

City Sissy

And other stories...



Jamie

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) 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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2018

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

CITY SISSY

By JAMIE

Nancy and Natalie were a very pretty set of sixteen-year-old twins, back in the late 1800's on a farm in the hills of southwestern Tennessee. Their age and that era places them back when girls of that age made their own clothes.

This was also when sewing machines were as scarce as hens' teeth. This was also when females always wore dresses. There were no jeans, T-shirts, or sneakers.

Furthermore, all family members carried their own weight. Every able-bodied member carried their fair share of their farm's workload.

Dana, mother of these twins, had a sister living in the city of Chicago. Ann also had a sixteen-year-old child. She was offered the chance to train as a nurse for a Chicago-based company. That meant traveling

to Michigan to attend a six-week nursing course. It would only be taught during the time the college was down for summer vacations.

Ann and her son Daniel discussed the prospect of him being left alone with no supervision for that full six-week period. Daniel claimed that he was responsible and capable of living alone. The city at that time was a very dangerous place to live because of all of the gangs and mobs at war with each other.

Ann wrote to her sister Dana in Tennessee, asking her to oversee Daniel for that six-week period. Dana held a conference with her twin girls, and they did not want any boys around. He was from a city and most likely a complete sissy, and afraid of his own shadow, a dumb boy city kid.

Dana ignored her girls and sent off a letter inviting Daniel to come for that six weeks Ann would be away. Daniel felt that being in Hicksville, Tennessee would be a terrible sentence. To have only his two girl cousins to play with would be absolutely boring. Girls would get hurt playing baseball. They didn't have any bikes, roller skates, nor ever went exploring, camping, or fishing. They might get their dresses soiled. Daniel was at least partially right. It would always be wearing their own hand sewn-dresses and accessories, and no way would they even be civil to a city boy cousin of their same age.

Daniel was placed on a train in Chicago along with a solid built leather suitcase packed with his better school clothing. He was quickly whisked off to Mem-

phis. Dana and her twins rode their wagon for three hours to get to Memphis to greet him at the train station.

They were carefully dressed to be seen in public and in a city. This had called for a selection of their very best church frocks. Nancy stayed with the horse and wagon, while Natalie and Mom crossed the square to the train station to meet the train and Daniel.

He was dressed in a shirt, a pair of tan corduroy knickers, socks, shoes and a felt hat. Wearing those horrid knickers, everywhere he walked those knickers whistled as the bulges at his knees rubbed together as one leg passed by the other one.

There was a clean blanket spread out on the wagon bed with the girls leaning against one sideboard and Daniel against the other one. The girls were quite careful to arrange their long skirts to cover their legs and bloomers from Daniel's view.

Dana sat up on the springy wagon seat and did the driving. The horse was a trained trotter, but four people was quite a load to have to haul about thirty miles.

They stopped at a stream so that the horse could get a drink. The thick woods offered them the chance to drain their bladders behind some of the thick bush clumps. The three ladies displayed lots of legs, bloomers, and petticoats while mounting and dismounting that wagon. Their petticoats were just

loaded with handmade lace carefully arranged in patterns. It must have taken days to make and nearly as many days to carefully sew into place.

How could these females manage to handle any farm chores dressed like they were for that trip to Memphis? Maybe they had much plainer outfits for working around the farm.

Natalie commented that their outhouse might smell quite bad but it sure beat squatting behind the bushes along some dirt wagon trail. The twin girls appeared to be quite willing to play pranks. Natalie lifted the whole back of Nancy's dress skirt when Nancy was attempting to carefully climb down from the wagon bed.

Nancy casually commented that it had better have been Natalie that did that, or else Daniel was going to be in big trouble.

These sixteen-year-old twin girls were quite well-developed and very close in size and shape to their Mom, Dana. Growing up on the streets of Chicago, Daniel felt that he could quite easily subdue either or both of his girl cousins if need be.

It was a long three-hour ride from Memphis to the farm in the southern hills of Tennessee. The twins rushed into the house to change into farm-type dresses for doing their chores. They still wore long dresses, but ones with much less decoration and tailoring.

Their evening meal was served just after dark by lamplight. After that meal, Dan carried in several pails of water. It was for doing the dishes and for Nancy's bath. Natalie would bathe in the morning and Daniel that same day, but after their supper. That way the fresh clean well water had a chance to warm up there in the kitchen.

When Daniel was in the wooden tub, bathing there in the kitchen, both girls sneaked in to tease their boy cousin while he was nude in a house full of females. They stole his towel and his wash cloth, and began to complete his bath for him. That second day on the farm he was still dressed in the clothes he had arrived in, but with clean underwear. He had been sent outside that morning while Natalie was bathing in the middle of the kitchen floor.

When the girls decided that Daniel was completely bathed, they gave him a quick lift and stood him naked there in the kitchen. They quickly dried him off. They covered him with body powder and slipped a girl's cotton nightgown on over his head. He was led into the living room and seated between the twin girls on a big sofa. Mom, Dana, was called in to view the lineup of three nightgown-clad triplet daughters, Nancy, "Danielle," and Natalie.

Dana did not seem at all surprised and commented that Daniel really did make a lovely young lady. With very little training, they really could all be pretty teenaged girls.

Daniel had a very red face and was wishing to run to his room and get out of that nightgown and into his own boy pajamas. The girls loved their game of embarrassing their city boy cousin. He was forced to sit there between the girls, on that sofa, while they put girl's slippers on him and read a very romantic story which mentioned lots of facts about ladies intimate wear and girls' anatomical parts. Daniel was kept blushing right up until Dana stated that it was time for them to go to bed.

Nan and Nat led Dan into the girl's bedroom, removed his robe, and placed him right in the middle of their full bed. Placing a sheet crosswise of the mattress, they securely tucked both ends in under the mattress. One of them laid down on each side of Dan and covered up with the top sheet and blanket. Their next move was for each of them to kiss Dan on his lips and wish him pleasant dreams.

Natalie suggested that they change his name to Danielle, then always dress her as a girl. Daniel was startled by their invasion of his bath. There also was the fact that Aunt Dana was not at all upset by their actions.

That next morning when they released him from that bed, he quickly removed that embarrassing girl's nightgown. Natalie just as quickly passed Daniel a pair of bloomers to put on. Nancy had gone over to guard the bedroom door so that Daniel could not escape from their bedroom and get to the boy clothes in his own bedroom.



Females in that era all wore corsets to cover, shape, and support their bust and midriff. While Daniel was rushing to get covered by those bloomers, Natalie was selecting a corset for him to wear. The twins easily controlled Daniel by grasping his ears, while they instructed him on what moves to make. The order was to slip quickly into the corset, and fasten the front closure clips.

Nancy secured his hands to the metal footboard while Natalie was deftly lacing that corset to fit quite snug on his body. Those lacings were tied securely way up behind Daniel's back and completely out of his reach. Together they slid the bloomers' waistband out from under the lower part of the foundation garment, then raised them back up to rest with the elastic right at his waist.

They quickly dressed him in a full-bodied petticoat and one of their conservative working "Farm Girl" dresses. Lisle stockings, garters, and buckle-on Mary Jane shoes completed that dressing episode. Nancy went in under the dress and petticoat to pull the bloomer legs back down below Daniel's knees.

Their last dressing action was to secure one of their bathrobe belts around Daniel's waist, with a wrist secured at each hip, before tying it in the middle of his back. So much for Daniel that city street-savvy male being able to handle his two teen-aged country girl cousins.

First he was startled by their lack of concern for his privacy and modesty. When it became apparent

that they were hellbent to convert Daniel into Danielle, they were so well-organized that resistance was near futile. Daniel ended up becoming a very pretty and very helpless Danielle.

The twins had their farm chores to do, they needed to get dressed and go outside to the outhouse. That was a very urgent need for Danielle also.

Danielle expected to be rushed to his room while the young ladies got dressed but they only turned their backs and proceed to strip off their gown and get completely dressed while Danielle was standing there and watching them. Neither of them required any privacy at all.

They hobbled Danielle just above her knees, then they all went out to the outhouse. Danielle's bloomers were lowered, she was carefully seated on that wooden toilet seat, and was soon back outside while Nancy had her turn. Natalie straightened up Danielle's clothing, then quickly had her turn in that smelly little shack.

These girls worked well as a team, they did all of their chores very efficiently. Soon the three girls were back inside for breakfast. They sat Danielle between them and took turns feeding oatmeal to her as her only breakfast food.

It took quite a while but they finally got Danielle to hobble to the solid play house. This building stood near the big chicken house; Nancy went into the house for some snacks. Their places were set; the

girls enjoyed their lemonade and cookies but Danielle's hands were tied, and she could only watch, while her food and drink sat untouched. They had sat her in a chair and slid it up close to the tiny play-house table.

The twin girls took their time with their snacks while Danielle just sat and watched them. Suddenly that little house began to get very dark and strong winds began to blow. The girls rushed to release Danielle's bound wrists but that wind rolled the building over onto its door side's face. The three of them ended up in a heap and Danielle's hands were still tied.

The girls straightened out their dresses, righted Danielle's chair, and helped her up and to get seated, Nancy once again tried to release Danielle's hands when Mom, Dana broke one of the small porthole windows, and handed in a chamber potty, and more cookies. She told them that she would harness up the work horse team, hook on and roll the little building back upright so that it no longer rested on the side with a door.

While they all waited to be rescued, the girls untied Danielle's hands and they worked to remove that above-the-knee hobble.

That powerful team made short work of rolling that house back to its upright position and freeing all three of them. When they once again gathered in the kitchen to talk about that terrible twister, Danielle again needed to go visit the outhouse. They let her go

completely on her own. The twins had enjoyed forcing their male city cousin to pose as a girl. Now after such a frightful experience, they were more anxious to nurse their cuts and bruises.

Returning from that rush trip to the outhouse, Danielle was determined to strip out of the girl's stuff and put on some of Daniel's boy clothes. Daniel managed to strip down to just shoes, stockings, bloomers and the corset, when he discovered that the corset was tied up where he could not reach it. Next he noticed that there were no boy clothes to put on.

The mystery of where those clothes went had Mom accusing the twins of hiding them. These girls claimed that they had almost always been right with their cousin and could not have swiped his clothes. Daniel was stuck, he would have to continue wearing his girl cousins' clothes. He would not be able to remove any of that sissy stuff that he was presently wearing. On this farm where only females lived, what chance was there that they could find some collection of boy clothes?

Dana in a very serious manner politely asked Dan if he would agree to pose as a lady until they could muster up enough money to get him some new boy's clothing. "You certainly do convert into a very pretty young lady," she said, smiling.

"Who could have stolen my clothes? Your daughters have kept me dressed as a girl almost since I got here three days ago," Danielle asked.

Another week went by with Danielle always in full view. All of this time the cousins had been supplying clothes to dress their boy cousin as the third 'triplet'. It came up a day of heavy rains, the twins rushed to complete their chores, then settled down in the sewing room to make more girl clothes. Danielle was instructed on how to sew, how to cut out cloth for making bloomers, and how to hand stitch them up into durable basic girl's underwear. The very next day she was blessed with the pair she had completed to wear for that full day. Her work was fine because that evening when she undressed, those bloomers were still whole and providing the cover for Danielle's lower body area.

Three weeks later, that whole time with that city boy posing as Danielle, the family took payment for a large crop of corn. Dana decided that they should take the afternoon to go to town and buy Daniel some boy's clothes. The twins harnessed up their sleek trotter to the wagon, led the horse and wagon out of the shelter, and over near the kitchen door. As everyone was climbing into that wagon, they spied Daniel's suitcase still resting under the wagon seat, the very place they had placed it when they were leaving Memphis over a month before. The horse and wagon were put away, the twins changed out of their best frocks, and Daniel got dressed and became the city cousin now named Danielle.

Dana asked why that suitcase had never been carried into the house.

“Aunt Dana, to be perfectly honest, your twins really never gave me a fighting chance at being a boy. I was quickly overpowered, that is why my suitcase and clothes were never even missed until about three days later,” Danielle answered.

“Now that you have had so much time training as a teen female, you may be able to quickly decide your very own future. Now before you make any choice, there are facts which you should know.” Pointing at Nancy, she continued. “Nancy hales from Salem, Oregon, She was the son of a very successful financier who hoped that he was raising his heir and successor. That heir Clancy took to finances like a duck does to water. Then he discovered a magazine, a source of pictures of naked ladies. Clancy arrived for just a brief visit, and soon became my twin girl’s replacement, Nancy.

“Natalie, formerly Nathaniel, is the son of a powerful railroad man. Dad wanted Nate to learn the business from start to finish. Nate was a very successful secondhand ladies clothing salesperson, so he was sent here for a few weeks. Now as Natalie, my other twin girl, she is quite content converting young males into very pretty ladies.

“As you now can see and understand, my twins are serving well-heeled persons or couples as very beautiful maids. They are dressed in French maids uniforms and they do just as they are ordered by their masters. Their silk-covered legs are on display from their ankles to their extremely short skirts. Their renters provide them with clothing, rooms, and

board for their services, and mail me a monthly check for their rent. There are several other rented maids helping me to own and operate this farm. Maybe you Daniel, now Danielle, will choose to follow my lead and become one more of my stable of pretty young fillies for me to rent out.

“Well, Danielle, are you ready to listen to my offer for your future? Do you wish to work with figures or to become a person possessing a beautiful figure of your very own?”

“Having lived as a boy for sixteen years, wearing just plain male cotton clothing, this change to such soft and exciting feminine fashions is becoming very pleasurable. Having my very own set of breasts to look at and fondle, convinces me to convert to living as Danielle,” Daniel answered.

“Now that we have established that fact, there are more conditions for you to consider,” Dana stated. “As a young lady, your future really opens up for you. At sixteen, a male is reaching the peak of male hormone production and volume. a very frustrating age for any male. Do you and your Mom feel that there is a chance for you to attend college, or will you just have to take your chances in the labor pool?”

“There is no chance of any college education because of finances,” Danielle answered.

“Then consider this offer. Sign up as a lady maid for ten years; your body will be carefully altered to appear to be delightfully feminine. You will serve as a

very feminine French maid until you are twenty-six. Then for the next four years you will attend a paid-in-full college as the very pretty lady named Danielle. At the age of thirty, you can select your life's gender choice and be released as either Daniel or Danielle out into the world of educated young persons to seek a life and an occupation.

“You could also choose to continue as a pretty maid for as much as another ten years before your body begins to tell your true age, ignore college, and go out and seek your future fortune and gender,” Dana finally completed her message.

“Wow, the truths which have just been revealed. My cousins really are *not* my cousins. These teenage girls are really *not* teenage girls, they are teenaged *boys* dressed up as girls. My Aunt is involved in renting out pretty maids who really are not maids at all but teenaged boys. This farm in Tennessee is only a front for training young slave maids to provide a nice rental income for the farm owner, my dear mother's sister. This sister may not even be a member of my family but an imposter who bought off or killed off my Aunt Dana. Are there any facts to prove any parts of this fantastic tale?” Danielle asked.

“Well, Danielle, it is time for you to make your choice,” Dana said.

“In two weeks Daniel can head back to Chicago and all of this can come to an end, once and for all?” Daniel asked.

“Not so fast, young man, These next two weeks will cost you plenty,” Dana stated. First, the rule on this farm is NO BOYS. That means that you must continue to live and dress as Danielle. Second, there never was a free college course on nursing for your mother to attend. She was captured and is presently in Colorado serving out the contract term of a maid who died unexpectedly of a serious illness. She may be serving there for as much as nine more years. Your home was deeded over to me and has been sold, so there is no Mom or place to return to in Chicago. You are underage. To the authorities that makes you an orphan and subject by Tennessee law to live for at least the next five years in an orphanage.

“Choosing the life of a maid for ten years will get you out of living in a state-run institution for teens. Being a healthy teen male, Tennessee can place you most anywhere laborers are needed. Now that slavery has been abolished, there are many ranches and farms willing to feed you for your labors. Your life in such a situation would never equal your life as the maid Danielle in someone’s luxury home where the living conditions, the clothing, and the food would all be superb. My advice for you, Danielle, is to let me place you as one of my rented lady maids for the next ten years.”

“Your picture of my future really leaves me little choice. It seems as if I should at least be allowed time to review my options and then make my decision regarding my future,” Danielle stated.

“Well then, Danielle, here is my offer for now. Danielle will live and be adequately fed for the next two weeks. At the end of that time, the farm work need be well along towards harvesting. You and I can then discuss whether you stay on as Daniel until the harvest is complete. In your spare time while living here, you will remain training to be a lady’s maid.

“I can then rent you out quickly if you can pass as a pretty lady maid. In a luxury home there would be very little reason for authorities to check your age and being under the age of consent would be overlooked. This would mean that discounting four years of college you could be free to go your way at the age of twenty-six. That would also mean that you could then choose to return to being a male once more. To me it seems quite logical for Danielle to continue to exist but look for another female who might love having a female mate with male genitals, so you could live out your life as a lady everywhere but in bed.

“Give it some serious thought. After some lady life-style training, we can discuss this situation in two weeks.”

That night in bed, once more sandwiched in between the fake twins, Danielle could begin to evaluate his most future.

Locating a woman to love might be difficult but once past that hurdle they should be able to find their way as a couple. Still, having to live totally in dresses was not to Daniel’s liking.

“Daniel, you have two weeks to work out a plan, one that decides your future. Your boy clothes are too heavy to carry if you run away and running in long dresses is rather foolish. The grain delivery man comes in a couple of days. Maybe I can hide amongst his grain sacks and get away, taking my suitcase with me,” the confused boy thought to himself.

What could a girl do in that little town nearby? What can a girl running away do *anywhere*? She could come close to getting raped, then seriously beaten or killed when the man finds she is really a he.

Could Danielle go to the church and ask the parson to help? There must be someone, just one considerate soul. Is this really my aunt Dana, or is Dana gone and some man is posing in her place? How could my aunt be so inconsiderate?

How could he get away while dressed as a lady? Where could she go? The river was only a mile away, could she find a log to float the suitcase on and then float along behind? Where did that river go anyway? Would someone with a boat offer to take her along with them? If she ran away, where could she change into boy clothes and travel safer as Daniel? Where

Somehow the girl clothes could help. All of the clothes need to be carefully protected, kept dry and ready to wear. Somehow Daniel/Danielle needed to escape and soon. Danielle fell asleep while still planning an escape from maid service in Tennessee

Nancy and Natalie finally let Danielle out of bed that next morning. They made sure that she was well-dressed as a proper lady, before either of them even began to remove their nightgowns.

Danielle claimed that she must get to the outhouse in a big hurry. On the way, she grabbed a length of lead rope from the tack room. Hurrying with her potty needs, she got a ladder and climbed the back side of that smelly shack's roof. She quickly formed a noose in the end of that lead rope, and laid it carefully on the roof.

Getting back down and appearing to be settling her skirts, she watched Nancy rush inside that tiny building. Danielle rushed back up that ladder out back and when Nancy exited, she was brought up short with a noose tight around her neck. After securing the other rope end to that heavy ladder, Danielle went around front and quickly tied Nancy's hands together. Releasing the rope from the ladder, she removed the noose, walked Nancy into the silo, and shut and pinned the latch on the heavy door.

Dana was next. She was more stubborn and continued to fight all of the way into the silo. The two of them would manage to untie each other quickly so Natalie might be tough to get into the silo. Natalie asked where Nancy went and was told that she went into the silo for grain for the chickens. Based on that, Natalie just let herself in. That door was hastily latched and pinned, and Danielle was off to the house to change quickly into Daniel. She had left them some dry cereal and buckets of water so they

would survive until the grain man arrived late today or in the morning.

The suitcase went back into the wagon and the horse was quickly hitched up to it. That horse certainly got to show off her trotting ability for over an hour as Daniel headed that rig out for Memphis in one real big tear. He sold the horse and wagon and booked a room on a showboat that was in port. He changed back to being a very pretty Danielle. Going out on the upper deck, she heard someone playing a banjo. Following that delightful sound, she found a man near a side rail plucking away at old favorites which she already knew.

She asked if she could sing along with his playing and received a very positive response. Daniel's mother was forever singing and when he joined in, she would tell him that he had a great lady's singing voice.

Trying for a singing position on a river showboat would be great, except for having to always dress as a lady. Oh well, if Danielle just couldn't fit in, then maybe Daniel could head west to somewhere like Oklahoma .

Having paid for a stateroom on the showboat Dixie Bell, there was urgent need for Danielle to make an appearance. Dan had packed Danielle's dresses, including the one for church. She also swiped Natalie's almost new creation for a special ball in about a week. Natalie's dress won out even though Danielle did not have quite enough padding to properly fill out

the corset-type top. She was soon out on the top deck, hoping that she resembled a professional singer.

The man with a banjo was standing by the rail and playing some familiar songs, so Danielle strolled over and began to sing along as he played. Others became interested and soon they had quite a group. One of the crewmen stopped briefly to listen, then went about his business. Just minutes later a pretty lady interrupted one of their songs and singled Danielle out.

“One of our performers was just taken sick, could we hire you to fill in for this cruise?” the lady asked.

“I would be pleased to do so. I love to sing,” Danielle answered.

The lady asked the banjo player to speak to the band leader about Danielle being hired to play in the band. She also asked if the banjo man and Danielle were a couple or a team.

The next question shook Danielle up quite a bit. She was asked to bunk in with the single lady singers, and told that her stateroom rent would be paid back to her. She could eat for free with the show people and the boat crew. She would still draw her full performer’s pay.

“Would it be possible to check these areas out before I respond? I am quite timid, even in a group of all ladies.”

“You can change your basic garments under your bedcovers if you would feel better by doing so,” the lady responded.

The deal was made and now Danielle was assured of getting clear to Greenville, Miss. and would have money for further traveling

The showboat struck a sand bar, grounding it completely. A crewman was sent ashore and ordered to telegraph for a big tugboat to pull them clear once again. He reported back that it would be at least three days before it arrived.

Danielle remembered the time he was on a boat in Lake Michigan near Chicago. There was a large tree close by; they rigged a big pulley way up on that tree trunk and hitched a small powerboat through that pulley to the other end of that rope. They then began moving passengers and crew to the still floating end of the showboat. Once the stern end began to get quite low in the water, by applying power to the paddle wheels and to the rope through the tree they overcame the force of the river current, and the ship floated free of the sand bar.

Well, thanks to that previous experience, Danielle was the heroine. She saved at least two days' lost travel time. They cancelled the request for the big tugboat. checked the hull for damage, and soon were under way once again.

The banjo player wrote a tune which told the story about the grounding of the Dixie Bell and persuaded

Danielle to sing it as a solo. Then the whole showboat sang it together, and finally it was adopted as the closing song of each show.

They held Danielle on board all of the way to New Orleans, then bid her a very fond farewell. The Dixie Bell might have been grounded, Daniel might have been trapped posing as Danielle, but how could things get turned around enough to rescue Daniel? She found a place to change back into boy's clothing. He got himself a haircut, bought a horse and wagon with his showboat pay and headed north and west into the ranching country of Oklahoma.

Wow, what a change to once again wear the clothes needed to be a male. This might be the time to consider raising a beard. Daniel helped an elderly man get his wagonload of grain out of a mud hole near a creek crossing, and offered to follow along to help the man unload the wagon full of bags of grain.

As they reached the ranch, it started to rain. They got the grain wagon in under cover, placed Daniel's two suitcases on the porch, tended to the horses, then had a leisurely lunch. That lunch was adequate for at least ten very hungry cowboys. Joe asked Daniel to stay and work for a week while he pulled together three hundred head to add to the cattle drive due to pass through early the following week.

Three hundred would give him enough money to survive the coming winter.

They wandered out to unload that grain, and soon Lucy came out and spoke quietly to her husband. Joe turned to Daniel and asked him to give Lucy a hand with hanging up the clothes from his two suitcases. “She claims to be a bit confused about where to hang some of them,” Joe stated.

Daniel said, “Well, I guess that you had better tag along too, Joe, so I can tell this story just once.”

Lucy had just a few items of mens’ clothes stacked on a bed; the rest were fancy dresses and all of the underthings most any woman would have and intend to wear.

When they all were seated, Daniel began to tell about his past year’s experiences: his living in Chicago, being sent to his aunt’s place in the Tennessee hills, being forced to pose and train to be a girl, about his desperate and daring escape, the return to Memphis, being hired as Danielle on the river showboat, and finally meeting up with Joe stuck in that creek mud.

“Them people were going to rent you out as a maid for ten years and never pay you a cent?” Joe asked.

“They were promising to pay my tuition to college after ten years of serving as a maid full time,” Daniel answered. “It might all come out fair if they actually paid up for my college years,” Daniel responded.

Lucy began to cry, a real heartbroken crying, and Joe asked her what was wrong.

“I used to take care of Josie’s clothes for her so that she could have time to work our cattle with Joe. Now she is gone, and I am really lost,” Lucy stated as she continued to cry.

“How can I help you with that problem, Mrs. Johnson?” Daniel asked.

“Could you dress in her ranch duds, answer to her name, ride with Joe for just a couple days of the week, pose as her in your pretty dresses for our evenings here in the ranch house, and go to church with me on Sunday mornings? Please, Danielle, er, Daniel?” Lucy asked.

“I could do that for you, Mrs. Johnson,” Daniel answered.

“This ranch has over four hundred acres and presently feeds over four hundred head of cattle. It has two streams which never go dry. In dollars that is all worth close to a million. This is all yours, Daniel, or Josie, when the two of us are gone. That most likely will be in less than the ten years that you would have spent all gussied up as a fancy lady maid. I will be quite pleased just to have Lucy happy and enjoying her last years with our pretty lady young one,” Joe stated.

Lucy showed Daniel all of Josie’s clothing, even the very feminine under garments. She said, “This will all be yours now that you will be our beloved Josie. Oh Thank You, my dear.” With that, Lucy was off into one of her crying-in-happiness spells. She inter-

rupted that spell to direct Daniel's attention to the facts that on Tuesday and Thursday he would arise and dress as Josie the ranch rider lady. On Sunday, Josie and Lucy would go to church and on every evening and all afternoon on Sunday, Josie would be present as a lovely lady within their ranch house.

Their first public adventure was a Sunday church service. Lucy was in her glory introducing her new young lady friend. One young and quite handsome young man paid quite close attention. He even helped Lucy and Josie up into their wagon. He then asked Josie to consider going riding with him some that afternoon.

Lucy was quite pleased but "Josie" was very worried. Josie answered that she would be riding with the herd on Tuesday. It was an awful shame that the young man had to work on that day.

On Thursday, Joe and Josie took Daniel's horse and wagon to go to town to take care of some paperwork. Joe had a lawyer draw up papers to transfer the ownership of the Johnson ranch to Josie Johnson upon the death of Lucy and Joe. Their next stop was to add Josie's name to the bank accounts for the ranch. That ledger showed a balance of over one hundred thousand dollars. The new Josie nearly fainted on the spot.

Daniel had certainly hit it lucky. The very most that he could do for this Johnson couple would still be quite insufficient to repay them.

The two creeks constantly supplying water to the ranch and range land came as close as thirty feet at one point, and for a very short distance flowed along side-by-side on a section of lush grassland. For some strange reason almost every head of cattle would wade across the east stream, then stop to drink their fill from the west one. There could be over two hundred head crowded together and drinking. Occasionally one lone critter would be drinking from the other creek.

Daniel asked Joe about this observance and the answer was, "Like in a beer joint, no one likes to drink alone. It would seem cattle also need company while they do their drinking."

It took well into Daniel's second summer before he found the answer, and it came from an old weathered ranch hand that had once been a prospector. "Them animals want the best and can even smell it. That creek that they always select has gold and silver in it. They like the taste and also the way it makes them feel so healthy. That is the reason that the Johnson cattle bring in such a high price. A good prospector searches for precious minerals by watching where the wild animals choose to drink."

At the dinner table that evening, Daniel got quite a lesson. "Yes Daniel, one of those creeks is loaded with both gold and silver but do not ever mention it to anyone ever again. Prospectors will destroy this whole ranch, burn down our buildings, and just rip and tear to find the source. Just understand this fact, son,. Your animals will be very healthy

prize-winning stock, bringing big dollars. It will all be gone in the blink of an eye if anyone ever discovers this ranch's real secret."

"My Granddaddy went looking one time and reported that the main veins are somewhere near that set of falls on the west creek. Now when you reach my age and are tired out, you could ride up there and stake out a claim, but for now just let it help produce the best beef in the country. I haven't needed a vet for a sick animal in over thirty years," Joe stated.

Lucy spoke next. "Daniel, I know that this a Saturday, a boy day, but would you get all gussied up so that we could go see that new play, dear?" Lucy and Josie did attend that play.

Joe rode out to speak to Daniel one day right near noon and asked him to return to the ranch house. "There are a couple of girls asking to speak with you. Must be from the church, but no that can't because it's always Josie attending church."

It was Nancy and Natalie from Tennessee What could he do? What could *they* do? There were two of them but Daniel was a lot more rugged now than he was a couple years ago. He had run away from Dana's offer, and made a whole new life for himself, although he was still often posing as Josie Johnson.

Daniel prepared to do battle if need be to steer clear of those girls' clutches, only to discover it wasn't what he feared. They were two very pretty young ladies, sisters from a neighboring ranch fifty miles to

the east. They came with a picnic lunch and the three of them sat around on a tree seat built around the trunk and began to get acquainted with each other. These girls must have started out about dawn to have arrived before noon. They had waved to him as their wagons passed on the road to town about a month earlier. Tonight they would stay overnight with an aunt in town and head home on the morrow.

There was a lot of evaluation going on as they got acquainted, and both girls liked what they were seeing in Daniel. He could not even begin to select either one of these ladies as his choice as they were both lovely.

These two girls, Lorraine and Andrea, looked like twins, but were a year apart. Those must have been very cold winters for these girls' parents. They were very close to Daniel in age. They liked to sing and dance, ride the range with their dad and older brother, but they had been intrigued by Daniel as their wagons passed along the roadway to town.

Daniel had pulled over to allow them to pass by. After that close-up look, the sisters began to argue about who should arrange a meeting. Finally, they decided that there was safety in girls traveling together, so they both came to meet him. They were being very forward for young ladies but how many nice-looking boys were out there in ranching territory?

They sat around in the shade of that large tree and shared the nice lunch which the girls had brought

along in their wagon. They could wear pretty dresses if they rode in the wagon, so they crossed off the idea of saddles, split skirts, and riding boots. They would not attempt the long return trip home tonight; they would stay overnight with their aunt, uncle and cousin in town.

Both girls had healthy appetites; while one talked, the other one ate and listened. Daniel got his share while the girls were taking turns describing their ranch. It seemed that the poorer one of the aforementioned creeks, the one on the east, went right past their ranch house.

They had carefully drawn a map of how to reach their ranch and Daniel would coax Lucy into making up a picnic lunch for him to take over to their place for a return visit.

Maybe it was fifty miles but out in ranch country that just must be considered. He must plan to go for a visit real soon. On a fast horse it was at least a half-day's ride one way.

On the very next Sunday forenoon at church, Josie was singled out to assist a pretty young lady named Susanne with a decorating project. They had already met before and Daniel was hoping to find some way for *him* to meet her. The trouble was that at church he was always Josie so that just never worked out. Susanne lived on the outskirts of the small town which meant that they actually lived only twenty or so miles apart.

As they were working, Susanne said, “Josie, I only know you as Josie, but I know that you are actually Daniel Peterson from the Johnson ranch. I understand the sacrifice and effort you are making on behalf of Lucy Thompson. I would like to get to know Daniel too.”

Well, knock Daniel over with a feather. Susanne certainly did not pull any punches. “I have wanted to meet you, too, Susanne, but under the circumstances, I just could not find any way to do so,” Daniel stated.

“Is it possible for me to come over someday soon when you are dressed as a boy? I’ll bring along some lunch,” Susanne asked.

I would really love that, my dear, but I guess that we had better get back to our work on this project right now,” Josie said.

“Yes, Josie, how about I show up on Wednesday so we can ride and picnic together?” Susanne asked.

“That would be just fine,” Daniel answered.

“Well, what a complete change. I go from no real girls to four quite nice ones in just a little over a week. Sisters on a neighboring ranch just fifty miles to the east, another pretty lady just forty miles to the west, and now Susanne who lives only a little over twenty miles away. Susanne knows Josie, approves of Daniel posing as Josie, and still wishes to get to that boy who is making sacrifices just to please Lucy Johnson,” Daniel thought.

With all of the posing and dressing as a lady, Daniel now had the feeling that to revert back to being Daniel full time would create quite a loss. The intrigue, the lovely look, and the thrill of being able to create such a feminine personality would likely be a real loss if it were to come to a complete end. Daniel really loved this double personality lifestyle.

He was very impressed that young ladies would travel so many miles in order to meet him. He must make visits to their homes as soon as Joe gave the O K. he had promised to arrange for a few Daniel days real soon. That will make it possible for Dan to select boy clothes fit for visits to lovely young and single ladies close by.

He polished up the saddle, bridle and reins and began to keep his horse well-groomed and ready to show off.

They had sorted out almost four hundred head to send with the cattle drive in the next few days. They had to expand the grazing area near those close-running creeks because of so many hungry cattle.

Shipping off so many would lower their total for the winter season. Hopefully the spring births would once again swell the total head count up to a safe maximum.

Once those critters were off to the market, Daniel hoped they could herd the expectant mothers into the close by area- Keeping a eye on those mothers, they might be able to assist with the births and save a

lot of the newborn calves. That was accomplished and they only lost ten out of almost eight hundred.

Daniel was very concerned about being able to visit those nice young ladies very soon. Susanne would visit on Wednesday. Maybe on Friday he could go and visit with Lorraine and Andrea. It would be a hundred-mile round trip and probably take more than one day. He might need to take along a bed roll, but it would still be great to visit with those two lovely sisters. He just might consider taking the wagon and sleeping as the horse travelled along.

“Susanne just might be the best choice I believe that she lives somewhere on this side of town,” the boy thought.

Daniel was still troubled, he must go in search of his mother. She had been leased out as domestic help. There would no break while attending college; she was most likely serving an unlimited term as a domestic. Dana had never even hinted as to where Mom was being held.

He would take a leave of absence, head out for the university in Michigan and begin scouring everywhere for his mother.

A fast trip to the college nearly killed that powerful saddle horse. It took over a week of almost constant riding. He had spent hours trying to sketch a likeness of his mother. He carefully carried it a saddle bag. In that college town, he asked everywhere for informa-

tion about a domestic lady who just might resemble his highly prized sketch.

One woman was startled by that picture. She said that the woman in that sketch had been her kitchen worker for over a year. Her husband had died right after spending nearly all of their savings trying to get healed. This woman lost her lovely mansion, had to part with her lady servant, and enter a widows' home. Florence stated that her lady worker had been sent to her daughter's ranch somewhere down in Oklahoma.

Armed with a name and address, Daniel at once set out on a very fast horse, this time headed for Oklahoma, praying to be able to find his mother.

Daniel nearly rode that horse to its death. It collapsed in the ranch yard where Daniel and his mother were reunited.

Daniel purchased a strong wagon, loaded his Mom and that nearly unconscious saddle horse for the trip of about 200 miles back to the Johnson ranch. It took just over three days. They were careful not to overtax the team pulling that large wagon. They stabled all three horses every night. They spent their evenings getting reacquainted, Mom was surprised to learn about Danielle, but was so happy to be reunited that it wouldn't have mattered to her if it had been Danielle who rescued her.

The Johnsons were pleased with Daniel finding his mother. They opened up one of the closed-up rooms for her. Mom promised to pay her own way for as long

as she would be needed. She could not believe that her still young son would soon own that huge cattle ranch outright.

As for Daniel, he couldn't rest until his mother could share his good fortune. This young man presented a picture far exceeding his earlier title of "City Sissy."

##

BAG TEN MORE

By Jamie

The Chief was fed up with practically every driver laughing at the Police Department, walking away with just a ten-dollar speeding fine.

He decided to take them in ten at a time. Officers Jack and Frank were assigned an order for ten miscreants in the next couple of hours.

This was the end of their week and close to the end of their shift, so they took a paddy wagon down near the portable speed warning sign unit near the School which displayed the thirty-mile-an-hour limit, in order to nail every one exceeding it by at least eight MPH.

The first three were well-dressed young ladies. Their cars were directed around the corner into the yard of the school, which was closed for the summer. Jack was going to run out of cuffs so he had the cap-

tors step into heavy clear plastic trash bags. He pulled them all the way up to their necks and tied them securely. They were then lined up on the paddy wagon benches and belted into place.

The officers decided to take all of the first ten miscreants in. Frank did the stopping, directing them around the corner and Jack lined the cars up in a line beside the police wagon.

Jack then ordered them into the paddy wagon, had them stand on a plastic-covered platform, pulled the bags all of the way up to their necks and tied them.

Wow, seven in less than twenty minutes. The total of ten were caught in just under thirty minutes, all strapped in, with their purses hanging from hooks just over their heads.

At the station they were hauled in front of the Desk Sergeant on two wheeled dollies and again seated. Their purses were now being held by the rope closing their transparent trash bag.

This chorus of ten extremely upset but helpless females made such a racket that "Sarge" had to quickly attend to the uproar. Their charges and specific data were stuck to their restraining trash bags. They were on little orange Post It-style notes like the ones stuck to a disabled car along the highway. "Sarge" now had a chorus of ten to deal with. The quietest ones were released with just quick cuffs behind their backs. The louder ones stayed helpless as long as they con-

tinued to yell and thrash around in their individual bags.

“Sarge” had booked and released nine of them when the last one managed to dislodge her wig. He had Officer Dan discreetly reposition that hair piece while he chivalrously looked the other way. He had been admiring this lady and thinking just how nice she would be to spend the night with.

“Sarge” thought, “Well, a wolf in sheep’s clothing. Now, how best to handle this?” He approached the lady, released the closure rope, carefully slid it down to her waist, cuffed her wrists in front, then handed her purse to her.

He helped her out of the plastic bag and helped to settle her dress skirt. He then requested her driver’s license.

This revealed that this was not Joanie Brown, but John Brown, although the physical appearance argued in favor of a very delightful young lady, one quite anxious to be booked, released, and returned to her car. The registration showed it to be a Beemer, a BMW!!!

“Sarge” rushed Joanie through the procedure, then asked Officer Dan to stand by for a quick departure to get this pretty lady back to her fine auto and on her way home. He also requested John to please show up at a specific address in one hour.

John recognized help when it was offered and was quick to comply. That address was on a quiet back

street, rather dark, definitely not one which a pretty lady would dare to approach while alone. John was pleased that “Sarge” had requested him and not his pretty lady “twin sister.”

John worried about what would happen, never expected any such presentation as he was confronted with. It seems that efforts to enlist the aid of single males in assembling a group bent on destroying the huge hydro-electric project just north of the city, had fallen flat on their face. Now rumors pointed to a young ladies’ musical performance group as the one to infiltrate.

“Sarge” expressed it this way: “Getting involved in a music group could lead to a very interesting line of work. Getting a crossdresser in there would be a tremendous accomplishment. Because of the care required to be a male in dresses and the constant efforts to continue to pass, it would take a very sharp, alert male with special talents with ladies wear and musical instruments to fill that pair of stiletto heels.”

John seemed to fill all of these but the part about his musical talents.

It turned out that the ladies on his mother’s side had all been harp enthusiasts. Although John came off the assembly line as a male, the harp was the only logical choice. Grandma insisted that John must not only learn to play but excel as a harpist. At the age of seven, Mom entered John’s “twin sister Joanie” in a contest and she walked away with the prize.

After that there were many requests for the “Lovely Young Lady” to play for special groups or special occasions. This went on for over five years, finally young John complained that he was being over shadowed by a nonexistent girl named Joanie. Mom had to stop sending a pretty teen girl, and send her well-dressed son to provide the harp music.

This young “lady” and her harp had sparked a love for lingerie and all things feminine and lead John across the upper hallway to the room which Mom had lovingly prepared just for Joanie.

Now at sixteen, John was preparing to spend his whole summer vacation enjoying the switch from male to female. Joanie got arrested for speeding because she was anxious to surprise Mom with her lovely new wig and was rushing her Beemer along past the school towards home. She was sitting on her dress, folded under her legs, in order to keep it from floating up in front of her face as she was driving.

She was determined to spend her whole summer vacation from school as Joanie, not John.

“Sarge” requesting Joanie to infiltrate that young ladies musical entertainment group fit right in perfectly. Mom had been coaxing John to make the switch. John working as an undercover spy lady, in dresses no less, was just going to be the icing on that cake.

Mom promised to buy Joanie her own convertible and Joanie was in love with the Beemer at the used

car lot. The fender bender damage could be repaired for a couple of sawbucks. That pretty car had been the cause of all of this exciting day's happenings. She had made a terrible fuss over being held inside that large plastic trash bag but really she had loved every minute of it. What a feeling; being out in public dressed as Joanie, then being stuffed helplessly into that rugged transparent bag, gave Joanie an excuse to loudly complain and to pull her dress and slip up to show off miles of nylon-clad legs, and sexy high-heeled shoes. The polish on her fingers and seen through her very sheer toe pantyhose and open-toe shoes, went right along with her freshly applied lipstick. She was lovely, knew it, and showed it.

Joanie had just left the electrologist's, purchased the new wig and was heading home to show Mom.

Now with blessings from Sarge added to everything, how could she go wrong? How could she *not* become Joanie for the summer?

John answered "Yes" to Sarge's offer, gave him Joanie's cell phone number and drove home quite carefully in John's car home to show the new wig to Mom.

Joanie was going to be a teen lady harpist at least until school opened in September. She loved nylon nightgowns and satin sheets, medium heels, short and subdued color on her nails and lips, and tons of curls.

Joanie would need kerchiefs to secure her wig, but so what? Girls always wore them to preserve their hair styles in the wind. Thigh-high nylons cleared the way for just pulling a panty leg to one side or lowering them to sit on a toilet. Mom insisted that real females just could not go while standing and that Joanie MUST always act the part, even if out alone, or out in the woods.

Mom bought three body briefers to control the tummy bulge, support the fake boobs, and to compress the male bulge at Joanie's crotch. The new slimming pants prevented Male Fall Out. Mom would demand that Joanie expose her lingerie for inspection before leaving the house.

In fact when Joanie was stopped by the police for that speed violation, she was wearing slimming pants; the under-the-crotch strap of her foundation garment was retarding the lowering of those slimming pants.

Meetings with Sarge would always be with John, thus keeping a separation between the two for added secrecy. John would always go in his set of wheels, never the Beemer. Mom was pleased with the news that her daughter would be playing the harp publicly once again. No mention was made about the meetings between John and Sarge, Mom would get worried and maybe even forbid Joanie the intrigue of the planned infiltration.

If Joanie could manage to separate her involvement in music from her “Detective in Dresses” adventure, then her summer should go quite smoothly.

Mom sent Dad to accompany Joanie to the meeting with the “Lovely Music Group.” There seemed to be two leaders: Sam, short for Samantha, and Di, short for Diana.

Joanie was asked to audition for them and her delivery brought tears to Diana’s eyes. Sam was not at all impressed. Harps were for angels to play, and this group definitely had no angels of any kind.

Sam operated a huge bulldozer, wore heavy boots and ladies coveralls. Di dressed as a lady, acted like a lady, and worked as a ladies wear salesperson. There were five others in the group, all neatly dressed and made-up. They were very polite and anxious to include Joanie in their group.

Dad liked them all but Sam; even he was afraid of Sam. A fight between them could have been a toss-up as to the victor, but Dad had no desire to beat on any female, even one so totally male-appearing.

Joanie was quick to decide that her male components were not safe around the likes of Sam, and was thankful that she appeared to be a female, therefore not of any interest to Sam.

Dad commented after they departed that he was frightened by Sam’s constant evaluations, and glad to have escaped without any conflict.

“Joanie, do not let Sam learn that you really are a male, be thankful to be able to pose as a female whenever Sam is present.” He commented further that he had actually hoped that her music had been poorly received, and that she had been rejected as a member of the “Lovely Music Group.”

Sarge began to fill John in on what was known about that music group and slowly began to scare the hidden Joanie.

There was no doubt about their genders but their histories definitely could produce gooseflesh. Sam certainly had serious hang-ups and made it difficult for Joanie to relax and enjoy her gender switch and the group’s music.

Sam just seemed to be there, aggressive, abrasive, and obnoxious. Di was constantly correcting Sam for loud and obscene language. Why didn’t the group give Sam her walking papers? She made no contributions in any way and she definitely wasn’t in any way ‘lovely.’

They had a rehearsal in preparation for a private wedding and Sam was as welcome as a skunk at a lawn party. Her dress was dirty, wrinkled, and split way too high. She had runs in her nylons, mismatched earrings, and chipped nails. She smelled like diesel fuel, not perfume.

Sarge had asked Joanie to always be on the alert to Sam’s actions and remember them, but make no notes. If Joanie composed any e-mails, she was to be

sure to send them, and never save anything relative to anyone in that group.

Sam made lots of cell phone calls and never received many. One evening Sam's phone was swamped with incoming calls. Joanie, from the ladies room, managed to alert Sarge to be ready for most anything.

Sam got caught in a road block and picked up for being arrogant to the officers. Two days later she was back but nowhere near as loud and disruptive.

Di had a serious bruise on her arm which was difficult to hide with makeup, but she was her regular bubbly self.

The trumpet player disappeared for over a week, then returned with no explanations. Sam missed three of their work sessions and they went along just fine without her.

Sarge got quite frequent messages about the characters, but never a word about a living person.

Joanie was Barney's wife, and Sam was Fred Flintstone himself. Three evenings later, Sam arrived late and instead of just bra and panties under her coveralls, she also had a dress on.

Joanie noted this urgent after-dark activity and how it related to forecasts of heavy rains and warnings of serious flooding due in the next three days. Sarge reported to Joanie that they found the big

'dozer hidden near a strategically carved-out weak spot in the huge water reservoir's earthen dam area.

The car was confiscated and the sizable excavation reshaped. Fred, or rather Sam, was totally out of sorts. She had insisted that the music group meet up at Mount David until the rains let up.

Four days later, as the high water was receding, Sam disappeared. Two days after that, news headlines appeared about Samantha and her huge dozer being confiscated because of Homeland Security violations.

The "Lovely Music Group" became very popular, Joanie Brown right along with them. Di was a great prime mover, and Sam was never seen again. On page twelve of the newspaper three months later, a small article appeared which related that Samantha had received five years behind bars.

Sarge personally awarded Joanie with a special "Citizen's Outstanding Service" award and a paid-in-full receipt for ladies wear from where Di worked, compliments of a male admirer and music buff. Joanie had never even created a run in a nylon in her efforts to help keep her homeland safe.

Mom was a good listener; she heard Joanie's complaints about needing to almost undress in order to pee. She had Dad to use as a test subject. A strip of adhesive tape with about a one-inch wide adhesive on three places was placed around his male appendage and to the funnel end of a length of soft flexible

plastic tubing. It was sealed by the adhesive wrapped carefully all of the way around the funnel and the male appendage. The plastic tube was stored in the top cuff of Joanie's left nylon. All that she had to do was uncoil it to drain her bladder.

After Dad complained, Mom found a simple plastic retainer to clamp off the outlet end of the tubing. It retained the coiled tubing neatly in a pocket like a pencil holder in a shirt pocket. It slipped easily into the stocking top the same way.

Just lift up the dress, slip out the coil of tubing, remove the end seal, and let it flow. Close the end, coil it up, slip it back in its pocket, and let the dress hem drop back down in place.

Dad complained because he had to wear nylons and either a body brief or a garter belt in order to test it out but he quickly complied when Mom threatened a month's time in pantyhose and no sex if he uttered one more complaint. "You can stand a week while testing this rig for Joanie and make up for it by sleeping in satin sheets and a nylon nightgown," his wife told him

Joanie liked the convenience and she shocked Mom by describing how she hooked the drain end under the opened bedroom window and thus did not even have to get out of bed to pee.

Mom warned Joanie about reverting back to the crude ways of her "twin brother" John. "Your Dad and I have gone to great lengths to provide our lovely

daughter with luxurious outfits and that pretty Beemer. Now no more crude male thoughts and no more male actions. “

Di decided that they needed to draw in more males to grow their attendance. She ordered the ladies to increase their shoe heel heights and to enhance their profiles. With taller heels and slightly shorter skirts, the exposed nylon-sheathed legs were put on better display. Mom bought “D” size falsies; they slipped easily into the “C” sized cups of Joanie’s body briefers and her “C” sized bras, but did they ever create an outstanding profile. Joanie was forever bumping into things . She even managed to spill more gravy and liquids on her increased protrusions.

One of the males in the audience was quite impressed when the group backed off to give that lovely harpist a solo spot. Steve made it a point to barge back stage and compliment Joanie on her harp playing.

Joanie was first of all impressed, then wary. How could she avoid Steve’s advances which just might expose her successful masquerade? John had a very nice girlfriend named Ellen who knew all about the gender switch. She was always coaching Joanie on additional ways to be more convincingly female.

With them both appearing so female, they were forever invading ladies dress shops and restrooms. Joanie asked Ellen to try to divert Steve’s attention into her direction and thus run interference for Joanie.



Joanie was asked to audition for a part as a lady harpist in a stage show performance which would be touring the country for nearly a year. Considering the fact that she would just be visibly producing background music and have no speaking part, she decided that earning a very nice paycheck and getting to see a lot of this great country for free would go a long way toward funding John's next year of college. It would remove quite a burden from the shoulders of his parents and maybe completely satisfy his desire to travel. The concern that John was committing Joanie to a full and uninterrupted year of living as a lady musician seemed a small price to pay.

Joanie would dedicate much of her spare time to learning to speak in a feminine voice and using her laptop computer to access her music selections, voice lessons. It would also further her ability to benefit from the multitude of subjects and lessons that would make her next few years of college easier to master.

John/Joanie began to think that maybe with her training for a year as a lady, knowing that her parents would welcome her as their daughter, she might approach the college requesting permission to transfer John's grades to Joanie, and complete college as a female. It was quite all right with her girl friend Ellen for Joanie to pursue this musical tour. Maybe Joanie should try to convince Ellen to consider their getting married when the music tour was over. Selling that marriage proposal could well hang on just how financially secure Joanie would be. If the struggle to complete her education could be easily handled because

of Joanie's frugal way of life, then she could relax, knowing that finishing college would not sentence Ellen to a severe financial struggle.

Ellen fell in love with John's plan. She quickly accepted the proposal for marriage and they decided to get married over the Christmas break in the road show schedule and honeymoon as Joanie returned to the touring group's quarters. At that point Ellen would return home to her job. Ellen could search for a place of their own. Their plan to live as two single ladies could be considered when Joanie returned home.

Driving in their home town would have to carefully controlled in order for Joanie avoid once again becoming part of another police department sting operation.

##

TRIO PLAYTIMES

By Jamie

There were two married persons and their very dear single twin sisters. The two girls were always together. They were always determined to play tricks on each other, like the Saturday that the two females forced Jim into a very sexy ladies outfit, packed her bag, and placed this pretty “lady” on a plane bound for the State of Washington. He had a full case of ladies wear items and a ticket to allow a return flight home on the following Saturday night.

Jim lived for that whole week in a motel cabin near the airport, dressed exclusively as Jamie, ate a lot of local fruit and vegetables from a nearby produce market, and spent much of his time working to maintain the lovely makeup and dress which those two sister devils had created for his plane trip clear across the continent.

Jim, now responding to Jamie, would definitely be glad to see Amy, or Anna, or both at the airport in Charleston in the early hours of next Sunday morning. Jamie was really tired of that one pair of shoes, with their tiny ankle straps and four-inch heels. She spent most of the time in her stocking feet while in that cabin, but whenever she must go out she had to get back up on her stilts once again.

Can you imagine how long a week can be when you have your laptop, frequent messages from the girls with an emphasis on what to wear, and just how presentable she must be to get that ride home from the airport? Those two females were quite insistent on Jamie maintaining “her” ultra-feminine female appearance, even down to demanding that three times a day, Jamie report in by way of Skype. This left hardly any time for that male student to strip to his skivvies and just relax as most all males desire to do often.

“She” had an exam for her finals in college and they sent her off to the opposite corner of the country, where she and her computer and books could make love, day and night. Jim was doing a great job with his studies but with the constant phone calls from fellow classmates, he never got much time to study. The twin females fixed that problem in one big and very feminine move.

Anna had recently pulled a weekend prank on Jim and Amy by doctoring their glasses of punch then stripping them completely, placing one dress on

them both. She secured a belt around their waists and locked the ends together.

They were facing each other, their hands were free, but that belt had three wraps of fine steel cable threaded in and out of it. They could not cut their way to freedom. They spent a three-day weekend of total togetherness, before the key to the padlock fell in through the mail slot.

With their panty girdles, trips to the bathroom were an astronomical problem. They could raise the billowing skirt of their dress and huge slip, but trying to sit on the toilet meant that the unoccupied person must bend the wrong way.

Jim was determined to be the top student in this class and therefore have the pick of jobs when the grades were finally announced. He was aiming his job search on a few choice alternative power sources, with the intent to have his research and experiments come at least close to providing each home and business with a nearly free source of power.

He already had designs for ways to harness the auto body's wind resistance and plans on just how to salvage that resistance and to market it.

This week was needed in order to accomplish his goal of being tops in his class. The blasted ladies clothing was one big pain because his appearance at the Charleston airport determined if there would be transportation home or if Jamie must rush to make



corrections in that lovely lady appearance before being picked up for that ride home.

The privacy was needed, the studying progressed quite well. The nuisance of constant shaving, strict detail regarding makeup, and clothing were time consuming, just when studies and reviewing should be most important.

As the end of that week for the exiled Jamie began to wind down and as more and more of the finals material was digested, Jamie became quite concerned about getting on that plane with Jim's ID but dressed as Jamie.

The "What If's" began to surface. Were there any laws against males dressing as ladies in the State of Washington? If so, would Jamie get jailed out here, and miss that final exam completely?

Doing a careful job of creating the "Jamie look" just might sell the security people on Jim actually being Jamie, then his worries would all be resolved until arrival back in Charleston where the twin critics would carefully evaluate Jamie and quickly decide whether to transport or abandon.

Jamie had just two days left before the big final on Tuesday morning, and Jim should be free to only concentrate on that big day.

Oops, Monday was the "One year from the wedding" Day. On this day, the groom must fight the river for a few miles and try his level best to avoid getting drawn into the currents where the river divides and

end up on the branch which will take him over the falls.

He must resemble his bride, a lady kidnapped from her wedding, stripped of her gown, her hands secured behind her back, and tossed into the river wearing all of her lingerie and a life preserver ring fitted around her waist.

The largest amount of river water takes the long route, and goes over the falls. If the "Bride" is fully aware of the river split, she can strive to stay to the left and make the lazy drift back to the junction, where she will be rescued.

This day had to fall just before finals for Jim, but tradition is a powerful motivator in their tiny community.

Jim must don all of Amy's wedding clothing, except for the fancy gown, add the life preserver, accept having his wrists bound behind his back, and be thrown from the bridge into the river.

He had about a quarter of a mile to try to work his way over to the left, using just his feet for force, and take the lazy route to the river junction. He was quite successful and was assured of victory when a strong crosswind began to force him back across that current.

Jim struck right into that division point, and it looked like he was still safe, but that extremely large and billowing petticoat had been drawn over to his right side. After sitting idle for almost a minute he be-

gan to be drawn toward the right and ended up going over the falls. He spent almost two extra hours in the river before arriving at the junction and the rescue point.

This tradition began about one hundred years ago, when a bride was actually subjected to this situation when the fancy carriage carrying her to the church was hijacked and stolen. They stole her fancy gown along with the carriage, tied her hands and tossed her into the river.

She had been fortunate enough to be washed down the lazy side and rescued at the junction.

The tradition grew as more people used this means of testing the groom's devotion to his bride. There was a bulletin board posted at the Town Hall, listing the exact day when each groom must fight that river to prove his love for his lady.

Jim lost the first stage of that challenge and went over the falls. He seemed to go down forever but finally shot up to the surface. That blasted long slip was flopped up over his head, blinding him. He had no control over where he was going, so he didn't really need to be able to see. It took lots of head shaking to finally get that blasted soaking wet slip skirt off his head.

He came floating around a corner on the inside of that curve and as the river widened out, Jim was washed over into almost totally calm water. He

pushed like crazy with his legs but just could not get back into the fast current.

He lost the first two stages of that battle. Now he had to be patient until he could once again reach the river current and get moving again.

For some unknown reason, Jim was stalled near the inside curve of the rather calm section of river just below the falls. Working feverishly with his feet didn't help to get him back into the current and get carried downstream to the rescue point.

Two hours later a rescue boat arrived and they tried to tow him out into the current, but something was holding him there. A guy dove in to check and reported that the slip was caught on the stub of a limb on a sunken tree trunk. He released it and Jim was then free to finish his traditional proof of his love for Amy.

Nearly the whole day was consumed because of getting dressed in Amy's wedding underwear and being stuck in that backwater, and by the slip being caught on that tree stub. So much for cramming for his finals and tomorrow was the big day.

Tuesday came and went. Jim felt that the finals were a breeze. He answered every question, precisely, had time to review every answer twice, and left the school with a feeling of total success.

Arriving back at home, his wife Amy and female friend Alma were anxious to hear his estimate of the finals. "I aced it! Yes! I left the exam room and my feet

were not even touching the floor. The door never even made a sound when I shut it. I reviewed my answers twice and could not find a single doubt or concern about my responses,” Jim bragged.

That afternoon the trio decided to treat themselves to an exceptionally delicious meal. Anna went into the bathroom and showered, rushed into the guest room to get dressed, and dropped her towel just outside as she closed the guestroom door. That was one of her typical tease tricks, giving just a glimpse of her luscious lady’s posterior, as she quickly slipped in through that closing door

Amy looked at Jim and winked. The guest room door had a lock, the closet was absolutely bare, and our pretty single lady was stranded nude in a totally empty room. Amy had taken her clothing, purse, even the inside knob to the door. Anna had found the door ajar and did her usual nude show off as it was shutting.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes later, Anna started to complain. She would be the one holding up their dinner if she didn’t begin to get ready soon.

“Never fear, my dear, there is a potty chair and a roll of tissue in your closet. Jim and I are just leaving to go for dinner. We just wonder if your P.B. And J. sandwich and bottle of Poland Springs water will be enough for your meal. The bed is made up with those scratchy flannel sheets. Your nightgown, if you had one, could be your protection through the long itchy night. See ya!” Amy shouted.

For once, Jim was allowed to represent a male as this apparently married couple hurried along their way to a fancy steakhouse. “When are you going to release our nude guest?” Jim asked.

“As soon as you get your results. Then all three of us need to celebrate the end of your trials toward a bright future. There is the chance that you may not get an answer until Monday; that is a long time for a female to have to tolerate nudity, and bread and water. She certainly has been cruising for this put down. We may have to unlock that door on Saturday, even if you have not heard from the school yet,” Amy said.

The school responded late in the afternoon on Thursday. Lucky thing too, because Anna was beginning to get restless. She had been almost constantly pounding on that door for clothing and release. She had spent two long spells of almost constant screaming. Thankfully the home was centered on a ten-acre lot, and no one else heard that lady’s screams.

When Amy and Jim were ready for Anna to reenter the world of the living, they slid a length of chain and a padlock in under the bedroom door, and ordered Anna to securely lock one ankle to its end, then signal that she had done so by tugging on the chain three times.

When the door was opened, they were faced with a wild and totally bare lady. She was ready to do battle with all within reach but Amy and her baseball bat and Jim with a bull whip, were just too much for her

to deal with. She quieted right down and tried to stride out of her two-day prison, proudly and in the nude.

Amy handed her a bath towel to cover up with and sat her down for a decent breakfast, even though it was nearly six at night. They finally allowed her a bra and half-slip which she had to put on over her head because of the chain around her ankle. The other end of the chain was secured to a large rock which Amy and Jim had managed to carry into the house together.

It appear that Anna was married to that rock. They could struggle to place it anywhere that they could carry it to and Anna must follow it. They had her dress quite pretty, drove to a diner with outside dining tables, allowed Alma to exit the car and sit at one of the tables for a top quality prime rib dinner. All the while she was only covered below the waist by her dress skirt, half-slip, and shoes.

Her rock and chain had allowed her to reach the shower, sit at the vanity, and fix up her usually pretty face and hairdo. Then Amy and Jim struggled to place that rock in the back seat area of Amy's car, and they took the beautiful lady out to dine on prime rib.

The result of Jim's schooling turned out to be several offers for employment, where he could be quite assured of being able to pursue his passions. He would be required to pick up the reins and assist in the companies' present designs and troubles with

same, but more than half of his time could be spent at his small but quite complete in-home lab.

Anna and dear wife Amy sat Jim down just after these facts were collected. They insisted on Jim researching the companies, their offers, management staffs, balance sheets, stock market ratings, proximities to Jim's home lab until he had a convincing direction in which to head.

That evaluation process took almost the full day, several calls to the employment officers of these companies, and evaluations of the four close-by companies competing for his talents.

One final tally sheet listed all four offers and ratings for each and every category which Jim could dream up. The company just four blocks away won the selection. Now Jim must begin to pin them down on a very specific contract, one quite carefully created to fit his desires as far as pay, areas of research expected, times spent at work, even a concession that this company have first dibs on the production of any of Jim's home lab designs.

Once all of this was nailed down, the two females decided that they now must have their say with regard to just how Jim's time should be divided. They were very much in love with this man's "twin sister." She was quite a striking example of femininity; even carefully adorned as a lovely lady, she could still perform quite well as a design engineer there in the home lab.

Taking care to approach this idea with considerable determination, they convinced Jim to switch to being Jamie so the three of them would go out for yet another of their very deluxe dining experiences.

Once Jamie was fully converted, they took Anna's car to the steak house. Jamie drew the back seat with the lovely ladies in the front. Their dinner was superb and they were all close to needing naps when they finally climbed into the car to return to the home of Amy and Jamie. That ride was short with Anna backing her car into the third stall in the neat garage.

The ladies got out and closed the front doors, but Jamie seemed to be having trouble releasing her seat belt. The girls tried to open the rear doors in order to assist but they were locked. The front doors were also locked, and the keys were right in the ignition lock on the steering column.

Jamie could not get released to reach the keys and unlock the doors, the girls were helplessly locked outside that car. Other than a space of about one inch of opening of the driver's side rear window, Jamie was imprisoned in that car.

Anna offered to go in the house and call a locksmith but Amy said no, not yet. Jamie was shouting, "What do you mean 'not yet'?"

Amy said for Jamie to calm down for just a bit and listen to another proposal. Over the past six months Anna and Amy had perfected a rather complete wardrobe for Jamie. Jamie now made over into a very nice

appearing young married lady. All of this work in creating Jamie should not be lost, it should be nurtured and cultivated to insure at least a fifty-percent future for Jamie.

It was understood that Jim would be splitting his work week between the company and the lab there in the cellar, so it only seemed fair that Jim work at the company and Jamie work in the home lab.

Working at home as Jamie would mean that she must not be disturbed by visitors. They might not understand that Jim had “hired” a pretty lady classmate to do the research here at home. Being undisturbed while working at home should accomplish more and allow for more thorough research and refinement of the final products.

Once these ladies had expressed their views, they asked for Jamie’s input. In view of the fact that Jamie was helplessly trapped in Anna’s car, along with the fact that they all need a few minutes in the bathroom, Jim/Jamie was pressured to bring this discussion to a quick close.

There was a hesitation in Jamie responding to their offer so the ladies decide to postpone the discussion for an hour before calling the locksmith. Jamie, now getting desperate, was forced to agree to their terms. They demanded that she place her hand on a Bible which suddenly appeared and swear to abide by their ruling that only Jamie work in the home lab.

As soon as that pledge was completed, the car door locks and the belt buckle released. It was almost by magic but in reality accomplished with the help of a remote control button inside Amy's bra.

The results of the contract with the company, with the undisturbed Jamie in her own lab working on her own projects, propelled that company almost into the stratosphere. Jim negotiated a release from the company by relinquishing his rights to compensation for three outstanding patents acquired by it. That allowed full-time devotion to the designs coming out of the home lab.

There was a lengthy confrontation regarding who could work in the home lab and again those devious females won that battle. They almost won a battle to rename Jim's operation to force the full-time attendance of Jamie at the reins of that enterprise.

Jim fought valiantly to keep his head above water. He finally decided that if there was no Jim in the business, there would be no Jim in the Bedroom. For once Amy backed off and allowed for Jim and Jamie to share the lab as full partners.

Anna and Amy frequently got into discussions regarding the fact that although Jamie really could pass as a female, they were determined that this person should piss like a female as well. The girls discussed many ways that would come close to insuring their goal, but Amy would catch Jamie standing in front of the urinal frequently. It had been installed

exclusively for the convenience of the male salespeople hired by the new operation.

Anna had convinced an electronics expert to install a motion detector that would record how often that station got used in the course of a regular day's business. It also would take a picture of the next person to leave the men's room after each use.

The girls confronted Jamie, first with the fact that SHE was using the men's room and not the ladies room, and that SHE was quite frequently caught standing in front of the urinal.

"What have you two scheming females done now? Installed a camera to check out every male that uses the men's room?" Jamie asked.

"No, it only records when it is used, then a picture of the next person to leave the men's room." Anna stated.

"Why not install a monitor that records just when my male appendage is being aimed within the men's room, if it is really that important for you two females to be in charge of my bathroom actions."

Amy immediately began the research to locate just such a unit which she could install once Jim had collapsed in sleep from a very taxing bedroom session.

She found a miniature unit, secured to the underside of the aforementioned appendage. This little gem was so miniaturized that it required a magnifying glass to locate just where it had been installed.

Amy was very generous with her talents in their bedroom and Jim was never in need of playtime. A filled bra and panty set, covered by a matching colorful nightgown had now become standard equipment. When gathered together for breakfast, the three appeared to be ladies in their robes sharing a pleasant breakfast time together.

Oh well, why should Jim worry, he certainly was not cheated when it came to playing the part of the husband. He did often think about them sharing their king-sized bed with Anna, but he could never manage to handle the needs of both of them. The one night when both of them crawled into bed nearly gave him a heart attack with all of their teasing and tickling.

Seemingly out of the blue, Amy decided that it was time for her to start raising a family, time for them to begin to think of heirs and company successors. They must do away with the condoms for a time and see if Jim's seed could take root and start reproducing.

Amy was really not keen on going out of shape and brought up the fact that she could effectively do Jamie's work in their lab. That meant that Jamie could become pregnant and be the one wearing the maternity outfits full-time.

The girls found a place to purchase an adjustable size pregnancy front, and they surprised Jamie in bed one morning by presenting her with her very own matching front. The unit was designed to adjust to

the progressive size female as she goes through the stages of becoming a mother.

It was made of a formed soft rubber female front with many very flexible but tiny strands of cable embedded within the rubber. It covered the whole frontal area; the tummy and bust areas could be adjusted as needed.

One of the primary reasons for getting Jamie pregnant was to insure that the only access to that male drain attachment was when bent into a seated position when on a toilet.

Jamie would “carry” clear through the delivery. This device would allow for Jamie to still be functional within the business and appear to carry at the same time.

Anna and Amy were hoping that with six months of seated potty stops, it just might wean Jim away from standing urinal action; the future just might become one of automatically seated potty stops.

Jamie was startled when the two girls arrived at “her” bedside on a Sunday morning to declare that “she” was now going to become pregnant. Jamie began to laugh and tell them to get lost. Amy got a very secure hold on Jamie’s male genitals and Anna stood by waiting for Jamie’s hands to be placed above her head. They were secured to the bed posts. The girls then raised the nightgown right up over Jamie’s face and head. They removed the bra, padding, and pant-

ies, and installed that soft rubber front. It was adjusted, strapped, and locked into place.

Jamie no longer needed to wear panties and bra, and the ladies would adjust the bust line sizes as they also increased the tummy expansion. The nightgown was brought back down into its correct place, then Jamie could see her obviously pregnant body shape. Several pictures were taken while Jamie's wrists were still secured to that headboard. They then released the wrists and helped the now-pregnant lady into her robe and slippers, and watched as Jamie made her first pregnant potty stop. Those two females would certainly have a ball putting Jamie through six months of pregnancy. Most of the maternity clothing would come from thrift shops but Jamie would surely know just how a female feels and acts while that little bundle of love grows within.

The front of this locked-in-place pregnant body form could be unlocked to allow for playtime if Amy were in need, but once that was over, the front was once again locked up tight.

Jamie was definitely pregnant and in need of that specially designed type of clothing. Jim was no longer allowed to surface, had no male clothing that could come close to fitting over that sizable belly, and was nearly climbing the walls because Amy was purposely limiting sexual encounters to only about once a week.

Jamie gave thought to taking an extended hunting trip until this session was over but there just was no

way to cover up the shape of a pregnant woman. The girls were quite insistent that the three of them should quite frequently be seen in public. With Jamie's conversion to this body shape, they were quick to admit that the three and four-inch heels should be parked while much more conservative heights were pressed into service.

The pregnant lady was quite content to work pursuing technical data relating to some one of the latest designs on the company's drawing boards. As a result two of Jim's fuel efficiency ideas were rapidly taking shape. One of them would be a new fuel called Jenny, the combination of gasoline, ethanol and the refined oil from that pesky vine called Poison Ivy.

The utilization of that ivy oil created a drive to harvest this nuisance vine, causing many farmers to begin growing it as a cash crop. Once it was harvested and the oil pressed out of it, the vines could be baled and sold to wood-burning power plants for the making of electricity.

According to Ann's schedule, Jamie was due to deliver soon and that just might coordinate with the intro date of this new fuel product. Jamie's new baby just might be named Jenny. Ann and Anna were also secretly working out plans for the adoption of a new family member, a girl, and hopefully she could really become Jenny.

This would certainly cause Jamie to be concentrating on every aspect of infant and child care for quite some time.

Hopefully with that delivery date, the twins just might let up a bit on their control of their extremely pregnant live-in lady. For a few years the surfacing of Jim would be ruled out completely, except for in the marriage bed. Just what would happen when Jenny was of age to attend school would of course become an important issue, and there could then be some very serious discussions.

There seemed to be very little interest in allowing Jim to return to the surface; the two ladies preferred to have Jamie as their working team member.

THE END