



Reluctant Press presents:

Birthday Week

#25

And More...

Jamie



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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BIRTHDAY WEEK # 25

By JAMIE

Frank and Beverly Mason were blessed with a set of triplets. Frank was also a member of such a delivery.

In this young and suddenly big family, Mom and Dad were almost overwhelmed with care burdens. Dad, being a farmer, could schedule time for assisting Beverly with the almost constant need for care of one their new family members.

They had no warning to expect a multiple delivery, and only had one baby crib. Frank cut plywood panels

and divided the crib into three sections, and the babies slept crossways for their early life.

Beverly kept after Frank to go for an operation to prevent any more such deliveries in the future, but he kept putting it off. This meant that Beverly had to remember to take her birth control pill.

The three babies, two girls and a boy, were quite healthy, grew quite fast, and were very dedicated to each other.

At the age of ten, their birthday celebration included Frank reading a story from the book, "The Decameron" He had to be quite selective, because some of the tales were a bit much for ten-year-olds. As the years passed, these triplets maintained that birth date as almost sacred. By the time they were fifteen, they had transitioned into celebrating Birthday Week.

Their graduation from High School fell in the beginning of Birthday Week. Dad still read a tale from that special book, as tradition. The triplets flew to Las Vegas for the last three days of their special week. Almost immediately after arriving, Daniel hit it big from a dollar slot machine. That payoff was for over fifty thousand dollars.

There was no more gambling for the rest of that day. Their concentration was on investing that bundle. They decided to wait to talk to Aunt Fran, one of Frank's fellow triplets. She was quite into investing, and most likely could help them manage this sudden good fortune.

They would save twenty-five thousand for their nest egg, split the balance three ways and enjoy their Las Vegas fling. Dana and Donna each wanted some

special outfits to remember their great stroke of luck. They dragged Daniel along to help them choose.

Daniel was getting cheated. The two girls stood in a changing room, dressed in their pretty nylon lingerie. It suddenly dawned on them that Dan wasn't sharing in their fun.

Donna said, "Dana, we can't do this. Go out and select a complete set of lingerie for Dan, and we will convert him into Danielle." Soon there were three girls standing in their slips, and a sales lady was running to select dresses for them to try on.

Dan was now into a element of femininity quite new to him. He has been dressed in his sisters' clothes numerous times before but had never been involved in the selection phase. He fell in love with a conservative style of dress, got the sales lady to find it in his favorite color, and had help putting it on. He convinced Dana and Donna to select it in their colors. Suddenly, there they were, The Three Musketeers all in the same dress, each in her favorite color.

Shopping was now over for that day; now it was time to concentrate of completing the conversion of Daniel to Danielle.

Aunt Frances was an wizard, sharp as a tack and well-versed in investment strategies . Over the next five years, she managed that account. Even with them tapping it for their now annual Birthday Week in Vegas, she more than tripled their nest egg.

"It takes money to earn money. Now is the time for you three to learn how to do so," she told them.

At twenty years of age, they each had just over thirty thousand dollars in investments. On their twenty-fifth celebration, they each took a thousand dol-

lars and attacked the dollar slots all over the Strip. Dana hit a five-thousand dollar jackpot, and Donna got one for seven grand. This was split three ways.

In Vegas, Dad was absent, so each of them would tell a tale on the night of their birth. These would be recorded; maybe later in life they could combine them into a modern-day book like "The Decameron."

There was really no embarrassment among these three, they had bathed together until the girls began to develop busts. Mom separated them at that point, having Daniel bathe separately and setting him up with a separate bedroom.

Most every morning, all three would wake up in the girls' big bed. The girls began to insist that Dan wear a nightgown to sleep with them. That became a game to dress Dan up and call him Danielle. They played house often, and of course Danielle had to be included. Mom and Dad both knew what the girls were doing, and were not the least bit alarmed.

Dan was a natural at math, whereas Dana had a tough time with it, so on two occasions, Dana became Dan and Dan became Dana. "She" aced her math exam. Dan was stuck in Dana's dress for that whole school day.

On their twenty-fifth Birthday Week, as tradition dictated, it came time for their stories.

THE AYES HAVE IT

by Dana Mason

In the little out-of-the-way town called Promise, the population having been decreased considerably by

men being killed in the military, logging and DWI accidents, the ladies decided that it was time for them to take charge. The Ladies Social Circle held a meeting.

The agenda was short, with only ten items to be discussed and voted on. The discussions were brief and to the point. Just as the moderator asked "Is there any other business to come before this meeting?" Nancy Jones stood up. The moderator recognized her, and asked for her statement or motion.

Nancy said, "I wish to make a motion that all persons living and working in our town dress in dresses as proper ladies at all times." Susan Brown jumped to her feet and quickly seconded, then asked if she could speak to that motion.

The astonished Moderator granted her request. Sue began to describe the unfair situation, where just a few men were allowed to run their town to their standards. The Ladies Social Circle was fed up with the sloppy manner of dressing on the part of almost every male, and were now ready to correct this fault. No one would appear on this town's public streets or in the businesses unless they appear in proper ladies apparel.

Those engaged in laborers duties would have to obtain ladies coveralls, and every male would have to wear an approved style of ladies lingerie underneath. The approved style of lingerie would be ladies winter long johns, covering from above the knee to shoulder and elbow. A summer version made of much cooler nylon material would be worn during hot weather. These garments do not allow for toilet access except in the seated position.

There would be a three-day grace period for the acquisition of the required clothing. That means that

starting on Sunday next, wearing men's overalls or any other male garb would result in an arrest.

The motion on the floor was clearly stated, and discussed. Every female in attendance responded in favor. The men voted against that motion, but there were seven more ladies present than men. The motion was carried.

The Sheriff stood and called for reconsideration. There was a vote to reconsider, and the motion was lost by one vote.

The Moderator stated that since all business was now complete, he needed a vote to adjourn. That motion was proposed and duly passed in the affirmative. "I declare this Town Meeting closed by the vote of those present."

There were only three days for the town's males to change over to wearing ladies' formal or street clothing. They had better not be seen in public within the town's limits in male clothing.

The ladies had won. They would establish their own police force to insure that the law was followed, if necessary. They would have a well-dressed main street, and business district. Their Police Department would start business on Sunday morning, wearing law-women's attire, to enforce the new town ordinance.

No more sloppy overalls or blue jeans on their streets; male workers would have to purchase and wear respectable-looking ladies' coveralls over the approved lingerie.

The Sheriff nearly resigned. No way was he going to dress as a lady. There probably wasn't a dress or

skirt of the right color available for him in any case. Wearing size twelve men's shoes, he would never find a set of heels to fit his feet. Or so he thought.

Susan already had three pairs for him to try on and four official lady Sheriff's dresses ready for fitting. She owned the Ladies Fashion Shop, and she had carefully estimated dress and shoe sizes for every male in town. The orders had been arriving for almost a week now. A room next to the fitting room was filled with racks of ladies wear ordered on consignment. She had charge slips made out for every male to sign. Each charge slip already had a lady's name at the top.

Frank would become Francine. Tom would become Tess. Carl would be Carla, But what about William? How about Billie? Sheriff John could become Sheriff Joan. Police Chief George could be Chief Georgia. Officer Reginald, dear little Reggie. Susan ordered a pair of size two police-style dresses for "Reggie" and size four two and one half-inch heels to match.

The women had spent over a month working out the logistics of this female takeover. Three ladies had outright refused to go along with this radical change; Nancy and Susan worked for over a week to convince them to picture their pretty little town center, with all residents dressed as ladies.

Several men listed their property for sale, but three days later with no sale in sight, they had to go to Susan for her choice of dresses to wear, to comply with this first-of-its-kind situation.

There would be quite a few males who would try to buck or defy that order, but Sheriff Joan had several cells, and Police Chief Georgia had six more. Officer Reggie would have to escort those nonconforming males to the local lockups.

Susan had almost ordered some four inch heels for Reggie to give her more stature but conceded that the lower ones were safer for her, at least while she was in training. Farmer Don, soon to become Farmer Donna, felt he could defy the new ordinance. Who would ever bother to check on him way out where his farm was? He would just send his wife in to town for supplies.

She returned with everything he had ordered and then some. At Susan's Fashion Shop, she got a new apron, and some unmentionables. Susan had talked her into forcing Don to become Donna.

This little town would become a No Man's Land. Town meeting must always have a majority of females, to insure that their vote for dresses stayed in effect.

All of the store windows displayed ladies fashions and were decorated with lovely curtains. With everyone wearing dresses, the town was becoming a real showplace.

That first week, seven men were jailed for disregarding that new ordinance. Chief Georgia and Sheriff Joan had complied by purchasing the required dress, heels, and lingerie, to comply with that law so they had no reservation about jailing any man who thought he could get away with not wearing a dress.

Judge Carla decided that these early arrests were a first offense and ordered the men to serve four days in jail in dresses and two days working in Susan's store. In addition, they would receive instructions on how to properly wear dresses and whatever else was needed to be good citizens.

The newspapers were having a field day with Promise now becoming a No Man's Land. A photographer was jailed for four days and had to work with Su-

san and Nancy for two additional days, all while wearing dresses.

Tourists began flocking into town to see it first hand. Many visiting males paid a stiff fine to avoid the six days of punishment en femme.

Sightseeing busses began showing up by the dozens to see the pretty little town where all residents were required to wear dresses. Every structure around the town's center circle was now well-cared for. There were plant boxes with pretty flowers in bloom everywhere.

The amusement park took a serious hit, because visiting males not properly attired would get jailed. The park purchased dresses to rent to these men, and the local law people made sure that the males wore them or they would go to jail or pay the heavy fine.

The police actions netted the town enough income to cancel the need for any local tax for the coming year.

There seems to be a tendency for humans to push the envelope just a bit too far. In the town of Promise, where women now ruled, that tendency was quite strong. In response, the two ladies who had proposed and seconded that Town Meeting motion, seeing what was happening, now became overly considerate of the males.

These ladies were now toying with a motion which would allow the use of male attire but strictly control the neatness and cleanliness of all appearing within the town's business district.

Another faction, having achieved power, was now determined to increase female control until eventually all of the local men were retained in a holding facility, to be rented out.

All business and financial control would be handled by those of the female gender. This of course would spell doom to the little town, stop all growth, and discourage heterosexual couples from moving in because the man would be quickly carried away to that lockup.

The town was showing an increase of females and a continuing decrease of males. This means a need to revise the dress code to encourage a closer balance of gender counts.

The present requirement for dresses, heels, and approved long johns had totally eliminated all standing urination. The conversion to ladies undergarments with no front closure was a brilliant move. Now all urination required disrobing by lifting the dress and assuming a seated position.

One discussion centered around a way to lock up every penis, allowing only married ladies to possess a key, thus eliminating all concerns about single ladies getting sexually attacked, while forcing all males to accept supervised elimination functions.

The ladies differed radically on the locking methods. Some thought a wire cage seemed best. Others wanted some sort of chastity garment.

Most of the town's ladies were in love with their clean and neat males, even if it took ladies wear to make it happen. They had no desire to release their grip on the reins of power. So with a sixty-nine percent female majority, they prepared for the next Town Meeting. Their express purpose was to return the pants to their males. Their motion would include a neatness clause. Any man who violated it would be returned to wearing dresses.

After the vote was taken the Moderator once again stated, "The Ayes have it." Nearly one hundred percent of those present voting in the affirmative. There were five "No" votes from ladies insistent that they must retain the ordinance for males to wear dresses. They delighted in being able to force their men to pose as ladies; it was an extremely effective method of control. Walking outside in a wind was a challenging action, and many males wore slips to help reduce the up drafts.

Judge George established a two-month return to dresses for any male arrested for not being properly dressed. Sheriff John arrested and jailed men on their second offense. .

LUCKY LOIS

by Danielle Mason

Lois was a young single lady with lots of muscle mass, lots of personal protection training, lots of powerful defense moves, and a special look which said, "Don't mess with me." No wonder she had no qualms dressing as she liked and going where she liked.

Her convertible was parked and locked over in back of the huge gym parking lot which was nearly empty, near the dumpster. At this time of night, ten minutes to ten on a Friday evening, that was to be expected.

Unlocking the driver's door, Lois tossed her gym bag across to the passenger side of her front seat. To be sure that her skirt didn't get bunched up and wrinkled,

she made that very feminine movement of brushing her arms across her fanny to smooth out the fabric before sitting on it. Then she slid in behind the steering wheel.

The work week over, Lois had spent an hour on the machines inside the gym, working up quite a sweat. Then she showered and got dressed in her attention getting outfit, with its wide flaring skirt and petticoat. She was wearing an uplift bra which nearly had her boobs in orbit. She had only minutes to meet Lance.

He was to meet her at their late-night eating place in about ten minutes; she was trying to be presentable and desirable upon her arrival. Her left hand reached out for the door, to shut it, and her right one was reaching to insert the key in the ignition lock. Suddenly, her lights went out.

Someone dropped something over her head, then pulled it tight around her throat. The distinct snap of a padlock was heard.

She couldn't see, couldn't call for help; the bag over her head was made of some sort of tough cloth which she was not able to tear. Someone was in her car, right behind her.

What now? She couldn't run, because she couldn't see. She quickly confirmed that the snap she had heard was a padlock, snapped through a leather belt, securing this unit around her neck.

She must stay calm, and wait to be able to use her great strength and combat expertise against this mystery attacker. The car rocked slightly as her attacker exited the back seat, opening the passenger side door. Lois sat quietly, waiting for the next move, which she hoped would let break some of his fingers or poke her

fingers into his eyes and blind him. But a rope was dropped over her head, and she was pulled over to the passenger side window. Her head was pulled out and the window was cranked up to pinch tightly on her neck, nearly choking her.

“My God, where is my skirt right now? How much am I exposing? How can I get my head out of this door window? Where has my attacker gone now?” she thought wildly.

The door closed, the engine started, and the vehicle was in motion, at what seemed like a very conservative rate of speed.

While her hands were still free, she had better try to get that window lowered to get her head back inside, where she might be able to find a way to get free. She must ignore what she might be exposing for now. Her attacker must have sensed that he couldn't control her, that by blinding her, he would gain a tremendous advantage, because she would be nearly helpless.

Why had she parked so far back in the lot, so far from the gym door? There was a huge truck in the way, and men were unloading large cartons.

She was forced to park in one of the only vacant spaces, way over in the back.

She remembered one of the men, climbing down from his truck cab, checked out every square inch of her as she walked by on her way into the gym. Now he had control of every square inch; she had damn well better begin to fight back.

“Think, Lois! He is driving, concentrating mostly on the road, so use your right hand and lower that window slowly until your head is clear. You know just where he is seated. Clasp your hands, spin around,

drop your arms around his neck, and squeeze for all you are worth. We may crash, but you just might choke him enough to make the car stop. If you have a good enough hold, you may be able to force him to unlock that blinding head cover. Whoever is doing this will be in deep shit when I finish with him.”

Lowering the window slowly was almost torture. She kept shuffling her fanny and feet to try to keep the driver’s attention away from what was happening to the window. Then suddenly, Lois spun around on her knees, dropped her clasped hands over the driver’s head and began to cut off his air supply. Her head was up against his right ear and both her hands were clamped around his throat. She must overpower this Bastard while still blinded.

Her car came to an abrupt stop. Her pressure on this person’s throat never let up. His fingers dug at her right wrist and fingers in an effort to breathe. There was a gasping sound as his air ran short, the attempt to remove her choke hold became quite feeble, finally stopping completely. She maintained the choke hold for about two more minutes, then began to relax her pressure gradually.

She must find that padlock key, and fast. This person may just be unconscious, not dead. Lois tipped him towards her, and searched his left side pockets. Finding no key, she flipped him back upright, then examined the right pockets. She determined that her captor was a male, because there was no evidence of a right breast or bra. His hair was in a man’s cut.

What to do now? Someone was stopping a car. Help was there. Her passenger door was pulled open and she tried to ask for help, but her right arm was severely twisted, and she was dragged out of her car. A rope

was tied to her right wrist, the rope passed between her legs, pulling her skirt and petticoat way up. The rope was tied again, this time to her left wrist.

She was lead to a running car. She was roughly shoved into the back seat, her legs and skirts were shoved in and the door was slammed behind her. The vehicle took off at a terrifying speed.

Lois still couldn't see, and now her wrists were bound through her crotch; she couldn't even sit up without sitting on one of her hands. Someone had her as their prisoner, and was rapidly heading for parts unknown.

Being quite limber from all of her gym training, she managed to bend her body over enough sideways to reach one of the knots which securing her wrists. She worked at the knots until she had to stop because of a cramp in her side. She straightened up for a bit, before going back at it again. One knot began to loosen, and finally her hands were free. Straightening out that piece of rope, she quickly fashioned a noose. She moved carefully over to where the driver's head should be, she applied a choke hold on the driver. She increased the pressure gradually. The car slowed and finally stopped. The driver struggled to breathe, but to no avail. Soon the driver was still. Lois secured the rope to be sure that this person couldn't get free and attack her again. She began to try to get rid of the thing blinding her.

The leather of the strap around her throat was very resilient, and her fingernails couldn't cut it away. The car key was a lousy saw; it just slid across the leather. After what seemed like hours, her fingers were getting raw from trying to force the key to cut through the leather strap locked around her neck.

She didn't dare to get out and walk. She was just about to throw down the key and cry when a vehicle stopped.

A man spoke, "It looks like you're in a tough situation. What say we strike a deal? Get in my van. We will get away from the strangled driver, park somewhere and take care of my desires. Then I'll return you to your home, cut almost all the way through that leather neck band, and leave you to finish removing that head cover.

Lois was now ready to boil over, Her anger knew no bounds, but she nodded her head to indicate that she would cooperate with this man's plan. He selected a secluded place to stop, then helped Lois into the back of the van, which happened to have a mattress on the floor. The guy helped her remove her skirt, then removed most of his own clothing. He reached up to grasp the waist band of her panties with both of his hands. Lois clamped her legs around his neck and began to squeeze until he was screaming.

She pointed to that padlocked leather strap, and indicated that he cut it. He said that his knife was in his pants pocket. She motioned for him to get it; he said that he couldn't reach. Lois grasped his left hand, spread his fingers until he cried out in pain, then motioned for him to retrieve his knife and pass it to her. She reestablished her leg squeeze on his neck, used her hands to open the knife and sawed through the leather strap. Still holding him securely, she removed her pantyhose, put on her skirt, then tied the man's hands securely. She demanded directions from him, and drove his van out of the woods and safely home.

Lois partially untied the man, then went in her house and quickly locked the doors. Shortly, she heard

the van leave her yard. She expected to be dragged out of bed by the police for two murders. The police never even contacted her about abandoning her convertible. She had no serious cuts or bruises. She was hungry, but she had been priming herself for a real hot sexual interlude and was hoping that it could happen even before she and Lance got to eat.

There was a cute little motel right beside the pizza place; Lois was going to suggest that Lance rent one of the cabins. Glancing at the clock and noticing that it was almost one in the morning, she was convinced that Lance had given up, ordered himself some supper and gone home without getting any relief for his built-up lust. It must be tough to concentrate on driving with a full blown erection fighting for freedom. Lois knew that she was presently at the high point in her monthly cycle; if she had been raped, she would have had to find some of those "Morning After" pills. With that bag over her head, she wouldn't have been able to tell if the guy used a condom.

She wanted what Lance would have to offer; there was a serious need for their anticipated meeting. She had no serious thoughts of spending the rest of her life with this man, but tonight his attention would be most welcome.

Her sort-of steady guy was a truck driver who was often out on the road. Many a night, Lois had to make-do with some random male at some fast food place or beer joint. She didn't sell her wares, but a live male was often more desirable than her vibrator.

She loved to be cuddled and petted. She hoped to find the man who could love her before they began to disrobe.

Maybe she should start a school aimed at teaching males to respect the slower response of the female, and train them in how to really set a lady on fire, before they reached the point of penetration.

What an idea, How could she get started? Who would she consult for suggestions of attracting clients, and where should she consider setting up any such school? Would it really work or would the male students get so turned on that the females doing the teaching would always be in danger of being attacked?

Could garments be designed which would protect the ladies, allow freedom to the male, but protect the teacher? She laughed to herself that the safest approach would be to place the males in the class in straight jackets, and have the class be conducted strictly by video lectures with absolutely no actual contacts between students and teachers.

“Leave it alone, Lois,” she thought, “you are treading on thin ice. Maybe you had best look for a lover who is employed locally, and dump your over-the-road guy. You could be well-advised to hold out for Mr. Right even if you end up settling for your vibrator for a few months until you strike pay dirt.”

After that close call, Lois was always extremely careful about being a single female out at night and alone. She might not get a second chance.

OUT OF STEP by Dawn Mason

Steve had gotten into trouble with some men who ran the local rackets. He needed to find a way to leave town...quickly.

He and his girl friend were both musicians. She was presently packing to go on a four-month tour in a bus

caravan called "Take The Music To The People." The female organizers decided to make this an All-Girl tour. There would be three busses filled with just girls. That would make nighttime stops much simpler.

Steve asked Sue to help him join that tour, thus getting him out of town with no trouble from the Mafia. If he could just get out of California, he could soon return to being a boy and have a fighting chance for survival.

Sue agreed, but only on her conditions. Steve must truly pass as a female, none of this halfway stuff. Every hair would have to be in place, every whisker must be removed, and he would have only lingerie and dresses to wear.

Sue packed a rolling luggage case for "Sandy" and one for herself. Steve packed one with all male clothing. The larger case was left for the truck hauling the large musical instruments. It was Steve's case of male clothes that went onto that truck. The busses traveled the first day until ten at night, then stopped at a building normally used as a disaster shelter. There were rows of cot mattresses lined up side-by-side, and end-to-end across the whole floor. There were just sheets for covers, with narrow walkways between the rows of mattresses

This being an all-girl situation, there was little need for privacy. Strip, slip into your PJ's or nightgown, and get into bed. Steve got an eyeful of bare or near-bare female bodies on every side.

Sue's and Steve's girl clothes were there, but not his male ones; that truck was delayed with tire trouble. Sue laughed at the thought of her boyfriend being stuck with only her clothes to wear, and secretly hoped that it could continue for several more days. It would serve

a man right, to have to pose as a female in order to survive.



“Sandy” said, “We are away from those Mafia guys. If only I had my boy clothes, I could soon be on my way. All of my important papers are packed in that case, and here I am, stuck in Girlie Mode.”

Sue said, “I guess that you are going to play at being a Girl for at least one more day. You’re lucky that we braided your hair into your wig, that will hold it in place while you get your beauty sleep. I wish that they had allowed men’s shirts, jeans, and sneakers for us to travel in, but our director had the theory that we would be much more presentable if everyone were wearing pretty dresses. What a privilege for you to dress up as a very presentable lady, pantyhose and all.” She laughed at the face he made at that comment.

Sue began to lecture Steve about having to carefully shave three times a day. She reminded him to constantly monitor the length of his leg hair.

The chances of Steve being discovered were very slim. If “Sandy” could maintain a passable feminine persona, keep her clothing neat and clean at all times, then as soon as the truck with the spare instruments arrived, “she” would have to be ready to perform to pay her way.

The group was scheduled for four gigs in Oregon, seven in Washington. The troupe would then go east, then south into the mountain country of Colorado, head further south, then turn west, over the mountains for jobs in southern California. Finally, after four months, they would return home to northern California.

Would four months hiding out as a female be enough to get those men off Steve’s back? Would Steve have to continue to pose as Sandy in order to be safe? Should Sandy abandon this tour group, strike out on

her own, maybe permanently adopt this female persona to insure personal safety and peace of mind?

What could Sandy do for work? How could she support herself? Waitress? Hairdresser? Nurse? Or should "she" go back to Steve's line of work, truck driver? Perhaps she could drive as a lady dressed in jeans, jacket, and cowboy boots.

A trumpet could create many different sounds, depending on the comfort, and mental state of the person playing the instrument. For some odd reason, Steve's distress at having to dress and live temporarily as a woman caused him to play better than he ever had before. One afternoon soon after he started touring with the group, he was sitting on his cot, practicing on the trumpet with Sue accompanying him on her flute. Donna, the group's musical director, heard them and walked toward them. They were the only three people in the room; the "other" girls had all gone on a shopping trip into town. Intent on their playing and with their backs turned to her, Steve and Sue didn't hear Donna approach.

Donna walked up and tapped Steve on the shoulder. Startled, Steve turned quickly, causing his hair piece to fall off. It was immediately apparent that "Sandy" was actually a male. Steve and Sue had no choice but to come clean about the situation and beg for Donna's understanding and help.

Donna was shocked to learn that a male in drag was included in her tour. She was close to ordering Sandy to get her things and vacate pronto, but she had just heard the most beautiful music coming from Sandy's trumpet, supplemented by Sue on her flute. She needed time to figure out a way to add this unusual sound into their concerts.

So Sandy, beautiful Sandy, was actually a male, So Sandy had somehow displeased some Mafia thugs. Sandy hadn't disturbed any of the other ladies on this tour. She had blended into this tour for over a week. With special handling, Donna just might be able to retain Sandy, but one wrong might make Steve slip away in the dark of night.

Sue and Sandy held a very private conference covering many varied topics. What should they do now that a third person knew about Steve's switch? Should Steve vacate the country completely. If so, where would be a safe haven. Could there be a easier solution to the problem? How long could "Sandy" remain Steve's public image? Should efforts begin at once to convert Steve into Sandy, and to what extent? Should Steve have surgery to alter all visible male signs to female, or just get more minor changes to his beard, body hair, breasts and voice?

These tour ladies were a very close knit group. Should they be told the truth about "Sandy?" What type of reaction could be expected? Would Sandy be thrown from one of the speeding busses? Could this musical tour group really do battle with the Mafia and come out the victor?

They selected several to handle the logistics and got each lady and Steve special secure phones. The lady most skilled with computers would have to become a member of the cleaning staff at the Mafia headquarters to search out the passwords for all of their accounts and contacts.

After the tour group returned to northern California and disbanded, they could hold planning meetings, ostensibly for their next tour. Their contact names would be Walt Disney characters.

All the ladies pitched in with help to maintain Sandy's disguise. Sandy was always with at least three other females whenever "she" was out in public, "public" included when Sandy was in the ladies room.

The mob's computer listed a major meeting of the Mafia bosses for the very next Friday evening. The caterers were called, and six new ladies were put on as wait staff.

On the afternoon of that meeting, many of the large rolled in food storage units were filled with armed ladies ready to do battle. The ladies were all posing as men in suits, with no visible sign of weapons.

Four of them had even gotten men's haircuts, and put on long line bras backwards in order to pass as men.

The rolling food containers, when emptied of their female warriors, would be refilled with the attendants of this major mafia meeting and delivered directly to the local police station.

Just what to do with the bundles of money in mob's computer accounts would be decided at a meeting of the Musical Tour Ladies. One thing was certain: the men herded into those lockable food containers would not be able to use it to buy their way out of their arrest warrants.

Director Donna had a complete listing of all of the mob's bank accounts and all of the passwords to them. She had one of her wizards develop a fast and efficient transfer of all funds to end up in the local police department accounts.

When the meeting was called to order, an invisible sleeping gas was released into the vents. In five minutes, all the mobsters were asleep.

The “men” were wearing gas masks; they ushering the mob members into the food carts. In less than fifteen minutes, the room was empty, the food carts were gone, and no one was wearing a gas mask any longer.

Five long-bodied trucks appeared at the police station. The food carts were lowered to the loading dock, and taken inside. Eighty five arrests were made, mostly on the evidence of the agenda handed out as their meeting began. There was enough evidence to hold every meeting member over for trial.

Sandy, Sue, Director Donna and four other ladies gathered to discuss the evening’s accomplishments. The first order of business was to divide and distribute the huge amount of money now in their special account.

The Salvation Army, Red Cross, local youth groups, and other worthy charities were all to receive sizable anonymous donations.

Director Donna introduced her plan for the group’s next tour. Sue and Sandy were scheduled to appear last at each concert. “I was taught that you should save the best for last,” Donna said, beaming at the two girls. Yes, Steve had decided that, even though the Mob was no longer able to look for him, he would stay a woman. He had never known friends like the other girls in the group and he would be a fool to give them up.

Three nylon nightgown-clad ladies from the Mason family slid under the satin sheets of their King-sized bed, said “Good Night” to each other, snuggled into a loving cluster and drifted off to Dreamland. Thus did the final night of their twenty-fifth Birthday Week come to a close.

##

SWITCH NITCH

by **JAMIE**

When we harvested vegetables on the farm fifteen years ago, the old dual-wheeled truck lots of loads of produce to the farmers market on the edge of the city.

After graduating from High School, I worked with Dad for the summer, then went away to college for four years. At the end of my schooling, I was caught up in the draft and spent two years in military service.

Dad had gotten too old to farm alone and had moved into an assisted living facility close to the city. He saved the farm for me. I moved into my old home after my military discharge.

I became interested in the old Dodge truck still parked in the barn. I bought a used battery, replaced two of the six tires, then got the truck to run. I registered it, then took it to the city for an inspection and

servicing. They replaced a tie rod end and a headlight. I decided to use it to go camping in.

The box body was paneled inside. The only light came through the cab's rear window, and at best was not much. With a thick mattress laid on a drop cloth, sheets and blankets, there was a lot of comfort sleeping in that truck body. Dad even went with me for one night and enjoyed it.

The military was very macho, not giving me any time or a place to pursue my desire to dress as a lady, but this box truck now contained two bureaus, and a closet for "Tina's" special clothing. Tom's bureau was nearly empty, but Tina's five locking drawers were quite full of very dainty lingerie.

I had returned home from a four-day camping trip in rural Maine on late Saturday afternoon, and I parked the truck in the barn as usual. On Sunday morning, I pulled the truck out into the bright sun, and backed it up close to the east side of the barn, on a nice level section of ground. I left just a couple of feet behind it so that it was easy to climb in and out of the body to cut down on the chance of anyone seeing into the truck's body.

I took a loaded garment bag into the house and into my bedroom. Soon, Tina emerged. She went out and climbed into that box body.

Changing the sheets was a difficult task with that thick mattress resting on the truck body floor, but it was going to be Tom's job to build the bed frame, Tina's responsibility today was to tidy up in the back, do some laundry, have lunch, and maybe coax Beverly/Bob to come over for the evening.

There seldom were any visitors; the place had sat idle for about two years. It was on a long dirt driveway, so there was no traffic going by. Tina was stooped down, cleaning the floor with a hand brush when a blast of wind came out of nowhere, struck the front of the truck and shoved it back about two feet to strike solidly against the barn wall.

Tina toppled onto her freshly-made bed, got up and straightened out her nylon dress and slip skirts. She marveled at just how square that body was to the barn wall. There was about two inches of clearance on one side and none anywhere else. There now was no way to get out of the truck.

The only exit from the truck was through the overhead door which was open, but the truck was solidly against the barn wall. Tina couldn't call for help because the nearest house was about five miles away. Tom's cell phone was lying on his bedside chair, because Tina's dress had no pockets; the house key was stashed in "her" bra.

Tina sat on the bed and looked around with what limited light came through the window from the truck cab. There just seemed to be no way out for Tina, unless someone found her before she starved or dehydrated.

The emergency brake had never been any good even when the truck was new. The ground where the truck now stood was reasonably level, but Tina not force that heavy vehicle ahead. She needed an axe to chop a hole in the body floor to escape through and a bureau full of ladies lingerie certainly was certainly going to be of no help.

As the sun rose higher, the truck began to get quite hot. Just after noon,,the sun would go behind the tall pines and that might provide a little relief from the heat.

It wasn't noon yet and Tina was already thirsty. Her liquid-filled false boobs were heavy and her bra straps were starting to cut into her shoulders. Her ankles were tiring from such a long time in stiletto heels. The truck body floor would be sure to destroy her expensive pantyhose, so the shoes must be tolerated.

Well, trapped in this closed body, she could disrobe and not have to suffer with painful ankles or straps cutting into her shoulders. Maybe that would stop the perspiration from running down between her falsies and soaking the waist bands of her panties, pantyhose, half-slip, and skirt. If it continued, she would suffer from diaper rash.

There had to be a way out, but how? She still remembered Morse Code; her stiletto heels could make a great sound against some truck part, but there was no one within five miles to hear the signal. She could tap for days and no one would hear it.

Maybe as the sun swung around, and it cooled off, Tina might be able to pound a hole in the metal roof. Her heel taps were about a quarter-inch in size, and would strike with quite a force.

Why not destroy the truck's window? Tina should be able to squeeze her fanny through an opening of that size.

After releasing her ankle straps and pulling the mattress over to under the window, Tina removed her stiletto heeled shoes, Tina began to beat on the glass with one of her steel tipped heels. She was just about to

give up when a chunk of glass broke loose and flew off into the truck cab.

After about two hours, she had a hole about the size of a softball. Her arms were tired and she was soaked with sweat. Time to rest for a bit. It was a strain to strike a solid blow against the window glass with enough impact to break out more glass. Being over forty years old, the glass was aged, which was helping her destroy it.

She decided to lay down for a few minutes of rest. She carefully arranged her dress and slip, covered herself with one of the thin blankets, and closed her eyes. It was too dark for further work on that window.

It was now getting chilly in her box prison; she would have to wait for daylight. Folding all of the blankets and spread, carefully arranging her skirts, she snuggled into her cocoon for a long, thirsty, and hungry night.

Monday morning was slow to provide enough light to work by. Tina was now desperate for food and drink, and determined to destroy enough of the window to squeeze through.

She pounded like a machine gum and was not making any progress at all. Stopping, then concentrating her blows carefully on one spot, she began to make some progress.

Tina's fake boobs were by this time resting on top of the bureau with her wig. They had been getting in the way of her arms when she swung them. She was also afraid that the dress might get torn where it was bulged out to cover those essential bumps.

Soon the sweat was running again, right where her cleavage should be. There was a run in the right leg of

her pantyhose, and her slip was hanging below her dress' hem; the slip no longer had to wrap around those fake boobs, it just fell straight down.

After about an hour, almost half of the window's glass was broken out. Now she could work on getting rid of one end, then maybe the glass could be worked down and out. Hopefully her fanny would slip through the hole.

Tina had cracked three nails, cut her thumb, and broken a slip strap. But her progress kept her focused and determined. She was faint from lack of food and water, she had to rest often.

The day was brightening, maybe the sun would return, but she couldn't wait. It was already over twenty-four hours that she had been trapped in this box, and she still had over two-thirds of that piece of glass to get rid of. Her slip was now hanging about five inches below her hem on the right side because of that broken slip strap, but still Tina hammered away with her stiletto heels.

If Tom ever gave his boss this kind of effort and dedication, he would be the second in command. In truth, his boss should fire Tom and hire Tina, because she was the real go-getter of the two.

At the very least, when this ordeal was over, Tom would owe her a complete new outfit from the skin out.

Tina wanted to remove her bra; it seemed to be much too tight across her chest. Her bra and slip were snow white, but her hands were now as black as coal. and she was afraid of staining her clothes. Her dress was also nylon but in a dark color, so that might survive her handling.

Continued hammering began to cause a crack to form running up towards the left top corner. Breaking it loose, over half of the glass was now gone.

Tina wanted to remove her dress and slip and try to get through, but she couldn't afford to get stuck half way, because then she might never escape.

She still needed to get rid of about half of the last corner, before trying to get through. After destroying a good-sized chunk of that corner, her next decision was whether to go head or feet first.

With all of this work and no food intake she was probably a few pounds lighter; by going out head first, might may be able to use the steering wheel to help work her butt through the opening.

To hell with dirty hands. She reached to unzip her dress and pull it off over her head. Her damaged slip was close behind. She unhooked her bra, slipped out of the shoulder straps, and tossed it on the mattress with her other discarded ladies clothes.

She struggled to get up into that opening, and worked to inch her body through. Finally she could reach the steering wheel and almost broke it pulling so hard to get free. She kept pulling and swinging from side to side, and finally with a plop, she was past the tight part. Brushing broken glass out of her way, she lowered her body down to the truck seat, then out onto the ground.

A nearly nude male still dressed in panties and nearly destroyed pantyhose was standing out in the open dooryard.

Tom/Tina ran for the house's door, to get in out of sight and to get food and water, only to find the door locked and the alarm set. The key had been stashed in

Tina's bra, or so she thought. In her rush to get out, she must have dumped it out of her bra somewhere inside that prison.

Tom's key was on his key ring in the front pocket of his jeans lying on the floor beside his bed. This house was so far from any others that it was always kept securely locked; there was a state-of-the-art security system installed and activated.

So now it looked like Tina would have to move the truck ahead, go in and find her key to the house; it was her only choice. Tina brushed the glass off the driver's side of the seat, climbed in and reached for the ignition key, only to come up empty. In a near-panic, she realized that key was on Tom's key ring too.

Tina left the truck, began to work the handle of the old cast iron well pump, and finally got it to start spewing water. She pumped until it began to run clear. Then, still pumping, she stuck her head in the stream and got a much needed drink, her first liquid in about thirty-six hours. Then she stuck her whole head under that stream for a couple of minutes to cool off.

Tina would have to squeeze back through the hole she had made, find that key and squeeze back out, unlock the house door and turn off that alarm system.

There just had to be another way, one should could accomplish soon before starvation sets in. There *must* be some other answer. There was a big block and tackle in the barn, but there was nothing close enough to hook on to pull that truck ahead enough to get into it. Hmm, there was an axe in the woodshed, it was dull but used as a hammer, it could bust a hole through the barn board wall, to let Tina get into the truck body. Tom would have to replace about three boards, but no hurry. First things first.

It took about an hour to hack a hole big enough to squeeze into the truck body, and another hour to find the key. It wasn't even in the truck, it was in the crotch of Tina's panties. It had slid out of the front of the bra, down inside the slip, some how got under the panty's waist band. With the key finally in her hand instead of riding around in her panties, it took only seconds to open the house, cancel the alarm and hit the fridge for food for her extremely empty stomach.

It was dark by the time Tom was dressed. It would take most of Tuesday to put things back in order. He laundered Tina's outfit, except for the pantyhose which got tossed in the waste basket.

Tom moved the truck forward, straightened out the interior, brushed out the dirt on the floor, climbed out, then pulled the overhead door down and latched it.

He cleaned up all of the glass fragments in the cab, drove the truck to the city, and had the cab window replaced. He didn't mention why it was missing. He didn't want to admit getting trapped dressed as a lady.

He picked up two more house keys, and one for the Dodge. Tom purchased two more three-packs of pantyhose, groceries, and some very femininely scented bath oil. Back home, he hid two of the house keys in strategic places and placed the truck key under the driver's floor mat.

He called his girl friend to see if she had any plans for the evening. She asked if it was Tom or Tina who wanted to know.

Tom asked, "Is this your week for girls or boys?"

Beverly answered, "Girls".

Tom responded, "Tina will be ready at six."



“Her sinful sweetheart will be there. Have her dressed for a quick switch to a nightgown. Better yet, have her in bed in her nightgown, with an outfit in a wardrobe bag.”

“You know where I will hide the house key,” Tom stated. “We can eat later, I need some loving.”

Tina soaked in the tub with lots of the new bath oil, shaved all over, dressed in a bra, padding, panties, and gown, then got into a freshly-made bed with satin sheets, to await the arrival of Beverly, AKA Sheriff Bob.

Bob was a rather effeminate male, with fashionably long hair, a cowboy outfit, and a set of six guns. His hat was of the ten-gallon variety. His star was proudly displayed, strategically placed to help hide one of the real boobs which he was attempting to disguise. His handcuffs were secured to the back of his jeans’ belt.

If Tina got out of line, she would be restrained for the whole evening.

The Sheriff took charge, cuffing Tina’s wrists to the head board, parked his boots and spurs, carefully stored his massive hat on the bureau and put his jeans on the bedside chair. He slipped a condom into place, then put on his nylon nightshirt, which matched Tina’s nightgown, and joined his helpless lady prisoner under the sheets.

Not a word had been spoken, not a move had been wasted, everything went just as planned. Sheriff Bob took top billing, performed to perfection and stuck around long enough to enjoy a great serving of seconds. After he released Tina, they dressed for dinner, but Bob had his gun drawn and ready.

Tina could not be trusted, Tina was dangerous!

As they left the house, Tina was cuffed again. In Sheriff Bob’s sexy big black truck, her hands were in the lap of her very short skirted dress. The rifle rack was filled with powerful firearms.

The Sheriff had a special table at KFC. Tina was ushered in and her hands re-locked to the ring mounted to the table's top. Tina's hair got mussed up a bit and the big Sheriff took the time to smooth it for her. She must look pretty, even though Tina was dangerous and could never be trusted with any kind of weapon. Their grub was served; Tina's right hand was released so that she could fill up before being hauled off to jail.

Let her get a snoot full, and she was a terror. She sat through a John Wayne thriller movie with her hands cuffed to the movie chair's arms.

Around midnight they arrived back at Tom's house and went inside. The Sheriff held his gun trained on her while she changed into her night clothes. She was once again cuffed to the headboard of the bed. The Sheriff broke out another condom, and carefully and properly placed it where it should go.

With Tina secured to the bed, the Sheriff could join her. Wearing his matching nylon nightgown, he released Tina's wrists from the headboard, and locked his and her wrists together for the night. They enjoyed another frolic under the sheet, difficult under the circumstances, but pleasurable nonetheless.

He was tired from all of his Sherifing and was soon sound asleep. One of his six guns was under his pillow, just in case, because Tina was dangerous.

At noon, Sheriff Bob left to make his rounds. He would be back at six with some grub for her.

She soaked for about an hour in the tub, put on a clean bra plus the fake boobs, clean panties and nightgown, did her nails, makeup, and hair. Then she slipped back into a freshly-made bed and cuffed her

wrists to the headboard. Within fifteen minutes, the Sheriff came back for one final session, which was meant to totally subdue Tina, because Tina was so dangerous! Tina was so dangerous that after they cleaned up the grub the Sheriff had brought, she was cuffed with her hands in front of her. She slept in that position clear through to almost noon of the next day.

Bob and Tina loved their role-playing. Before long, Bob got a brainstorm. They offered KFC a deal; for a free meal, they would cross-dress as different famous couples, for three hours on Saturday evening, one set of characters per week. Business had been slow for everyone in town so the franchise's owner jumped at their unusual offer. He had to try something to jump-start business. The strange gambit worked well until the patrons began to demand more famous characters. When Tom and Beverly balked because it was becoming too much work in exchange for a meal, business slacked off and they were let go.

Beverly had almost as many shoes as Imelda Marcos, but she didn't want dress as a female in her spare time; she had to do that every day for work. She found freedom in T-shirts, Jockey shorts, jeans, and sneakers. As far as she was concerned, you could stuff the bras, pantyhose, and dresses, makeup, lipstick, painted nails and perfume. Let Tom wear 'em!

They discussed marriage. If they were going to get hitched, Tom would wear the gown, which would please them both. Making a living from adult make-believe hadn't quite clicked for them yet, but they were still young and enjoying themselves along the way.

##

The Boomerang

By Jamie

Tom, Dick, and Harry were forever pulling pranks on their friends, buddies, girlfriends, and town people. Their girlfriends were seniors in an all-girl school in town. Peg, Dawn and Abby shared a dorm room. They were tops in their classes and good friends. The girls were always amused by the practical jokes the boy-friends kept engineering.

The guys never hurt anyone or destroyed any property, but they were forever setting up situations which would catch someone in an embarrassing situation. For example, one of them hung a discarded pair of pantyhose from the right rear door handle of Abby's car, then managed to send her alone for subs for their lunch.

The other drivers along the way were blowing their horns, waving and flashing big smiles as they passed her car. She pulled over to the side of the road, expecting to find a sign on the rear bumper or trunk, but there was nothing. She was almost back to the school, when she caught some movement in her right mirror. Watching closely, she caught it again. Pulling over to the side again, she removed the attention-attracting lingerie from the rear door handle.

The girls were anxious to get even with their prankster boyfriends, and spent lots of time trying to figure out how. They knew that when it was all over and done with, the guys would accept their efforts with good humor, but the girls wanted to throw them temporarily into a panic.

Harry had an expensive SUV, and bragged about a special accessory he had installed on his prize vehicle. This unit, called the Millennium, had a GPS tracker, speed monitor, it could lock and unlock the vehicle, and disable the starter. All of these functions could be monitored and controlled from any computer connected to the internet, if you had the correct log-in and password for that vehicle.

The three girls decided to set up a phony school function, a reverse "Sadie Hawkins Day" dance. It would have the males dress as Daisy Mae and the ladies dress in the single strap overalls Li'l Abner always wore.

While this was in the planning stage, Abby kept after Harry to be sure that he spread the info needed to access his fancy set of wheels around, just in case something should happen to him.

The three fellows were lead to believe this dance was an annual affair for the senior class. It would be

held in the local community center hall; because that hall was small, it would likely be jam-packed with senior girls and their dates. Every one would be trying for one of the prizes as Daisy Mae, Li'l Abner" or for Best Couple.

When the idea of entering the competition was presented to the three boyfriends, they all refused. They were not going to dress up as girls.

The girls were very crafty. When it got down to two weeks before the affair, the girls called a meeting, including all three of the guys.

Dawn said that this was an important annual Senior Class function, and that they (the girls) were going to attend. If the boys refuse to go, the girls would go to the boys academy over in the next town, and recruit dates from there.

Harry suggested that they go ahead, those guys were probably fairies anyway. Tom didn't want anyone else dating his girlfriend. He said that he would change his mind and go to the dance. With everyone dressing alike, it might be a lot of fun.

Dick said if Tom was willing to go, then he would go too. It took until the next Sunday to get Harry to join in; that was accomplished by getting Peg's married brother who was built like a football player to pose as Abby's date for the dance. Harry was afraid that Abby might fall for this guy.

The dance was going to be on a Saturday evening; the girls would need to have the guys show up around noon to start preparing for their part. They would have to do a lot of shaving, and they were told to bring a brief-style bathing suit so that the girls could assist with the removal of all visible body hair.

Peg had suggested that she and her roommates design some sort of second prank, as a decoy, to help convince the boyfriends that the dance was for real.

They came up with an idea for a phony raffle in which the guys could supposedly win some money, from a nonexistent store.

The girls had some of their artistic classmates create the bogus company, brochures, and a bunch of ten dollar tickets. They wouldn't release any of these bogus tickets for public sale, but at the right time they would get caught "red-handed" with a bunch of them.

The guys would get a good laugh from the exposure of their girlfriends' attempt to trick them, and would think that the girls had failed in their attempt to get even with them. Susan from the next dorm room told the girl trio to concentrate on the dance and let her handle the diversion for them.

Susan designed a bogus scratch ticket, then ran off a hundred of them. Tom, Dick, and Harry each bought a single ticket, and their girlfriends used that money to purchase bras for the boys to fill out as part of their Daisy Mae costumes.

Scratching the tickets, the boys discovered they had each "won" \$100.00 or more. These tickets had to be redeemed at a store named "Dollar Bill's" at the local mall at three PM on the day of the Sadie Hawkins Day dance.

The guys were anxious to get to that store, and collect their winnings, but the girls had them in the middle of their conversion into Daisy Mae's. The fellows were about to pull on their trousers and long coats to cover the lingerie they were now wearing. Susan stopped by, supposedly to borrow some beard cover

makeup for the boyfriend she was converting. Her purse got knocked off the sofa and it fell open when it hit the floor. There were some of the usual items to be found in a ladies purse; a lot of the scratch tickets also spread out on the carpet.

The three guys were furious. They had been tricked, their girlfriends had suckered them. They had held their winning tickets for over a week, only to find out that the tickets were fake. If Susan's purse hadn't been knocked over, they would have been searching for this store, dressed as Daisy Mae's, making a spectacle of themselves. Most likely their girlfriends would be nearby with cameras to record every bit of their embarrassment. The guys were pleased to have been spared serious public exposure, and also that the girls' attempt at practical joking had so completely failed.

The girls received a lot of teasing because their prank had failed. The girls acted very disappointed, and gave Susan a real blasting for not getting rid of those extra tickets. Susan threw some of the bogus tickets at Dawn and stormed out of the dorm room.

The guys continued to tease their girlfriends about the failure of their hoax, until the girls began to get upset. At that point, the guys decided they had better knock it off before the girls got really pissed off.

Peg, Dawn, and Abby were very pleased that their diversion had gone so well. Dawn made a phone call. Soon another classmate, Eva, entered with a bag from a local ladies wear shop. The bag contained three panty girdles in the correct sizes to fit the Daisy Mae's. The girls insisted that their guys put on their panty girdle as a necessary part of the costume.

Abby said to Peg, "This will teach them to ridicule a female. By the time they discover they have been

duped, those girdles will have worked their miracles in restraint. Even if they remove them, the sore spots will last about a week. That will teach these foolish males to mess with determined females.”

The girlfriends were dressed for their part, and would have to assist the guys to become Sadie Hawkins contestants. They even provided a rolling luggage case, loaded with a complete change of clothing for each of the guys, so that they could change out of their female outfits at the end of this special dance evening.

The girlfriends had prepared quite thoroughly; the guys looked like Sadie Hawkins Dance winners. Harry drove the boys to the dance hall. Dawn drove the girls in her car. They all went into the dance hall. It was open, lighted, but no one else was there yet.

The girlfriends suggested that maybe the dance started at nine instead of eight, so they all waited around. Dawn went out to her car, supposedly to call the school. While outside, she removed the luggage case from Harry’s vehicle and placed it in her car trunk.

When it got close to ten, the girls decided to locate the activities director, and find out just what happened to the dance. The guys didn’t want to venture outside because of the way they were dressed. They were wearing short black skirts with ragged hems, very high-heeled shoes, and of course they sported very prominent bust lines. The girls returned to their dorm room, quickly turned on Abby’s computer, and watched for Harry to begin to drive his fancy set of wheels back to the girls’ school.

When the vehicle was about one mile away from the community hall, Abby shut off the vehicle’s engine.

Harry had to coast over to the side of the road. The boys got out to retrieve their male clothes from the back, only to find the luggage case missing. While they were holding a conference behind that vehicle, Abby locked all of the doors from her computer.

So there were three guys, each of them dolled up as Daisy Mae, about two miles from the girls' school. Each of them was wearing high-heeled shoes. They each had a purse to carry, but no one had a cell phone. The night was warm, dark, there were swarms of mosquitos, and all three pretty "ladies" had lots of bare skin for those insects to feed on.

The cross-dressed males walked almost two miles to get to the school. The girls made believe they were scared, and called the school security because some strange girls were trying to break into their dorm.

Security arrested the strangely dressed males and called the local police, who gave the three unruly boys a ride in the paddy wagon. None of them had any identification

The girls finally showed up at the police station with the guy's wallets, and pleaded with the police to release their three prisoners. School security and the local police were well-prepared to get lots of mileage out of the three female impersonators.

Peg, Dawn and Abby had video recorded the preparations for the dance, as well as everyone waiting for the dance to begin; they also had pictures of the three Daisy Mae's walking along the road toward the girls' school, trying to get into the dorm at the school, the three of them inside the paddy wagon, and in the jail cell at the police station.

The edited pictorial exposure of the three guys in dresses was going to get a lot of views. The girlfriends took the three Daisy Mae's back to their dorm room and gave them the luggage case so that they could finally get out of their dresses.

Out of his dress and rescued from the embarrassment of being a female impersonator, Harry wanted to go rescue his fancy set of wheels. After heading out in Tom's car, they were soon back at the girls' school, because Harry's vehicle wasn't where he expected it to be. Checking on one of the girls' computers, they located it in the parking lot at the police station. The girls had parked it right beside Dawn's car when they arrived to rescue the female impersonators. All three guys had walked right beside Harry's SUV in their hurry to get into Dawn's car and out of sight.

The moral of the story is; It's fun to throw a boomerang. Just look out as it just might turn around and whack you in the fanny.

##

DON'T MESS WITH A SEAMSTRESS

BY JAMIE

Eva made her living as a custom seamstress. She could take a piece of material, and create an exquisite article of clothing with form-fitting shape. Her reputation was tops in her field, as was her workmanship.

When it came to relationships with the male of the species, she was ready to try anything once, but was quite choosy about her mates. Eva had been married once. After ten years, her husband left town in a hurry one hot day in August. Jed had been caught cheating

on Eva. She made him a special pair of underpants, put them on him one night while he was sleeping and stitched them so they were secure unless cut off with scissors.

The only opening was a rear flap. In order to perform any elimination, Jed had to open that flap and sit on the toilet. It allowed no possibility of engaging in a sexual encounter.

Jed threatened to cut the underpants and take them off so Eva encased his hands in mittens which were sewed into place. They were as clumsy as boxing gloves. She had to feed him and assist with his toilet trips. After Jed left town, Eva had the local locksmith, who was an expert with close tolerance metal work, make her a special sewing machine which would allow her to place and temporarily pin material to a ladies body. She could create a seam which was a work of art decorated with embroidery stitches or having written messages in the stitching.

Many of her dresses were such close fits that they had to be cut for her to be able to remove them.

Don, her right hand man, seemed to be enjoying his relationship with Eva; after Jed left, she couldn't remarry because she never divorced Jed, but she still needed what men, especially Don, seemed to love to provide for her.

They went to a special costume ball one Saturday night. She made Don a very special gown.

Eva went as the man in top hat and tails, and Don was Dawn, her special lady, all decked out in feminine finery: wig, nylons, heels, jewels makeup and perfume.

Dawn's foundation garment controlled the shaping of Dawn's torso as well as supporting and shaping her bust line.

Eva explained to Don that his garment was what many socialites wore as a foundations. Dawn was to be her guinea pig. Don was quite distressed to think that he was her test case. He would have to stay dressed as a fancy lady for that full week.

Eva was quite convincing, but Don was disturbed that they wouldn't be able to engage in any sex games; he would become rather irritable without some form of sexual release. She was prompt with a solution: he should drape himself over the overstuffed arm of the sofa, then she could provide him with manual stimulation.

The gown's skirts can be elevated to access the waist ties of the tiered petticoats for removal for showering and sleeping.

The inflatable boobs would be maintained at their max size to further test the endurance of the gown seams and material strength. The gown was a very vivid pink, a constant reminder to Don that he was presently living 24/7 as Dawn. The foundation was stitched in place and non removable; the material supplier had guaranteed that it would not stretch, but it might have a tendency to shrink slightly with repeated laundering.

Eva had made Don promise to stay at her place so that she could constantly observe the condition of his outfit. He got quick showers, and occasional long hot baths, plus frequent sexual interludes minus any actual penetration. Once, Don climaxed inside the foundation garment, and ended up taking an extra long hot bath to cleanse himself and his clothing.

Three days into the first week, Don was already pleading to be released, but Eva began teaching him/her ballet and tap dancing; of course there were special shoes to wear for each of these lessons. She would put a one hour lesson in the DVD player, and Don/Dawn got his/her instructions from the TV screen. The ballet called for special acrobatics which included the split, which was nearly impossible for this inexperienced male.

After an hour session of ballet, the tap dancing would be easier because Dawn was all limbered up. A bath or shower followed these training sessions. After Dawn was dried off, she was ready to collapse; a nap was definitely needed.

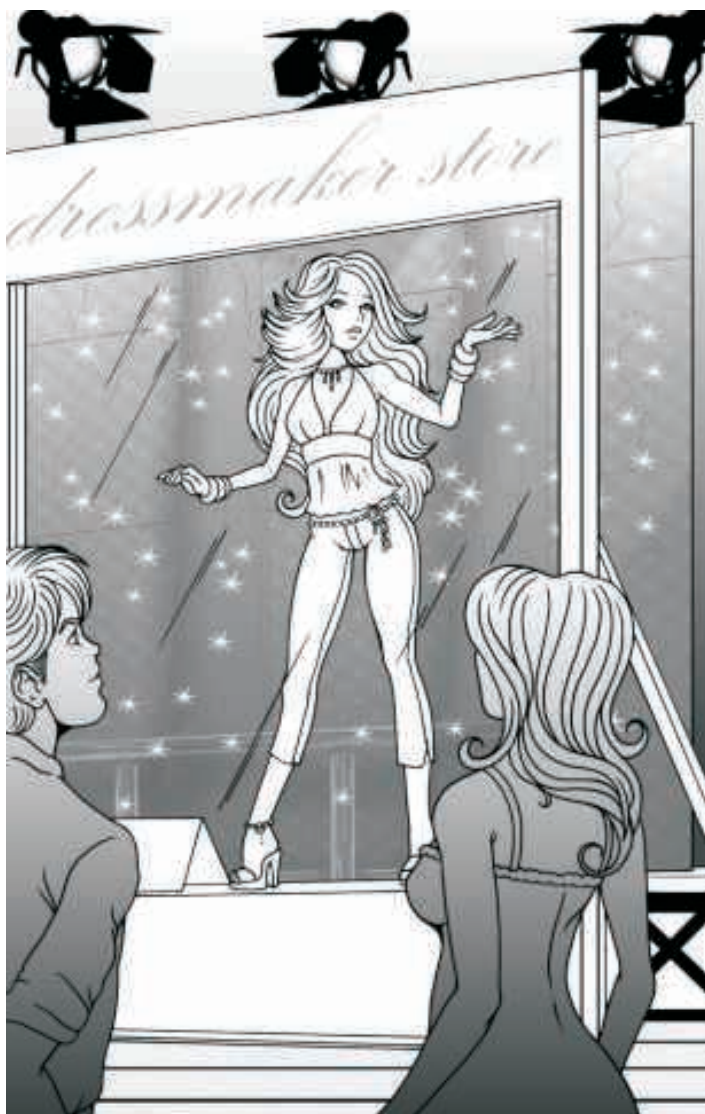
A local theater group hired Eva to assist with special costumes. While working with them, she learned that a mannequin was needed to adorn a dressmaker's store window set. Lo and behold, Eva just happened to have one all dressed up and ready to go. Dawn got that part which involved standing perfectly still in a simulated shopkeeper's window.

The group lost one of their tap dancers who was injured seriously in an auto accident. Dawn ended up as part of their tap dancing group in a different part of the same show.

At one point they had to remove Dawn's petticoats and pin up her gown in order to put a matching street-length dancing dress on her. She appeared about two dress sizes larger in order to cover that bunched-up floor-length gown. Other than being quite warm, Dawn was able to perform to equal the rest of the tap dancers.

Dawn was certainly getting her taste of feminine show business. The show would run for a month, so

Dawn could test out that sewed-on gown and foundation garment. By the time this was over, she might even forget how to act as a man. Don's complained about all the time spent to dry after bathing, the total lack of sexual activities, and the constant need to wear petticoats and three-inch heeled shoes.



Don commented that Jed had not been stupid when he disappeared; maybe Don should vanish as well.

Eva responded, "Dawn, never in your life have you enjoyed yourself as much as you have while posing as Dawn. I wouldn't be surprised to find out you want to extend posing as a lady. Getting dried off after bathing and not getting laid are your main complaints? In the future, when you have access to a standard selection of ladies wear, I'll bet that you will jump at the chance, and really enjoy doing the town in feminine finery."

Don had the good fortune or misfortune to be the only boy of four children. The girls were always trying to prove to Don just how delightful femininity really was.

Don would endeavor to escape their traps, only to find himself sinking further into feminine quicksand. He spent about fifty percent of his teen years stuck in one of his sisters' twin beds, wearing lingerie covered by an ultra sexy nightgown.

Many of his weekend days and vacations from school were spent posing as the fourth girl in their quartet. He learned to play the flute, harp, and piano, to dance and to sing the alto part in their harmonizing for local performances.

The name Dawn had been given to him in his early teen years. Now ballet and tap dancing lessons were being forced into the already overflowing schedule of Don/Dawn Beeman.

After Don had graduated from high school, he found a day when Dawn was not on demand, grabbed the cash he had managed to stash, called a cab to take him to the bus terminal, retrieved the suitcase which he kept in a station locker, and vanished from the Beeman

scene. The bus took Don to Atlanta, where the next day he found a small apartment to rent. Eva hired Don after they met in a diner.

Their association turned into a job and a relationship. Eva was able to contribute considerable knowledge, experiences, and sexual expertise to him.

Don/Dawn reflected on where he was and how he had gotten there, but most of his time lately was spent trying to survive in sewn-on ladies apparel, and the demands of the theater group.

Thanks to the theater group going on a month-long tour, Dawn would have about a month and a half of living inside her restrictive outfit. Thank Heaven that the foundation was snug and smooth enough to not produce any chafing or sore spots. Eva claimed that was because of the frequent laundering.

One of the other tap dancers in the theater group felt a special concern for Dawn and her clothing challenge. One day between the matinee and the evening show, she took Dawn to her nearby motel room. Sally helped Dawn out of her heels, nylons, petticoats, and into the shower. In the process of helping dry Dawn off after the shower, she discovered that Dawn was actually a male. She was shocked to learn this and to hear about the restrictive way that she had to go to the bathroom.

Sally applied her lips to Don's special appendage and brought him to a fantastic climax. In return, he applied his expert oral experience to supplying Sally with a climax of her own. Sally tucked them both into her bed for a nap before they had to return for the next performance.

When the evening performance was over, Dawn returned to Eva's studio and apartment. Eva knew immediately that Don had found some sexual relief somewhere. She was quite upset so she made an immediate phone call. Yes, Dawn would be delighted to accompany the theater group on their upcoming one-month bus tour. Then she modified his female foundation garment, to permanently pin his male appendage back towards his anus, thus making it available only for draining his bladder.

Don was trapped, having to live as Dawn in the restrictive long gown, as well as the stitched-in place foundation garment. With his male appendage pinned back, a week of shows to perform in, followed by a month on the road, there was no way to achieve a release of his pent-up desires. Even simple arousal would be painful.

The last week of performances was in the downtown Atlanta Playhouse. Everyone had a good time and the troupe received six curtain calls.

The tour group was set up with two large busses and a tractor trailer with the costumes and stage props. A problem arose concerning Dawn. Should Don ride in the bus with the males, or should "she" ride in the bus with the rest of the ladies. Because of her clothing, Dawn was accepted on the ladies' bus.

Their performances were mostly on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, with an occasional Saturday matinee. The busses would park in a camping area and move to the theater for show nights.

One of the engagements was in a theater near the Hershey Factory. Don only glanced cursorily at the itinerary; he didn't pay much attention about where they performed. He just wanted to get back to Atlanta

so that he, Don, could finally get released from these sewed-on clothes.

The three Beeman sisters, interested in who was performing in their area, gave the posters a close examination. As they were walking away, Denise stopped in her tracks and screamed "Brother Don!"

Dolores and Dottie thought she had gone off of her rocker, and said so. Denise ran back, pointed at the poster, and said, "That one is our brother Don." After closer examination, the others agreed. There was no way to disguise that Beeman smile.

"What shall we do, we can't let our brother show up here and not go to the show. We can go see the show, and not tell him that we were there. Afterwards, we can find the busses, and ask to see our brother. But what should we tell Mom? She will be anxious to see her only son after he's been missing for two years.

They decided to watch for the tour group to arrive, then try to confront their brother, before any public performances.

When the entourage pulled into Hershey, Don looked to see what was the same and had changed. His high school was the same; the church and the chocolate factory looked the same, but there now were a lot of auto dealers lined up along the main drag.

As the busses pulled into the Hershey camping area, standing in front of the office building were three ladies in special dance costumes. They held the costume for a fourth girl. All of a sudden it hit him; those were my sisters. He asked the driver to let him off, then he ran as fast as his long gown and high heels would allow, and fell into the arms of his sisters.

How he had missed them! He would love to get back to working with them even if it is only for small home town performances.

Even after running away, he was still performing in in ladies clothing, as a female. His sisters wanted Dawn back in their quartet.

They spent about an hour welcoming Don home, then drove him back to his tour bus and promised to be at his first show on Friday night. This was Wednesday; on Thursday night they had a show of their own, and wanted him to perform with them.

He showed them that he couldn't remove any of his clothes because he was testing out special designs for his boss. The girls said that they would rent similar ones for themselves if he would appear with them. He got permission to do so from the show manager, and the girls picked him up and took him to their small theater.

They had purposely neglected to tell Mom about Don. At the show, as usual, Mom had a front row seat. When the four girls appeared on the stage, Mom let out such a scream that the orchestra stopped playing. Mom dove for the stage and hugged the girls, crying her eyes out.

Mom led her son to the front of the stage, introduced him as "My son Don" and added "Welcome home, son." She was standing next to a sophisticated lady in a long, vivid pink gown with neat long hair and high-heeled shoes, but nevertheless she was "My son Don."

Their performance was numbers they had done as a quartet many times in the past; this fourth lady carried

out her part to perfection, even singing solos in her alto range.

Don got passes for four for all three of his troupe's evening performances. Each time that Dawn appeared on stage, his mom and all three sisters gave him a mini standing ovation.

After the Saturday show, Don went home with them, and enjoyed having a chance to sleep in his own bed once again. He couldn't wear his pajamas because of the long gown. Just after he turned out the light, his bedroom door was opened. All three sisters, dressed in their sexiest nightgowns, charged in and jumped into bed with him. It was crowded in that bed but quite a pleasant surprise.

In the morning, Don had his shower and all three sisters applied their blow dryers to help dry him and his female clothes. On the way back to the tour bus, they begged him to come home, and he promised to seriously consider it.

From Hershey, the troupe went to Scranton, Winchester, Va., then home to Atlanta. Don had numerous sightings of scantily-clad ladies while traveling on their bus; there was an endless display of drying lingerie everywhere you looked on that bus.

Sometimes he was confronted with just a little too much nudity and his physical response would create serious pain. It seemed to take forever for his member to return to its relaxed state.

Eva was glad to have Dawn home. She quickly removed his gown and foundation, and they showered together. Soaking wet, they ended their nearly two months of celibacy.

Don felt strange wearing his male clothing after hauling around that long gown and petticoats. His head felt cold without the wig, he felt naked with no makeup, his feet were uncomfortable in his loafers, and he felt about one foot shorter.

By this time Eva's reputation had spread far and wide, and she was swamped with orders and walk-in customers. Don did his best to handle all of the mundane matters, but Eva wanted to train Dawn to do some of the growing custom fitting work. Don felt that customers must be made aware that a man was getting so close to the ladies' bodies and he balked at doing the installations. Eva felt that informing the customers about his gender would drive business away.

Dawn work at it during the holidays, but she insisted that the customer know that Dawn was a man.

The excitement of sex had cooled for both of them, so when a female assistant was trained and ready, Don took the bus back to Hershey.

He and his mom coordinated his arrival with the girls' next appearance. Mom sneaked the fourth and outfit complete with the shoes out to Don. Don purchased the other basics and arranged with the stage manager to have a back stage mike for Dawn to use briefly as the girls began to sing.

As they began one of their favorites, Dawn joined in in his alto voice. The girls stopped the musicians, rushed back stage and dragged Dawn out front. It took about ten minutes for the girls to calm down and pick up their song again. Dawn did a short tap number at the end of the performance. Don's younger sister fell in love with Don's sewing expertise, and began to help him make the costumes for the four of them. She finally

set up a business with Dawn as the seamstress and herself as business manager.

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YOU LOSE FRED

By JAMIE

After watching a late-night bondage flick on the TV, Jennifer was challenged by her husband Fred to try her luck at taking him prisoner. He claimed to be a modern day Houdini who could escape from any type of binding. He suggested that she plan on five different restraints; he would beat them all.

Jennifer searched through hundreds of books and finally stated that she was ready to accept Fred's challenge. Each restraint would be numbered, and that number indicated the number of hours she was entitled to become his jailer.

They decided to start early on Sunday morning, but Saturday night should be a fun, satisfying sex escapade, with plenty of time to recover before starting the

restraint tests early in the morning. Fred must be fresh and rested for the trials Jennifer has devised for him.

The first trial would have a time limit of one hour, the second would last no longer than two hours, and so on to five hours for the last one.

Jennifer carved wrist openings in a birch stick to fit Fred's wrists. She set it into a vertical plank clamped to a back yard fence post, in the lowest of the two holes, and slid a wooden pencil into a drilled hole, thus preventing the stick from being moved.

Next she had Fred place a wrist in each of the cut-outs, with one hand sticking out of each side of the stick. She slid a second stick into the top hole in the plank, tapped it in to wedge it, and secured it with another slid-in pencil.

Fred looked down at this simple version of a stock. He saw the loose pencils securing the birch sticks and realized that they were just out of his reach.

A thunder storm was predicted; it was the height of the local mosquito season, and Fred was dressed in a T-shirt and golfing shorts. The storm hit twenty minutes after Fred was restrained, and lasted for twenty minutes, dumping nearly an inch of rain and hail. Fred was still secured, wishing to be able to drive away those biting insects.

Jennifer ran narrow strips of masking tape down his legs from the cuffs of his shorts to his ankles. She had dried his legs so that the tape would stick, and had painted the tapes with honey.

The yellow-jackets and ants began a drive to enjoy that honey, running up and down Fred's legs, creating a creepy feeling like spiders crawling all over his bare legs. At the end of the hour, Fred admitted defeat, and

they recorded one hour for Jennifer's side of the challenge.

Jennifer found a U-shaped piece of wooden dowel, slipped it snugly around Fred's waist and through two holes in a sheet of plywood, and dropped two board nails in the small holes in the ends of the U-shape.

The plywood was anchored to the front of Fred's work bench by two drywall screws. Fred could struggle and turn to face the plywood, but he couldn't reach around it to lift those loose fitting nails out of their holes to get free. He was tormented by the fact that he could see them but his reach fell about five inches short.

At the end of two hours, Fred was still standing with two table knives taped securely to the bottoms of his feet. Score two more hours to Jennifer's ledger sheet.

Fred was seated on that same plywood panel with his legs inserted in two holes up to his knees; that same wooden U-shaped bow was inserted around one leg at his crotch and secured under the plywood by two dry-wall screws wound into the wood bow snug to the back of the panel. Fred could not raise himself up enough to get his legs out of their holes. Once again, it was "You Lose, Fred." Chalk up three more hours on Jennifer's side.

Next, Jennifer placed a ladder up against the end of a horizontal utility pole sticking twelve feet up from the mound of gravel it was buried in.

The first two feet were completely bare; all Fred had to do was to walk or straddle his way along that pole, across ten feet of closely secured barbed wire. He could jump down but landing on freshly crushed rocks in

bare feet might prove to be extremely painful, especially since the pole was fifteen feet above those sharp rocks.

Fred was clad in just brief-style bathing trunks for Test Number Four. Four hours later, he was still sitting on the end of that pole. Ten feet of barbed wire to gouge his bare feet or inner thighs was just too much of a challenge for him.

A truck dropped off a nice new five-hundred gallon concrete septic tank. Fred was urged to climb down into it; a three-inch thick cover over four feet round, weighing over four hundred pounds, was placed on the tank's top. It had a ten-inch hole for cleaning or pumping out the tank. If Fred was careful, he could get most of his head up through that opening. His task was to escape from this cement prison in less than five hours. To add to his problems, there was three inches of rain water standing in the bottom of the tank. Also, he could not stand up straight, so he had to stand with knees bent or sit down in three inches of water.

Fred, the would-be modern day Harry Houdini, was quite grateful five hours later when Jennifer started the truck and lifted that heavy cover off that cement prison. Chalk up five more hours for Jennifer's side of the score card.

Before removing the cover, Jennifer ventured close enough to allow Fred a lengthy view under her skirt. She fluffed the skirt and slip to add to the temptation building in her husband's mind.

Jennifer had earned fifteen hours; she asked if he would he abide by her orders.

Fred admitted that she had certainly earned this privilege, but he did not wish to do anything which

might be illegal. Jennifer smiled as she remembered that in this state, there was no law against males dressing in female attire.

Fred had been positive that he could get free of any restriction. He was never bound, chained, or locked; to Jennifer, that should count double for her side. He was defeated by a 100 lb. lady using just her research. There was no physical force used against him, so should we quadruple his punishment time? $15 \times 2 = 30 \times 4 = 120$. Divided by $24 = 5$ days. Five full days.

“Well Fred, are you prepared to become Freda for five days?”

Fred was half standing, half-sitting in three inches of water. If he answered yes, she would start that huge truck and use the winch to lift off that heavy cover and free Fred.

Did Fred have any choice? Here stood a luscious female, so close that she was allowing Fred to see almost to her waist and it was raising havoc with his power of concentration. At the same time, his leg muscles were trembling and aching from holding his body out of that water. His legs muscles were threatening to drop him into that cold water.

Jennifer tormented Fred with a delightful view up under her skirt. She leaned down and kissed Fred, allowing him an unrestricted view of what was contained in her bra. Knowing that she was safe from his advances, she lifted her skirt and slip to expose the whole back of her panties, then turned and exposed the whole front of them.

Fred was close to foaming at the mouth; never in his life had any female been so brazen, never had he seen such a delightful and tempting sight. Never could

he remember ever seeing Jennifer wearing such delightful panties before. She must have selected that pair just to excite Fred far beyond logical reasoning. He just had to get free and reward himself with hands-on pleasure which, he was sure, would lead directly to their bedroom. Jennifer had other thoughts, one of which was to see just how nice those panties would look under Freda's dresses.

This was the beginning of eight weeks of school vacation, when the students were off for the summer. If he answered yes, he would have to live 24/7 as Freda until Friday night. Then his punishment would be over, and Fred could surface once again. Fred agreed to her terms. Jennifer came over and bent down to kiss him again, purposely exposing those wonderful globes as the front of the dress and bra fell away. She went over and climbed into the truck, exposing a tremendous amount of thigh and a glimpse of panties. Returning to the rear of the truck, she had to reach up over her head to get to the winch lever. Fred was blessed with a view of her "Never Never Land." Fred's lust was at its max. He wanted to rip her clothes off, and do delightful things to her beautiful body but he was still trapped in a cement prison, anxiously awaiting release from over five hours of a half-sitting, half-standing position.

Back inside their house, Fred stripped while Jennifer drew his bath. The water was very hot, scented with a large amount of perfumed skin softener. A professional barber's electric razor took off almost all of Fred's body hair. Jennifer went once over him with a coating of scented shaving foam, once with a regular safety razor and once with a scented body powder. Then, our new and hairless Fred was ready to become Freda.

A bra, padding, pantyhose, special panties, and a luscious lace-trimmed full slip converted Fred's male body into a lady's form. A wig, high-heeled shoes, makeup, lipstick and painted nails, were added. That left just one last piece to be added: the dress.

Jennifer had one ready for Freda. The selected dress had special zippers placed on the insides of the sleeves and the dress' body, which had to be closed from near the shoulders all of the way down to the wrist where a miniature padlock completed the job of security.

The dress back zipped all the way to its hem where it also locked. With locks for the shoes, and a short length of chain links to lock the shoes together, the shoes limited the length of Fred's stride, so the lovely lady couldn't just run away.

The lovely Jennifer was anxious to show off her feminine creation. She had been waiting for summer's school shutdown, planning and preparing for this day to arrive.

Fred was a homebody; a good meal at home was his speed. All he needed was a quiet evening in front of the boob tube, a vigorous game beneath the sheets once a week, and a good night's sleep.

Jennifer, on the other hand, craved excitement: X-rated movies, fancy dinners, expensive hotels, lots of sex, breakfast in bed, trips for the two of them to casinos, maybe a week-long cruise once in a while.

Freda would honor her promise to portray a lady for five days; Jennifer would engineer ways to extend the life of Freda. This was the start of her three-week vacation. She had a couple hundred dollars saved up, her vacation pay and nearly a thousand dollars which she had recently won at the casino. With that money,

she had purchased a large quantity of ladies wear for Freda. It amounted to lots more than just five days' worth.

No way was Freda just going to sit around their home. She was going to set her panties on fire. Jennifer had found and purchased dozens of those padlocks; maybe after these five days were up, she might have to send Freda into lockup phase for a few weeks.

Freda didn't know about the dress with the locking zippers which needed keys and four hands to open, the skimpy and sexy outfit held in place by three jeweled padlocks, her long-line bra with three padlocks holding its back closure secure or the long-leg girdle which had a waistband padlocked to the hem of that long-line bra, thus making it impossible to drain the wearers bladder without the keys, and without almost totally undressing.

"Freda, we had better get your beard removed, because I am falling in love with this new version of my mate. It's like having your cake and eating it too," Jennifer stated. "You had better learn to speak like a lady also, since if I have my way most of your vacation will be spent as Freda."

Their matching nylon night gowns would provide very little resistance to their games under the sheets.

A five-hour flight landed the two ladies right in the heart of dazzling night life, exotic stage shows, gorgeous lingerie, darling and delightful dresses, and gambling. In Vegas, everywhere you turned, you saw casinos by the dozens. They booked a room with a queen bed, tried out every side and corner, got up and remade the bed, climbed back in and messed it all up once more. They finally fell asleep in each other's arms,

with their nightgowns tangled and twisted together somewhere up behind their backs.

Late the next morning, they had breakfast in bed. By noon, they were up and dressed in the fashionable outfits which they had brought from home. They planned to blow about three hundred dollars on the best clothing they could afford which would leave them two hundred dollars for gambling fun.

Freda struck it rich on a dollar machine, making almost two thousand dollars. They set aside half and divided the rest between them. Back at the one-armed bandits, they proceeded to return about two thirds of their winnings to the machines when Jennifer caught a lucky hit and picked up another four hundred, which they split.

Meals were very expensive; it cost about fifty dollars each for prime rib dinners.

Back in their hotel room once again, they checked out the night's show list. They each donned one of their brand new daring dresses and went to enjoy a sinful stage show. This was followed by an enormous cocktail, then it was back to their queen-sized bed to practice bedtime positions.

The next day, their energy was running out, along with their luck, so they booked a return home flight for noon the next day.

By the time they returned home, Jennifer hoped that Fred would have forgotten how a male is supposed to act. It would be time to be sure that Freda spoke like a lady, and also time to be getting her a lady's occupation.

Jennifer loved having Freda constantly in ladies wear. She was careful that Freda could perform prop-

erly in a ladies room, and she constantly trained the ultra-feminine former male to continuously demonstrate that she was all lady.

Fred hadn't seen or been anywhere near a urinal for almost four full days. Jennifer was watching to catch her in a situation where she, Freda, must bargain once again. Jennifer would have to be sure that Freda lost once again, and be forced to agree on more time as a woman.

Jennifer's Mom selected this time to decide to close down her ladies wear shop and hair care salon. She called to discuss her plans and to see if Jennifer and Fred would consider buying her out, in order to keep the business in the family.

Jennifer informed Freda that her Mom needed about a month to unwind before she would continue with the two businesses. Would Freda please stay as a lady, and help keep the business functional for Mom? This was just the sort of situation Jennifer had been hoping for. What a perfect reason for asking Freda to continue to pose as a lady!

Jennifer brought Freda in and set her up as a saleslady in the lingerie section. With the two of them and a full-time hairdresser, they were able to find times when Freda could apprentice as a hairdresser or beautician. Jennifer had been able to successfully get Freda to extend her stay as a lady.

She resigned as a teacher and for months now had not been allowed to even consider wearing any item of male clothing. Jennifer still used Fred's talents in the bedroom, thus smothering any consideration of revolt from femininity.

Then the bomb dropped. Amanda called to set up a date for a hair shampoo and set. She asked what Jennifer was going to do if Fred got called up for the draft. The Draft Board Boss had told Amanda, his wife, that Fred was scheduled to be called in for an interview.

Jennifer could see her happy little bubble about to burst. She could lose her bed-mate, her lingerie sales lady, and her hair care trainee. If Fred was forced to enter the military, Jennifer might never get her Freda back again. She asked Amanda to see if she could find any way to discourage the board from calling Fred.

It was apparent that Amanda knew that Freda was actually Fred. Jennifer offered Amanda free hair care for a year if she could help discourage her husband from inducting Fred.

Amanda could see the importance of retaining Freda as part of the successful operation of the two business, so she tried an experiment. Before her appointment the next day, she faked an ankle sprain and got her husband to help her into the shop. Freda worked her magic on Amanda's hair. While under the dryer, Amanda asked about the bra Freda was wearing. She convinced Freda to lift her blouse enough for Amanda to get a good look at it. Her husband could see this although Freda had her back to him.

Amanda asked Freda to select one in her size, and a lacy slip to go with it. When she returned with both pieces of lingerie in a bag, Amanda asked Freda to display them one at a time against her front. Freda did as she was asked, with no apparent reservations, then returned the garments to their bag.

On the way home, Amanda apologized to her husband for displaying lingerie in front of him. Amanda

stated that she was trying to save the time it would have taken her to go in and search out what she needed. It was considerate of Freda to help her. She said it worked out quite well for Jennifer to dress her husband Fred up as Freda to help lighten the load in the two shops. Amanda's husband nearly ran their car off the road that that.

Fred never got called for an interview for induction into the draft. He never even knew that one had been scheduled.

Amanda called Jennifer to inform her that her training of Fred would not be interrupted, for which Jennifer was very grateful.

Fred enjoyed country and western music and dancing, and kept asking for them to go on a Saturday night. One weekend, with Freda all decked out in a lady's square dance costume, and Jennifer in a cowboy shirt, jeans and ten-gallon hat, they went out to dine and dance. They enjoyed the meal and the dancing, but as time passed, Freda needed to pass some liquid. They couldn't go together because he was a she, and she was a he. This was an open air affair, and there was only a line of Porta-Potties. Freda latched the door on her cubicle and heard a sound like someone wrapping the plastic building with some wide tape. Having finished her task and getting her panties, panty hose, costume bloomers, skirt and slip back in place, Freda went to open the door. It wouldn't budge. The mini-building was tipped backwards, then began to slide across the rough ground. It stopped, a knife was used to cut away the tape, and the door was opened.

A bright light was shone in her eyes, blinding her, her denim skirt was pulled up and over her head and

securely tied. This blinded her and left her with her hands and arms useless to defend herself.

She was laid out on a bed; her costume bloomers and pantyhose were pulled down her thighs. Then there was a shriek as the true gender was discovered. She was punched repeatedly in the genitals, then carried back outside. A rope was run from her bunched-up skirt to her folded knees. She was hung up so that she was swinging and spinning, getting dizzy. Just how long she hung and swung she still can't tell, but finally someone was trying to untie the knot in her skirt to get her down. When the knot finally released, she dropped and landed with a shocking thud on a grass strip.

Freda got dazedly to her feet, quickly working to pull her clothing back into shape. She was facing a security officer who was trying to apologize for having let her drop to the ground. He said she had been hanging from a dog run cable, about seven feet in the air.

He explained that he caught sight of the Porta-Potty as it was being stolen, and had gone for some help. When he returned, still alone, this bundle was swinging from that long cable. In all of the confusion, her skirt dropped, so he never discovered that she really was a male dressed as a lady.

He walked her to the pavilion, and back inside the huge insect netting. Jennifer came running and asked where she had been for such a long time. Freda explained that she had been kidnapped, blinded by having her skirt tied up over her head, and hung from a long dog run cable.

The perpetrator had wrapped a piece of chain around her waist, bent the end link closed with a big pair of pliers, run a strand of chain through her crotch

and bent a link back to attach it to her waist chain again. Freda and Jennifer worked for hours to get her free from that chain 'diaper.'

Freda was bathed, dressed in bra, panties and nightgown, and the two went to bed. In the morning they got dressed, had breakfast, and went to their business. Freda was tired and sore, so she avoided panties, and wore just a pair of thigh-high nylons under her slip.

The two businesses were quite prosperous, Freda got certified as a hairdresser and later as a beautician. By that time she was an experienced dress saleslady and could do remarkable things at tailoring many of the articles sold by the their store. Jennifer and her Mom finally settled on a price for the business, and arrangements were made to pay half and budget the rest. The agreements were signed by three people, Mom, Jennifer, and Freda. Not Fred but Freda.

The recruiting office was in need of an undercover person to assist with the almost daily defections to nearby Canada. Amanda's husband decided to try to entice Freda to assist with getting these young males to return to U.S. soil. Enlisting the aid of actual females could get him in hot water, but what about enticing these males back to their own country by serving up some delightful but phony pulchritude?

He decided he had to find a way to include his lovely wife Amanda, and convince her that by using Fred/Freda, he was not breaking any laws, or exposing a real female to threats of kidnapping or rape.

After she was convinced by her husband to play along, Amanda met with Jennifer for a casual lunch and explained just what her hubby wanted to do.

Jennifer said no because Freda was sorely needed in the two businesses. Amanda countered with an offer to fill in for Freda, in order to make up for Freda's trips across the border. It would be her job to locate and draw these young males back home for a quick roll in the hay. American officers would attempt to intercept the rendezvous before they could actually turn sexual affair and get Freda into a dangerous situation. Twice, Freda was down to just lingerie when activities were interrupted by officials from the federal government who took the excited young men away to ship them off for basic training.

Freda assisted with six of these devious betrayals, when she began to fear reprisals. Word was getting around about her betrayal of her country's young, single and horny males. Freda consulted with Jennifer, complaining that she had done her part. She was scared for her own safety, and was going to quit lying to these impressionable young males.

Another lunch date with Amanda, called this time by Jennifer, led to a serious bedroom discussion between Amanda and her husband.

"Dear," Amanda said, "if you insist that Freda continue to work at being a fake female, then you can expect me to become sneaky, and get my bedtime entertainment elsewhere.

"If you want your life to remain uncomplicated by illicit affairs on my part, then let Freda cease her devious trips across the border. You could put yourself in her position by learning to dress, and act the part of a lady, but you run the risk of possible discovery, first of all, and that I might just fall in love with having a lovely lady to share my home and life with.

“We could move to the suburbs and open a branch of the business that Jennifer and Freda are so successful with. Then you’d be forced to devote your life to being a full-time female.

“Just think, my dear, about getting up each morning, having your breakfast while dressed in your lovely nylon nightgown, and robe, then retiring to our bedroom while you get dressed in your bra, panties, pantyhose, slip, and dress. You would then sit at your vanity and apply your makeup, your perfume, and your jewelry. You’d touch up your nails, brush and spray your lovely long hair, put on your high-heeled shoes. You’d pick up your wrap and your purse, then you’d be prepared to go to your job as a saleslady in your lingerie and dress shop.

“What a delightful change that would be from dressing in that uniform day after day, and making young men miserable by forcing them to serve in the armed forces. You could alternate your choice of colors and styles of dresses and lingerie. Wouldn’t that be delightful, Dear?”

He immediately discontinued using Freda as bait to entice males back across the border.

Home life went along quite smoothly. Freda reverted to being Fred quite often in bed, but in their daily life, Fred was tucked away up under Freda’s skirts, inside her panties and out of sight.

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