



Reluctant Press presents:

The Making of Roberta

Philippa Peters



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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THE MAKING OF ROBERTA

by **Philippa Peters**

I. THE CHILDREN YEARS

After all the tumultuous years of civil war and intrigue, I'd hoped for five years of peace. If there are gods or goddesses, I'd pleaded with them to give me peace. Peace to be a woman. Peace to be one woman and not be biosculpted into a young schoolgirl or a glamorous actress. I wanted to be Lady Caroline Sutcliffe for a long time. I did not want to be a man. I did not want to be who I really was inside, Willen Smit.

Of course, deep down, that is who I was. Underneath all my beautiful gowns and fine, off-world silk lingerie, beneath the nanotech transformation that made me into Lady Caroline, I was still Willen Smit, investigator and sometime assassin for Nebula Prime Internal Security. But, for almost thirty years now, I had been mostly female in form, mostly as 'myself,' as I had truly begun to think of my Lady Caroline-self as the years rolled by.

We heard about the political eruptions of various kinds around our sector of the galaxy, the Foxbrush Nebula and the Giant's Rim Worlds, but our planet, Carmichael, was too far out of the way, and too small in population to think of playing a major role in great events. We had enough to do taking care of the minor events, if you can call love, weddings, births and family reunions minor events.

Despite his protests, for the last selection, my husband, Lord Rohan Sutcliffe, was elected Lord Protector by the Council of Peers, though they had to come and drag him from his bed with Melissa and me the last time. He swore that he was going to change his sex and so be ineligible to be drafted one more time. Melissa looked at me in astonishment across the bed; he was inside me at the time and I was enjoying him fully.

"He's, h-he's only j-joking," I said to my worried co-wife, reaching out to her. She cuddled up to Rohan and me as Rohan rode me with the same zeal he had when he first took

me as a woman. I had learned to love him then and it had never ceased. I felt I was Lady Caroline, I was a *woman*, when he made love to me.

I didn't mind at all, as well, sharing not only him but my bed with Lady Melissa Sutcliffe, my co-wife. She was as blonde and as womanly as I was and, like me, had once been a much larger man. She had once fought against, and hated, her transformation. She had never had anything like the love and affection I had within weeks of discovering that I had been transformed against my will.

Melissa had had an awful transformation, along with two of her brothers. She had been biosculpted to look like Nebula's most popular actress, Danni Colonna, and her guards had been ruthless in raping her repeatedly. By using her wits, she had survived. She had survived being an actress, a dancer and a stripper in the theatres of Duncansford, our capital city, and had managed to entrap the stupid young lord of that city into marriage.

Melissa had intended to get off the planet and wage a campaign against all things from Carmichael. I had spoiled that. As Willen, I had been a friend, well, a fellow spy, with her brother back on her home planet. I had found his missing brothers for him but all three were now women. The only one who would have returned with him, that is Melissa, Oliver Stillwell, had tried to kill with his own bare hands in St Duncan's Castle. She had been left destitute and wronged and was put up automatically for the bridal auction, as she was still a woman in everyone's eyes. It was a sensation when Rohan had bought her, at my suggestion.

Lady Helen, my former co-wife and once my husband before that, had been the prime mover behind the civil war into which Melissa had been drawn on the wrong side. Helen had always wanted us to be three in a bed at night and I tried it. But I couldn't stand to see or hear her make love with Rohan. It wasn't that she had once been a man like me. It was because she had once been my husband; I knew it and I could sense it all the time. My present husband was making love to my former husband. I couldn't stand it, no matter how wonderful she was to me for so long, so nice and co-operative in our marriage.

With Melissa, it was entirely different. She had come crying to me on her wedding night with Rohan, after he had made love to her for the first time, and she had experienced what we new women called an orgasm, for the first time. She hadn't been crying because she was hurt. She came crying to me because she was so ashamed of herself for what she thought she was depriving me of, Rohan's loving attention.

I didn't tell her what I had guessed about Rohan's incredible stamina as a lover. I let them both into my bed and let Rohan make love to us both, clinging to her and stroking her as Helen had once done to me. But this time, it only improved our lovemaking. In the throes of passion with Rohan, we thought nothing now of kissing each other and caressing each other's womanly assets.

Once he was off by himself to the southern islands to see how some new robotized plantations were working. Rohan had told us that we should still be making love without him; he would be thinking of us doing that while he was away. But, though we cuddled together in bed, we never could do that. I didn't want to caress or arouse Melissa and she felt the same. We needed Rohan to arouse us before we felt the urge to draw the other into

some fanciful love positions. Rohan was highly amused by that and said that he only wished he had two manhoods so he could take us both at the same time.

That brought us to discuss having another husband in the family, which Rohan had never thought of. On the northern continent, where there were so few women (though that number was growing), Ren Grother, now Lord of Liffey, and married to Melissa's former brother, now her sister Rosemary, told me that many of his girls were now going out in multiple marriages, to two or three men in the mining villages along the Forth River. It was keeping the men there home and ruining his comfort girl business, he added with a laugh. I didn't want to tell him that I had once been one of his comfort girls, even if for a very short time. Sometimes, a biosculpt can have its advantages.

Melissa was also reunited with her other sister, now known as Jennifer Yost, the 'daughter' of very proud and loving parents, who had created a perfume for her, since that was their business, which they called Jen-Princess. Now it was known everywhere as just Princess, and half the girls on the planet were wearing it. It was one of our important luxury trade items.

I had tried to set Jennifer up with the handsomest boy at Greening Institute after I had discovered her there but she was far too smart and level-headed to settle for just a mere handsome hunk. I must admit though, that the touch of William McLean's hand in a reception line at a Space Force Graduation Ball, set bells ringing inside me again. I know he felt the surge as well. I pretended not to notice and I could see the agony on his face as he could not decide whether or not to pursue the wife of the Lord Protector, as his gonads must have been telling him to do.

Rohan laughed at my new conquest. I told him not to. I was thinking about what Ren and Rosemary had told us about the Forth River and how William McLean would make an ideal second husband, so young, so strong and virile, so willing to learn new tricks.

"You need a puppy then," Rohan said. "Or should I say a boy toy?"

I thought then about my age, which I seldom did. In the world we lived in, human life was preserved and extended by nanotechnology and long-life drugs. That meant about one hundred and thirty more or less unchanging years as a young man or woman, and I had been both. But I was nearly ninety and I realized that when I finally got the message after ten years, from Lady Myra Colach, the Duchess of Galloway, my former boss.

Her message was brief. "I can no longer travel to see you," she sent to me. "So you must come here and see me. I will tell you, Willen, that if you delay a year, I will not be here to brief you on the coming projected disaster. I need you badly and I need you *now*."

She looked as forceful as ever in the vid. Her hair was as red and as groomed as always and her violet eyes were quite clear. I knew that she would lie to maneuver me into doing her bidding. It was her way. She had been Minister of Internal Security—the misnomer didn't fool anyone now—and was one of the props on which the power of the Nebula Kingdom rested. She implied that she was about to 'crash,' as the death watch for a human was called throughout the system. Once started, the body began to consume itself from within. It inevitably ended in death within two years but usually, mercifully, in much less.

I could not see signs of the Crash—it was always given a capital on Nebula Prime—on Lady Myra, but then she had the resources to keep herself at least looking like herself. I

counted years. She had been well over a hundred years old when she first sent me to Carmichael. Yes, she was definitely in the time frame of the Crash. I would like to see her one more time. Her reference to the fact that she could not travel any more was a worrying idea. Space travel brought on the Crash swiftly and remorselessly. Some, wishing a quick death, often booked a death flight tour around familiar systems, then had their final cas-kets fired into their favorite stars. Getting Lady Myra's message made me start thinking of my own mortality and that of the people around me I had known for a long time.

The last ten years had been almost idyllic. I just wished Lady Myra had called me Caroline in her last message. But maybe she knew that she had to jar me loose from the niche I had created for myself as wife and mother.

Yes, I had become a mother again, though it was not my fault! It was Melissa who shyly came to me after a couple of years, well five actually, and asked me if I would mind if she had a child with Rohan. I should have suspected that she would feel that way. She took to motherhood, looking after my brood of children in such a loving and affectionate manner that they all were in love with 'Mummy Melissa' within half a year. Fiona, our youngest daughter, had become almost her devoted servant.

Even Joanne, the eldest, whom I had birthed myself and so was special to me, began to confide in Melissa about her escapades with boys which made me feel very jealous for quite a while. Luckily, Melissa always told me everything so I was able to see that Joanne got the support she needed in her first attempts at relationships with young men. Melissa confided in me that Joanne didn't see her as her mother, but more as an aunt or older sister. Melissa's concerns for my feelings made me love her even more.

When Melissa indicated that she wanted a child, Rohan reminded me that we had that last embryo at Lannan, with one of the ova from my turned-off ovaries and his semen. He suggested that our sixth child could be implanted and carried to almost term by Melissa. He knew all about the subterfuges Lannan put out about births and how former males could be implanted and become 'pregnant' after being treated at Lannan. For most, 'tubing,' growing the young child in a uterine replicator, was possible though it was tremendously expensive. Most 'women' who were pregnant had to have caesarean sections in order to birth the babies that had been made from ova gathered by Lannan from across the galaxy, ova fertilized by their husbands' semen.

I was an oddity. I wasn't the only one but I wasn't puberty-delayed like the others. I had ovaries inside me and despite her theories, Jacqueline Ivany, Lady Lannan and Director of the Lannan Institute, wanted me as a research project. I just wanted to live my life out as a woman. She asked me to let her turn my ovaries on again if Melissa was to become pregnant. Jackie could then collect ova from me in case Melissa wanted more children.

I even thought it was a good idea at the time. It had been eight years or so of womanhood and Melissa didn't push at all. She loved being a woman as much as I did. We dressed outrageously at times, knowing that every woman was watching us and every man wanted to dance with us at the Lord Protector's balls. I thought it would be enough for Melissa. No, I thought she would leave us, actually, and take up her former life as a soldier. But she didn't. She became the perfect political wife, which I wasn't.

So, when Melissa revealed her desire to be a woman fully by having a child of her own, I let the campaign she and Rohan started with me come to fruition. I let Jacqueline do what she wanted while she chided me on giving her more questions than answers in the limited testing I allowed. I agreed to let Melissa be implanted, which excited her no end. Well, without my birth control working, you can guess what happened. It was a thousand to one shot, Jacqueline laughed, when she told me the news. But I was pregnant with Rohan's child without having been implanted. Well, I couldn't not make love to my husband for over a month, could I? And it *was* a thousand to one chance.

Since Melissa had been implanted as well, poor Rohan had quite a time of it over the last few months as he had two pregnant women on his hands. Melissa birthed first, a week ahead of me. She was one of the lucky ones able to birth a child naturally though she was torn fairly badly but, with modern surgery, she was repaired and ready to do it all again. It was *such* a wonderful experience, she gushed to a doubtful Joanne. She loved to suckle Deborah. When I was in a mood, as pregnancy seemed to affect me a lot more than her, she sometimes would suckle Iain as well.

For a while, Shannondale was like a nursery with the two little babies and their nursing mothers. For a while it seemed like everyone we knew had to get in fashion with us and have children as well. Lady Pauline Carty, one of the current Lady Cartmoors, and formerly Lord Cartmoor, gave birth to twin boys to the delight of her husband, Lord Aidan, and her co-wife, Lady Sheila Carty, Rohan's sister, who had supplied the ova for all Pauline's children. Sheila surprised us all then by getting pregnant herself.

"Well, Pauline's having such fun being a mother," Sheila said privately to me, out of the hearing of her former husband, "I thought that I should show her how a real woman can be a mother as well."

Sheila then had twins herself, girls, which had Lord Aidan strutting about in Council meetings like a 'puffed-up Bantam rooster,' said Rohan in amused disgust. The baby-making didn't stop there. Lady Suzie Borton, Lady Stanwich, my former maid, and the former militia man who had led us back to Westmore, Lady Melissa's world, blushed with embarrassment when she announced her pregnancy to me. Then no sooner had she had Kevan, than she was pregnant again with Rosalie. All the while, her husband, Lord Gavan Borton, doted on her.

There was a glut of children, as all my former and current maids, Natalie, Judith, Alice, Katherine, Debbie, Megan and Rhonda got pregnant as well. Even Margaret Hackety, the 'Nanny' I relied on to organize my children, began her own family and moved into town with her new husband, taking over Alice Dronnell's nursery school.

Seeing all the shy, nursing mothers again was quite enthralling since all of us had once been men. You would not have thought that, however, to see us all with our babies, our breasts so full, and our bras so large, our husbands so attentive and affectionate. They were all, except for me, eager to have more. Most of them thought they had to show me the scars in the places from which their children had emerged.

Even Lady Lannan got into the act. Jacqueline Ivany arranged it as carefully as she could and enraptured her husband, Tarlan, when she presented him with a son and heir. Yes, Carmichael is still very much a man's world. Little Tarran took precedence right away

over his lovely sisters, Miranda and Cynthia, both images of their beautiful mother, whom only I seemed to know had once been a man.

Lady Myra's message and Joanne's marriage announcement came at the same time as I was immersed in femininity and the female side of society. Even Joanne's announcement drew me in further; I loved the role of mother. The Wharton family was old and long settled on Carmichael. Lord Kennard Wharton had served my husband as his aide and messenger through the long, peaceful time we had. Thanks to Melissa, we had ample warning when the nervous pair approached us about Joanne's bridal auction.

Rohan played the huffy father to perfection. He had them quite convinced, I thought, that with Joanne's status, as daughter of the Lord Protector, the bridal auction might reach the astronomic figure mine had reached when Lord John McDonald purchased my bridal contract. Lord Kennard had manfully committed himself to such a figure. Joanne clung to his hand and stared at him in panic, knowing, I think, how such an auction would beggar the Wharton clan.

"All right, Rohan, you've had your fun," I told him and stood up, my long dress flowing about me as I took my daughter in my arms and hugged her, her breasts against mine. "It won't come to that," I told her as she clung to me, on the verge of tears. "And even if it did, you are my heir, Joanne, and I have a vast fortune in off-world currency we never touch. If I wanted to, I could buy both your father and the old Lord Raines as well as the Greenings. You may bid on my daughter, Lord Kennard, any amount that you must. I will cover it."

Rohan stood as well and he shook the dazed young man's hand. "My wife," Rohan said ruefully, shaking his head. "She takes all the fun out of being a father."

"She's my mother," said Joanne shakily, holding me and turning to take Rohan's hand. "She has always been there to save us all."

A mother isn't supposed to be a heroine, to have adventures, to save the planet, to kill her enemies. I could see by Rohan's expression that he was thinking that. He knew about the message from Lady Myra. He was my husband and I had few secrets from him. He was also Joanne's stepfather, though such an office didn't officially exist on Carmichael. To everyone, including her, he was her father. Melissa was now considered Joanne's mother as much as I was. Her natural good manners kept her out of the room while we, the first married, negotiated with the aspiring groom and bride.

The next three months were hectic, with getting Joanne's trousseau made and Melissa's and my gowns made as co-mothers of the bride. As usual, according to Carmichael custom, we simply announced Joanne Sutcliffe was to be presented at the Shannon bridal auction and he media seemed to go crazy.

We didn't have to announce who was going to bid on her in the old-fashioned way of sharing women on our world. This was the Carmichael I had entered in the same way, auctioned off and not knowing who my husband would be, well, sort of not knowing. Now it seemed that that world was long gone. The rules were changed now, and though there were still auctions, few were really open.

Of course, there was speculation and pages in every magazine with suggestions of what kind of dresses Melissa and I should wear. Each of the children was also featured in

articles. Hamish was a young officer on *Vulcan's Hammer*, one of the great warships we had purchased from Nebula Prime. He would be home and in uniform. Every girl in Shannondale was swooning over him according to the news.

In all the hustle and bustle and excitement, something always gets put aside. Melissa had spoken to me several times about wanting to talk about Robert. He was our middle son, the one between outgoing, boisterous Roderick, ready to charge into any military school that would have him and the pushy, outspoken Fiona, her blonde beauty already being commented on.

Robert was the quiet, serious one. He was the sensitive one, the one who could be counted on to help smooth hurt feelings, particularly those of Fiona, when her older brothers excluded her from their activities. He could be relied upon to look after Deborah or Iain for a moment or two, and not abandon his task.

I loved my dress, peach in color, short with cascades on the side, which accentuated my feminine figure. It was designed for me by Aileen Semple, who had been making dresses and gowns for me for years. Melissa's was similar but in blue. We were photographed and recorded as much as the bride, I think, on what should have been her day. Joanne was far too enraptured in the rituals of her marriage, however, to notice what the media were up to. When she came down the steps of Shannon's City Registry, she was as radiant a bride as ever was carried out to her carriage.

We had arranged for horses to draw her in her carriage. She made a slow progression through the thousands and thousands of people who lined the streets to see her. That was why we were able to get back to the citadel of Shannondale so quickly. The vid showed the long procession, intercut with clips of all of us, the closest thing I had come to realize, to a Royal or Imperial family the planet had.

Thinking about that, I scurried up the stairs and checked with the nannies about Iain and Deborah. I let Rohan have some private time with Melissa who had been looking at him with love bursting from her eyes throughout the ceremony, clearly reliving her own.

The youngest children had been put to bed and I think something must have been added to their milk, pumped from Melissa and me, their mothers, in the weeks preceding the marriage, because they both were soundly asleep. I knew where Roddy and Fiona were. They were cramping Hamish's style by determinedly hanging on to him as he tried to make time with Georgina Raines and her set of giggly, Upper Academy girls.

I breezed into Joanne's room without even thinking. I don't recall why I went in. It wasn't to tidy the voluminous mess of clothing, that was for sure. I heard a noise and was checking to see which of the maids was so dedicated as to have started cleanup.

The girl in front of Joanne's mirror was in one of Joanne's loveliest off-the-shoulder, black dresses. She turned, her wig hair—it must be Joanne's as it was black and affected a pageboy style—was flowing over her bare shoulders. She saw it was me and the fear in her thickly madeup eyes was instantaneous. Her lips were garishly made up in a flaming scarlet.

I didn't know her at all. "What are you doing here?" I demanded angrily. "And what are you doing in my daughter's clothes?"

The girl backed away and wobbled in her high heels as she retreated into the bathroom. I stormed right after her. She had locked the door. It took me a moment or two to gather my strength. It had been so much easier when I was a man. I burst the lock open and moved in on a very frightened person, trying desperately to clean the makeup off his face. Yes, *his* face. He'd set aside the wig and was trying frantically to get out of Joanne's clothes and back into his own.

There was only one of my family I hadn't accounted for, I thought in shock, and here he was in front of me. Yes, it was Robert. It was Robert feverishly taking off his sister's dress and her garter belt and stockings.

I just stood there, stupefied, as he babbled something and began to cry. He almost tore off the stockings and grabbed for his own shorts. He still had makeup on his face as he picked up his clothes and ran past me out of the room.

"Robert," I called then. "Stop, Robert. We have to talk about this."

But my sweet-tempered, sensitive son was far too agitated to listen to me. He just ran out of the door. When I got to the hallway, he had disappeared. I could have called security to locate him but I didn't. I went back and tidied up Joanne's bathroom as best I could and began to clean up her room. Actually, it took no time, as my thoughts were of Robert and the conundrum he presented to a mother like me.

I was thinking like a mother, I must admit that. I was thinking how horribly I had been betrayed but then a little sanity crept in. How could a woman like me, a former man, who loved women's clothing and never wore so much as pants, criticize my son for wearing a dress like his true father, me? I didn't even wear shorts on hot days, preferring little skirts to show off my bare, rounded legs along with frilly panties.

Now I was cast as the angry mother who had just discovered her son disguised as a girl. Melissa had wanted to talk to me about Robert. I would let her have her time with Rohan and then we would talk, but first I went to find Robert.

II. ROBERT

Of course, I couldn't find him. I looked for a while and finally asked for a quiet security check from the day officer. Just as Joanne's cortege rolled up to the gates of Shannondale, a quiet voice in my ear told me that Robert Sutcliffe had left the citadel by the northern river gate. He had told the guard who stopped him that he was going to get some air before the festivities started.

Basically, Robert had run away into the woods on his sister's wedding day. What could I do? I asked Braddon, the security officer, for a discreet pursuit of Robert. The pursuit was to include a comm tech and I wanted a private, non-recorded conversation with my son as soon as he was found and a splice to my security set could be made.

Joanne made a triumphal entry into Shannondale. She couldn't know how I felt when I saw her, the image in so many respects of her father, Lord John McDonald. I had said it to Rohan before and now I thought it even more strongly. Shannondale, once the home of the McDonalds, should go to her, the last of the direct line, when we finally were retired by the people of Carmichael.

Rohan and Melissa appeared but it was to me that my daughter advanced. Lord Kennard was on her arm, handling her as if she was precious porcelain and might break if he restrained her in any way.

"Mother," she said formally, smiling, curtsying. "May I present to you my husband, my lord and master, Lord Kennard Wharton?"

I took her hands and raised her as Melissa, Rohan's arms about her shoulders, hugging her to him, smiled at me so happily that everything was going so well.

"Welcome, Lady Wharton," I said to my daughter, whose mouth went round in surprise. She had forgotten that her name would change.

I then went on and presented Lady Wharton to the dignitaries who had come for the wedding, which meant just about everyone I have already mentioned, and a hundred more. Then security called me as I was introducing her to the Wharton family members who were all beaming at her.

I could hear Robert's voice saying, "Hello." His voice sounded as if he had been running and was now totally out of breath. I slipped away from the enthralled Whartons and stood in an alcove below the flowers that now cascaded everywhere, even over the traitors' gate, the skulls long gone from there and not replenished by us.

"Robert," I said, feeling a tingle in my stocking-covered toes as I said it. "This is Mummy." I heard his sudden intake of breath and his rapid breathing. "It was a shock to see you as a girl." More rapid breathing; he seemed to be attempting to say he was sorry and he would never do it again at the same time.

"You must forget that," I said as calmly as I could. "This is Joanne's day. You do love your older sister, don't you?"

I waited. "Y-Yes," came the stuttered reply.

"No one but me knows anything and they will not, not ever until you and I have had a chance to talk. You can explain it all to me," I said. "But I want you here, to be part of Joanne's day, to enjoy it for her. I'll avoid you as much as I can for the rest of today if that is what you think is best."

"Oh yes," he whispered.

The security men came back with him. Braddon himself signalled across the floor to me. I put my security jack back in my ear and saw Rohan suddenly looking at me across a group of exuberant Whartons.

"He's gone to his room to change," said Braddon. "He will join the party in the new atrium."

The young people, particularly those in pursuit of Hamish, had taken over that room. Robert could lose himself in there and avoid contact with his parents. The nice thing about

having efficient security was that Braddon asked no questions. I glanced over and saw that Eloise, my own personal bodyguard, was talking to several young lordlings and baronets, who had been drawn by her flame-colored hair, her good looks and her reputation for easy virtue.

Eloise had her security button working as she was trying obviously to find out why I was using security. I sent to her to take it easy. It had just been a little family tiff, smoothed over now. I would handle it later. I sent a similar message to Rohan but he still frowned when he got the message.

I loved the new skirt lengths that allowed us, like other women in the galaxy, to show off our beautiful legs, our colored stockings and our high heels. Joanne, of course, was in a long, white gown. Her black hair was pinned up and imprisoned in flowers. She and Kennard finally left by thopter to our secure village by Lake Jarra, one of the Ten Wives, the group of lakes formed by the Shannon River in its meandering across the wide valley that also bore its name. It was newly built and they would be its first inhabitants. They would have peace and a chance to do nothing else but make love for a few days in a wonderful, secured estate.

The bustle and problems they left behind were mine. I found Melissa where I expected, in the nursery, playing with our youngest children, an expression of uncontrolled delight on her face. She thought nothing of opening her dress and slipping her bra strap down her arm and lifting Deborah to her breast. I had to smile as Iain hauled himself up the side of his crib and babbled at me. Soon I had a little mouth jerking and pulling on my breast as Iain gurgled and tried to empty me as fast as he could.

The nannies quietly withdrew as we Ladies of the Land suckled our young. Melissa's face was a picture of rapture as little Deborah sucked, then went to sleep. Melissa had to tickle her chin to get her to keep feeding unlike the big, greedy boy I had spawned.

"Melissa," I asked her quietly, making sure I had her attention. "Tell me about Robert. Tell me why you have been trying to speak to me about him for a while."

"Today?" she gasped. "You want to talk *today*?"

I nodded. "How long have you known that he liked dressing up like a girl?" I asked.

Melissa's eyes opened wide in surprise and she looked very unhappy. She glanced around to make sure no-one was in earshot. "I-I," she began. She looked at me in silent appeal as if asking me not to force her to say something she didn't want to say.

"From the time I got here," Melissa finally said huskily, "I knew someone was going through my clothing. My pantie drawer was disturbed." She was blushing, only natural, as she thought about what she, a former man, was saying. Deborah, the baby at her breast, began to catch some of her agitation because she began to fidget. Melissa moved her daughter to her other arm and her other breast. Deborah began to feed hungrily again even as Iain slowed to the occasional tweak.

I waited for the rest of it. "I-I thought it was security, you know, that it was you," Melissa went on, smiling down at her daughter as she spoke. "And then Joanne said something about the panty raider leaving makeup on her blouse but she wouldn't say anything

more. Then I caught Robert in my room. He was very panicked but he said he was just looking out over the new atrium because he wanted to avoid Roddy. I believed him.

"Then, around Midwinter Ball, two, no, three, years ago, Fiona was in tears when she found that new dress of hers with the seams all broken. You might remember that. We watched the maids and nannies pretty closely after that but we found nothing. Then once, I saw Joanne berating Robert over something. He was saying he was sorry and he wouldn't do it again.

"I asked but they wouldn't say anything about it. Then I found my lingerie, the new black lace that Rohan brought me from Remfell, I don't know if you remember that, but I could tell it had been worn and some of my panties were missing. I set up a recorder." She flushed. "Eloise showed me how to use one. I told her it was to capture whatever kind of mites were getting into the new atrium. I don't think she believed me at all but she did show me how to set it up and use it.

"That's how I caught Robert, coming into my room and putting on my clothes. Oh, he looked so happy in my camisole and panties and my high heels, even though it was all a little too big for him. He looked like a little girl trying on her Mummy's clothes."

She stopped and adjusted Deborah as I shifted Iain again to my other nipple, feeling like nothing but an over-large soother for my almost sleeping son. "You confronted him about his wearing your clothes," I stated, knowing what the answer would be.

"I did," she said, coloring. "He denied it was him. I told him about the recorder. He didn't want to look at the pictures. He cried. He said he was very, very sorry and he didn't know what had come over him. He said that he'd never done it before. He promised me he would never, ever, do it again."

"You believed him?" I asked, curious at her naïveté.

"I was relieved that it wasn't you," Melissa said, blushing. "I thought you still didn't trust me and you know, well." It took a while for her to get it out. "I thought you might be jealous of Rohan and me. I thought you might still want him all for yourself."

"Oh, Melissa," I sighed, switching off my son who was treating me as a soother to help him get to sleep. "You know it was my idea in the first place to have Rohan purchase your bridal contract. You have never had anything to fear from me."

I laid Iain in his crib with his favorite blanket and he was asleep in seconds. He was a very good baby. I did up my bra and the front of my dress and looked back at my fellow wife. She looked so lovely, her hair long and loose, the baby at her well-formed breast, while she stared at me in surprise.

"You *wanted* Rohan to marry me?" Melissa asked, her eyes bright with tears. "It was your idea to make me part of your family?"

"Our family," I nodded as she stood in a rustle of skirts, as I had. She took Deborah to her own crib and wheeled it gently into the adjoining room, decorated in pinks and frills, a real little girl's nursery, once Fiona's.

Melissa turned and came to me and hugged me, tears pouring down her face. "Thank you so much," she whispered in my ears as she pressed her lovely breasts and shapely body against mine. I caught her lovely scent, her own variety of 'Upland Flowers,' which I

used in my own fragrance. "Thank you for my life, for my wonderful daughter and for our h-husband," she said, holding me and hugging my female body to her own.

Oh, why can't I be Willen Smit when I want to be? I thought as I hugged her back. Then it was that Rohan came to find us. He joined in the hug. That, of course, led to kisses, and *that* led to the bedroom where he performed with his usual gallantry. Both of us 'girls' were aroused beyond what he normally expected. This time, his chemicals were only marginally helpful to him as we exhausted him completely and relentlessly and helped each other as well to reach the thrilling climaxes which only we new women knew were so intense and so pleasurable.

I only remembered that it had been Robert whose problem that I wanted to solve as I made Rohan give me my third series of orgasms. He protested that his heart was not going to survive the night with such vixens as us at him. I'm glad he compared us to the female of the species. I took his pulse and he was still below the danger level so I drew Melissa into us as well and had him satisfy her as he satisfied me. She and I kissed and stroked each other's breasts which made both of us direct poor Rohan to even further bouts of kisses, caresses and penetrations between our legs.

"Did we all enjoy that?" he asked lightly as we all snuggled up together. I laughed and Melissa giggled shyly. She and I kissed then in front of Rohan as he hugged and caressed our breasts. "I think something new has happened here," he said and I agreed. I could see myself as a woman now making love to Melissa. She seemed to be looking at me in the same way, with an eagerness to follow my lead.

"I can see that my presence is going to become superfluous."

"Never," I told him. "But when we want it at the same time ..."

"You have to oblige us," said Melissa, a lovely smile on her face as she put her long, lovely nails on his nipples and played with him. It wasn't long before the two of them were going at it again. I rolled slightly to one side and thought of Robert and Lady Myra.

In chaste nighties and robes, our golden hair down our backs, we consulted with Rohan over the breakfast we shared in our room; the children were fed and in the care of their nannies. Rohan was always romantic in the mornings. His chemical assistance often lingered and was a delight to us all. He and I ate, caressed, returned to bed, and returned to the table to give the other wife her turn with our amorous husband.

I waited until they were both sated. We were all sipping on tea before I explained to them both what I had caught Robert doing the day before. Rohan was aghast and furious. He was so angry with his son that I thought he would explode and have that heart attack he was always saying we girls would give him. He reacted, I suppose, just like a natural father would.

When I could get a word in edgewise, I smiled at him and at Melissa's stricken face. "Aren't you forgetting, Rohan darling?" I asked him. I indicated Melissa and myself in our lovely robes, our figures so obviously feminine. He looked at our beautiful faces, shaped by the best physicians in the land, at our long hair and the beautiful breasts we displayed, enlarged by our pregnancies.

"We are not a normal family," I murmured. "Not in our generation."

Rohan looked from one to the other; I think he had quite forgotten that we had not been women at some point in our lives. "But, but he's a *boy*," he said at last, and we all knew what he meant.

"We do love being the way we are," I told him gently. "We love our panties and our soft, feminine clothes. We love our gowns, our garter belts, our stockings and our high heels. We love our long hair and our jewellery. We love our perfume and being made up to be glamorous women. We love going to bed in our nighties and we love being the woman in our partnership with you in bed. We communicate that all the time to the staff, our maids and security, as well as the children. They all know we are in love with you and how we act with you. We've been seen many times, like you and Melissa in her bikini on Waystead beach."

They both colored at that. It had taken Rohan quite a bit of money to buy up the photos and vids of the pair of them, and hush up the invasion of their privacy. Luckily, no one had been jailed or killed over the incident. Personally, I wouldn't have cared. I thought they both looked marvellous as they made love on what they thought was a deserted beach.

"It's all my fault," said a distressed Melissa. "I shouldn't have kept saying how wonderful it is to be a woman."

"It is," I said to her lovely face. "It *is* lovely to be a woman and that it is not your fault, Missy. But I think this problem with Robert goes back to before you got here, Melissa. It's just that he's bigger now and so it's a bigger problem."

"Robert's still a little boy," said Rohan stubbornly. "He can have this frightened out of him."

"Tell him all you told me," I said to Melissa. "Particularly the bit about Joanne and her panty raider."

Haltingly, Melissa brought Rohan up-to-date. He was still appalled. He was in a 'No son of mine' position as if he didn't realize that his wives had once been sons of fathers just like him.

"What are you most scared of?" I asked him after he had ranted for a while. I had let him go on and on, even though Melissa had kept looking at me to intervene at his most preposterous statements.

That stopped him for a while. "If you are scared of the world finding out and we being made to look ridiculous, or perverted," I said to him forcefully, "I think you should forget that. We do have a fifth column, our own spy network, based on Lannan's work over the years. I think the media, which is riddled with Lannan girls, is going to be very sympathetic. The problem is not how we are made to look. It is no disgrace on our family unless we act as if it is. Our problem is Robert and what is best for him."

"We have to talk to Jacqueline Ivany," said Rohan with a frown. "They do put the new girls on a program, don't they? One where they are coached and indoctrinated to love being women. It's an indoctrination program. They must have the reverse, an aversion program."