



Reluctant Press presents:

A Tangled Web

Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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A TANGLED WEB

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Brad Fletcher groaned miserably as his twin sister remorselessly tightened the corset that was threatening to cut him in half.

“Not so hard, Brenda,” he gasped as she continued, with a mean smile on her usually placid face, to draw the strings securing the torturous garment ever tighter.

“Be quiet, little girl,” she laughed as she reacted to his complaint by pulling on the corset’s laces even more vigorously.

Brad grimaced but didn’t allow the sharp retort that had formed unbidden in his mind to escape through his taut lips. He knew from bitter experience that anything other than a positive reply would only cause his forceful sister to increase her efforts to further dominate him.

Not that he was really in any position to exert his manhood. Brenda had already dressed him in her stockings, drawers, chemise and petticoats before continuing his feminization by corseting him as well.

It had started in her well-appointed bedroom only minutes before. As always she took complete charge over him when they were alone. There was no doubt in either of their minds who should really have been born the boy. It was obvious that they had ended up in the wrong bodies at birth. Brenda wanted nothing more than to be a rough and tumble male while Brad was quite content to play the role of a mild, obsequious girl in the presence of his more virile sibling.

“Get those clothes off so I can wear them. And you can put mine on, girlie,” were the first words she uttered when he had entered her bedroom.

"Darn, Brenda. Do we have to play that game again? I'm not so sure it's a good idea right now," Brad whined.

"Don't be all coy with me, missy! I know how much you love the feel of feminine finery on your soft skin. Now, get on with it before I paddle your butt."

"All right, all right. Don't get all upset, sis. It's just that I'm expecting Father to give me a call soon. With Jason and Bill away he mentioned that he might need me later especially if the weather turns nasty."

"The weather looks just fine and the chance of our loving father needing your help is pretty slim, dearest. Just do as I say and be quick about it! When I say jump I only expect you to ask how high. I'm tired of being confined in these damn girl clothes and want to spend some time in pants. Now strip, girl!"

Sighing in resigned exasperation, Brad did exactly as Brenda told him - just as he had done numerous times before.

As soon as he was completely divested of his clothing, Brad quickly assisted Brenda in removing her numerous, extremely feminine garments. Although seeing each other nude had been exciting when they were younger it had happened so many times in the past few years that it no longer elicited a great response in either of them. They loved each other dearly but their relationship was not in the least bit sexual. Their illicit liaisons, although strictly platonic in nature, still allowed them to leave behind - at least temporarily - the stereotypes forced on them by their family and society. It was only when they were playing the role of the opposite sex that either of them, particularly Brenda, felt complete.

"Thank goodness for that," Brenda exclaimed as she finally shed the last of her clothing. "Let me get into your clothes and then I'll give you hand getting into mine. Start with the stockings and garters while I'm getting dressed."

"I just hope everything will work out," Brad muttered as he picked up the first of her fine black silk stockings and began working it up his left leg. Fastidiously positioning it he made sure it stayed in place with a garter and then repeated the process with his right leg. As always the feel of the material and the sight of his limbs clad in such a feminine fashion sent a shiver of excitement through his trembling body. *Brenda is right*, he thought. *I do love the thrill of dressing up in her lovely clothes. Why she would want to take them off and put on coarse, heavy male clothing is beyond me.*

As if echoing his thoughts, Brenda announced in a satisfied voice, "There, I'm just about finished and it feels so much more comfortable than those damn bits of feminine foolishness that mother insists I wear. Come on, girlie. Stop admiring yourself and get those drawers on."

With an exasperated sigh at his sister's belittling comments, Brad picked up the fine white linen drawers that Brenda had thrown on the bed. They were wide-legged and flared with delicate lace adorning the hems designed to end just below the knee of each leg. Carefully stepping into them he drew them up his stocking-covered limbs before buttoning the waist closure at the center of his back. His nimble agility in doing so spoke volumes about the number of times that he had done this womanly task in the past.

"There all done," Brenda proclaimed as she finished pulling on Brad's boots. "Can't say the same for you though. You women folk sure take for ever to get dressed!"

Brad ground his teeth in frustration at her bantering but said nothing as he plucked up the chemise from the bed. It was a simply cut, sleeveless white silk garment with narrow shoulders and round neckline designed to protect a woman's skin from the corset and dress she would don later. The neckline and the hem were highly decorated with lace and embroidery.

Tuning out his sister's ongoing comments, Brad allowed the light garment to float down over his raised arms and head so that it could slither along his torso and upper legs until its lacy hem danced to a stop just past his knees. As always, the caressing touch of the exquisite material caused him to smile slightly in anticipation of even more exciting sensations to come.

"Time for your petticoats, only three today, so count yourself lucky."

Brenda's cryptic comment brought Brad back to the reality of the moment. With a gasp of joy he noticed that the three petticoats on the bed were white silk. He knew from experience that they would create a fascinating rustle as he walked. They were fashioned to provide a curved flare below the knee and had circular flounces at their bottom hems. In a matter of minutes he had finished tying off the last one at his waist and was giving them a gentle shake to make sure they lay properly over his stocking-clad legs. The sound of their distinctive rustle and the sleek feel of their smooth material over his lower body caused him to lose himself in the delicious sensations of wearing such magnificent embodiments of femininity.

"Come on, girl," Brenda commanded. "Stop your silly daydreaming and let's get your corset on. Turn around and I'll lace you up once you have closed the front clasps."

Brad picked up the formidable foundation garment with the slightest feeling of trepidation. Once he was enclosed in its firm grip he quite enjoyed the idea of being so severely constrained but the actual act of being enclosed in its formidable grasp was never a particularly enjoyable experience especially as Brenda seemed to take a nasty delight in tightening it as much as possible.

The corset was made of white silk and extensively decorated with embroidery, lace and ribbon but it still resembled an armor-like garment with its numerous shaped pieces, bones, starch and steam moldings. With trembling hands, Brad wrapped it around his torso and fastened the metal loops and studs along its front so that it started to elevate his soft pectoral muscles into small breasts, flatten his stomach and narrow his waist. A process that Brenda completed by tugging and pulling the laces at the back until her brother was gasping for breath and she was satisfied with his feminized figure.

"There, that looks better on you, my dear," she chortled as she tied off the straining strings. "You should have no trouble in putting my dress on now. Our measurements must be almost identical once you have that horrible instrument of torture wrapped around you."

Brad took a shallow breath and muttered weakly, "It's a small price to pay when you get to wear so many other nice things."

“Stop talking nonsense, wench,” Brenda replied. “It’s all too much. I far prefer the freedom of trousers. Now, put your corset cover, or as it’s now called, camisole on. And then I’ll help you with your boots before we get you into the dress.”

The camisole was a waist length, sleeveless, front-opening garment with lace and ribbons adorning the rounded neckline and arm openings. Brad picked up the white silk article of clothing and quickly buttoned it closed while enjoying the sensation of adding yet another layer of femininity to his already encased body.

“Very nice,” Brenda purred. “Now sit on the bed for a minute and I’ll help you with your dainty little boots. You really should have put them on before the corset but it’s too late to worry about that now.”

Brad gingerly settled himself on the bed as the corset kept his upper body severely erect. There was no doubt that his sister was right about it being impossible to get anything on his feet once he was encased in its crushing grip. Bending over that far would be almost impossible.

Using a shoehorn Brenda slid a narrow boot on his right foot and then the other on his left. Only when they were both in place did she turn her attention to buttoning them up with a buttonhook so they fit snugly up the lower portion of his silk stocking covered calf. Made from gleaming black leather they seemed to mold themselves to his feet without being too constrictive or tight. From experience he knew that the two-inch heels wouldn’t be too difficult to walk in even though the boots were small and fragile compared to the manlier version of footwear he was used to wearing.

“There, all done, girlie,” Brenda announced with a flourish. “Let me help you up milady.”

Brad accepted her extended hand with a feeling of gratitude in spite of her teasing comments. From experience he knew that dressed as he was getting up from the low-lying bed would be difficult without some assistance.

“Let’s get you into that pretty green dress that you’ve been lusting after since mother bought it for me last week,” she continued as he came upright once again. “It’s of the finest silk and will really look good on you.”

Brad could only nod his head in silent agreement. He had indeed been watching her wearing the new dress with a considerable degree of envy. The rustling sound made by it and her silk petticoats as she walked around the house almost drove him to distraction as he thought about how nice it would be for him to be able to try it on.

Even as he was thinking about the joy of wearing it, Brenda had it down over his head and was using the numerous small buttons to tightly close it along his back. *He’ll never be able to get this off without someone else assisting him* she thought. *I wonder if he ever thinks of things like that when he is all dolled up?*

Like the underlying petticoats, the skirt of the dress gave a curved flare below the knee while the bodice clung tightly to the womanly shape of his upper body created by the corset. The sleeves were long and the neckline was conservative but there was no doubt about the feminine curves lying beneath the green silk covering. The full hem of the dress swept

the floor gracefully allowing the pointed tips of his boots to only peek out briefly whenever he took a step toward the full mirror in the corner of his sister's room.

"Very nice," Brenda commented as she watched him preening while looking at his reflected image in the mirror and realizing he probably wasn't even aware of his small, fussy movements while he made tiny adjustments to the dress adorning his feminized body. *He sure does love all this womanly finery she thought. It's too bad that he wasn't born the girl so that I could enjoy the freedom and status he gets automatically by the fact that he is male. What a fool he is to want to be anything but a man. But then again maybe I'm the fool for indulging him. At the moment he gets to play the big macho male almost all the time and still gets to indulge his feminine fancies on a regular basis. All I get to do is to dress up in his clothing for short periods, usually in my bedroom. It's not really fair!*

Brad was too preoccupied with his reflection to be aware of his sister's thoughts. If he had been he would probably have been shocked, as it was mainly due to her dominant behavior that he had been introduced to wearing female clothing. An introduction that he had resisted initially but now he had developed a love, almost a compulsion, when it came to presenting himself as a female. And he knew his slight build and fine features allowed him to make a very presentable one. After all he and Brenda looked very much alike.

"Time to do your hair, girlie," Brenda announced. "Lucky it's almost as long as mine so I'll just brush it out into a more feminine style and put some ribbons into it."

Brad primly sat on the bed and allowed her to fuss with his blond hair. She had always kept hers in a fairly simple style tied back with ribbons stating that she didn't want to be bothered with anything too fancy. *Just as well he thought. There is no way that I could let her do anything too drastic with my hair. I have to be able to return it to its original state before I leave her room. Father already gets mad enough at me for keeping my hair long.*

"There you go, young lady," Brenda stated as she put the brush away. "Here are some clip-on earrings. Nice dangly ones and a matching pearl necklace to finish things off. And take my rings too. They look kind of silly on my hands when I'm dressed in your clothes."

Brad took the three rings his sister was holding out and slipped two on his right hand and one on his left admiring the sparkle and glitter of the feminine jewelry.

"Now for your makeup and then we can take an hour or two to enjoy ourselves and still change back in time to make an appearance for dinner. Aren't you glad that we went ahead and took this opportunity to have a bit of fun? You always were too much of a worrier," Brenda stated as she picked up a kohl pencil and outlined each of his eyes with the soft black liner.

Satisfied with her efforts she then used a soft brown mascara to shade his upper and lower eyelashes and a light oily blue preparation to highlight his eyelids.

"There, that makes your eyes so much more attractive," she declared as she stepped back from her ministrations. Brad could barely contain a throaty chuckle as he listened to her words. She rarely wore makeup herself and today had been no exception. Before they had exchanged clothes her face had been unmarked by the slightest trace of any cosmetics. Still, he enjoyed the fact that she had the requisite artistry to make his face even more feminine looking than it already was.

After applying a clear face powder to his features to conceal any blemishes she used some reddish Indian earth to add a soft blush to his high cheekbones and finished with red rouge to his already plump lips.

“Finished,” she stated as he rose from the bed and critically examined his reflection in the mirror. As always Brenda had done a fine job and his face did indeed look not only feminine but also an exact duplicate of his sister’s, at least when she took the time to bother with makeup herself. It would take an extremely astute observer to tell he wasn’t Brenda.

“Thank you, kind sister,” he exclaimed. “You have outdone yourself once again.”

“Now you know the rules, girlie,” she chided him. “Now that we are fully dressed as each other, we also swap identities, including names.”

“Sorry, Brad,” he dutifully replied. “As I was saying, you have outdone yourself.”

“That’s alright, Brenda. I know that you are a bit dizzy, like most women,” she replied. “It must be the tight corset or perhaps the sheer volume of all those pretty clothes you are wearing.”

“Oh, stop being such a tease,” Brad answered absently as he continued to admire himself in the mirror. *Sis has done a great job on me he thought. I’ll have to get some more practice in with the makeup this afternoon. I’m getting quite good at it but she still can do a better job than me. Amazing when she hardly ever uses any on herself.*

Brenda chuckled as she watched her brother slowly losing himself in his self-absorbed examination of the reflection in the mirror. *Not that I look too bad either she thought as she took the opportunity to check out her own image. I fill these male clothes as well as my dear effeminate brother that’s for sure.*

With an infectious grin on her face she began to move around the bedroom luxuriating in the wonderful feeling of



freedom as she walked and stomped around without the biting grip of a corset or the smothering clasp of multiple petticoats. It was this almost giddy experience that made changing clothes with her brother something to look forward to and savor.

Brenda had just finished an exhilarating somersault over her bed after smiling at the sight of her brother preening in front of the mirror when both of them froze at the sound of a loud knock on the bedroom door.

Chapter 2

"I just don't know what to do with those twins," Walter Fletcher growled to his wife Agatha. "I sometimes think that Brenda is more of a man than Brad. Here they are almost twenty and neither has done much of anything except leach off their long-suffering parents. Why can't Brad be more like his two brothers, Jason and Bill? Not to mention Brenda who doesn't seem the least bit interested in getting married like her two older sisters. We really have to do something about both of them."

Agatha had heard this train of thought before and although she agreed that the twins were definitely different than their older siblings she was quite prepared to protect them from any threat including their father. After all, both of them took after her - at least physically - whereas the older children, particularly the boys, were more like their father. Still, she couldn't help wondering about Brad's lack of drive and Brenda's forceful personality, which seemed to lead her into almost constant resistance to adopting a woman's proper role in society. There was no doubt that she would run around like some wild man if she could have her way.

Thank goodness I talked Walter into moving from our ranch into town a few years ago she thought. There is no telling what kind of mischief Brenda would have gotten into if we were still living out in the middle of nowhere. At least here I've been able to keep her under some sort of control. Letting Jason and Bill move their families out to the ranch and getting Walter involved in running a freight business here in town was definitely a good idea. Now if I could only get Brad to act more like his brothers and Brenda like her sisters everything would be grand.

"Darn it, here we are in the late 1890's and living a good life," Walter continued. "The ranch is doing well under Jason and Bill and the freight business is really starting to take off. We have a nice house here in town. Our two older daughters are happily married and I reckon that you are enjoying being in town so that leaves us Brad and Brenda to sort out. Do you have any ideas?"

Agatha was dreading that question as she was really at her wits end in trying to come up with some sort of plan to make her baby boy more of a man and her baby girl more of a

woman. Brad was probably the more malleable of the two but only seemed to be interested in following his twin sister's lead. Maybe that was the key to the solution.

"I've been thinking about this a lot," she replied hesitantly to her husband's query. "I think that we need to separate the two somehow. Brenda has too much influence over Brad. She tells him how high to jump and he does it. Maybe you need to get him more involved in the freight business and at the same time I could take Brenda back east. I hear that there are some fine establishments that are designed to make unruly females womanlier. If so, we might solve both of our problems at one go."

"You may be right," Walter exclaimed. "A capital idea if we can get Brad doing a man's work and you can put Brenda into a woman's environment. Do you know of any of these places?"

Agatha gave a small smile of satisfaction. "As a matter of fact, I've been in correspondence with some of my friends in Boston and they have sent me some literature on a number of schools ... schools that specialize in preparing girls to take their proper place in society. Normally their pupils are younger than Brenda but I don't think that should be a problem."

"Yes," her husband enthused. "I think that you have come up with the key to this whole mess. We have to get Brenda out of here and then we will be able to get Brad sorted out. How soon can you make the arrangements? I feel that the sooner the better should be our approach to this whole mess. If only we had thought of this earlier."

"Well, we didn't," Agatha replied with a little annoyance in her voice. "However, now that we have, or should I say I have, it certainly makes sense to move things along as quickly as possible. What do you think of the idea of me sending a letter tomorrow telling my friends that I'm coming with Brenda and asking that they make some inquiries? That way we could be traveling to Boston while they are doing so. Maybe we could leave a week after sending the letter. Even if nothing comes of putting Brenda into a proper establishment that will still leave you a couple of months to sort out Brad while we are gone."

"You'll be gone a long time," Walter said with a forlorn look on his face. He was deeply in love with his practical but caring spouse and would miss her dreadfully. He looked fondly at his wife who was slight but well formed in figure and still had a pretty face framed by long blonde hair; a complete contrast to the large, solid build of her ruggedly handsome husband but a good match for him when it came to spirit and determination.

"Don't worry, dearest," she murmured affectionately as she patted his hand. "I'll be back before you know it and you can take the opportunity to make a man out of your wayward son."

"That's true," her doting husband replied. "And you will undoubtedly enjoy a trip back to your old haunts in Boston. All right, I'll miss you but I think it's important that we do this for Brad and Brenda. Will you send the letter tomorrow?"

"Certainly and then I'll have to think about the best way to get the children prepared for this news. I probably won't say anything for a few days and then I'll convince Brenda that we will be going out east for a visit. If I make it sound like an adventure and not men-

tion the schooling aspect of the trip she will probably be quite excited about the whole thing."

"Good idea," Walter agreed. "She can be quite determined. Just like her mother I'll add; so my money's on you to get your way!"

"Determined, me? I think that's the kettle calling the pot black, mister," Agatha laughed. "There is nobody in this household that's half as stubborn as you!"

"True enough," Walter answered with a grin. "Let's just hope that we can cultivate some of that spunk in Brad. Maybe I should take him out to look at the herd on the south pasture this afternoon. I promised Bill and Jason I'd keep an eye on them while they were on that cattle drive up north and I don't like the look of the weather at the moment. We should be back before it gets too late."

Agatha knew that Walter still enjoyed keeping a close eye on the ranch although he allowed the two boys to manage the day-to-day running of the spread. Any excuse was a good one to ride out and get his hands dirty if he could. But why not and he could take Brad along with him so that the plan they had just come up with could be brought into play sooner rather than later.

"Sounds like a good idea, dear. I think both Brad and Brenda are up in her bedroom," she replied. "Why don't I go and tell him to get organized and join you in five minutes down at the stables? Then the two of you can ride out and look at the herd before joining us for dinner."

Walter pulled her into his arms, his six-foot body enveloping her petite 5' 2" form, and gave her a lusty kiss. "Sounds like a capital idea, my lovely wife. Go and get that errand son sorted out and maybe we'll do more than enjoy a nice dinner tonight."

Agatha gave a little squeal of mock horror as she pushed him away. "Walter, you terrible beast. Keep your mind on the matter at hand. Can't you think of anything else?"

A small smile on her pretty face belayed the message her words conveyed and Walter gave her a suggestive wink and cocky wave of his hand as he swaggered from the room to prepare for the afternoon ride. Agatha watched him go while a blush of anticipation crept up through her body at the thought of what they might do later in the evening.

Come on girl, get a grip on yourself she told herself sternly. Track down Brad and get him on his way and then sort out that letter you have to send off tomorrow. I suppose I could get Martha, the maid, to tell Brad to meet his father but it's better if I do it.

Pulling up the front of her long skirts, Agatha negotiated the winding staircase to the upper story of the house and hurried down the hallway to Brenda's room. *I wish they wouldn't spend so much time hiding away together in their bedrooms she thought. I'm not sure it's entirely natural even if they are twins. Goodness knows what they get up to behind closed doors. It really is a good thing that we are going to separate them until they sort out their respective lives.*

Reaching Brenda's bedroom she hesitated momentarily before raising her hand to give the door a hard knock. It was only when she heard muffled sounds emanating from the room that she brought her hand down sharply on the wood.

A disconcerting silence was the only result. Any sounds from behind the door abruptly ceased. It was as if the occupants had ceased to breathe in their eagerness to avoid detection.

"Brenda, Brad, I know you are in there," Agatha stated loudly before striking the door again and rattling the handle. "What are you doing that requires you to lock the door? Now open up this instant or I'll be having your father kick the door down."

Brenda gulped nervously and then signaled Brad to open the door. He looked at her as if she had gone mad and shrank back against the mirror with a look of horror on his painted face.

"Just a moment, mother," Brenda called as she marched over to her cowering brother. "Go and open the darn door before mother really gets suspicious. It's bad enough that she has found it locked," she whispered as quietly as she could.

"I can't," Brad whimpered. "What if she can tell we are dressed as each other? We'll never live it down. Our lives will be hell."

"Don't be such a fool. Even our own mother won't be able to tell. I'll let her in, seeing you're being such a little sissy, then we can find out what she wants and get changed after she leaves. Don't be such a baby, remember to speak in a higher pitch as we've practiced and try and act naturally or she will know something is wrong."

Having muttered these last remarks in her brother's trembling ear, Brenda strode confidently over to the door, turned the key and opened the door for her mother who was just getting ready to knock again.

"About time, young man," Agatha snapped angrily as she swept by him. "What have you two been doing here behind locked doors? No, don't bother telling me, there isn't time. We will discuss it later. Right now, Brad, get to your room and sort yourself out to join your father in riding out to check the herd on the south pasture. He wants you at the stables in less than five minutes so get moving."

Brenda and Brad exchanged a shocked look but before they could do anything else Agatha had pushed Brenda out of the room with a sharp command to not waste any more time as she firmly closed the door.

"As for you young lady," Agatha snapped at Brad, "you should know better than to stay behind locked doors with a man, even if he is your brother. You have a reputation to protect and behaving in this manner is not the way to do so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mother," Brad answered in a close approximation to his sister's voice. Luckily he didn't really have a deep, manly timbre tone when he spoke so it wasn't that difficult to do.

"Very well," his mother muttered somewhat appeased by his contrite reply. "I want to speak to you about other matters but they will have to wait until later as I have to write a letter for mailing tomorrow. Before I go though I must compliment you on your appearance. Your dress and makeup are lovely. I just wish that you would use cosmetics more often and let me do something about your hair. It would look so much nicer if you styled it properly."

Brad listened to her prattle on for several more minutes while screaming internally for her to finish up and leave so that he and Brenda could change back into their own clothes. If they didn't do it soon there would be hell to pay. His father was not the kind of man who tolerated tardiness.

Unfortunately his unspoken communication had no effect on his mother and he could only smile and nod politely while she chatted on about a number of inconsequential matters. It was only with a superhuman effort that he managed to remain relatively still and not begin to fidget nervously as the minutes slipped remorselessly away.

As she spoke Agatha had moved slowly around the room quietly checking to see if she could see anything amiss or something that would provide evidence of any wrong doing that had occurred before she entered the room. With a sense of relief she realized that there was nothing to indicate any sort of illicit behavior.

Stopping to look out the window she casually stated, "Oh, good there are Brad and your father riding off now. I'm so happy that they got away without any trouble."

Struggling to contain an anguished cry of disbelief, Brad rushed as quickly as he could to join her at the window. The tight grip of the corset, the numerous layers of cloth around his legs and the narrow span of his boot's sole made it a more difficult task than he had anticipated.

The sight of his father and Brenda riding off together was almost too much. His heart felt as if would hammer right through his chest wall and a gasp of horror escaped his painted lips. The room began to sway around him as he fought to keep from collapsing to the floor in a dead faint.

"My dear, are you all right? You've gone terribly pale," his mother asked with a considerable degree of concern in her voice. She had never seen her daughter act so strangely. Usually she was the epitome of robust health and strength.

Gasping with the effort, Brad replied in a weak voice, "I'm fine, mother, just a little lightheaded. Maybe I should lie down for minute."

"Of course, my love. Here let me help you. There you are. It's probably your corset being tied a bit too tightly. You should tell Martha to be more careful in future. Would you like me to loosen it?"

Fear shot through Brad as he heard his mother's question. There was no way he wanted her taking off any of his clothes. "No, no. It's all right. Just let me lie here for a while. Everything will be fine."

"Very well, Brenda. If you need anything just give Martha or me a call. Now rest, child."

"Yes, mother," Brad muttered as he closed his eyes and listened for the door to gently close as Agatha swept from the room. *What in the hell has Brenda done now? That stupid girl has really left me in a heap of trouble. I'll be giving her a piece of my mind once she has returned and we can change back into our own clothes again. I'm just going to have to lay low until that happens. Thank goodness mother didn't suspect anything – at least not yet!*