

In The Beginning

a SOLUTIONS, Ltd. story



Delphinia Longstreet



A "New Woman" Novel



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IN THE BEGINNING

A SOLUTIONS, Ltd. NOVEL
By Delphinia Longstreet

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hesitantly, Mrs. Slocum told the story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, I am so sorry, Mr. Lucas.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Or a gentler hand,” Rachel added.

“Gentler hand?” Harriet was puzzled.

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

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

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

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

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

“What did she do?” Holly asked impatiently.

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

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

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

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

Rachel nodded. “Indeed!”

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

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

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

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

Harriet and Holly laughed with her.

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

“We do?” Harriet asked, puzzled.

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

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

“Indeed,” Harriet smiled.

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

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

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

“Good show!” Harriet enthused.

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Chapter Two

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sarah doubted that, but was powerless to resist.

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

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

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Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But, eventually, even he slept.

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Chapter Four

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied.

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

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

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

Eventually, both slept.

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Chapter Five

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh! Oh!

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

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

Sleep was a long time in coming. . .

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Chapter Six

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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