Betsy felt the added pain and humiliation of this newest torture device!

They took her back outside where Betsy was claimed by her husband for the first dance, only to be passed from guest to guest until her head swam with giddiness.

Finally, Weatherton placed a shawl around Betsy’s shoulders and led her to his surrey and she found herself sitting on the hard seat which added to the misery of the ball invading her secret cave!

Then they were aboard the train and in the privacy of their Pullman suite where Betsy sought relief.

Weatherby, misunderstanding, wanted to romance her before dinner, but she put him off saying she had to take care of certain female things first.

He did not like that, but he did not object.

She kissed him sweetly and proceeded to relieve her discomfort.

She turned her back shyly, raised her skirts, popped the ball from its clasp and took the rubber band from around the head of her little sex toy.

“Oh, that is ever so much better!” she sighed.

Weatherby noticed the slim chain between her ankles. “Whatever is that for?” he asked in amazement.

“It was my bridesmaids’ idea,” Betsy explained. “You know, in the olden days, a bride was a captive and kept in chains until safely wedded and bedded! Then, it was too late for her to object and she became a compliant wife, or so the fairy tale goes.”

“I didn’t need anything like that!” he exclaimed.

“I know, but they didn’t,” Betsy explained. “You see, not everyone knows you like I do,” she whispered softly.

“Let’s go to dinner,” he proposed and off they went to the dining car where they had a delicious dinner before going to the observation car and sitting in the enclosed portion at the end of the car where they watched the countryside rushing by.

“Oh, this is downright peaceful,” Betsy murmured as she snuggled close in her husband’s arms. She thought a moment, then, “By the way, where are we going?”

“Niagara Falls,” he replied.

“Why didn’t you say something before?” she asked.

“Because I didn’t want a lot of folderol thrown at us.”

“You’re sweet!” she chided as she leaned up to kiss him. “Let’s go back. OK?”

He rose, took her hand and led her back to their sleeping compartment.

They busied themselves getting ready for bed.

They snuggled under the blankets where Worthington kept his promise not to engage in anything sexual and the next thing they knew, it was morning and time to get a quick breakfast before the train arrived at Niagara Falls.

The hotel was just a short distance from the Canadian Falls and Betsy spent several hours just watching the water flow over and disappear in the mist below.

“It’s so very beautiful,” she exclaimed with excitement.

“Not as beautiful as my bride,” he replied, kissing the back of her neck.

“You are so sweet,” she murmured, twisting and offering her lips.

After a long moment, she whispered, “Weatherton?”

“Yes, my love?” he replied absently.

“Are you glad you married me?”

“I wouldn’t want it any other way!” he replied emphatically.

“I want to be your wife,” she added shyly.

“But, you are!” he replied in amazement.

“In all ways,” her voice was so low he almost missed it.

“I’m afraid I don’t understand,” he went on.

“I want to be your wife in all ways,” she insisted. “And Niagara Falls is the perfect place for us to cement our relationship!”

“You mean. . .”

“Yes, I *do* mean!” she blurted.

He gazed at her in amazement. “But, Betsy darling, what changed your mind?”

“Well, I’m supposed to be a woman, right?”

“Yes, but. . .”

“And women have certain obligations to their husbands, right?”

“Well, yes, but we decided. . .”

“I have undecided,” she murmured, blushing furiously.

“You mean. . .”

“I mean I want to be your wife in every way possible and that means that I must submit to your base desires whether I like them or not!” she continued.

“Betsy, darling, I would never force you to do anything against your. . .”

“That I didn’t want to do,” she finished his statement. “But now, I want to!” she exclaimed through her blushes.

“My dear wife. . .” he started.

“My husband, make me your wife for real!” she urged.

“Let’s go to dinner and think this over,” he suggested.

“I will not change my mind,” Betsy insisted.

Later, Betsy entered their bedroom in the hotel from the bathroom and posed atop her toes, sighing seductively. “Your turn,” she cooed to her waiting husband.

He rose, took her in his arms and kissed her lovingly. “You’re absolutely sure about this?” he asked.

“Never more sure in my whole life,” she replied.

As he retired to the bath, she slipped into the huge double bed, propped herself on the stuffed cushions and waited. Her breath came in short, excited puffs as her heart beat against her rib cage loudly. She lowered the single light and waited in the semi-darkness.

Then, there he was and shedding his robe as he crossed to her, reaching for her and kissing her possessively.

Willingly, she melted into his embrace, giving herself wholly to this man she loved with all her heart.

She shivered violently when his hard body settled between her wide spread legs and he paused momentarily.

“We don’t have to do this,” he murmured.

“I know,” she whispered, “but I want to, very much!”

Reaching between their bodies, she guided his rampant erection to the orifice it wanted so desperately, and with one mighty lunge, her virginity vanished with the wind!

“Ooh!” she cried as pain swept through her, but when he tried to stop, she urged him on with sharp jabs of her heels against his back.

Finally, he stiffened, his erection fully inserted in her torn sheathe and she could feel it pulsating as it completed its task, filling her to overflowing!

Surprisingly, after the first few plunges, the hurt faded to be replaced with not the feeling of pleasure, but one of satisfaction of fulfilling her wifely duties to her husband.

When finally they awoke in the dawn of a new day, Betsy felt a dull throb between her thighs, and at the same time, she was happy!

‘Oh, I love being married to this man!’ she thought in wonder.

That next afternoon, she knelt before her reluctant, seated husband, fondling his massive erection and kissing the swollen crown passionately. Finally, she oveled her lips and allowed it to enter her warmth, sliding across her sucking tongue to touch the top of her throat causing a slight gagging on her part. Then, conquering her fears, she relaxed and sucked him deep, his swollen organ penetrating her gullet and plunging in until her lips were around the base of this invasive shaft and she rested momentarily before slipping back to gain her breath

“Betsy?” he queried.

She shook her head. “It’s all right, Weatherton, I want to, so much!” she assuaged his concern. Soon, her bobbing head was moving up and down, taking

him full length, then letting it almost all the way out before swallowing again.

Eventually, she felt him stiffen with his impending ejaculation, his organ throbbing and pulsating in her mouth until he exploded, filling her gullet with his copious discharge as he involuntarily, but willingly, acceded to her wanton desires!

She settled back after, her lips sucking gently at his wilting organ, a feeling of satisfaction at her performance filling her with sensual pleasure and peace.

They enjoyed their honeymoon for three more days before going back home with Betsy gaining more and more expertise at sucking his erection to completion, much to her new husband's delight!

But, they could not stay away from business as Weatherton just could not afford to be away from his bank for any extended period.

Back home, they settled into a routine of matrimonial bliss. . . well, a pleasant and completely satisfying relationship for both.

Mrs. Slocum blushed delicately when Betsy related the many gory details of her honeymoon defloration. Still, she listened avidly as Betsy related her experiences in Niagara Falls, hanging hungrily on every word.

Never in her wildest dreams had she ever imagined that Betsy would become so wanton or, as she thought, whorish in her private life.

But, still, she hung on every word avidly.

And, life went on.

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Chapter Twelve

One day, there came another knock at her front door, and once more a blushing, stammering man

stood there, tongue-tied and uncertain of himself and his mission.

“Yes, young man, may I help you?” Harriet cooed winningly.

He cleared his throat. “Er. . . yes, Ma’am,” he began hesitantly. “My name is Roger Transom. I’m a farmer and am a recent Agricultural College graduate. Since my return, I find myself in rather a peculiar situation.”

She smiled. “Yes?”

“Er. . . is it true that you are the guardian of Jonathan Aaron and that you have put him into a permanent petticoat punishment status?” he asked haltingly.

She nodded. “Yes, it’s true,” she admitted. “But how does that concern you?”

He blushed and hung his head low. “I knew Jonathan before. . .” he stammered anew, his embarrassment obvious to her.

“Yes?” she was puzzled.

He hurried on. “I understand from Weatherton Weatherby that you encouraged his courtship and eventual marriage to your daughter Betsy, and. . .”

“Yes, I did,” she smiled.

“Well, I would like to court Miss Sarah in like manner. I own several hundred acres of black dirt bottom land where I grow truck vegetables, and another eight or nine hundred acres of not so tillable land that is ideal for cattle raising, and I would be able to provide a good living and a decent home for Miss Sarah and. . .” his voice trailed off.

“In other words, Mr. Transom, you wish to court Sarah with the aim of marrying her and taking her to your wife. Yes?”

“Yes, exactly.” He blushed delicately. “Jonathan and I had an understanding before I went off to col-

lege that we would be partners on the farm and. . . and. . .”

“That does present a problem since Jonathan is no longer Jonathan, but is now Miss Sarah Aaron and shall continue to be Miss Sarah Aaron into the distant future.”

He made a sign of impatience. “Oh, I know all that!” he exploded. “Dammit, Mrs. Slocum, I want to court Miss Sarah like Weatherby did with Betsy! I don’t give a tinker’s dam about her past as a male. I do care about her future as a woman, no matter how she chooses to live it.

“I can learn to love her just as intensely as I did when she was Jonathan! More I should think!” he confessed shyly.

“Well, Mr. Transom, you do present a solid case for yourself. Let us ask the girl in question what her feelings are. Shall we?”

He nodded. “Of course.”

Mrs. Slocum tinkled her bell and in a moment, Sarah appeared. “Ma’am?” she inquired, curtsying.

Smiling, Mrs. Slocum explained Roger’s presence and his purpose for his visit. At the end of her explanation, she asked, “Have you any objections?”

Blushing uncontrollably, Sarah shook her head. “Oh, no, Ma’am!”

“You understand what Mr. Transom is proposing, Sarah?”

Sarah nodded. “Yes, Ma’am, he wishes to court me and make me fall in love with him and agree to marry him and go to live on his farm as his wife, just as Mr. Weatherby did with Betsy, or did I miss something?”

Mrs. Slocum smiled. “No, Sarah, you missed nothing!”

She turned to Roger. "Did Mr. Weatherby explain the rules I laid down for proper courtship rituals?" she asked.

He blushed. "I should think that some of them could be relaxed somewhat since Jonathan. . . er, I mean, Miss Sarah and I are old friends and. . . and. . ." he stammered.

"No!" she declared. "You will adhere to my rules or you shall not court my Sarah! Is that clear?" she raged angrily.

Taken aback, he quailed before her anger. "I shall follow your rules to the letter!"

"In that case, you may call on Sarah this afternoon at four. You shall have one hour in which to swing on the porch glider. But, no touching and no talking beyond a quick 'hello' and an even quicker 'good-bye' when you take your leave."

She stood. "Then we shall see you at four? Please be on time."

She held out her hand.

He gave a short bow and clicked his heels. "I shall be the very soul of timeliness and decorum, and I promise, you shall have no trouble from me!"

He turned to Sarah. "Since this will be the last time I am allowed to speak directly to you without forfeit, I will be the best husband ever for you!"

Sarah blushed. "We shall see. . ." she teased.

"Indeed!"

After he left, Mrs. Slocum sat in her parlor mulling the strange turn of events that had occurred since taking custody of the three miscreants. She did not understand the attraction that a petticoated boy could have on another male, but she could accept it as "normal" under the circumstances.

"What did Roger want, Mother?" Holly asked, coming into the parlor.

“Of all things, he wishes to court our Sarah in like manner as Mr. Weatherton did with our Betsy,” she explained.

“Well, that takes another off our hands!” Holly giggled.

“I’ve been thinking,” Harriet murmured.

Holly laughed. “Now that’s a switch!” she teased.

“There are many, many boys who could benefit from a good dose of petticoat discipline and who knows the possibilities that might result?” she mused.

“You mean turn our home into a refuge for miscreant boys?”

“Exactly! We could even charge a modest fee for outside trade,” Harriet added, a wistful smile on her lips.

“How many would we be reorienting?” Holly asked, getting enthused.

“Oh, I should think no more than five or six to start with. And as we became more known and established, we could accept more.”

“And charge more too!” Holly grinned.

“Yes,” Mrs. Slocum admitted, “there is that aspect of the proposition.”

And over the next six months, several recalcitrant boys were sent to the Slocum residence for help and of those accepted, only two proved to be beyond help and were referred to outside residences (reform) schools.

Roger proved to be a man of his word and within three months, Sarah was deep in love and anxious to be married to him.

During one of their many intimate talks, Harriet learned that Roger and Jonathan had been “boon companions” long before, it being interrupted when

Roger had gone off to Agriculture College, leaving his paramour behind to get into mischief and thus into the predicament he, Sarah, now found herself.

Their many camping trips had been camouflage for their clandestine activities, but being members of the newly organized Boy Scouts of America, no one questioned what they did.

Now that Jonathan had become Sarah, the two were free to show affection in public, for the most part. As in every small town, there are those prone to gossip who just cannot resist in spreading dirt and rumors.

Mostly this gossip was kept under control for fear of Mr. Weatherton Weatherby's wrath if found out.

They were married in the same manner as Betsy and Weatherton and after their honeymoon, lived on Roger's farm where they were, to all outward appearances, quite happily and contentedly married.

Sarah proved to be as eager to be a wife as Betsy had been, and long before returning from their honeymoon, Sarah was Roger's wife in all respects.

Much to Roger's astonished delight and not unexpected pleasure.

Sarah just smiled knowingly.

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Chapter Thirteen

It was not surprising, therefore, when Harriet answered a hesitant knock on her front door to find another candidate seeking the hand of one of her charges in marriage.

The difference, this time, was that the person seeking such union was female, an old maid school-teacher of twenty-six, Miss Alice Gae Koch, who had noted the dramatic change in Barbara's charge, the former Henry Lucas, now known as Penelope Lucas,

and had decided she (Penelope) might be an ideal companion for her.

Hesitantly, she broached her secret desires to Harriet, fearing the worst, but to her great astonishment, found instead a warm approval and a solid support.

“Then you will approve my courtship of Penelope?” Miss Koch asked softly.

“Why yes, why shouldn’t I?” Harriet smiled.

“Well, I thought that. . . that. . . you know, me being female and all. . .” her voice trailing off with embarrassment.

“That you might desire our Penny for more than housewifely duties? I assure you, we have no such prejudices getting in the way of our best judgement as to what is best for our girls,” Harriet smiled winningly. “After all, my Barbara has been training our Penny in the feminine arts.”

“I thought that being male and all, and with a solid feminine training background, that he. . . er, *she* would be of a like mind, er, so to speak.” Again her voice trailed off with embarrassment.

“I assure you, our Penny has a deep feeling of reverence for a dominant female, as witness her treatment at Barbara’s hand. Barbara has always had a firm hand with Penny, allowing the girl no room for mistakes without swift and deserving punishment!

“Penny is afraid of Barbara, not physically, but mentally, so fearful of making a mistake and incurring her wrath, that she makes mistakes anyway!

“Barbara thinks this is the best way for a boy to learn how to be the perfect female, and it seems to be working!

“Oh, I have to admit that I have had to interfere occasionally when she gets a little heavy handed with her punishments, but on the whole, Penny seems to thrive on it!”

"I see," Miss Koch murmured, not seeing at all.

"I assume your end goal is marriage to Penny, with Penny assuming the female or wifely role in your relationship?"

Miss Koch nodded. "Yes, of course," she agreed.

"Then there are some basic rules I have set up for courtship," and Harriet began to list her requirements for a successful pursuit of her girls.

In the end, she called Penny into the parlor and explained Miss Koch's reason for her appearance.

Henry (er, I mean Penelope) was shocked. While still Henry, he had attended classes at the local high school and Miss Koch had been his favorite teacher as well as his home room monitor. It wasn't that he had ever shown any overly romantic affection towards her, it was more astonishment that she would find him an attractive addition to her inner circle.

"Well, what say you, Miss Penny?" Alice pressed.

"I am quite taken aback," she admitted, blushing to her very roots.

"But are you averse to such an arrangement as I propose?" Alice demanded.

Penny shook her head. "No, Ma'am, quite the contrary!" she gushed girlishly.

"None whatsoever?" Harriet interjected.

Stammering with embarrassment, Penelope whispered, "No, Ma'am, not one!"

"You understand that not only will you become Miss Koch's wife, but you shall be her housekeeper, maid as it were, on a permanent basis, and as such, will be subject to the same or similar standards as Miss Barbara has taught you are the norm between any two women, one dominant and the other obedient to her in all ways."

Penny nodded submissively, blushing helplessly. "Yes, Ma'am, I know that."

"Do you object?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no, Ma'am," Penny admitted. "It's what I have been trained to be, and as Miss Barbara has impressed upon me most severely, a woman's needs are ever paramount to her consort!"

'My goodness,' Harriet thought, 'Barbara has completely brain-washed the girl!'

She turned to Miss Koch. "Then we shall see you promptly at four and you may spend an hour with Penny today, just to get used to one another."

Miss Koch stood, her hand outstretched. "Until four, then." And a moment later, she was gone.

"Well, Penny," Harriet smiled. "I am surprised that you agreed so willingly. Is there something between Miss Koch and you that I should know about?"

Penny blushed furiously. "No, Ma'am. It's just that. . . that. . ."

"That what?" Harriet pressed.

"I have always admired her. I mean, Miss Koch was always dressed in the height of fashion, and when she sat on the desk in front of me, she would hold her knee high and I could see far up under her skirt, a skirt that was pressed tightly to her upper leg, leaving nothing to the imagination. I saw her watching me once and I thought that she would be angry with me, but then I realized that she was just teasing me deliberately.

"After my realization, I made sure I always sat at the same desk and she never disappointed me by not sitting on the desk directly in front of me!" she admitted.

Promptly at four, Miss Koch rang the doorbell and Harriet invited her in for a quick chat before meeting Penny.

In the parlor, Harriet got right down to it. "I understand from our shy Penny that you seem to have flirted with him in your classroom, and quite deliberately from what I can fathom," Mrs. Slócum smiled knowingly.

Miss Koch blushed. "It was merely a harmless distraction. He always seemed to appreciate the view and I saw no reason to deprive him of a vicarious thrill."

Harriet smiled. "On the contrary, my dear, Penny has a romantic crush on you and that gives you a leverage not enjoyed by others.

"Therefore, I am relaxing the rules a bit. Tonight, you may hold Penny's hand in yours and surreptitiously slide it over to press your thigh. She will blush and try to pull away, but you are to keep a firm grasp on her so that she doesn't escape. In time, you will have trained her to place her hand on your thigh automatically.

"And, at end of today's visit, you may kiss her lightly on the lips, squeeze her hand gently and whisper, 'Good bye for now, sweetheart!'"

Miss Koch smiled. "I shall do that very thing!"

Harriet looked out the window at the pair a short time later to see Penny sitting tightly against Miss Koch's side with Miss Koch's arm around her shoulders and her hand holding Penny's firmly against her thigh. She noted immediately that Penny was not trying to escape her suitor's ardent attentions!

At the end of their visit, a light kiss on waiting, expectant and painted lips, and Miss Koch was gone, leaving a pixilated Penny in her wake.

Never had Penny expected what had just occurred!

Still, she was not disappointed at the way things had turned out. Miss Koch had been her heroine from the first time she had seen her. That the attraction was mutual had never entered Penny's mind!

What she had taken as an interest in her personally had turned out to be so much more!

That Miss Koch was a strong minded woman, used to getting her own way, only added to her appeal to Penny. As Barbara had discovered way back at the beginning, Penny was submissive to forceful women, and the more forceful, the more submissive!

Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your point of view) Miss Koch knew how to take full advantage of this sort of situation, deriving the fullest benefit from her knowledge. The fullest benefit for her, to be exact!

Not that Miss Koch was greedy, she was just careful because, after all, people will talk, even when they know nothing, they will spread rumors and innuendoes that can cause more harm than the truth!

Miss Koch had had a soft spot for Penny when he was Henry and a student in her homeroom as well as her history class and in her own way, tried to make things easier and more pleasant for him. She knew well what she was doing when she would perch atop the desk in front of Henry to give him brief, tantalizing glimpses of her well stuffed stockings and garters, and an occasional quick glimpse of the lace trimming on her under-drawers! Well she knew the effect she had on him from the quick blushes and sharp intakes of breath when his eyes travelled unwillingly to these forbidden sights far up between her spread thighs to the sight of her dark black thatch and the knowledge gave her many a sudden thrill herself, knowing he could see but could never touch!

Until now. . .

As predicted, after two or three episodes of Miss Koch placing Penny's hand atop her fully fleshed thigh, Penny would unhesitatingly place her hand wherever Miss Koch directed, hesitantly caressing at first, then with more and more confidence as Penny realized this was exactly what Miss Koch desired and expected of her paramour!

As time progressed, they were soon walking together, then holding hands and brushing “accidentally” against one another’s swinging hip, talking and giggling as all girls do. For some reason she could not explain, Penny felt most comfortable when with Miss Koch and she sensed the same was true of her suitor!

Which, of course, it was!

Some three months after their courtship started, Miss Koch spoke to Harriet about marriage, explaining, “I am not getting any younger and I would like to have a daughter before it’s too late, and I am sure that Penny can do this for me.”

“Why, Alice!” Harriet exclaimed. “Of course I consent, but what about Penny? Have you asked her?”

Miss Koch blushed. “Well, not in so many words,” she admitted.

“Then I suggest you ask her. Remember, Penny is a young, romantic girl, and she will expect to be treated as such,” Harriet reminded.

“I’m not sure I follow you,” Miss Koch admitted, puzzled.

Harriet laughed. “I am sure she will expect her suitor to get down on one knee before her and use the most romantic, flowery words while slipping the ring on to her third finger left hand. I assume you have an appropriate ring?”

Miss Koch nodded. “Yes, I have my own mother’s engagement ring, and when we are married, she will wear my late mother’s gold wedding band!”

“Capital!” Harriet exclaimed with a soft laugh.

And so it was that that very night after they had been to town for an ice cream soda, Miss Koch hesitantly whispered, “I love you, Miss Penny Lucas, with all my heart!”

“And I love you too, Miss Alice Koch,” Penny whispered in turn.

Thereupon, Miss Koch knelt in front of Penny, gently took her left hand in hers and asked, "Miss Penelope Lucas, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

And she quickly slipped the ring onto Penny's third finger left hand.

"Oh, this is so sudden!" Penny exclaimed, acting surprised.

Actually, she was wondering what had taken her Miss Alice so long!

"Will you marry me, Miss Penny?" Miss Koch asked again, still kneeling.

"Of course, you silly goose!" Penny exclaimed. "It's what I have dreamed of for the longest!" And as Miss Koch rose, she fell into the woman's encompassing arms, lips turned up and parted slightly as Miss Koch kissed her passionately.

Surreptitiously, Penny lay her cupped hand over Miss Koch's thrusting breast and squeezed gently.

"Oh, yes, my darling!" Miss Koch whispered hoarsely, "do it! They are yours!"

"You are so sweet," Penny replied.

"Not as sweet as my Miss Penny," Miss Koch replied, keeping up the romantic dialogue she knew Penny craved.

Penny extended her hand and admired the ring on her finger. "It's so beautiful!"

"You will be the most beautiful bride ever!" Miss Koch exclaimed.

"Well, of course I'll be the bride!" Penny retorted in surprise. "After all, you did propose to me and not the other way around! It's not leap year day, you know!"

Miss Koch laughed. "You are consistently full of surprises!"

“Have to keep one’s beau on her toes!” was the giggling retort.

“Indeed one must,” the woman agreed with a wide grin.

And so it was that two months after that, Penny, wearing her late mother’s satin wedding gown over her tightest corset and the rustling muslin full slip with lisle hose and button boots with three inch high heels, bringing her up to within an inch of her soon-to-be-husband’s height!

Barbara oversaw the wedding process and at the church, she insisted that Penny remove her bloomers, saying, “We must keep you aware of your true self and know that exposure would be disastrous!”

Penny thought this was just a bit drastic, but she was fearful of what else Barbara could come up with should she refuse!

“Are you ready?” Mr. Lucas asked, coming into the vestibule.

“Yes, Daddy,” Penny replied, “but I am so nervous!”

He laughed. “Don’t worry! You’re the prettiest woman here today!”

Penny grinned. “Oh, you’re just saying that because it’s true!” she teased.

“Well, you are, by far!” he insisted tersely.

Then the music welled up from inside as Penny placed her hand on her father’s arm and stepped to the door.

“I guess I’m as ready as I ever will be,” she murmured as the doors opened. In seconds, she was holding her father’s arm as she hesitation walked down the wide aisle as the organist played, “Here Comes the Bride!”

At the end of the aisle stood Miss Alice Koch dressed in a white satin man’s suit cut to fit her fig-

ure. Penny thought she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life!

They paused momentarily as the preacher began his litany, "Dearly beloved, we are here today to witness the joining of this man and this woman in the holy bonds of matrimony. Who giveth this woman to be wed?"

"I do," Mr. Lucas announced proudly. "Her father."

Penny stood up next to Miss Koch and smiled at her paramour.

Mrs. Sarah Transom moved up beside Penny in her role of bride's maid while Barbara stood next to Miss Koch as her best man.

That the traditional roles were reversed by circumstances did not seem to occur to anyone present.

Being a long-winded person, the preacher began a long sermon about the duties and responsibilities of matrimony until even he could sense that he had rambled on for much too long!

Still, he was loathe to stop as he loved the sound of his own voice!

He finally did stop long enough to ask, "If there is anyone here who knows of any reason why these two should not marry, let him or her speak now or forever hold their peace!" He paused and the sounds of people craning around to see if there were any objections filled the room.

He began to speak again, but Penny tuned him out, thinking, 'How beautiful she is! I am one lucky girl today!' Then she blushed as she remembered her underlying nakedness.

Dimly she heard, "And do you, Miss Penelope Lucas, take this woman as your lawfully wedded husband, to care for her in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, to love her and honor her and obey her and forsaking all others,

cleave unto her for so long as you both shall live?" he demanded.

Softly, Penny whispered, "I do."

The man continued by asking Miss Koch similar questions. Penny thought it odd that instead of "obey," Miss Koch swore to "cherish!"

"I do," Miss Koch replied happily.

"Do you have the rings?" he asked Barbara.

"Right here," she replied quickly, handing them to him.

He handed one ring to Alice and started in, "Repeat after me, please, with this ring, I thee wed. . ."

Dimly Penny heard Alice reply, "With this ring I thee wed. . ." and felt the coolness slide onto her finger.

Then, a ring was in her hand and she was saying, "Repeat after me, with this ring I thee wed. . ." and she dutifully slipped it onto Alice's finger as the man's boring litany continued, seemingly without end!

"In so much as Alice and Penny have sworn their troth one to the other and have exchanged rings, by the power vested in me by the State and The Lord God Almighty, I do pronounce that they are husband and wife. What He hath joined together, let no man nor woman put asunder!" He closed his Bible with a sharp snap.

"You may now kiss your bride." He nodded to Alice.

Smiling, Alice turned Penny's veil back, took her into her arms, and kissed her new bride passionately. "Hello, Mrs. Koch!" she whispered.

"Hello to you too, Mrs. Koch!" Penny laughed.

"We'll speak about that later!" Alice threatened.

Then, laughing, they ran hand in hand down the aisle and into the vestibule.

Outside, Penny stopped and looked at Alice. "What did that mean?"

"What? Oh, speaking. Yes, well as I am the husband, I am now Mr. Koch and you are Mrs. Koch, husband and wife."

"But. . ." Penny started to object.

"No buts! It is what it is!" Alice exclaimed with finality.

A few minutes later, Barbara had stripped Penny of her wedding finery and had redressed her in a dated turn-of-the-century hobble skirted dress, changing nothing but the dress. She blushed at the deliberate absence of her bloomers.

At the reception, Penny danced with all who asked, and it seemed there was no one there who did not ask.

It was a very tired girl who was finally allowed to climb into the back seat of the wedding chaise to be driven to her husband's destination.

Surprisingly, it was the railroad station where they boarded the Limited for the long ride to Niagara Falls. In their stateroom, a tired Penny soon fell asleep in spite of Alice's best efforts to keep her awake.

But in the end, Alice realized the futility of doing anything with a "dead" body and she slept too.

But she firmly resolved that the next day in their honeymoon suite would not be a repeat performance of this disappointing night!

Nor was it!

With proper rest and selective nourishment, Penny proved to be as active a new bride as any woman could have been!

Following Alice's lead, Penny was stretched out on the bed with Alice writhing atop her supine body and with her patient guidance, Penny was able to not only get an erection, but was able to complete the sex act bringing them to a simultaneous and completely satisfying climax!

That Alice had been virgin to a male prior to this, had proved to be of no concern as Penny was small enough to enter her without tearing her apart!

All in all, it was a most satisfying honeymoon for both.

That fall, when Alice resumed teaching, she was two months pregnant with a daughter who was born one week after school let out for that summer. They named her Alice Penelope after her parents and care for the girl fell solely upon Penny's willing shoulders. To their absolute delight, they discovered that the vitamin supplement pills that Penny had been taking faithfully for all this time worked to their advantage.

Penny began to lactate!

In researching the pills, Alice discovered that one of the purposes of the pills was to induce lactation in cows and all it took was some determined effort to fill Penny's huge C-cups with more than enough milk for little Alice.

Big Alice greedily drank what Little Alice did not. . .

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Chapter Fourteen

In the meantime, Harriet had agreed to foster six more boys and one girl into her rehabilitation procedure. Holly complained that the house was bursting at the seams and "something" would have to be done.

Enter Mr. Weatherby. He had recently come into possession of an over large old Victorian farm house a mile or so from the center of town and he proposed

it for a viable solution to her problem of inadequate room.

Because of his love for Betsy, he offered to donate the house for Harriet's life-time use and she gratefully accepted the terms of his offer.

Subsequently, with the combined efforts and aid of Mr. Lucas, his daughter and her husband, Penelope and Miss Alice Koch, Mr. Aaron, his daughter Sarah and her husband, Mr. Roger Transom, and Betsy Weatherby and her husband Weatherton, had the house whipped into shape and the space problem was solved!

With the added room, Harriet took in several more recalcitrant boys and two or three recalcitrant girls for retraining in femininity. So successful were they that in the following several years, they had failed to reform only two boys and one girl, much to their everlasting shame and disgust.

Soon, they started receiving inquiries from out of state requesting information about the possibility of taking several subjects from them.

The adults had a meeting whereby it was decided to incorporate as a non-profit, charging minimal fees for their services.

It was too successful!

It seemed there were many more potential attendees than space available!

Then, in early 1928, Weatherby died and left a newly acquired property in the American Virgin Islands to the *Second Chance, Inc.* for their usage, to sell or whatever.

After a hurried trip to the American Virgin Islands and the warm reception she (Harriet) had received from some of the locals, it was decided to send some of their clients there for rehabilitation.

By now, baby Alice Koch was able to take a hand. She had been fully aware of the circumstances sur-

rounding her mother's marriage, and indeed, had fond memories of Penny serving her intimate needs, with her mother's approval, of course.

As a recent college graduate, she was C.E.O. of the Weatherby Banking empire, having expanded well beyond Weatherton's fondest dreams, but that he had lived to see come to fruition!

During the Great Depression years just prior to the Second World War, the basic compliment of young persons in need of rehabilitation seemed to grow and therefore, with this added income, the facility became quite well known with many recalcitrant boys and some misbehaving girls coming from all over the globe to be taught better manners.

After Weatherby died, Betsy joined her mother in her endeavors and became an enthusiastic supporter of these petticoat punishment procedures, especially since she could see how effective these methods were as witness her own turnaround!

Few, if any, of the rehabilitated (feminized) boys and girls actively resented being girly-girls, with most eventually taking great pleasure and pride in their new roles.

Even those girls who came under Harriet's influence seemed to become different in that they accepted their femininity and went to great lengths to flaunt it! It seemed that to be feminine and girly was the desired norm!

Marriages were arranged and to their credit, there were just two out of the many hundreds of couplings that Harriet sponsored that fell by the wayside, and those were shaky from the get-go.

Of all the new girls, Harriet's all-time favorite was a very small Japanese boy who was not so much a trouble-maker than that he was mixed up in his mind about what sex he was supposed to be.

In today's parlance, he would be "transgender," but then (the late teens to mid-1920's), some other epithets were applied to his behavior, so much so



that his parents were glad to, "Get rid of their embarrassment to their family name!"

Young Li took to femininity and femaleness with a will, becoming quite feminine and girly-girl in a very short time. His being Oriental worked in his favor since he was almost completely hairless, had small, delicate, feminine features, and his musculature screamed "woman" as opposed to "male!"

Shortly after coming to *Second Chance, Inc.*, Li and Harriet had a long discussion about what he hoped to gain by her petticoat punishment methods.

"In the first place," Li whispered, blushing, "it is not punishment to me! To me it is the fulfillment of all my most secret dreams! To me, wearing dresses and corsets and high heeled button boots and lisle stockings and muslin slips is my idea of Heaven!"

"My parents could not and would not understand my feelings. To them, I was a scandal, an utter disgrace as a boy, and they were right!"

"How so?" Harriet asked, amazed at this revelation.

"Because I am not a boy! I am a girl! I have always known that I was a girl! But no one believes me. They all think that I have to be crazy!" Li whimpered.

"You are not crazy, Li," Harriet soothed, taking the sobbing boy into her arms and pressing his face into her décolleté, almost smothering the poor lad.

But, Li made no move to escape, instead, he pressed soft kisses to her breast slopes and begged her to train him to be the best girl ever!

As their intimacy grew, Harriet began to subtly train Li in the ways of a personal lady's maid, and Li was beside himself with joy! He had dreamed of being a maid to a grand lady, and with service to Harriet, he had reached the ultimate high.

Holly would tease her mother about Li's slavish devotion, but Harriet had just replied, "You're just jealous, my dear!"

Then they would both laugh and continue their conversation.

Even Barbara found happiness.

One of the tom-boys, Jessica Loving, like Li, was confused about her sexuality and one night she cried her woes out to a receptive Barbara. Barbara recognized Jessica's feelings because she had had them too!

"But," Barbara warned Jessica, "I cannot abide men, even girls who act like men! If we are to straighten you out, you must accept that you are a girl and you must relearn how to be one, at least outwardly!"

"I think I understand," Jessica nodded. "You mean that I must have the outward appearance of a female, but inside, I can be what I want! Right?" she enthused.

Barbara smiled beatifically at her. "Exactly!"

Jessica knelt before Barbara, taking her hand in hers. "Miss Barbara, will you teach me to be a girl? Will you take me in hand and guide me?" she begged.

Barbara leaned over and kissed the girl on her trembling lips. "Yes, my very dear Jessica, I shall teach you everything you have to know!"

She kissed Jessica again. "And believe me, there's a lot to learn! I must warn you, I can be a harsh task-mistress as I believe in sparing the rod is to spoil the child!"

"Yes, Mistress, I understand fully!"

And with that, Barbara took Jessica to task and with diligent use of her swishy dog whip, soon taught Jessica to be a girl, a Lesbian girl!

When the Lovings visited their daughter some months later, they were amazed at the change in their daughter's attitude. From a hateful brat, she had become more of a girl than they had ever dreamed possible!

As Mr. Loving put it, "We sent you a hog's ear and you have given us a silk purse in its place! Thank you so much!"

Then Jessica told them that she had decided to stay with *Second Chance, Inc.* and help other unfortunate girls attain the happiness she had found!

That this was the story concocted between Barbara and Jessica was never one of the reasons for staying. 'What my parents don't know,' Jessica thought, 'cannot hurt them or me!'

In the many years Jessica served her Mistress, never once did she regret her decision to become Barbara's personal lady's maid! In time she was a well respected member of the team dedicated to saving at danger girls and boys.

Young Li loved his Mistress passionately, and there even came a day when she did make passionate love to Harriet, much to her delighted surprise!

It all happened when she had emerged from her bath and Li was pat-drying her glistening body. Li inadvertently brushed her lips across a creamy thigh and at Harriet's sharply inward drawn breath, she became bolder, kissing her way up that thigh to kiss-caress Harriet's rounded bottom cheeks fleetingly.

As Harriet began to purr with pleasure at this unexpected assault, Li continued to rain soft kisses on her flesh, following slavishly as she turned unconsciously, exposing more of her tempting, creamy flesh to those wet, wet lips that didn't stop until they were pressed deeply between her gaping thighs, the sibilant tongue stabbing as it washed her plump, blood engorged sex mound knowingly!

With a deep sigh of surrender, Harriet clasped the dark haired girl firmly against her being, her thighs closing slightly, thereby trapping Li's head firmly in place! Not that Li had any intention of abandoning her self-imposed duty!

Delicately at first, then with more and more force, Li worked her tongue in and out of Harriet's flowing orifice. All at once, Harriet stiffened, her hands grasping at Li's curls to prevent any escape as she shuddered through one shattering climax after another, until she collapsed to the floor in a dead faint.

Li, worried for her Mistress's safety, cradled her head in her lap, rubbing gently at her arms to ease her faint. Only a moment had passed when Harriet sighed happily, pulled Li's head down and kissed her maid passionately.

"Oh, my dear girl!" she whispered. "Wherever did you learn such a wonderful technique?" she asked with a knowing smile.

"I cannot lie to my Mistress," Li replied slowly, "but my answer may not be to your liking!" she confessed, blushing profusely.

"My dear Li, you could never shock me! Now, out with it!" she ordered sternly.

"Yes, Mistress," Li capitulated. "It was Miss Barbara and Miss Jessica."

Harriet giggled. "Those two scamps! I might have known!"

"Then you're not angry with me?" Li asked in disbelief.

"Of course not! I imagine it was at Barbara's instigation, wasn't it?"

Li nodded. "Yes, Mistress. She told me that she wanted to show me something that would make your life easier with my service. And when I went to her room, she and Jessica forced me to obey. At first I struggled against them, but Miss Barbara is much

bigger and stronger than I am and they soon overpowered me. I found myself over Miss Barbara's lap with my skirts up and my bloomers around my ankles while she and her maid spanked me with her wooden hair brush until I agreed to their demands."

Harriet smiled. "But it wasn't so bad, was it?" she chided.

Li hung her head in shame. "No, Mistress, once I got right down to it, it was most pleasurable! I liked doing it to her! But, you are so much more delicious to the taste! I wanted to do you for the longest but I was afraid you would spurn me!"

Harriet gathered the trembling girl into her arms, raining kisses upon her open lips. "Don't you know that I love you, Li?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," came the hesitant response.

"Nothing you could do could alienate my affections for you, nothing!" Harriet averred passionately.

Li smiled winsomely. "I am so glad, Mistress!" She kissed Harriet quickly. "But now I think I should get you ready for bed! I wouldn't want my Mistress taking a chill! That would be cause for a major corrective disciplinary session!"

Harriet giggled. "You little scamp! I think you do some of those mistakes just so I have an excuse to thrash you!" she teased.

Li hung her head. "I am found out!"

Moments later, Harriet's hair had been brushed, her body had been massaged and she was clad in a long flannel nightgown with Li helping her get into bed.

"Li, when you're ready for bed, come to me," Harriet ordered.

Li curtsyed politely. "As my Mistress commands, so shall her maid obey!"

Twenty minutes later when Li entered her Mistress's bedroom, Harriet glanced up at her. "Ah, there you are! I was beginning to think you had forgotten all about me!"

"No, Mistress, I had to bathe first," Li explained.

"And is that a fresh nightgown?"

Li nodded. "Of course, Mistress!"

Harriet held back the blankets atop her bed. "OK, in with you!" she commanded. "You're sleeping with me tonight!"

"Oh, Mistress!" Li exclaimed hesitantly. "Is that permitted?"

"Am I your Mistress or am I not your Mistress?" Harriet demanded.

"You *are* my Mistress," Li conceded.

"Then if I say you shall sleep in the same bed as I, then you shall sleep in the same bed as I!" she declared with finality.

"Yes, Mistress." Blushing uncontrollably, Li slipped under the blankets and nestled into her Mistress's waiting embrace.

"Good girl!" Harriet cooed.

Sleep was interrupted several times during the night while Li explored avidly between Harriet's wide spread thighs.

And a good time was had by all!

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Chapter Fifteen

Soon the country house was bursting at the seams because of the influx of recalcitrant boys and girls and Harriet was forced to look around for larger

quarters which she found in the form of a run-down convent that had fallen on hard times because of the lack of new novitiates to replace the aged nuns as they died off.

By retaining the services of the remaining nuns as teachers and care-takers, she was able to accommodate an additional one hundred and fifty subjects.

With the help of her daughters and their consorts, their reputation for positive results spread far and wide and while there were those who condemned the methods used to correct misbehavior, they prospered and grew.

Even the Caribbean home was put to use as more and more clients appeared. Harriet found herself spending more and more time in interviewing those persons needed to be teachers, administrators, grounds-keepers, cooks, maids and all the necessary personnel required to efficiently operate the organization.

In 1940, Alice's granddaughter, Alice Koch III, graduated University with a J. D. and an M. B. A., and took over from her Mother, Alice Koch II as C. E. O. of the sprawling enterprise the first Alice had begun.

Things seemed to slow down during the War (Second World) with many of the problem children being absorbed by the Services as (in Alice III's contention) "Cannon Fodder." In retrospect, with the many casualties of the war, she wasn't far off the mark.

But, we are not here to discuss the morality or immorality of war.

In early 1950, Alice III had a strange visitor. This woman who called herself, Goldie with no surname, was seeking someone to represent an unnamed client in the production and distribution of some as yet unnamed product.

Goldie said her client had several millions to start the ball rolling, but that they lacked the financial

clout and legal expertise needed to properly negotiate Governmental regulations and hurdles.

For reasons she never revealed, Alice III stated she would help.

Thus was born, “*SOLUTIONS, Ltd.*,” a company incorporated in The British Virgin Islands that encompassed several fronts. First was the set-up of production, distribution and sales of Goldie’s product, items devoted to making life easier for all women, and the retraining of a growing number of resentful, rebellious, offensive, disobedient, obnoxious and almost criminal minded people, both male and female, with the male in the majority.

This proved to be a most fruitful venture for both Goldie and Alice III. Through Goldie, Alice III met her (Goldie’s) consort, Ms Harriet Paterson, a striking blonde haired and blue eyed Valkyrie who carried her six foot height proudly, regally.

Upon learning Ms Paterson’s given name, Alice III gushed, “Why, our founder was also named Harriet! And what is yours, pray tell?” she asked.

Goldie, explained that her real name would be impossible for her to duplicate.

Alice III smiled. “Try me.”

Whereupon, Goldie pursed her lips, blew gently and a shrill scream emerged, “##@**+^’&!”

“Holy crap!” Alice III whispered in awe. “What in Hell was that?”

“That’s my real name,” Goldie replied with a gentle ¶ told you so’ smile.

Shaking her head, Alice III grinned. “OK, Goldie it is.”

“Once upon a time, I even had a tail,” Goldie smiled.

“A what?” Alice III asked, flabbergasted.

“I’m a mermaid, or I was until Harriet cut it off.”

“A mermaid! G’wan, they’re mythical.”

“Well, I was still a *myth* the last time I looked,” Goldie quipped.

“But. . . but. . .” Alice III stammered.

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy,” Goldie quoted from Shakespeare’s Hamlet. “I am indeed a mermaid and even more, I am several thousand of your years in age,” Goldie smiled.

“Well,” Alice III stammered, “you’re certainly well preserved!”

Goldie smiled. “Thank you.”

For the next hour or so they discussed business arrangements with both quite satisfied with their final decisions.

Alice III even rearranged her schedule so that she could visit The Dome in the South Atlantic below the Antarctic Circle to meet Ms Harriet Paterson.

Eventually Alice III retired and was replaced by Alice IV, she who takes a direct hand in our stories henceforth.

Yes, there is an Alice V, but she’s still in Grammar School and it will be some years before she takes over the helm.

And yes, since you ask, Alice V is Alice IV’s daughter, and no, neither Alice III nor Alice IV have ever been married to a male, much less slept with one, although it’s quite obvious that they had both been impregnated by male sperm.

But, as Alice II always exclaimed, “Details! Details! Bother the details!”

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Chapter Sixteen

Alice III was pleasantly surprised when she met the elusive Ms Harriet Paterson at an undisclosed place (It was The Dome that exists in other Solutions, Ltd. stories) and it took her some time to reconcile her latest location with the outer sub-zero atmosphere with the constant warmth inside The Dome.

But that was minor when compared to Harriet's claimed age. It had been difficult enough to realize that Goldie was older than the Pyramids of Egypt, and it was quite another thing entirely to learn that Harriet was almost a three thousand Earth years in age herself!

It had been her great fortune to meet Goldie on the banks of the Nile River during the reign of Pepi II, some two thousand and more years before Christ. In those days, she was known as Hathai, which meant heart. She had changed her name to Harriet centuries later because it meant Keeper of the House which she felt more in keeping with her social status.

It still amazed Alice that Harriet and Goldie had lived so long and she found herself becoming more and more skeptical as time went by. Her rational mind told her that their announced ages were impossible.

However, she liked the products that Harriet had developed and she felt that an initial investment of several million dollars as start-up capital was feasible given the enormous profit to be made when the women of the world discovered the life-extending virtues of Harriet's inventions.

That this woman had worked under such harsh conditions (the Antarctic Ocean) stunned Alice when she learned of it. "Why!" she exclaimed. "No one could survive under such horrific temperature extremes with no protection!"

Goldie laughed and Harriet explained, “We were under cover at all times. If not by the sea, by our Dome. The first thing we had to invent was a place to live and work. We tried several materials before discovering the plasticized material we use. It’s not a true plastic, nor is it a true metal, yet it combines the best features of both providing strength, durability and protection from the elements.”

“Amazing!” Alice whispered. “When did you build this dome?”

Harriet thought a moment, then, “I’m not sure. I think it was during the time of Caesar and Cleopatra, but I can’t swear to it because at the time we were trying to distance ourselves from the wars of the world.

“You see, we are a peaceful people as is ##@**+^`&’s, er, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. That’s her real name but we all call her Goldie,” she smiled.

“We?”

“Yes, there are almost a thousand of us mer-persons left. Our birth rate is extremely low because of the longevity of our lives. Goldie and I have one daughter, Lei, who just celebrated her one thousand five hundred fifty-sixth birthday.”

“You mean that Goldie is the father and you’re the mother?” Alice asked.

Harriet shook her head. “The other way around. Goldie was pregnant for almost three hundred of your years, and believe me, she got quite cranky after the first hundred or so!” Harriet laughed in reminiscence.

“Ouch! And I thought nine months was forever!” Alice groaned remembering her own pregnancy that had resulted in Alice IV. “But, tell me, how is it possible for two females to produce progeny?”

Harriet laughed. “Yes, that is a problem,” and she would speak no more on the subject.

Switching gears, Alice asked, “Where would you set up your factory for initial production, sales, distribution and the like? Obviously the middle of the Antarctic Ocean is not an ideal spot.”

Harriet giggled. “Indeed.” She paused a moment, then, “I think you have better resources for those developments than either ##@**+^`& or me. As an attorney and bank executive, you must be familiar with banking and manufacturing laws which we do not have. Of course we expect to compensate you handsomely for your aid.”

Alice smiled. “I wouldn’t have it any other way!”

Harriet thought a moment, then smiled. “Indeed.”

And that was how *SOLUTIONS, Ltd.* was born.

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Chapter Seventeen

“OK, Ms Koch,” Goldie continued. “I’ve given you some information about my and Harriet’s personal life, so it’s about time you reciprocated, don’t you think?” she prompted with a wide smile.

“Fair enough,” Alice agreed. “What would you like to know?”

“Well, you know that Harriet and I are a married couple and that we have a daughter. How about yourself?”

“Yes, I am married, but my marriage is not of a conventional sense. You see, my wife is a much younger boy who was transvested and transsexualized at our founder’s *Second Chance, Inc.* He was a rebellious, sassy, disobedient, ruffian, named Patrick Mason, who had no respect for authority, especially if that authority were vested in any and all females, who he regarded as less than human, something to be used and abused, then cast aside like so much garbage, thereby freeing him to go on with his reign of terror.

“He came under the Court’s control when he was caught robbing a jewelry store and subsequently placed under Harriet’s control for rehabilitation.

“I don’t know if you’re familiar with Harriet’s methods of reform, but basically it consists of putting a miscreant into feminine attire from the skin out and immersing him in a regime of total femininity in which he is taught to be female in every respect save one, and even that can be corrected if his eventual sponsor desires.

“Harriet and her daughters, one of whom became a well-known orthopedic and plastic surgeon, transformed almost a thousand recalcitrant boys, including her own son who was eventually married to the local banker, of whom I am the direct descendant.

“My Patty is still a boy in that one respect but in all other ways, he is the sweetest little girl you could imagine. He keeps my house immaculate, feeds me exceptionally well, is an outstanding Lesbian lover in our bedroom and is beautiful arm candy to boot. He always dresses in the height of fashion, and is as articulate as a college professor!

“No woman ever had a better wife than Patty!” she declared with a barely hidden hint of smugness.

Harriet laughed. “I can tell that you’re very proud of him, or should I say, *her*?”

Alice giggled. “I have to admit, I have never thought of him as *her*, but I can see where it would be most appropriate!”

“Indeed.”

“At any rate, Patty is the sire of our daughter, Alice IV who is at Harvard as we speak finishing up an MBA before taking over the reins of our banking empire, and I am quite ready to let her have it all!” she exclaimed.

“Is your daughter married?” Harriet asked.

“Yes, she is, and she has a daughter who’s named Alice V.”

“Then she’s married to a male?”

Alice giggled. “Was married to a male.”

“And? I suspect there is more to the story than that?” Harriet hinted.

“Damn!” Alice exclaimed. “Our founder would have loved you!”

Harriet blushed at this compliment.

“To answer that inquiry, yes, Regina was a boy when he came under *Second Chance, Inc.*’s purview, but within months he became as female and feminine as any genetic girl could ever be!” Alice explained.

“Obviously your Harriet’s methods worked successfully,” Harriet observed.

“Well, not always. In any endeavor there tend to be setbacks from time to time and Harriet suffered her share, each one a vast disappointment to her as she felt that everyone deserved a second chance. In her defense, she would even extend that offer to a third chance, and in the dozen or so cases in which she extended this third chance, she lost just two which is greatly to her credit.”

“Yes, I can see that,” Harriet agreed.

“At any rate, my Alice’s Regina was formerly Roger Martin, and an unmitigated rascalion, mostly brought on by his short stature, standing a mere five foot one inch tall and weighing in at one hundred pounds even. Coupled with this was his startlingly blue eyes, his longish ash blonde hair, his peaches and cream skin along with facial cheeks that had never felt the scrape of a razor’s edge, nor would they ever as because of a rare childhood disease, his hair had all disappeared, save atop his head, his brows and lashes which were long and curly, more feminine than male, a ‘discrepancy’ he could never conceal

from his contemporaries, ergo the tough guy persona.

“To put it bluntly, the Court was fed up with his repeated scurrilous shenanigans and was considering remanding him to State’s prison when *Second Chance, Inc.* was brought to the Judge’s attention. After a long consultation with Harriet, the Judge sent Roger to her in an attempt to save him from himself.

“Oh, how he fought them when he discovered the purpose behind his chance to reform. But in spite of his violent struggles, four determined, practiced women soon had him laced into a corset, bloomered, in a hobble skirted 1890’s housedress, properly stockinged and wearing old fashioned button boots with three inch high heels and stood before the women for inspection.

“Then, Harriet explained why he was in skirts and she expressed the wish that he take to them without fighting as that would only prolong his ordeal. Strangely enough, once he was completely dressed and make-up applied to his face, he quieted down and became quite docile.

“Not to be deceived by this submission, Harriet explained the punishment for any recalcitrance or resistance to his new status of little girl was much worse than just the wearing of a dress and button boots!

“Over the next few months, Roger became Regina, a sweet, submissive, eager to obey and please a woman, female girl becoming a woman. Harriet thought that Roger’s previous outrageous acts had been because he realized that he should have been a girl in the first place and that was his way of getting some sort of revenge.

“My Alice, who had had a hand in his retraining from the onset, soon became quite smitten with this new Regina, and as so many had done before, asked Harriet for permission to court Regina with marriage the desired end result.



“Harriet agreed immediately, and because Alice had been so closely affiliated with Roger’s transformation, many of her rigid requirements for courtship were relaxed almost to the point of total nonexistence.

“Then after just four weeks of courtship, Regina admitted that he was deeply in love with Alice and had been from the very first time she had paddled his bare behind, indeed he had loved her from the first time he saw her!

Which came as no surprise to Alice as she had noticed his stiffened sex toy when she had pushed him from her lap to land on his beaten flesh just before he twisted and buried his face between her skirt covered thighs, sobbing and promising never to disobey her again!

“Of course this was utterly impossible, given the strictness of obedience that she had demanded of him at every turn. He was to be perfect as a female or be punished.

“There would be no gray areas!

“Consequently, his spankings did not abate, but rather they increased to the point where she was spanking him at least four or five times a day! Harriet tried to intercede on his behalf, but Alice, being Alice, demurred, explaining, ‘Regina must learn that she is now a female and that nothing less than total femininity and feminism will suffice! In being punished for her lapses, she will learn much faster and the lessons will be that much more lasting on her conscience than if she were allowed to slip and slide.’

“In the end, Harriet allowed Alice free rein with Regina and turned a blind eye to her use and abuse of the unfortunate boy.

“But, to Harriet’s vast amazement, the spankings abated dramatically as Regina learned to be the girl Alice demanded of her!

“I think that there was a hidden aspect to Regina’s capitalization when Alice started spanking Regina af-

ter she had removed her skirts and slips, thereby opening her to Regina's oral adoration. As soon as Regina would press her face between Alice's thighs, they would part widely to allow her to kiss her way to Alice's juncture where she would kiss and suck Alice through her bloomers, until the day Alice spanked Regina after she had removed every stitch of clothing she wore.

"Alice admitted to me that feeling Regina's lips and tongue directly on her heated flesh was a joy beyond description and it was the main reason she asked Harriet for permission to court Regina.

"Of course Harriet knew what was happening between the two lovers, but wisely she kept her own counsel, sensing that in the long run, Alice knew what she was doing, why she was doing it, and what she expected the end result to be.

"At their commitment ceremony, Regina was beautiful as a bride in antique cream satin with white lace overlay, with undergarments consisting of an extremely tight corset, satin bloomers, a new-fangled bullet bra for her then C-Cup breasts, an ankle length muslin hobble slip, silk stockings and the ubiquitous cream satin button boots with three inch high heels that further restricted her walk as she hesitation walked down the aisle to her waiting husband-to-be, my daughter Alice!

"As you might suspect, Regina swore to obey Alice while Alice swore to cherish her new wife. To my knowledge, Regina has never questioned the substitution!

"In fact, when Alice told him he was going to have a vagina soon, he was not a bit surprised but submitted to her without question. Dr. Dorothea Slocum, Harriet's surgeon daughter, performed the then greatly experimental operation and except for some slight discomfort at initial penetration of Regina's new vagina, she recovered quickly and has become even more female than before, if that were possible!

"The last I knew, Alice and Dr. Dorothea were debating whether Regina could become a mother for

real though not in the usual manner as she's sterile because of her lack of ovaries. However, before Regina's operation, Dr. Slocum took sperm specimens and froze them. They surmise that by in vitro fertilizing one of Alice's eggs, it can then be implanted in Regina's womb where it will grow into a fetus that can then be delivered in the usual manner through Regina's birth canal. If successful, Regina will be able to wet-nurse her baby with no problem.

"If this is successful, think what a boon it would be to those millions of women who want a child but are unable to conceive for one reason or another."

"I think we may be of some help in that respect," Harriet interrupted. "One of the things we are experimenting with at the moment is something to help alleviate that very problem. Sometimes all it needs is a little help to get things going, so to speak."

"Yes, I can see that! All I can say is, you and Dr. Dorothea Slocum should get together quite soon and compare notes."

"Agreed!"

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Chapter Eighteen

"Heavens, Regina!" Alice scolded. "You'd think that by this time you would know how to curtsy to your Mistress!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Regina whined as he curtsied for a second time just as perfectly as previously. But, Mistress Alice was in a foul mood, he knew, and no matter what he did, she would find fault and that meant another trip across her capable thighs for a sound spanking! 'Oh, Lord,' he whined to himself, 'I hope she uses her hand and not the strap nor the cat-o-nine-tails nor the paddle nor the dog whip! Lord, they sting so much and they leave such horrible marks!'

“The hairbrush!” Alice commanded, pointing to her dresser.

Inwardly, Regina cringed. That was worse than he had expected!

He curtsied politely. “Yes, Mistress,” and he hurried to get the instrument of his punishment. Returning, he knelt before her, bowed his head in submission and held the hairbrush up for her. “Mistress?” he quavered in fright.

Alice smiled in satisfaction. “Are you afraid of me, my pet?” she teased.

Regina nodded. “Ye. . . yes, Mis. . . Mistress!” he admitted, stuttering.

“Well, I must be doing something right eh, poor little Regina?” she teased.

“Mi. . . Mistress is al. . . always. . . ri. . . right,” he stammered in shame.

“Exactly!” she trilled happily. “So get busy and get me dressed properly, then get your sorry ass ready and get it over my lap! God, do I have to tell you everything?” she stormed with pretended anger.

Except that Regina did not know whether she was angry or just putting him on!

Working feverishly, he hastily undid her dress, slipped it down and off, then took her long muslin slip off before slipping her bloomers down and off, the sight of her hairless sex lips thrilling him as always. Then he turned his back to her, allowing her to unfasten the buttons that held his dress together in back. He turned as it came loose and wriggled it down to puddle at his feet. A moment later it was draped over the boudoir chair, his long muslin slip joining it as he slipped his bloomers down to reveal his pink, plump, hairless, girlish groin to her avid gaze.

“The fucking position, you stupid bitch!” she hissed as he went face down across her now naked

thighs, his fat girlish globes up-turned in perfect position for what she intended doing!

A bounce or two as she positioned him so that his beginning to harden sex toy was between her thighs, thighs that she tightened to hold it prisoner thereby hindering any future attempt to escape!

“Remember to count, Regina! If you lose count, we must start all over again!” she threatened. “Ready?”

SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, oh, one!” he quavered.

SWISH, SMACK!

“Ow! T. . . two!” he managed through gritted teeth.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

“Oh, oh, th. . . three, fo. . . four. . . five!” he croaked.

“Very good!” she praised. “Only twenty to go!”

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

The blows came without respite, too close together for Regina to keep track!

“Ow! Six. . . sev. . seven, nine, te. . . ten!” he gasped.

“Oh, too bad, little girl!” Alice cooed. “You forgot number eight! That means we have to start over. Don’t lose count again!” she warned.

“Oh, please, PLEASE!” Regina begged.

“Well, since you insist,” she smirked.

SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK! SWISH, SMACK!

Without pause, Alice delivered the full count of twenty-five blows, and as she felt the excitement building between her thighs, she dumped him to the floor, making sure he landed full upon his scorched bottom globes.

Involuntarily her thighs fell apart as he turned to press his tear streaked face deep between her gaping thighs, his lips and tongue seeking, finding, thrilling her into the first of her many orgasms!

After an eternity of flying higher and higher with each thrilling elevator ride to Heaven and back, she collapsed back across her bed and fainted dead away. For his part, Regina continued his self-imposed chore, his lips and tongue tiring as time passed. Yet he dare not stop lest he garner his Mistress's displeasure, thereby meriting another sound spanking!

He wanted to avoid another spanking at any and all cost!

Still, in the back of his mind, he realized that his Mistress didn't need an excuse to spank him! For all practical purposes, he was her property, to do with and to as she wished with no reservations and in a perverse manner that thrilled him as nothing else ever had! Even the vicarious thrills of breaking and entering private homes for the mischief it caused and stealing valuables from prosperous stores paled when compared to the thrills he got whenever Mistress Alice took note of him and "tended" to him!

From an obnoxious, hateful boy had emerged a sweet, obedient girl who was eager to please her Mistress and took great pleasure in being subservient to her!

He did not know it, but Alice had awakened long hidden desires of masochism and a longing to belong to someone that Roger had suppressed but that Regina had allowed to rise to the surface at Alice's direc-

tion until now *she*, Regina, ruled absolute as Alice's personal slave-girl!

Hopelessly in love with his tormentress, he accepted anything and everything she subjected him to with no thought of reprisal nor refusal!

Regina was not surprised when Harriet informed him that Alice had asked to court him, something that thrilled him and caused him to blush helplessly when he replied, "I'd be honored to be considered for marriage to my Mistress Alice!" he blurted without thinking.

Harriet smiled as she gave her blessing to Alice's request.

Four weeks later, Alice knelt before a jittery Regina, asking, "Miss Regina Martin, will you become my wife? Will you become Mrs. Regina Koch? Will you marry me?"

Regina stared at Alice for a long moment, then whispered, "Oh, yes, Mistress, I will marry you!"

Without another word, Alice slipped a small diamond engagement ring onto his third finger left hand with the words, "You will never regret it!"

"Never, my beloved!" Regina vowed.

The wedding was held in the same Church as many of the other now-girls boys and like many of those brides before him, Regina was nervous as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs!

She was resplendent in her antique Ivory satin wedding gown with its tightly fitted bodice that displayed her now 35-C Cup breasts blatantly to her corset restrained waist of twenty-three inches to flow downward encasing her rounded bottom and fall in shimmery waves to just above her satin operas with their five inch high heels that, combined with the hobble skirted design of her muslin ankle length slip forced her to take short, mincing steps else she fall flat on her face!

Her hands were encased in ivory lace fingerless gloves and she was holding a baby's breath and wild-flower nosegay at waist level as any devoted sissy would! Her long blonde tresses fell around her head like a veil and her thick lace veil covered her head, falling well below her bust line. A flashing rhinestone tiara sat atop her head, drawing attention away from her bridal beauty.

She was guided down the aisle by Ms Holly Slocum and handed off to Alice when they reached the altar.

"Dearly beloved," Reverend Mother began, "we are gathered here today to witness the joining of this girl, Miss Regina Martin to this woman, Ms Alice Koch, IV, in the bonds of holy matrimony," and she was off with her litany, for the one thing in this world Reverend Mother loved more than eating was the sound of her own sonorous voice delivering a sermon!

Finally, she wound down and asked, "If there be anyone here who objects to this union, let him or her speak now or forever hold their peace!"

There came the usual sounds of creaking pews as people looked around to see if anyone dared pose an objection, and after a moment or two, when nothing happened, Reverend Mother continued her litany.

Finally, Alice heard, "Do you, Ms Alice Koch IV take this girl, Miss Regina Martin, to your lawfully wedded wife, to honor her, to love her, to cherish her, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, until death do you part?"

"I do," she replied in a strong voice.

"And do you, Miss Regina Martin, take this woman, Ms Alice Koch IV to your lawfully wedded husband," Reverend Mother intoned, "to love her, to honor her, to obey her, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness or in health, and forsaking all others, until death do you part?"

In a soft but clear voice, Regina replied, "I do!"

Reverend Mother went on for some time as rings were exchanged, warnings were issued and answers received, until, "Insomuch as Alice and Regina have made their solemn vows of fidelity one to the other, by the power vested in me by Our Most Holy and our sovereign State, I pronounce that they are husband and wife! What She hath joined together, let no woman put asunder!"

She closed her hymnal with a sharp snap. "You may now kiss your bride," she informed a grinning Alice.

Still grinning, she folded Regina's veil back to hang down behind, telling her new bride, "Hello, Mrs. Regina Koch!"

"I love you, Ms Alice Koch, my husband!" Regina whispered.

An instant later, she was in Alice's arms and they were kissing fervently!

Then, stooping slightly, Alice scooped Regina up in her arms and carried the squealing, surprised girl down the aisle and into the foyer where she set her precious burden back on her feet.

"Wow!" Regina whispered breathlessly. "What was that all about?"

"To prove to you who the husband in this marriage really is!" Alice retorted.

"Oh, I already knew that," Regina replied.

"Well, now you know for real!" Alice grinned.

"Does that mean you wear the pants?" Regina asked slyly.

"And you wear the panties!" Alice added with a devilish leer.

"Gladly, husband mine!" Regina whispered throatily.

Soon, other guests arrived and they were whisked off to a brief reception before it was time to catch their train for the west coast.

Goodbyes were exchanged and they found themselves in a spacious roomette on a Century Limited bound for San Francisco and two weeks of playful acquaintance.

It was an experience neither ever forgot.

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Chapter Nineteen

“And that’s about it,” Alice concluded. “My granddaughter is a mere child at present, but I have no doubt she will grow up to be exactly like her mother and grandmother in temperament and determination. She is a stubborn child when she does not get her way which is exactly like her ancestresses were. . . are!” She paused for a moment’s reflection.

“As it stands, she’s quite attracted to boys but only those who accept her as the leader and follow her always and in all ways.

“She has one little friend whom she has bullied into dresses and panties and he follows her around like a little puppy dog. She calls him ‘Fido,’ and while he blushes, he never objects. He even wears a stud-dog collar at her request.

“And yes, she spansks him regularly and always on the bare, using her hairbrush, a paddle, a leather strap or a little dog whip. But no matter which she uses, he drops his panties and goes over her lap quickly, even eagerly. She never fails to bring forth tears and a blubbering acquiescence to her demands, ever promising to do better in future.

“She has told him that they will marry when they are old enough, although he will be the bride in white satin, tight corset, satin panties and high heels, and of course he will promise to obey while she will prom-

ise to cherish, and there is never an objection from him!

“She is teaching him to be feminine and he has proved to be an apt student, so much so that he lives at the Second Chance home where he is subjected to the same discipline and training in things female and feminine as any other resident, although to be honest, he has never done a thing to be placed there. He goes as a courtesy to our Alice. I hesitate to say he loves her, but there has to be some sort of physical attraction between them, else neither would pursue their present course of action otherwise.”

“Yes,” Harriet agreed. “So it would seem.”

“But, enough family dirt,” Alice trilled. “About our merger. . .”

And for the next few hours, they hammered out an agreement whereby Alice would invest in Harriet’s endeavors and gain fifty percent of any profits from Harriet’s experiments and expertise.

And, except for some isolated incidents, that about tells the story. Of course I have had to leave much personal details out of the story at the request of the Koch and Slocum families, and I respect their reticence in this request.

Is this the end of the story?

A large, resounding, NO!

But that will have to wait for another time as space and time grow too short to be included at this time.

Good bye for now.

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