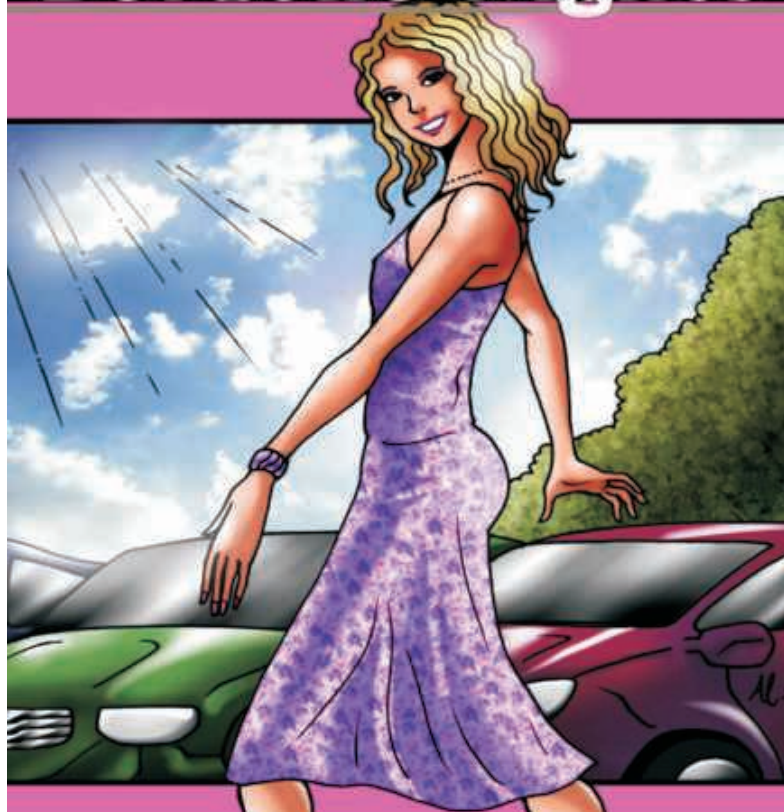


Plantation Days Bordello Nights



William Kincaid



A "New Woman" Novel



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Plantation Days; Bordello Nights

By William Kincaid

Dr. Michael Brooke, the curator at the Parker Plantation Historic Site and Museum located on the banks of the James in Virginia, couldn't make sense of the package of the applicant that he was about to interview. Susanna A. Hairston applied for the job of costumed docent at the main plantation house, a highly desirable position in which the girl portrayed an ante-bellum Southern belle in all her glory. Typically the applicant's packages looked like they were applying for a Miss America Pageant, complete with head shots, full body shots, modeling history, and an extensive list of community and school leadership positions. Miss Hairston had none of that, only an elegantly composed cover letter, and a resume

that indicated that she had been home schooled and accepted for this coming school year on a full scholarship to William and Mary. She had to have something going for her, and Dr. Brooke was curious to meet the applicant.

Ten minutes later, a quiet knocking was heard on the door to the office and Dr. Brooke cheerfully ordered the person to come in. Miss Hairston was a cute blonde, 5'6", slender, and demurely dressed in a long blue skirt, black flats, a white blouse with a princess collar, a pearl necklace, small pearl earrings, and a blue headband that matched her skirt. She appeared nervous and timid, but had a hopeful smile on her face.

"She has potential," Dr. Brooke thought to himself. "So Miss Hairston, what brings you here to P2HSM?"

Miss Hairston looked puzzled for a second, then her smile broadened in recognition of the informal designation of the historic site. She gave an extensive history of the plantation, said she loved history, and would welcome the opportunity to work with someone as respected as Dr. Brooke.

"At least she did some actual independent research," Dr. Brooke thought. "Usually the girls expect to dazzle me with their looks and wardrobe."

"So, what do you know about my writings?"

Miss Hairston looked nervous again, stumbled on her words, then answered, "I read your book on the Second Battle of Parker Plantation when I was applying for the docent position but honestly, I disagree with your account of Colonel Davis's counterattack." Susanna felt immediately that she had put her foot in her mouth, "I'm sorry."

Colonel Francis Davis was the youthful regimental commander of the 75th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry and had led a successful counterattack against the charging Confederates after the Union line had collapsed and was on the verge of being driven into the James River. At the climax of the battle, with victory won, Colonel Davis and his Sergeant Major, Donovan Buckley, both holding the regimental colors, disappeared in a red mist when an exploding shell from a Confederate cannon burst in their midst. Both would posthumously be awarded the Medal of Honor. A painting immortalizing the two men was prominently featured in Dr. Brooke's office, and their medals were on display in the museum.

Rather than being affronted, Dr. Brooke laughed. "This girl absolutely can't lie." He smiled at Susanna, "Don't apologize. So why do you think that, Miss Hairston?"

Still frightened, Susanna knew she had to state her case intelligently. "Well, nobody from the 75th Massachusetts wrote anything officially about the attack because the Colonel was dead but accounts from four other regiments all say they participated. I don't believe them. I think they were all just trying to get a share of the glory. I think you rely on them too much because it was all you had."

Dr. Brooke laughed again, "Very interesting theory, it's too bad we can't ask Colonel Davis." He was definitely warming to Susanna.

Susanna smiled broadly. "Yes it is."

"So, Susanna, can you tell me about your full ride to William and Mary? That is very impressive. You know I went there as an undergrad."

Susanna's expression again changed from cheerful to fearful. She hesitated, but then visibly steeled her resolve.

"It's a scholarship awarded to transgendered students."



Dr. Brooke took the revelation in stride, without breaking his smile. “That explains everything,” he thought to himself, and looked at Susanna with greater scrutiny. “Her hands are slightly bigger than normal for a girl but will look perfectly delicate with lace gloves. Otherwise it looks like her transition has proceeded very well. She’s a jewel in the rough and a brave young lady.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Quit apologizing and don’t you worry about it all. That is for me to worry about. I am thoroughly impressed. There is one thing though.”

“Yes?”

“You don’t have a deep enough Southern accent and what we do here is present an idealized, sanitized interpretation of history for the masses, just like Colonial Williamsburg down the road. Agree with it or not, that’s how we survive and it does introduce people to their historic past. I want you to go home and in the next two days watch *Gone With the Wind*, *Jezebel*, *Steel Magnolias*, *Forrest Gump*, and *Fried Green Tomatoes* as often as you can. Call me back Wednesday night with a voice laced with mint juleps in the moonlight and you have the job. Then come by Friday to get your dresses sized. It was a true pleasure meeting you, Susanna.”

Susanna was breathless driving her RAV-4 with the College of William and Mary decal on her way back to her dormitory in Williamsburg. She had a single room in the gender neutral dorm for summer school, and was hoping to get a head start on her freshman year. Now she was on the verge of getting a job, a job as a girl.

Tim had approached his parents prior to the start of his junior year of high school and told them of his desire to be a girl. Rather than the expected drama, his parents were profoundly hurt, but quietly took in the news and requested that they talk to him the following day after they had time to process it. The next day, Tim's mother said she would cut back her hours as a partner in a high profile Arlington-based law firm so that she could home school Tim in order to give him a safe environment. Tim's parents scheduled appointments with therapists, and soon enough Tim was taking estrogen to develop womanly curves, although he was still rather slender. Tim's parents had one additional request, the right to re-christen their new daughter as Susanna Augusta Hairston.

The home schooling had given Susanna a much needed cocoon to transition. Susanna was a natural introvert, however, and her isolation and new identity made her shy and apprehensive around people. Hopefully, though, this new job would help her come out of her shell.

"So, Dr. Brooke, have you selected somebody for the docent position yet? I had Mrs. Brown on the phone and she is hoping you will choose her daughter, Catherine," George Butler, the Chief Executive Officer asked.

Dr. Brooke's boss, George Butler, was an incredible ass. He still referred to him in all formality as Dr. Brooke even though they had worked together for ten years. "Yes, I have, Susanna Hairston."

"But, isn't she the...?"

"The what, George? The shemale? The tranny? The chick with a dick? Yes, and she is also an intel-

ligent and charming young woman who will be a great asset to the site, especially with all the archives that have just been dumped in our lap. You know better than to start with me about the transgendered issue. Plus, I am tired of having these divas every summer coming to work late or drunk or not at all, not lifting a finger to help, fucking in the antique beds, and thinking that they are all going to be the next Vivien Leigh. It's Miss Susanna Hairston for the season, get used to it."

"Fine, I will call Mrs. Brown and make up some exalted title for the Independence Day Dance which I will offer to her daughter. You don't know how hard I work."

Dr. Brooke knew how hard his boss worked for two hours a day. Originally from a rough neighborhood in Philadelphia, Dr. Brooke had earned a Harvard PhD in historical preservation and carried an impressive resume of renovation projects in America and Europe. He loved working in Europe where nobody really cared that he was African-American, and had participated in restoration work at Versailles, Rome and Florence. His wife, however, missed America, so Dr. Brooke moved her and their son Eugene back to the states and took a position at the Parker Plantation on the James River.

What he found was a crumbling manor house and land overgrown with trees and brush, while the extensive Civil War fortifications were disappearing from sight. After years of labor the P2HSM was a viable attraction, but Dr. Brooke knew that it had far greater potential, a potential that his boss George Butler failed to realize.

The following Thursday, Susanna stepped into her dressing room, smiled and pinched herself.

“Could this be real? Am I actually going to be a Southern belle?”

Susanna had been a very modest dresser, never wanting to call attention to herself, but now she would be all dolled up and in the public eye. She couldn't wait to get dressed and removed her slacks and polo shirt, then stripped entirely naked, except for her joy.

The museum had a laminated notebook that instructed the prospective Scarlett O'Haras on how to master their attire. Susanna first put on a pair of silk bloomers, covering her dangling cock, which she felt was now of very little consequence. Regardless, she never had to worry about bulging in this costume. Next she pulled on her white silk stockings with garters that made her legs look truly inviting. Susanna then stepped into her white high-heeled boots, stringing the laces through the numerous eyelets until they were secure. She then eyed the corset with dread. Dr. Brooke told her that fashionable young ladies could be cinched down to eighteen inches but to do that Susanna would need a rib removed. She positioned the corset around her midsection, exhaled, and tightened the laces.

“The price of Nineteenth Century beauty,” she joked to herself after she caught her breath.

The hoop skirt came next; Susanna felt positively alluring in her state of undress. “Maybe someday a man could see me like this,” she mused.

The dress was stunning, white silk with purple bows and trim, with a matching sun bonnet, and white gloves. Almost finished, Susanna noticed a gift wrapped in antique-style paper and a gold ribbon with the name Susanna written by a quill pen on an

attached note card. She unwrapped the gift, and the present took her breath away. It was an antique lace cameo choker.

She looked at the interior of the note; it was from Dr. Brooke. "I am sure you will entirely justify my confidence. Believe in yourself."

Susanna then selected a parasol to match her dress, twirled it, and posed in the mirror until she noticed the clock on the wall. She was running late.

Susanna hurried from her dressing room but she absolutely had to see Dr. Brooke first. She knocked and entered his office, glowing with enthusiasm. Susanna was positively giddy.

"Dr. Brooke, I would like to thank you so much."

The curator smiled, "You will be terrific. Just remember, it takes a few tours to get your groove."

"Thank you. Thank you."

Susanna skipped along the paved walkway from the museum building which housed the administrative offices and dressing rooms, past the tents and artillery caissons and field pieces of the Civil War encampment to the restored stately manor for which she was now responsible. She opened the door, did a walk-through to verify all the furnishings were in good condition, logged the temperature and humidity,, then waited on the porch for the 10:00 tour.

The group assembled on the steps, two Asian couples, and a family of five on their way to Virginia Beach. Twirling her parasol, Susanna greeted her first tour group with a voice laced with mint juleps in the moonlight. "Good morning y'all. I am Miss Susanna Augusta Hairston of the Parker Plantation. Please make yourself welcome in our lovely home. I

will be delighted to answer any questions that you may have.”

Eight tours later, Susanna walked back to the museum building in a warm spring evening. The birds sang and the fireflies blinked. Susanna was never happier in her life, she thought to herself as she changed into her slacks and polo shirt and headed back towards Williamsburg.

Each day for two weeks, Susanna couldn't wait to get to work, thrilled at the prospect of wearing a new dress and feeling more and more alluring each day. When people failed to appear, she would pore through the boxes of archival material that Dr. Brooke had given her to study. The boxes contained collections of old tintypes and newer photos, numerous letters, business receipts, and newspaper accounts.

One set of letters, strung together in a worn, faded, red ribbon particularly caught Susanna's attention. The letters were from Missy Hawkins, a slave who had lived on the plantation during the Civil War, but had learned to read and write after the war. Dating from the 1870s and 1880s, the letters constantly referred to the girls who worked for Ms. Hawkins in the house and to unnamed gentlemen callers, as they were euphemistically referred. The Parker Plantation was a bordello.

Not sure of her theory, Susanna researched the history of the site, looking for corroborating evidence. The Parkers abandoned the site in 1862 after McClellan's army landed on the Peninsula at For-

tress Monroe, leaving the manor under the care of Hawkins. The enterprising and intelligent slave apparently then converted the building to a bordello that served both the Confederate and Union armies. Hawkins continued her enterprise for the next thirty years, recruiting girls from the local colleges, and some from even the finest local families to work for her. At her death, over forty ladies aged from their teens to their fifties honored her at the funeral, giving Hawkins a massive tomb with a marble sarcophagus and a triumphant angel.

The Parker Plantation actually was a bordello and fashionable young ladies worked there as whores for wealthy gentlemen. The thought teased Susanna, intriguing her as she conducted tours through its many rooms, or leaned against the porch railing enjoying the surroundings. She tried to imagine herself as one of the whores, waiting in the parlor like a beautiful ornament, flirting with a handsome stranger, then giving herself over in wanton fury in the privacy of her bedroom. Susanna's budding lust became a distraction when a handsome man appeared for a tour; she occasionally would stumble on her words, but in a charming way that made her even more endearing to her public.

Living a cloistered, protective life had inhibited Susanna's libido, but now she felt it flowing ever faster, as a river that had been flooded beyond its banks with recent snowmelt. She had to do something. Susanna knew of an adult novelty shop nearby that she had never considered going to in the past. Nice girls didn't do that. But the current carrying her psyche in its grip was not nice and demanded an outlet.

As if it had a mind of its own, the RAV-4 drove to the store one night after work, leaving Susanna sitting frightened in the parking lot. “What if my teacher or somebody I know is in there? What if the FBI keeps tabs on the customers? What if a local news crew is doing an expose on the shoppers? What if the cashiers look on me like a pervert?”

Susanna drove away but in ten minutes found herself back in the parking lot in tears. She let out a deep breath and entered the store as if she was walking to her execution. A heavily tattooed and pierced girl of about twenty gave her a cheerful greeting.

“Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Oh no, just looking, but thanks.”

The front of the store had lingerie on the racks and in boxes and Susanna perused the selections, becoming aroused at the thought of donning some of the ensembles. Susanna, however, had an objective, and eventually walked into the room containing what she sought.

Butt plugs and dildoes filled the shelves and counters in the smaller room, intimidating Susanna with the myriad of selections and the massive sizes. She finally selected a mid-sized butt plug, and walked to the cashier and her impending doom.

“You are going to need some lubricant for that, you know.”

“Oh.”

“Yep. Unless you want to kill yourself. Here, try this, and use a lot of it.” The girl handed Susanna a tube of clear gel.

“Have a great night,” the sales girl chirped, “but I know you will.”

The sales girl was wrong. Susanna did not indulge that night. She brought her discreetly wrapped brown paper bag to work the next day. Stripping nude, she lubricated the plug and placed it on a chair. She positioned herself over the butt plug and squatted down. Susanna felt a sharp, burning pain, which quickly subsided into an overwhelming pleasure. With the plug impaling her and emanating pulses of lust throughout her body, Susanna struggled to remain coherent enough to dress herself for work.

The day was one of tortuous pleasure. Susanna’s body shuddered, her eyes bulged, her breath escaped, and her cock constantly released underneath her hoop skirt as she attempted to escort the tour groups through the house. Her historical knowledge became jumbled and confused when she answered the guest’s questions: “Yes, George Washington fought here against the English and the Russians; yes, John Smith married Pocahontas in the home; yes, Thomas Jefferson spent a month drafting the Declaration of Independence here; and yes, Bigfoot was regularly viewed on the property since the 1600s.”

Susanna closed up the plantation house and shamefully made her way back to the museum. As she passed the woods on part of the old battlefield, her spine went cold with dread. She felt like she was being watched and ran the quarter-mile back to the museum as fast as she could in a hoop skirt, corset, high heeled boots, impaled on a butt plug.

Two pairs of spectral eyes observed the young lady’s panicky flight back to the safety of the mu-

seum. One pair of eyes was brown, kind, strong, but sad. The other set of eyes could flash as green as the Emerald Isle from whence they came and were perpetually laughing.

“Can you believe, Colonel, that they just kicked us out of Heaven?” Sergeant-Major Donovan Buckley rhetorically asked. “Me and the missus were tying one on, and I smelled a fight brewing.”

“You have gotten in a fight every night that you have been in Heaven since 1864. I guess that is an Irishman’s idea of Heaven. But I am happy that your wife came to you upon her demise.”

“It’s not a big thing, Colonel. I met her right outside the pearly gate while I was chatting with Pete. I saw her and told her, ‘I have been waiting for you for fifty years, now make like a good woman and forget about those other husbands you had. Get me a beer and be prepared for some Buckley loving.’ How could a lady of quality resist? And you, dear Colonel. Is your idea of Heaven studying in the library for a degree you can never obtain and working as a lackey in Justice Holmes’s law firm?”

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes had once been Lieutenant Holmes of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry and a friend of Colonel Davis until the latter was killed in action at the Second Battle of Parker Plantation.

“To believe that lawyers still practice law in Heaven, and that there is work to keep them all busy.”

“People complain about lawyers until they need us. Besides we did help you and your wife obtain that home overlooking the ocean.”

“Many thanks, Colonel. So what do we do now that we are walking among mortal men again?”

“I want to see what has changed since that explosion.”

“I know what hasn’t changed now that I am back on earth, my ears can’t stop ringing.”

The two Union army phantoms waited for night-fall, enjoying the chirp of crickets and the soft glow of the sky at sunset. They then walked along the trail until they came to the Civil War encampment.

“I wish our equipment looked so neat and tidy, Colonel. I guess they are trying to represent a non-fighting unit with all these clean white canvas tents and soft army blankets.”

“Who would pay money to see us as we really were, Sergeant-Major? A group of filthy, half-starved vagabonds and thieves.”

The pair walked around the historic site for over an hour, marveling at the sleek and shiny horseless carriages with the rubber wheels that left the asphalted marshaling yard at impossibly high speeds. The specters even saw the pretty blonde girl drive away. She looked much calmer than before. Finally, the two phantom soldiers came upon an ivy-covered brick wall with an iron gate and a United States flag flying inside the enclosure. The two phantoms instinctively knew what lay inside and felt compelled to climb the wall. On the other side lay rows of weathered white tombstones, many with familiar names, names forgotten for 150 years but now remembered, and two tombstones with names that were horrifyingly familiar.

“I didn’t think they would find enough of us to bury.”

That night, while the dead soldiers lay sleeping on the damp leaves, they felt something they had not felt in 150 years. They felt cold.

Wearing a deep blue dress to match her eyes and going bareheaded, Susanna walked to the plantation house the next morning. She did not feel the same dread as she had the night before. Occasionally, she would feel bursts of anxiety that she attributed to hormonal imbalances as the estrogen fought to win mastery over the testosterone. Last night was probably one of these episodes.

Susanna sweated in her dress, vigorously fanning herself while she stood on the porch waiting for her first group. She decided that she would go for a run that night after work as the evening promised to be beautiful and she would work up a sweat. The girl needed to clear her mind after yesterday's debauchery.

Changing into a pink Parker Plantation T-shirt and William and Mary running shorts after the site had closed, Susanna briskly ran along the trails, through the battlefield, and around the field fortifications. She felt the same feeling of being watched, but brushed it aside tonight. The run was invigorating and she had to stop being afraid of everything.

"I can't believe what young ladies are wearing. I have never seen so much flesh," Buckley grinned.

Continuing her run over a mile away, Susanna didn't hear the mirth of the two resurrected soldiers. But she did hear the sound of horses in traces and metal wheels bearing on her from behind. She leapt

off the trail a second before a Union artillery limber and cannon sped by her with the horses at full gallop.

“Clear the way, you fool girl,” one of the drivers shouted.

“Idiots,” Susanna muttered. “This has got to stop.” Susanna then noticed that instead of the bronze barreled smoothbore cannon, the gun crew trailed a black iron, rifled piece. She needed to tell Dr. Brooke the next day that she thought the new cannon was pretty cool, but that the re-enactors were out of hand again. Bruised, with skinned knees, Susanna made her way back to the car.

“I like the new rifle cannon for the gun crew, but they need to be more careful, they nearly ran me over,” Susanna announced to Dr. Brooke, while wearing a white dress with lavender trim and matching sun bonnet.

“What new cannon? I didn’t authorize one. Are you sure?”

“I know the difference between black and gold.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure.”

“I will talk to the re-enactors and tell them if it happens again, I will kick them off the property.”

During a battle 150 years earlier, a Union gun crew was ordered to gallop close to the Confederate line by an overzealous infantry officer. The crew did as ordered but as they came well within range of the Confederate infantry, a volley rang out and the limber instantly came to a stop. Every horse, driver, and cannoneer was dead from multiple gunshot wounds, frozen in their positions on the limber.

Now, Dr. Brooke knew from years of experience, that the crew and horses were starting to unthaw.

Three days later, on a balmy June evening with the crickets chirping, Susanna escorted her last tour group onto the porch, wishing them a pleasant evening, when she saw Dr. Brooke walking up the path with a large bag of Kentucky Fried Chicken in one hand and a bottle of bourbon and two tumblers in his other hand. Susanna smiled at his approach.

“Where are you going with that?”

“You are going to join me for the show. I hope you love Jack and the Colonel.”

Susanna looked at the ground.

“I love the Colonel, but I’m too young to drink.”

“Not in the nineteenth century.”

“But it’s the twenty-first.”

“Only for about another twenty minutes. Come on, let’s get to the rear balcony. This chicken is getting cold. I am so happy I get to finally share this with someone who will appreciate it.”

Susanna and Dr. Brooke sat on a table on the balcony, enjoying the Original Recipe, cole slaw, and mashed potatoes. Susanna gulped a shot of bourbon and started coughing.

“Sip it. Slowly.”

Davis and Buckley leaned against the rail observing the diners, but the close proximity to whiskey was too much for the Sergeant Major. He walked up to the table and dipped his finger in Susanna’s glass and then licked it. It tasted like whiskey.

“That’s not supposed to happen,” Buckley mused. He then jokingly placed his hand in the big

bucket of chicken at the same moment Susanna reached for a thigh. Sensing a sudden chill, she drew her hand away but Buckley felt the residual heat emanate from the grease. "Something is wrong. Ghosts don't feel heat."

A solitary gun shot split the evening air, followed in quick succession by twenty more shots in a grove of trees a half-mile up the river. Susanna leapt in fear but Dr. Brooke casually sat munching on a drumstick and sipping his whiskey. Exceptionally familiar with the scene developing before them, Davis and Buckley peered intently upriver at their comrades-in-arms.

"Welcome to the Nineteenth Century, Miss Hairston, the First Battle of Parker Plantation. The ghosts show up every year on the anniversary."

"But there is no such thing as ghosts."

The ghosts laughed at that one.

The battle became more defined with each gunshot. Lines of blue soldiers could be seen feverishly firing in the clearing while billows of smoke appeared above their heads. Columns of infantry hurriedly trotted towards the woods, while artillery batteries unlimbered their cannons and fired at the Confederate lines barely visible in the trees. A staff officer rode in front of the onlookers so that Susanna could clearly see his face.

"That's Morrison," Davis remarked. "He was killed at Gettysburg."

"He looks fit to me, Colonel."

A whistling sound passed a foot overhead, further startling Susanna who started to scuttle inside.

“Relax, Susanna, that is as close as they come, I have seen this for fifteen years and they always follow the exact same pattern. As the Confederate lines get closer, the trajectory of the bullets drop and start to tear up the west wall. We will be fine, even for that cannon ball that buries itself in the roof, although it scares me every time.”

Susanna sat back down and observed the spectacle in awed amazement. A Union gunboat appeared billowing coal smoke from its smoke stacks and opened fire with its huge cannons, the shells howling with an air ripping shriek.

After five minutes of firing, blue-clad soldiers began to stream singly and in groups from the firing lines, stumbling towards the mansion. Soon, Susanna saw crimson stains on their uniforms; they were wounded, some horribly disfigured from bullets to the head. The injured men collapsed on the opposite side of the plantation house, and started to softly moan, a cry which could be distinguished from the din of battle.

Susanna’s eyes started to tear, and Davis looked warmly at the young lady. Having witnessed numerous engagements, he preferred to gaze upon Susanna, watching her quietly steel herself to the horror she was witnessing. He had seen the same sight many times as his men stood in line with loaded rifles, preparing themselves for an upcoming battle. “She has a lot of strength inside, and a lot of tenderness.”

Under the tremendous pressure, the Union lines broke and the soldiers ran towards the mansion in a rout, with the jubilant Confederates on their heels, shooting down the retreating Yankees by the score. The soldiers ran through the artillery batteries,

which remained static, waiting for their brethren to clear their field of fire. Once the last blue-clad soldier passed through in panic, the two batteries opened with canister rounds, obliterating the Confederate lines, which were reduced to gray and butternut figures writhing on the ground, or still as death.

Another Confederate line advanced and fired a volley at the Union batteries, cutting down the cannoneers at their guns. The drivers on their horses tried to remove the cannons, but one limber team lost every man and horse in a deadly volley. The Confederates had won the field and triumphantly advanced to the house even as the gunboat shifted its fire at their advancing ranks.

“The Confederate lines are moving along the river; if we go to the front balcony we can see them pass close by,” Susanna excitedly remarked.

“I’m sure we could, but I never go on the front balcony.”

A glow emanated from the West as the sun started to set behind the trees. As the light started to fade, so did the battle, until all its traces were gone and only the crickets could be heard in the moonlight.

Susanna let out a huge sigh and her strength collapsed as if a marionette’s strings had been cut. Dr. Brooke embraced her and cradled her like a child.

“Come on, it’s getting late. I know it looked bad but I wanted to show it to you. I would like to invite you to dinner at my place. I have never invited one of the belles to my house before tonight, but it seems there is a first for everything. And please

don't feel the need to bring anything. I hope you like seafood."

The RAV-4 arrived in front of a lavish, painstakingly restored turn of the century brick house overlooking the river in Yorktown.

"Welcome, Miss Hairston, to our humble abode."

Susanna wore her usual polo shirt, khaki slacks, and Skechers, but encountered a woman in her late-40s, wearing a gold blouse, black slacks, and gold spiked pumps. Expensive jewelry completed an exquisite look.

Dr. Brooke smiled, "this is my daughter, Saffron Miles."

Saffron rose from her chair, smiling warmly at Susanna.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Susanna. Dad missed the most significant part of the introduction. I used to be called Eugene Brooke. It looks like we have a lot in common."

In addition to the steamed blue crabs and clams, Susanna drank several beers as she enjoyed the company and the conversation. "I'm getting worse and worse; first adult book stores, and now whiskey and beer," she smiled.

Saffron noticed the smile, "How do you like working at the Parker Plantation?"

"I love it. In many ways. Your Dad is terrific to work for."

"You are the best docent I ever had. You care about the place and the history and it shows."

"She is also adorable, Dad."

Susanna blushed.

“Susanna is helping me with some historical research about the Plantation. We received a huge collection of archives from a benefactor who had them in the family’s private collection. Susanna has promised me a full-blown report at the end of the summer, that she plans to use at William and Mary in her American History course. Well, young lady, any groundbreaking discoveries?”

Susanna blushed and looked down at the red-shelled crab on her plate, which menacingly returned her stare.

“If you haven’t found anything yet, I understand. Historical research can be hit or miss. You just need to go where the facts take you.”

“I believe that the Parker Plantation was used as a bordello from 1862 until about 1895 from what I can determine. It was the most celebrated house of ill repute in Virginia. I discovered it through the letters of Missy Hawkins, the house slave that served as its madam during the time after the family abandoned it when McClellan’s army landed on the Peninsula. Apparently she had tremendous charisma and recruited some of the finest young ladies in the Richmond area to work there during Reconstruction.”

Energized at the news, Saffron exclaimed, “We should turn it back into a bordello, for historical accuracy. Dad, I am volunteering as your madam, and I am sure Susanna here would be one of my fine young ladies.” Saffron stared directly at the shy young girl, and saw what she was hoping for, a deep fear of actually doing it, tempered by a soft, barely discernible arousal.

“Well, young lady, I guess I can count you in.”

“I can’t do that.”

“Of course you can. You will be incredible.”

“Excuse me,” Dr. Brooke interjected, “we are not turning the manor house into a bordello.”

“Not without more girls we’re not. I’ll start recruiting right away. We will need a website too, for marketing. Have some glamour shots taken of our girls, starting with Susanna.”

Susanna looked like a deer in the headlights. “She is serious about turning the plantation back into a bordello and me into a whore.”

“No need to be frightened, girl, you will have me looking out for you. Dad, you have been complaining for years about your budget. Now you have a golden opportunity to increase revenue and you’re blowing it.”

“A golden opportunity to lose my job and go to jail.”

“I promise you. The board of directors will think you’re a hero by the time this gets up and running. Besides, the police have better things to do.”

“The answer is no.”

“Well what about the other ideas we have had? You never took those up either, and they would bring in money.”

“What ideas were those?” Susanna asked.

“We were going to have a picnic and feast each weekend in the summer. Chicken and pork barbecues, fish fries, oyster roasts, crab feasts, horse-shoes, 19th century baseball, even concerts. Dad is just too lame and lazy to stick his neck out anymore, except for hiring you.”

“Those are great ideas,” Susanna confirmed.

“See. At least try one thing and see how it works.”



“I’ll be happy to help.”

“Enough on this. I have been there for almost thirty years and found that place a dump. I think I have done all right.”

“You could do really better, and Susanna, so can you. Meet me tomorrow for some shopping. It’s time for your close-up.”

“Uh, OK.”

The next Saturday night Susanna looked in the mirror in Saffron’s bedroom and could barely recognize herself. She was speechless. The figure in the mirror was stylish and sexy, gorgeous, irresistible, and it was her, Susanna Hairston, shy nerd and virgin. Susanna wore a short, sassy, red dress with matching spiked pumps, gold hoop earrings, and a gold cuff. Her fingernails and lipstick complimented the dress, and her eyeshadow gave her a sultry, seductive gaze. Susanna twirled on her heels and laughed, then modeled her dress.

“Very nice,” Saffron beamed. She placed a small tube of lubricant and a half-dozen condoms in a red leather clutch purse and handed it to Susanna, whose joy collapsed into nervous fright.

“If you own a sports car, you need to take it out for a drive. We are not going to waste that dress.”

Saffron and Susanna sped to a gay nightclub and restaurant in Saffron’s Jaguar and were soon seated at a dinner table. Saffron ordered a chardonnay, but Susanna was underaged and had to settle for a ginger ale.

“You look adorable tonight. The men will eat you up like a biscuit,” Saffron exclaimed, seeing the shy girl’s arousal start to flicker into life at her words.

Susanna didn't answer, but instead sipped from her ginger ale.

"So how do you like my Dad? He likes you a lot."

"He's terrific. And you two are incredibly close."

"We weren't always that way. He hated me as Saffron, didn't speak to me, until Mom died in the accident. That brought us back together. It was better to have a transgendered daughter in his life than nobody. He and I basically restored the house in Yorktown by hand. He bought it cheap and we spent three years refurbishing it."

Susanna rose her glass of ginger ale in a toast. "Here's to family."

"To family," Saffron repeated, her cool demeanor choking up for a second. "I just wish Dad would take up some of our ideas; it seems like he has given up and is just waiting around for retirement. Parker Plantation could be an incredible place. It has so much to offer, but don't worry. You and I will have our bordello soon enough, I promise you."

Susanna squirmed. "Ok."

"You can't be afraid of sex much longer. You are a pretty girl and you need to learn how to be a woman. Do you know that I once slept with ten local guys at the plantation barn? I had secretly been on hormones for over a year and I looked pretty damn hot. It was fantastic."

"Do you think I could be woman enough for that?" Susanna meekly but hopefully asked.

"Think you can? I *know* you can. I look at you and see one white hot babe. Sizzling. Your days of bordellos and gang bangs will come, but let's just get you laid first. Ok, darling? It is tough enough

finding a good man. Anybody under twenty-five is just too immature to deal with a girl like yourself so that eliminates the guys your age.”

The shy, innocent girl and her poised, confident mentor relaxed at dinner, and talked about their past lives, fashion, men that Saffron had known, hopes for the Parker Plantation. Finally Saffron saw what she was looking for and focused her gaze like a red tailed hawk looking upon a mouse in a meadow.

“Hello, handsome.”

Susanna’s gaze followed Saffron’s until she saw a tall, well-dressed man in his late-30s confidently walk up to the bar. Sensing the women’s gaze on him, he turned towards Saffron and Susanna and smiled. He beckoned a waiter to him and talked to him while looking directly at Susanna. The waiter walked up to the table.

“Ladies, the gentleman at the bar requested that he purchase you each a drink.”

“I’ll have a chardonnay and the young lady here will have a ginger ale, straight, on the rocks.”

“The lady lives dangerously.”

“I try to hold her back, but what can you do.”

The waiter returned with the drinks and Saffron held her glass up to the handsome stranger, who acknowledged the go ahead signal by advancing on the ladies.

“Mind if I join you?”

“Certainly. I’m Saffron, and this is Susanna.”

The man sat next to Susanna. She held out her hand to him and he gently took it in his own.

“Very nice to meet you, I’m Jeff McMahon. I’m a federal agent in DC. “

“So what brings you down to Richmond?”

“I was hoping to meet ladies like yourself. I don’t shit where I eat.”

“Such a way with words,” Saffron teased.

“Sorry.”

“No need to apologize, we are not looking for a gentleman tonight. We are looking for a man to de-flower Susanna here.”

Grinning wickedly, Jeff looked directly into Susanna’s eyes. Susanna looked down in fright but then raised her head, met his gaze and delicately licked her lips. She felt bolts of electricity spark through her body and a tingling in her ass. She wanted this.

“How could I get so lucky?” Jeff asked, as he fondled Susanna’s inner thigh.

“Yes, I definitely do want this,” Susanna thought.

Two hours later, Jeff stood with Susanna in front of the mirror in his hotel bedroom. Susanna saw the look on her face and shivered, she looked wanton. Jeff embraced her, his hands wandering until they settled on her bottom, roughly kneading it in his hands. Susanna gasped, but felt thrilled at his dominance. She had brought forth his lust, like he was stoking hers. She stood as tall as she could in her heels, opened her mouth and kissed him soulfully, surrendering herself to her passion.

Jeff unzipped Susanna's dress and let it tumble down her supple body, leaving her in a matching crimson bra and panties she had purchased at Victoria's Secret. Susanna glanced at herself and felt a surge of confidence intermingled with burning lust. Sensing her heat, Jeff lifted Susanna in his strong arms, carried her to the bed, and gently lay her down. He then pressed his face against her inviting breasts, rising and falling in breathless anticipation, pushed aside her bra, and suckled on Susanna's nipples. Susanna moaned and pressed his head tightly against her body, as he continued to savor her breasts. Jeff pleased Susanna for several minutes until he pulled her up and repositioned her on all fours on the bed. Susanna would be deflowered doggy style like his bitch.

"In my purse, please."

Taking the hint, Jeff opened the dainty clutch purse and retrieved the lubricant and the condoms. He lubricated the fingers on his right hand, and pulled down Susanna's panties with his left.

"Please be gentle."

Jeff scoffed, "Sorry, no can do." He then slapped her smooth ass.

"Mmmmm."

Jeff poked his index finger through Susanna's rosebud, causing Susanna's heart to skip a beat, before she moaned in pleasure. A man was violating her interior and she loved it.

Three more fingers were added in quick succession, probing deeply, and prepping Susanna's ass for cock, real cock, a man's hard cock. Susanna heard Jeff unzip his pants and looked over her shoulder to see Jeff's ample maleness jutting wick-

edly from his groin as if it had a mind and hunger all its own. The serpent would soon own her.

Susanna wanted nothing more intensely in her life. She pushed herself against Jeff's crotch and felt the head at the entrance to her ass. It pushed against her well-lubricated rosebud and ground into her with an inexorable force that burned in pain. Susanna screamed, shrieks of pain transforming into shrieks of lustful pleasure and intense desire.

"Fuck me, fuck me, please."

"And you wanted me to be gentle," Jeff laughed, as he savagely thrust into Susanna's ass. "This girl is a screamer, just the way I like it," Jeff thought to himself, as he continued his relentless assault on the girl's interior.

Liberated from thought, Susanna's body threw itself on the cock that impaled her in a frenzied rhythm until the thrusting was broken as if Jeff had hit a brick wall. A primal shout emanated from Jeff, while Susanna released onto the bed and then collapsed into unconsciousness.

An hour later Susanna awoke, finding herself in the protective embrace of her lover. She turned and kissed him on the forehead.

"You know, Saffron gave me six condoms."

A very tired but blissful Susanna sat next to Saffron at the Colonial era church in Williamsburg for Sunday service. In contrast to the short red dress from the night before, she now wore a demure, white flower print dress with a short-sleeved blazer and white high heeled pumps. Saffron glanced at her protégé and smiled, Susanna was emerging from her cocoon as a beautiful butterfly.

“What should we pray for?” Susanna whispered.

“For forgiveness of last night’s sins and for the bordello.”

“But...”

“But nothing, darling, all things are possible with God.”

Susanna strolled to the mansion, radiating pure joy, which Davis and Buckley could not help but notice. After viewing Susanna, Davis felt something he hadn’t in a century and a half. The pair made their way through the woods, with the Colonel out in front. Davis persisted with the inane habit of moving low lying branches out of the way, although in his spectral form he shouldn’t have to worry about solid objects. He looked down and saw himself holding a long branch in his hands, laughed at himself for being so foolish, then let it snap backwards.

The branch hit Sergeant Major Buckley square in the face. He shouted and toppled over. Colonel Davis, then went to the side of his fallen comrade.

“Damn it. Would you be more careful, Colonel? How long have you been in the Virginia woods to know not to do something like that? Look at my nose, it’s bloody.”

A hush fell over Davis and Buckley. Ghosts don’t get knocked over by tree branches. Ghosts don’t feel pain. Ghosts don’t bleed.

“Begging the Colonel’s pardon,” Buckley requested, before slugging his superior officer in the face. Colonel Davis fell backwards with a shout and a curse on his insubordinate Sergeant-Major.

“Tarnation, Buckley,” Davis shouted, but then the two broke into a deep and hearty laugh. They

slapped each other on the back, kicked each other's shins, and pinched each other's cheeks. They were alive and the pain felt rejuvenating, but in an hour their mortality challenged them in a familiar way.

"I say we be honest with the girl. Besides, what lie can we tell her? That we are a couple of those play actors who have somehow become lost and have been wandering the woods for days without food? Who on earth would take us in on so pathetic or ridiculous a story. I tell you, being alive is capital, but I am starving."

"All right, Sergeant-Major the truth it is."

Susanna calmly sat on the porch fanning herself, waiting for the next tour, when two men dressed as Union re-enactors approached her. "Oh, no. They always try to trip me up on the facts and hit on me in the same breath."

"Excuse me miss," the younger, clean-shaven man in the colonel's uniform said, "could we talk to you for a minute?"

Susanna vaguely recognized the man's features, both of the men's features actually, but could not place the context.

"Certainly, sir," she beamed, always the cheerful Southern belle.

"You seem like an intelligent young girl, we have regularly listened to your tour and we don't expect you to believe what we are about to tell you, but we assure you it is the truth, and I can prove it. We need your help."

"Ok." Susanna looked guarded, but was still willing to cooperate.

“I am Colonel Franklin Davis of the Army of the Potomac, and this is my Sergeant-Major, Donovan Buckley.”

Susanna condescendingly smiled, “You never know what schtick the re-enactors will give.” She sniffed for booze, but smelled none, instead these two were actually quite rank.

“You don’t believe us, and that is fine. But we are who we say we are, and you are Susanna Hairston. You work for Dr. Michael Brooke; not two weeks ago you sat on the balcony with Dr. Brooke and witnessed the First Battle of Parker Plantation.”

“How do you know that?”

“You even had fried chicken and mashed potatoes made by that Reb Colonel,” Buckley interjected.

“The Reb Colonel? Oh, Colonel Sanders. He didn’t fight for the Confederacy. But how do you know?”

“We sat on the balcony with you. You couldn’t see us because we were spirits then.”

“Sip it, slowly,” Buckley added.

“You’re perverts, a pair of stalkers. I am going to call security and get the police.”

“I told you she wouldn’t believe our story. Hell, I wouldn’t.”

“Maybe we have to be more convincing, Sir.”

Colonel Davis took off his shirt to reveal two ugly scars from severe battle wounds; he then lifted up a pants leg to show a third, from a Confederate minie ball.

“I got the leg wound and the one in the side at Gettysburg, the other at Antietam. Now, nobody in

their right mind would do something like this to attempt to prove a lie.”

Buckley then dropped his pants, to reveal an uncircumcised cock, which made Susanna lick her lips, and an ugly, open wound in his pelvis which made her gag.

“I still have the minie ball in there from Mine Run. Now do you believe us?”

Susanna became deeply frightened and tried to run inside, but the Colonel grasped her arm.

“We are not going to hurt you at all, Miss Hairston. We need your help. We haven’t eaten in almost 150 years and are famished. Please,” Davis’s tone softened in an attempt to soothe the frightened girl.

“We have a small cafeteria in the museum building, just sit tight here and I can bring you back some burgers and fries and chili dogs, plus some Cokes.”

Colonel Davis laughed, a joyous, youthful laugh.

“Do you really expect us to believe that you will return, Miss Hairston?”

“Miss, trust us, we aren’t going to hurt you. Besides we see people dressed up in uniforms all the time coming and going around here. It’s just like 1864, isn’t it, Colonel?”

“Just like ’64,” Colonel Davis laughed the same beautiful laugh again.

“I have a tour group coming in ten minutes. You can wait here, then I will take you to get some food.”

“These cheeseburgers are capital,” Sergeant-Major Buckley declared with a satisfied belch after eat-

ing his fourth. “Plus what do you call these triangle things.”

“Doritos.”

“Truly a taste worth dying for,” Buckley joked.

Having engulfed his third foot-long chili and cheese dog, and his second large cup of root beer, Colonel Davis studied Susanna, who was continually looking at a security guard with an apprehensive look on her face.

“Young lady, you will have a difficult time explaining your situation to that guard over there. Besides, we absolutely mean you no harm. We do ask that we lodge with you tonight as we would much prefer that to sleeping on the ground. I am sure you understand.”

Susanna looked like she would burst into tears. “But I’m not allowed to have overnight guests in my dorm room, especially men. I could get in trouble with the school.”

Sergeant Buckley laughed, “Child, we will bring you nothing but trouble, but the Colonel is right. We mean you no harm. I also suspect that you are not the first young lady to have men stay overnight in her room. I think you will be fine, and we will be the soul of discretion.”

Buckley’s words and cheerful demeanor calmed Susanna. “Before we go tonight to campus, I have something to show you. I am sure you will like it.”

Five minutes later, the bloated soldiers stared at their posthumous Medals of Honor.

“Wouldn’t you know it? We’re heroes, Colonel. The wife better show me extra respect when I get back to Heaven.”

Colonel Davis couldn’t say a word, but stared at the medal awarded to him after his death. For once an awardee would know of the nation’s posthumous gratitude. He felt tears in his eyes, something else he had confined to his previous existence, but were now coming back.

An observer of Dr. Brooke, who noticed the three in the exhibit hall while making his rounds, would recall that he acted as if he had seen a ghost, for he knew he actually had. “This is getting more and more interesting every year,” he muttered back in his office.

Susanna drove the two soldiers home that evening, terrifying both of them by the 75 miles-per-hour speeds she hit on I-64. Neither of the two had ever traveled at speeds over a third of what they were now doing and they continually felt they were on the verge of crashing. When they emerged from the RAV-4, they both looked as white as the dead.

The three walked to the back of the dorm, trying not to arouse more suspicion than two men in well-worn Union army uniforms warranted. They finally came to Susanna’s dorm room; when they entered they thought they had entered the local zoo. A half-dozen stuffed animals greeted them with mute stares and smiles; a bear, kitten, seal, beaver, otter, and an elephant.

Buckley joked, “I’ll be sleeping with the elephant tonight. I never saw a real one. Only the metaphori-

cal ones on the day of battle from here to Gettysburg. That is if you don't mind, Miss."

Susanna smiled. She then made the second bed up with sheets and a blanket, stripped her bed and put fresh sheets on it.

"And where do you propose to sleep, Susanna?"

"I was going to sleep on the floor with my Thermarest and sleeping bag that I use for camping."

"Absolutely not," Davis snapped in his best officer-sounding voice. "A gentleman does not sleep in a bed while a young lady sleeps on the floor."

Susanna let the two prepare for bed, while she changed in the bathroom into her full-length pajamas and turned the light out so she could modestly reach her own bed.

The next morning Susanna was running late to work because Buckley could not tear himself out of the hot shower, a truly Heavenly experience. He sang the Garryowen and Irish love ballads until finally Susanna flushed the toilet multiple times, causing the gallant Sergeant-Major to beat a hasty retreat.

"Here is \$20.00 for breakfast and lunch. There is a cafeteria in the main courtyard. I will bring back dinner and some clothes from Goodwill. I am going to work now and I will ask Dr. Brooke if he can hire you on so you can get some money. We need a place for you to stay and money for food."

Dr. Brooke smiled at Susanna. Wearing a beautiful pink dress and bonnet, she asked if he could hire two acquaintances.

“I suppose I will have to pay them under the table,” he grinned.

The following day the two applicants presented themselves to Dr. Brooke, Colonel Davis wearing blue jeans and a Yankees t-shirt, while Buckley sported a Notre Dame jersey. Conventional wisdom would maintain that the circumstances of arising from the dead after 150 years and asking for employment would be the foremost issue in the two soldier’s minds, but conventional wisdom is based on current thought patterns. What was salient in both soldier’s minds was they were asking for work from a well-educated African-American who had a Harvard diploma on his wall and comfortably sat behind a desk.

Dr. Brooke grinned while he looked to the painting of the battle on the wall and back to the subjects of the art seated before him. He did it again, then once more for good measure, until both of the soldiers felt uncomfortable.

“You two look shorter in real life, and skinnier. I pulled your Medals of Honor off exhibit,” he said as he handed them their country’s highest award. “If you choose to donate them back to the museum, that’s entirely up to you.”

“Now this issue of employment. Neither of you have Social Security cards, or any proof of U.S. citizenship that places you in this century, and have probably never paid income tax. Yes, before you ask, income tax. So here is my offer. I have a discretionary fund I can use for special projects; you will be hired on as historical consultants, as I do intend to converse with you to a great extent. At the same time I have a desperate need for workers right now. Colonel, I am sure a fellow Harvard man can quickly

learn the intricacies of a weed eater and a lawn mower. But before that, I actually need some trenches dug. We are making a reproduction of the fort's earthworks so the kids can run up and down them and play, without damaging the real thing. We have shovels in the maintenance shed. Here is the plan.”

Invigorated by actual vigor and no stranger to quickly digging trenches, the two made incredible progress, feeling the Virginia sun beating warmth back into their reconstituted bodies. Susanna brought them both lunch consisting of hamburgers and chili dogs, and bottles of Mountain Dew and Pepsi. She lingered, smiling at Colonel Davis, who returned the smile back, and ensured that he had time to glance at her breasts, which she had pushed up in her dress to reveal the most cleavage possible.

When Susanna departed to go back to her tour guide duties, Buckley confronted his Colonel. “Yes sir, she is a beautiful and charming young girl. But how do you propose to provide for her, with no identification such as this ‘Social Security’ card? You went to Harvard a long time ago, and now it looks like we will eke out an existence digging ditches or maybe working our way up to washing dishes at a restaurant.”

Colonel Davis thought about Buckley’s words for over half an hour as he dug the trench and threw the dirt on the parapet. “When I rallied you and the rest of the men who were skulking along the riverbank, our prospects looked dire, but we prevailed, and I intend to prevail with young Miss Susanna

Augusta Hairston. She is the one I have been waiting for for 150 years.”

Susanna did not even care how Colonel Davis would provide for her. Susanna was in love, in love with a gentle, refined, and handsome man who had the heart of a lion. A hero. A Medal of Honor winner. She skipped back to the mansion and thought about him every minute that she was not escorting tours. All thoughts of working in the mansion as a whore for Miss Saffron disappeared in her romantic musings.

Susanna hoped that he liked her breasts and thought she was pretty. Her body yearned for his touch and desired to be deeply impaled on his manhood in a consummation that would bind them together forever. She would use every bit of feminine charm she had to win her man.

Davis and Buckley waited at the car for Susanna to get changed from her Southern belle costume and drive them to their apartment. She emerged from the administrative building and took Davis’s breath away. Susanna wore a short, peach-colored, cotton summer dress with matching pumps and had done her makeup to match. She looked devastating as she strolled through the parking lot to her target. Miss Saffron’s tutelage, a new wardrobe, and Jeff’s ardor had given her a vast new sense of confidence in her feminine desirability.

Viewing the approach of the lovely apparition, Davis stood as immobile as a statue at Gettysburg, when Susanna gave him a delicate hug and a polite kiss on the cheek.

“I was planning on taking you two for pizza tonight. I hope you like it.”

“It’s a good thing we are digging ditches, otherwise I would get as fat as a politician,” Buckley announced, after eating a whole Meat Lover’s pizza by himself.

Susanna had never seen anybody devour a pizza like Buckley; the 21st century menu agreed with him. She sat across from Davis and stole glances in his eyes as they shared a Canadian bacon and mushroom pizza. Once, their hands reached for the same piece and brushed against each other. Electricity shot through their bodies, when the circuit had been closed by the not-so-inadvertent contact.

Davis and Susanna pulled their hands away but continued to make eyes like school kids until Davis saw something on the restaurant wall that he had never noticed before: a television. The screen, however, had something on it that looked vaguely familiar.

“Are they playing baseball?”

“Yes, of course. I guess it barely looks recognizable.”

“And all those people are watching a baseball game?”

“It’s our national past-time. Would you like to see a game?”

“Yes, I would.”

“You children have fun when you go, I am going to catch up on the Irish national past-time now that I have some spending money.”

The minor league game was delightful. Long ago, Susanna had played Little League and knew the game intimately well, keeping Davis apprised of each play. After stretching in the seventh inning,

Susanna sat down, and Davis took her hand in his own.

Driving back down to Williamsburg, Susanna felt it was time to come clean. She hoped he was attracted to her before she dropped a bombshell much more surprising than the one that killed Davis long ago.

“Colonel, I am very attracted to you and I want to be your woman, but there is something I have to tell you.”

“I am very attracted to you, Miss Hairston. What is it?”

“I am a transsexual. I know you don’t know what it is. I was born in a boy’s body, but became a girl when I was sixteen.”

Davis looked like he had been hit by the artillery round and sat for almost a minute, before stating, “I don’t know what to say.”

“Please, Colonel, I have never felt about anyone the way I feel about you, I know it’s unexpected but I do want to be your woman.”

“But are you really a woman?”

Susanna couldn’t answer that, and drove the rest of the way to Williamsburg with tears streaming from her eyes while her beloved man remained silent, and stared into the dark countryside.

Devastated at Davis’s rejection, Susanna ensured she would remind him what he was missing. Every day she wore a short summer dress, heels, and flawless makeup and made sure he saw her. She might not be a woman according to him, but damn if she didn’t look hot. She had her hair done in a sassier, more mature style and carried herself with

poise, stemming from a profound hurt. For his part, Davis said nothing but usually turned away in shame, knowing that he had deeply wounded Susanna.

One hot afternoon Buckley sat on the ramparts of the newly constructed fort, while Davis went to get them some more bottles of water. The two had boiled in the midsummer sun and sweat streamed off Buckley's forehead. Dr. Brooke approached Buckley and sat down next to him, soiling his khaki slacks with the fresh red earth.

"It seems like half a soldier's life is digging in the dirt. God, I remember those days. Sometimes we would be digging in a monsoon rain that would fill up our foxholes in ten minutes."

"You were in the army, Dr. Brooke?"

"Corporal, First Cav, Nam '67, and then Sergeant with the Ninth in '68," Dr. Brooke used the modern jargon to emphasize his point.

"So you were in a war somewhere, Doctor?"

"I was in the army in the Vietnam War, got drafted right out of Philly. You haven't heard of Vietnam, you would have known it as Siam."

"We fought a war over there?"

"We fought a lot of wars since your time, Buckley. From one Sergeant to another, the world has changed in many ways since you were last alive. Take Susanna for instance."

"I would never have thought it was possible."

"But now that girl's existence is staring you and your Colonel right in the face. I would suggest you take some more time to see what has changed since 1864. You didn't even think that an old man like

myself once carried a rifle in rice paddies up to my armpits. Excuse me, I have to plan an event.”

The fish fry was a huge success. The Plantation had set up twenty tables in the gardens and had two serving tables piled high with flounder, trout, spot, croaker, hush puppies, potato salad, cole slaw, and an impressive array of desserts. No place at the table was left empty and the line for the food never was shorter than 50 yards.

Serving as one of the hostesses, Susanna directed the people to the tables, then kept the glasses filled with iced tea and lemonade. Once the children were finished, she directed them to the garden, where numerous games had been set up for them. She glowed with a quiet beauty that she had yet to fully realize herself. Even more affirming was the fact that the other hostesses, four students from William and Mary, immediately accepted Susanna as one of them.

As Susanna chatted with her new friends, Saffron started the next phase of her plan. She pigeon-holed Jeff Hampton, a distinguished local businessman and chairman of the board of directors. Hampton tried to distance himself from the assertive transsexual but he was raised to be a gentleman and eventually engaged her in conversation.

“Your father tells me that this was your idea. The turnout is incredible. We are going to do this every weekend for the summer.”

“My father is too modest, as always, he has a real vision for the Plantation. He believes it can be a vibrant part of the community, rather than just an-

other tourist trap, pulling people off the Interstate on their way to Williamsburg.”

“I have been on Butler for years to think outside the box, but he has no business or marketing sense. He doesn’t understand that if we don’t make revenue, the whole operation shuts down. The Plantation reverts back to nature and the Manor gets converted to a meth house, or it gets bought up and turned into a subdivision.”

“If you really want revenue, I have a sure fire money maker for you, Mr. Hampton.”

“I’m all ears. I never liked you, Ms. Miles, but I may have been mistaken.”

Once Saffron had received the green light from Mr. Hampton, she began her scheme in earnest by easily recruiting the four hostesses to become whores at the bordello. Originally, she had hired them with that goal in mind; they did not disappoint her when they willingly volunteered.

The first girl, Halston Rogers, was a can’t miss prospective whore. A petite, brunette sophomore, she had a perpetual smile that quickly transformed into laughter. Halston had the beauty and energy of a hummingbird and she quickly became welded at the hip to Susanna, complimenting Susanna’s soft and shy introspection with a spitfire intensity. Her high school boyfriend once hit her in a drunken rage and the next day she retrieved his truck keys from his comatose form, drove his truck into the country and proceeded to spray it with a hot pink enamel. The truck looked dazzling, waiting in the driveway for its owner to sober up.

Melissa Brewer transferred from a fundamentalist Christian college in western Virginia to the eter-

nal regret of her family. She now felt a weight lift from her shoulders and was ready to live wide open as a fallen angel.

Kim Charles, an African American honors student, spent all her time in the library since her freshman year in high school. She could moonlight as a whore and still have ample time to get into the law school of her choice.

Gina D'Onofrio grew up an Italian princess in New Jersey. She had been cursed with both a sharp intellect and a belief that money was the only reflection of success. She had the grace and bearing of a true princess, however, which, when combined with her materialism would turn her into an exceptional prostitute.

The girls sat nervously in the parlor, heavily made-up and wearing lingerie, awaiting their debut. Sitting next to Susanna on an antique sofa, Halston looked at her friend with tears forming in her smoky eyes. She couldn't do this. Susanna smiled, winked, and gave her friend a reassuring pump of the hand. Halston composed herself and smiled back. Maybe she could.

After what seemed an interminable wait, Miss Saffron sashayed into the parlor wearing a beautiful evening gown that barely concealed her ample cleavage. Behind her marched Mr. Hampton, the three other members of the board of directors, and a congressional candidate as their honored guest. Saffron called the girls to their feet and assembled them in a line like lingerie-clad soldiers.

Mr. Hampton, a successful horse breeder in his spare time, stalked the length of the line, squeezing each of the girls' breasts, grabbing them by the chin, studying their face and looking into their eyes. He then marched behind the line of frightened girls and fondled the young ladies' silk-clad bottoms until their long eyelashes fluttered, their breath came in gasps through their ruby painted lips, and their legs started to wobble. Their bodies had betrayed them.

"You truly have an amazing stable of fillies, Ma'am. I'm proud to have them all as employees."

The fillies were then paired off and escorted to the bedrooms where they were mercilessly ridden by their new masters.

Mr. Hampton felt like a new man after breaking in Melissa the night before and called George Butler, who had been entirely left out of the loop, to tell him he was fired. Dr. Brooke would now be in charge of the site. The members of the Board of Directors would regularly reserve the bordello both to entertain clients and to escape their own pressures and let go with a sweet young lady.

Saffron now had five rough-cut diamonds that she would cut and polish into brilliantly exquisite ladies of the evening, exuding refinement, overflowing with lust, and honed to a razor's edge of intense sexuality. But once the light of day shone on the well-used temptresses, Saffron ensured that the young ladies radiated kindness, generosity, and decorum, with smiles that melted the hardest of hearts.

Firm discipline would bring about this phenomenon and Saffron was a stern but fair task master. The girls would become experts in makeup and she

would inspect them each day with the eye of a drill sergeant, looking for soiled or stained lingerie, scuffed heels, or stockings with runs in them.

The bordello observed a strict set of rules; no profanity would be permitted by any of the girls in the parlor, although they could become foul-mouthed harlots in their respective boudoirs. No genital contact was allowed in the parlor and the girls could not steal another's favorites. Any violation would lead to a one-evening suspension. The girls would be paid a flat rate of \$500 per evening, so they would not be corrupted or compete for more money. Saffron permitted no animus between the girls, and like a mother, turned them into a close knit group of sisters. She was eminently proud of them.

Saffron hired a professional photographer and on a balmy summer morning, the girls were photographed in various states of undress on the porch, the balcony, the parlor, and finally, in bed. The photo session became the heart of the webpage advertising the girls. In honor of their new status, the girls commissioned a set of t-shirts emblazoned with "Miss Saffron's Fillies. Ride the Finest" which they proudly wore on the William and Mary campus as their secret handshake.

The girls' clients had an equally stringent set of rules to obey before they could ride the fillies. They had to turn in their cell phones and cameras. What happened on the Parker Plantation, stayed on the Parker Plantation. The men all had to wear suits and ties or they would be promptly turned away. Once a motorcycle gang arrived for an evening's debauchery but did not comply with the dress code. Miss Saffron insisted that they respect her girls and

dress appropriately, but clearly stated that they and their money were welcome here if they did. The next weekend, the motorcycles roared back to the plantation, but the riders all wore suits and ties. Each carried a bouquet of flowers to give to the girls and paid three times the going rate, in order that they could passionately mate with the girls they selected for the entire evening.

Relieved at the turn of events, Miss Saffron still felt the need to hire additional security. Her charm and demeanor would only go so far and college kids were much worse behaved than motorcycle gang members. She approached Davis and Buckley. The former Sergeant Major jumped at the opportunity to make more money, but Colonel Davis would have nothing of it, working as a security guard in a converted house of ill repute, especially with Susanna as one of the whores.

Davis finally could not take the guilt and the teasing any longer and sought out the local real estate developer who had made it his professional ambition to bulldoze the Virginia battlefields and turn them into housing developments. James Mitchell had gone far by buying the local politicians and intimidating local landowners until they gave him everything he wanted, although he still coveted the choice riverfront property of the Parker Plantation. His newest angle was outbidding the competition by primarily using illegal immigrants as his labor force. He could pay them substantially less, work them longer, and if they complained, he could always threaten to turn them into Immigration.

“You don’t have any identification or nothing, so what is your problem? Did you kill somebody or something?”

“Not in a long while.”

“You don’t look like a killer. You look like a punk college kid.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“Oh, a smart ass. Well, let me tell you, I could use a foreman in my landscaping operation. It’s almost all Mexicans. They show up to work, but my locals who run them don’t. Too busy getting drunk, getting high, or going hunting. If you can show up and keep the Mexicans in line without causing me any trouble, you got a job there, boy.”

Davis learned the intricacies of the landscaping business in two days but his work force was inscrutable. They did exactly what he asked, when he asked, and if he directed them to work around the clock, they would. His troops would have died for him, but they grumbled, complained, and griped all the way. Davis opened up the language barrier with a worker named Hector Martinez who learned English in California’s Central Valley. Hector did not trust Davis, but he saw in him something more than the usual shitbirds who worked for Mitchell.

After a heavy windstorm knocked down numerous trees in the developments, Davis’s crew was called to remove the logs for the landowners, of course at a huge mark-up. A crew of two men, Luis and Eduardo, started using a chain saw on an old oak tree that had fallen. After twenty minutes of sawing, the chain saw hit a hard knot, bucked, and slashed Eduardo on the forearm. Used to people bleeding profusely, Davis quickly applied a tourniquet and watched over him in the back of the work truck while Hector drove them to the hospital. Davis

then waited at the hospital until Eduardo was released, heavily medicated and bandaged.

Davis asked Hector what would happen to Eduardo. Hector just shook his head and said not to worry. The Colonel pressed Hector, who admitted that Eduardo's family would have a difficult time until he healed.

Mitchell was livid. Davis should have dumped him off at the hospital, or let Hector drive him. The crew didn't do a damn thing in his absence, which was a blatant lie, as the crew worked past dusk. The issue to Mitchell was that Davis had been too friendly with the workers.

Under Saffron's gentle but firm coaching, the Fillies caught their stride by Christmas. The girls regarded Saffron as a second mother, and Buckley quickly became integrated as the security guard, barkeeper, and sage father figure. Halston and Susanna's friendship flourished, despite a tiff over one of Halston's regulars. The girls didn't speak to each other for a day but Saffron intervened and had the girls crying in reconciliation, after suspending Susanna for an evening. In the Spring semester Halston moved in with Susanna in the gender neutral dorm and immediately contracted the flu. Responding to her stricken friend, Susanna plied her with screwdrivers, blackberry smoothies and grapefruits until she recovered.

Unfortunately, Susanna was a distant fifth as one of the Fillies. Upon entering the parlor and spying the smiling young transsexual, many of the clients mocked her. Some openly ridiculed the 'chick with a dick' or the 'little faggot'. Saffron could have intervened but she knew that Susanna's character was being tempered in the flame of the men's scorn.

Once Buckley became a fixture in the parlor he shot down the taunts with a cleared throat and a harsh look, but Susanna would still be alone in the parlor, while her friends would constantly be rotating in and out of the boudoirs.

One night Buckley handed Susanna a large tumbler of an amber-colored liquid with ice cubes.

“Remember, Miss Hairston, sip it.”

“But it’s against the rules, I could be suspended for drinking.”

“Sometimes it’s necessary to break the rules to achieve a proper outcome.”

Susanna hoisted her tumbler, “Here’s to us and those like us.”

“Damn few left.”

From then on, Susanna and Buckley became fast friends on her slow nights. She loved to have him regale her of his time serving Queen Victoria in the Crimea and Sepoy Mutiny, serving under the gallant Francis Davis in the 75th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Besides Buckley’s fierce and undying admiration for his youthful Colonel, the one person in the regiment that he talked about at length was a hapless and cowardly private, Oliver Hazard “Hazardless” Smith, a filthy and ostensibly slow-witted soldier, who had an amazing series of adventures, from being captured at Savage Station, to saving the Union Army in the winter of ‘63. He was the true heart and soul of the regiment.

Susanna typically repeated the stories to Halston on their drive home, the two of them laughing the entire way to their dorm room. Halston had convinced Susanna to take a screenwriting class with

her in the next semester, and now encouraged Susanna to convert these tales into her class project as a full-length screenplay.

On the slow nights in the depth of winter, with no interest or arousal being shown in transgendered whores, Susanna began compiling her notes, and writing her scenes on the notecards that had been an industry practice since there was a film industry. She would discuss the scenes with Buckley, who remarked that he always fancied himself a Shakespeare.

Valentine's Day came and went with no takers for Susanna; despite her friend's support and her collaboration with Buckley, Susanna started to feel increasingly distraught. Finally, on the next Friday night, a Hispanic man in an expensive suit and grasping an elaborate bouquet entered the parlor and asked for Susanna. The drought had been broken and water started to flow back in the dry riverbed of Susanna's lust.

Susanna smiled as she walked to her boudoir, holding the gentleman's hand. An hour later she could barely keep her hands off him, as she kissed and fondled her man. Upon joyfully emerging into the parlor she found another Hispanic gentleman in a suit with a colorful bouquet asking for her by name. Susanna laughed and pranced to the young man. The two virtually ran to the boudoir, holding hands.

Susanna's stride was a little broken and she looked somewhat careworn as she emerged into the parlor for a second time that night but her smile lit up the room far better than the converted gas lamps. A third Hispanic gentleman sat on a couch and stood at her approach. Susanna let out a deep

breath and smiled, stood tall, and beckoned him over.

On the porch, Saffron was running an operation with military precision, maintaining a constant flow of troops into the battle inside. She had a line of workers with elaborate bouquets of flowers but she had only purchased three suits. When a smiling and sated man walked onto the porch, he would be stripped down to his underwear and socks by his friends and the suit given to the next suitor in line. Saffron had front-loaded the men based on their relative endowment, so Susanna's supply could keep up with the constant demand.

In her re-ignited passion, Susanna rode the first three of her suitors in a blind lust, screaming like the artillery shells she had heard in the phantom battle. After the first three men, Susanna started to tire and was taken doggy style by her next two lovers, her rapture echoed in deep, lustful moans. The next man took her missionary-style on the side of the bed, while his replacement resumed taking Susanna like a bitch. After that coupling, Susanna collapsed on the bed. Encountering the prone whore, Hombre Numero Siete rolled Susanna onto her belly and gently fucked her, eliciting quiet and subdued cries of pleasure. The last suitor found Susanna completely unconscious and snoring in an unladylike manner. Unperturbed, he rolled her onto her back, and masturbated onto her inviting breasts.

An abashed and sore Susanna limped into the dining room the next morning for breakfast to the thunderous applause of her colleagues. Her performance was epic and would be told to Fillies yet unborn.

Saffron beamed at Susanna. “You once asked me if you were woman enough for ten men. I could only find nine, but the last two boys that did me in the barn just masturbated on my breasts or my face, so it looks like we are even. Come get some breakfast, darling.”

Several months after Susanna became legend in the annals of the world’s oldest profession, Dr. Brooke greeted Davis in his office. “Well, if it isn’t the modern day Simon Legree. Ironic, don’t you think?”

“Would you rather me dig ditches or work in your brothel?”

“I am sorry that the 21st century can’t accommodate the renewed job aspirations of a man back from a 150-year-old grave.”

“I was at Harvard before I went to war and now the best I can do is get a job digging ditches or mowing lawns.”

“Saffron would have paid you good money to work for her.”

“Saffron? Your daughter?”

“Yes, my daughter. I have come to accept it and Saffron is the only family I have left. I cherish her more than anything.”

“What happened to your wife?”

“As much as you prowled around the plantation, you probably saw her.”

“So what should I do?”

“For now, keep working for Mitchell. His crews need somebody like you.”

“You know Mitchell wants this land.”

“He has for a long time, but with the money we are bringing in now, he is the last person we need to worry about. A year ago, I would have been really concerned.”

Dr. Brooke drove Davis back to the apartment he shared with Buckley. It was a Saturday night and Buckley had been sitting in front of the television all day, eating Vietnamese noodle soup and sipping Jamesons. Buckley was enamored with the television. Like an immigrant learning English through osmosis, he was learning what had transpired since his demise. The documentary *World at War* was on the television. Lawrence Olivier was narrating the death throes of Hitler’s Germany to Buckley’s rapt attention.

“You remember that German regiment in the brigade, from Ohio? How we used to denigrate their fighting ability? Thought them a bunch of cowardly Dutchmen? Only good for guarding wagon trains?”

“Yes?”

“It turns out the Germans probably made the best soldiers the world ever saw, better than the Rebs, better than Napoleon’s Frenchies or even the Romans. They took all of Europe and nearly defeated the English and the Russians. It took the whole world to bring them to heel.”

“Yes?”

“It seems like you and I may have been wrong about a good many things, Colonel.”

Watching TV in her home on a rainy Saturday afternoon, Susanna sat with her younger sister, Alexandria.

“It is always nice to be home,” Susanna thought to herself.

“I know what you’re doing and I know what you are, Susanna,” Alexandria announced.

Susanna looked horrified. “Please don’t tell Mom and Dad.”

“Don’t worry, I think it’s cool, I saw your website. I won’t tell Mom if you pay me 10% of your income. I don’t think that is too greedy. When I turn eighteen, I want to go to work there. I think I’m pretty enough.”

Susanna felt nauseous; she was being shaken down by her younger sister and corrupting her at the same time. She then heard her mother in the kitchen.

“Mom, Alex is trying to blackmail me.”

After a long Saturday’s work at the office, Mr. Hairston entered the unlit kitchen to find his wife with tears in her eyes, sitting alone drinking from a half-empty bottle of wine.

“Are you Ok?”

“No.”

“Why? What’s the matter?”

“Alex was attempting to blackmail Susanna. She is working as a prostitute in the evenings at the Parker Plantation.”

“What did you do?”

“I grounded Alex for three months. Sisters don’t blackmail sisters. Alex now feels like a complete shit.”

“Good. And Susanna?”

“She told me I didn’t understand, that working as a whore was so much more than just being a whore because she had such a wonderful madam and had become great friends with the other girls. Halston is a whore too.”

“Halston? But she’s a sweetheart.”

“I thought Susanna was, too. She said that Miss Saffron, her madam, insisted that they get good grades and go to church every Sunday and volunteer in the community or on campus and work the events at Parker Plantation.”

“And?”

“I told her I have loved and cherished her her whole life and was delighted and proud to have her as my daughter. But, I can no longer see her as the sweet innocent girl I helped raise, or in her case, helped transition, which was enough to ask from any mother. She can call me at any time; I will still visit her on campus but as long as she insists on being a whore, she is not welcome in our home.”

Mr. Hairston gave his wife a hug.

“You are an incredible woman.”

Susanna cried the entire way from Arlington to Williamsburg. Finally she reached her dorm room and found Halston quietly studying.

“My Mom threw me out of our home because I’m a whore,” Susanna choked through her sobbing.

Halston stood and embraced a tearful Susanna. “She doesn’t understand. You are so much more than a whore. You are my best friend.”

Some friendships last forever, and some friends grow apart. At the end of the second summer of operation, Kim and Gina announced their intention of retiring. Saffron took their announcement in stride and insisted on throwing them an elaborate goodbye party. The bordello, however, would survive. Susanna had broken through her initial reluctance about being a transsexual whore. Her uninhibited screaming, engaging smile, and insatiable ass eventually gave Susanna an impressive reserve of men who provided a steady revenue stream.

Saffron began to put feelers out for finding additional girls when she lost another of her workers. A rowdy group of fraternity boys got out of hand, forcing Buckley to eject them. While giving the last brother the bum's rush, Buckley collapsed in writhing pain. The bullet in his pelvis had shifted and opened his wound. He needed to go to the hospital.

"Are you friends of Mr. Buckley?" the doctor asked Saffron and her girls as they waited to see him in the waiting room. The doctor was blonde, in her late twenties, extremely competent as a physician but unmarried, Saffron noticed.

"It's not every day I remove a 58 calibre lead slug from a patient. It's a good thing I did too. I don't suspect this is foul play so I won't notify the police immediately but I would like some answers. I can't find any record of a Donovan Buckley anywhere that matches the description of my patient. Again, I don't suspect foul play, but I would like some answers. Otherwise I call the police."

“Are you sure you want the answers, Doctor?”
Susanna meekly asked.

“And who might you be, Miss?”

“Susanna, Susanna Hairston. I go to William and Mary and work at Parker Plantation.”

“I guess you have the answers that I can’t find.”

Susanna was growing more confident. “Well, Doctor, there are plenty of records on Donovan Buckley. You just are looking in the wrong place.”

Susanna and Dr. Lowell then spent an hour reviewing the Ellis Island database and the roster of the 75th Massachusetts, on which Donovan Buckley’s name occurred regularly. Susanna then linked to his Medal of Honor award.

“You expect me to believe this? Next thing you will tell Bigfoot is in the forests of Parker Plantation or that UFOs fly by nightly.”

“No, Doctor. There aren’t any UFOs or Bigfoots at Parker Plantation,” Susanna said in deferential sincerity. “I know it sounds ridiculous and I don’t expect you to believe it, but it’s the best we can do.”

“The girl is completely guileless,” Dr. Lowell thought.

“Well, our billing people are going to want something.”

“I’m sure Ms. Saffron will pay.”

“One look at her and I’m sure she will.”

Buckley became Dr. Lowell’s favorite patient while he healed and she continually made excuses to visit him and talk. In a week Buckley was released and Dr. Lowell personally escorted him back

to Parker Plantation. She sought out Saffron upon their arrival.

“I want to be one of your girls. I have evenings free usually, please give me a chance.”

“Through God all things are possible,” Saffron chuckled.

“I am learning to see that.”

“I don’t want to call you Doctor. You do have a name, don’t you?”

“Yes, it’s Julia.”

“Nice to meet you, Julia. You’ll love working here.”

Julia gulped, “That’s what I’m afraid of.”

Davis didn’t enjoy his job but he did it well, and served as a buffer between Mitchell and his workers and families. Mitchell would work them dawn to dusk, rain or shine, hurt or unhurt. The workers’ families lived in squalor in trailers on Mitchell’s property; that evoked memories in Davis of the contraband camps for escaped slaves. Davis would send workers home if they were ill or for their children’s birthdays and report them as present for the entire day. He wrangled an operating budget from Mitchell, allowing him to pay his workers more. Davis also brought military organization to a ramshackle operating schedule that made Mitchell’s business eminently more profitable.

The increased efficiency was Davis’s downfall. Mitchell didn’t need all the loafers around and was going to transfer them to farms on the Delmarva Peninsula. The families, however, didn’t want to move. Their kids were going to school and they had made friends with the locals. Some of the men were

even talking wistfully of the puta rubia at the Casa de Parker. The workers had no recourse as Mitchell threatened to turn them into Immigration.

The families sought out their new protector, Davis, and urged him to help. Davis knew the threat of reporting to ICE was toothless as Mitchell would be guilty of knowingly employing and exploiting illegal aliens as a labor force. Davis's internal conflict had reached the point of secession from his boss. He would willingly serve as a material witness with ICE and if it meant jail time, so be it. He would at least have an existence in the 21st century.

Davis hitched a ride with Hector to the Parker Plantation and sought out Dr. Brooke in his office. Sitting in Dr. Brooke's office, Hector was mesmerized at the picture on the wall of a man who looked exactly like Davis in a Union uniform holding a flag in the midst of battle.

"They need to get off Mitchell's property, they all live in trailers and you have plenty of land. Can they set up their trailers here?"

"It's not in our mission statement."

"But you'll do it anyway because you believe in what I'm doing."

"Yes, I do and I will protect them. The Board of Directors will question me, but this place has taken off behind their wildest dreams. If we can run a brothel, we can run a trailer park."

"Why don't you run a campground? That would be within your mission statement."

"Why don't you shut up, Colonel?"

"I am going to need a new job. Mitchell will immediately link me to this."

“Saffron could use some help. Buckley is still sore from his surgery. Maybe it’s time you should abandon that Victorian Puritanism of yours. Strange that you have it after seeing the sights that you have.”

“Maybe it’s time. You need a cleared field with access roads and electricity plus water to take the trailers. Plus the move should be done at night.”

“Do we have a week?”

“I can delay for a week, I was in the Army of the Potomac, remember. We never had anything done in a judicious manner, I can delay Mitchell.”

Mitchell stood outside the Manor house shouting, “Are you in there, Davis? Half our damn work force is camping out here.”

Davis appeared at the threshold and calmly walked across the porch facing Mitchell and three men armed with two AR-15s and a shotgun.

“What brings you here, Mitchell?”

“You know damn well, I want those Mexicans back so I can send them to Delmarva.”

“What do you care if they work out there? You have a good operation and are more profitable than you have ever been with your landscaping operation.”

“The farmers there give me a piece of the action, you dumb shit. You have one minute to tell them to move or my men go down there and get them to move by force.”

“ICE will love to hear about that.”

“Not if they get to Cape Charles. The farmers there will be left holding the bag.”

“You’re a loyal business partner.”

“Give them up.”

“No.”

“Then we are going to get them to come by force.”

“No you’re not.”

“We outgun you.”

“No you don’t. Sergeant-Major,” Davis yelled, projecting his voice.

“Over here, Colonel.”

At the arrival of Mitchell, Buckley had made his way out the back door. With the help of Hector, Luis and Dr. Brooke had pushed a twelve-pound Napoleon smoothbore cannon in range of Mitchell and his men.

“Have you ever seen what double canister does to people at this range?”

“You’re bluffing.”

“A coffee can filled with musket balls makes an excellent substitute.”

Mitchell hesitated, then backed away, while his henchmen slinked into their truck disconsolately holding their weapons. They couldn’t shoot anybody. The trucks headed down the dirt road when an explosion could be heard to their left. Buckley had fired.

The balls scythed through the air, tearing up the woods behind the trucks.

“I wanted to punctuate their departure. I don’t think they will be back.”

Mitchell had one more card to play. He couldn’t get law enforcement to shut down Parker Plantation

as the sheriff, the district attorney, and the state police supervisor had been regularly entertained by the fillies.



Instead, Mitchell called the local newspaper, which dispatched an investigative reporter to dig up the dirt on an alleged house of prostitution. Unfortunately for the newspaper, it dispatched a perky brunette to uncover the facts. Shannon Baldwin was quickly recruited by Saffron to fill the last vacancy and proved to be a better whore than a reporter.

Davis's first weekend corresponded with the Labor Day festival. None of Susanna's regulars showed at the bordello the Friday night before the activities. Worse still, a group of three men harshly mocked her for being transgendered and would not back down from either Buckley or Davis's warnings. They had paid money and were going to stay.

The circumstances were about to explode when Susanna stood up from her chair, stared at the closest man in the eyes and sauntered up to him. She delicately brushed her hand through his hair and then kneeled in front of him, never breaking her gazing into the man's lust filled eyes. Susanna unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock which was becoming increasingly aroused. The cock quickly disappeared in Susanna's mouth and she felt it grow and harden.

The whore knew intimately well how to satisfy a cock. She was a professional. Susanna bobbed her head up and down the slick shaft, forced her lips deep into the base, and wrapped it with a well-trained tongue. Overcome with lust, the man's two friends pulled out their own cocks and masturbated to the spectacle.

The man roughly grabbed Susanna's head to assert his dominance until he heard the whore start to gag. Susanna had taken bigger though, and she relaxed her throat and continued to savor the man's length until finally she felt the warm, salty-tasting liquid fill her mouth. Swallowing the load, Susanna wordlessly strutted to the next man, playing feverishly with his cock. Taking him in her mouth, she tasted his salty essence in a minute. The third man came on the floor at Susanna's approach.

Having yet to utter a word, Susanna addressed the three men. "Never think that I am anything but a woman."

Susanna exited the parlor, noticing that Saffron had witnessed the encounter.

"I guess that is worth a three-day suspension," Susanna calmly stated to Saffron as she walked to her changing room with her head held high and her eyes ablaze.

Saffron was in tears, then saw Davis standing spellbound. "Go to her. A real woman needs a real man. It's about time you became one. Playing soldier is one thing, being a man for a woman is another. It's much, much harder."

Susanna had dressed in slacks, slide sandals, and a blazer and marched to the RAV-4 when Davis intercepted her.

"What are you here for, to take my side, to say 'Sorry Susanna, they were wrong, ignore those men, they are jerks'? They feel the exact same way you feel."

"They don't love you."

"Oh, so you want to play that game."

Susanna knelt down in front of Davis and started unzipping his pants when he violently pulled her to her feet, embraced her and kissed her deeply on the mouth. When he finally let her go, she was breathless and her mascara was streaking down her cheeks.

The next morning, Susanna lay next to Francis Davis in bed, savoring his warmth, his presence, crying when she looked into his eyes and saw love deeply embedded in them. The two had kissed and caressed until the early hours of the morning.

“You could have fucked me. I would have given myself over to you totally. You know that.”

“Yes, of course I know. But I haven’t asked your parents if I can court you.”

“You don’t have to do that in this century.”

“Yes I know, and you know that I won’t have it any other way.”

“Yes, of course I know,” Susanna laughed and gave Davis a deep kiss.

Mrs. Hairston, heartbroken at her daughter’s part-time employment, had arranged to meet Saf-ron that Saturday. She drove past the newly erected Parker Plantation sign at the entrance and parked in an expansive lot. Strolling to the entrance, she encountered her daughter and Halston at the booth, warmly smiling and greeting the visitors as they stamped their hands, wishing them a wonderful day. The smiles disappeared as Susanna and Halston saw Mrs. Hairston approach, and the girls hung their heads low.

“One adult, please,” Mrs. Hairston requested, as she handed Susanna a twenty-dollar bill.

Susanna handed her mother the change. “What are you here for, Mom?”

“I have arranged to meet Saffron Miles. I think as a mother I should maintain a good rapport with my daughter’s madam, just like I would with her teachers, coaches, and ministers. Wouldn’t you agree, Halston?”

Halston could not say anything, but instead looked away into the distance. “Don’t worry ladies, I will be long gone when you turn into pumpkins.” Mrs. Hairston then entered into the roped-off enclosure, and sought out Susanna and Halston’s madam.

Saffron sat at a picnic table next to Mrs. Hairston as they both enjoyed the plate of pulled pork barbecue, boiled potatoes, cole slaw, chicken and dumplings. Mrs. Hairston had a glass of unsweetened iced tea whereas Saffron had her tea sweetened. “It is an honor to meet you Mrs. Hairston. You have raised a wonderful daughter. Your support for her being transgendered is beyond remarkable.”

“I don’t want my daughter being a whore. She is a nice girl.”

“I agree completely. Your daughter is a tremendously nice girl who wants to be a whore for now. But please keep your judgment in check. She will outgrow it eventually.” Saffron laughed, “I have a feeling that it will be soon enough. I have already had two of my girls leave. Plus being a whore has crystallized her friendship with Halston. Those girls are like mountain and dew. Plus, have you looked at your daughter lately? She is no longer an innocent little girl scared of her own shadow, she is a young

woman, and you should be proud of her. If anything, she looks like you, Mrs. Hairston.”

While sipping her tea and savoring her barbecue, Mrs. Hairston observed her daughter shucking oysters while Halston pulled pork from the freshly barbecued pig. Susanna was engaging, poised, warmhearted, intelligent. She was indeed a woman, and she looked happy.

“I can call the Attorney General.”

“Yes you can, but I ask as one woman to another that you don’t. Please. I care for Susanna as much as you do, she is like a daughter to me. I would never let her be hurt. She is not some sullen kid with tattoos and attitude. She does not do drugs. She is not dating some loser who abuses her. God knows the woods are full of those, especially for young, attractive transsexuals. Instead, she is an honors student.”

Mrs. Hairston teared, but Saffron would not permit that type of solemnity at a picnic. “Mrs. Hairston, one of the ladies who makes dessert has an award-winning wild berry pie. Let me get you a slice, do you like a la mode?”

“Yes, please.”

Saffron returned with two slices of pie, each with a dollop of ice cream. “Your daughter has become quite the woman, they all grow up, don’t they, but part of her will always be the sweet, innocent Susanna that you gave life to when she was sixteen. Susanna is so lucky to have a mother like you.”

Saffron finished her pie and mingled with the guests, while Mrs. Hairston started to enjoy the afternoon. She observed Susanna and Halston serving the guests, and noticed a clean cut young man in a

polo shirt and khaki slacks approach Susanna with a glass of raspberry lemonade. Susanna's eyes lit up and she gave him a tender but earnest kiss.

Another young man approached Halston, also with a lemonade. He was a study in contrasts to the well-polished young woman. His hair was shaggy, he had holes in his jeans, and a well-worn "Jedis Do It With More Power Than You Can Possibly Imagine" t-shirt. Her eyes lit up like Susanna's had, and she gave him a warm kiss.

Twenty minutes later, the clean-cut young man approached Mrs. Hairston and sat next to her.

"Ma'am, are you Susanna's mother? Susanna Hairston?"

"Yes, may I help you?"

"It's an honor to meet you, Mrs. Hairston, my name is Davis, Francis Davis."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Davis."

"Ma'am, I would like to court your daughter, Susanna."

"Court? You mean date."

"That's exactly what I mean."

"You don't need my permission."

"I would much prefer if I asked. It was the way I was raised."

"I can respect that. So, what do you do, Mr. Davis?"

“I am not doing anything worthwhile at the moment, but I hope to change that shortly.”

“You do know about Susanna’s moonlighting.”

“Yes, I do, but that ended last night. We just talked about her ceasing that endeavor.”

“You did?” Mrs. Hairston started to choke up.

“Yes.”

“Well, Mr. Francis Davis, young gentleman with no discernible career, you have my blessing to date my daughter. Don’t prove to be a bum.”

Davis looked like a bum the next weekend, when Susanna picked him up at his apartment, but that was fine by Susanna as they were going crabbing on the public pier in Yorktown. Susanna and Halston were taking Davis and Halston’s boyfriend, Charles Miller, on a double date. The girls both wore Daisy Duke shorts, high-heeled sandals, and Parker Plantation t-shirts twisted in a provocative knot. Charles wore his old jeans and a t-shirt with Emperor Palpatine channeling Uncle Sam or Lord Kitchener, demanding recruits for the Imperial Army. Halston rolled her eyes in mock scorn and then gave her boyfriend a deep, soulful kiss. The scruffy young man was the graduate assistant in Halston and Susanna’s film class and had just returned from an internship in Hollywood.

The group set out their baited lines and their collapsible chairs and enjoyed the early Fall afternoon. Susanna and Davis held hands and stole loving glances at each other while they waited for the blue crabs to find the bait.

“So what happened to Dr. Brooke’s wife?” Davis asked Susanna.

“She fell to her death from the front balcony of the manor house. The railing was rotten. Evidently she leaned against it and it snapped. Dr. Brooke even had to prove that it wasn’t foul play, but luckily the rail was so dry rotted that anybody could have broken through.”

A crab line grew taut and Susanna pranced to it in her heels.

“You didn’t need to wear your high heels for this.”

“Yes I did. I can see that you enjoy looking at my legs.”

Later that evening, with four dozen crabs on ice, Susanna drove the RAV-4 to a secluded spot on the Colonial Parkway. The evening was very dark; the couples started to make out in the car, until Susanna and Halston opened the doors, strutted to a picnic table, leaned on it for support, and thrust their scantily-clad asses into the air, beckoning the young men to rut.

Davis and Charles slowly, coyly, walked to their girls, and started to fondle their asses. Susanna and Halston started to purr when their boyfriends peeled off their shorts and panties and slid them down their smooth legs. Stepping their heels out of their shorts, the best friends looked at each other in the dark shadows; broad smiles and bright eyes shined through the night. They were no longer whores, but two young women deeply in love.

“It’s time to ride the finest,” Davis chuckled to Charles. A weight lifted from his shoulder. He was no longer Colonel Francis Davis, Medal of Honor winner, but just a young man whose arousal needed

to be satisfied in the recesses of the woman he adored.

“High five?” Charles requested as he penetrated Halston.

“Pardon me?” Francis Davis asked as he penetrated Susanna, who chuckled in between gasps. She loved Francis so much.

“So what did you want to see me for, Dr. Brooke?” Davis asked.

“I have been working with your friends Hector and Luis, plus Dr. Lowell. If you are going to marry Susanna, you are going to college and be somebody in this century. You are officially Jeff Porter, age 24, born in Cleveland, Ohio. Here is your birth certificate and your Social Security card. You should be able to get a U.S. Passport and a driver’s license with those. Getting you into college will be difficult but not impossible, as your unfortunate addiction to heroin put you in jail several times. Hopefully your personal statement will address the soul searching you have done to turn your life around, and how you can contribute to society and to the student body.”

“How did you get these?”

“Hector and Luis are tapped into the means of obtaining false identification; so is Dr. Lowell. Jeff Porter died of a heroin overdose in Dr. Lowell’s hospital a month ago but nobody claimed his personal effects or his body. Officially though, he did not die as he is registered in the coroner’s office as a John Doe. We have all taken a big risk for you and laid out significant expenses. Please accept this gift, Jeff.”

“What is heroin?”

“Google it. You will need that skill when you go to college. I am sure Susanna will teach you. In the meantime I want you to study the SAT. An outstanding score on that will erase even an arrest record. I understand also that Charles helped sell Susanna’s Civil War screenplay to 20th Century Fox for \$150,000. That should go a long way to paying for your tuition. Plus, it looks like Susanna has a real talent that she can use for a lifetime.”

“I can’t believe we are wearing these uniforms,” Buckley muttered to Davis. The west wing of the mansion had been turned into the men’s dressing room for the spring dance. Numerous erstwhile Confederates donned dress gray uniforms. Davis wore the gold ribboned uniform of a Confederate colonel, whereas Buckley had the uniform of a Confederate sergeant major.

“It would hardly look right if two Union soldiers appeared at the ball of the Parker Plantation. What would the locals say?” Davis joked.

“With all else that has gone on here in the last couple of years?”

“So who is your belle tonight?”

“It’s somebody you know very well. Like I said, it looks there were many things we were wrong about.”

The crowd gathered on the porch. In the yard. Mr. Hairston joined Davis and Buckley, but he wore a suit rather than a uniform.

“I don’t want to impersonate something I never was.”

Charles Miller had no issue with dressing like a Confederate officer. He wanted to look as handsome as possible for his fiancée, Halston Rogers. Davis

and Buckley had cleaned him up, got his hair cut, and taught him how to carry himself like a soldier. Charles, always wanting to be a storm trooper, readily took to their tutelage.

Shane Keller, an eighteen-year-old boy from Arlington, hurried to join Mr. Hairston and the three men. He was dating Alex Hairston and wanted to make a good impression on her father. Finally, Hector and Luis joined Davis, their former foreman.

The men waited for what seemed an interminable period as the ladies prepared themselves. Finally they started to file onto the porch. Vigorously fanning herself in the sultry night air, Susanna emerged in an off-the-shoulder purple gown with long gloves, a matching choker and her hair up. She intently scanned the men on the porch until her eyes met those of Davis. His eyes widened when he saw her, and she smiled. Buckley looked at his Colonel. He had finally found the love that had eluded him for over a century, on Earth and in Heaven.

Mrs. Hairston followed on her daughter's heels, with Alex in tow. The mother and daughter beamed at their men. Shane boldly walked up to Alex and took her hand, while Mr. and Mrs. Hairston stared at each other for over a minute. They had not done anything like this in a long time and wanted to take it slow and savor the moment. Halston accompanied them and Charles stood as tall as possible when she came into view wearing a cream-colored dress that made her look like an angel. He was so proud of Halston and felt like the luckiest man in the world.

Every man on the porch had been paired with their girl, all except for Buckley, who looked non-plussed. Dr. Brooke emerged on the porch and exuberantly announced the ball. Saffron stood next to

him and greeted all the couples as they entered. She looked radiant in an emerald green dress with black lace that accentuated her body.

The last man standing, Sergeant Major Donovan Buckley, formerly of the Union Army, then gently took Saffron's hand and proudly walked into the Grand Hall. Upon seeing the two together, Susanna and Davis smiled.

The dance was a sight to behold and to remember. At the conclusion, the couples strolled into the well-manicured garden facing the river. Susanna never felt more complete as she walked hand-in-hand with Davis. She stopped, looked at the moonlight reflected on the river, then looked in the eyes of Davis, gazing upon her with adoration.

"I love you, Colonel."

"Don't ever call me Colonel again. I'm now Jeff Porter, twenty-first century reprobate turned college student."

"And I am soon to be Mrs. Jeff Porter. I am so glad that your meeting me made you beat your heroin addiction," Susanna laughed.

"And I am so glad your meeting me cured you of your unfortunate and unladylike lustful urgings."

"It did no such thing, it just focused them with intense singularity," Susanna stated before embracing her fiancée in a passionate kiss that seemed to last forever.

Dr. Brooke stood on the front balcony facing the river and enjoyed the moonlit scene below him. The couples had spread throughout the garden; the ladies' elaborate dresses looked like gigantic flowers from his vantage point. His daughter was there with

a man who loved her. Susanna was there too, along with the rest of her family. The shy young girl he had known, only recently transitioned, had now blossomed into a vibrant woman.

With that thought in mind, Brooke leaned against the railing and shuddered for a minute, as if he had touched a hot stove. He laughed, then leaned back on the railing. A good renovation had made it sturdy enough to support a horse. The Parker Plantation had never looked better ever since his daughter had started the bordello.

“Our daughter looks beautiful tonight; that is her in the green dress, isn’t it? Donovan Buckley is a good man but I hope Saffron cuts back on his drinking.”

“It’s you.”

“Of course it’s me. Where else would I be? I have been waiting for ages for you to step onto this balcony.”

“It’s you.”

“Like our daughter says, with God all things are possible. We did raise her right.”

Dr. Brooke and his wife leaned against the railing and made up for over thirty years’ separation.

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