



*Reluctant Press presents:*

## Challenges



---

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

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

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# **CHALLENGES: A Real Snarl**

**By Jamie**

As happens with many marriages, Diane and Sam's had become stale. Simply put, the magic was gone. Something needed to be done, but what? After considerable thought, Diane came up with the answer. She would have to put some excitement back into it. But how? She decided that it was time to challenge her husband. She would present him with a series of obstacles to surmount. If he could, things would be back on an even keel once again. If not, well then maybe it would be time for the two of them to call it quits. Diane hoped for the former, of course.

Sam would have to “Beat the Clock” in order to be able to make love with Diane. Yes, she was setting up a kind of surreal game show for Sam to be the contestant in, the prize being Diane.

The message was that there would be challenges lined up, and as soon as Sam’s mastered one, there would be another to confront him. Now if he desired a little loving, he needed to “Beat The Clock.” His masterful male symbol had been secured by tape, bent back toward his fanny and securely taped in that position. On or before three that afternoon, Diane would remove that binding so that they could play for a while. Being late would mean a full week of seated potty stops, until he could finally “Beat the Clock” to the prize. An initial first failure would cost him a week. Miss the next one, and there would be another week added before the next trial.

Time delays would add up; Sam could miss a deadline by just minutes, but that one minute will cost him a whole week of seated eliminations as well as sponge baths or the wearing of plastic panties in the shower to protect that tape on his crotch for an additional week of abstinence. After already going nearly three weeks with no sexual release, even Diane hoped that did not happen.

With Sam seated in their new recliner with its light colored fabric, the worst thing that could happen would be to soil that cloth with some sort of a spill. Also, with Sam dressed in a nice white dress, the chair could also get ruined by the huge volume of cranberry juice in that dispenser awaiting him. By drinking all of it, he would be able to dispense with that container with no damage, and swing it away to reveal his next trial.

He could then tackle the task of freeing himself from that recliner. Time figured into this trial because Sam would now have well over an extra quart of liquid in his system. Until he could get free of that recliner, there would be no relief in sight. It would likely become quite urgent to make a potty stop, and soon, to avoid converting his new recliner chair into a potty chair.

Draining that container of cranberry juice made it possible to turn the container away enough to uncover his next task. That revealed a round air vent screen with the ends of telephone wire leads knotted to the screen's mesh.

Now with Sam being right handed, and with that wrist handcuffed to his right ankle, it seemed that his left hand must be pressed into service at least long enough to untie about twenty-four or twenty-five wire knots.

A note explained that the cuffs' key was secured by tape to the back of Sam's right shoulder, held there by the strap of the bra he was wearing. It could only be accessed by lowering the dress' back zipper, and ripping off the tape with his left hand.

Sammy realized that the turns of wire wrapped around and around the recliner and his body also seriously restricted the movement of his left arm. This meant that he would have to be hasty in working his way to freedom to avoid fatigue. Those wire knots had been pulled quite snug; having sat that way for quite some time they would be very difficult to untie with just Sam's left hand. An added problem was that his left thumb had been placed in that palm with the hand taped securely from the second knuckles clear to the wrist. This left the remaining four finger tips with the

task of untying about twenty-five small wire knots. No easy feat to be sure.

Diane was certain that Sam, now converted into 'Sammy,' was determined enough to win any prize that she had offered. Sammy knew that there would be many more instructions to follow, but at present they were not in sight from this recliner in its flat position.

Sammy wondered just how Diane had knocked Sam out long enough to dress 'her' up as a fashionable lady, get her into that recliner, and secure her so completely wrapped up in telephone wire. Those tasks could not have been completed in just a few minutes.

Sammy's right hand was cuffed to his/her right ankle, and therefore of no help with the problem at hand. Sammy, now so full of liquid that he/she sloshed, would have to get busy and get his/her self free of the recliner to make the first of what might be multiple potty runs.

Have you ever tried to untie knots in insulated wire with just four fingers and no thumb? There had to be at least twenty-four knots tied to that piece of screen and each one had to be completely released from where it was secured. Then there would be the equally daunting task of trying to unwrap all of the turns around that recliner and Sammy's body.

Diane was quite thorough; she had even thought to provide a large clock with a sweep second hand to assist with Sammy's timekeeping schedule. The fact that Sam was a small male, and that Diane had a large frame for a female made it easy for her to loan her husband some of her female clothing. Her rather large bosom closely resembled that area of Dolly Parton's body. Sammy was now blessed with "D" sized fake boobs in order to properly fill out Diane's dresses.

In trying to reach to untie all of those knots, Sammy had to surmount those mounds to gain access to the wire. It took nearly an hour to untie all of those blasted little knots. Now came the task of unwrapping the many turns of the stiff wire wrapped around Sammy's body and the recliner chair. Those knots were spread far apart, and it was a struggle to pull the knotted wire through or under any part of that chair. At one point, the end got tangled with what was being fed through, and came quite close to being tied in a new knot where Sammy was unable to reach. Dealing with that, the whole unsnarling task ground temporarily to a halt. Fortunately, after some prolonged struggle, there were just enough coils unwrapped for Sammy's left arm to reach, and release that forming knot.

There were over forty complete wraps, a terribly long length of telephone line to untangle before Sammy was free of 'her' recliner prison.

Diane had taken the time to create several random knots along the length of wire; frequently one of them would catch and be difficult to pull through. Sammy twice caught herself tightening the line by pulling on the wrong wrap. This was secured by Diane having started the wraps somewhere behind Sammy's upper back. This starting point must be released before there was any effort expended to unzip the dress' back zipper to access the handcuff key taped behind her right shoulder. It was quite important to release her right wrist from her ankle in anticipation of challenges forthcoming. She also needed her right hand to remove all of the tape wraps binding the movements of her left hand.

After almost two hours, she was finally free of her reclining prison. Her first stop (after rubbing her very

sore wrists) would going to the bathroom. This revealed one more problem: Sammy was wearing pantyhose. Getting them and her panties lowered was a difficult task with just the fingers of her left hand. Long overdue for liquid elimination, the clothing got slightly abused, and Sammy quickly got seated on the toilet.

Sammy's 'drain hose' was not of any immediate use. It was bent and securely taped back between her legs, with many layers of tape that started up on her tummy and ran down from there to attach to the whole length of 'her' appendage. Multiple strips run from there up along each fanny cheeks; more layers were securing all three of those verticals by wrapping round and round the body just below the waistline.

A note on the inside of the bathroom door instructed Sammy to NOT remove any of that body tape. Sammy should just make believe that 'she' was a girl and pee just like any other girls must do. Time, along with a very full bladder, stepped in to enforce that sit-down order.

Getting from the TV room to the bathroom had quite difficult with that set of cuffs locked to right wrist and ankle. Relocating the panties and pantyhose was another difficult, lengthy, task.

The note on that bathroom door ordered Sammy to read the reverse side as well. Here she learned that if she were to call Diane's work number, she would be told the secret about that handcuff key. As it turned out, that key was not taped to her right shoulder as she had been led to believe, it was taped to the back section of her panties crotch's cotton pad.

Goddamn it, Sammy had just managed to get those garments back up where they were somewhat comfortable, and now she must lower them once more. One

bright spot was that she could now stand up straight once again.

The note also instructed her to open the root cellar door for her next set of instructions. Getting down there was quite a challenge because her high-heeled shoes were chained to her ankles, incorporating an ankle hobble that was too short to allow for stepping down from one step to the next in normal fashion. Sammy had to sit down, move both feet down one step, then move her fanny down one step. She had to do this twelve times to reach the cellar floor. Once she reached the bottom of the stairs, she stood up. Then because of her closely hobbled ankles, it took what seemed like forever to get across the wide cellar floor, finally reach the root cellar's door.

A tiny typed note there stated that the key to that door was in the same place as the handcuff key was found. Was it really a different key, or did both locks use the same key? Sammy was once again lowering her pantyhose and panties, and carefully fishing in case that was where that other key was secured. Not finding one, she remembered the drawer full of panties in Diane's bureau.

Sammy went back across that cellar floor, sat down on the third step on the stairs, pulled up both feet, then hoisted her fanny up to the fourth step and raised her feet once again. This action was repeated all of the way up to the top and to the house's main floor.

Next Sammy had to traverse the whole length of the house to the master bedroom, to reach Diane's bureau to hopefully locate that very important key. She carefully checked every pair of panties and found no key. Then a light went on in Sammy's mind. Damn, that stupid key was retained by the tape securing Sam's boy

parts. For the third time, the pantyhose and panties were lowered. This time a thorough search turned up a key stuck to 'her' male appendage.

The panties and pantyhose were raised back up to where they belonged, and it was time to return across the bedroom floor, down the stairs once more, and all of the way back across that cellar floor. After such an intensely exhausting struggle, Sammy was happy to find that the key did unlock that padlock, and she could finally open the root cellar door. She was quite anxious to learn the next step to eventually gaining permission to have sex With Diane.

The very limiting time allocated for Sammy's challenges meant that if she was even one minute late, it would cost her another week of seated potty stops, plus a whole new challenge to deal with. To an uninformed observer it would have seemed quite strange to observe a lovely lady trying to look up into her crotch area, but that was the apparent scene down in that cellar.

The stairs back down to the basement were murder with hobbled ankles. Sammy had to sit, put both feet down, slip her fanny down one step, move her feet down one more and over and over for twelve cellar stair steps. Then the disguised man had to take baby steps all the way across that wide cellar to that locked root cellar door.

The lock snapped open and Sammy swung the door open only to discover that there was a rugged nylon webbing material anchored to both the door and the jamb, with about two dozen screws holding that material to the door and the jamb.

A small screwdriver hung from a stiff cord close by the doorway. When each screw was halfway out,

Sammy had to stop and allow the cord to unwind before removing the screw completely. There were twenty-six screws to take out in order to release that nylon web from the door jamb, allowing Sammy to finally get inside the root cellar and get access to the next set of orders.

Halfway done removing the jamb, Sammy was struck with the urgent need to drain more cranberry juice. Back across that cellar floor, and all of the way back up the stair steps she went. Much time was lost because of all of the cranberry juice she had been forced to drink before she could move on to the next order. Sammy had no choice. She really did not want to pee all over her new recliner, or her wife's nice white dress.

Relocating her panties and pantyhose, Sammy could once again make that slow and exacting trip down the cellar stairs. Then came the long shuffle to get back to the unscrewing project to finally learn about her next assignment. Another eight screws removed, and out fell a small piece of paper, which Sammy nearly missed among all of the removed screws now under her feet.

Picking up that scrap of paper, she unfolded it to read, "Changed my mind, orders up in the attic."

The words spilling out of Sammy's mouth could melt the paint right off a truck's cab. This angry man was dressed in a beautifully shaped white cotton dress and heels, but the sexy feminine outfit did not deter Sammy's ability to swear even one iota.

And to think that she had nearly missed that piece of paper, in her rush to get that damned door open. If only she had started at the bottom, she could have saved well over an hour, and at least one trip up and

down those cellar stairs. Now she must go back up again, not just one flight, but two this time, to get to her next set of orders.

Sammy could quit completely, but Diane would insist on starting over the next time she had the time and desire to assemble a totally new challenge. That could be next Saturday, or even a full month later. Until then, would have to continue to contend with seated potty stops.

Sam was getting quite anxious to be able to put his male appendage through its paces. No way in Hell did he want it trapped by all of that tape. He couldn't even bathe or shower, because it could destroy Diane's masterpiece of handicapping. All body bathing would have to be done by the sponge bath method, an arduous task.

Arriving at the attic door, two flights of stairs up, Sammy found a knife and a note. "Cut the screwdriver loose from the cellar, and remove the line of screws securing this door shut." Confound that wife of his/hers, Sammy would get another tool from the kitchen.

Well, there just was not another correct screwdriver on the premises. Back down two flights of stairs, back and forth across that wide cellar floor, and once again up two flights of stairs, using the sit-and-raise-the-legs method.

There were long screws all over those attic stairs, but Sammy did finally manage to get that door open. The attic room had no windows and just a single light socket for lighting the whole long room, but there was no bulb in it.

After retrieving the kitchen flashlight, almost immediately the batteries went dead on her. Once more she

struggled down the flight of stairs. From there, Sammy went out onto the back porch, feet and fanny down the cement stairs to the garage level, only to discover that the always unlocked garage door was locked. Back up the stairs to the house level Sammy went. He/she found his/her keys and after some more struggle, managed to unlock the garage door.

Sam had a flashlight in his car's glove compartment; he found that those batteries were also dead. Remembering the supplies stored for serious emergencies, he searched them. Two new batteries were found for the kitchen flashlight, also a bulb for the attic light socket.

At the far end of the attic room, Sammy found the next set of instructions. "Your next instructions are in your car's trunk." Another difficult struggle down those cement stairs ensued. In a few minutes, Sammy retrieved a note sending her to the mud room to find the key to the ankle hobble inside Sam's winter boots.

There was no note in his winter boots. Now what? Hmm, what about his winter hiking boots back on the corner? Yes, there was a piece of white paper behind all of the triple-tied rawhide lacing.

That note held the key desperately needed to finally free that ankle hobble. To hell with worrying about harming the pantyhose; Sammy also parted with those damned high heeled shoes right there on the mud room floor.

This note said, "Wow Sammy, you made it. Check and see if you also made it on time. If it is still before three P.M. you are in like Flynn. If not, then better luck next weekend." The TV room clock lying on its face displayed 3:05.

Where had the time gone? All of those damn trips up and down stairs, all of that wire, all those long screws, all those times raising and lowering that ladies lingerie.

Sammy was heartbroken. She went to the fridge for a cold beer. There was only one. Twisting off the cap, she stepped on the pedal to open the trash receptacle. Inside it there was one more note. "The cell phone will have the correct time, Sammy." Wow, it was only 2:45. She had made it on time. Now where was Diane? What should Sammy do now?

Sammy had been in every room but the guest room. Rushing to that closed door, she found the knob was missing, Trying to use her little finger to turn that small square didn't work, but Sammy was determined. She tried a slight push and turn, she tried a slight pull on it, she even tried pushing the middle of the door. With that, she succeeded, and the door swung open.

There on that guest room bed lay a delightful lady wrapped up like a gift in her nylon nightgown, with a pretty bow tied directly over 'Ground Zero.' The wall clock read 3:01. Diane said, "Sorry Sammy, better luck next weekend."

Removing that pretty big bow, she placed it at Sammy's waist, ran both of the loose ends back around Sammy, and tied the bow snugly to her waist. Diane then pulled Sammy's hands back and securely tied the wrists together. She then shoved Sammy back against the footboard of the bed and commanded, "Sit and stay." Sammy was stunned by this sudden turn of events and sat silently, staring blankly at Diane.

"Your dress needs to be hand-laundered, but because your hands are out of service for now, the laundering can wait a while longer. We must begin

negotiations for our first vacation week. So Sammy, make your first request."

"May I have a drink of water, please?" Sammy politely requested. She would have preferred that Diane go first, to get a hint of what direction these negotiations were to head in. Sammy was very confused by everything that was happening and tired from his/her exertions of the past several hours.

Diane quickly gave Sammy a drink of water then stated that it was now her turn to make a request. In view of how lovely Sammy looked compared to her twin, Sam, Diane requested Sammy stay in female dress full-time right up when Sammy finally wins the cherished prize for her twin brother to enjoy (assuming she did, of course.)

Sammy was shaken up by Diane's demand. She said, "Hey, wait just one damn minute here, lady. You just laid claim to the whole of next week! What is left for me to choose from?"

"What you eat. When you eat. What you wear. Where you sleep. And if we we extend your sentence to the very last evening of our three weeks of vacation."

"Jesus," was Sammy's succinct comment to Diane's summation.

"Well, I left you lots of things to choose from. What's wrong now, Sammy?"

Sam wanted to go fishing, boating, bowling, and to the casino for part of a day, he/she explained, trying to sound calm.

"That's fine. I have enough outfits for both of us ladies to wear for those activities. With your maleness so securely tucked away, maybe we should discuss

proper deportment and selection of ladies wear for Sammy. Once Sammy completes a challenge on time, and we allow Sam some playtime, I think living and behaving like a female for the rest of the time is quite fair. Don't you agree, pretty Sammy?"

"Cone on, why would I want to learn to be a female?" Sammy asked.

"How else can a male really begin to appreciate the thrills of wearing the exotic and stimulating articles and materials as are found in women's choices of clothing? Just think about the privilege you are being offered. How many other men ever get offered these wonderful clothes to wear, not to just try on, but to wear exclusively for at least a whole week? Do you really appreciate the fantastic opportunity you are being given?" Diane asked, a smile on her face.

"Why should I even want those things that you describe, I have a good job, nice clothes, a pretty lady who is quite interested in sex. Why would I want to change any of it? Just to be able to also look like a girl?" Sammy asked.

"I love Sam, I love to play with Sam and have sex with Sam, but I want us to be much closer, like both of us being girls, and able to even dress alike. I think it would be wonderful to share so as much as possible of the feminine side of life. Look Sammy, we have three weeks to share together. How about you be a girl for just one week, then we can talk it over and decide if you should continue as Sammy. Or you could try a couple of days and nights as Sam. No serious pressure, just the permission to test femininity on a seriously level. How does that sound?" Diane asked.

"Well, since you put it that way, perhaps I had better give in and try things your way, but just for this

coming week," Sammy said, half-suspecting that he was walking into a trap.

Diane had just gotten exactly what she wanted.

Diane hustled Sammy out of her soiled and sweaty clothes, gave her a sponge bath and powdered her all over, then gave her a clean bra and panty set, and a sexy pink gown to match the one that Diane was wearing. Next came the high-heeled shoes and a dressing gown, following which they watched a special DVD designed to cause any male to come close to climax at seeing beautiful women in sexy feminine garments. About a half-hour into the program, Sammy asked for permission to release his imprisoned male appendage. It was beginning to be quite painful to look at all of those near-nude ladies in such daring and delightful lingerie.

Diane suggested watching the remainder on the bedroom set, while they were lying close together in their bed. Sammy was lying with Diane close behind her, casually fondling Sammy's fake boobs through the gown and the bra cups, alternately massaging Sammy's neck and shoulders. In almost no time, Sammy's very trying day caught up with her and ushered her off to Dreamland. Off went the TV and the bedside lamp. Diane had once again, at least temporarily, tamed Sam's persistent male sex drive.

That TV show had stimulated Diane to such a level that she was almost screaming for male attention. It took her about three hours to calm down enough to fall asleep.

An hour later, she was once again in a serious sweat. She was flat on her back beside a female-looking person in a matching gown and bra and panties, with 'her' luscious fake boobs nearly exposed. Diane nearly

lost her determination at that point. She lost about three more hours trying to calm down enough to get back to sleep once again. Just being aware of that pretty 'lady' lying beside her in their bed had her on the verge of climax.



She was ready to rescue Sam's equipment. She needed it—badly. Doing so would mess up her master plan of converting Sam into a permanent Sammy. Could she hold out at least until next Saturday? Could she manage to create at least one more major challenge for Sammy to have to endure? Should she create one that Sammy could win so that she could have her sexual release while saving face?

Perhaps she should rescue Sammy's pleasure rod right now, enjoy its magic powers, convince Sam to be Sammy for the whole three weeks, and then force sammy to endure the challenges of one more of her challenges.

Maybe Diane should purchase a double-ended dildo to wear and train Sammy the fake female to accept her as the fake male, and totally abandon any use of Sammy's real male appendage. Dear God, did she ever need some special attention right now.

Her excitement was certainly keeping her awake to-night. She found her way to the guest room bed and to her special toy. Soon, she found the relief she had been searching for, and was then able to get some sleep. In the early morning, she awoke and began to worry about whether the use of her vibrator might be a form of cheating on her marriage partner. She got up. Ignoring her robe and slippers, she got out her machine and sewing stuff, and began to make Sammy a costume.

In about an hour, she produced a one-piece outfit with no facial opening, shaped much like a baby bunting. It had no lower half opening, just a zipper potty flap and a horizontal mouth opening zipper. At the top of the headpiece was a carefully stitched-in nylon window screen opening for air intake.

There were no sleeves or openings for hands or arms and a blank cloth face area. Being enclosed in this would be quite simple. Sammy would just have to lay on it face down. Diane would zip and belt her into total quiet and darkness.

Once the special outfit was in place, Diane spoke into that top air inlet screen and explained to her large baby that he never should have trusted her, for even one minute, because right now he has become her baby. Sammy would be a baby girl for a full week. The only exception would be when she wanted Sammy dressed for when they went out to dine.

Baby Sammy must be a girl, because she must sit down to go potty. Who could say just how long mommy Diane would desire caring for her darling baby girl?

If Sammy needed attention, he/she could start rolling around which would cause his/her squeaky toy to sound off. Mommy would be there very soon to care for her newborn. "Sammy, please remember the story about the boy who cried wolf. When help was really needed, no one came. Don't be like that boy. Today may get to be boring, but remember that Mommy Diane is busy making you some new types of clothing to wear. Just learn to be very patient. "

Diane had her pattern books and about a wheelbarrow full of very feminine fabrics to choose from. Sammy would learn about ladies fashions from many different ages, plus all of the variations in the lingerie for ladies to wear. Sammy's one pair of high-heeled shoes would have to do. New shoes for a lady were too expensive for their budget at present. In Sammy's bunting, no shoes were needed. In fact, nothing was

needed, because it would just be a bother when Sammy needed to go to the bathroom.

Her breakfast was served in a baby's bottle, with the nipple slid through a small opening of the mouth zipper. While nursing her breakfast, she was rolled over, her fanny flap opened, and she was positioned on the cold and uncomfortable bed pan. Sammy was tidied up, zipped up, and that bed pan was removed.

The old clock chimed from its place off in the living room. Diane was on the move, telling Sammy that lunch time was near. The nipple of the baby bottle was pushed into her mouth again, and the zipper was closed quite securely around it. Although that lunch liquid was soon drained and swallowed, that damn bulb remained in Sammy's mouth for about three hours.

Sammy was encouraged to be patient because Mommy was making great progress on the outfit to be worn for going out to dinner. What an absolutely boring, lonesome, helpless, dark day that Monday was. Poor Sammy couldn't hear, couldn't see, couldn't snack, couldn't watch TV, couldn't stand, couldn't sit, or even talk. Diane was in the den working her magic with her sewing stuff while Sammy could only wait in her silent, solitary world.

Sammy was anxiously counting the clock chimes toward the dinner hour. She prayed for five, pleaded for six, almost wept for seven. At eight, things seemed to be moving, beginning to happen.

Another belt was added around Sammy's waist, her lower half suddenly completely bared. She was rolled up onto her side, then settled back on to that damn cold pan once again. The next roll placed her on what

must be a bath towel. She was bathed, dried, and powdered.

Panties, pantyhose, and her high-heeled shoes were installed. Wow, now she would get to be able to see and talk. Then the phone rang, and all progress screeched to a halt. Diane spent what seemed like hours on the phone. That heavy bunting around Sammy's head muffled all of the words. All this time, Sammy was lying with just lingerie and shoes on her otherwise uncovered half, and submerged in cloth over her top half.

Her arms and upper body were secured in that bunting and three belts around the body and arms. The phone conversation continued. Finally, after an interminable length of time Sammy caught what she counted as nine strikes of the clock chime. The phone became silent, the bunting was removed, the rest of her body was washed, dried, and powdered. Sammy's face was made up, then a long line bra was put in place and quite adequately filled.

Sammy was stood up, and a large hooped petticoat went on over a quite long elastic-waisted half-slip. The petticoat draw string was tied behind the waist to something up on the back of the long-line bra. The dress was one huge full skirt, and a form-fitted top half, with a high collar, and long sleeves.

The dress top was closely tailored to intentionally cause the bust padding to stand out, exposing Sammy's very matronly profile. The back was closed by what seemed to be about one hundred tiny buttons. The snug-fitting sleeve cuffs each had eight of those same buttons.

Now with the clock displaying nine-thirty, and with Sammy nearly starving to death, Diane surrendered to

her impulse to be sadistic and unveiled three new requirements for Sammy to fulfill.

First, he/she would have to wear ladies lace-trimmed gloves with dozens of buttons each.

Second, Sammy would sport a long wig.

Third, Sammy would wear bloomers which, like the petticoat, tied behind at the waist, with the string ends tied somewhere up on the back of the bra, also like the petticoat. The bloomer legs dropped all the way down to the ankles, their construction such that Sammy's legs seemed to be inflated.

Diane said, "Now Sammy, you have been well-drained and safely put away. We will not be getting home until about one. You have been warned. Your bloomers and petticoat are secured to your bra straps, and your form-fitting dress top will make it impossible for you to make a potty stop until we get back home when you disrobe for bedtime some time after one in the morning. Now please continue to stand while I slip into my costume; it will only take a few minutes. Do not sit and wrinkle your lovely costume, dear."

Ten minutes later, Sammy was confronted by a very proper gentleman dressed in top hat and tails. They were escorted by this gentleman standing at their door, and whisked away in a beautiful limo. This was part of the arrangements made by that long phone call Diane had been party to.

They were driven to a Gay Nineties-type night spot, where they were treated to a wonderful meal. They did many of that period's dances, until finally Diane stated that they must consider the thirty minutes needed to

return home. She asked if Sammy would be able to make the trip without any accidents.

Getting that assurance, the limo was called to the entrance, and Sammy was assisted as she was once again seated in that fancy vehicle. Diane suggested that the driver not spare the horses on the trip to their home. It would seem that Diane was also close to needing a rest stop.

When they arrived at home, Diane visited the facilities first. When she finished, returned and worked carefully with the drawstrings to Sammy's bloomers, then sent her for a rest stop.

Upon Sammy's return, Diane had Sammy answer the front door bell. Upon opening the door, Sammy was grabbed by two huge masked men. Her hands were cuffed behind her, and a bag was dropped down over her head and secured just below her magnificent bust shaping. She was lead to a vehicle, seated and belted inside, and taken for a thirty-minute ride.

When the vehicle came to a stop, Sammy was released from the seat belt, dragged to her feet, thrown over someone's shoulder. Then she was carried through several doors, down a flight of stairs, and dumped onto a bed. The room was damp, dark, and cold. When the door was shut, the room had an echo, and she could hear the door being chained shut.

She had been kidnapped. Would her captors demand a ransom, or did Diane get taken as well? Were Sammy and Diane mistaken for members of royalty? How long would they be held for ransom? Would they be released when no one would pay their demand? Would they just get thrown into a river, or over a cliff and into some deep gorge? Under such mysterious circumstances, it's understandable that crazy ideas would

run through Sammy's mind. He/she was terrified and shook in his/her panties.

There was total silence, total darkness, and total frustration. With her wrists cuffed behind her, there was no way to remove that bag tied under her bust, no way to get out of the hoop petticoat which was certainly exposing her whole front clear up to her waist. She did have the coverage of those extremely emasculating bloomers. With the strapped-on high-heeled shoes, no one would ever realize that the real person underneath the elaborate costume was a man.

Finally, the light came on, Sammy could see some brightness through her surrounding layer of cloth.

Diane stated, "Ok now. Sammy, now that I truly have your attention, shall we really begin to negotiate? Most of your day must have been quite lonely and boring in the totally helpless state you find yourself in.

"Here are some questions which must only be answered with a single word, either yes or no. No other words. Understand?"

"Did you enjoy being helpless?"

"No."

"Would you prefer being free and in control?"

"Yes."

"Should we declare your freedom for tonight?"

"Yes."

"My orders in exchange for your freedom?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish to remain in your old-fashioned costume?"

"No."

"Will you agree to wear it again soon?"

"Yes."

"Will you wear your pretty night gown to bed?"

"Yes."

"How about the hand cuffs?"

"No."

"How about us having sex?"

"Yes."

"How about as you are now dressed?"

"No."

"What if Diane insists?"

"No."

"Haven't I earned the right to have things my way?"

"Yes."

"Ok, 'nuff said. Let's go to bed."

"No."

"You want things to be different?"

"Yes."

"Do you want your wrists to be free?"

"Yes."

"Just during sex?"

"No."

"For longer?"

"Yes."

"For sex and sleeping too?"

“Yes.”

“Ok, enough questions, let’s do it,” Diane stated.

Donna worked behind Sammy’s back. Sammy, still blinded by that sack over her head, could not see what was happening. Sammy was quickly released from those confining hand cuffs, but was now encased inside boxing gloves which were tied quite snugly, with their lacings completely wrapped in duct tape.

“You consider this free? My hands are not behind my back anymore, but they are still completely useless. Besides, I am still dressed in this old-fashioned outfit.”

Ok, just do what you can, like removing your wig. Just remember that your boy toy is covered under an arrangement we both agreed to, which must not be revoked until the proper conditions are met.”

“Then how can we have sex?” Sammy asked.

“We can not, but *I*, Diane, can. I am not bound by any agreement. I have worked hard all day while you just laid on your back like a useless sack of poop. I made all the pieces of your lovely vintage costume. It would have cost us at least twice as much as our dinner, the limo service, and those fake kidnappers did if we bought it in a store. So Sammy, you really owe me, big time. “

“When do I get to come out and play?” Sammy asked in desperation.

“I’ll try to plan your next long day challenge for this coming weekend, that is the best that I can promise for right now. I was so sexually stimulated that I hardly got any sleep last night. Now please hasten your release by pleasing your very devoted mate right now,” Diane ordered.

“What can I do with things taped so securely, while wearing boxing gloves?” Sammy asked.

“Get into bed, and let me demonstrate, my dear,” Diane suggested.

“Ok Sammy, open wide.” Diane shoved the handle of her vibrator into his/her open mouth, and shoved up on his/her bottom jaw to hold it in place. “Now you already know where to insert it, so get busy, oh great lover,” Diane ordered.

Sammy could no longer speak for fear of dropping that toy. Seeing Diane so excited began to work on Sammy’s captive penis. The more response created by what Sammy was doing to excite Diane, the more pressure on poor Sam’s captive tool, and the greater the discomfort.

Just as Diane was approaching the pinnacle of her excitement, Sammy had to say Uncle from all of the pain. Donna demanded more, but Sammy was crying from the pain, and dropped the toy. It slid down to that deepest hollow in the mattress, and got wrapped up in the folds of Sammy’s huge dress skirt. With his/her petticoat no longer shaping that dress skirt, it had many folds to trap the vibrator in, and it managed to wedge itself where Sammy’s captive tool was secured, causing intense excitement in his/her genitalia.

Diane felt cheated once again; she could care less if that toy was causing Sammy pain. Sammy couldn’t seem to wriggle from it. With Sammy now on her back, that demonic device was stuck within the folds of her skirt. It continue to hum away right at Ground Zero.

Sammy could not work to find it because of those damned boxing gloves. Finally the batteries went dead, and it shut down. Diane removed the boxing gloves

and Sammy's dress, and placed her back in the handcuffs and positioned them in front of her body. Sammy was tucked in and they said, "I love you. Good night," to each other.

What was left of Tuesday was quiet and devoted to sleep as they were both exhausted. Wednesday, morning Diane 'asked' for breakfast in bed (more like a demand really.) Sammy wished to shed his/her wrist manacles to be able to make it. What a trial it was attempting to lower those pantyhose and get seated for a potty break, standing in near stilt-high mules, with his/her wrists manacled together. Adding to Sammy's stress was the pressure from Diane to get a move on, and her nearly shouting for faster breakfast service. During Sammy's breakfast preparation, Diane was planning the day's outfits for both of the ladies.

Diane felt that her trainee was seriously lacking in the ability to glide femininely along in her high-heeled shoes. Sammy sat down far too often. How to correct that situation? Dress her in a one-piece swim suit, hand cuff one hand and the suit crotch material together, and fix the second wrist out behind where she must sit on it if she was to get off her feet for a rest.

The suit was easy to put Sammy into. That meant that Sammy was not only helpless once again, but unable to sit down. This once again ruled out potty stops with out freeing the wrists and lowering that swim suit. Unfortunately from her point of view, it also did nothing to assist Diane with the climaxes she was so anxious for. Diane wished to stay in bed and not get dressed in hopes of achieving more sexual satisfaction.

Why had she declared that Sam become Sammy, and secured his pleasure wand?

Why had she so insisted that since Sam was now Sammy, that pleasure tool was outlawed unless it was concealed inside a very feminine nightgown?

Damn, Diane loved and needed sex, so why had she secured her husband's tool, and then issued the order for Sam to become a lady named Sammy? What could have motivated her?

One of her strongest desires had always been to be able to order a male around, especially *her* male. She fantasized about forcing him into the role of a pretty lady. Now that she was in charge, with that male symbol completely subdued, instead of using force, she must get her husband to fall in love with being beautiful. It was central to her fantasy to make him *want* to be a pretty woman. He had to feel that it was his idea to be feminized.

She had to create comfort, beauty, sensual and sexual feminine desires, which would relentlessly lead Sammy deeper into this wonderland of femininity. To facilitate his transformation, she would have to, as quickly as possible, convert their home into an ultra-feminine atmosphere. When that was accomplished, she would be able to free that manhood so they could both enjoy its freedom. Then and only then, she would surround her feminized husband with a sea of luxurious lingerie, to bring forth the feminine creature within him that men would willingly leave their happy home for.

She had to sell Sam on just how much in love he was with his female twin, Sammy, then be sure that the rewards she offered him in the form of frequent and delightful sex were pushing him directly into the sea of lingerie.

Diane relaxed in her comfy while her domesticated husband prepared her a sumptuous breakfast. That allowed her to lie back and scheme further. Oh, what plans Diane had for Sam/Sammy. She had to laugh to herself as she imagined what the future would be like for her erstwhile husband. She could hardly wait until he was a female full-time. That would be the single greatest achievement of her life, without any doubt.

Females almost always feel weaker and less secure than their male counterparts. Many feel it necessary to adopt a submissive role. Diane had just discovered the true power of control. There was no turning back; she must guide her male into the form she desired.

"Sammy, how is breakfast coming along, dear?" Diane asked from her propped-up position on their bed.

"If I were allowed a bit more arm freedom, it would be much easier and quicker, dear," Sammy answered.

"Break away for just a few seconds, and let me grant that wish for you," Diane instructed.

Sammy rushed to the side of the bed where her right wrist was released from that cuff. Before she could rejoice, however, the cuff was again locked around her swim suit's crotch section. Sammy's left wrist was still confined behind Sammy's fanny. This still prevented Sammy from being able to sit down properly. With Sammy's right wrist and arm free, breakfast should be much easier to prepare, though. That was a small saving grace.

Breakfast was quickly delivered to the bedside, and carefully served to Diane on a tray placed in her lap. Sammy was the servant, and all of the service was for Diane and only Diane.

Was this care and attention to detail in appreciation for the release of Sammy's right wrist? Was it perhaps out of her love for her very masterful mistress? Sammy stood at attention when not serving, and it was quite quite evident just how much Sammy's left arm could be of great use. Diane beckoned Sammy over, turned her around and unlocked the left wrist held captive behind her fanny. She did not remove those cuffs, but just let them dangle from where they were locked to Sammy's swim suit crotch piece.

Sammy, although troubled by that dangling steel between her legs, leaned down and planted a kiss on Diane's lips, then assumed the role of impartial servant once again.

When Diane was satisfied with her meal, she asked Sammy to please sit for a bit on the side of the bed for some more discussion.

"Sammy, I have just released both of your wrists, and made no other demands of you. I felt that you deserved that courtesy because you were trying so hard to please me with breakfast in bed. It was excellent and greatly appreciated. This brings us up to the present time. What would you trade for full freedom, no holds barred, no threats, no orders, but one?" Diane asked.

"It would certainly depend on what that one order was," Sammy answered.

"Will you, Sam, do your utmost to become a very lovely and respectful Sammy, in exchange for a complete release, no more threat of any future challenges, no more binding, or being forced into seated potty stops?" Diane asked.

"YES!" Sammy shouted.

“Let that dangling handcuff remind you of what comes next. Right after you eat and clean up from breakfast, we will meet in the bathroom for a tape cutting event.

“We will shower together, then slip back into our nice nylon gowns, and yes, Sammy, you must include your well-filled bra in order to fill out your gown bodice. We will see just what kind of entertainment we can engage in on our bed, then return for another shower before we continue our day. Next we will dress up as pretty ladies for the rest of the day,” Diane explained her plans for their day together.

Sammy’s comment was, “WOW.” He/she could barely get even that much out, so exciting was Diane’s announcement.

His/her wife dressed Sammy in the loveliest garments that Diane owned then commenced to teach her the basics of beauty and complimented Sammy about how lovely she looked until her dress was displaying signs of serious male excitement. At that point they returned to their bed for a little bit of lovemaking, followed by some much needed napping.

This was followed by more luxurious lingerie, beautiful and exciting dresses, and an early evening dinner of prime rib and salad. When they returned to their home, Diane asked Sammy to remove her dress and snug fitting bra, then helped her into the strongest and softest sports bra known to man. Diane then covered it with a nylon gown and robe, which nearly drowned Sammy in delightful luxury.

Diane exercised her female prerogative and quickly changed her mind. After removing their robes. the two slipped back into bed to watch a “For Ladies Only” intimate fashion show. It was aimed at demonstrating to

ladies just what they needed to maintain excitement on the home front. It only took a few minutes of footage to begin to disturb those smooth flowing lines of the front of Sammy's nylon gown.

They paused the show to try out their very own form of excitement. Diane was convinced that by the end of that week of vacation, trying to return Sammy to Sam just might create a war between them. It was becoming more and more clear that her husband was very much enjoying his new sojourn into the Land of Femininity. She could imagine the returned Sammy saying something like, "Why do I get stuck in such coarse and uncomfortable crap?"

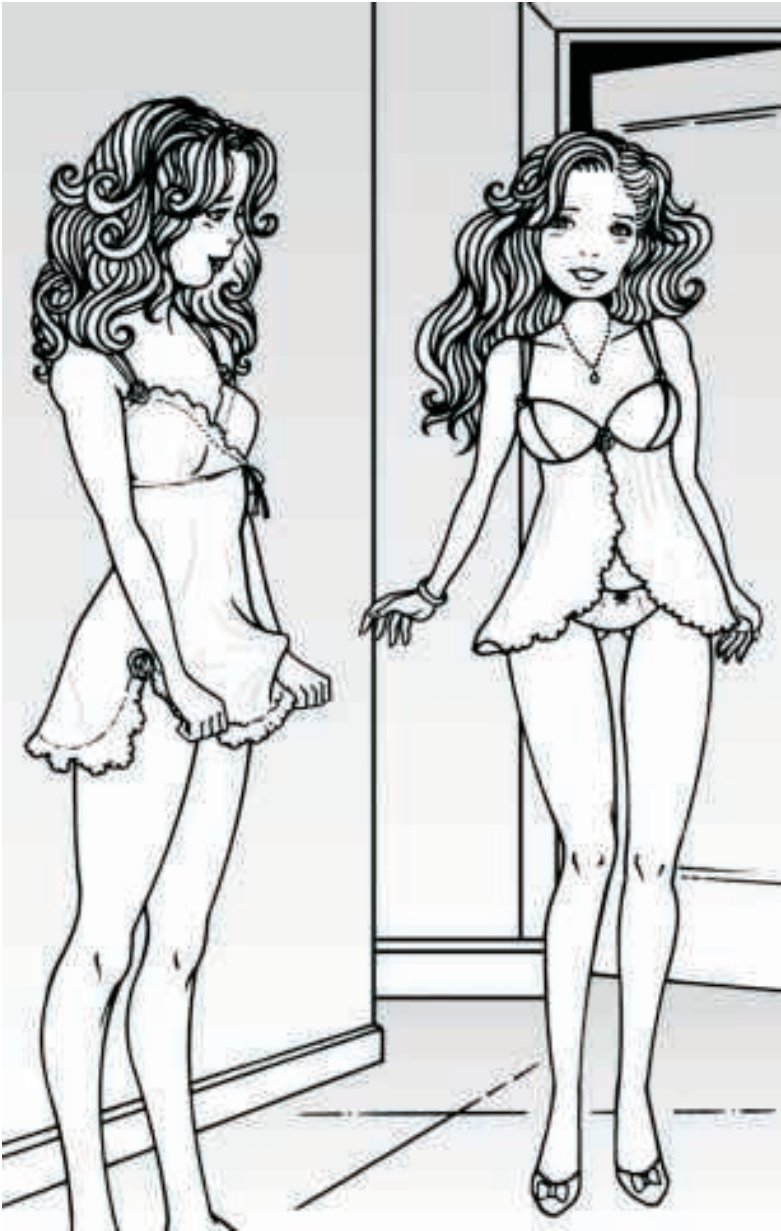
She practiced her response in her mind. "Because, my dear, you really are a male which you can ascertain for yourself if you care to do a close examination of your body parts. There still needs to be lots more changes if you were to try to convince real females that you are also a woman."

"Why can't men have nice beautiful clothing to wear?" Sam might ask.

"Most men are too stubborn and seriously threatened by the fear that they might be considered effeminate. Their male pride is as strong as their insistence that they be allowed to use urinals in the men's rooms." Diane had to smile at her own thoughts. She was sure that she would win any argument between them about Sam remaining as Sammy.

Diane was careful to be sure that Sammy was falling in love with her own feminine wardrobe and appearance. She caught Sammy working seriously with makeup and nails quite often. Twice Sammy had been observed experimenting with her feminine stride, attempting to keep her toes pointed straight ahead. It

was clear that Diane was winning the war. She would be the victor in their Battle Of The Sexes.



From the way things looked at present, Sam might soon be searching for a job and wardrobe just for Sammy. All that Diane had wanted when this all started was to have a female companion to spend some time with once in a while. Now Diane would have to decide if she actually wished to live with another lady who could love just like the man her husband was did.

How many changes would occur if Sam left and Sammy took his place. Could Diane and their marriage stand it, and for how long? Well, one thing was for sure, Diane and Sam were still very much in love. Sammy was certainly excited the previous night judging by the way that nightgown was tented up. Sammy's fully-loaded bra had a serious job to perform, and so far at least, was standing up to the task. Diane nearly fainted from the number of spontaneous near-climaxes that oddly-shaped nylon gown caused.

Even if society disapproved, Sam and Diane could survive, even thrive, Diane thought. Even if Sam converted to Sammy full-time. Clothes costs would be higher. Cosmetics, hair, and nail care would add to expenses as well, but they could train to do their own, and each other's.

Diane invited one of her high school girl chums to come for dinner, claiming that Sam was away on family business. Their very fashionable maid would prepare their dinner, and serve it as well.

Sue was introduced to Diane's maid. Her first comment was, "Why such fancy clothing for someone doing simple culinary work?"

"Sammy dressed up because I was having a guest for dinner," Diane explained. "I thought it would be nice to impress you."

The meal was superb, carefully and politely served, and cleared away. The ladies retired to the living room while Sammy straightened up the dining area and the kitchen.

Soon after, Sammy was asked to serve them some wine, and that was very politely done. As the maid was retreating from the room, Diane called her back. "Sammy, could you tell Sue the truth about where Sam is tonight?"

Sammy colored up, hesitated, then raised her dress and lowered her pantyhose, displaying the bulge inside her lovely pink nylon panties. Then she raised her pantyhose, dropped into a curtsey, released her dress hem, and quickly retreated from the room.

Sue was stunned. Never had she ever seen another female expose her panties in public. Never had Sue's own panties had such a bulging crotch front, even when concealing a maxi pad.

Diane, is that Sam or does that maid Sammy have something unusual inside her panties?" Sue asked.

Diane called, "Sammy, please bring us some more wine."

The maid did as requested, then Diane asked, "Now Sammy, please state your real name, and in your real voice."

The answer was delivered in a very male voice. "I am allowed to become Sam Wilson when we are in our bed."

Sue asked Sammy to just elevate her dress hem, then just stand still and watch. Sue began to very slowly raise her dress up along her thighs. Almost instantaneously, there was a response from under Sammy's pantyhose.

Sue said, "Thank you. You can lower your dress hem now, but please explain just why you are dressed as a lady."

"Diane desired some feminine company, but still preferred to have her desires met by a male and his pleasure wand," Sammy explained

Now Diane had a real red face.

"Diane, do you believe that I could convince Harry to be willing to pose as a lady?" Sue asked.

"Use your very feminine wiles and charms. He will march through Times Square wearing just your bra and panties to get the prize he desires so desperately. That's just how men are," Diane answered.

"Wow, you really think so, Diane?" Sue asked.

"Sammy, please sit with us and describe the pressures used to force you into culinary service for this evening," Diane asked.

"I would have done so just to be able to wear my lovely pink nylon panties," Sammy stated. "I love this wonderful lady, love her exquisite clothing. I would walk through fire for her as long as it did not destroy these delightful clothes."

"Wow. Would you two help me try to convince Harry to become Harriet?" Sue asked.

"Bring Harry and a nice ladies outfit and let's do dinner again tomorrow night. Be sure to hold back on marital pleasures between now and then. After we finish dining, the three of us can try that conversion right after dinner," Diane stated.

"I may have to scramble for clothing to fit him. He is about a ladies size 18," Sue said.

“Go out and select a full compliment of very sexy clothes early tomorrow, and drop it off here,” Diane instructed. Diane was almost overcome with excitement at the thought of having the opportunity to transform a second male. This was beyond anything she had even dared to dream of.

The next evening at dinner, the maid knocked over a glass full of grape juice, which landed right in Harry’s lap. Sammy was all apologies. Sue rushed Harry right into the bathroom, stripped him from his clothes, and had him take a shower.

When Harry was dry, Sue covered him from just under his arms in a large wrap-around bath towel. They resumed their dinner, and Sue commented that Harry looked like a lady waiting to get dressed after her shower. Diane looked at him surreptitiously to see his reaction to Sue’s comment.

Harry asked if his clothes would be ready for him to wear when it was time to return to their home.

“Gee Harry, my washer is broken at the moment. Someone is coming to repair it on Monday. Hmm, let’s see, my cousin lost her luggage on her recent visit. Just yesterday, the airline delivered it here. None of your wife’s, mine or Sam’s clothing will fit you, but you could borrow some of Alicia’s clothes. She’s a big girl. They can be returned later in the week to be repacked for when I return her luggage,” Diane suggested.

“No way, Jose,” Harry responded with a nervous laugh.

Sue said, “You just can’t drive or ride with me while only wearing a towel for almost twenty five miles. It will be dark. No one will even know that you are not a girl.”

“What if I get stopped by a cop?” Harry asked.

“I’ll drive,” Sue offered.

“Well OK, but nobody takes any pictures,” Harry insisted. No matter what he might have been thinking privately about the situation, he wasn’t about to let any of the women present suspect that he was anything other than opposed to the notion of wearing female clothing.

After their meal was completed, both ladies got Harriet into panties and pantyhose, quickly converting Harry into Harriet. ‘She’ had to wear Harry’s shoes, and they looked rather strange being worn with pantyhose.

They returned to the dining room to have their dessert, and Diane asked the server to introduce herself.

Sammy stated her name and did a very proper curtsey, then began to back out of the dining room. Diane called her back once again.

“Thank you for your very polite answer but now, Sammy, I am requesting you full real name. Then I would like you to show us proof.

“I am Mr. Sam Wilson.” Sammy said. Lifting her dress and lowering the pantyhose, she displayed a pair of baby blue nylon panties. “Oh and Harry, I mean Harriet, I was ordered to spill that glass of juice by Sue and Diane.”

“What the hell for?” Harriet asked, confused and feigning anger.

“To get you into your very first female outfit,” Sue stated.

“What the hell for?” Harriet asked once again.

“Your name right now is Harriet, and I must say, in one of Sammy’s wigs, you really look quite feminine, my dear,” Sue answered.

“For the third time, what the hell for?” Harriet asked.

“I was quite jealous of the very unusual love shared by Sam and Diane, and so I asked for their help in getting you, Harriet, into your first ladies outfit. Oh, and by the way, I love what I see, Harriet,” Sue answered.

“This is only until we get home, Sue,” Harriet stated with a nervous catch in his/her voice.

“Oh dear, I was in hopes of some play time in the bed, while I have such a pretty lady to play with,” Sue pleaded.

“We’ll see,” Harriet said, trying to suppress a laugh.

“Harriet, please put your knees closer together, I can see way up under your dress,” Diane asked.

“Does it excite you Diane?” Harriet asked.

“What really excites me is the thought of you wearing baby blue nylon panties. The ones that you have on are light green to match the bra that you are wearing. Apparently, Sue’s favorite color is green,” Diane said.

“I thought that these clothes belonged to your cousin, a lady named Alicia,” Harriet said.

“Sorry to disappoint you, Harriet, but your loving wife purchased those green ones just for you. Could I loan you one more item for your pleasure in your bedroom this evening?” Diane asked.

“Sure, might just as well pile it on, Diane,” Harriet answered, trying to hide her excitement.

“Turn and face the fireplace. Extend your arms behind your back like you were accepting help putting on your lovely coat.”

Harriet smiled as she followed Diane’s orders. The two very distinct clicks of the handcuffs being applied followed immediately.

“Hey, what the hell?” Harriet asked.

“Harriet, you are in for a great treat as Sue waits on you completely until she needs a bit of your attention. Now pretty lady, go with the flow, enjoy your trip into lady’s wear, enjoy whatever takes place in your bedroom or bed, and prize your attentive and loving wife. How many other married males can ever boast of this much love and attention? Oh, while you are still here, if you need to make a nature call, it won’t be behind a tree or facing a urinal, but seated on a toilet as all females have to do.”

About thirty minutes later, Diane suggested that she call her brother, Officer Dave. He could give Harriet a nice ride home in his cruiser with its seats designed to accommodate passengers wearing handcuffs.

Harriet was quick to select riding up front in Sue’s car. A short while later the two lovely ladies left for home. Sue was all smiles but Harriet had a very furrowed brow; she was almost ready to begin pleading for the release of her confined wrists.

“Now you two pay careful heed . You are going home to enjoy yourselves, and that means really enjoying this wonderful new way of life. Remember, this is Friday evening, so you should stretch this occasion out at least until work time on Monday. In other words, save some for the rest of your time together. Don’t try to crowd all of the fun into just this evening. You’ll

force yourselves into an early grave. Harriet, don't fret if you really get bitten by this lingerie bug, I'm sure Sue will find ways to keep you well-supplied. The main thing is for the two of you to have fun."

After their departure, Diane asked, "It is almost nine, Sammy, what now?"

"Let's get ready for bed, then do whatever comes up. How's that for a plan?" Sammy suggested.

They both knew just what to expect once those nylon gowns slid together on those satin sheets. Each of them also knew that the other was more than willing to participate.

This being a Friday night, they could sleep late in the morning. They had been invited to dine with Sue and Harriet on Saturday evening at the Atkins home. There certainly was quite a lot of excitement about the action being played out in the Atkins bedroom at that moment. Despite 'her' guilt and trepidation, Harriet had to admit that 'she' was looking forward to the evening's entertainment.

Saturday morning, two rather tired persons stumbled out of bed at the Wilson's home. Diane was anxious to deal with the subject of just who would be her mate for the next week. She prayed for Sammy to ask if she could continue her love affair with Diane's lovely lingerie, but she hesitated to be the one to start such a discussion. There were no rules any more, all former orders had been cancelled. Until one of them

issued an order, or a request, things were on hold for the moment.

Breakfast was a cooperative venture by two gowned and robed ladies. They casually discussed going shopping for groceries, some time soon, because

they would soon run out of things to eat. The grocery store also sold pantyhose, which Sammy was running short on.

There was still no mention of who would be the prime partner to share things with Diane for the coming week. As soon as breakfast was over and cleared away, someone would have to begin to get inside today's outfit.

Diane was watching and waiting for clues from her spouse, like a real close shave, or selecting certain pieces of lingerie, but as yet there just were no hints.

Sammy asked if Diane knew just who would be the chef for tonight's meal, but Diane still had not heard from Sue, and therefore had no clue. The next question was related to what would be served, but didn't deal with just which version of the Wilsons would be in attendance.

Finally Diane couldn't wait any longer and was forced to get ready for the day. She dressed in the usual female undergarments, then added a blouse, jeans, and flats. Still there was nothing to indicate just what her mate would wear for today, or any hints about this coming week's selections. Sammy just kept finding trivial tasks to undertake to make the kitchen just a bit neater.

Diane said, "Hey slowpoke, we had better go for groceries."

Sammy answered, "Make up a list while I go and get dressed."

Diane said a hasty prayer as Sam swished by her on her way into their bedroom.

In less than ten minutes, someone was returning to the kitchen. Diane was nervously trying to concentrate

on a shopping list, in an attempt to keep her mind off just what sort of clothing her mate would be wearing.

Her unspoken question was answered as her spouse appeared looking almost like her twin. Sammy was carefully clean shaven and casually made up, with her wig neatly brushed, wearing socks just like Diane's, along with that desperately needed well-shaped bra in its proper position.

Diane had once again triumphed over her easygoing casual, carefree, macho male husband. It seemed she had her lady companion for the day. She couldn't help but smile broadly as she saw the pretty lady her hubby had converted himself into. Tonight was already planned; they would have to reenforce Sue's efforts to convert Harry into Harriet. They must do a convincing sales job on him in the two days of this weekend.

Harry's vacation was over for this year. Sue would have to concentrate on after-work hours and weekends, or call hi work and report Harry down with the flu or a bad back.

The Wilson's would have to hurry in order for Diane to be near the phone when Sue called at noon. This would be the first update on what took place at the Atwoods' bedroom since they returned home with a well-dressed Harriet who was also wearing handcuffs.

Diane also was anxious to learn if Sue found more, hopefully delightful, clothing for her husband's female conversion. She was dying to know if there was still a Harriet in attendance, and if her wearing of feminine attire was accepted willingly or forced for today.

Between the worries about whether she would have Sammy for this coming week, and her anxiety over waiting to hear from Sue, Diane just was not able to

concentrate on their grocery needs. When Sammy arrived and took over, Diane could relax and consider her successes.

Diane was deeply engrossed in trying to mentally assemble a picture of a luxurious outfit for her lady student. She would declare the afternoon a training session for Sammy and incorporate skin softeners for his rather tough male skin. Getting it very clean, soft and touchable, would make the finishing touches to her feminine look a breeze. Sammy needed to be convinced of just how simple it was to do her own makeup, nails, eyes and hair to become a very pretty lady.

Sammy being positive role model at dinner with Sue and Harriet was a must, but it needed to come from love not force or orders. She could be ready to don an apron and assist with dinner, but that too had to come from desire, not orders. Sammy was the unknown factor. Her good example could sway Harry's thinking over to a love for feminine ways.

"Sammy, why don't we watch that Saturday special fashion show again today. Then you can try to select a special dress to wear to the Atwoods' dinner tonight. Right after lunch, we can go and try some things on, get some groceries, return home and rest up for dinner this evening," Diane suggested.

"I am pleased with your offer and generosity but there are so many nice fashions right here in your closet for me to enjoy. Maybe for the next few months what should be done is for you to separate those things you now wear from those no longer in use and give the discards to Sammy. We can then purchase replacement items for you, Diane. At some point in the future, we can do another review and replace. That way each lady

gets new and different selections quite frequently. I think we'd both like lots of variety," Sammy suggested.

"But Sammy, you never get to wear any new clothes," Diane complained.

"Most of Sam's suits go back to high school, ten years ago, and they still show very little wear. When we are through selecting your new dresses, Diane, we had better concentrate on the groceries. We should be sure to select foods that will maintain our present sizes and shapes, in order to be able to exchange our clothing supply."

Diane couldn't find any fault with that logic so they settled on following Sammy's suggestion. The closets received a careful scrutiny. Soon they were off to select several new dresses for Diane.

In order to arrive at a mutually agreeable solution, Sammy had to promise to wear one of the new ones for their dinner with the Atwood ladies. The fancy ladies wear shop was in high gear because of a sale, and they both tried on and fell in love with the same creation. The price was right, so for that night's dinner, they selected identical dresses. They would go as twins. Sammy could barely contain 'her' excitement at the prospect of being 'her' wife's twin. The shopping completed, the Wilsons returned home just in time to catch Sue's call and report.

Very soon after reaching home the previous evening, Sue felt sorry for Harriet and released her from Sammy's handcuffs. It was quite late when they could calm down enough to fall asleep. It was about 2 AM, so they were quite slow to arise on Saturday morning. Those luxury nylon nightgowns were just a bit too exciting to ignore, and they were completely snarled up in them when they finally fell asleep.

Saturday morning found them still (mostly) covered in their nylon night gowns and slippers.

Harriet was anxious for Harry to surface temporarily for a bit more playtime under the sheets. Harriet conceded to going dress shopping with Sue while dressed in last evening's pretty outfit.

When the Wilsons were finally dressed and ready for the trip to the Atwood dinner party, they were in their identical dresses. That fashion shop had laid in a supply of bra and panty sets to match the promotionally-priced dress, so Diane and Sammy really did match, down to pantyhose out of the very same three-pack.

Sue's hired dinner crew let the Wilsons into the house and apologized because the Atwoods were not quite ready yet. They made many complimentary comments about the identical twins, then seated them in the living room to await the arrival of the host and hostess.

An ad came on the TV and the Wilsons began to laugh. It was for the very same dress shop they had been in earlier that day and featured the outfit they had bought two of.

When Sue and Harriet arrived downstairs, the room turned into a mutual admiration society. There now four matching dresses on four lovely ladies, all from the very same fashion shop. The Atwoods had really liked it on Harriet when she tried it on at the store so they decided to surprise the Wilson's by becoming twins. This was why Sue had purchased a copy for herself as well.

This being a very special occasion, matching dresses just seemed to fill the bill perfectly. It being a private

affair, very important to try to sway that steadfast male, Harry, over into a love affair with femininity, matching dresses just might make him feel a bit more comfortable in his new mode of dress.

Sue's culinary workers, all females, picked up on the excitement on the part of the four at dinner, and were curious to see just what had triggered it. Dinner suffered a brief delay, while a thorough dress and lingerie inspection was conducted by the hired hands.

No sooner had that overabundance of excitement begun to abate, than that devious pair of ladies, Sue and Diane, were working out scenarios where those four identical dresses could create even more excitement for them by wearing them out in public.

As things turned out, it truly was a great dinner, The excitement level was nearly off the chart. As hoped for this was the greatest way to assist Sue in feminizing her mate. There just was no chance for Harry to feel forced; Harriet was riding the crest of feminized excitement and enjoying every single second of it.

Diane's fears of not being able to sell Harriet on a love for feminine fashions need never have been a concern. Harriet's idea was to begin to create more occasions when the four identical dresses could cause more sexual excitement for them all. The fact that two of those dresses were being worn by two extremely well-loved married men need not be revealed to anyone outside of their little circle. This was not like a drag show where at the end of the act, the diva removes 'her' wig.

Diane said to Sammy, "These four matching dresses just turned Harry into a lingerie slave. Harriet has truly arrived. We have met the enemy and he has uncondi-

tionally surrendered. Sue now has her female companion from now to eternity."

That evening just flew by. Those four identically dressed women were in Girly Heaven. They decided to go for some ice cream down at the fair grounds. Slipping into the end of the line at one of the fair's vending trucks, they ignored those taking notice of their matching outfits. Each of the ladies had a five dollar bill. As they received their change, they each stood directly in front of the salesman and carefully deposited it into "No Man's Land" into the cleavage space in the front of their dress. Seeing the first lady do so was quite a surprise, but to have it repeated three more times by identically dressed ladies had that man on the verge of a swoon. The poor man decided right then and there to never touch another drop of booze because he was not just seeing double anymore but in sets of four.

Gathered together back in the Atwoods' yard, they discussed going for a nice dinner on Wednesday evening, dressed of course once again as four look-a-likes.

Sue took Diane aside to thank her for the help in injecting a new brand of excitement into the Atwood marriage. Diane admitted that it had really been a pleasure, but she would like to add at least two conditions to the deal.

First, they should both always be available to assist the other if future male refusals arose.

Second, they should both agree to assist and advise at least two lady friends as they strove to feminize their marriage partners. With a lot of work and a little luck, maybe there whole city would become a Ladies Only.

The ride home with Sammy driving was a chance for Diane to unwind and recover from a very rigorous

evening. It was also a time to muster some strength and stamina for any action which might occur in their bedroom.

Diane of course was miles ahead of her in Project Feminine Hubby, working out plans to continue their present progress. Soon, very soon, she hoped to dispose of Sam's collection of male attire permanently and adopt Sammy on a 24/7 basis.

The job market for females is different than that for males; the pay might be less, but the work is cleaner, lighter and nowhere near as dangerous. Why should her spouse have to sweep streets, patch pavement, or change huge truck or tractor tires, when with little more than a change of clothing and some careful training, she could earn a paycheck inside, out of the weather, cold and danger.

Sam deserved much better than what was available as employment for males. With legs like Sammy's, why should she have to perform menial labor for a living, Diane laughed to herself.

Sammy was still winding down from that very exciting evening, the wonderful meal, and, most of all, the delightful clothing she got to wear. She is looking forward to her new future, just as Diane was, but she hadn't thought it through as far as Diane had. Sammy was so caught up in the erotic excitement of it all that she hadn't yet considered what might be involved in finding employment as a woman. Was such a thing even possible? After all, Sam had only ever had jobs as a male, working in very male-centric professions. As much as Sam enjoyed being Sammy, so far it was all for fun. Actually living and working as Sammy was a whole other thing altogether.

Diane realized all of that, of course, but so involved with her fantasy of replacing Sam with Sammy was she that she convinced herself that any possible obstacles could be overcome to achieve her goal.

In Diane's mind, Sam was someone from her past. She was fully engrossed in maneuvering Sam Wilson into being Sammy full-time, with the exception of allowing Sam to return as often as required at bed time.

Diane had been gathering facts and figures to guide her as she studied the possibilities for two females to create and operate a business of their very own. With Sam's earlier experience in the world of automobile detailing, maybe now was time for Sammy to become a top-of-the-line detailer. She could slip a pair of coveralls on over her lovely lingerie and work her miracles on their customers' cars. Diane could keep busy handling the pickups, deliveries and bookkeeping.

Whenever there was a break in the demand for Sammy's talents, she could easily shed her coveralls and slip into one of her dresses, or a night gown. Sammy's coveralls would all be designed with only a back zipper which would allow for the lowering of that garment to the thighs, in order to get seated on the toilet.

Sue and Diane had already been involved in email discussions with the Wilsons concerning a four-way business operation where they could locate a car wash and tune-up bay, plus the detailing space. The two converted ladies would do the actual servicing, which was right up their alley, and the real females would cover the office, the moving of the vehicles, and overseeing the quality of the finished product. Part of the marketing of their business would involve not just how

delightful Sammy or Harriet appeared while wearing their custom-made coveralls.



Sue called on Sunday to tell Diane about an ad for the perfect business property being offered for sale. It was almost exactly halfway between the Atwood home and the Wilson residence. Maybe all four ladies should go and look it over.

Diane offered to make the call while Sue was helping Harriet into a really darling ensemble. So what if they had to wait their turn to talk with the salesman? Harriet used the time to work on detailing her own appearance and to practice walking in her four-inch heels. The new ladies would certainly wear safety shoes in the shop but they would have to be well-practiced with the much more feminine high heels for when they were out in public and would definitely wear them around their homes.

They agreed to meet the salesman at one-thirty, so the wives decided that they all might as well treat themselves to a luxury lunch. At lunch they discussed, without input from their husbands, the possibility of all four of them being dressed alike for a signing ceremony if there turned out to be one. What a memorable event it would be to have four lovely ladies in matching ensembles present for that occasion. Sue suggested that they could do so again for the business' opening day. It could become their business' trademark, much like the car dealer in Portsmouth with the two collies as their advertising mascot.

Sammy and Harriet were included in every decision that needed to be made, but Diane and Sue had already worked out the most beneficial, and most femininely possible way to arrive at those decisions. There usually was adequate time for the ladies to explain just why it was so important to move in a specific direction. This gave the new girls the illusion of being

equal parts of the decision making process. By the time the four of them made an actual decision making vote, Diane and Sue had carefully educated their conversations on the reasons to select the choice they endorsed.

It finally dawned on Sammy just how carefully the wives were with controlling the business and taking it in a "Ladies Only" direction. She began to discuss with Harriet aspects of the operation which could easily go in a much more male-oriented vein, but which were aiming head first right into totally female territory. Sammy and Harriet watched and waited. Finally, they decided to put their high-heeled feet down. If things were going to go in an "all girl" direction, they would provide no more cooperation. The wives could do it all themselves, or begin to recognize the contributions of their spouses.

Sammy and Harriet decided it was time to step across the line and venture back into their male world. When the wives were first confronted with this rebellion, they just laughed and said the boys could just wait until they need a bout of sex. They would see things the wives' way very quickly.

Harry was upset enough to call Sam to discuss hiring a hooker to help satiate their needs but that resolve didn't last. Before long, the two were conceding once again to be feminine. The new ladies realized that they had seriously overstepped their boundaries, and a meeting was called at the business for the four to sit down and discuss fairer methods of operation.

The husbands had no complaints about wearing dresses and lingerie, but the female coveralls were pushing things a little too far to their way of thinking. As equal partners, and as compatible married couples, Sammy and Harriet said that they had the right to se-

lect their business attire so they would no longer be forced to have to undress just to take a leak.

Sammy said, "If you two want to do some of the shop work, then here are the coveralls. Harry and I have jeans to wear this week. Beginning next week, we will be attired in male-style coveralls and/or lingerie will allow access to our drain systems. We have enough experience now at dressing as ladies to be able to quickly convert from male coveralls to a lovely and fashionable lady's ensemble.

"From here on out, if you must have female companionship, then let's begin to include your spouses in the full decision making process, not the fake, watered-down version you two have tried to foist on us so far."

The business caught on; it attracted many customer, some of whom just were passing by for a Sunday drive. When they spotted those four lovely ladies dressed alike, well, there was no choice other than to pull in to see what was going on. Their painstakingly planned weekly Sunday Brunch quickly became a hit. Their selections were all aimed at being "THE BEST FOR YOUR HEALTH" as the slogan on their signage said. They began to see great returns for their dressed-alike Brunches. They were forced to give considerable thought about how to incorporate it into their already busy schedules. Finally, they took out a Help Wanted ad reading, "Hiring clean-cut males to work while dressed as ladies, at our Brunch, Detailing, or Tune and Lube Service."

In less than a week, they were swamped with applicants, and were considering adding on about a dozen overnight cabins and planning the selection of at least four of their male/female staff to send for training and

licensing as beauticians, makeup, and massage specialists.

They put up a sign reading, "Bring your car for care and beautification and treat yourself to the same. Then leave completely injected with confidence and pride, as a New Beautiful You." They quickly had to take the sign down because their appointment book and services just could not meet the demands of an eager public.

The cooperation among the business owners became better and stronger. It seemed that bringing "The New Girls" fully on board proved to have a very good effect on the business. There were always at least two very neat and clean-cut males to care for customers' vehicles. The carefully and identically dressed ladies who were available to feed, massage, and beautify you while you waited for your car were always anxious to please. Each of them displayed a name tag with only their legal first name and their permit number.

Their newly-constructed cabins were available for napping, business meetings, or for 'special occasions' as defined by the occupants. The four women had to construct a dance hall for those who wished to listen or dance to any style of music they chose. Even the walkways between the cabins had music playing; the atmosphere was festive. The goal was to keep the customers happy at all costs and from the report cards being filled out by them, the goal was being met very well. Room service was available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and it became a significant revenue center for the operation.

Through specialized service was emphasized, one strict commandment was adhered to: NO BOOZE. The problems which could arise with the addition of alco-

hol could quickly wipe out a progressive business and cause its failure. As eager as the ladies were to cater to their customers, alcohol would never be served at SENSATIONS, they agreed.

Sundays found the auto services shut down. There were only brunches and special personal care available. At precisely twelve noon, the doors were closed. Sunday afternoons were for the owners only. They just might take over the dance floor, care for each other's spouse, or lock all of the doors and vacate the premises entirely. This was free time for the Atwoods and the Wilsons to go off as a quartet or two couples. Now that the scheming and conniving was behind them and both Sue and Diane were assured that their spouses were willing to walk on both sides of the street, their mutual love and respect grew almost as fast as their business. Despite being closed half a day per week, SENSATIONS' profits grew.

Now all lives experience some dark clouds, and these four certainly were no exceptions. After about a year of running their very successful business, Diane was faced with personal disappointment because her spouse seemed to be suffering from a lack of initiative, just slowly slipping into a shell. She decided she would have to try to fire up her marriage partner. Perhaps she could convert her pretty husband into a raving beauty, and get at least a small spark of life started in him/her once again.

It took several months and many thousands of dollars but eventually Sammy was so inarguably beautiful that Diane actually felt jealous of her husband. Sammy now sported his/her very own breasts. It wasn't easy for Diane to talk Sammy into the surgery needed to replace the stuffed bra with actual implants but Diane

eventually prevailed by showing Sammy pictures of other men who had gotten their own breasts. They all looked so happy and feminine that Sammy 'reluctantly' agreed to go along with Diane's plan.

If Sammy went into the surgery with trepidation, he/she came out of it thrilled with the results. Not only did Sammy no longer need to wear prostheses in her bra, but she could now wear low-cut dresses at work and at home and be proud of the figure displayed by them.

Sammy's physical improvement was not overlooked by the customers of their business either. Traffic at SENSATIONS went up by about 30% once Sammy's new 'superstructure' was noticed by the men coming through the door. Sammy turned into a terrible flirt, something which did not go unnoticed by Diane. Sammy was careful not to take things beyond the flirting stage, however. He/she knew to whom her new body owed.

Harriet became jealous of Sammy's new figure and started nagging Sue about getting breasts of his/her own. Sue was unsure about that. What changes might it make in their marriage; up to this point, she had been the only one in their family to have mammaries. Diane took Sue aside and told her how Sammy's new breasts had done nothing but improve their relationship. She eventually talked Sue into allowing Harriet to be more feminine on a permanent basis. Before long, Harriet, too, was surgically enhanced. The two new women were very excited about taking off their blouses and comparing their new additions, like schoolgirl friends who had just reached puberty.

The success of their multi businesses brought lots of attention their direction. The local newspapers and TV

shows did stories about their unconventional line of work. Late one afternoon as Sue was delivering a detailed vehicle back to its owner, she found his private roadway barricaded. She was able to get around that obstruction, but then signs ahead displayed a detour, and Diane had to take a different way to get there.

Sue was stopped by what she assumed was a highway traffic controller. Before she could assess the situation, he had a mask on and a gun pointed right at her head. She was dragged from that vehicle, her hands cuffed behind her back, and a bag dropped down over her head. Then she was taken for a ride in an old truck over very rough roads. It was quite disconcerting and frightening. She was helpless, with no hands and no vision.

Eventually the truck stopped. She was lead just a short ways and released from the cuffs. Then she heard a steel door clang shut. The blinding cloth bag was taken off her head and she found that she was inside a tall and empty cement silo. Her cell phone was in her purse, left behind in the car she had been delivering. There were a couple of five-gallon pails, so she could turn one over and sit down.

It would soon be getting dark; this would be a scary place to have to spend the night. Diane was pretty sharp; with any luck, she would soon come across that detailed car and realize that Sue had been snatched. Hopefully, the police, her mate Harriet, and both of the Wilson's were already searching for her.

Diane came to that detour, followed the directions, quickly realized it was a trap, and stopped to call 911, then Sammy.

Sammy asked for her GPS reading. Just as Sammy was about to hang up, a call came in on the business

line. It was a ransom request for Sue's return. Now they knew for sure that Sue had been kidnapped. Harriet was a wreck, but she immediately changed into Harry's coveralls, and got a car ready for them to use for a rescue effort.

Sammy changed back to Sam and told Harry that the request was for five hundred thousand dollars, much more than what they could manage to scrape together on short notice. Sammy had been told that Sue would get neither food or water while she was being held.

Sue's was praying for a quick rescue. About two hours after her insertion into the monster-sized cement silo, she heard a copter pass over, but it seemed to be off to one side of her location.

Sam got busy trying to round up more money, and Harry headed out toward where the detailed car was supposed to be delivered. There were no signs of road blockages or detours. Soon he caught up with Diane.

Sue heard the chopper fly close by again, and she sent three quick bursts from her pager's button, like an SOS. She received a response.

Diane's pager did not pick up that page. She was sitting and waiting to advise Sam as he was gathering up enough cash to call back. The kidnapper had said he would call back again to specify a drop point.

Harry was almost a nervous wreck from worrying about Sue being trapped somewhere. Sam got the needed money from the bank after requesting an emergency cash advance, and sent an email message to the disposable account the kidnapper had set up, to ask for a drop point.

The instructions that came back were for Diane to make the drop strictly on her own, with no one else in the vehicle. She should just drive slowly along Providence Road until she was stopped. Then she was to throw the money out the driver's window and quickly drive away. She would soon get a call as to where to pick up her lady friend.

Sam drove like crazy to deliver the money to Diane. Diane took off just as quickly. Just as it was getting dark, she found the sign that instructed her to make the drop and she quickly did so. Driving quickly away, she got the awaited call. She was told to turn at the next left, and go until she found her friend.

Sue was now securely chained to the trunk of a large tree, with her hands tied with rope to neighboring tree limbs. The knots around each of her wrists were quite snug. Both ropes ends were tied way above Diane's reach, so there was no way to release Sue's hands. She was also padlocked at her waist to the tree trunk.

Diane quickly called Sam on her cell when someone grasped her wrist to twist her arm up behind her back. She was up on her tip toes, trying to reduce the pain. The phone was removed from her other hand, her wrists were cuffed behind her back, and a bag was dropped over her head.

Both of the ladies were soon inside that huge silo, side by side.

Through this entire ordeal, the man or men responsible had never been seen. Neither of the captive ladies had seen the outside of their cement prison, and the company had just paid out five hundred thousand for the privilege of getting Diane locked inside with Sue.

It was very dark in that cement dungeon; from what little light there was, Sue thought she saw three of those large plastic pails, seating for each of them plus one for a potty.

Diane had managed to give Harry the GPS reading as she was leaving her car to go release Sue from where she was secured. Harry rushed to that spot to find only trampled vegetation, and not a single clue as to where the girls were. Harry walked through the woods for a fair distance and found that his new breasts, his pride and joy, were a bit of a hamper to pushing through branches.

Harry reported to Sam who asked the Forest Service to once again sweep the area from where that beeper signal had been intercepted before.

Sammy and Harry were now together beside the road near where Sue had been chained to the tree. They had not even the slightest hint of where to go in search of their wives. As the two stood there, they could feel the eyes of the male Forest Service workers scanning their chest areas. Folding their arms across their chests did little to disguise the protuberances underneath their shirts.

Finally, to the two 'girls' relief, the search chopper radioed Forestry Headquarters about the two beeps intercepted. A cell phone call to Sam sent them scampering about five miles to an old abandoned farm.

Using powerful flash lights, both of them began a search of the scattered old buildings on that site. Harry tried out his pager and got a very faint response from that effort. He paged Sam and was trying to tell him about that response when someone dropped a bag over his head, and severely twisted his arm up into the middle of his back.

He was walked on his tip toes over to the silo, and quickly locked inside with the girls.

This man wearing night vision glasses now had only one more to apprehend. As Sam was once again trying to call Harry, he got the same treatment. Now all four owners of SENSATIONS were securely locked away inside that cement prison, and the four ladies were cuffed to each other.

A sign was slipped just inside that door, and the silo was lit by a single light bulb from way up. The sign instructed the two males to take the extra set of cuffs hung on that sign, lock their wrists through the gap formed by the ladies' bodies, padlock both sets of cuffs together. There would be some food and water provided once those cuffs were properly locked together.

Sue had not had so much as a drink since noontime, and she was getting desperate for food and water. The four were next ordered to lock the open and dangling chain to the padlock loop holding the cuffs together. That chain was raised up until their cuffed hands were way above their heads. The light went out, they heard the door open, then close once again, and the aroma of hot food began to reach them.

With their arms raised so high, they could not move to find just what had been provided for them to eat. In the pitch black, there was no way to even determine if there really was food provided.

There must be a rescue crew bearing down on this prison site, they thought, but all there was at present was four helpless people standing with their arms raised, smelling food they could not see or reach.

Finally after the four of them sat in the dark, occasionally sobbing, the light came back on. Now there

was a complete circle of twelve high bleachers all the way around the interior of that huge silo. The bleachers were now full of people, and there was a sign hanging down saying, "HAPPY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, SENSATIONS."

The four of them were released and allowed to exit to the portable toilets set up right outside. They all ran, four sets of breasts bouncing as they did so. When they returned, their original set of matching dresses were supplied, and shortly the four quadruplet girls were in view.

A band was set up just outside the silo's huge doors and its music was heard inside by the assembled crowd.

Each person was issued a ticket for a drink and food was in generous supply. All eight of the owners' parents were in attendance. The two converted husbands tried with little success to hide their breasts from their parents. That effort was unnecessary as their parents had seen some of the press coverage of their progenies' business. The video and still photos made it obvious that their sons had made some drastic changes to their torsos. While the parents were less than totally comfortable with their sons having ample bosoms, they held their tongues.

How had the businesses' staffs managed to create such a celebration? It was obvious now why there was no rescue attempt: there had never really been a kidnapping.

Now it was obvious just why so many of the employees had obviously been trying to avoid the four owners for the past few weeks. It was also obvious just why Sue's sister had chosen this time of year to come halfway across the country for a visit to Sue and Harry.

Sue's sister hadn't seen any of the press about SENSATIONS although she knew of its existence so she was somewhat confused with her brother-in-law gave her a big hug and she felt was seemed like a large set of breasts pushing against hers.

It was also obvious just why one set of those four matching dresses had all ended up at the tailors. Sue's sister and husband, along with Diane's brother and wife soon appeared as a second matching quartet.

The evening was a howling success. There was no question about the status of owner/employee relations, after seeing just what the help could do to make their appreciation known.

The celebration wound up at two AM. The final surprise of the evening was the staff presenting the four owners with the deed to the farm right beyond the line of trees just behind the SENSATIONS complex. It would provide plenty of expansion room for the future.

The one exception to outright ownership was a stipulation that the silo be used for annual celebrations, and in between those as the punishment cell for any employee, or employee's spouse that stepped out of line, showed up drunk for work, or added over five pounds. They would be put on a bread and water diet, and kept in that cement silo until they were back down to the allowed weight limit for their frame.

Every great story should have a great finish. Sue's sister caught the infectious bug, took charge and ordered Carl to become Carla. It wasn't long before Sammy and Harriet convinced Carla that she, too, should have some enhancement done to his/her body. Soon, Carla was sporting her own set of breasts, even larger than those possessed by Sammy and Harriet. Next, Carl's sister came on board and she quickly de-

manded that her spouse convert to the ways of the ladies, thus creating another foursome who occasionally wore the very same matching dresses.

Even in the 'fly over states,' SENSATIONS' unusual business model became a powerful advertising tool. All of the TV talk and news shows were clamoring for a four-person interview, with the stipulations that all of them dressed alike, and that the two men spoke with their male voices.

Sammy and Harriet were featured as 'cover girls' on several national and international fashion magazines and plastic surgeons in many countries reported that business was picking up at an amazing rate from all the genetic males wanting breast implants just like their new role models.

###