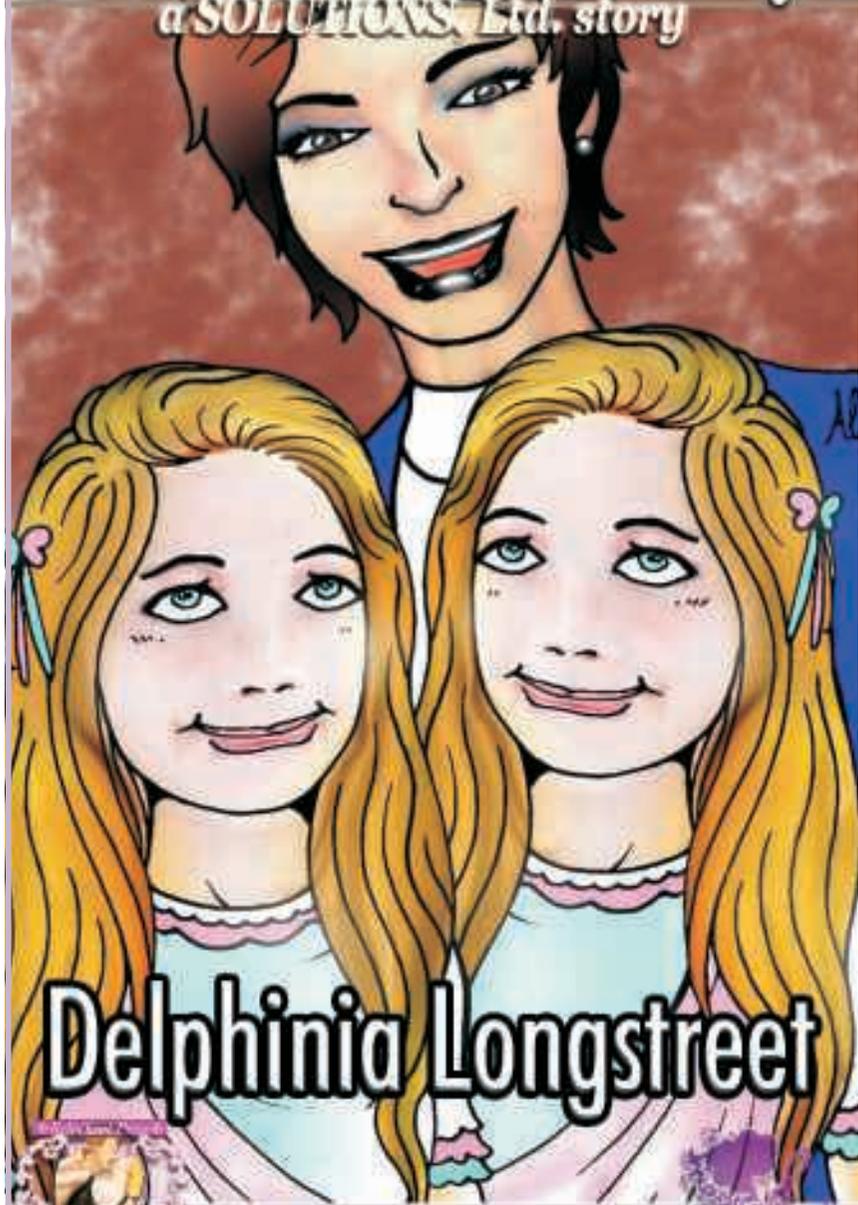


Charlotte Harshley

a **SOLUTIONS** Ltd. story



Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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



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Charlotte Harshley

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

ONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, she sat back to await developments.

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

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

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

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

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

“Hello?” she snapped somewhat peevishly.

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

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

“Who is this?” Charlotte asked guardedly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Indeed!” she added facetiously.

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

Afterward, she could remember nothing about the show.

+ + + +

TWO

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

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

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

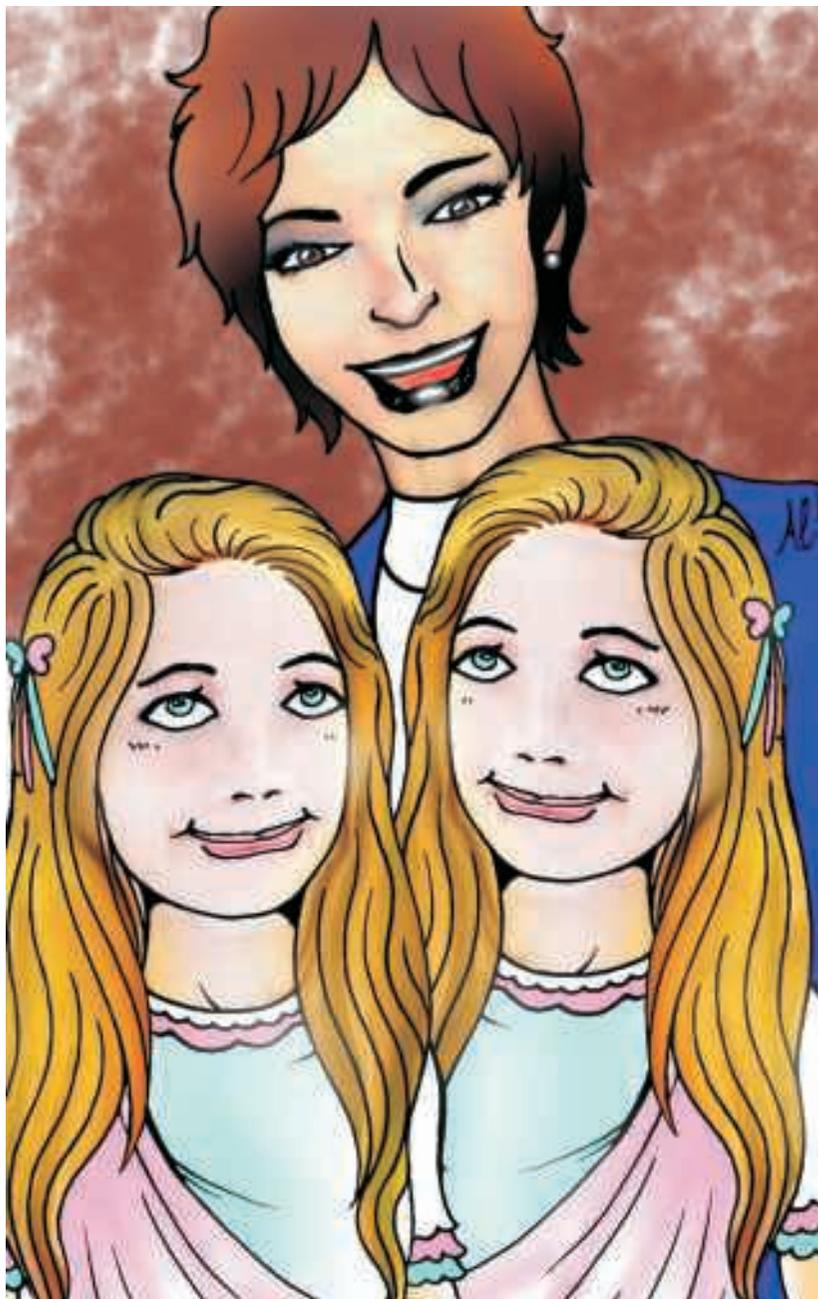
Charlotte stood back. “Oh, of course, how inconsiderate of me!” she apologized.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charlotte giggled. "Sounds extremely interesting!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't understand," Charlotte admitted.

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

"And I, you," Charlotte murmured, rising and taking Six's outstretched hand.

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

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

+ + + +

THREE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a note with the ticket.

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

It was signed:

"6."

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

And again, it was signed:

“6.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

+ + + +

FOUR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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