

McCLOUD'S DAUGHTER



Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel



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M^cCLOUD'S DAUGHTER

By Delphinia Longstreet

Maxwell “Big Mack” McCloud glared at his empty whiskey glass, wondering when it had gone dry. Why, he’d only had a couple of drinks from the damned bottle, which he vaguely remembered as the second (or was it the third?) (Damn if he could remember!) bottle since he had entered the bar. Slowly, deliberately, he lifted the almost empty bottle in both hands and tried to pour what was left into his glass, his shaky hands managing to spill much of it.

“Hey, bar keep!” he bellowed. “Bring me uh nother bottle uh Irish Whiskey!”

The barman came over to Big Mack’s table. “Don’t you think you’ve had enough?” he asked.

“When I fall offa the damned bar stool, then I’ll have had enough!” Big Mack roared.

I’m sorry, Mr. McCloud, but according to the Law and the management, I am not allowed to serve you any more liquor. How about a big cuppa strong coffee to clear away those cobwebs instead?” the man asked quietly, trying to avoid a fight.

“Ah h’ain’t drunk!” Big Mack roared. “Why, I only had a coupla drinks outta that bottle! Yuh shorted me! You only brung me a part filled bottle!” he accused drunkenly.

“Now, Mr. McCloud, you know I’d never do such a thing!” the barman retorted, stung to the quick. “Come on, have some coffee and take a nap in the back room, then I’ll give you another bottle. OK?”

“Not by a damn sight! I want it now, dammit!” the drunken man roared.

“Excuse me,” a soft, cultured, velvety voice interrupted, “Let me handle this, please?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the barman agreed, stepping aside.

“Who’n in Hell’re you?” Big Mack roared. “Butt out, sister, afore I deck yuh!” he threatened.

“I doubt you could deck a horse fly in your condition!” the woman sneered.

Big Mack stared at her, stunned. “Why you!” The alcohol had taken hold of him and he swung his big fist at her! She dodged his effort easily, grabbed his arm, twisted and Big Mack found himself slammed down onto the chair, his face on the table before he knew what was happening.

Stunned, he gazed up at her through blood shot eyes and decided he’d better sit still and listen.

“Thanks, Ma’am, he ain’t usually like this,” the barman hurried over to assist. “Think you’ll be all right with him like this?”

“I’ve handled bigger drunks than him when I was on shore patrol in Hawaii!” she grinned.

“Yes, Ma’am!” The barman backed away warily as the woman slid into the booth and waited for Big Mack to straighten himself up and settle himself on the other side.

“You all done being an asshole?” she asked gently.

“Where the Hell did you learn that move?” he asked, a new respect in his voice.

“Like I told the barman, I was a Green Marine shore patrolman in Hawaii for several years,” she explained. “Stoned drunks like you are a dime a dozen there and I’ve put more than one behind bars.”

“Holy shit!” he stared at her blearily.

“Indeed,” she agreed.

“I needa drink!” he blustered.

“No, what you need is to crawl out of your bottle and face life again. She’s gone and she will never come back, but we can help you cope with your loss.”

“Bull!” he exploded angrily. “My li’l girl’s dead and that’s that. So, whyn’t yuh jus’ go ‘way ‘n’ leave me to my mystery?” he slurred his words.

“Sorry, but I can’t do that,” she continued. “What I can do is help you find a satisfactory solution to your problem that is guaranteed to make you smile with happiness again.”

“Now how’n the Hell yuh gonna do that?” he asked belligerently. “Muh li’l Mickey McCloud’s dead. I know, I buried her six weeks ago yestidee! There ain’t no two ways about it, she’s dead and buried and that’s the end of it!” he cried brokenly. “So don’t treat me like a fucking mushroom and feed me shit in the dark, ‘cause I ain’t buying yer crap!”

“I know that,” she agreed sympathetically, “but I guarantee you this, if at the end of six months you remain stone cold sober, I guarantee a solution that will be advantageous to your continued happiness and health.” She slid a small business card across the table. “Six months from today, if you have been completely alcohol free, call that number and all your dreams can come true.” She rose. “Do not lose that card and don’t take another drink. In six months, call that number. You will not be sorry!”

With that, she strode from the bar, the glass door whooshing shut behind her leather encased, swinging bottom.

“Well, I be go to Hell!” Big Mack muttered.

He looked around, seeing blurred images everywhere. He shook his head in confusion. “Hey, George,” he called to the barman. “Who in the damned Hell was that broad anyhow?”

“Beats me. I’ve only seen her a coupla times, last time was four, five months ago when Merle Waggoner went on the wagon. She talked to him and he hasn’t been back since. Whatever she told him, it dried him out completely.”

“Did she give him anything?”

“Coulda, I din’ see. Why?”

“OK, thanks, George. I’ve had enough. I’m going home.”

“Let me call you a cab,” George offered. “No sense getting a D U I this late in the game!”

“Fer sure, fer sure!” Big Mack agreed.

* * *

II

AS TIME GOES BY

Six months later, Big Mack held the creased and wallet-worn business card in his hand, staring at it through clear, fog-free eyes.

“Now where did this come from?” he muttered. Dimly, he remembered something taking place in a bar room somewhere and a tall, forceful Lady telling him he was a common drunk. He grinned wryly to himself. “She was right! I was a common drunk! But I haven’t had a drink since that night.” He turned the card over. “(1) 340 SOLUTIONS, Ltd.,” he read. “OK, so far, so good. But, solutions for what?” he muttered. “And what phone number?”

Then it came to him, sure, S O L U T I O N S, a number for a letter! “Damn, how stupid could he get?” He picked up his phone and dialed, one three four oh seven six five eight eight four six six seven, held it to his ear and heard it ring four times. He was about to hang up and try again when a soft, sultry, velvety voice answered. It stirred a dim memory, but he could not remember where nor why.

“You have reached the corporate headquarters of SOLUTIONS, Ltd. How may I help you?”

“I was given this card and number six months ago and. . .”

“Oh, then you must be Mr. Maxwell McCloud. Am I right?”

“Well, yeah, but how did you. . .”

“Believe me, Mr. McCloud, we know everything about you! I do not have to ask you if you’ve been sober these past six months because we know that you have.

“As our Ms Koch told you when she talked with you, we have a solution to your deepest desire. It is now up to you to follow through. Tell me, Mr. M°Cloud, do you have one million dollars in U S A funds available to you?”

“Well, yeah, but it’d take me a coupla days to get it together, why?”

“All will be revealed to you in due time, Mr. M°Cloud. In the meantime, are you free to travel? In particular to Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands? No passport is required.”

“Well, I suppose so, but why?”

“In due time, Mr. M°Cloud. Watch your mail closely for a pink edged envelope that will arrive in the next few days. In it you will find a round trip, first class ticket to Charlotte Amalie on flight 0096 Virgin Airways, leaving your local airport on Tuesday next, plus added instructions. You should find everything you will need enclosed in the envelope.

“Please do not miss your flight because there will be no other offered and there are no refunds.

“Good bye, and thank you for contacting and trusting in SOLUTIONS, Ltd.” There was a sharp click and the line went dead.

Angrily, he redialed only to get a recording by the same voice saying, “We’re sorry but the number you have dialed is not in service at this time. Please check your number and try again later. Thank you.”

“Well, I be a sum-na-bitch!” he stormed. “The nerve uh that broad!”

But, he was just intrigued enough to know that he would be on that plane, come Hell or high water!

And, he was!

The instructions with the tickets were brief. “Bring your birth certificate and drivers’ license. Do not bring clothing as proper attire will be furnished to you if you decide to stay in Charlotte Amalie. Bring no personal property, money, credit cards, nor the like. They will not be needed. All you will need is a cashier’s check for one million dollars in US funds, made out to SOLUTIONS, Ltd. Everything or anything else required will be furnished at your destination.

“Have a pleasant flight.”

And that was it.

More intrigued than ever, he was at the airport several hours before the scheduled departure only to discover that his flight was called a "Special," meaning it was an addition to the regular schedule of flights. He was further surprised to find that he was the only passenger in first class. And when he went aft to use the facilities, he discovered that he was the ONLY passenger on the whole plane. There was one stewardess, a pilot and a co-pilot, him, and that was it.

"Somebody's got money to burn somewhere!" he thought out loud.

About then, the smiling stewardess stopped by his seat and asked, "Would Sir like a drink? We have a wide selection of brands and. . ."

He started guiltily and interrupted, "Yeah, coffee black, if you have it."

"Certainly Sir, coming right up!" He watched as her swaying bottom disappeared behind the barrier, then stared almost open-mouthed as she returned, her blouse open to her naval and her bouncy tits threatening to burst their flimsy confines. She leaned in close, her breast slopes mere inches from his face. "Will that be all, Sir?" The implication and invitation was obvious.

"No, thank you, I think I'll catch twenty winks while we're in flight," he croaked.

"Veddy good, Sir," she grinned sardonically. "Just ring if you need anything. . . *anything* at all!"

Big Mack wiped his forehead as she wriggled forward. "My good God!" he whispered reverently.

Now he did need a drink after that!

He lay back, closed his eyes and came awake when the overhead squawked, "Please fasten your seat belts. We are twelve minutes from touch-down at Charlotte Amalie, US Virgin Islands. We hope you have enjoyed your flight and we thank you for flying Virgin Airways!"

A scant moment passed before the stewardess was leaning over him, her fingers checking the fastening on his seat belt, her nearly exposed breasts brushing erotically against his face.

"There," she whispered, "all comfy and cozy!" She smiled knowingly at him and with a guilty start, he re-

alized that she had searched his person thoroughly while he slept.

And he had never felt a thing!

She disappeared and soon the tires screeched as the plane touched down and slowly made its way to the parking area. A thump, doors opened and Big Mack was walking down the entranceway to the terminal. To his vast surprise, the woman from the bar was waiting to greet him!

“Good morning, Mr. McCloud. Did you have a pleasant flight?” she greeted.

“Er, yes, I did. . . er, aren’t you the Lady from the bar. . .”

She laughed merrily. “I’m surprised you remember! You were pretty smashed, as I recall. Yes, I’m Alice Koch. Welcome to Charlotte Amalie!”

He blushed. “I am so sorry for the way I behaved,” he started to apologize.

“No need to apologize, Mr. McCloud. You were going through a pretty rough spell!”

“Still am,” he admitted ruefully.

“Well, that’s what we’re here for, Mr. McCloud.”

“I don’t understand,” he began.

“All in due time, Mr. McCloud. Let’s get you out to the farm, installed in your suite, have a bite to eat, rest up a bit and all will be revealed,” she coaxed.

It seemed like a long ride as the stretch limousine, driven by a woman dressed attractively in all black chauffeur’s leather livery, drove them carefully across the lush island paradise to a series of low buildings far from the city of Charlotte Amalie.

“Ah, here we are, at last!” The door was opened by a young woman wearing an almost sheer summery frock suited to a very young girl but that looked to be exactly right for her. “Michelle! There’s a good girl!” the woman praised. “Would you please show Mr. McCloud to his suite?”

The girl curtsied politely. “Of course, Madame!” She smiled at Big Mack, reached in and took his hand in hers. “Just follow me, Sir, and we’ll have you squared away in no time!”

“Make sure he is suitably dressed for dinner, Michelle,” Ms Koch warned.

Again the polite curtsey. “Of course, Madame.” Big Mack noticed a wicked grin on Michelle’s red, red lips and he felt a shudder of trepidation wash over him as he followed behind her swinging bottom to his room. . . followed, but not unwillingly.

Her high heels tap tapped merrily on the stone walkway as she led him between two buildings and into a sort of park where several girls were gathered in a chatty group. They stopped as the two came abreast. This is our newest guest, Ladies,” Michelle spoke quickly. The four girls curtseyed quickly as Michelle led him away.

“Don’t worry, you’ll meet them all later tonight. For now I’ve got to get you to your suite and see that you take a nap before dinner.”

‘It’s only about ten in the morning!’ he thought to himself. But, he said nothing as he followed her into one of the buildings, up the winding staircase and down a short hall way to a door marked, L-33. Without hesitation, Michelle opened the door, and at Big Mack’s inquiring gaze, explained, “Oh, there are no locks on dormitories or personal suites. You will find very few locks anywhere at SOLUTIONS, Ltd.!” she exclaimed. “One must always knock before entering someone’s suite!”

“Er, what time is dinner?” he asked.

“Usually around seven, so I’ll get you a snack to tide you over. OK?”

“Sounds like a plan!” he enthused with a quiet chuckle.

He entered the suite behind Michelle and gazed around him in wonder.

‘There must be some mistake,’ he thought. ‘This is a girl’s room with all those pinks and whites and pastels and frilled curtains!’

“Ms Koch will change the décor if you wish,” Michelle explained. “In the meantime, try to bear with us. OK?”

“Sure, no harm, no foul,” he agreed.

Before he had time to sit down, there was a knock at the door and when it was opened, there stood a young girl pushing a tea cart and he smelled the delicious aroma of food and fresh coffee.

“Ah, nectar of the Gods!” he whispered reverently as he sipped the rich, aromatic coffee. “My stomach thinks it’s died and gone to Heaven!”

Michelle and the girl tittered at his strange choice of idiom and set the food on the near-by table, standing aside as he tackled the scrambled eggs, bacon, home fries and hot, buttered toast. Finally, he had consumed everything the girl had brought and he sat back, sighing with satisfaction. “Oh, that was so good!” he exclaimed. “If that’s any indication of the food here, I won’t miss a meal!”

He yawned as the girl cleared the remnants away, then curtsayed and left the room.

“Does everyone curtsy around here?” he asked, yawning anew.

“Pretty much,” Michelle agreed. “But only the girls. I can see you’re tired from your flight, so why don’t you lie down on the bed and take a nap? Nobody will bother you and if anyone comes to see you, they will knock until you answer. OK?”

“Good idea!” Big Mack yawned as he lay out atop the satin coverlet and closed his eyes. “I’ll just take a little snooze and. . .”

He awoke several hours later feeling different, but not unpleasantly so. It was warm in the room, but he still felt a slight breeze on his skin and he wondered in passing what had happened to the suit he had been wearing when he arrived. He opened his eyes and looked around.

It was the same room, but now it looked just right to him and he smiled to himself. “Must be getting soft in my elderly age!” he teased himself.

He yawned, slid his legs over the side of the bed and into the waiting mules, stood and almost fell flat on his face!

“Oh, dear,” he heard Michelle gasp, “I forgot you’re not used to high heels, are you?”

“Hell no!” he tried to growl, and stopped in amazement. “That” was not his voice! It was too high pitched and too feminine, like a boyish soprano! “What happened to my voice?” he asked, bewildered.

“Nothing permanent, just a small shot of helium to temporarily shorten your vocal chords and give you a

more feminine voice. It'll clear itself in a few days," she continued.

For some reason, this seemed to be entirely apropos to Big Mack and he accepted her blithe explanation without further comment.

"Take shorter steps," Michelle told him. "You'll get the hang of it quickly."

Surprisingly, by the time Big Mack had walked to the bathroom, he was moving easily and the high heels on the mules felt right at home.

Entering the bathroom, he caught a glimpse of himself in the full-length mirror and he stopped short, gazing at the reflection in utter disbelief!

It was a woman!

And yet, she looked very familiar!

He took a closer look.

Why. . . she was he!

Big Mack had always worn his blonde hair rather longish and he saw that it had been recoiled into an attractive pixie cut that brought out the femininity that he had worked so many years to conceal. His tiny Van Dyke beard was gone and his face was made up lightly with cosmetics. He looked closer, his red, red lips oh'd with astonishment. Hoop earrings dangled from his now pierced ear lobes and the effect was extremely girlish and feminine.

Shaking his head in disbelief, he went about his self-imposed tasks and without thinking about it, put on the clothing that had been laid out for him. He was fully dressed before he realized that something was different. . . not strange different, just different different. He stopped and gazed into the full length mirror on the back of the door.

His eyes slid downward, across the semi-sheer breast coverings to his now nipped in waist (he could see the outlines of a waist cincher beneath the gown's material) and down across his softly rounded tummy to the floor length skirt slit clear to the tops of his thighs! The high heeled mules had meanwhile been exchanged for a pair of white opera pumps with four inch heels and to his great amazement, he was walking easily atop the unfamiliar heights.

He looked closer at the breast coverings, seeing what appeared to be miniscule breasts with long, excitable



nipples that had also been pierced and had a thin silver chain connecting the rings through his nipples. Too, he felt the absence of undies and the slippery feeling of the fabric on his skin when he moved. Strangely, he felt right at home in this outfit under these circumstances and he wondered vaguely how it had come about and he blushed. He had involuntarily erected!

"My, aren't we the vain one?" Michelle asked softly.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You're not angry with me?" Michelle asked with obvious relief.

"I probably should be," he admitted, "but I'm not. Somehow I feel that this is right for me."

"That's the effect of the medicine I gave you in your coffee," she admitted, blushing.

"I see," he mused. "You are a very naughty girl, Michelle."

"Yes, Ma'am, I am," the girl admitted sheepishly.

"I'll have to think about that," he continued. "Now, what time is it?"

"Almost dinner time and Ms Koch is awaiting your entrance even as we speak."

"Well, let's not keep the Lady waiting, shall we?" He placed his hand with the red tipped nails on her forearm, allowing her to precede him down the stair and into the main dining area.

His clicking heels heralded his coming, and upon entering, all conversation stopped as Michelle led him to a chair and seated him at table.

"Thank you, Michelle," he whispered.

"Da nada, my Lady," she replied.

Strangely, her new appellation did not seem to bother the man at all.

"Ah, Ms McCloud," Ms Koch greeted. "So happy you could join us. I trust everything is to your satisfaction?"

Surprising even himself, Big Mack smiled and replied, "Yes, Ms Koch, everything's just peachy!"

"Good!" she smiled. "And is your gown acceptable?"

Surprisingly, it was. “Yes, Ms Koch, it is delightful.”

She smiled winningly. “Let me introduce you to our guests this evening, shall I?”

“By all means, Madame,” he replied in his new, softly feminine, almost soprano voice.

“To your left is Andrew *Annette* Malloware and her soon-to-be husband, Ms Herman Herbert Malloware,” she pointed out.

“Good evening,” Big Mack greeted.

“And to you, I’m sure,” the addressed evening gown wearing gentleman answered.

“To his left is Mr. Brigit *Butch* Hamilton and her consort, Miss *Fairy*.”

He saw an obviously masculine female person wearing a formal dinner tuxedo with her arm draped over the back of the chair occupied by Fairy. She nodded curtly.

‘Bull dyker all the way!’ he thought snidely.

“Next is Marianne and her sponsor, Ms Hellene Schultz.”

Hellene nodded curtly. It was obvious she did not care for men, even those in evening gowns!

‘Another dyke!’ Big Mack thought derisively, forgetting his own objectification.

“And, last but not least, to her left is Ms Henry *Hank* Hennesey and his child, Nicolas *Nikki* Hennesey. You may rise and curtsy to our new guest, girls,” Ms Koch smiled. It was not a statement!

Hastily, the three “girls” rose and curtsied politely.

“Hello, Ms McCloud,” Annette greeted sweetly, a welcoming smile on her painted lips. He saw that the “girl” was clad as a pre-teen aged girl in a white silk confirmation dress that had no liner and he could see that beneath she wore only a snug corset leaving her pink skin showing plainly. “I’m Annette.”

“Good evening, Miss Annette,” he replied.

“And I’m Nikki, Mr. McCloud,” that one greeted shyly. Like Annette, he saw that she too was wearing a white silk confirmation dress and like her companion, wore nothing beneath but a snug corset.

“Good evening, Miss Nikki,” he greeted.

“And I’m Fairy, Ms McCloud,” the youngest of the three gushed. Like the other two, she wore a white silk confirmation dress with a skirt that barely came to the tops of her thighs. Like the first two, she wore nothing beneath except for the ubiquitous corset. All three wore four inch high heels and all three were equally at ease atop them. “Butch is going to take me to Sturgis and I’m going to ride the cunt seat!” Fairy gushed excitedly.

“Now, Fairy,” Ms Koch cautioned, “I’m sure Ms McCloud doesn’t want to hear about that!”

Big Mack smiled at the excited girl. “You can tell me all about it after dinner,” he invited. Suddenly, he had developed an avid interest in Butch because he, too, was an avid biker. He smiled at the woman. “What kind of bike do you ride?” he asked.

“’86 Harley soft-tail,” the woman replied, her eyes lighting up. “You ride?”

“Is the Pope Catholic?” Big Mack smiled. “I ride a ’74 Harley soft-tail myself,” he confessed shyly.

“Hey, great! You ever been to Sturgis?” she demanded.

“Now, Butch,” Ms Koch broke into their conversation, “not all of us are bikers, dear.”

“Don’t know whut yer a missin’!” she drawled. To Big Mack, “We’ll talk later, Sweetie.”

“We surely will,” he promised as he shook her rough, work hardened hand.

“Can I sit in your lap while I tell you about my cunt seat?” Fairy asked hopefully.

“May I, dear,” Ms Koch corrected. “May I sit in your lap, Ms McCloud?”

“Well, may I sit on your lap, Ms McCloud?” Fairy demanded.

“Yes, you may,” he conceded. “And you can tell me all about it!”

“Goody, goody gum drop! Ain’t she the most?” she asked Butch.

“Be quiet and eat your dinner, girl,” came the rumbling, tolerant command.

Surprisingly, dinner went well even though the guests were all cross-dressed, some, like Big Mack, for the first time in their lives. Still, no one felt any shame nor apprehension about their evening's attire.

Conversations were started between certain persons who had discovered mutual interests and shy smiles soon became wide grins of acceptance and approval.

After the dinner was completed and the adults were sipping their after dinner coffees, the girls cleared away the dishes and made themselves useful in the kitchen.

"Ms McCloud," Ms Koch began, "as you may well have ascertained, everyone here has a similar reason to be here. Each of you had suffered an inconsolable loss and in your despair, turned to the whiskey bottle for solace. Each of you has discovered the same truth, there is no solution to be found in a whiskey bottle. All you find there is more misery and your depression only deepens until it seems there is no way out but death. The worse you felt, the more you drank and the deeper you slid into an abyss from which only the most determined of persons can ever escape.

"Each of you has suffered those doldrums and each of you has overcome your despair.

"I congratulate each and every one of you!" She raised her cup in salute.

"Without going into the specifics, each of you lost a loved one. Some were lovers, some were daughters, some were beloved wives, but each and every one of them were a vital part of your life.

"Until the day your losses occurred.

"And that sent you into an almost fatal spiral into your personal drunken oblivion.

"Which is where we at SOLUTIONS, Ltd. come in. Through methods we have developed over decades, we are able to reproduce a perfect facsimile of the person you lost.

"Some of you have already met your facsimile. Tell me, Mr. Hamilton, Ms Hennessey, Ms Malloware, are you happy with our product?" she asked.

There were nods of approval from those addressed.

"Except for you, Ms McCloud. But, never fear, we shall probe your sub-conscious and do an in-depth analysis of your deepest, most secret desires, and once

we know what you really want, we will go to work on your perfect facsimile.”

“God!” he laughed. “You make it sound like some sort of science fiction resurrection or something like that!” he exclaimed.

“In a way, Mr. McCloud, it is. It’s close, but no cigar.”

“I love to smoke cigars!” Fairy exclaimed, coming in and sitting at Mr. Hamilton’s knee, his head resting lovingly against her hard thigh. She caressed his face absently while he purred with contentment.

“We have discovered certain benign substances that in and of themselves pose no danger to humans in general. Some humans are more susceptible to these substances than others. By using them under very controlled conditions, we have been able to shape compatible persons into virtual perfect reincarnations of lost persons. It is not something to be undertaken lightly because once started, it is almost irreversible.

“Therefore, we test and probe and compare and ask the same questions of our subjects over and over again. If we are satisfied with the answers to these questions, we make an assumption of suitability and successful transition on the parts of both subjects.

“You see, Ms McCloud, we include both subjects. One can never achieve full compatibility with an unwilling or reluctant subject, whether the subject is the sponsor or whether the subject is the sponsor’s hoped for replacement.

“No one is ever forced into doing anything he or she does not wish to happen. To do such a thing would be to negate our primary objective, harmonious interchange!”

Privately, Ms Koch knew this was not the exact truth, but since these adverse circumstances were not germane to Ms McCloud’s needs, she felt no other explanation was necessary.

She smiled benignly at her “victim.”

“I see,” he murmured, although he suspected that if the price were right, her “rule” would be the last thing to be considered. “Have you selected a possible subject for me?” he asked lightly.

“Possibly,” she admitted.

“Do I know this person?”

“I’m not sure,” she weaseled, knowing full well that the intended “daughter” for him was the very same Michelle who had attended him since his arrival. Michelle already had the right name as Mr. M^cCloud’s lost daughter who had been named “Michelle” too. Her Michelle had the same general features as his Michelle, features that could be remolded to fit his recollections of his daughter.

So far, none of this resemblance to his late daughter had occurred to the man.

Ms Koch kept these morsels of information to herself.

“We still have to do an in depth study of your hopes and aspirations,” she smiled.

“Ready when you are, My Lady!” he enthused, curt-seying as well as he knew.

She smiled. “All in due time, Ms M^cCloud, all in due time.”

“I am at your disposal,” he twittered happily.

“Indeed,” she replied, smiling with satisfaction.

‘Oh,’ she thought, ‘this is too easy!’

* * *

III

Michelle

Twenty-three year old Michael Fogarty stirred uncomfortably in the back of the police cruiser, his wrists cuffed behind his back and his head buzzing from the roughing up the two big cops had given him.

He had tried to explain to them that he was just standing there waiting for the place to open when those three ruffians had come charging up with drawn weapons, threatening to kill anyone who moved!

Several women in the line had screamed when one of the men had shot his pistol into the air and as the sounds of an approaching police cruiser siren cut through their resolve, the man with the gun had thrown it to the ground right in front of Michael. Stu-

pidly, he had bent over and picked it up. He was still holding it in his lax hand when the police arrived and they had immediately thrown him against their cruiser, telling him to, "spread 'em, scumbag!"

He had tried to explain what had happened, but they did not want to hear any explanation. As far as they were concerned, Michael was the shooter and they did not want to hear anything to the contrary, especially from him!

He looked up as the car door opened and one of the cops beckoned for him to get out. "OK, you're clean. That lady said you were in line and had nothing to do with the shooting."

"I tried to tell you that, officer," Michael snapped, "but you wouldn't listen."

"Yeah, well, you were holding the gun," the cop weaseled.

"And that automatically makes me the perpetrator, right?" Michael snapped angrily.

The cop looked down at him momentarily, then turned and walked away.

Michael Fogarty, four foot nine inches tall, weight eighty two pounds, long blonde hair, blue eyes, no body hair to speak of, soft spoken, a real little person, had been misunderstood all his young life of twenty-three years.

For sure his parents didn't understand him. His older sister made fun of him every chance she got. His younger brother towered over him at well over six foot and called him, "Squirt."

Oh, how he hated that epithet!

Was it any wonder he was trying to get a job that would take him worlds away from his hated environs?

The position offered was vague in form, but somehow he sensed that it was aimed directly at him and that was why he was standing in line with other very short people equally intrigued by the vagueness of the little reader ad tucked away in the personals column of the local newspaper.

Muttering to himself at the abuse he had received from the police, he waited for some time as individual people went in and came out later with looks of disbelief on their faces, but none would explain their dissatisfaction other than muttering, "Can't talk about it."

Finally, it was Michael's turn and he entered the small office apprehensively. What was it that had dissuaded so many before him? 'Probably illegal,' he told himself.

He was given a form to fill out, listing his name, address, phone number, hobbies, education, work experience and some, what he thought, were rather personal questions. But, he answered each and every one as per instructions and handed it to the woman behind the desk. Then he sat and waited for a few minutes and when the person ahead of him came out, shaking his head, he was told to go right in. He was ushered into the bright inner office to be greeted by, "Bonjour, M'sieur, je m'appelle M^{me} Alice Koch, et je représente SOLUTIONS, Ltd. de Charlotte Amalie, des Islès Vierge d'Amerique."

"Er, I'm sorry," Michael replied uncertainly, "but I do not speak French."

"Ah, c'est tres dommage," she murmured. "Heureusement, je parle Anglais. Won't you please have a seat and we can get started?"

Michael smiled. "Certainly, M^{me} Koch."

They shook hands and she started asking questions, "Are you dissatisfied with your present circumstances?" she asked.

Michael admitted that he was becoming more and more frustrated as time went on and he was unable to secure equitable employment in his chosen field.

"And that would be. . ." she prompted.

"Teaching pre-school or kindergarten kids. I just completed my master's in child development and I love little kids. They don't make assumptions about your worth just because you're their height!" he blurted angrily. "To them, you are what you seem to be and they accept it without question."

"You've experienced otherwise. . ." she coaxed.

Suddenly, he was pouring out his frustrations in detail. She listened as he described the put-downs from his father, a football hero in college who still played semi-pro, a younger brother who was the very image of his father and being courted by the Pro teams even before he finished high school. He went on about his hated older sister who, like her mother, was a star athlete in college and had married the football star of her college team. They had two boys who were built like

brick walls and, in Michael's estimation, had brains to match!

Finally he summed it all up. "My life sucks donkey dick! I'm too big for the pee wee league and way too short for adult pastimes! My dad says I'm too heavy for light work and too light for heavy!"

When he paused in his tirade, she nodded. "Have you ever thought you'd like to be somebody else?" she asked. "Somebody entirely different?" Her voice was soft, caressing, tempting. . .

He thought a moment. "Yes, there was a time when I wanted desperately to be a little girl."

"And?"

"Well, I'm still a boy," he replied, blushing with shame.

"Yes, I can see that!" she laughed. "But what if you could be a little girl, what would it be worth to you? Could you walk away from your present life with no regrets?"

"I'm not sure I understand. . ." he admitted slowly.

"What if you could become a pre-pubescent girl and live a life of luxury for the rest of your life?" The carrot dangled temptingly.

"I . . . I . . . don't. . . know," he admitted slowly. "This is a different approach," he thought. "What would it involve? And is it legal? I'd hate to get caught up in an illegal situation."

She laughed. "My dear Michelle, may I call you Michelle?" she dimpled prettily. She used the Continental pronunciation and Michael liked it better than what he had been called before.

"Yeah, sure, it's my name," he replied off-handedly.

"What we do at SOLUTIONS, Ltd. is definitely legal, as before we could do anything, we would have to investigate you, 'vet' you as the saying goes, do an in depth examination of your background. We would have to determine if you were compatible to and with the various aspects of our special programs and your suitability and adaptability to other persons thereof."

He laughed. "Sounds ominous and mysterious!" he joked.

“Not at all,” she laughed in return. “Just standard procedure and nothing to worry about.”

She looked at him steadily and he began to wriggle with embarrassment.

“Is something wrong?” he asked.

“No, not at all. I was just appraising your suitability before hand, as it were.”

“Oh.” He had no idea what she was talking about.

“Make sure we have your address and a phone number where we can contact you, if need be.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied, knowing he had already given that information in his initial encounter

“We’ll be in touch,” and he knew he was being dismissed when she added, “A bien tôt.”

Shaking his head, he left the building and walked slowly along the street trying to make sense of what the woman, M^{mc}Koch, had told him.

But, try as he might, he was totally unsuccessful.

‘Oh, well,’ he thought, ‘if’n they call, they call. If’n they don’t, they don’t!’ He shook his head fatalistically and walked on.

A sudden thought came to him.

In the words of the immortal Alfred E. Newman, “What, me worry?”

He giggled to himself and walked on. . .

* * *

IV

SOLUTIONS, Ltd.

Ms Koch leaned back in her chair and went over the very short list of potential candidates she had interviewed that afternoon. From all those she had seen, she had garnered three names that would bear closer scrutiny.

One person in particular stuck in her mind. After interviewing him, she had felt an emphatic aura about him that portended great potential. That one would bear closer scrutiny than most.

The only question in Ms Koch's mind was, 'Would he take homosexuality in stride and accept it as an integral part of his transformation into a pre-teen girl? After all, his ambition to teach small children was definitely in his favor. With a master's degree in child development, he was predisposed to life as a little girl. He just had to be convinced of it, and they could do that easily! No, dear Michelle,' she told herself, 'I lied. We can and do manipulate those we choose until our ideas become their original ideas and each one smilingly accepts what one is faced with.'

'Ah, Michael, and if I am right about you, you will become a lovely Michelle!'

Smiling to herself with satisfaction, she began to punch in numbers on her cell phone and was soon deep in conversation with some of the references her three possibilities had given her.

Before long, she had discarded one of the names whom she found had lied on the application. She wanted truthful candidates, not some who bent the facts to put them in a more favorable light!

Working steadily, and making copious notes as she worked, she became more and more sure that her original assessment of Michelle was the correct one.

Punching in numbers, she was soon talking to the chief executive officer of SOLUTIONS, Ltd., Ms Harriet Langdon, and the more they discussed Michael, the more convinced Ms Koch was that Michelle would be ideal for the person she wished to pair him with.

Some people had the latent inclinations to same sex couplings, while others had a deep seated prejudicial view of such a relationship, even if it was outwardly, at least, a normal male/female pairing.

Some of this feeling could be overcome, but it always remained just below the surface and was not something she liked to contemplate.

Still, she had not gotten to the position of authority she had by cutting corners! All information, no matter how trivial, had to be checked and verified before continuing.

Finally, Ms Koch reached Michael's father and discovered that the man to be just as Michael had described him, cold, unfeeling, interested only in what he was interested in, disregarding all else as not worth his consideration and well beneath his masculine dignity. He was quite adamant about his anger about Michael's height, or rather, his lack of same.

Mr. Fogarty, senior, felt it was a personal affront to his masculinity that he had sired such a son as, he felt, the failure as a son he considered Michael to be. He went on at some length about Michael's lack of athletic ability, citing his own accomplishments as a semi-pro footballer and major league baseball pitcher and praising his other son for being a "true he-man!"

Ms Koch smiled to herself. The more the man raved about Michael's "short comings," the more convinced she was in her basic assessment of the lad as a prime candidate.

Accordingly, when she finished with her conversation with the condescending Mr. Fogarty, she immediately called Charlotte Amalie and had her call patched through to HQ. She and Ms Langdon then talked for over an hour discussing possible scenarios to entice *Michelle*.

Finally, Ms Langdon gave Ms Koch the green light to go ahead with her investigation into his life in depth and to report her findings daily, which Ms Koch promised to do before hanging up.

For the next several days, Ms Koch spoke with many people who knew Michael, and for the most part, got nothing but rave reviews. Those who panned him were the obvious jocks who regarded anyone "non-jock" with disdain and scorn.

Them, she discounted out-of-hand, much in the same manner they used to dismiss Michael.

Finally, she called Michelle and arranged a lunch date to discuss his further involvement with SOLUTIONS, Ltd.

He was surprised when she handed him a thick packet of papers that she asked him to look at. He saw that the papers were questionnaires, crammed full of questions that were extremely intimate in their subject matter and he silently questioned the wisdom of answering some of them as those questions seemed to be aimed directly at females.

He blushed when he realized that he was obliged to answer truthfully!

'I mean,' he thought, 'when did you start your menses?' And, 'How regular is your flow?' He looked at her in surprise. "All of them?" he croaked.

She nodded. "Yes. Why? Is there a problem?"

"Well, some of them seem to be more female oriented. . ." he whispered shamefully.

"Oh, I assure you, all are important in order for us to develop an in-depth assessment of your psyche, your likes, your dislikes, and the like," she cooed delicately, her soft breath maddening as it caressed his cheeks. He blushed deeply.

"Well, I'll certainly try my best," he equivocated.

She smiled brilliantly. "Fine! Now, enjoy your salad and I'll be in touch." Saying this, she rose and left him alone.

He gazed after her swiveling bottom, her delicate sway enhanced by the tight leather and for one mad moment, Michael wished it were he who was wearing that skirt!

Then, he blushed, finished his salad, and going to the cashier, discovered Ms Koch had already paid his check.

Smiling and shaking his head, he walked to the public library, rented a private cubicle and locked himself away while he filled out Ms Koch's questionnaire.

At some of the more intimate questions, Michael was glad he was locked in and could not be disturbed. The questions were disturbing enough without interruptions to disrupt his concentration!

Finally, he had answered most of them in depth and truthfully as he could, as she had requested. Those he felt inadequate to respond to, he wrote, 'I am not sure of my reaction to this question and have, therefore, left it unanswered.'

"Well, I can't do any better than that!" he told himself. "If they don't like it, they can lump it!" He smiled to himself, folded the questionnaire as directed, placed it in the manila envelope Ms Koch had provided, sealed it, and leaving the library, walked the two blocks to his local Post Office where he mailed it to Charlotte Amalie, American Virgin Islands.

He haunted his mail box at the Post Office for several days, then gave up. 'If they respond, they respond!' he told himself. 'If they don't like what I wrote, then to Hell with them!'

Finally, on the eighth day after mailing the questionnaire, he received a short letter telling him to meet Ms Koch, 'at the usual place at noon the following Friday.' 'Why, that's tomorrow!' he realized with shock. 'They're fast when they want to be!' he chuckled.

He was surprised at the brevity of the message, but took great pleasure in the fact that they had responded to him! Apparently they were not put off by some of his responses!

Michael was prompt the next day, wearing his best suit, a white shirt and tie, trying to appear as an up-and-coming young executive. He arrived at the restaurant at the same time as Ms Koch and he struggled to hold the door for her. She smiled and caught the heavy door, swinging it wide so that he could enter first. He blushed at his inability to open the door, but preceded her to their table escorted by the smiling maître de, her hand on his shoulder guiding him as though he were a young child.

Again she ordered salads for the both of them, Caesar for him and anti-pesto for her. Then she quizzed him about what he had been doing and watched him closely as she made several veiled remarks about how "lovely" he looked, how apropos his "frock" was to the setting, and so forth.

Most of these remarks slipped right over Michael's head but he did appreciate the compliments nevertheless.

Finally, she spoke, "And have you come to a decision about SOLUTIONS, Ltd., Michelle?" she purred, deliberately slurring her use of the feminine version of his given name.

Michael smiled. "I don't see how I could make any decision about your company since I know nothing about it," he replied questioningly.

She smiled. "Yes, there is that," she admitted.

"Then, no, I have made no decision about SOLUTIONS, Ltd."

"Fine," she smiled. "Then we shall have no preconceived notions or ideas to contend with, shall we? No

bad habits to remedy, so to speak,” she dimpled, taking a sip of her tea.

“I guess not!” he quipped. “Pure as the driven snow, that’s me!” holding his cup up in a mock salute to his short comings.

“Seriously, Michelle,” again she slurred his name, “We are about to make you an offer. It is a one time offer and will require a decision by 2:00 P.M.”

“You mean 2:00 P.M., today?” he asked in disbelief.

“Exactly.”

He started with shock. “That’s pretty sudden, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I suppose. . .”

“I mean that’s only twenty minutes or so from now!” he protested.

“Have you anything pressing that requires your presence coming up?” she asked.

“Well. . . no, not really.” he admitted. “Just the awarding of my Master’s. . .”

“Which, as we both know, is just a formality.”

“Yes, they could mail it to me, I suppose. . .” he mused.

“Well then, you need bring nothing with you. We will provide everything you will need. And I do mean everything. Bring no identification except your birth certificate. Bring no wallet, no money, no credit cards and nothing of value. We will take care of everything. Wear just the clothing you are now wearing.

“We are prepared to offer you a salary of twenty-five thousand American dollars per annum, with increases based on performance. Since we will provide you with everything you will need in the way of housing, food, clothing, entertainment, and so on, your personal expenses will be at a bare minimum. That means you can save your money and at the end of your contract in five years, you will have enough money to do as you wish, when, how and who.”

“Sounds almost too good to be true,” Michael murmured, “and I have always been told that if something sounds too good to be true, it usually is, too good to be true, I mean.”

“Yes, I’ve heard that,” she admitted, “but in this case, it is true. You’ll just have to take my word for it. I promise you, you will never regret going with us!”

Michael thought for a long moment, then nodded his head decisively.

“OK, I’ll do it!” Michael enthused. “My life’s in the toilet the way I am now anyway!”

“A rather dismal view, I must say,” she laughed.

“Lady, you don’t know the half of it!”

‘Oh, but I do, Michelle, I’ve dug deep into your life these past few weeks!’ she smiled to herself.

Aloud, “I have my limousine right outside, so we can leave immediately. I have a chartered plane waiting for us at Logan Airport.” She rose, “Shall we?” Her hand hovered momentarily over his tea cup.

“Right!” He drained the last of his tea, stood, and promptly sat back down. “Oh, I don’t feel so hot all of a sudden!” he mumbled.

Ms Koch smiled, picked up his cup and slipped it into her purse. It would not be good to leave the dregs of his drugged tea behind as evidence!

She held him easily as she guided his limp form out to the waiting limousine and deposited him in the back seat, sliding in beside him.

“Logan Airport, VIP terminal,” she ordered the driver.

“Yes, Ma’am,” and nothing was spoken the whole ride to Logan.

How could they?

Michael was out cold.

And the limo driver had her screen up.

Working swiftly, Ms Koch removed the contents of Michael’s pockets, leaving nothing behind.

For better or worse, whether he liked it or not, he was committed irrevocably to SOLUTIONS, Ltd. for the duration.

She noticed the wide smile on his face and wondered briefly what was so funny.

She and an attendant got the sleeping Michelle on board the plane and belted in securely.

Then, she opened her book and began to read.

It was a long flight.

* * *

V

Charlotte Amalie

When the plane bumped down on the tarmac, Michael awoke, stretched languidly and stared out the small window at the lush green landscape and he momentarily wondered where on Earth he was. It was much too warm to be Boston, and there was no snow on the ground.

“Ah,” came the dulcet tones of Ms Koch entering the cabin from forward. “You’re awake at last!”

“How, what, who?” he asked, confused.

“I have no idea, my young friend!” she shrugged her shoulders. “You were talking, getting ready to leave the restaurant, when you seemed to go into a zombie-like trance. When I asked if you were OK, you told me you were fine. I took you at your word, we went to Logan, boarded our aircraft and some six hours later, here we are in Charlotte Amalie!”

“Oh.” Her explanation agreed with some of his recollections, so he accepted them. Still, there was something nagging at the back of his mind that told him that all was not as it should be.

He could not pinpoint the feeling and soon he was too busy to think about it.

First, he was taken to a room by one of the new girls he met. He wondered about her name, Fairy. “What an odd name for a girl!” he thought.

Fairy was just a bit taller than Michael and weighed about the same. But there, the difference stopped. Where Michael was definitely a boy, Fairy was more girlish with definite breasts, tiny waist and femininely

curved hips. She had hazel eyes and long auburn hair gathered in a bouncy ponytail.

Then he looked around the room Fairy had shown him. He stared in amazement. It was all pinks and whites and robin's egg blues and soft pastels with pictures of ballerinas and unicorns and elves and green leprechauns and Tinker Bell fairies just about everywhere he looked.

It was beautiful!

It was the sort of room a young girl would love!

A girl!

Which he wasn't!

Still, he had no intention of complaining about living in a girl's room. His eyes aglow with wonder, he opened a near-by closet and stared at the wealth of little girl dresses hanging there in neat rows. His jaw dropped as he realized that this room, the one that was now his, was furnished exactly as he would have furnished his dream bedroom! From the white painted French Provencal furniture with its canopied bed to the dainty iron work vanity and the twin lingerie dressers!

On either side of the bed was a white bedside cabinet, each with a dainty French lamp and one with a vintage French telephone! He looked around, a wide smile on his lips. 'Oh,' he thought, 'I love it! I just love it!' He spun around, his arms wide and laughed with joy.

Fairy, who had followed him in, laughed too. "If you think this room is fabulous, it's just because you haven't seen mine!"

"Oh, Fairy!" Michael gasped. "It's just what I have always dreamed of! There's nothing here I would ever change, even if I could!" He sighed happily. "Oh, how did Ms Koch know?"

"Oh, you can change anything you want, Michelle," Fairy replied. "This is your room and you have the last word on what is or isn't in it."

"Oh, Fairy!" Michael exclaimed, throwing his arms around the girl and kissing her warmly. To his surprise, Fairy seemed reluctant to be kissed.

"Did I do something wrong?" Michael asked with alarm.

Fairy shook his head. "No, it's just because you're new and. . . and. . ."

"And, what, Fairy?" Michael asked.

"You don't know. . . yet. . ." Fairy murmured softly.

"Know what? C'm'on, tell me," he ordered jokingly.

"I'm a boy just like you under my skirt," Fairy confessed.

"You're a what?" Michael stared at Fairy in shock.

"I'm a boy who loves to wear dresses and here I am allowed to wear anything I wish, just so long as it's female or feminine or girlish to the max!" Fairy confessed with a rush.

"Well, I'll be a. . . a. . . monkey's uncle!"

Fairy giggled. "Picture that! Where's your tail?"

"You know what I mean, you little tease," Michael chided.

"Yes, I suppose I do," Fairy admitted slowly.

Michael took Fairy into his arms and whispered, "I don't care if you're a kangaroo under those skirts of yours! I like you just the way you are! I sort of like boys in skirts anyway," he admitted, blushing.

Fairy grinned. "Then you're going to love it here! Only a couple of us girls are real girls! The rest are just like me, boys under their skirts!"

"And I suppose I'll be a boy wearing skirts too?" Michael asked.

Fairy nodded his head. "Why else would you be here on Fantasy Island?" he joked.

"I thought we were on Charlotte Amalie?"

"We are. But us girls like to think of it as Fantasy island!"

"What else indeed?" Michael mused.

"OK, c'm'on, got to get you dressed for lunch with the Queen Bee. . ." Fairy urged.

"You mean Ms Koch?"

"Yeah! Ain't she a pip? Wish my butt could wriggle like hers!" Fairy moaned.

“Practice, my dear Fairy,” Michael quipped, “Practice!”

“I been, but Butch says I don’t have enough rear yet. She says I have to grow into my panties.”

“Who’s Butch?” with an eyebrow raised questioningly.

“Oh, she’s my sponsor.”

“Sponsor?”

“Yeah, that means I’ve been claimed already and am off-limits to anyone else,” he explained.

“And she’s a female?” Michael asked, interested in spite of himself.

“Sure is!” Fairy enthused. “She’s a biker out in the real world, rides a Harley and all, and when I’m fully trained as her biker bitch, we’re going to Sturgis and I can ride her cunt seat!” he bragged.

“What’s a cunt seat?” Michael asked with a laugh.

“Oh, that’s what a biker calls that part of the saddle right behind where the biker’s girl friend rides,” he explained with a giggle.

“Well, that answers that!” Michael laughed.

“OK, enough talk, off with your clothes!” Fairy ordered.

“Why?” Michael demanded.

“So I can give you a bath, that’s why. Don’t worry, I won’t hurt you, well, not much,” he promised with an evil grin. “I’m really quite good at giving baths. Just ask Butch!” he bragged.

Michael allowed fairy to disrobe him right down to his skin. Fairy looked him over carefully. “Good, no body hair to speak of. That Ms Koch sure knows how to pick ‘em!” he giggled.

Fairy turned and filled the bath tub, pouring a generous dash of sweet smelling oil into the rushing water. Immediately fragrant bubbles began to burst in the air, tingling Michael’s nose pleasantly.

Michael allowed Fairy to take his hand and help him into the frothy bubbles. He lowered himself gingerly, hesitantly, to find the water just the right temperature. “Oooh,” he murmured in pleasure.

“See? I told you I knew what I was doing!” Fairy giggled. He took a washcloth, lathered it lavishly and started to wash Michael’s body from head to toe. Michael blushed when Fairy handled his tiny sex toy matter-of-factly before continuing down his legs.

“There, that’s the body! Now for the hair!” he announced.

“Hair?”

“Sure, have to wash it and style it so you look your prettiest at dinner!” Fairy giggled.

“I’m not pretty,” Michael protested. “I’m just an ordinary boy.”

“Wait’ll I get done with you!” Fairy promised.

Soon he had lathered Michael’s rather longish blonde hair, rinsed it thoroughly, “Tsk, tsk’d” several times, then lathered him again. “You really should take better care of your hair, Michelle,” he cautioned. “It’s a girl’s best feature when done right!”

Michael almost objected that he was not a girl, but in retrospect, he realized that Fairy would call him what Fairy would call him and he had no control over the other boy’s actions.

So, he relaxed while Fairy dried him thoroughly, then let Fairy work on his hair. A quick drying with a hair dryer, a complicated combing procedure, some gel, more combing, Fairy stepping back occasionally to observe his handiwork from a distance before returning and fussing with Michael’s hair again, twisting and turning it into the shape he wanted it to be.

“There!” Fairy announced finally. “That’s as good as I can do under primitive circumstances!” He turned Michael around so he could see himself in a mirror. “Well? What do you think?”

“Not bad,” Michael agreed.

“Not bad? Honey, it’s perfect! Wait’ll I get done painting your face. Then you’ll see real artwork!”

Wisely, Michael kept his mouth shut.

A few minutes later, Michael blushed as Fairy laid out a dainty padded bra and panty set, and when Michael didn’t do anything, Fairy picked up the panties and started to slip them up Michael’s legs, tugging them into place around his hips.

The bra soon followed and Michael was surprised at how the slight padding made him look like he had real breasts! He had occasionally fantasized about it would feel to have breasts bouncing about on his chest. Maybe he would find out. . .

Fairy reached around and cupped Michael's padded form, squeezing gently. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he whispered in Michael's ear.

Michael shuddered delicately.

"Just wait until you've got the real thing filling your cups!" he teased.

"Oh, Fairy!" he moaned. "That will never be!"

Fairy laughed. "Just wait until Ms Koch gets through with you and you'll sing a different tune!"

In his mind, Michael pooh poohed that!

"Oh, I forgot! I have to give you this pill and you're to swallow it like a good girl." He handed a small pink capsule to Michael who obediently swallowed it.

"Good girl!" Fairy praised, patting Michael's now snugly pantied rear end caressingly.

When Fairy held up a sheer pink lace little girl's afternoon frock, Michael obediently raised his arms and allowed Fairy to slip it down into place before buttoning it securely up in back.

"Oh!" he gasped. "It's so sheer! It shows everything!"

"That's the idea, Hunny Bunny," Fairy purred. "Sit down and I'll do your shoes."

"What? No stockings?" Michael pretended shock.

"Nope. All that's left is fingernail polish and make-up and you're ready to make your debut!"

"Debut? Like a girl being presented to Society?"

"Exactly! Now, hold still while I do you."

Michael held as still as he could, letting Fairy file and shape and paint his nails a bright red before starting on his face.

"Oh," Fairy murmured in disgust, "How could you let those eyebrows grow out so scraggly? Now I have to pluck out those stray hairs and arch them correctly."

So saying, he took a tweezers and began to pluck the “stray” hairs out one by one.

“Ouch!” Michael yelled.

“Oh, be still, you big baby!” Fairy laughed. “Ms Koch would hang me up by my ankles if I didn’t trim them!”

“It still hurts!” Michael groaned.

“Oh, the trials and tribulations we girls go through just to be beautiful for our sponsors!”

“But that’s just it,” Michael objected, “I don’t have a sponsor. . . do I?”

“Who knows? Just the Queen Bee and she doesn’t confide in us mere drones!”

Michael laughed. “Fairy, you’re awful!”

“Yes, I’m pretty bad.” He waited a moment, then, “Get it? Pretty. . . bad?”

In spite of the tiny pricks of pain, Michael had to laugh.

“There! That ought to do it. What do you think?” He spun Michael around so he could see in the mirror. “Well?”

Michael took in the sight of his newly shaped eyebrows and thought, “Why, I look like I was just scared out of my pants!”

“Did you have to arch them so high?” he complained.

“Blame Dame Fashion, my dear, blame Dame Fashion!”

Giggling, Fairy began to brush blusher on Michael’s pale cheeks, applied pencil on his eyelids top and bottom, swiped a red, red lipstick across his lips and stepped back. “Well, what do you say now?”

Michael stared in wonder. A very pretty little girl of about ten or eleven stared out at him, but when he moved, she moved too. “Why, that’s me!” he exclaimed in surprise.

“Yep, sure is,” Fairy agreed.

“You’re a magician!”

“Naw, just had lots of practice, that’s all. But it do look nice, don’t it?”

“You are an absolute genius!”

Fairy curtsayed. “Thank you, Miss.”

Michael turned his head this way and that, admiring himself from all angles. “Amazing,” he whispered in awe. “Had I not seen it done, I would never have believed it.”

“Yes, dear Michelle,” Fairy replied softly, “Ms Koch is going to be extremely pleased with you!”

“But, how did she know. . .” he waved his hand, “all this?”

“Remember that questionnaire you filled out?”

“Yeah, I do, but I didn’t answer all the questions,” he retorted.

“No matter, from the answers you did give, she was able to paint a most realistic picture of your inner most secret longings and desires.”

“But, I didn’t even know myself. . .” Michael started to object.

“But the Queen Bee saw right through all the smoke screen and came out with your true nature and what you really wanted out of life. I don’t know of her ever making a wrong judgment call about any one, ever!” Fairy emphasized.

“It’s uncanny,” Michael agreed. He thought a moment. “Why do you keep calling me Michelle? My name’s Michael.”

“Ms Koch says Michelle, and what Ms Koch says is good enough for me!” Fairy laughed. “I’m not going to disagree with her, not by a long shot! I don’t want to find myself going north across her lap with my panties going south and her hard hairbrush paddling my unprotected cheeks!”

“I can see why!” Michael laughed. “She looks like she has a pretty heavy hand!”

“We all find that out, sooner or later,” Fairy confessed.

“You mean she has. . .”

Fairy nodded. “Yep, three times so far!” he added, blushing profusely.

"I would think you'd learn after the first time!" Michael laughed.

"You wait. You'll see it's not as easy as you think!"

"Aside from no concealment under my dress, this is pretty darned nice," Michael agreed.

"You wait until you have A or B cup titties and have to wear this same dress! All the sponsors' eyes will bug out!" He smiled. "I can't wait until mine are big enough to show!"

Michael gazed at the smallish bumps under Fairy's bra. "Looks almost big enough now," he observed.

"That's what I said, and Ms Koch whaled my butt good for disagreeing with her!"

"So, first rule, Ms Koch rules! Right?"

Fairy nodded vigorously, "Absolutely! First rule is, She's the Boss! Second rule, when in doubt, refer to the first rule!"

"You are terrible!" Michelle giggled. "OK, shoes?" Michael prompted.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Since you're new and haven't mastered high heels, you'll start out with baby heels that are just a shade over two inches in height."

Soon, Michael was standing on the heels Fairy had slipped onto his feet after slipping some socklets on first. "How does that feel?" he asked.

"I think I could handle higher," Michael observed taking a few tentative steps.

"Your funeral!" Fairy laughed as he produced another pair with higher, three inch heels.

"Wow!" Michael observed. "They really boost you up, don't they?"

"Wait'll you wear four or five or even six inch heels, although you probably will never get to wear six inchers with those tiny feet. You'll be walking on tip toe as it is!" he giggled.

Michael took a hesitant step, then another, then another and took off as though he had been wearing three inch high heels all his life! "These are a breeze!" he exulted. "Want to go for four?"

"Not this time. Get used to those first."

“OK, you’re the doctor.”

“Ain’t it de troot?” Fairy giggled. “Now, you sit there quietly and watch the WE channel until I get dressed and we’ll go down to dinner together. OK?”

“Sounds like a plan, dear girl,” Michael whispered jokingly.

“Now you’re getting the hang of it!”

* * *

VI

Daintily, Michelle and Fairy descended the stair to make a grand entrance in the parlor. Ms Koch turned as they entered and exclaimed, “Ah, our guest of honor has arrived! Welcome, dearest Michelle!”

Michelle curtsied as Fairy had just taught him and replied, “So happy to be here, Madame!” he whispered, blushing furiously. He noticed right off that he and Fairy were the only ones dressed in the transparent lace dresses that Fairy had insisted they wear.

“Come, sit!” Ms Koch beckoned to the chair beside her.

Obediently, Michelle minced across to the chair and gingerly sat, smoothing his skirt beneath him as he did.

Ms Koch beamed. “Good girl!” she praised.

Michelle blushed and sat very still in his seat, hands folded in his lap.

Ms Koch clapped her hands and two elegantly attired maids entered bearing trays loaded with food. Working quickly, efficiently, the two maids served those seated at the table, starting, of course, with Ms Koch! That lady watched closely as the maids then served the other persons at the table.

When they were all ready, Ms Koch intoned, “Fairy? You may ask the blessing.”

Fairy started in surprise. “Yes, Ma’am.” She bowed her head, clasped her hands in prayer and began, “Lord, please bless the food we are about to receive in Your Name, Amen.”

Ms Koch smiled at her. "Good girl!" She gazed fondly at those seated around the table. "Bon appétit, mes amies! Bon appétit!"

Hesitantly, Michael took a spoon of the strange food on his plate and touched it to his lips. To his surprise, it was very good! "Ummm," he whispered throatily.

Ms Koch beamed at him fondly.

Dinner was a success, the maids attending Ms Koch closely, obviously trying their best to be pleasing to her as well as efficient.

After, Ms Koch and her guests sat in the living room sipping apple juice that, she explained, "was grown on their own plantation."

Michael thought it was delicious.

Soon, Ms Koch brought the conversation around to the different "girls," encouraging each to tell "her" story. Michael sat, transfixed as they poured out their hearts.

She listened closely as Fairy described his miserable life before being rescued by Ms Koch, and Michael was amazed to learn that others had had it much worse than he while growing up. Fairy, for instance, had been sold to a brothel when he was just six years old. He described how he had worn little girl dresses and was "rented" to the brothel "clients" on a continuing nightly basis.

He described some of the perversions of some of his "customers," bringing gasps of dismay from many of the others, Michael included.

"I was used and abused every night by all sorts of men and even some women who delighted in abusing "girls" like I was forced to be. I was sent to live with one woman for a month and she kept me in a dog cage in her barn, letting me out frequently so her Great Dane could "breed" me. Yes, my ass was his and he used me as roughly as many men did. But, what did he know? He was just an animal who had been trained to be what he was. She used to swab my ass with the scent of a female in heat and all that did was to enflame the dog's desires!

"But that was nothing. When I was ten, I was sent to be taught dressage. I soon learned that a dressage was horse training! I was bridled and bitted and harnessed to small carts and was whipped to make me pull the cart around outdoors. The worse part of that was when

they stuck a horse's tail up my ass and I had to clench it tight because if I let it fall out, I would be whipped mercilessly!

"Then there was the European Baron who tied me face up with my butt in the air and he sat behind me with his huge prick stuck in my ass as he "rode to the hounds," as he called it.

"But that was nothing. The next day I was tied face up with my head bent so far back I thought he would break my neck. I was poised at just such an angle that he could slide right up to me and shove that horse cock of his down my throat, and again, "he rode to the hounds!" Except that when he stopped, he left his prick in my throat, leaving me gasping for air. But did he care? No! I felt him tense, then a rush of warmth went down my throat! He was pissing using me as his toilet!

"So, you see, there are all sorts of weirdoes in this world, and they can't be told from others that never think of such perversions! They hide in plain sight and they all seem to know one another!"

I had never dreamed of such perversions!

How did people come up with such sadistic ideas?

And then inflict them on helpless, innocent young boys and girls!

Ms Koch smiled. "Some would say that what we do here is a perversion of the worse scenario. But isn't it better for us to train those who wish to better themselves and pair them up with those ladies and gentlemen who want nothing more than what is best for their little darlings?"

"Sure, we modify those who are willing into perfect companions for their sponsors, sponsors who then love them unconditionally and see to their every want and need for the rest of their lives?"

"I mean, just think how wasted each one of you would have been had we not interceded on your behalf. Fairy, for instance, would still be in that brothel and who knows what sort of horrible disease he might have contracted" I'm sure he would much rather be here, learning to be Butch's biker bitch than back there." She turned to Fairy. "Is that not so, my dearest Fairy?"

He stood and curtseyed. "Yes, Ma'am, Mr. Butch is ever so much nicer than they were!"

“Indeed,” she agreed.

She turned to another. “Marianne?”

Marianne stood, curtsayed and started in. “Unlike some of you, I am a genetic girl who was sold into slavery when I was about three or four years old. Once I arrived at my new home, I was immediately groomed to be a courtesan. I learned early what pleased men. I lost my three virginities to the same man one evening when I was seven years old. Like Fairy, my ravisher used my mouth for his toilet and when I complained to my Master, I was whipped for objecting! I was told that I had no rights, that I belonged to him body and soul, and if I continued to complain, he would have me snuffed.

“And by snuffed, he meant that I would be killed in such a manner that would be highly sought after by some of his friends. He further informed me that it would be filmed and that I would be famous in certain circles when they watched me die. Some of these friends would be invited to be present at my murder and would be encouraged to “lend a hand.”

I was eleven years old when I was sold to another man as his bed mate. He was an old man, unable to get it up, so he forced me to suck him. If I did not please him, I was whipped.

When the old man died, the son wanted no part of me so I was thrown out into the street to live or die as best I could. I was living in the slums of New York when Ms Koch found me and saw some sort of potential in me that no one else had.

“Meeting her was the best thing that had ever happened to me!

“For the past two years, I have been groomed to be a companion to Ms Schultz and I have never regretted my choice to join her. She is the mother, sister, aunt, grandmother I never had and I love her so much it hurts me to think of not being with her!”

“Thank you, Marianne,” Ms Koch murmured. “Well, I think that’s enough histories for one night. Just remember, no matter how difficult life might have been for you as individuals, it has been much worse for others! It is unfortunate that there are monsters among us who prey on the weak and helpless, and it behooves us all to do what we can to eliminate such despicability!”

Big Mack spoke, “And here I thought I was the only one who had ever experienced a loss, and now I find

that my loss is so trivial when compared to some others. It makes me ashamed of myself!"

Ms Koch patted his hand. "There, there, Ms M^cCloud, you are not to be condemned for your not knowing and misunderstanding of others. It was the way you lived that dictated your outlook, and none of us can deny our environs nor the lessons taught thereof.

"We are all products of life, good or bad, and there is little we can do except accept what we are and try to better ourselves in future.

"That is the prime basis of SOLUTIONS, Ltd., bettering our lot in life and I, for one, am proud of my role in bringing people together for mutual happiness."

"Hear, hear!" Ms Malloware, sponsor of Annette, clapped. "Well said! Were I so articulate!"

Ms Koch had the courtesy to blush charmingly, her head hanging modestly.

There was an awkward silence before Ms Koch raised her head. "Now, I'm sure each of you has better things to do than listen to an old woman rant and rave!" she exclaimed brightly. "So why don't you all enjoy the moonlight, the soft breezes, the fragrance of the flowers, the brilliance of twinkling stars and the sound of the ocean surf, just enjoy the romanticism of a tropical evening. You sponsors, hold your charge's hands, hold her close and think kind thoughts of others.

"I assure you, you will feel better about everything when you do!" Ms Koch rose, bowed slightly to her guests and left them alone.

"Well," Butch exclaimed. "I guess we're on our own!" She gazed fondly at Fairy, squeezing the transvested boy's hand tenderly. "Come, Fairy," he ordered, "let's take a stroll along the beach, shall we?" It was not an invite. . .

"Oh, yes, Butch! I'd love that!" Fairy enthused, jumping up in excitement.

Soon, all were gone except Big Mack and Michelle. He turned to the pretty girl (he still was unaware of her "true" sex!). "Well, shall we join the others?" he asked, not sure of what he should or should not do.

"Ms M^cCloud, I'd be honored!" Michelle whispered, placing his hand on Big Mack's arm. Soon, the two of them were on the veranda, Michelle leaning back

against Big Mack's body, the man's arms loosely wound around her pliant body, the smell of flowers in their nostrils, the sound of the ocean's muted roar in the far back-ground, the gentle breeze ruffling their hair teasingly, each lost in the beauty of the moment.

Finally, "Er. . . Michelle. . ." Big Mack whispered.

"Ma'am?"

"May I ask you a question?"

"Why, certainly Ms McCloud! Whatever made you think you had to ask permission? I have been assigned to introduce you to our community. It is my job to be as informative as possible for you!" the beskirted boy replied seriously.

"Who is your sponsor?"

Michelle stiffened. "Oh, oh!"

"I'm sorry, did I say something wrong?"

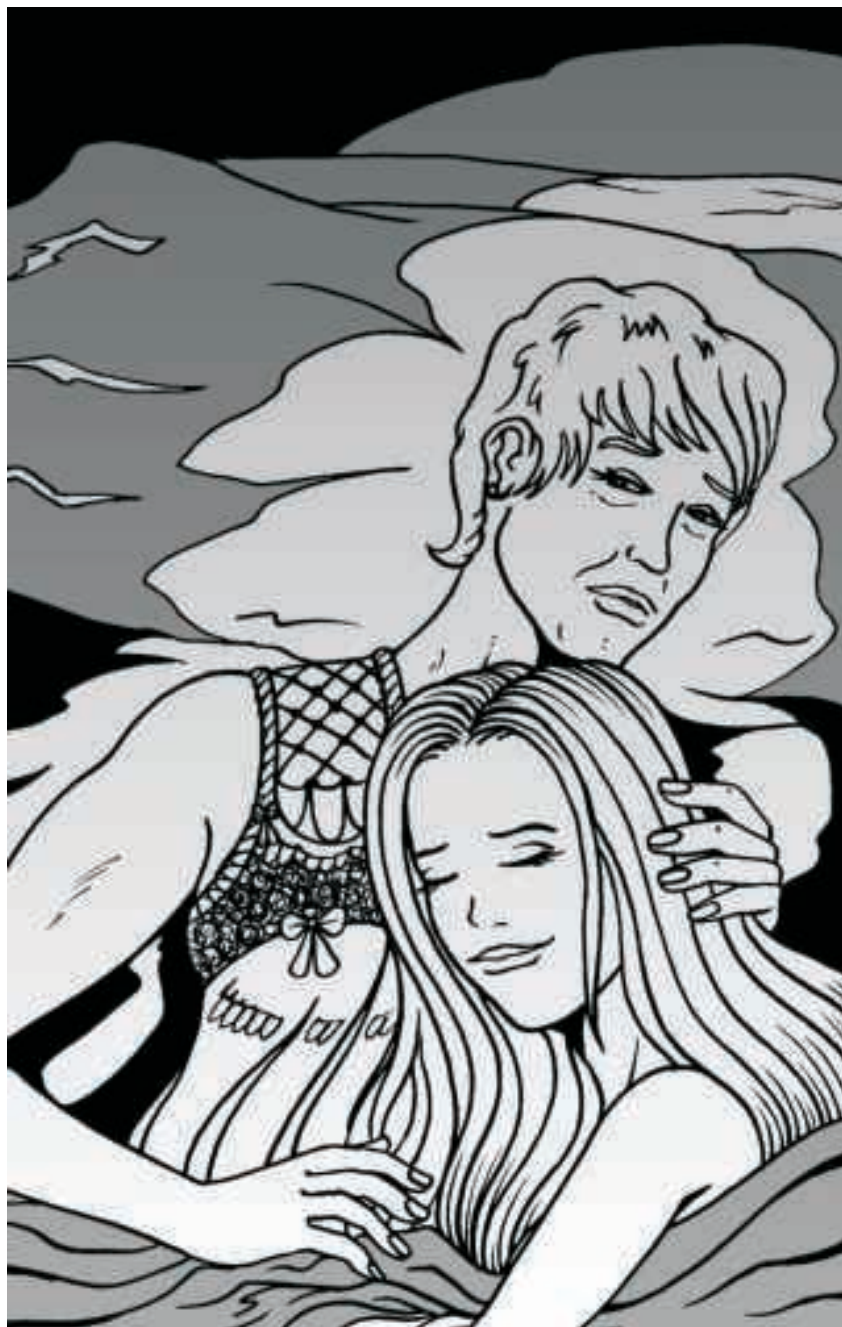
"Oh, no, not you. It's me! No, Ma'am, I do not have a sponsor! I thought I did several months ago, but he turned out to be unsuitable in Ms Koch's estimation and he was summarily dismissed and deported from Charlotte Amalie. I never did learn what he had done to incur Ms Koch's wrath, and I am sure I don't want to know! It's bad enough when she takes our panties down and spanks our bare asses for our misdeeds! That old wood-backed hairbrush of hers can sting plenty!"

Big Mack laughed softly. "Yes, I bet it does!"

Big Mack held the girl tenderly for a long time, kissing absently at the top of her head. Then, "Well, it's getting late and I suppose tomorrow will be a big day, so maybe we'd better get you to your room so you can get your proper rest."

Michelle twisted in his arms. "Oh, no, I cannot leave you! Ms Koch told me specifically that I was to take care of you. That means I have to help you dress, undress, bathe, whatever, and then assist you in any way I can! For as long as you are not a sponsor of a girl, you are my responsibility to care for and I do not want her whipping my bare tail because I failed in my duty to you and her!"

"Now, Michelle, that's preposterous! You most certainly do not belong to me! You are not a slave to be given freely to anyone who comes along!" he insisted vehemently.



“You don’t understand, Ma’am,” Michelle countered. “You are at what we girls all call *Fantasy Island* and Ms Koch is our Mr. Roarke, and she takes her position literally!”

“Still. . .” Big Mack hesitated.

“Please? I won’t be any trouble to you and I really am a very good maid and will serve you as best I can in any way that I can!” she pleaded fervently.

Big Mack hesitated for a moment, then caved in. “OK, but no funny stuff and no monkeying around with any sex business, you hear me?”

Michelle smiled widely. “No, Ma’am, you can depend on me!”

She took his hand and led him through the house, up the stairs, down the hall, opened the door and stood aside. “You first, Ma’am,” she invited, curtsying low.

Big Mack smiled. “Thank you Michelle,” as he entered the soft-lit room.

Inside, Michelle busied herself with turning the bed down, adjusting the windows, inquiring whether the room was too hot or too cool, pouring a bed time drink of hot tea before coming to a halt in front of Big Mack and curtsying politely.

“Shall I help you undress, Ma’am?” she asked quietly.

“I can manage that on my own, Michelle,” he replied, somewhat taken aback by her boldness.

All at once, he felt very dizzy and realized that she had drugged his tea again! The last thing he remembered was her whisper, “It’s all right, Ma’am, I won’t hurt you and it is for your own good!”

He woke once during the night to find Michelle snuggled in his embrace. She had undressed him to the skin, again, and he now wore the top to a baby doll set. Her hand was wrapped securely around his erection, the gentle back and forth motion keeping him on edge!

He tried to disengage her hand, but found he had no strength to stop her. He fell asleep again, knowing that he was helpless in their web!

He determined to do something about it. . . in the morning!

If he remembered. . .

Except that in the morning, he was alone in his bed, the pillow next to him had not been slept on and the baby doll he thought he was wearing had been replaced with a flannel gown like the one his grandmother had worn so many years ago.

‘Was I dreaming all that?’ he asked himself. ‘Obviously she had undressed me, but there is no evidence that she slept with me anywhere!’

There came a soft tap on his door and at his bidding, Michelle entered, dressed in a blue striped morning maid uniform, complete with the ubiquitous four inch high heels, a frilly butcher’s apron and a white mob cap atop her curls.

“Good morning, Ma’am!” she greeted brightly. “Did you sleep well?”

Big Mack nodded. “Yes, I think so. . .”

“Is something wrong, Ma’am?” Michelle was suddenly solicitous.

He started to say something, then thought better of it. “No, I guess not!”

“Well, would you like breakfast here or downstairs?” she asked, smiling.

“Here, if it’s not too much trouble,” he replied.

“Very good, Ma’am! And what would you like?”

“Four or five scrambled eggs with four slices of crisp bacon, four slices of hot buttered wheat toast with grape jelly, home fries, a small steak, medium rare, a carafe of coffee and a tall glass of fresh squeezed orange juice,” he ordered.

She giggled. “Wow! You are a heavy eater! We will have to take steps to curb that appetite to maintain your girlish figure!” she teased.

“Not to worry, Michelle, my dear girl,” Big Mack laughed, “I never gain or lose a single ounce. Something about my metabolism, or so my doctors tell me,” he explained.

“It’ll take a few minutes,” she apologized.

“Bring the orange juice and the coffee and I’ll rough it ‘til the rest gets here!” he teased.

She laughed with delight. "Oh, it's going to such a delight being your maid!" she trilled as she curtsyed, turned and hurried from the room.

"Yeah, I'll bet!" Big Mack told the closing door.

* * *

VII

"And how is Michelle working out, Ms M·Cloud?" Ms Koch trilled as he came out onto the veranda where she was enjoying a leisurely breakfast.

Big Mack blushed. "She. . . she's. . . marvelous!" he finally managed to croak.

She grinned. "Ah, not used to a maid, are you?" she teased.

"No, not really," he admitted.

"Don't worry, my dear," she soothed, "you'll get used to it in no time! She really is a very good maid and she loves her work!"

Big Mack nodded. "A little too much, I'd say," he commented, remembering her hold on his erection the night before.

"Just roll with the flow, dear, and you will find the experience most delightful!" she enthused.

He wasn't so sure, but he smiled dutifully. "My, everything looks so delicious!"

"Go ahead, there's plenty for everyone!" she invited.

At that, another voice was heard as Butch Hamilton made an appearance. Big Mack noted that she was the only one wearing masculine apparel, hunting jodphurs, a bright red satin blouse with long sleeves with the collar opened at the neck to reveal the huge swells of her Double-D-cup breasts and highly polished riding boots that had English spurs at the heels.

"Did you enjoy your ride?" Ms Koch asked, brightly as Mr. Hamilton bent to kiss her up-turned lips fondly.

"Indeed, most gracious lady," Butch replied, sitting down and pouring a cup of coffee which she drank noisily. "Ah, that his the spot!"

She turned to Big Mack. “Not like having your face in the wind, but not bad,” she smiled.

“I can imagine,” he replied slowly.

“Why don’t you go riding with me in the morning?” she invited. “We really should get to know one another better,” she commented.

“I’d like that,” Big Mack replied, smiling his appreciation.

“Room for one more?” Ms Malloware asked.

“Always,” Ms Koch trilled. “Please, join us.”

“Don’t mind if I do.”

Soon the four of them were chatting amicably amongst themselves, getting better acquainted as the morning progressed.

Ms Koch was well satisfied with the positive adjustment they had all made in their sex reversals. This boded well for the future, especially where their relationships with their sponsored “girls” were concerned. Even tough biker bitch Butch had a soft spot in her heart that was being filled more than adequately by Fairy.

“Ms Malloware and Annette are a perfect match once we got the idea of incest out of their heads! And Ms Hennessey’s Nikki, again an incestuous pairing to the untrained eye but so perfectly matched in all other ways!

From rebellious, obstinate, disruptive boys, she had created two perfect girls for these men to love and cherish, eventually even marrying their consorts!

Ms Koch sighed. ‘Now to convince Maxwell M-Cloud that Michelle would be the ideal candidate to replace his lost daughter, Mickey, which is just another name for Michelle!’ she mused.

She smiled benignly at Big Mack and he squirmed at the intensity of her gaze.

Soon, her gaze wandered to Ms Malloware and he relaxed somewhat, thinking (erroneously) that his imagination was just working overtime!

He sighed with relief when she rose, made her excuses, and took her leave.

“So, Butch, would you like to take a walk around?” he asked politely.

She grinned knowingly. “Sure, but if I were you, I’d change those heels for sneaks!”

He blushed, realizing that his heels were not adapted for sand or dirt walking!

“Sure,” he agreed, and taking Michelle’s hand, led his maid to their room where he asked her to find a change of footwear for him.

Michelle was only too happy to oblige him and soon he was wearing sneaks and was on his way to meet Butch.

They had a most enjoyable time discussing motorcycles and comparing the relative merits and demerits of their own particular bike in great detail.

Finally, Big Mack voiced his concerns. “That Ms Koch is something else, isn’t she?”

“Why, whatever do you mean?” Butch asked in surprise.

“Oh, just the way she insists that we all change our sex and all,” he began.

“How many really changed?” Butch asked with a sly smile. “I didn’t. I have always looked upon myself as a male even though I have a hungry pussy stashed between my legs,” she confessed.

“How did you meet her?” he asked.

“In a bar in New Orleans. I was drunk as a skunk and starting to wreck the joint because the barkeep refused to serve me another drink. She took me in hand, literally! Man, she took me down like a Douglas fir! I swung, she ducked and the next thing I knew, I was on the floor with her kneeling on my chest. Well, when I calmed down she gave me a card with this joint’s name and phone number. She told me that if I could stay sober and alcohol free for six months, she could make my life worth living again.

“Naturally, I didn’t believe her. But when I saw that tight ass of hers, I was lost! I made up my mind that I was going to see that ass again and the next time, I was going to make love to it!

“Well, that never happened. I stayed sober and six months later, I found that card and I called and here I

am six months later with Fairy and am happier than I have been since my baby died.”

“I’m sorry to hear about that,” Big Mack replied. “I lost my dear Mickey lately too.”

“I’m sorry,” she glanced at him. “Guess we have more in common than it would appear on the surface, right?”

He nodded. “Yes, that would appear to be the case.”

“Well, while I will never forget my baby girl, I have Fairy and once I change her plumbing, she’ll be a perfect biker bitch, *my* Biker Bitch!” she exclaimed proudly.

“Yes, she is such a sweet little girl,” Big Mack agreed. “I just hope that whoever Ms Koch selects for me is half so good!”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about that, Missy, she ain’t failed yet!”

Big Mack smiled. “There’s always a first time, you know.”

“Not with that bitch pulling the strings!” Butch laughed.

“Do you know any of the history behind Fairy? I mean, I heard his confession at dinner, but surely that’s just a made up story, right?”

“Wrong! Fairy had an awful life before Ms Koch found and rescued him. If you like, I can get Fairy to tell you his story himself. OK?”

“That would be great, Butch!” he enthused.

“Fine, let me find Fairy and as soon as we have had lunch, we’ll go someplace private for her recitation.”

“I notice you always refer to her as her. Is there a reason for that?”

“Sure is,” Butch admitted. “Once Ms Koch turns us loose on the world, I fully intend to change him to her, like I already said, and make her female all the way. By calling her *her* now, she will so used to it that when she is changed, she will never know the difference.”

Big Mack laughed. “You are a devious broad, Butch!”

“Bet c’her ass, Buster!” she agreed.

“Oh, I think I hear the lunch bell,” he interrupted.

“Yep, we’d better hurry. Ms Koch does not like tardiness!”

And off they went.

* * *

VIII

“Well, we could always go to one of our rooms to talk,” Big Mack offered.

“Yeah, but which one?” Butch asked. “Mine or yours?”

Well, I have two easy chairs we could use and the girls can sit at our knee. . . .”

“Capitol ideal!” Butch cried. “I like that! You know, you’re gonna turn outta be a damned good friend after all!”

“Why, thank you, Butch,” Big Mack blushed under her praise.

A few minutes later, he and Butch were occupying the plush chairs with Michelle and Fairy kneeling obediently by their “Masters” knee, each resting her head against a hard muscled thigh.

“OK, Fairy,” Butch began. “The purpose of this meeting is for you to tell this gentleman your life’s history, being more complete than at dinner last evening.”

“Oh, Mr. Butch?” Fairy gasped in dismay. “Must I?”

“Would you taker I took your panties down and spanked you into submission? Either way you will do as I tell you. Understood?”

Fairy nodded reluctantly. “Yes, Butch!” he whispered miserably.

“Good, begin. . . .” she ordered.

“Well, first of all,” he began quietly, his voice quivering with humiliation, “my real name is not Fairy, it’s Ferris Roth, but ever since I was just a little boy, I was called Fairy buy the bullies on our street. I went home many nights with a bloody nose and torn clothing from

a fight and my father would beat me for losing! He sent me to a karate camp to learn to defend myself, but I proved a failure at that too.

“Finally, in utter disgust, he threw me out of his house. I was just nine years old. I was promptly acquired by a pimp who taught me to be a whore. He dressed me in pretty dresses because his main clients liked transvested boys whom they could abuse without fear of retaliation!

“I was tortured for their amusement, chained up like an animal, fed scraps from the garbage, deprived of clothing, even in winter, I almost froze to death on more than one occasion, but I didn’t, much to my shame. I wanted to die rather than go on as I was.

“One day, I was given to a man and told that I would not be coming back. I was to be owned by this new Master and was to obey him implicitly on pain of death.

“That didn’t scare me because I wanted to die!

“So, he would torture me until I was near death, then restore me to life so that he could do it all over again! He would do this in front of strangers who paid a lot of money to see me tortured thus.

“Finally, Ms Koch heard of this man and she intervened, taking pictures of him beating and torturing me and she showed them to him with the promise that she would go to the Police if he did not see fit to release me into her custody.

“When he saw the photographic evidence of his perfidies, he capitulated immediately, he was that afraid of exposure!

I, of course, did not know any of this. I was told that I was being sold to a woman and he hoped that she would dispose of me properly!

“I thought he meant she was going to kill me and I welcomed it with an open heart!

“At first I was greatly disappointed when she brought me to the island and told me some of her plans. I was just fourteen and didn’t realize what a magnificent chance she was offering, and I have to admit, I resisted her efforts to heal me for months until it dawned on me that she was not going to hurt me, that all she wanted to do was help me!

“At that point, I broke down and cried while she held me against her breasts. I was worn to a frazzle when I

finally stopped. But when I tried to apologize for wetting her blouse, she smiled and told me not to worry, that she had plenty more that I could cry on whenever I wished!

“From that moment on, I was a changed person. I did everything I could to be worthy of her faith in my abilities and when she told me that I would be a perfect girl for Butch, I didn’t hesitate, I agreed to become a girl without reservation!

“It was the best thing I ever did for myself!” Fairy gazed lovingly at Butch. “I love her,” he stated simply.

“And I thought I had it rough!” Michelle whispered.

“There’s always someone worse off than the worse we can be,” Butch observed. “I thought my life was over when I lost my baby!” She wiped a tear from her eye. “But Ms Koch interfered with my drunken rages and forced me to see things in a different light.

“I would never go back to what I was before for anything!” Her eyes were bright with renewed determination.

“Nor would I!” Big Mack echoed!

“Hey, let’s talk about something else, OK? Sturgis is coming up next month. How about us going?” she asked Big Mack.

“Fine by me, if Ms Koch agrees,” he equivocated.

“You mean you aren’t a sponsor yet?” Butch asked, amazed. “Why she sprung Fairy on me the second day I was here and I couldn’t agree fast enough!” She smiled fondly at Fairy who blushed.

“Nope!” Big Mack grinned. “I’m a tough case!”

Butch smiled. “Yeah, like a marshmallow!” she teased knowingly.

Big Mack just grinned back at her.

* * *

IX

Fairy came skipping down the pathway, his face all smiles, his auburn pig-tails bouncing gaily as he ran

towards the group of girls gathered by the pond, his high heels clicking merrily on the concrete.

“Hey, guys!” he called out in his squeaky almost soprano voice. “Wait up! I have the most fab news! Guess what? Butch and Ms Maxwell are going to Sturgis with about forty or so of their girl friend bikers and she asked me if I wanted to go along and ride on her cunt seat! Imagine that! Butch wants me to be her Biker Bitch at Sturgis! Oh, I am so excited I could just pee my panties!” He grinned, “That is, if I were wearing any!”

“Er, what’s a cunt seat?” Nikki asked.

Fairy giggled. “Oh, I thought everyone knew that! It’s the seat behind the biker where the girl sits, a cunt seat, get it?”

“Oh, I didn’t know. . .” she murmured.

“That’s great!” Michelle exclaimed. “Did you ask if I could go too?”

“Nope, didn’t have to! Ms Maxwell asked first and guess what? Ms Maxwell is sponsoring you now!” he chortled.

“Oh, my, he didn’t tell me. . .” Michelle added.

“Oops! I guess I wasn’t supposed to tell you. Well, when he does tell you, act surprised, OK? Otherwise Ms Koch will whip my poor ass to a fond-fare-thee-well, and that would make for hard riding to Sturgis and all!”

“My lips are sealed,” Michelle promised.

“Gee, just think, two whole weeks with Butch and Ms Maxwell and their buddies and their bitches and I get to be one of them the whole time! I can even wear my raggedy denim short shorts and. . .”

“The ones that show most of your bare ass?” Annette asked enviously.

“Yeah, them ones!” he agreed with a slight blush. “And nothing on top, just my bare tits!”

Fairy was extremely proud of his almost B-cup breasts, topped with long, ringed nipples that had a silver chain connecting them.

Annette shuddered at the thought of being surrounded by forty or more Lesbian Bikers and being forced to associate intimately with them for all that time! But, Fairy, though he had been born a boy and then been extremely feminized by Ms Koch and her

minions, was still basically a boy, a boy minus his testes sac, but with a tiny penis, intact and excitable, as it was now!

Fairy was wearing a micro mini skirt that barely fell to the tops of his smooth, hairless, pink thighs, and when he jumped up and down or twirled or did anything, his flirty skirt flared out alarmingly, thereby exposing his excited string bikini covered underneath to all. This was old hat to Fairy's girl friends, but Michelle felt that someone ought to tell Fairy to be a little less excitable and exhibitionistic around those who didn't know him.

But, not Fairy!

Heaven forbid!

"Did you hear? Melody's new father took her to Milan for the opening showing of his Fall Collection and she is going to be one of the runway models!" Michelle enthused.

"Gee, everyone's getting to do exciting things except me!" Nikki lamented. "All my new daddy promised me was that we would go to a certain Malibu beach this coming summer."

Michelle laughed. "And you're bitching? Goddess, girl you're going to a nude beach in sunny California where you can show your bare Double D-cups to the world!" she pointed out. "What a kick!"

"Yeah," Nikki agreed, "I do like showing them off. But what girl doesn't? I notice you're not too bashful about your daddy pinching your nips!" he teased.

"Yeah, and he doesn't even know that I know he's my new daddy!" Michelle exclaimed excitedly.

"Well, your daddy likes biting your nips," Fairy accused Nikki.

"Yeah, he do like sucking my nips," Nikkin agreed shyly, blushing and hanging his head.

"And bites them too. . . hard!" Michelle laughed. "Don't shit me, girl, I've seen bite marks on them more than once when we shower together!"

Nikki blushed even harder. "OK, OK, so he likes biting my nips! So what? I get even when I bite his hard on when he shoves it down my throat!"

"Wow! I sure wish Butch were hung like that!" Fairy whispered reverently.

“Oh? I thought her dildo was big enough?” Nikki teased. “It’s bigger’n most men as it is!”

“Yeah,” Fairy agreed, a strange light in his eyes. “It’s just right for my tight little boy cunt! I can just feel it right now! Yummy!”

“Jeeze, Louise,” Michelle interjected, “Can’t we ever talk about something other than the size of our men’s pricks?”

“What else is there, girl?” Nikki giggled. “They’re the subject nearest and dearest to our hearts!”

“We could talk about Butch’s hairy cunt!” Fairy whispered softly.

“Hey, can you really shove your fist up her cunt?” Nikki asked breathlessly.

“Both of them,” Fairy admitted reluctantly. “She wants to be stretched out until I can shove my head inside her so she can push me out with her cunt muscles, birth me again, she says!” he added, his eyes shining with dread and anticipation.

“Holy shit!” Nikki whispered in awe. “Are yuh gonna?”

“If Butch wants me to and she can, I will do it for her,” Fairy replied softly.

“How yuh gonna breath if yer head’s stuck up inside her cunt?” Michelle asked seriously.

“I really don’t know,” Fairy admitted. “But that’s OK because I trust her with my life!”

“Seems to me that’s exactly what you’d be doing!” Michelle commented. “Especially if she keeps you inside for more’n three or four minutes!”

“I guess that’s just the chance I’ll have to take,” Fairy exclaimed proudly. “I love Butch and would do anything to make her happy she chose me as her little bitch!” He giggled. “Besides, my head’s quite small in the first place. After all, I’m supposed to be only eleven years old!”

“Yeah, me too!” Nikki agreed.

“In a pig’s ass!” Michelle laughed.

“Oh, I get it, if all around a pig’s ass is pork, what’s its tail?” Fairy asked, laughing.

"I dunni, what?" Nikki asked innocently.

"Mud guard for its asshole!" Fairy laughed. "Ha ha, caught you sleeping on that one!" he teased.

"Pay back's a real bitch!" Nikki snapped. "I never bear a grudge, I just get even!"

"Oh, pooh, and I am so scared!" Fairy teased, "I'm so far ahead of you now you couldn't catch me with your daddy's huge prick!" he taunted.

"There you go again," Michelle complained, "everything always comes back to someone's prick!"

"Oh, ain't it de troot, dearie?" Nikki giggled. "But, like Fairy says, what else is there?"

Michelle shut up because he did not have a ready answer to her taunt.

"Oh, before I forget again, Ms Koch wants to see Nikki toot suite," Fairy remembered.

"Oh, no, here we go again! And, heels clicking in her hasre, Nikki hurried off.

"Bet she gets her fat ass whipped again!" Michelle exclaimed.

"Girl just can't seem to keep her elephant mouth shut!" Fairy giggled.

"What she needs is her daddy's huge prick to suck on, Michelle giggled. "That would keep her mouth shut for a while!"

"I doubt that! She'd find some way to talk!" Fairy observed.

"Hey, Fairy, besides your raggety denim short shorts, what else are you taking with you? I mean, you'll need a party dress, won't you?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah, Butch told me to bring my confirmation dress with us, you know, the white, translucent one that has no liner and shows everything underneath! I can hardly wait to show my ass off in that!"

"You'll be the hit of the ball, Fairy!" Jocelyn observed as she joined them.

"Where's your new daddy taking you this summer, Jocelyn?" Nikki asked.

“I don’t know,” she admitted reluctantly. “He says it’s a surprise. I hate surprises!”

“Can’t be any worse than going on a mule trip down into the Grand Canyon like Melody’s daddy has planned for them!” Nikki continued. “Melody is scared green about riding a mule down the Canyon trail! She hates riding horses even!”

“Me too!” Fairy shuddered.

“And then they’re rafting down the Colorado River and that scares her even more!” Nikki added.

“There oughta be a law!” Fairy reminisced.

* * *

X

Andrew “Andy” Malloware sat on the edge of his bed, his heart heavy from the events of the day. He and his father, Herman Herbert Malloware, had just returned to their home from the funeral that buried their wife and mother, Annette Malloware who had died while on active duty in Iraq.

A reserve Marine Major, she had been killed by an IED just days before she was to rotate back to the States for reassignment.

Her death had hit both survivors especially hard. Andy at age fifteen, was definitely a momma’s boy, one who lived and breathed to please her in any way possible. Herm, her husband, because she was the pillar he leaned on and depended for stability in his life.

Each took her death in different ways.

Herm started drinking heavily, avoiding his business and drinking himself into stupors that lasted for days. He neither knew nor cared about the disastrous effect he was having on his son, leaving the boy to cope as best he could.

Andy took the easy way out. He became introverted to the point outside stimuli had no effect on him. He stopped going to school and as his sixteenth birthday was rapidly approaching, school officials washed their hands of him.

He stayed in his room with his computer, playing mindless games until he would be so tired he would pass out in his chair, to awaken hours later with a stiff neck and a sore body.

He even stopped eating regularly, only taking time out for a sandwich to appease the hunger in his body before going back to his game console and continuing his self imposed road to destruction.

Fortunately for both Malloware males, a doting aunt decided to do something about them. She knew Ms Alice Koch from her own University days and had some inkling of that woman's career choice after graduation.

Timorously, she contacted Ms Koch and in time revealed her concern for these two lost souls. Ms Koch was appalled by the revelation and promised the aunt she would take steps to rectify the situation. How, she did not say, but the aunt was reassured nonetheless.

The first thing Ms Koch did was contact the elder Malloware and through nefarious means, soon convinced him to get on the wagon and stay there. After she left, he remembered her telling him that if he could remain sober and alcohol free for six months, she could restore his happy married life!

In his drunken condition, he did not know what she meant, but his mind was captivated by the thought of regaining his wife!

Subsequently, he did remain alcohol free for the required six months, called the number on the card he found in his wallet and was invited to Charlotte Amalie for consideration.

In the meantime, Andy had been literally kid-napped from his hide away bedroom and brought to Charlotte Amalie where he was placed under heavy sedation while tapes played to his unconscious mind until he became a changed person. He did not realize until years later the depths of the abyss he had fallen into and he was grateful that Ms Koch had seen fit to rescue them!

Upon his arrival at Charlotte Amalie, Herm had been quickly introduced to his female side to which, to his great surprise, he welcomed with open arms! He quickly gained confidence in heels worn with a restrictive corset, nylons and a well padded bra. In the days after he had quit drinking, he had allowed his hair to grow until at the time of his arrival it was a considerable length, so much so that he took to feminine styles easily.

When first introduced to Annette, neither recognized the other for who they really were, accepting what they were told, two persons in need of rehabilitation.

Herm was smitten by Annette from the very first and having gained some insight into the purpose of SOLUTIONS, Ltd., he petitioned Ms Koch to become Annette's sponsor.

After putting the man off for several days, she finally "succumbed" to his please and agreed to let him sponsor Annette.

From thence, they had been almost inseparable, Ms Koch even moving the willing Annette into a small room next door to Herm with the warning that they were not to become intimate. . .

Herm knew what she meant and vowed to remain celibate for the sake of their future.

They grew to love each other deeply, each of them rejoicing in their good fortune and thanking Ms Koch repeatedly for bringing them together.

When Ms Koch revealed to Herm the true identity of his change, he was astounded, and the closer he looked at Annette, the more he realized the close resemblance to his late wife and his love changed from that of a man to a child to a man for a woman!

Annette, for her part, was surprised at the news, but she quickly rejected the father/daughter relationship, insisting to Ms Koch that she wanted to become Herm's wife, to take his own dead mother's place in his father's bed, to be the wife the older man so sorely missed.

For his part, Herm was forced to confront the issue of incest, but reasoned that since the newest Annette was a male in female dress, it wasn't the same thing and the issue soon became a vastly distant memory to each, if thought of at all.

By the time of Big Mack's arrival, Herm had proposed marriage to Annette and thrilled to the core, she had accepted with great joy! Now they were in the final stages of cementing their union.

At Ms Koch's subtle suggestion, Herm agreed to S. R. S. for Annette, reasoning that he was not a homosexual male, but a heterosexual one and heterosexual males had females as their wives!

That Annette was his son by birth had long since been forgotten by both, and when Ms Koch told

Annette of his sponsor's decision to surgically change his sex, he was surprised that such a thing could be done, and even more surprised to learn that once altered he would be a totally functional female, fully able to conceive and bear children!

This was a scary proposition to someone who had not been socialized to be a possible mother at some future time, and at first he had resisted the idea. But, through the use of subliminal tapes played during his sleep, he gradually not only accepted the concept, but welcomed it for his destiny!

Subsequently, just two weeks before Big Mack appeared, Annette became "Annette" for real through the application of modern surgical procedures.

Neither was disappointed at the outcome and plans were being made to unite the two in marriage and leave Charlotte Amalie for reentry into the world outside.

Annette was sad about leaving her girl friends behind, but she took great joy in anticipation of being an "average" housewife and companion to Mr. Herman Herbert Malloware, husband, protector, lover and possible father of her future children!

The couple was deliriously happy with this arrangement, something neither had ever envisioned after the death of the original Annette.

They were planning a long honeymoon in Hawaii...

* * *

XI

Marianne awoke to feel the old man trying once more to enter her rear orifice and she tensed involuntarily, earning a curse from the old man.

For the ten thousandth time she wondered why he even tried. After all, he was almost ninety years old and had been impotent for years before buying her from her former owner.

Marianne could not remember a time when she was not a slave to some man, to be used and abused as that person saw fit with no feedback from Marianne. If she did protest, even slightly, she was beaten into uncon-

sciousness and she often wished she could die to get away from them all.

But, fickle fate was not so kind to Marianne.

Eventually the old man had a heart attack and died while attempting entry and she was beaten almost to death because she had not tried to save him. At that time she was just nine years old.

She had been sold to another man when she was three years old by a mother who only wanted enough money to buy crack cocaine and descent into that oblivion from whence eventually she did not survive. Her pimp merely threw her out of his crib into the gutter where the sanitation crew found her two days later.

But, as is so often the case, no one had seen or knew anything about it. Her remains were unceremoniously buried in Potter's Field and the paper over her grave has long since blown away.

Marianne was, as is noted above, sold to another pimp for the paltry sum of two hundred dollars and even though she was only three years old, he immediately forced his way into all three of her virginities, leaving her shocked and traumatized for weeks after the assault.

Tiring of her quickly, he had sold her to the old man and when he died, the son did not want her and sold her to another pimp who delighted in taking her to death's door, then leaving her to revive before doing it all over again. During this time, Marianne prayed for death's deliverance, but was denied once more.

He would invite some of his trusted friends over to watch her torture, even threatening her with the starring role in a "snuff" film, in which he meant to murder her for his friends' enjoyment. But like his predecessors, he grew tired of her and threw her out into the streets where she subsisted by kiddy prostitution and dumpster scraps.

One day, purely by chance, Ms Koch found her lying on a sidewalk and she determined to help the half-starved girl.

Taken to Charlotte Amalie, fed and groomed and educated, she became a beautiful child who harbored a deep hatred for any male, even the ones who lived as girls on the Island. Eventually she lost her dislike for the other *girls* with whom she was forced to associate, but it was a long time before she forgot what they carried hidden in their panties!

After much soul searching, Ms Koch had called Ms Hellene Schultz and invited her for a visit. When Marianne was introduced to Ms Schultz, that woman was captivated by this winsome girl and immediately became Marianne's sponsor.

In the two years since, Marianne has lost some of her hatred of men except when it came to sex and sexual relations. In the streets she had discovered woman to woman relationships and without any qualms, she became exclusively Lesbian, to Ms Schultz's obvious delight.

They were now inseparable, a bonded pair, devoted to one another.

* * *

XII

To his amazement, Big Mack found himself drawn more and more to the winsome Michelle and one day he discovered that he was in love with the girl! The fact that he was much older than she never entered his mind and when he first took her into his arms and gazed into those deep pools of ebony, he could not resist but bent those last few, fatal centimeters and pressed his lips gently to hers.

At the soft mewl of pleasure that escaped her lips, he pressed harder, greatly surprised when she responded passionately, her arms snaking around his neck as she gave herself up to his advances.

"Oh, Michelle, my sweet darling!" he murmured. "I love you so much!"

"Oh, Sir," Michelle whispered breathlessly, "I have waited so long to hear you say that, because I love you too! I have loved you since the first time I saw you!"

"You did? I never knew."

"Yes, Ms Koch told me to be especially nice to you because she thought you would become my sponsor and."

"Oh, she did, did she?" he asked, surprised. "I think I have been had!"

Michelle giggled. "OH?"



“And I don’t care at all!” he smiled broadly. “You are worth it all!”

“Oh, my darling,” Michelle whispered. “I want to be yours forever!”

“Well, first we have to clear it with Alice, er, I mean, Ms Koch. . .”

“Clear what with Ms Koch?” that lady asked, entering the room unannounced.

“I wish to become Michelle’s sponsor,” Big Mack blurted. “I want her to be mine!”

“Yes? I see. . .” she smiled. “Michelle?”

Michelle curtsied. “Oh, yes, Ma’am, I do!”

Ms Koch smiled. “Well, we’ll save that for later. . .”

At their surprised looks, she added, “The ‘I do’ and all,” she explained.

Both Michelle and Big Mack blushed helplessly, to her great amusement.

“As for sponsorship, it was my intention from the very beginning that you two be paired. It was obvious to me that you were perfectly matched and that Michelle would be an ideal stand-in for your Mickey though she will never be a replacement. Those memories of Mickey will always be with you and you will always treasure them. But, you will forge new memories with Michelle that you will treasure just as much as the former.

“Michelle fits you like a glove. She is extremely articulate, she is widely read, she had a wry sense of humor that is every bit as sharp and biting as yours, she is beautiful, she will become a very accomplished lover and she will never bring you shame nor disappointment.

“In short, Michelle has been tailored to your exact specifications although neither of you shall ever know the depths of preparation.

“It is enough for you to know that you love one another as father to his daughter, and eventually that love will change and become that of a husband for his wife.

“Yes, Michelle, you will say, ‘I do,’ to this man and it will be the happiest day of your life!”

“Oh, Ms Koch!” Michelle exclaimed, “I love you!” She threw her arms around the surprised woman and kissed her fiercely.

“I am flabbergasted!” Big Mack finally managed. “Thank you, dear lady, so much!”

She laughed. “You are so welcome!”

Big Mack hugged Michelle close.

“Come daughter, we have lots to discuss.”

“Yes, daddy,” she whispered, her eyes shining with her joy.

* * *

XIII

“Oh, I am so excited!” Fairy gushed. “Michelle and I are going to Washington with Butch and Big Mack to pick up Big Mack’s racing bikes and take them to Daytona! Oh, I am so excited that I’m going to pee in my panties!”

“Don’t do that or Butch will take them down to spank you silly!” Grace laughed.

“Oh, I don’t care!” Fairy went on. “I’ve never been to Washington nor Daytona! Butch says I can ride her cunt seat when we get there and go racing up and down the beach! Oh, I am so excited!”

The other girls laughed with Fairy, enjoying her excitement and wishing they were the ones who were going to those wonderful places with their men!

That Butch was a genetic girl was never a consideration. As a dominant, she was automatically dubbed male, as was Big Mack who was a genetic male!

Also, that Michelle and Fairy were both genetic boys was never thought of as all were conditioned to accept anyone feminine as girls. Indeed, both “girls” were more female than they had ever been boys! Their long time usage of female hormones had altered their bodies and minds for all time.

And neither regretted it!

As Michelle joined the group, Grace asked, “Hey, Michelle, are you really going to Washington to get Big Mack’s bikes and take them to Daytona?”

Michelle grinned. “Good news travels fast!”

“Fairy told us!” Grace explained.

“That little blabber-mouth! She couldn’t keep a secret if it were tattooed on her ass!”

“Could too, Michelle!” Fairy rejoined.

“Well, be that as it may, we are being commanded to appear before Ms Koch in five minutes.”

“Then you’d better hurry!” Grace admonished. “It wouldn’t do to keep Her Majesty waiting!”

“One of these days, Grace,” Michelle warned with a soft giggle, “she’s going to hear you say that and there will be Hell to pay! She’ll blister your ass until you won’t be able to sit for a month!”

“Not if no one says anything to her!” Grace was defiant.

Fairy and Michelle hurried off to find Ms Koch, finding her seated in the gazebo with Big Mack and Butch. “We came as soon as we heard,” Fairy exclaimed, out of breath from running.

“Come child,” Ms Koch invited, sit here.” She motioned to a spot on the floor next to her left knee. “And you here, Michelle,” she pointed to the other side. Both girls sank down, folding their legs under their thighs and leaning against the woman’s strong, muscular thighs.

Butch smiled. “If I hadn’t seen it, Alice,” she commented, “I would never have believed it possible! Imagine, taking that sorry little sewer rat I found and making such a delightful girl out of it!”

Fairy blushed as he recalled his circumstances before Butch had rescued him from the streets.

“She was a pure delight!” Ms Koch trilled. “I had good material to work with!”

Butch laughed. “Not as I recall!”

“That’s because you could not see below the surface. Her innate beauty and submissive femininity was always there, it just needed expression!”

“And Michelle,” Big Mack agreed. “When I first saw her, I never would have believed my dear daughter lay just below the skin! Truly, Alice, you are a miracle worker.”

“Yes, well, be that as it may. I called you here to ask your plans for your outing with my innocent little girls,” Ms Koch spoke quite severely.

“Why, I have no ulterior motive, Alice!” Big Mac protested. “Butch and I are going to D. C. to get my bikes and haul them down to Daytona for the races. I could go alone, but I thought it would be wise to have some competent help, someone who understands bikes, someone like Butch.”

“And it will be good exposure for the girls,” Butch added. “Besides, I want to see if she’s as eager to show her bare ass off to other bikers as she is to her little girl friends here.”

“I’m sure she will be just as uninhibited there as she is here,” Ms Koch laughed.

“And I want to see how well Michelle has learned to be a doting daughter,” Big Mack added with a wide grin.

Both girls were blushing furiously. They were being discussed, yet neither was an active part of the conversation. It was as if they did not exist!

Butch continued, “I have some teeny weeny bikini swim suits for Fairy. I call them my nickel and dime suits. You know, a nickel over her pussy and two dimes over her nips. Then again, maybe I’ll forgo the dimes!” she threatened, giggling.

“And there’s a certain party in D. C. that I want Michelle to attend,” Big Mack added slyly.

Michelle blushed to her very roots.

Big Mack had described what he wanted her to wear to this party, an unlined, sheer calf length confirmation dress with just a snug waist cinch to hold up her sheer stockings and open toed sandals with four inch high heels on his size six feet, nails painted a bright red!

“She’ll be the hit of the ball! I’ll be the envy of every swinging dick there!” he laughed.

“Oh, I’m sure,” Ms Koch agreed. “Very well, I give my consent for them to go with you, but I warn you, gentlemen, see that no harm comes to either of them!”

Butch glared at her. "No one would dare!" she emphasized.

"Not with me there too!" Big Mack added, scowling. Michelle and Fairy just blushed and blushed.

* * *

XIX

"Heavens!" Butch exploded. "Can't you two sit still? You're as antsy as long tailed cats in a room full of rocking chairs!"

"Yes, Sir," Fairy replied, hiding her face in shame.

"That goes for you too, Michelle," Big Mack remonstrated.

"I told you we should have tied them up and left them in the closet!" Butch groaned.

"I'm beginning to think you were right!" he agreed with a smile.

"Oh, we'll be quiet!" both girls blurted at once.

Five minutes later, both were fidgeting again!

"I am so glad we only have another half hour before we get to the station!" Butch commented.

"Amen to that, brother!" Big Mack agreed with feeling.

Butch just smiled knowingly at him.

"You know, Mackie, it's too bad you're not a woman," she grinned wryly.

"So you could jump my bones?" he asked, laughing softly.

"You betch'um ass, Red Ryder!" she leered.

Mack sighed. "You know, I had one of them when I was a kid."

"One what?"

"A Red Ryder Daisy air rifle."

“A pop gun?”

“Nope, this one shot real b-b pellets. I was a crack shot too,” he sighed in remembrance.

“My folks got me a Dale Evans costume with twin cap pistols. I hated the costume but loved those cap pistols! I remember spending my whole allowance on caps every week and getting yelled at by my parents because of it.

“When I got older and was away from home, I bought a twin holstered rig complete with twin pearl handled Colt revolvers and taught myself to shoot. I’m still pretty damned good at it!” she bragged.

“Butch, we’ve got to find a range and practice!”

“Works for me!” she laughed.

The overhead announcer came on. “We are approaching Dulles International and will be touching down in five minutes. Please have all your hand luggage ready for deplaning. Again, thank you for flying The Islands’ Airlines.”

As always, Mack sighed with relief when the wheels touched down and he relaxed.

Butch grinned at him. “I hate flying too.”

“Oh, it’s not the flying that gets me, it’s that I’m not at the controls!”

“I hear yuh!” she laughed.

“That’s what you get for being a pilot in your previous life!” he bemoaned.

“Or a chopper pilot like I did in The Nam,” Butch added wistfully.

“Hey, I was there too!” Big Mack exclaimed excitedly. “24th Marine battalion!”

“I proolly hauled your sorry ass outta harm’s way lotsa times!” she grinned.

“For that I thank you immensely!”

“Da nada. Hell, I’d a done it even if’n youse guys weren’t pussy whipped by the Cong!”

“They were small but they were vicious bastards!” he reminisced.

“Amen! If’n I had a drink, I raise it in salute!” she teased.

“Hell, if’n I had a drink, I’d drink to it!”

“Let’s find a bar and have a Ginger Ale or two,” she offered.

“Yeah, no more alcohol for me!”

“You got’er, Red Ryder!” she agreed.

Twenty minutes later, they had landed at Dulles and watched as Michelle and Fairy excitedly looked for their luggage on the carousel. Finally, two squeals of delight alerted Mack and Butch to their arrival, and were signaling for a taxi to take them to their hotel.

Upon trying to check-in, they discovered that they had been booked into one room with two queen-size beds and after a moment’s hesitation, realized that this made no difference.

Besides, with the Democratic Convention in town, they were lucky to get this room! Conventions have a way of filling hotel and motel rooms quickly!

The next day, they went to the storage facility where Mack had his bikes and after renting a suitable truck to transport them to Daytona, they had loaded the bikes and were on their way south to the races.

The first night, after a rather short, leisurely drive, they stopped in Richmond and again shared a two bed motel room without comment, all four getting more and more comfortable with one another as time passed. Michelle and Fairy were used to running around naked in front of adults but Mack and Butch were slower to let down their defenses.

The second day, they stopped in Jacksonville, North Carolina where Butch knew some of the marine officers there. That night they stayed in the B. O. Q. at Camp Lejeune.

The next day they took a leisurely drive south on I-95 to Savannah, Georgia and the next day arrived at Daytona in mid-afternoon.

“It’s a good thing I booked a room when I did! These damned bikers have taken everything in sight!” Butch exclaimed in disgust.

“Hell, it’s fortunate you got one with two beds! It’d be kinda crowded with four in one bed!” Mack grinned.

“Naw, we’d let the kids sleep on the floor,” Butch commented, then blushed.

“Is that an invitation, Sir?” Mack asked with a raised eyebrow.

She stopped, looked Mack up and down, then shook her head. “Nope. Yuh hain’t no pussy!” she grinned. “I only like pussies or fairies!” she amended.

“Your loss, my man!” Mack quipped.

“Kiss my big American ass!” she snapped.

“I’ll give you a hundred bucks if’n you drop them jeans right here so’s I can!” Mack teased.

“And you’d be just fool enough to do it too!” she laughed.

“Bet’ch’er sweet ass, Butchie baby!”

“Don’t push yer luck, Maxwell!” she warned.

* * *

XX

“Did you girls have a good time?” Alice asked when they returned to Charlotte Amalie.

“Oh, it was great!” Fairy enthused, jumping up and down with excitement. “I got to ride Butch’s cunt seat in two races and we won both of them going away! Oh, I was so proud of her!”

“Michelle?” Ms Koch prompted.

“It was a lot of fun, especially when we went swimming in the ocean! I stayed in so long I got all wrinkled and then when I laid on the beach to let the wrinkles smooth themselves out, I got sunburned!”

Alice laughed. “I imagine you had several willing hands to soothe lotion onto you?”

Michelle blushed. “Mr. Mack was ever so gentle! I think I am falling in love with him!”

“That’s what you’re supposed to do, my dear,” Alice beamed.

“Is he going to become my sponsor?”

“Would you like that?”

“Oh, yes, with all my heart!”

Alice smiled. “We shall see, Michelle, we shall see,” she half promised.

“Oh, I hope so!” Michelle whispered reverently. “I most assuredly do!”

“Well, off with you two! I suppose you have a million adventures to tell the other girls!”

“yes, Ma’am!” they exclaimed in unison as they turned to run off.

“Oh, to have the enthusiasm of the very young!” she sighed to Mack and Butch.

“Yeah, they about wore us out!” Butch commented, her eyes following the dancing Fairy as she ran to tell all to her friends.

“And you loved every minute, didn’t you?” Alice teased.

“I have to admit that I did,” Mack admitted wryly. “I haven’t felt so close to a girl since I lost my own Mickey,” he sighed in remembrance.

“Is she worth staying out of a whisky bottle?” Alice asked seriously.

“Hell, yes! And then some!” he exploded.

“And you, Butch? Is Fairy worth it to you?”

Butch hung her head. “Yes, Ma’am, she makes me very happy and I love her very much.”

“Then we have done our job here at SOLUTIONS, Ltd. Congratulations, gentlemen!”

“You mean. . .” Mack started to ask.

“Yes, Maxwell, you have been selected as Michelle’s sponsor.” She turned to Butch. “And you, Butch, have been voted as suitable sponsor for Fairy. Again, congratulations on your achievements!”

“I don’t know what to say,” Mack stammered.

“Nor I. . .” Butch added.

“Say nothing, gentlemen. Just keep your innocent little charges safe and happy and we will be more than satisfied. Now, about their surgeries. . .”

“Surgeries?” both asked in unison.

“Why their S. R. S. surgeries to change them into little girls as you requested back in the beginning, unless you have changed your minds and want them to stay castrated boys?” she prompted.

Butch shuddered. “No, I want Fairy to have a real pussy! I want a whole girl, not half a boy!”

“I’d like Michelle to be girl too,” Mack added sheepishly.

“Yes, Michelle has told me that you asked her to marry you and that she wants as tight a pussy as possible for you. I understand from talking to her that you have already taken her first two?”

Mack blushed helplessly. “Well. . . yes. . . in a way. . .” he admitted.

Alice laughed softly. “Either you have or you haven’t. You can’t have it both ways!” she chided.

“All right, so I’ve had relations with her? What did you expect? Putting a girl in bed with a virile Irishman and expecting him to just sleep is like asking the Mississippi River to stop flowing! It ain’t gonna happen, G. I.!”

“No, I suppose,” she mused. “Have you given any thought as to her cosmetics?”

“Cosmetics? What cosmetics?” he asked, puzzled.

“Well, for one thing, she needs her navel relocated. For another, her teeth need to be bucked slightly so as to more closely resemble your late daughter. Fortunately, our Michelle has the same hair color, eye color and skin tone as your Mickey, so we have little to change there. Michelle needs just a slight adjustment in the face to look exactly like your Mickey, unless you don’t want that?”

“No, I’d like Michelle to look as much like Mickey as possible. In fact, I think I shall call her Mickey from now on.”

“That would be a wise decision,” Alice agreed. “Then it’s settled? We are in complete agreement?”

“I guess,” Butch admitted slowly.

“Right on!” Big Mack enthused.

“Then let’s get to it, gentlemen, shall we?”

“Er, we have one problem,” Butch explained. “I sorta promised to take Fairy to Sturgis next month and I’d hate to disappoint her.”

“No problem, we’ll do her when you come back.”

“Good!” It was obvious that Butch was relieved.

“I have pretty much the same problem with Mickey,” Big Mack admitted.

“Another month or two won’t hurt anything. But I must inform you, don’t wait too long. You don’t want to establish too many bad habits in them before they are fully transisted.”

“Yuh, gots a pernt there, Ms Koch!” Butch drawled.

Alice linked her arm through both and walked them into her inner office where they discussed the girls’ future. . .

But, that’s pretty mundane and not really apropos to the story.

Tee hee.

* * *

XXI

“Oh, Fairy, did you hear the good news?” Michelle asked breathlessly.

“You mean about our sponsors?” Michelle was all smiles.

“Yes, isn’t it wonderful?” Fairy gushed.

“I am going to love that man right out of his mind!” Michelle enthused. “I’ll have his prick so sucked out, he’ll waddle for a week!” she bragged.

“Michelle!” Fairy pretended shock.

“Fairy!” retorted Michelle. “I know you’ve been using that vacuum cleaner mouth of yours on Butch’s pussy, so don’t start lecturing me!”

Fairy blushed. “I haven’t either!” she blustered.

“Oh, no? Then why’s your face covered with pussy juice? You may be able to snow the other girls, but I know better!”

“So what?” Fairy retorted. “I love munching her and she loves me between her thighs!”

“Yes, my Mack holds my head so firmly when I’m sucking his prick! I swear, when he comes, he rams that thing right down my throat into my stomach!” Michelle boasted.

“Goodness, I’m glad I don’t have that problem!” Fairy commiserated.

“Problem? Who said it was a problem? It was only a discomfort the first one or two times. Now it’s easier than swallowing milk or juice!” she bragged.

“Braggart!” Fairy scolded.

“Them that can, does and them that can’t, are just jealous!” Michelle teased. “Besides, my Mack says it ain’t bragging if’n you can do it!”

“So when are you leaving?”

“I don’t know. Daddy says he’s got some more business here.”

“Like what?”

“Oh, he wouldn’t say, but it must be important.”

“Butch and I are leaving day after tomorrow,” Fairy confided. “She’s taking me to Sturgis from Daytona on her cunt seat!” she bragged.

“Lucky you!” Michelle replied. “I’ve never been to Sturgis.”

“Me neither, but Butch says it’s a blast! I wish you were coming with us.”

“Daddy hasn’t said.”

“Ask him.”

“All right, I will!”

* * *

XXII

“Sturgis isn’t for another month, Michelle,” Mack explained. “I want to spend some time with you before we’re married and I have had the chance to show you my world. Besides there’re those other adjustments to be made. . .” He was purposefully vague about “other. . .”

“But you promise to take me to Sturgis?” Michelle asked, almost in tears.

“If it means that much to you, sweetheart, yes, I’ll take you to Sturgis!”

“Oh, goody! Fairy will be so pleased!”

“In the meantime, you have a wedding to plan!” he reminded her.

“I would like Fairy to be my maid-of-honor, but she and Butch are leaving tomorrow,” Michelle lamented.

“Oh, they’re both coming back after Sturgis and we can ask them then. OK?”

“You think so?”

“I’ll ask Butch at dinner.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

“OK, I believe you.”

“Mickey, I will never lie to you!” Big Mack declared. “You’re my daughter, my soon-to-be-wife and I love you! I would never take them chance of causing you hurt by lying!”

“I love you, daddy” Mickey whispered, her lips parted and up-turned for his kiss. Her arms slid around his neck and she pressed her immature body tightly against his hardness. “I really love you!”

When they broke the kiss, he sent her out to play with the other girls while he spoke to Butch on business. Reluctantly, she left with Fairy.

“You got something on your mind, Maxwell?” she asked as soon as the girls were out of ear-shot.

“Yeah, in a way,” he admitted.

“Well, spit it out man!” she urged.

“OK, I have been thinking. . .”

“Now that’s dangerous!” she quipped.

“If you keep interrupting, I’ll never get it said!”

“Well, go ahead, ain’t nobody stopping you!”

“I need a partner.”

“And?”

“I’d like you to be my business partner.”

“Me? Hell, I’m just a biker bitch on a Soft-Tail Harley. I don’t know nothing about business.”

“You’re a crackerjack mechanic. I’ll take care of the business and you take care of the bikes and together we’ll make a fortune! We can then buy a small island in the south seas and live like kings for the rest of our lives! Wha’d’ya say?”

“I gotta think on it,” she admitted slowly. “I never thought. . .”

“Neither did I until I met you. Butch, you’re just like me in so many ways!”

“Yeah, it’s scary!” she admitted.

“Anyway, fifty fifty right down the middle.”

“Like I said, I hafta think on it.”

“Don’t take too long because as soon as Mickey has recovered from these surgical procedures Koch wants to do, we’re outta here.”

“Same with me and Fairy,” she admitted.

“I’ve got six racing bikes, none of them Harley’s, but all of them speedy. All they need is someone to fine tune them before every race. I had a driver, but he piled up racing for John Hopkin out on the Bonneville Flats a month ago.”

“I can drive,” Butch announced softly.

“You’ll need a license from the commission.”

“Yuh mean like this?” and she handed him a document.

“You been holding out on me!” Big Mack exclaimed.

“You didn’t ask, I didn’t tell,” she grinned.

“If you weren’t my partner, I’d fire your ass!” he groused.

“If I wasn’t your partner, I’d quit first!” she shot right back.

Immediately, Big Mack shot his hand out and Butch took it in reflex while he shook it.

“I knew you’d see it my way, *partner!*” he chuckled.

“Well, I’ll be hornswoggled!” she exclaimed. “You tricked me!”

“All’s fair in love and horseshoes!” he grinned.

“Welcome to the club, partner!”

“Sum-na-bitch! You took advantage of me!” she growled.

He grinned happily. “Yep.”

“I ain’t never gonna fergit this!” she warned.

“Yeah, you elephants never do!” he teased.

“Elephant? Why you poor excuse for a bike driver, them’s fighting words!”

“OK, I get to pick the weapons!”

“Go ahead, pick!” she challenged.

“Wet noodles at five paces!”

She laughed out loud! “Yer on, Buster!”

The two of them laughed and laughed until their sides ached.

“Don’t make me laugh no more!” Butch begged. “My sides hurt too much!”

“You asked for it, partner!” he giggled, and they were off on another laughing jag.

Mickey and Fairy came running up. “You guys OK?” Mickey asked.

“Yeah, we could hear your yelling all the way out by the pool!” Fairy added worriedly.

“Yeah, we’re all right, girls,” Big Mack finally got out. “Just Butch and me celebrating our new partnership,” he explained.

“Partnership? What’s that?” Fairy asked.

“It’s like being married,” Butch explained. “It means we’re gonna work together.”

“Oh,” Fairy retorted. “I don’t get it.”

“It means that we’re gonna be together, like a family!” Mickey enthused. “You’ll be my little sister!”

“Oh, wow! Really?”

“Really,” Butch laughed. “Except Mack and I will not be sleeping together!”

“Well, not very often, only when we can’t get a room with two beds!” Mack quipped.

“Mister, the only way you’ll ever get into my pants is if I’m dead or dead drunk!” Butch warned. “I’m strictly a lezzy and I only fuck females!”

“That’s what they all say!” Mack teased.

Butch turned to him, her fists balled at her sides. “You want a knuckle sammich?”

“Try it, woman, and I’ll take your britches down and paddle that fat ass of yours good!”

Butch stopped in mid-movement. “I ain’t been spanked since my daddy done it to me when I was but ten years old!”

“Then you’re long over due!” Mack laughed.

“Yeah, could be, but it ain’t gonna happen!”

They glared at one another for a long moment, then Mack’s face broke into a smile and in seconds they were once more laughing hard.

Fairy shook her head in disgust. “What’re we gonna do with these two big lugs?”

“Proolly just love them to pieces,” Mickey replied with an eloquent shrug of her shoulders.

“G’wan, shoo!” Mack ordered. “Us’n’s got thangs tuh disgust!”

Butch shook her head. "Boy, your vocabulary needs work!"

"Ain't it de troot?" Mack needled.

* * *

XXIII

"Oh, just look at all the bikes!" Fairy exclaimed as she and Butch rolled over the last hill and came in sight of the Sturgis Bike Rally. Thousands of bikes were roaring and wheeling and causing the biggest turmoil Fairy had ever seen. "Wow!" she breathed excitedly.

"You stick close to me, girl," Butch ordered. "I don't want nunna them other bitches getting their claws into yuh!"

"No, Butch," Fairy promised. "I'm yours forever!"

"See that you stay that way!"

"Hey, wha'd'ya think?" Mack asked, coming to a stop beside Butch. "God, lookit alla them swinging dicks and them gorgeous bikes!"

"Wow!" Mickey exclaimed.

"Awri', let's make an entrance," Butch declared. "You girls gotch're bikini's?"

"Right here," Fairy enthused.

"Yes, Ma'am," Mickey replied.

"Good! Outta them riding leathers and into the bottoms! Make sure yer asses show and yer baby tits are up-right and proud!" she ordered.

And that was how they made their entrance, both girls standing on the rear foot rests, their hands resting lightly on the drivers' shoulders, their almost naked bodies on full display. There was more than one pair of wet panties and involuntary ejaculations when they were seen. Butch waved at some of her biker dykes and more than one covetous glance was directed at Fairy who ignored everything! She was too enamored of Butch to care about what others might think.

Likewise with Mickey. Big Mack waved to some of his friends and smiled inwardly at their looks of envy. "Eat your hearts out, guys!" he yelled at them.

The next week was a blur of doing and sleeping and racing and meeting different people until both Mickey and Fairy were exhausted.

Finally, the week drew to a close and Butch and her partner, Big Mack got in the wind, headed back to Charlotte Amalie for Mickey's and Fairy's dates with destiny, or in their case, the surgeon's knife!

"Did you have a good time, girls?" Ms Koch asked as the girls deplaned at Charlotte Amalie.

"Oh, it was fab!" Fairy enthused. "All those bikers eating their hearts out over me'n Mickey!" she gloated girlishly.

"Yeah," Mickey agreed. "Their tongues dragged the ground all week!"

"Now, girls," Butch warned, "what did we say about exaggerations?"

"It ain't bragging if'n you can do it!" Mickey exclaimed. "My daddy says so!"

"Hey, I'm just an innocent bystander here!" Big Mack retorted with a sly smile. "You girls are on your own. Leave me out of it!"

Butch laughed. "Ain't that just like a man? Gets things going then runs and hides!"

"I don't see you taking sides!" he growled.

"At's 'cuz ah'se uh female, boy. Ah knows better'n 'at!" she bragged.

"All right! I know when I'm licked!"

"Oh," Mickey leered. "You need licking, daddy?" she asked innocently.

"Now cut that out afore I blister that fat ass of yours!" he threatened.

"I, my dear Sir, do *not* have a fat ass!" Mickey retorted angrily, drawing herself up to her full height of four feet something atop her heels.

"You tell 'im, Mickey!" Fairy urged.

"You could suffer the same fate, girl!" Butch warned.

“Oh, Butchie!” Fairy seemed to melt. “Promise?”

“Gad, what’re we gonna do with this pair?” Butch moaned, rolling her eyes Heavenward.

“Just love them to pieces, I s’pose!” he laughed.

“We could proly manage that!” Butch agreed, laughing.

“Have you decided on the girls’ futures?” Ms Koch asked.

Both Big Mack and Butch nodded.

“Then you are in agreement with our previous discussions?” she continued.

Again, they nodded in unison.

“Good. Girls, off with you while I speak with your sponsors!” she ordered.

“Bye, Ms Koch! Bye daddy!” Mickey exclaimed as she turned to run off.

“Bye, Butchie! Bye Ms Koch!” Fairy echoed as she grasped Mickey’s hand. They ran off laughing as girls do.

“I have scheduled their S. R. S. surgeries for tomorrow and the next day. The surgeon estimates about six to eight hours for each operation, and he suggests at least a week’s recovery before carrying out the rest of their modifications. I assure you, the finished product will be well worth it!”

“I kinda hate for Fairy to be called a finished product!” Butch objected.

“Like wise with Mickey,” Big Mack added.

Ms Koch laughed. “It’s not meant the way it sounds. I merely meant that when they are all healed from their surgeries, you and they will be pleased with the result,” she explained.

“Oh, that’s different.” From both.

“Have you completed your other business to your mutual satisfaction?” Ms Koch asked.

“Yes, and I am happy to get such a willing, knowledgeable partner,” Butch exclaimed.

“Likewise. Butch’s a marvel!” Big Mack enthused.

“Good. Shall we have drink to celebrate?” Ms Koch invited.

“Er, lemonade or ginger ale?” Big Mack asked quietly. “We’re sorta on the wagon, you know, like permanently?”

Ms Koch laughed. “I meant ginger ale or root beer or even ginger beer, if you prefer.”

“Ginger ale or root beer will do fine!” Butch giggled.

* * *

XXIV

“Oh, daddy,” groaned Mickey. “I feel so sore between my legs!” she whimpered.

“That will all fade away in a couple of days, Mickey,” Big Mack soothed. “And when you heal, you will be a proper little girl!”

“Oh, daddy, I hope I don’t disappoint you!”

“You couldn’t disappoint me, even if you tried!” he calmed her fears.

“My face hurts and my belly stings and my ears feel sorta funny like,” she added.

“It’s just the antiseptic wearing off,” he lied.

“Where’s Fairy?” she whimpered.

“She’s in the other bed, sleeping soundly.”

“Is he all right?”

“*She*’s in perfect condition! You and she are now real girls!”

“I’m glad and I’m glad you’re my daddy!” she insisted.

“I’m glad that you’re my own little girl!” he admitted. “I missed Mickey so much!”

“And now I’m Mickey, right?”

“Yes, you will look and act exactly like she did and I will love you forever!” he vowed.

"I'm glad," she replied dreamily, her eyes closing in sleep.

"You have a good sleep, Mickey," he told her, kissing her brow tenderly.

"How's she taking it?" Butch asked, sticking her head between the drapes.

"Better'n I would!" he admitted.

"How's Terry?" she asked.

"Great! She likes being called Terry instead of that other."

"Yeah, she sure does!" Butch agreed.

Big Mack smiled. "I can well imagine! God, what a nickname to have to live with!"

"Yeah, but she didn't really mind it when she was a boy, but now that she's a girl, it just was no longer appropriate for her, don'ch'a know?"

"When are you getting married?" he asked.

"As soon as her doctor says her pussy's ripe for the taking!" Butch admitted proudly. "How about you and Mickey?"

"The same, I guess. We haven't talked about it much."

"Well, neither did Terry and me! I just told her and that was that. I'm the Dyke and she's the Bitch! And she agreed poste haste!"

"Yeah, you can be quite intimidating, Butch," he admitted. "But we all know how soft you are inside, just like marshmallow fluff!" he teased.

"Just so long as she does what I tell her, we'll get along fine as silk!"

"Or so says the Bull Dyke of the woods!"

She grinned. "And don't you ever forget it, Buster!"

"Oh, I am so scared!" he pretended to tremble with fear.

"You're a fucking idiot, you know? Nutz as all get out!"

"Yeah, that's what all the squirrels in the forest say!" he agreed, laughing.



“Jackass!” she taunted.

“Hee haw! Hee haw!” he brayed.

She shrugged her shoulders and parted the drapes to Terry's bed. “Hi, Sweetie,” she cooed. “How're they hanging? You OK?”

At the soft moan, she bent over the recumbent figure. “Now you just rest, baby girl, and when you're all healed up, we'll go for a ride on my Soft Tail!”

“Oh, Butchie, that's what I've got now, a soft tail!” Terry tried to joke, but winced when she tried to laugh. “Oh, my jaw hurts!”

“It's OK, baby girl, go back to sleep. I'll be right here when you wake up.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.” She grinned as Terry closed her eyes, asleep in moments.

* * *

XXV

“Do you, Miss Theresa Joy Hummer, take this woman, Ms Hellene Marlene Schultz, as your lawfully wedded husband, to love her, to honor her, to obey her and forsaking all others, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?”

Terry looked up at Butch. “I do.”

“And do you, Ms Hellene Marlene Schultz, take this girl, Miss Theresa Joy Hummer, as your lawfully wedded wife, to love her, to honor her, to cherish her and forsaking all others, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?”

Butch gazed lovingly at Terry. “I do.”

“Insomuch as Theresa and Hellene have declared their love for one another and have made these vows of their own free will before God and company, I now pronounce that they are husband and wife. What God hath joined together, let no woman put asunder!”

The preacher closed her Bible with a sharp snap. "You may kiss your bride."

Butch turned to Terry, tenderly lifted her veil over her head, bent and kissed the willing girl gently. "I love you, Theresa Schultz!" she whispered.

"Not as much as I love you, Hellene Schultz!" was the passionate reply.

"All right, stand aside and let a real man have a go at the bride!" Big Mack interjected.

"If you can find one," Butch smiled at her grinning best man.

"Well, I'll try!"

"You, my dear Sir, are very trying!" Butch answered peevishly.

"Aw," Big Mack grinned, "you're just saying that because it's true!" He turned, took Terry into his arms and kissed her soundly. So soundly that Mickey interrupted them.

"Hey! Save some of that for me!" she exclaimed.

"Sorry, love, I sorta got carried away."

"You'll get carried away all right if you keep that stuff up!" Mickey threatened.

"Yes, m'love!"

"Humph!" Mickey snorted, "If it wasn't Terry, I'd scratch her damned eyes out!"

"Just wait, Buster! When I kiss Mickey at your wedding, she'll forget all about you! She'll turn lezzy and then where will you be?" Butch needed.

"Kicking your ass!" Big Mack replied with a wide grin.

"Better bring a dozen of your biker friends," she taunted.

"Yeah, to keep me from murdalizing your ass!" he shot right back.

"Oy, vey! Such a grouch!" she giggled.

"Have a drink!" He offered her a bottle of ginger ale.

“Don’t mind if’n I do!” Butch replied, taking the bottle, twisting the cap off and taking a long swallow. “Man! That tastes good!”

“Better’n my pussy?” Terry asked softly.

“Nothing’s that good!” Butch exclaimed, kissing her tenderly.

“So, let’s go. I want to get this honeymoon on the road so’s we can come back and get them properly hitched too!” Terry enthused, nodding at a blushing Mickey and stunned Big Mack.

“Yuh gots hit, baby girl!”

And five minutes later, they were on the bike and long gone.

“I’m going to miss her,” Mickey sniffed.

“Yeah, me too,” he agreed. “Butch, I mean,” he amended as Mickey glared.

“Oh, you’d better mean Butch!” she warned.

* * *

XXVI

“Do you, Miss Mickey Joy Fogarty, take this man, Mr. Maxwell Aloysius M^cCloud, as your lawfully wedded husband, to love him, to honor him, to obey him and forsaking all others, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?”

Mickey gazed up adoringly at Big Mack. “I do.”

“And do you, Mr. Maxwell Aloysius M^cCloud, take this girl, Miss Mickey Joy Fogarty, as your lawfully wedded wife, to love her, to honor her, to cherish her and forsaking all others, in sickness or in health, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, for so long as you both shall live?”

Big Mack looked down at Mickey. “I do.”

“Insomuch as Mickey and Maxwell have declared their love for one another and have made these vows of their own free will before God and company, I now pro-

nounce that they are husband and wife. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!”

The preacher closed her Bible with a sharp snap. “You may kiss your bride, Sir.”

Big Mack turned to Mickey, tenderly lifted her veil over her head, bent and kissed the willing girl gently. “I love you, Mrs. Mickey M^cCloud!” he whispered.

“Not as much as I love you, Mr. Maxwell M^cCloud!” was the passionate reply.

“Stop with the mushy stuff, awreddy!” Butch growled. “I think I’m gonna be sick!”

“Oh, you’re just jealous,” Mickey grinned. She held up her arms. “Kiss?”

In an instant, Mickey was clasped in a bear hug and kissed passionately.

“Hey, now!” Big Mack protested.

Butch gazed at him. “Payback’s a bitch, ain’t it?” And she kissed Mickey again.

“Wow!” Mickey breathed. She turned to Terry. “Is she always like this?”

Terry grinned. “Yep, woman just can’t keep her hands off’n me! She’s worsen’n some damned leech at times. But, I love her anyway, faults and all!”

“Faults?” Butch roared. “What faults! I’m about as perfect as any woman can get!”

“Says you!” Terry taunted, sticking out her tongue.

“You just wait until I get you home, young woman!” Butch threatened.

“Why? So’s you can spank my poor little ass again? You are such a beast!”

“You wait! You just wait.”

“Promises, promises, you’re just full of empty promises!” Terry taunted with a smile.

“Wait! Just you wait!” Butch muttered.

“Where you two headed?” Terry asked Mickey.

“Niagara Falls! Mack says I just have got to see Madame Tussauds Wax Museum. He says the figure of

Marilyn Monroe is so lifelike you want to get right up there and kiss her!" she enthused.

"Oh, lucky you! I wish I could go with you!"

"Maybe we can get our husbands to take us there on vacation?"

"Yeah, I'll start right in on Butch!"

"But what about her threats to spank you?"

"Honey, once I get her behind closed doors and wriggle my cute little ass at her, she'll forget all about spanking it and will be kissing it instead!"

"Oh, Terry, you're awful!" Mickey laughed.

"Yeah, and she loves it!"

* * *

XXVII

"Oh, Mackie!" Mickey gushed. "She's beautiful!" They were touring Madame Tussauds Wax Museum in Niagara Falls, Ontario and had just seen the statue of Marilyn Monroe. "She must have been something else in real life!"

"Yes, she sure was!" he sighed in remembering his infatuation with her when he had been a mere stripling and impressionable to a fault.

"It's no wonder you liked her," Mickey continued. "I just hope that you like me that much!"

"Don't worry, little girl, I'll never love you less than her!"

"Oh, Mackie, you say the nicest things!"

There were several disapproving glances at this man and woman because it was obvious to the onlookers that Big Mack was quite a bit older than his paramour, since they were not a father/daughter couple, people with evil minds will always think the worse.

They went out of their way to garner as many disapproving looks as they could, taking joy in titillating those persons as much as possible.

“Really,” one woman sniffed, “Why he’s old enough to be her grandfather!”

Mickey heard her and smiled evilly, “Oh, but he is my grandfather! Isn’t he just the most you ever saw? I mean, you should get him in bed with you!”

“Well, I never!” the woman huffed, stalking away.

“I can believe that!” Mickey called after her.

“Still riling up the natives, my dear?” Mack asked.

“Only the ones who ask for it,” Mickey smiled.

“Lunch?”

Mickey squeezed Big Mack’s arm. “Oh, I want sausage, *your* sausage!” she teased.

“You are the greediest girl I have even known!” he laughed.

“Well, you asked for it and now you got it. So what’re you gonna do about it?”

“Make love to you as soon as we get back to our hotel room.”

“Let’s go! Time’s awastin’!” she cried.

Back in their hotel room, Mickey went out on their terrace and gazed out at the city far below. That she was stark naked meant nothing to her. “Oh, it’s all so beautiful!” she cried joyously.

“Not half so beautiful as you, Mickey,” he whispered in her ear as he came up behind her, his arms slipping around her torso to cup her baby breasts familiarly. “So nice,” he murmured.

She reached back and grasped his erection that was trying to push its way between her slightly parted thighs. “Hey! Wrong hole!” she chided.

“Depends,” he replied.

“On what?”

“Whether you turn around or stay this way.”

“Oh, you’re just a filthy old man!” she teased.

“Baby girl, you don’t know the half of it!”

She twisted. “Make love to me, Mackie! Oh, please, make love to me?” she begged.

“Your wish is my command, my lady,” he replied as he stooped, gathered her up in his arms and strode over to the bed where he dumped her unceremoniously atop the coverlet.

She watched with veiled eyes as he stripped, then joined her on the bed. “Oh, my dearest!”

“I love you, Mickey M•Cloud!”

“I love you too, Maxwell M•Cloud! Now, fuck me again!”

A quick lunge, a sharp gasp and he was buried to the hilt in her still tight pussy, tears glistening on her cheeks as he entered her.

Mack was very gentle with her, taking his time so that he kept her pain at a minimum until it no longer hurt, but had turned to pleasure, a pleasure she welcomed with all her girlish heart!

Mack did not disappoint her.

* * *

XXVIII

The two couples celebrated their fifth wedding anniversaries by taking their wives to The Falls so both could see the Marilyn figure, then surprised both girls by leaving after the first day and going to NYC to ride the elevator to the top of the World Trade Center where they had lunch in the rooftop restaurant. The girls got a strange sort of lightness by eating so high up over the city, but they knew it was a good feeling because they were there with their beloved husbands.

That was the night Mickey admitted to Big Mack that she was pregnant and would have her child about the first of the year!

Big Mack was beside himself with joy! “You sure, baby girl?”

Mickey nodded. “Yes, I saw the gynecologist right before we left.”

“And you didn’t say anything?” he demanded.

“I told Terry.”

“That’s like telling the Sphinx!” he stormed.

“That’s nothing,” Terry smiled as she turned to Butch. “I’m pregnant too.”

“What?” Butch was stunned. “How? When? Who?” she demanded.

“Your brother’s sperm, last April, by proxy. . . artificial insemination.”

“And you didn’t tell me?” Butch stormed.

“I told Mickey.”

“Damn! A pair of mutes! Can’t trust either one of them to be honest, especially with their loving husbands who do everything to make their lives a bed of roses!”

“Roses have thorns,” Mickey teased.

“You know what I mean! Why, I oughtta paddle both your behinds!” she threatened.

“Best ass you’ll ever get, Butchie!” Terry teased.

“Sum-na-bitch!” Big Mack exclaimed with a glad whoop.

“In spades!” Butch echoed.

* * *

XXIX

Big Mack was dancing with his wife at the New Year’s Eve party when she gasped and fell against him. “What’s wrong, Honey?” he asked, voice full of concern.

“I think my water just broke,” she admitted.

“Dammit! I told you we should have stayed home!” he raged. “How far apart?”

“A couple of minutes,” she admitted.

“Good God! It’s coming!” he shouted as he gathered his wife into his arms and rushed to the front foyer where he got her into a taxi immediately. “St. Joe’s and step on it!” he ordered the startled cabbie.

Ten minutes later, he was carrying her into the hospital emergency room, yelling, "Get Doctor Bloom! My baby's having a wife!"

"Doctor Bloom is with another patient," a harried nurse tried to explain.

He grabbed her arm. "If you don't get that fucking doctor by the time I count ten, I'll wreck this fucking place! Do I make myself clear?" he growled menacingly.

"Yes, Sir," the frightened nurse replied. "Right away, Sir!"

Another nurse came from behind the desk. "Mr. McCloud, is it? Put Mrs. McCloud on this gurney and we'll wheel her right into the delivery room."

"Thank you, Ma'am," he replied, the relief in his voice evident.

Another nurse tried to stop him at the double doors, but he brushed by her as though she were no more than a straw in the wind. "Sir! You're not allowed back here!" another nurse tried.

"Where she goes, I go. If you don't like it, go to Hell because I'm going anyway! Got it?"

"What I mean, Sir, is that you're not sterile! You'll have to wash up and put on scrubs!"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" he growled.

Five minutes later, he entered the delivery room and immediately went to Mickey's side. "I'm right here, baby girl!" he whispered.

"Oh, Mackie! I'm so scared!" she admitted.

"I'll be right here the whole time, baby girl. You just go ahead and do what you have to do. OK?"

"I'll try," she whispered.

"You'll do more than try, girl!" Dr. Bloom boomed upon entering. "We've been over all this a dozen times or more. You do what I say when I say to do it and we'll be out of here in a jiffy!"

She looked at Mickey's wide spread crotch.

"My good God! Why did you wait so long to bring her in, dammit?" she raged at Big Mack.

“Hell, I brung her as soon as she said her water broke,” he alibied.

“OK, everyone, here it comes!” Big Mack couldn’t see what she was doing, but he saw the baby when she held it high, slapped its bottom briskly and a loud wail of protest filled the room.

“Well, I be durned! Maxwell, meet your new son! He’s a beauty and he’s perfect!”

“Natch, Doc, Mickey had him, didn’t she?”

“She sure did!”

“May I hold my son?” Mickey asked weakly.

A nurse placed the new born baby on Mickey’s chest and the baby snuggled against its mother instinctively. “Oh, he’s gorgeous!” she exclaimed. “Look, Mackie! I want to call him Maxwell Aloysius McCloud, Junior.”

“I can live with that,” he agreed, wiping her forehead gently.

“OK, Mack, get out now. We’ve got things under control and you are no longer needed. You’ve done enough dirty work for one night!” Dr. Bloom scolded.

“Hey, look!” a nurse cried. “One minute after midnight! The first New Year’s baby of 2001!”

“Born exactly on the hour,” Dr. Bloom enthused. “What’re the chances? Now, get out!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied sheepishly, turned and left.

‘I’m a daddy again!’ he whispered reverently to himself.

It excited him almost as much as it had when the first Mickey had been born!

‘God, I am so lucky!’ he thought. “I gotta call Butch!” he chortled happily. “We beat her!”

But Butch didn’t answer her phone.

* * *

XXX

Butch didn't answer because she was all tied up in a separate delivery room at St. Joe's where her beloved Terry was also giving birth!

And, like Big Mack, Butch refused to stay outside the delivery room, bullying her way bodily through security and nurses and orderlies to remain at Terry's side.

"But, Ma'am!" protested a very tiny nurse. "You can't go in there. Please!"

"The doctor sez I can!" Butch snorted, attempting to get around the tiny nurse who seemed to be everywhere at once. "Now get oudda my way!"

"Yes, Ma'am, but you're not sterile! You don't want to give the baby or the mother a germ that might kill them, do you?"

Butch stopped dead in her tracks. "Hell, no!" she roared.

"If you'll just come with me, we'll get you all scrubbed up and into a set of greens and then you can go in. OK?"

Butch gazed at the tiny nurse and her face brightened up immediately. "Well, whyn't you say so in the first damned place?"

"I tried, Ma'am," the girl replied, "but you wouldn't listen."

"Sorry. So let's get me scrubbed up. I wanna be with Terry!"

Ten minutes later, Butch was standing by Terry's side, holding her hand and whispering soft reassurances in her ear.

"Oh, Butchie!" she cried. "I am so scared!"

"It's OK, baby girl, I'll be right by your side the whole time. You just do what you gots to do and it'll all come out OK!"

"Lord, I hope so!" Terry declared weakly.

Butch blushed at her unconscious pun.

“All right, boys and girls!” Dr. Melrone exclaimed as she entered. “Let’s go to work! How’re things looking up there?” she asked a nurse.

“Seems to be all right to me,” she replied.

“OK, let me look.” She bent down, “Hmmm, ah yes.”

“She OK, doc?” Butch asked, greatly concerned.

“Hunh? Oh, Mr. Schultz. Yes, she’s in good shape. Should be no prolem atall!” she smiled.

A nurse gasped. “Doctor? She’s dilating!”

“All ready? You sure?” She looked into Terry’s wide spread crotch. “Well, I be damned! The little bugger just can’t wait! Hey!” she gasped, reaching forward quickly. “Got’cha!” she chuckled. “I ain’t never lost a kid yet and you’re for sure not gonna be the first one!”

She held the newborn up by the ankles, gave a sharp slap on its bottom and was rewarded by a loud, protesting cry!

“My good God!” Butch exclaimed. “I’m a father!” and she fainted dead away.

“Congratulations, Mrs. Schultz,” she whispered to Terry, “you’re the mother of a bouncing baby girl! You should be very proud of yourself!”

“May I hold her?” Terry asked weakly.

“Of course.” She placed the baby carefully on Terry’s chest as her arms held the baby tenderly. “Oh, she’s absolutely beautiful!” Terry cried as tears rolled down her cheeks. “She’s beautiful!”

“And born right on the stroke of midnight! What’s her name?” he asked.

“Hellene Mickey.”

“Welcome to 2001, Hellene Mickey!” She glanced at Butch. “Someone better wake Sleeping Beauty up so she can welcome her new daughter!” she laughed.

A shaken Butch sat in a chair beside Terry, looking hungrily at her new daughter. “Why ever did you name her Hellene?” she demanded. “I hate that name!”

“Nonsense,” Terry soothed her husband. “It’s a very strong name and I like it!”

"You'll have your way anyway," Butch grouched.

"I usually do, husband mine!" Terry teased.

"May I hold her?"

"Certainly. Just be careful of her head."

Butch gazed into soft, brown eyes and she felt such a rush of love that she almost fainted again! "You are the most beautiful baby in the world!" she exclaimed.

"Blurple gurgle," the baby burped.

"Look! She's smiling at me!"

"Gas," Terry assured her.

"Like Hell! That's a smile if I ever saw one!" she retorted. "Hi, little Hellene Mickey. Do you mind if'n daddy calls you Mick?"

"Bbbrrruuuuppppp!" Hellene Mickey replied and spit up all over Butch's shirt front.

She laughed. "Now that's what I call a rave review!" she laughed.

For an encore, Hellene Mickey repeated, "Bbbrrruuuuppppp!" and once more threw up all over Butch's shirt.

"You gotter baby girl!" she exclaimed, handing her back to Terry. "I gotta go call that fucking Big Mack and rub it in 'cause we beat him to the punch! Easiest grand I ever made!" she chuckled as she raced for a telephone.

Terry smiled indulgently, bared her breast and held her daughter close to her waiting nipple. Hellene didn't waste any time but latched on to her food like a little leech!

At that moment, Terry could not have felt happier if she had won the lottery!

* * *

XXXI

"Whaddaya mean, you won?" Butch roared. "I tell you, my daughter was born straight up midnight, the

first baby of 2001! Beat that, you horse's ass!" she jibed.

"Yer fulla shit, as usual, Butchie Boy! Mickey pushed little Maxwell Aloysius McCloud II's crib forward threateningly.

"Hey! That's my son you're manhandling!" Mickey exclaimed. "Out! Out! Both of you, out! Take your damned arguments somewhere the babies are safe!" she ordered angrily.

"Yeah," Terry added to the confusion, "Out! And stay out!"

Pussy whipped, two husbands slunk sheepishly from their own home.

"Damn them anyway!" Terry growled. "If I weren't married to Hellene's father, I'd throw her out on her damned ear!" she stormed.

"Me too!" Mickey agreed. "Imagine, using our babies as swords!"

"Well, I won't have it!" Terry was still angry.

Outside, Big Mack turned to Butch. "What'd I do to get them so riled up?"

"Proly when you tried to use little Max as a baseball bat!" Butch laughed.

"Fucking women anyways!" Big Mack grouched. "I wouldna hurt 'im!"

"She din' know that."

"No, guess she din'" he agreed.

"Gawd, now I'll have to kiss her ass from here to Kingdom Come before she forgives me and lets me back in the house!" Butch moaned.

"That damned Mickey's the same way! Damn! Who promised to love, honor and *obey* whom in them wedding vows anyway? Damned sure t'weren't me!" Big Mack declared pettishly.

"Try'n tell them that!" Butch laughed.

"Damned women!" he repeated.

"You can say that again!"

"Damned women!" Big Mack obliged.

He looked at Butch when she began to laugh heartily.

“What?” he demanded.

“You are so literally predictable!” she gasped.

“Ah, screw you, Butchie.”

“Best piece of ass you’d ever have!” she laughed.

“Better’n Mickey? Naw, never hopen, G I!”

“C’mon, let’s go have a Root Beer to drown our sorrows!” Butch invited.

“Now yer talking my language!” Big Mack’s countenance brightened significantly.

And there we will leave our happy(?) households for the nonce. After all, even married couples deserve some privacy and consideration.

Don’t they?

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