



Reluctant Press presents:

From Jamie With Love

Jamie



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2007, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

From Jamie With Love

THE MIXUP

BY JAMIE

In this day of electronic wizardry, and computer-assisted business, there is only a very small chance for a malfunction or a mistake.

A computer can even correct your spelling as you are composing your letter, story or report. The days of being careful are behind us now. We are invincible, unbeatable, and perfectionists, thanks to the marvels of electronics. Nanotechnology will soon be able to produce anything that we need. We can send messages around the world in seconds and have them delivered to the correct recipient; a reply can be returned in barely more than the time needed to compose it.

That means that this short escapade is merely the figment of someone's imagination.

Dayton Fashion Supply, a supplier of intimate and fancy apparel for the fair sex on the main drag in Dayton, Ohio.

Jean Smith lives in Dayton, Washington. She will be getting married in about a month. She has ordered her wedding gown, foundation garment and the rest of her outfit from Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. Her maid-of-honor's gown, bridesmaids dresses, the dresses for her mother and the groom's mother are also included in that order.

Joan Smith, from Dayton, Tennessee, orders replacement stock for her ladies apparel shop in Dayton, Tenn. from Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. Her computer tells her just what she has sold and generates the restock list on command; Joan forwards it to the wholesaler by computer, every two weeks.

Jerome Smith lives in Dayton, Kentucky, where he and his wife Lisa own and operate a small but successful farm. In anticipation of plowing and reseeded the meadow in the spring, he takes some of the fall income and purchases the grass seed that he will need in the spring. The order is mailed to Dayton Farm Supply, in Dayton, Ohio.

Jed Smith from Dayton, Wisconsin, likes to dress up as a lady, and in anticipation of attending "First Night," an affair for cross dressers held in Woburn Massachusetts, in January of each year, he orders a pastel pink lingerie set, and black three-inch pumps, size eleven, from Dayton Fashion supply, in Dayton, Ohio. "Jessica Smith" should be quite well dressed for that weekend excursion, her first public adventure.

Dayton Fashion Supply is one of the leading distributors of ladies' fashion needs.

Dayton Farm Supply has all of the feed, seed, tools and equipment for today's farmers. "You Need It, We got It" is their motto. You would have to try hard to stump them; they'll find what you need and have it delivered to you in a jiffy.

The lady in charge of expediting the orders and shipping of the multitude of orders processed at Dayton Fashion Supply is very busy, but she still insists on working only forty minutes out of each hour for D.F.S. Ten minutes goes to socializing, and ten minutes is for break and bathroom time. Consequently she has to rely on her computer to do much of her work, and she is constantly finding ways to shift more of the mundane tasks to the computer. This is commendable as it makes her much more efficient, and her response time is remarkable. She has even shortened all of the customers' mailing info to just the first initial and the last name. So our four clients are all listed as J. Smith with their specific addresses. The fact that they all live in a Dayton is a coincidence.

The order instructions list all of the items to go in the package, then the office lady enters the assembly number and the name. From there, the computer generates the shipping label and packing list, and she delivers it to the shipper.

The first J. Smith is the one in the State of Kentucky.

Jerome Smith received his package. Assuming that it was his grass seed, he placed it in the large metal grain bin where it would be safe from the mice and rats. He didn't immediately open the package, because leaving it sealed would help to keep the seed dry and therefore avoid early sprouting. The label read "Fashion" but with everything else looking right, he missed the fact that it didn't come from Dayton Farm Supply.

A week later, Jerome's wife, Lisa, opened the metal grain bin to get some food for her wild bird feeder. She saw the strange package and, reading the shipping label, discovered that it came from a ladies fashion supplier. She had three possibilities in her mind:

- 1: Jerome had purchased some special lingerie or night gowns for her for Christmas.
- 2: Jerome had ordered a package of lingerie to wear.
- 3: Jerome had a secret girl friend.

The last two choices seemed more plausible because Jerome had never given her any intimate clothing in the ten years of their marriage. Lisa was hot after Jerome in pursuit of a satisfactory explanation for those goodies stashed in the grain bin.

Jerome was inside the closed equipment shed changing a tire on the front of his farm tractor. When Lisa flung the door open, and appeared with a murderous look in her eyes, he almost dropped the lug wrench on his toes.

"What's wrong, Lisa, have you seen a ghost?" Jerome asked.

Lisa answered, "No a snake in the weeds."

“Well,” Jerry said, grabbing an ax, “let’s go kill it.”

“No, Jerry, there isn’t any real snake, your sneaking, cheating self is the snake,” Lisa answered.

“What the devil have I done now?” Jerome asked.

Lisa answered, “It’s that package that you have hidden in the grain bin, you sneaking bastard.”

Jerome said, “Wait one damn minute, that’s the seed for the meadow, for when I re-work it in the spring. I told you that I was ordering it.”

“Seed, my ass,” Lisa fumed, “That package is from Dayton Fashions, you planning on sowing some wild oats?”

“Hold on Lisa, let’s go over to the grain bin. I’ll show you that it is my grass seed.” Jerome invited.

The package did come from Dayton Fashion Supply, and was addressed to J. Smith, Dayton, Kentucky. Lisa was extremely upset.

Jerome carefully carried the package into the house and they opened it on the kitchen table. Lisa carefully unpacked all the expensive wedding clothes.

She looked at Jerome for an explanation, and he was completely mystified.

He said, “I have absolutely no idea why this stuff was sent here. Tomorrow is Monday. I’ll call that company and find out why we received this shipment. In the meantime, would you mind repacking those clothes to protect them from dirt and dust, until we can learn just what to do with them.

“Maybe there is someone right here in Dayton anxiously awaiting the delivery of that package, and we can save them time rather than sending the stuff all the way back to Ohio.”

Lisa said, “I almost believe you Jerome, but I would like to listen in on that call in the morning. If what you say is true, then someone is climbing the wall waiting for that package to arrive. What if the wedding was scheduled for today?”

Monday morning, Dayton Fashion Supply processes Jed Smith’s order, and again the computer generates the paperwork to ship this lingerie and shoes to J. Smith, Dayton Ky.

Two days after Lisa and Jerome mailed the wedding clothes to Dayton, Washington, another package arrives from Dayton Fashion Supply. Lisa is furious to think that the wedding clothes have returned. She insists that Jerry call Dayton Fashions immediately and raise holy hell about all of this foolishness.

Jerome calms her down so that he can have a look at the latest delivery; the package reveals that this is yet another shipment from Dayton Fashion. They agree that this is a different shipment from the one they just sent to Washington.

Lisa carefully opens this package on their kitchen table. When they examine the fancy lingerie and shoes, it is agreed that these pieces of lingerie and the shoes won’t fit Jerome.

This time Lisa calls the wholesaler and registers a complaint for the second wrong shipment. She was afraid that the local delivery people would assume that Lisa was buying

lots of intimate apparel for her self, or that Jerome had developed a desire for all things female.

Dayton Fashions is somewhat surprised to receive a second call from Dayton Ky. They also received two calls from Dayton, Washington, because the wedding clothes had not arrived yet. The complaint department launches an investigation, to try to determine the real cause for these errors.

As all of this is taking place, the bi-monthly order for Joan Smith, Dayton Tennessee is packed and shipped. The girl in charge of shipping delivers the label and packing slip to the shipper, and shortly the package is on its way.

When this third package arrives, Jerome automatically places it on the kitchen table, and goes out to feed the chickens.

Lisa arrives home from her morning four-hour shift at Dayton Lumber Co. and finds this package, and is about to lynch Jerome. He doesn't even have the decency to try to hide his strange desires. He is going to flaunt his passion for lingerie right in Lisa's face. He has had it! Where is he hiding his earlier purchases, and when and where does he wear these intimate garments?

He has to be guilty because his address is obviously on file with Dayton Fashion Supply in Dayton, Ohio. I'll bet that there is no such company as Dayton Farm Supply in Dayton, Ohio. He would have gone to the local feed and grain store, and paid cash for the seed when he needed it, and I would have never known about his lingerie obsession.

Lisa retrieved the baseball bat from the rear of the clothes closet by the back door; seeing Jerome headed back into the house, she stood out of sight just inside the bathroom door. She waited and watched Jerome enter the kitchen.

He went over and read the shipping label on that latest package as it rested on the kitchen table. He knew that Lisa was home, and went into the bedroom to see if she was in there. The baseball bat caught him just above the left ear, and laid him out cold on the bed.

When he came to, he had a splitting headache. He found himself dressed in a bra and panties, spread-eagled on the bed. He was tied down with pantyhose; whoever had done this had tied him very snugly, he couldn't get any slack to work himself free. His head throbbed from the blow that had knocked him out. He was worried about a concussion. He thought he tasted blood, and found that he had bitten his tongue.

The bedroom door was open, if someone comes into the kitchen, they would see him dressed like this and tied to the bed. The bedroom light was on, and the kitchen light was off, they would have to go to the center of the kitchen and pull the chain on the light over the table. In the meantime they would see him hog-tied to the bed. If that shocked them, they might just walk out and disappear, without identifying themselves. They could have a field day telling everyone in town that Jerome Smith loves lady's underwear and has a passion for bondage as well. He and Lisa must play some real risqué games out there on their farm. She is most likely tied to a post in the barn, dressed in a pair of Jerome's jockey shorts and a T-shirt.

Jerome thought, "I must be delirious, where have all of these thoughts come from? I've got to get out of here, out of these pieces of girls underwear and start the evening chores. The kitchen is starting to become dark.

"Help me!!"

Finally, Jerome heard the creak of the dry hinges on the kitchen door, someone had come into the kitchen. The bedroom light really lit up that room, but because the closet door was open, it didn't light up the kitchen at all.

There was a brilliant flash of light, and Jerome had to blink his eyes. Then he realized that someone was taking pictures of him in this very compromising situation.

A second flash, and Jerome was straining with all of his might to get free. He had to stop the photographer, he couldn't allow those pictures to get out of this house. The pantyhose was twisted; both legs were used to secure his wrists and ankles, and tie them to the bed posts. They weren't cutting into his wrists, but they were strong enough so that he couldn't break free.

He struggled with his bonds, but they won out. He had been here about two hours since he regained consciousness.

Who was taking those pictures? Why didn't they come in where he could see them? Were they still in the dark kitchen, or had they left with the camera and the incriminating pictures?

Jerome was desperate to get free, to get out of this lingerie, to stop the photographer and to find out just who had done this.

If it was Lisa, she would have been ripping him a new backside long before this, so it must be someone else. Lisa was here when he was knocked unconscious, where was she now? Did they have her nude and spread-eagled in the haymow?

More struggles to get free, and the light went off, leaving Jerome in the dark. Someone came into the room, pulled the panties down near Jerome's knees, and shoved a bed pan under Jerome's fanny, and directed his penis down towards the bed pan. Then silence and more silence. Jerome realized that the mystery person was waiting for him to use that pan, and he decided to comply by emptying his bladder.

He was wiped with a tissue, the pan was removed, and the panties were pulled back up into place. A wide piece of tape was placed over his eyes, and there was just enough gap near his nose for him to tell that the light was back on again. His right ankle was released, and another piece of clothing was slid up over that foot and ankle. The other leg was released, and that foot was slid into the same article of clothing. It was pulled up over his legs, and his fanny was raised as it was pulled up to fit the same area as the panties. It was pulled up onto his chest, and straps were draped over his shoulders. His body was raised and one of the straps was hooked to the back of the garment near the opposite side of the waist. The other strap was secured in the same fashion. By this time, Jerome became convinced that it was a ladies bathing suit. He was assured of this when the cups were filled with some kind of pads.

His ankles were hobbled, with almost no freedom of movement, A rope was secured around his waist, the knot twisted so as to be located in the middle of his back. The ends of

the rope were crossed through the crotch of the swim suit, and tied together. His left hand was released from the bed post, and brought down to his lap, and tied to the crotch with one of the rope ends, then the right one was done the same way.

Then the two ropes were tied together, the ends passed through his crotch and secured to the loop around his waist at the middle of his back. He was made to roll onto his belly while they are tied.

He was urged to get to his feet, and led hobbling across the bed room, and into the kitchen. The back door was opened and he was escorted out into the yard.

There was a neat little screen house there on the lawn right in the open near the driveway and facing the barn. The driveway passed between the house and barn and continued around the house to the front door, finally curving around to rejoin the entrance driveway. Anyone arriving at the farm would always pass between the house and the barn.

The opening in the screen house is towards the barn, so that they could relax and watch the animals in their pasture or pens. There are two comfortable lawn chairs which Jerry designed and built, and he often bragged that it would take an elephant to destroy one of them.

He was led to one of those chairs and urged to sit down. A belt was wrapped around his neck and buckled behind the tall back of the lawn chair. There was silence for several minutes, then he heard what sounded like someone unrolling tape from its roll. An ice cube is forced into his mouth and the tape was anchored from near his left ear, across his mouth and clear over to his right ear. It was pressed snugly to his lower jaw, and he found that he can't force his mouth open. About that time, he noticed that the melting cube has a strange taste, and in a few minutes he began to get sleepy. He realized he had been drugged, just as he fell asleep.

When he woke up, it was quite light over in the east, the old rooster was busy trying to wake up the hens. His first realization was that the tapes had been removed from his eyes and mouth. He was seated in one of his prize chairs, dressed in a female bathing suit, and his hands were bound to his crotch. He was barefoot, and only restrained by the rope around his wrists, and the belt around his neck. The hobble had also been removed.

He had to get free, he had chores to do, he hadn't eaten since noon yesterday and his stomach was growling. He was angry, and he was going to get even with someone *real* soon.

His neighbors Sam and Frank were due to arrive about seven-thirty to help him clear that new piece of field. Would they find him here like this? What would they do? Would they laugh and tease him and leave him like this, or would they release him and let him change into his overalls and shirt?

What if it rained, and they didn't come over? The canvas roof would protect him from the rain, but if the wind blew he could get completely soaked. That might have been the reason for him being dressed in a girl's bathing suit. If the rope got wet, would it swell up enough to cut off the circulation to his hands? Would they have to be amputated and leave him helpless? Where would this worry lead him? He was really scared, and silently screaming for answers and release.

Who has done this? Where is Lisa? Is she OK, or has someone harmed her?

There are lights on in the house, even this early in the morning. He could turn just far enough to see them, but not enough to see in the windows.

Then the tears started, tears of frustration, humiliation and embarrassment. They lasted for quite some time. Finally, Jerome was able to get himself under control and stop his crying.

He was back at his questions again. *What will Frank and Sam say? What will they do? What if some old busy body comes for a dozen eggs, and finds me like this? Who took those pictures? Where are they now? Have they been developed?*

The struggles to get to his feet, almost strangled him, because of the belt wrapped around his neck and buckled behind the top of the chair.

His feet rested on the ground and he was barefoot. He couldn't kick the chair apart without his farm boots. The bonds on his wrists cut and hurt from trying to free them from where they were anchored through the crotch of the lady's bathing suit, secured at the middle of his back, tied to the rope strand tied tightly around his waist.

He remembered staking the back legs of both of these chairs to the ground to prevent the wind from flipping them against the screening material and ripping it. The small picnic table was fine; the wind had actually moved the chairs around, but the stakes had stopped that danger. He had been proud of his rugged and comfortable chairs and just as proud of his ability to anchor them securely. This now seemed to be his downfall, and was the major cause of his helpless feeling.

He must look ahead. Yes, he was helpless right now, but if he maintained a clear head, there were probably many ways he could prepare himself for action, when and if any window opened up that would give him even a slight chance.

Someone had to feed him, that someone would have to approach him through the zippered opening in the screen house wall. He wasn't blindfolded so he would be able to see his captor. Once he knew what he was up against, he could begin to formulate a plan which would center on that persons weak points. Just maybe he could overpower his adversary.

Dayton Fashion Supply, meanwhile, discovered that Andrea, the secretary in charge of the shipping department, had created the files which placed the four Smith customers in alphabetical order, by States, and further simplified things by using first initials instead of their full first names.

This system certainly was sufficient to locate the correct shipping address, but it didn't allow for more than one J. Smith from Dayton.

The records showed that J. Smith from Ky. had ordered twice about four years ago, that J. Smith from Tenn. ordered every two weeks, J. Smith from Washington placed a single order of wedding clothing, and J. Smith made a single order of lingerie and 3-inch pumps.

Andrea was called on the carpet, and informed of the problems her system had caused.

Her bosses instructed Andrea to call Kentucky and ask that they hold that package for courier pick-up. She must then personally drive to Kentucky, pick up the package and Mrs. J. Smith, drive to Dayton, Tennessee and deliver the supplies to J. Smith's Fashion Boutique.

While there, she must be sure to provide Mrs. J. Smith from Kentucky with a complete outfit from the skin out, and return her to Kentucky. Upon her arrival back in Ohio, they would evaluate her work record and attitude, and determine if she got to stay or if they gave you a pink slip.

Andrea called Kentucky and talked to Lisa. The plan was explained quickly. Lisa agreed and thanked Andrea. Lisa would arrive just before noon, and she promised to be ready to go. Andrea explained that she had caused this whole mix-up and was going to personally correct the situation.

Lisa asked if she could bring a friend along, and Andrea answered yes. They would have to stay overnight in a motel in Dayton, Tenn. They should be back in Kentucky in the middle of the afternoon of the next day. Lisa answered that the arrangements were fine; she needed to get away from the farm for a short break anyway.

Now she understood what had actually happened. Jerome was innocent; she was holding him prisoner in the screen house. She was in deep trouble, for her unorthodox way of getting even.

Jerome was out there in that chair in broad daylight, he had no supper or breakfast; he would see her when she went to feed or release him, and he would be primed for revenge.

"I have two Polaroid pictures, and I could take more," she thought. "They could be leverage enough to force Jerry to accompany me to Tennessee I'll get Jerome to ask Sam and Frank to take care of the chores tonight and in the morning.

"Jerome will be his own twin sister, Jerry. Jerome won't be able to go because of the pressing farm work, so I'll take his visiting sister along for the day. How do I convince Jerome that he is going?

"The photos will have to be enough. I only have about three hours for all of this activity, so it's time to release Jerome and turn him into his sister Jerry," Lisa concluded.

Lisa went to the screen house, entered through the unzipped opening. She smiled at the very frustrated person secured to the lawn chair, and said, "Good Morning."

Jerome was boiling mad, hungry, tired. Now that he knew that she was safe, he could vent his anger on her. He did so for about ten minutes, then ran out of breath and had to stop.

Lisa stood and listened to his tirade, and when he had to stop to catch his breath, she said, "OK, so I misjudged you. The problem was caused by a woman who works for Dayton Fashion Supply.

"I assumed that you were guilty, because that is the only way that your name and address could have been in their computer, but now I remember ordering two night gowns for myself. Shortly after that, I ordered two more for my mom. I used your name when I ordered, and that means that I am guilty of getting your name in their records.

"I have confessed to being wrong about this whole mess. I have paid dearly by doing all of the chores last night and this morning, and worrying about you all night.

"You have been on vacation, and you've had lots of time to rest up. Now it would not be very smart to jump out that chair, grab a bite to eat, put on your work clothes, and go and try to do a full days' work.

"You need to get back into the swing of things at a leisurely pace, so I have devised a plan which will allow you to slowly slip back to your regular routine.

"You will call Sam and Frank and ask them to do the chores tonight and in the morning, then you and I are going to Dayton, Tennessee with Andrea, the lady from the fashion supply company. We will be back home tomorrow afternoon. How does that sound, a mini-vacation, with no expenses for either of us, except returning favors for Sam and Frank. Oh, and one other trivial matter."

Jerome was still very upset that he was the victim of this mix-up, and because Lisa had not released him yet.

He answered, "I have lots of work to do, and more lost time won't help that situation any. Get me out of this chair and these embarrassing girls clothes, then you can go wherever you wish, but don't even think about dragging me along."

"Whoa, Jerome, where do you get off ordering me around? It looks like you need my assistance right now. Are you hungry? Do you need to go to the bathroom? Do you want to get out of that bathing suit? Would you like to spend the next day in the root cellar, in that outfit, restricted so that you couldn't get free, with just enough movement to be able to feed yourself, or will you agree to the trip to Tennessee with Andrea and me?" Lisa asked.

"Well, since you describe things that way, I'll go to Tennessee with you," Jerome answered.

"Good. Now we are getting somewhere, but there are a couple more points to cover. I admitted that I was wrong, that none of this mix-up is your fault. I have asked for your forgiveness, and you have not granted it," Lisa said.

"Lisa Dear, you are forgiven," Jerome stated.

Lisa said, "OK, now number two. Andrea is expecting to find me and your twin sister Jerry when she arrives just before noon. Since I have done all of your chores, and I also have two excellent pictures of you in your lingerie and in bondage, I'm sure that you won't resist in carrying this escapade to its completion tomorrow afternoon, *will* you?"

Jerome was silent, his face was red. He was embarrassed, he wanted to blow his cork, but Lisa hadn't released him, he was still bound to the lawn chair. Lisa was standing there, smiling, holding two Polaroid photos and the camera.

Those pictures could be quite embarrassing if they got out into the public, so they were quite persuasive. If she took more showing him secured to the chair, wearing a lady's bathing suit, that would sweeten the pot on Lisa's poker hand. Being seen sitting there in the wide open yard, dressed and bound this way, could brand him for life as a lingerie and bondage freak. Of course Lisa would act remorseful if someone should happen to arrive

and observe Jerome's present clothing and bound-up condition. Would anyone believe that she could overpower her much stronger mate?

To agree to her plan would get him released and out of the public eye for the moment. "Yes, Lisa, I'll be my twin sister until tomorrow afternoon," Jerome said.

Lisa placed the pictures on the small picnic table, but held onto the camera. She carefully aimed and snapped a third photo displaying this male dressed quite femininely, bound to that lawn chair.

When it developed, she showed it to her captive husband, and said, "Now Jerome, I need your promise to assist me to convert you into a lovely lady. We have to complete this task in about an hour and one half. Do I get your promise?"

Jerome answered, "Yes Lisa, I will cooperate to the best of my ability in completing the transformation."

"Good. I'll be right back, I have to put these pictures in a safe place."

While she was gone, Jerome had a few minutes to realize just how damaging those pictures could be and just enough time to decide that he must follow through with her plan for as long as it might take to find and destroy those pieces of embarrassing evidence.

Right now he wanted to get free, go to the bathroom, get out of that bathing suit, get some food into his stomach, then he would have to assist as Lisa turned him into a lady for the next day or so.

Lisa returned to the screen house and began to release Jerome. The belt around his neck was first and finally, his hands were free. He ran as fast as he could straight into the bathroom.

Lisa put together an adequate breakfast. Jerome came to the table wearing just the panties, but he swung by the kitchen door and slid the bolt closed, thus locking that door.

Jerome did exactly as Lisa had instructed and tried in his inexperienced way to anticipate the next move to get ready for that step ahead of her orders. He could relax a little, because that door bolt was in place and she had also closed the bedroom door.

She was assisting Jerome, but still trying to bathe and dress herself, and packing an overnight bag with enough of her clothes for the two of them for that night in the motel, and for the trip home the next day.

She said, "I appreciate your efforts to assist, and do believe that it deserves a reward. You are going to be Lisa Smith, and I will be Jerry."

Jerome said, "What?"

"Andrea has never met either of us. She is coming to take the package to Joan Smith's Fashion Boutique in Dayton, Tennessee and to repair some of the damages created by the mix-up her computer addressing program has caused. You have had quite a time of confinement, in clothes which could have caused you a lot of embarrassment. So, let's trade places. You can be the recipient of the pretty outfit they are going to present Lisa with. You might as well be sure that they will fit, look and feel right for you to wear home from Tennessee.

“I do believe that I am beginning to fall in love with the idea of you wearing dresses, the thought of you beside me in bed, in a matching nightgown and perfume. No beard to scratch my cheeks or anywhere else, nice clean nails with freshly-applied polish, nice smooth shaven legs, arms, and chest.

“After a few weeks on a special diet, you may be able to just wear the one-piece foundation garment, and give your tight girdle a rest. You will be needing to disrobe today in the ladies fitting room of the boutique, so the bra and panty girdle you have on will be the uniform of the day.

“Wait a minute. Before you put that blouse on, I need to put some lotion and foundation makeup over the chaffed spots on your neck and on your wrists. We will have to invent an explanation for those marks, if case anyone asks, and we both need to have the same answer,” Lisa said.

She did a superb makeup job and the wig certainly looked like a professionally-styled lady’s hair do. When finished, she exclaimed happily that the new Mrs. Lisa Smith was a raving beauty.

Jerome was certainly impressed when he finally got to view their handiwork. He was starting to become anxious to get that beauty into his bed for an interesting interlude.

He was ashamed of that urge; he tried to forget it and concentrate on what Lisa had done to create such a lovely lady.

Lisa finished putting on her pastel green dress, closed the overnight bag, and loaded a light brown hand bag with the things that Jerome/Lisa might be needing for the next day or so.

Lisa’s light brown shoes with two-inch heels were giving the new Lisa a real challenge and she was practicing walking, going round and round the bedroom. Her skirt came to just below Jerome’s knees, and would have been down at mid-calf on the real Lisa.

The padding in the bra was in the way each time the new Lisa tried to reach for something but she began to enjoy that new sensation as she rubbed against those new bumps on her chest.

They went out through the kitchen, and had just set the overnight bag on the farmers porch, when Andrea drove into the yard.

Andrea had heard Lisa’s voice on the phone, so the new Lisa tried her best to sound like Mrs. Lisa Smith, and introduce herself and her sister-in-Law, Jerry.

Jerry helped Lisa into the back seat, then she sat up front with Andrea, who held up their departure long enough to go into the house, to use the bathroom. Then they were off, leaving a dusty driveway behind them.

Jerome was scared, there wasn’t even a pair of Jockey shorts for him to wear. Lisa had packed the overnight bag with only girl clothing, mostly skirts and blouses, because they “traveled better than dresses,” she had said. It seemed as though she had packed enough underwear for a half-dozen girls.

They made a stop just before two PM for fuel, food and toilet needs, and they arrived in Dayton, Tennessee about three-thirty. Jerome hoped that the Boutique would close at



four, and that he wouldn't have to undress in a lady's dressing room. They soon learned that this was the night of the week that the Fashion Boutique stayed open until nine.

Joan Smith greeted the three newcomers, and immediately asked which one was anxious for the new outfit. When Jerome/Lisa was in the fitting room, Jerry said, "Andrea and Joan will select a suitable ensemble, and bring the items in here for you to try on, so you had better strip down to your bra and panty girdle. You can keep your pantyhose on too.

"We can complain that something is the wrong color, and send them back for a replacement, so you can change your bra while they are out of the fitting room; we can slip the false boobs into the new bra. Once you are in your new full slip, we can try on several dresses and skirt and blouse combinations, but we have to be careful until you are safely covered by a slip."

Jerry even suggested that Jerome/Lisa might even venture out onto the showroom

floor, in her slip, and search the racks for dresses and so forth that would catch her eye.

Jerome/Lisa said, "No way, Jose."

"Jerry" laughed and said, "You certainly have parked your male authoritative attitude since you were released from your chair in the screen house. I do believe that I could fall in love with you all over again. It would be like giving up on men. We will of course avail ourselves of Jerome's equipment frequently; because of your super soft and sexy looking body, and the delicate fragrance that goes with that body, maybe we will need that equipment more frequently than in the recent past."

Jerry was a master at assisting as Jerome/Lisa tried on all kinds of outfits, and they did not alarm either of the others with the fact that they were outfitting a man. Finally all

decked out in a flaming red dress and shoes, with a purse to match, a quick overcoat of a complimentary new nail color and lip stick, Mrs. Jerome Smith was ready to set the town of Dayton, Tennessee on fire.

Joan Smith was pleased with the prompt delivery of her order from Dayton Fashions Supply, and with the extra sales which Andrea had helped generate for her Boutique. Joan brought out a special card, and handed it to the person claiming to be Mrs. Jerome Smith. As that lady read the card, her face began to color up in a serious blush. The card offered a twenty percent discount to the "Fox in the Chicken House" and promised special handling, such a private dressing room, assistance only when requested and permission to discreetly shop the whole store.

This embarrassed lady handed the card to "Jerry. She began to laugh right away, and said, "Well, I guess that Joan Smith really pays attention to her customers. So now Jerome, you are a Fox in the Chicken House. That certainly is a cute way of encouraging males to return for more service and sales."

The clothes for Mrs. Jerome Smith would be promptly replaced by her supplier. She would be reimbursed for by a credit subtracted from her next order. Jerry's suit and several other items were all bonuses for the Boutique.

Andrea booked them into a very plush Motel, then the three lovely ladies went out to dinner. The new Lisa, in her new red outfit, was ready to eat; she had been shorted on the number and size of her meals for the three times, now. She had missed her evening meal yesterday, had a late breakfast this morning, and only a quick snack on the road to Tennessee. She objected to the time required to hang up the dress that she had put on at home. She wanted to get some more food into her nearly starving body.

Jerry and Andrea had to change their clothes to try to match the flamboyant look the red dress created for Lisa. Jerry put on the exquisite black suit that she had purchased at the Boutique. The skirt was just above the knee, and flared out from the waist. Her slip lace could be seen sometimes as she walked. The jacket fit her like it was made for her. Jerome, completely incognito as the lone male on this trip, was getting quite uncomfortable, as parts of his anatomy began to insist that it was time for a sexual interlude, but that confounded panty girdle was insisting that this was not the time for such reactions.

Jerome had never seen his wife look so desirable since ten years ago when they got married. He remembered how anxious he had been, doing everything that he could to get her into the bridal suite, then into the bed that night. Tonight he felt that same urgency, but there was serious resistance, presented by the tight restriction of that girdle.

Their dinner was superb, and of course Andrea's company picked up the tab. Lisa tried to make up for the missed volume of food, only to find that the girdle resented the internal pressure caused by all of that food, and was fighting back. Lisa had to leave part of her meal, a new experience for Jerome, who always cleaned his plate. Both Lisa and Jerry were very tired; they told Andrea that an animal emergency last night had really upset their night's rest, and that they wished to go right back to the motel and to the room that they shared. Andrea was originally going to book the sister-in-laws into separate rooms, but Jerry suggested that they share so that they could get more time to talk.

Once inside their motel room, with the door locked, they stood and looked at each other for several seconds, then fell into each others arms, and kissed. Then they same fell sideways onto the bed. After thoroughly smearing their lipstick, they broke apart and began to undress. Jerome was concentrating on getting Jerry out of her clothes, and forgetting that he should be doing likewise. Jerry wouldn't allow him to dump that beautiful dress in a heap on the floor or engage in sex while still wearing it. The lingerie was different, those things could easily be washed and dried.

The real and still practical Lisa helped her converted husband out of his very feminine outfit. Finally that damn girdle had to surrender its control, and it ended up on the carpet with all of the other discarded ladies unmentionables. She felt that this night was going to be as good as their wedding night, perhaps even a bit better because neither of them would be nervous. Jerome was down to his lacy white bra and matching panties, and Lisa asked him not to remove them. She handed him a very pretty shimmering pastel blue nylon night gown, and asked him to put it on . She put on a matching style pastel pink nylon night gown.

They fell into each other arms again, and again onto the bed. Soon they were enjoying each other's body in typical husband and wife style. Jerome couldn't understand just what had him so fired up, but he was not about to waste time trying to figure it out. He was thankful to be rid of that girdle and its restrictions. They were like newlyweds who had resisted experimentation before marriage, and were enjoying each other for the first time.

Lisa was like a tiger, she didn't need any foreplay, she needed the real thing. Jerome pulled up the front of the night gown, pulled the panty's crotch to one side, and began to provide the pleasure that Lisa desired.

They were oblivious to time and everything around them. They enjoyed their tryst; finally it ended when Jerome could hold off no longer, and they climaxed together. They then relaxed in each others arms.

Lisa could now take time to notice the feminine body odor of her bed partner, and she was in Seventh Heaven. Never had Jerome been so enchanting to hold. His usual male body odors were gone. The oils from his bath, the feminine deodorant, and the carefully placed dabs of perfume were so well blended, that they resembled a carefully selected pot-pourri of aromatic herbs.

Lisa was going to begin wearing the pants in this marriage, but that was only true when it came to who would be calling the shots in their love life. Jerome was going to be wearing some of the panties in this union, maybe even under his union suits in the cold weather.

At seven the next morning, Jerry was coaching Lisa as they were getting dressed for the return trip to the farm. Jerry was wearing the skirt and blouse that she had brought from home and she insisted on Jerome/Lisa wearing the dress with the hem that ended just above her knees. They had to tuck quite a bit of the slip up under the band of the bra to keep it from hanging below the hem of the dress.

Jerry cautioned Lisa to be extremely careful to keep her legs together, and bend her knees, or everyone would see lots of panty-covered fanny and other things too. "You have

very good reasons to be sure that no one can see any of your exposed panty area," she cautioned.

They stopped in a rest area for the usual reasons. Again, Jerome was quite nervous to have to use the ladies room for relief, but he passed the test successfully.

When they arrived back at the farm, Andrea bid them farewell. She was concerned that she missed the chance to meet Mr. Smith. Soon, she was on her way, filling the farmyard with another huge cloud of dust.

Jerry urged Lisa to get into the house before anyone could see them, and asked her to sit in the living room, for a few minutes before undressing. Lisa bolted the kitchen door and went in and sat in Jerome's favorite chair.

Jerry asked her to move to the sofa, and then she sat in Jerome's favorite chair.

"I believe that we both thoroughly enjoyed our sexual escapade last evening in the motel. For me it was even better than our wedding night, and I know that you feel the same way."

"You will be allowed to run your farm as you have in the past, and you can expect my help when it is needed, but you will be wearing nylon panties instead of Jockey shorts. Until you have lost a little more weight, you will have to tolerate a very confining girdle, which will have to be a panty girdle, unless you want to wear nylons to hold a regular girdle down in place. That means that you will find it very difficult to relieve your bladder out in the field or woods. It may mean coming back to the house for that function. You will soon realize just why females have a larger bladder capacity than males.

"When your chores are done for the night, you will take a bath with some oils in the water, put on a clean pair of panties, one of your bras, and the pads, then one of your nightgowns, and a robe such as I wear after my bath. We will share the same bed and may enjoy frequent sex, but if you skip these bedtime preparations, you had better plan on sleeping in the haymow."

In conclusion, it might have been an address mix-up that brought us to this point, but it opened my eyes to the fact that I now desire a clean-shaven, sweet smelling bed partner, with no arm, leg, or chest hair stubble and dressed in a lovely night gown. I do believe that you will benefit from this with a more responsive wife and bed mate. You will also learn a lot more about how to keep your woman happy. You can consider your bedroom preparations as part of the foreplay.

FRANCIS OR FRANCES

By JAMIE

As youngster I had an aunt named Frances, then later a boyfriend/husband with the male version of the same name.

Once the marriage vows were made, Francis began to take over the control of both of our lives. Whatever I needed, I had to plead my, and even then got only his what he chose me to have. It would take a world of change to convert my husband into a version of my wonderful, understanding Aunt Frances.

On the physical side, it was involved, what with his whiskers, low voice, large hands and feet, and body hair.

When you are married to a Francis, who likes to be in charge, it becomes a constant effort to find ways of seeding his thought processes with the trigger words and phrases which will lead him to recommend a certain movie, a slightly more expensive dress, or even something as simple as your preference of muffin from Dunkin Donuts.

This constantly devious method of trying to get what you really want can wear away your tolerance, until you just don't give a damn any more.

Fail to have his meal ready on time, or serve a meal to your own liking, and you find out just how lousy your cooking really is. Raise your voice to get yourself heard, and you most likely will have to raise your battered body off from the floor, for expressing only a simple opinion or choice.

Frances may be smaller, lighter, slimmer, and almost female in size and shape, but don't cross or criticize his actions or opinions, or you will notice that his power and speed more than make up for his size and shape. A football star, a wrestler or boxer he is not, but for being bossy and opinionated, he takes the gold star.

Janice was pleased with the fact that she couldn't get pregnant. The lives of their theoretical children would be Hell. It was bad enough that she had to kiss his butt all of the

time. He alienated every friend he ever had. They would take just so much, then they “lost” the directions to the Stanley home. They use any excuse to sever their relationship with Francis Stanley.

Janice considered disappearing, because she wouldn't have survived a divorce. She knew that at any given moment she could trip and fall down stairs, walk into a door, or shut her hand in a car door. God knows just how many accidents a “clumsy” wife could have.

There just didn't seem to be any way for her to have a happy, peaceful, and romantic life. Francis seemed to thrive on being the boss, being in charge, always being right. Everyone else was out of step, dumb or stupid, but never Francis Stanley.

Janice couldn't just walk out, he would find her and bring her home again. The abuse she would suffer after that might be worse than death.

She gave a lot of thought to creating a totally different look for herself, a new hair color, colored contacts, gobs of hooker-type makeup, gaudy rings and jewelry, but she had no money. Francis handled all of that. She couldn't even cheat on the grocery money, because he did all of the shopping. She had no credit cards, no checking or savings account and no insurance. Francis said that they didn't need to waste money on insurance.

Janice had no friends, because her husband drove them away. She couldn't go to church, join a woman's club or a bowling league, she didn't need to waste energy on any of that foolishness, according to him.

Janice was reaching the point of considering suicide, when one morning while Francis was away, she happened to find a TV program aimed directly at her problem. It dealt with “Taking Charge.” The host said you should plant both feet squarely on the ground, evaluate your options, select a direction, then begin to build a plan which would eventually put you in the driver's seat.

The plan was very realistic; it encouraged patience and lots of preparation and persistence. You had to wear down your adversary and use every bit of cunning you can muster to turn the tables and put you in the boss' office.

Janice was thoroughly impressed with this little lady's story of living in the shadow of a football player-type, and with her decision to fight back. She had literally taken over and forced this inconsiderate ape into some very degrading and compromising situations, never letting up until she had obtained signed confessions of his brutalities and degradations. She persisted until the law was made aware of her plight and began frequent inspections to insure her safety.

Janice began to fear that Francis would come home unexpectedly, so she took down the phone number and decided to call soon for more information and assistance. Never in her whole married life had anyone ever suggested getting even, fighting back, finding a way to level the playing field. All she had ever considered was to get out, run away, or commit suicide. Now here was a lady who took on a man the size of a mountain. She won, she lived to tell about it, she saved her marriage. Once the dust from the battle settled, the couple was even able to resume a normal life together.

Janice hid that phone number under the paper lining of the drawer where she kept her panties.

She tried to picture how that she could actually take charge; there definitely was no way for her to overpower that brutal man and live to tell about it.

Three days later, while Francis was repairing someone's garage where the car had taken out the corner and collapsed the overhead door, Janice called Sadie, asked a lot of questions and took a lot of notes.

Sadie advised using only things normally found on the property, like belts, nylons, pantyhose, gauze bandage, patching plaster, rope, dog chains, padlocks, baseball bats, golf clubs, or any other weapon or bondage material. Sadie told her to use pepper spray if she had it, or perfume if no pepper spray was available.

Move the bat and golf clubs to an easily accessible location. Use your own judgment on whether to introduce bondage into bedtime games. If you feel safe being rendered helpless a few times, then try it, but when it comes his turn to submit, be sure that he is rendered completely helpless. Then bring out the baseball bat, dog chain, padlocks and spray perfume and don't hesitate to use them all. You will not get many chances to take over, so be sure your first one is successful.

If bondage is too dangerous because of his penchant for abuse, then wait until he is asleep after a taxing sexual encounter. Secure ropes to the bed, then to his wrists, finally to his feet and legs. You will find the baseball bat and golf clubs quite helpful in getting him to cooperate with you on this. Add chains wherever possible, and a blindfold to add to his confusion and hamper the accuracy of any blows if he manages to get an arm free. Don't be afraid to bruise his muscles with bat and club blows. He will have as long as it takes to recover from those bruised muscles.

Find a plastic bottle to use as a urinal, and a kitty litter pan for a bed pan. Don't feed him, but give him lots of water. He won't starve to death in less than two weeks, but liquids are essential.

If you have a cellar, consider moving him down there. Secure his hands up over his head with him standing. Don't let him sit, he needs to get so tired that he begs to be allowed to sit down. Find a stool for a brief rest for his legs, and ask for a hand written confession of his brutalities. If he refuses, remove the stool.

Give him a sip of water, then promise more if he writes a confession. Wear him down by leaving him unattended for hours at a time, then go back and ask for the confession again. Make sure that he can distinguish the difference between the darkened cellar and when the cellar light is lit. Make sure that he spends lots of time in the dark, alone.

Release one hand and arm, soak the gauze bandage in liquefied patching plaster, and wrap that hand quite heavily. Secure it back above his head and do the other one. Rip the foam out of a sofa cushion and secure it over both of these plaster casts after they have fully hardened or cured. This can be done even while he is still secured to the bed and before he is moved to the cellar.

Don't let up, don't give up, and don't believe it when he says that he loves you and will never hurt you again.

Show NO sympathy. Get your confession. Your only other option is to get out and far away before you call someone to release him. Always sleep with a baseball bat at your side and a pepper spray under your pillow.

Sadie warned her to proceed carefully, not to be in a rush and start before everything is ready. She told Janice to call back anytime for more information, and invite her to help if you thought an extra set of hands will help. To help make sure Janice would succeed, Sadie said she should get a female police person involved and listen to her suggestions as she could assist legally as this plan unfolds. A lady cop could be quite helpful in extracting the incriminating confession.

Females are not inferior, said Sadie. They may have to tread lightly while preparing, but their strike can be as deadly as that of a tarantula.

After Janice hung up that phone, she nearly collapsed. How could she possibly do all of this? How could she even hope to be successful? How could she continue to tolerate her husband's brutality and attitude? How could she *not* do what Sadie had suggested?

Janice reviewed her notes, made lists of supplies available of things to borrow or get Francis to buy. She found a bag of concrete mix to use as plaster, and a roll of drywall joint tape instead of gauze bandage. The dog chain hanging in the garage, on the wall, and two bike padlocks next to his \$1500.00 fancy and expensive mountain bike rounded out her "shopping list."

The golf clubs and baseball bat were in the mud room in the corner. Golf clubs, the full set cost nearly \$2000.00, and he only used them three times this summer, and lost to his competition each time.

Sadie mentioned a younger sister who gave her a hand when she captured her hulking, tormenting brute of a husband. He had a knot on his head for almost two weeks, because he would not surrender his right hand to be bound to the bed post. Sadie said that she had really laid it on, also inflicting injury to his biceps and calf muscles, until he could hardly move his arms or even attempt to stand. He was in bed for over a week and a half before he healed enough to shuffle down to the cellar.

Sadie's sister had spent nearly a week learning how to tie knots that would hold and not slip.

Columbus Day was a long weekend, so Janice called Sadie, She called her sister, also , so two smiling ladies bought bus tickets from Albany to Manchester, New Hampshire.

Janice told Francis that she was taking her car in for a tuneup on Thursday, and wouldn't get it back until around noon on Saturday.

Francis suggested that maybe she could cook up a little good stuff and put it in the freezer. He made no offer of a ride, no "I'll take my bike and you can have my van to use." There was not a bit of concern about how she would even get home from the garage.

Janice thought, "That's fine, Hubby dear, I'll have my day in court."

She left her car at the bus station with the key on top of the left rear tire, and walked over to the police station. She asked the desk Sergeant if she could speak to a female officer. An approximately forty-year-old female cop came out to meet Janice. They talked for about ten minutes. The officer offered to drive Janice home, and Janice accepted.

The police officer was well aware of other women with Janice's type of problem. She stated that she would be on duty or on call for that whole long weekend, and would wel-

come the chance to make an arrest if things got out of control. She asked to be invited to the cellar confessional; she would have a recorder connected to her police radio.

Janice couldn't believe her good fortune. She had decided to put up this fight to save her marriage, and expected to go it alone. Now she had three females anxious to assist her, and one of them was a police officer.

Janice thought, "Sorry, Francis, you lose. You are going to have a very memorable Columbus Day weekend, and maybe a couple of memorable weeks beyond that."

For once in her married life, Janice was anxious for Francis to have the long weekend to spend quietly at home.



Francis worked on a roof on Saturday. Janice had one of his favorite meals prepared for his supper. She was wearing a see-through blouse, a skirt, a very skimpy lacy bra, which seemed to be losing the battle to contain her large boobs.

It seemed to her that she had over indulged in the perfume department, but Francis didn't seem to mind. As usual, he had to watch some athletic competition on the TV and Janice worked to clean up from supper.

When the sports event was over, it was time for Francis to bring out his sports equipment for tryout on their queen-sized bed. Janice made herself available, and kept provoking her husband with views of her ample profile.

Francis was soon drained of all of his sexual drive and rolled on to his back to rest for a few minutes. Of course, his lights soon went out.

Sadie and her sister Stella "just happened" to be in the neighborhood and "just dropped in" to visit their distant cousin Janice. Stella went

quietly to her task of securing ropes to the corners of the bed. Sadie took the list prepared by Janice and began to gather the supplies which might be needed. Janice carefully pulled the blankets and sheets out from where they were tucked in around the bottom of the bed, being careful not to uncover Francis' feet and wake him up too soon.

No one spoke a word; the only noise was the tired and satisfied man of the house, as he slept the contented sleep of a man just after sex.

When all three of them were ready, Sadie and Stella, now wearing ski masks, were posted near the victim.

Janice got into bed and snuggled up to her husband. She laid herself out on top of his left arm, trying to render it unusable for the moment.

Sadie had the baseball bat, and Stella held a rope, which almost encircled the man's right hand and wrist, which were splayed out on top of the pillow, near the corner of the bed.

Stella worked carefully and nearly had the loop in place when her movements disturbed Francis; he shook his hand in his sleep. Stella went right back at it and with his next flinch, she successfully encircled his wrist. She quickly pulled the rope taut, and tied it securely to the bed leg.

Now Francis was awake, he threw Janice off from his left one, and reached across to free his right arm. Stella had a large loop ready; his left arm went right through that loop and Stella pulled up all of the slack. Now Stella held a golf club, Janice had the baseball bat. They ordered Francis to swing his left arm up towards the top corner of the bed and he refused. The bat struck his left bicep muscle, the club struck his right bicep, and Francis released a wounded buffalo shout. There followed in very quick succession several more blows to his arm muscles, until finally he slid his left arm up toward the bed corner.

Sadie was pulling in the extra rope, and Stella made another of her solid anchor knots.

The blanket and sheet were pulled up to expose both legs and feet. Loops were slipped over both feet and pulled snugly to each ankle. Francis pulled his leg up as much as he could. Stella held a rope ready to tie it to a bed corner, and Janice slammed the bat down on that calf muscle. The leg didn't budge so Janice struck again with the bat and Sadie got in a solid blow with a wood golf club.

It took seven solid blows to finally get that leg secured to the bed corner. They then centered their attention on the free leg and just before the first blow landed, the leg was extended towards its corner and secured.

A conference in the kitchen decided that Francis was safely secured to the bed, but Stella would go around and install a second rope on each limb just in case. Sadie and Stella could return to their motel room, or move into the second floor guest room.

Janice would sleep on the living room sofa, where she spent many peaceful nights after Francis was through with her body. She went back into the bedroom and sat on the only chair.

Francis had that "You just wait until I get free!" look. It scared Janice a little, but she began her speech.

“Francis, you are a real bastard to live with. Everything in our marriage is controlled by you. How long could *you* put up with *me* calling every shot? When to cook supper, when to go to bed. Most of my bras are coming apart; the lacy one I had on tonight, I borrowed from a friend, the blouse too.

“You want special meals, but you never purchase the makings. You pound the daylights out of me when I fail to do things your way. You would *never* let me walk away, you would find me, bring me back and beat me some more.

“Well Francis, that is over. Before you are released, you will write or dictate a confession of the brutality that you have dispensed on me, for the past fifteen years. Over those years the beatings have gotten worse. Before too long, you will be breaking my bones, and eventually kill me.

“Like I said, it has just stopped. End of statement.

“If we continue with this marriage, we will share the work, the money and the decisions. We can end it all now if you will swear to never try to force me to return. or we will establish a fifty-fifty living arrangement, before you are released from this confinement.

“The two ladies who helped me secure you to this bed are friends who worked out solutions to comparable situations. They will remain masked when in your presence, for their safety, in case you decide to get even. There are thousands of battered and abused females out there. I caught a TV show, got Sadie's phone number, and here we are.

“I am going to work with this group, as soon as I can resolve my present marriage situation.

“Now you can be released from this bondage by just confessing to your brutality, or you can fight it as long as you want before you finally confess. There is a female police officer waiting for my call. She will record her interview with us, and I will release the ropes holding you down.

“The bondage will get progressively worse, as the hours and days go by. You are only in pain from bruised muscles right now. What about when you start suffering from hunger, after about a week with just water? What about much more painful bondage situations? Too bad that I can't find a stretching rack that I could rent for a few days.

“Francis, *you* decide when you have had enough. I made that decision just about two weeks ago, and it scared the daylights out of me. Right now, I am offering you the chance to confess, to sit down with me and work out a compatible lifestyle for us, which will result in an almost immediate end to this confinement.

“I know that your thought right now is, 'When I get free, I'll pound the daylights out of that bitch,' but as the hours and days drag on, you may begin to realize just what it is like to have someone else controlling your every move.”

While she was talking, she was tying a piece of fishing line to each of his big toes. After making a loop, she slipped a wooden ruler through it and began to wind the loop shorter. When Francis started to complain, she stopped. When he quieted down, she made several more turns; this raised the complaint volume.

Janice was quite pleased with the amount of pain she could inflict with her crude traction, but she was very anxious to change his name from Francis to Frances. Now while his

arms were securely bound to the top end of the bed, she had to begin to convert the lower half of this person to female.

Untying her toe torture rack, she took a pair of her panties, in fact the very ones that she had worn all day long, and displayed them for him to see. Next she displayed a pair of pantyhose, with a run in them. Francis didn't rate clean clothes, and definitely not brand new clothing.

This macho bastard would be as humiliated wearing her soiled clothing, as any other man would be dressed in new extremely feminine lingerie.

Janice slid her bureau over against the bottom end of the mattress, connected her toe torture rack from the right big toe to a bureau drawer handle and tightened it until Francis began to scream. She released the left leg ropes, slipped on the panties and pantyhose, then secured the rope to the ankle again.

Francis was not about to cooperate and let her secure that leg to the bed again, so she began to tighten the toe torture rack again. Very soon his left leg and foot were extended toward the corner of the bed. This time Janice made a loop out of the rope used to secure the ankle to the corner of the bed. Using another golf club, she applied painful tension on that leg.

Francis didn't resist for once and Janice was able to get his new garments pulled up to their proper positioning. She then secured the right foot with another of her tension-type torture racks; she made sure that her little hubby began to complain before she stopped twisting on her racks.

Removing the bed covers completely and releasing the shoulder straps of one of her now stretched-out bras, Janice managed to fit that garment into place on her husband. Then she inserted a set of falsies that Stella had brought with her from New York.

Frances (now, at least in his wife's mind, with an "E") got very red in the face, and this pleased Janice no end.

She selected a full slip, held it up for display, then draped it over the bureau at the foot of the bed. The next item was a house dress with lots of flowers printed into the fabric. This was also displayed, then laid over the bureau beside the slip.

She tied a rope tightly around Frances' waist, and one from each top corner of the bed. She went back to her leg traction loops and tightened them until the ropes to the top corners were very tight. Releasing Frances' left hand and arm, she asked, "Are you going to fight me when your arms are free, or are you convinced that I have won this round?"

Frances asked, "What makes you so sure that you have won?"

"I can continue to pull on your legs until that waist rope cuts in severely, then maybe you will withdraw that dumb question. I'll ask you again, are you going to fight me?"

"Janice, this is your project. You seem Hell-bent on succeeding, so why do I have to cooperate?" Frances asked.

Janice left the room, and soon returned with his boxing gloves, a sofa pillow and a roll of duct tape.

She tied the right glove on his left hand, slid the cloth cover off the pillow's foam pad, cut a wide strip along one side of the foam material, and taped it securely around his wrist, above the boxing glove cuff. Running the foam out to the end of the glove, she folded it back up over the top of the glove, and secured it again with the duct tape. Now with a layer of boxing glove padding and the foam from the sofa pillow, she might get hit, but not likely hurt.

Janice now began to dress Frances in the slip and house dress. She pulled his arms together behind his back. The gloves and foam were left in place and she tied his wrists together forming two more loops of rope. She took a length of rope, placed it behind his dress collar, over each of his shoulders, then under his arms, down to tie to each of the wrist loops. Using table knives, she began to twist on each loop until Francis was in serious pain.

Releasing the ankle and waist ropes, Janice ordered Frances to stand beside the bed.

She straightened out the fit of the panties and the pantyhose, pulled the slip and dress down to hang neatly, and zippered the back of the dress. She had him sit on the bed and hobbled him just above the knees. She slid a pair of high-heeled shoes on his feet and made several turns of duct tape around them, to be sure that they wouldn't fall off.

Finally, she walked him over to the closet, had him step inside and face the back of that dark little room. She tied another length of rope to his wrist bonds, stood on her tip toes and slipped the end of that rope through an eye-bolt in the closet ceiling, then tied the loose end back to the wrist bonds.

This was yet another of her tension loops. After about a dozen twists Frances was displaying a lot of pain, by the look on his face.

Janice took a picture of the man in his dress, did a very convincing job with makeup and wig, then took another photo of that male who was now a female.

You can picture a nice-looking lady, fully made-up, wearing a wig of shoulder-length hair, helplessly hobbled with her arms bound behind her back, standing in high-heeled shoes.

How long could she tolerate that posture? How long before she began to beg for release? How long before Janice could call the lady cop to come down and record that interview and confession?

The two helpers, Sadie and Stella, had moved in upstairs. They were frequently checking to see if they could help, but also because they were quite interested in Janice's method of torture. Soon, they were placing wagers on how long Frances could tolerate that sort of treatment before throwing in the sponge.

It was close to midnight. Making up the bed again, Janice went to sleep. She had had quite a long day between preparation and take over and she deserved a few hours of rest.

About three, she made a potty run. She had to pull down the pantyhose and the panties, so that he could go in a plastic bottle. She asked him if he was ready to say Uncle. He didn't even answer, he just glared at her.

She straightened out his lingerie and gave Dear Hubby a short sip of water, then went back to bed and to sleep.

At seven, she cooked up a serving of bacon, eggs and toast, went in to sit by the open closet door, and eat. She never offered to share, she just ignored him. When her breakfast was gone, she went to the kitchen, poured herself a generous cup of coffee and sat near by Frances to enjoy the taste and aroma of that nice hot beverage.

Finally, Frances began to scream, because of the pain of standing so long in ladies heels, also because, for once, Frances was not in charge. He hoped to scare her into releasing him right then and there, before she could complete her mission.

"Janice, for Christ's sake, stop this torture project. You know that you can't win."

Janice knew he expected to intimidate her with that threat, so she added tension to the rope from the wrists to the ceiling, closed the closet door, and began to watch a comedy on the VCR.

An hour later and several twists later, Francis/Frances tried again. "Janice I can't take this abuse much longer. What exactly do you want in order to stop this treatment? I need to sit down, my legs are killing me."

"Well, first, let me ask you if you are ready to admit to the horrible abuse you have been giving me. There is no room for discussion until you admit to the beatings which I have endured."

"I have treated you the same as all men treat their wives," Frances answered.

"If I believed that lie, I would have to be totally stupid. If that were the case, you wouldn't be trying so hard to talk your way out of your present, very painful, situation."

Janice added to the tensions on her torture racks, and soon Frances was pleading again.

"OK, Janice, please call your police friend. I'll make a statement for her, but while we are waiting, please let me sit on a stool," Frances said.

Janice shut off the VCR and called the station to ask for Lois to come to the Stanley house. Lois said that she could be there in less than an hour.

"Now, hubby dear, how are we going to work out a comfortable relationship for ourselves?"

"What is it that you need, Janice?" Frances asked.

Janice replied, "Team work, a meeting of the minds which allows each of us an equal share in the work, the money, and in all decisions."

"What's the matter with my continuing to provide what you need, and you running the domestic side of things?" Frances asked.

Janice said, "Like you *really need* this expensive set of golf clubs, and that expensive mountain bike, which you never ride, but I can't have any decent bras and panties. The clothes which I have on right now are borrowed. No, Frances, this isn't a partnership of fifty-fifty, it is more like ninety-ten. Let's get this confession on record, then we can divorce. My friend's husband is a lawyer. He told me that I can keep this house and get money in a settlement, to support most it," Janice said.

Frances said, "Now wait just a little bit. I'll admit to the abusive treatment, and I guess that I am going to include you in our financial, emotional, and future planning decisions,

but no way in hell do I want to lose you in a divorce settlement. We can work out our differences and design a more equal future. I thought you had no interest in those sort of things, so I just took over our finances and planning.

"Why don't you release me, and we can start building a plan for our future?" Frances asked.

Janice said, "No way, Jose. Those are only words. I want to see action. That will largely depend on your statement to the police woman. Everything remains on hold for now.

"If and when we can strike a compatible and working arrangement, your actions will be watched. If I see the scales tilting to your side, then you had better always be awake when you are in this house."

Lois, the lady officer, arrived right on schedule. She was somewhat shook up by the man's present situation, but Janice had warned Lois that tough situations required tough treatment. As long as this man was not out of his head with pain, Lois should proceed with her interview.

Lois said, "I want an opening statement from Janice Stanley first to set the stage for my questions for Francis Stanley."

Janice pulled up the front of her jersey so that her bra was exposed, and she pointed out the fading black and blue bruises on her rib cage and belly. She said, "My name is Janice Stanley. The bruises being displayed are about a week old. If I hadn't recruited some help and made an attempt to stop this practice, within three months, I would have broken bones, and I would probably be dead within six months.

"This man is quite painfully restrained at this very moment. Some minor forms of torture are also being used to encourage the admission of his very brutal actions. Before this ordeal is over, this person may be required and forced to agree to live in the feminine world for an extended period of time."

Lois asked, "Francis Stanley, are you in too much pain to be able to answer my questions in an honest manner?"

"I'll survive if you don't take too long with this interview," Frances answered.

"Frances, please explain why you are dressed as a lady, abused and tortured," Lois requested.

"Well, the bruises on Janice's belly are part of the reason. She just couldn't take the beatings any longer," Frances answered.

Lois asked, "Why have you been beating your wife?"

"Frustration, I guess. The meals weren't to my liking, they were late or it was too little food for a hard-working hungry man. She didn't fight back, and that made me angry too. I wanted a good fight once in a while," Frances answered.

"Are you going to continue this wife beating, or is her show of opposition enough to curb your brutality?" Lois asked.

"This little spitfire has really done me in. From now on, I am sure that I will tread quite carefully when she is around. She has promised more punishment at more painful levels. I guess from what I am enduring right now, I can expect her to keep her promises and that

worries me quite a bit. I can respect a person who gets riled and doesn't hesitate to even the score," Frances answered.

Lois asked, "Janice can you believe this man. Do you dare to continue to live with him?"

"Yes, I believe him. Until I see him turning back into a monster again, I will continue to respect our marriage vows," Janice answered.

"How much longer will you continue to hold this man captive?" Lois asked.

"We haven't even begun to discuss the changes and agreements needed to correct the present inequities. He knows that he stays put until our agreements are all on paper. I will release one hand so that he can sign his name. If I am satisfied with our agreements, he gets his freedom back. I am prepared for at least a three-week standoff. I am sure that in that length of time Frances will be able to sufficiently evaluate his future and adjust his attitude.

"For the police record, the very next time that I have to calm this man down, Francis with an I will be changed to Frances with an E. She will dress for the part and be forced to live as a lady for at least a full month. Lois, there are two ladies in the upstairs bedroom who have played a courageous part in this takeover. With my help, we are going to form a national group to stamp out male brutality, and to educate females on their rights, how to enforce their equality, and where to get the guidance and assistance needed."

Lois said, "Thank you both for your honest answers. This recording will be filed at police headquarters in case you ever need it for evidence. I wish you both a happy future."

The little Spitfire had managed to turn a seemingly impossible situation around. It looked as though some respect for the female perspective had been generated in that male mind.

This man had been turned to jelly, and now was respecting every word his wife uttered. Victory!

BOUNTY HUNTER

By Jamie

The man that I have been trailing for over a month should be behind bars and his bounty money should be providing me an excellent grub stake. That bounty would buy me some huge steaks in some of the best eating places in this part of the west. But this guy is quite elusive, especially when he may not exactly be a man anymore

Did he have a female travel companion, or is *he* a *she* some of the time?

The Morse code signals from the posse to the prison at night via light flashes have me quite worried, because they believe that *I* am their escapee, and they are hell bent on seeing that I don't slip away to safer ground.

Disaster struck in a strange way two nights ago. A severe thunderstorm was threatening and me and Bessy, my horse, were crowded into a small overhang of rock off one of the mountain peaks. My saddle and packs were just in under the edge where they might be safe from the rain, covered over with my slicker for better protection. There were some powerful flashes of lightning; one of them struck right next to the slicker with a terrible loud crash, and lots of smoke. I was worried about my packs; as soon as I realized that the smoke was coming from the stuff in my packs, I rushed to rescue whatever was left.

One of the small settlements just to the west of this north-south oriented mountain range provided me with several changes of ladies clothing and all of the special accessories. As I hurried to uncover my smoking packs, I found that the one with my clothes was gone, leaving me in my underwear. The pack with the ladies wear was on the other side of my saddle, so it survived the lightning strike.

So now I was stuck dressing as a lady, trying to ride Bessy wearing long skirts and petticoats, trying to do so in a regulation man's saddle. The damned high-heeled cowgirl boots were a pain to walk in, especially in the rough mountain foothills.

Bounty Hunting can be rewarding, but it certainly has its challenges, like riding my horse dressed as a lady, and trying to act like one, while still trying to track Cactus Jack, who seems to be quite capable at becoming Cactus Jane.

If the foothills got any rougher, I would have to walk and lead Bessy. Bessy was a special horse, she seems to be able to read my mind, and would stay perfectly still to avoid discovery, if we were forced to hide out in these foothills. If that damn posse got any closer, Bessy and I would have to go into hiding until they gave up and returned to the prison in town, or find their man, which would cheat me out of that huge bounty.

Bounty hunting was great when the fugitives were cowboys wanted for horse theft or rustling a few steers, but now many were educated, on the lam for serious crimes like wife beating, murder, rape or bank robbery. The rustlers were a snap compared to the fugitives of today.

This Cactus Jack or Jane was a real challenge. I had been chased him for over a month. He went into a local brothel, and when I was about to nab him, all that I found in the room was a fully dressed hooker. When I turned my back on her to search for Jack, she slipped a noose around my neck. When I reached up to remove the noose, she raised my right foot and did a quick rodeo calf leg tie to my ankle. So there I stood, on one foot almost strangling. I couldn't reach the hook in the ceiling to release the rope, I couldn't raise my leg any further to get some slack. I finally got my knife out of my jeans and hacked the rope in half to get free.

In the meantime, the hooker, in reality Cactus Jane or Cactus Jack, sauntered over to the livery stable, retrieved his/her horse and quietly left town. So much for my expertise as a bounty



hunter, almost hanged in a whorehouse.

A little history about this fugitive, He was arrested while trying to rob a bank. He was transported to a small town just a one-day ride from the prison. As the deputy was ordering him into a cell for the night, Jack gave the deputy a solid blow to his solar plexus and locked him in his own jail cell. He walked out of the jail, stole a horse and quietly left town. The deputy still has a hollow belly and gasps for every breath.

The Law has me confused with Cactus Jack, because they are not aware that a bounty hunter was on his trail so soon, so every sign they find is assumed to have been caused by their escapee. I may have to abandon my pursuit of this bounty just to keep my fanny out of prison.

If the sheriffs find someone skulking around where they are searching for their man, presto, that someone will end up in jail. Who knows how long it will take for them to realize that they have the wrong man?

It had been four days now since I had dressed as a man, and this confounded foundation garment was becoming very uncomfortable. The combination of corsets and a saddle is a bad one. Trying to walk in that terrain in heels was even less desirable.

I had to find some secluded water hole, water Bessy, strip off those girls clothes and soak in the water for a while. How in the name of heaven do females manage to survive hot weather while wearing corsets?

Men are supposed to be rough and tough, but a properly laced corset could have any man screaming Uncle! in short order.

I remember when I was 16, my twin sister and I were the same size. Mom and Dad had gone away for a week during the school summer vacation and left the two of us in charge. Sheryl put up with my antics for the first two days, then she suggested that we have a contest; the loser would have to do everything that the winner ordered.

I thought about all of the things that I could make Sheryl do for me. Being quite lucky, plus very athletic, I knew that I could be that winner, and therefore the boss for the rest of that day.

Sheryl suggested four competitions, two “boy things” and two “girl things”.

1. Swim across the river with our ankles tied together, sit on the opposite bank, untie our ankles and tie each others wrists, and swim back across the river.

2. Prepare, cook and eat a bowl of our own vegetable soup

3. Ride to the store on our bikes, purchase some cloth and a pattern, return home and make a nightshirt, timed from the time we left the house till the time we modeled our garment.

4. Mow four passes on the front lawn from the house to the road wearing only our nightshirt.

Being a great swimmer and fast on my bike, I was assured of winning those two events. Making a soup would be quite easy, a few veggies, some noodles, and stuff. Sewing would be my weak one. I knew how to sew, but I had only sewed on a few buttons.

I agreed to the challenge; we went to our rooms and got into our bathing suits. At the edge of the river, we each tied our ankles together and crawled into the water. My powerful arm strokes had me across the river in short order, and I crawled out and untied my ankles. Sheryl arrived, untied her ankles and used that rope to tie my wrists. I had a little trouble trying to tie her wrists, but they were bound quite securely. We waded into the river side-by-side, and finally dove in to start our return trip across that fairly wide stream.

I tried to use both arms like a single paddle but it kept pulling my head under. Frantic kicking with my legs was awfully slow and I stopped to float at about halfway across, only to see Sheryl running for the house. She started making her soup and while it was cooking, she went and changed into shorts and a jersey. She had tied my wrists with her rope; for some reason, I couldn't get the knot undone. She said, "I untied my wrists, so you do the same, or make your soup while the knot is drying out."

Did you ever try to cook with your wrists tied tightly together? Well it ain't easy and it ain't fast.

Sheryl made and ate a bowl of her soup, and left for the store on her bike, while I was still trying to peel carrots and onions. I spilled the noodles all over the counter and had a terrible time trying to clean them all up.

The soup seemed to take forever to cook, it was lousy, the veggies and noodles weren't cooked, and Sheryl was back from the store, using the dinner table to cut out the pieces of cloth for her nightshirt.

I didn't dare cut the rope because she had stretched her rope out full-length to demonstrate that she didn't need to cut hers. I had to ask her to untie the rope, and she said, "If you admit defeat."

My wrists hurt, my soup was lousy and maybe she wouldn't be too demanding, so I admitted defeat. Sheryl suggested that I have a bowl of her soup, and it was very good. I asked her to untie my wrists, and she said, "In a few minutes. I want you to put your hand on the Bible and promise to do as you are told for the rest of the day." She went and got the Bible and had me swear to obey her commands.

She led me to her bedroom and had me turn my back to her and remove my swim trunks. Then she handed me a towel to dry myself and a pair of her panties.

I started to balk. She showed me the Bible and didn't say a word. I put on the panties with great misgivings and with great difficulty because of the bound wrists.

Sheryl produced the other piece of rope and bound my legs together just above my knees, then she easily untied my wrists. She pulled a corset from her bureau drawer, put it on me and then laced it up tight. By this time I was complaining because of the girls clothes, and about Sheryl not being fair. She asked what I had planned to have her do if I won the challenges. I answered that she would have to do all of the cooking and cleaning, mow the lawn and do my laundry. In the evening we would play Monopoly, even though she didn't like the game.

Sheryl said, "Well we are going to reverse that situation, and you will be Carol and I will receive all of that care and cleaning."

I was in shock. "You mean that I will have to be a girl for the rest of the day?"

"I won fair and square. You agreed that the winner would be the boss, so now shut up and pay up," Sheryl ordered.

She dressed me almost as her double, but she didn't wear a corset, and her legs were not bound. She placed high-heeled shoes on my feet, and fastened the little ankle straps so that the shoes would stay on. She released the rope around my legs. I had a terrible time trying to walk in those shoes, and almost fell down the stairs.

She sent me out to mow the lawn, in the middle of the afternoon, then called me in when I was almost half-done, handed me a menu and ordered me to prepare dinner.

I was sweating inside that corset. I was very uncomfortable and I wanted out. I asked if I could remove the corset and she ordered me to go get the Bible.

I placed my hand on that book and Sheryl said, "Repeat after me. I will follow Sheryl's orders until Mom and Dad get home."

I said, "No way, Jose."

Sheryl said, "Well, you remove your clothes. God help you if you rip off even one button."

The dress buttoned all the way up the back, and I couldn't reach enough to pull the dress off over my head. The corset was on over the panties, and I needed to go to the bathroom. The shoes were held by their little straps and the corset was laced so tight that I couldn't bend enough to release the buckles.

Sheryl had placed containers of water in the bra cups of the corset and the shoulder straps were starting to cut into the flesh and add to the discomfort of Carol's outfit. She had me trapped and she was watching me squirm.

She suggested that we ride our bikes to the movies. When we got home, we could discuss getting undressed. She also suggested that since I didn't make myself a nightshirt, if I managed to convince her to help me undress, I would have to wear one of her fancy nightgowns to bed.

"I couldn't sit through a movie show unless I can go to the bathroom first," I stated.

Sheryl said, "Its a deal."

"What do you mean by that remark?" I asked.

"We'll go to the bathroom, then to the movies," Sheryl answered

"Wait one minute, I can't ride my bike into town wearing one of your dresses," I said.

"Why not, you get lots more freedom of movement in a dress than you do in pants," Sheryl said.

"Every one knows my bike. Lots of people will recognize your dress, put it all together, and realize that Darrel is dressed to look like Sheryl. I will never be able to live that down," I said.

Sheryl said, "It will be dark when the movie is over. Won't it be romantic riding our bikes dressed in pretty dresses by moonlight?"

"Sheryl, you are impossible."

Yes brother, but I'm also the boss for the rest of today. Let's go into the bathroom and I'll help you go," Sheryl said.

It was imperative that I get relief and *soon*.

I said, "I can go by myself."

Sheryl answered, "OK suit yourself."

In the bathroom, I found that the leg openings of Sheryl's panties were real and I couldn't get access to my "drain attachment." The corset was laced up the back and there was no way to pull the front of the panties out from under it. The waistband of the panties went clear up to the waist and they were held securely by the corset. The dress and slip had to be removed to release the clasps of the corset in order to pull the panties down and out of the way.

I went back into the living room, admitted defeat and pleaded for prompt assistance.

The Bible appeared again, and Sheryl said, "Repeat after me. I will follow Sheryl's orders until Mom and Dad return home."

This time desperation forced me to repeat after her. "I will follow Sheryl's orders until Mom and Dad return home."

Sheryl added, "So help me, God," and I repeated that phrase also.

Sheryl said, "OK, let's go to the bathroom." When we got into the bathroom, she pulled up her dress and slip enough to reach up and slide her panties down. She sat on the toilet, and took forever draining her bladder. Listening to that liquid spilling into the toilet was sheer torture, and I was pleading for help.

Sheryl said, "Turn your back while I wipe myself and pull my panties back up in place."

"OK, but please hurry."

Sheryl said, "Your turn now. The panty leg openings are too tight on your thighs to allow any entrance or exit; that is to protect a girl's virginity. We have to release the lower part of that corset and pull the panties down. You will have to lean over, face down, on the living room table, and I will unlace enough of the corset to free the panties."

When she had them pulled down, I expected her to help me into the bathroom, but instead she stuck my penis into a preserve jar and said, "OK, let it flow."

"I can't go with you watching," I said.

"You just watched *me* go," Sheryl said.

"Either you go now, or I'll put your clothes back in place and you can soon wet your panties," Sheryl ordered.

What male pride remained quickly vanished, when she started to pull the panties back up in place, and I nearly filled that glass jar.

"Now up off that table, straighten out your dress and slip, get into the kitchen and prepare a real good meal for us, so that we can get to the movie on time. Tonight is the midnight three-hour romance special."

"Midnight? Three hours?"

"That's right, Sister Carol" It's five now, seven hours before the movie starts and about eleven hours before we get home again." Sheryl answered, then added, "If you need help, it will extend the control time until school starts, five weeks from now. Go get dinner started. I can entertain you while you work with descriptions of just how I can control you, or for that matter, any male," Sheryl said.

"Turn the flame up under that pot of stew, or it will never cook," Sheryl ordered.

"Carol" answered, "It is all-of-the-way on."

Sheryl said, "Oh damn, I forgot that I cut down the gas flow at the tank valve when I left to go to the store, to make your soup cook real slow. You had better go out and turn the valve open again."

"Sheryl, You cheated. I object. Release me from my promise right now!"

"Hey Brother, don't blow a gasket. Do you really believe that you are in any position to be demanding? Didn't you just promise to do as I order?"

"Yes I did, but you were cheating to win the contest, and that should nullify any agreement that I have made. Besides I can't go into town wearing one of your dresses."

"I do it every day, Brother Darrel," Sheryl said. "Besides, I have had just about enough of your balking and refusing to follow orders. Cook our dinner, then do the dishes, then we will get ready to ride our bikes into town for that movie. One more objection and you will find yourself kissing one of the clothesline posts in the backyard, while I go to the movie by myself."

I worked silently and efficiently to prepare our meal, even went outside and opened that gas valve. While doing the dishes, the need to go to the bathroom began to manifest itself again, and I worried about having to tell Sheryl about my problem. Finally, near tears from trying to hold back the flow, I had to tell her about my problem.

"Just like a young puppy who's got to go all of the time," Sheryl said. "What kind of a bargain can you offer, to get me to assist you again?"

"What do you mean? You are the one that put these damn girls clothes on me, so I feel that it is your responsibility to take care of the problem that you created. We would not be having this type of conversation if I was back to being Darrel, So since you insist on me being Carol, then do *your* part."

"Carol, you were supposed to be able to wait till about four AM. Here it is not even seven PM and you want to handle your little appendage again. Offer something worthwhile, come to the movies with me without going first, or go out back and I'll tie you to the clothesline post for the night," Sheryl offered.

"What do I have to offer that you would accept?"

"Offer to be my permanent slave," Sheryl suggested.

"What would I have to do?" I asked.

"Everything that I demand, or you will suffer," was her answer.

"Sheryl, I am getting pains from holding so much liquid, can't we discuss this afterwards?" I pleaded.

Sheryl laughed and said, "Take your time, Darrell. I have to go too, so I'll go first. Maybe while I am enjoying the relief, you will come to some kind of decision concerning slavery or suffer even more kidney pain."

She had me cornered. I could rip or cut the leg band of the panties that I had on and gain access to my "little appendage" as she called it, but that seemed to call for more strength than I could muster by myself.

When she returned, I agreed to be her permanent slave, and she again helped me drain my bladder. She stated that there was no "special" movie tonight. "Us Girls" were going to stay at home, and learn to be twin sisters.

She loved to be the teacher and was a real task master where it involved feminine perfection. I was relieved of that damned corset, but I had to sleep on the spare bed in her bedroom in one of her pairs of panties and a nightgown.

The "Permanent Slave" assignments meant keeping her room clean and neat and perfect, doing her laundry whenever Mom and Dad were away and performing a lot of seamstress work for her, usually in the middle of the night, of course while dressed in one of her nighties.

When it came time for our parents to return home, she had me fix up a secret little room in the attic. She locked me inside and told our parents that I was spending four days with my friend across town. I never saw daylight for four full days and nights. Then I guess Mom was getting worried about not hearing a word from her son Darrell. Suddenly I was allowed to return home from my buddy's. (In other words, Sheryl unlocked that door and told me to hurry down to my room, get dressed as Darrell and tell Mom that I was home.)

In the spring, when we graduated from High School, both with high honors, Dad and Mom decided to send us to Boston if her sister would welcome us.

Our Aunt Susan, Mom's sister, was pleased to have us come to spend some time with her as her guests. She was ten years younger than Mom, and still single.

I had to help Dad build a new chicken coop, so Sheryl offered to do all of the packing for our month in Boston. Mom gave Sheryl money to purchase clothing for us to wear in the big sophisticated city back East. My usual denims would be quite out of place in Boston.

Sheryl brought home clothes and packed our suit cases and kept them in her room. I never got to see just what she had selected for me to wear.

Mom and Dad took us to the Railroad Station, and in less than two days we were in Boston, on the East Coast. I got my first look at an ocean and my first chance to swim in salt water.

Aunt Susan was very nice to us, but very strict with me. It seemed that she didn't like men; she very quickly insisted that while I was staying in her house, I would have to live as Carol, not Darrell. Sheryl and Susan had sent a couple letters to each other and that had prompted Sheryl to buy and pack only girl clothes for me to wear. Susan was delighted when she learned that the outfit that I had traveled in was my only male clothing. She made me remove them and she took them down to the cellar and burned them in the huge coal furnace.

I now had two teachers, and they were constantly teaching me to be Carol. They had a fake hairpiece which they added to my slightly long hair. They pulled strands of my hair through the fall, and managed to braid, in tiny braids that wouldn't show, some of my hair with some of the fake hair. Since I couldn't find the braid ends, I couldn't remove my now long hairstyle.

They bought theatrical-type long fake finger nails, had them glued on and made me care for them every day. They plucked my male brows and made me hot wax any bare body areas starting to grow hair.

I lived as Carol with Susan and Sheryl for that whole month and when we returned home, I traveled almost all of the way home as Carol, before Sheryl would allow me to change my outer clothing to recreate Darrell. We removed the hairpiece, fake boobs and long nails, and she gave me a pair of pants and shirt very much like the ones that I had worn to Boston. They covered the lingerie which she insisted that I must still wear till bedtime at home.

For about four years, I spent about one third of my bedtime locked in that little room up in the attic. Gradually and thankfully, Sheryl became interested in boyfriends and didn't need a "twin sister" anymore.

Now twelve years later, I was searching for a fugitive in order to collect a huge cash reward, doing so posing as a lady. I was trying to ride in a regular saddle while dressed in a long skirt, petticoat, corset and high-heeled lady's cowboy boots.

It could be comical to watch me mount a horse and saddle; the bystander would get quite a display of lingerie. It certainly isn't comical when you are that "cowgirl" and the clothes you are wearing are your only ones.

The posse is somewhere West of my present location, and they seem to be moving north. There is a high ridge of mountains just to the South and if I can cross that ridge through some pass, I can head South and away from the posse. This will allow me to try to find signs of Cactus Jack, who I believe is following that same logic.

If I can capture him, I will "borrow" some of his extra duds until I can get somewhere to get a new set of clothes.

Old Bessy is a very careful horse. Point her in a general direction and she will get you there safely. She even seems to know when you are trying to be quiet, trailing close, and when it is alright to seek out nearby riders' campfires, and she'll take you close enough for you to observe just who is nearby.

You can concentrate on the signs along the way, while Bessy picks her way with her uncanny sense of direction and her even greater sense of smell to be able to tell the differ-

ence between the horse you are tracking just ahead, and the one that traversed this same direction yesterday.

Bessy worked her way up the incline. Soon it began to level off, then the terrain began to drop off.

The trip down from the pass was long, difficult, hot and very tiring, but eventually Bessy was heading South parallel with that long range of tall mountains. Staying in the edge of the tree line, we were afforded some shade and protection from anyone perched up on a high ledge.

We came upon a small stream, and there was evidence that other riders or wild animals had forded the stream here, and had stopped to take a drink.

Bessy stopped for a drink, then crossed the stream and headed South again. I decided to go upstream a ways, to find a place to bathe. Traveling within sight of the water, but not right at its bank, might prevent others from picking up my trail, possibly guessing my destination.

About a mile upstream, right near where the steep rise of the mountain began, there was a bend in the stream, and a little section of grassy shoreline along one side. There were no signs of humans or shod horses, just the usual wild animal tracks where they come down to drink.

The sun this time of day shines on that grassy area, right next to a grove of small saplings. It makes a great place to enjoy a little peace and quiet. There is an outcropping of rock for protection from rain and intruders; the limbs of the saplings make a good place to dry the freshly-washed girls clothes I have been wearing.

I can have a small fire as the smoke will drift slowly up through the trees and never be seen. Here was my place to bathe and sleep for the night.

It doesn't rain much this time of the year, so the clothing should be dry by the time it begins to get dark. An early start in the morning seems quite possible.

Bessy is one of the main reasons I have been so successful as a bounty hunter. She is as good as a bloodhound, and seldom misses a clue or a scent.

Dismounting near the outcropping of rocks, I pull off my pack and saddle and send Bessy for a drink. Then I begin to strip off the girl's outfit I have been forced to wear for almost a week. It really isn't *that* embarrassing, I guess, because I am traveling alone and trying to track a fugitive, but it sure is quite uncomfortable to have to wear these clothes with their corset foundation and try to ride man-style in a saddle. As I said before, corsets and saddles don't mix. They fight, and I have been the victim of that fighting.

Bessy is grazing on some of that lush grass along the stream bank. She never needs to be hobbled. I told her once, "You stay close by and I won't hobble you." I really believe that she understood.

Oh, what a relief to get out of that damn corset! I have chafed spots in places I didn't even think that the damn thing touched.

Jesus this water is cold! It must come all the way down from those white caps visible on the high peaks. The stream bed is smooth, sandy and deep enough to swim in. It is quite refreshing after the confinement of the clothes and the long days on the trail.

The clothes are thoroughly washed, and hung on branches to dry. I enjoyed a good soak in that nice clean water, then got out on the bank and let the sun dry me off. I put on my slicker, the only piece of male clothing that escaped that bolt of lightning.

There is still enough grub to last about a week, and even if my pan is misshapen from the lightning strike, it can still serve to cook up some beans to go with my beef jerky. This is such a quiet and secluded area, that I will be able to sleep safely tonight. If Bessy senses danger, she will nudge me awake in time to be prepared for an intruder.

The mountain air is way too cool for sleeping in the raw and since my only clothing was girls clothing, I have to sleep in one of the dresses and a pair of bloomers. I've covered up by placing my slicker on the ground, laying on one half and wrapping the other half over me as a sort of blanket.

I have my hunting knife and rifle right beside me, and Bessy is faithfully standing guard. She filled her belly with plenty of fresh green grass, then she laid down and rolled over several times to scratch her back, but now she was on duty as my night watchman.

I went to bed when it got dark, doused the campfire, and was instantly asleep. I awoke just as it was beginning to get light. I had to put on that damn corset which was still a little damp and very cold from the night air. It may be damp and cold but at least it's clean. The rest of Carol's outfit is dry which helped to eliminate the negative of a damp foundation garment.

Bessy was waiting beside the saddle and pack, and we were soon on our way back to that stream crossing. She walked in a small circle with her head down when we got to the crossing, then took off at a fast walk in the southerly direction. She was moving as if she were headed home for a big bucket of oats.

At noon, we rested for a bit, got water from another mountain stream, then we were on the trail again. We arrived at a small settlement. Bessy was spooked as if she had seen a ghost, or some horny stallion.

I gave Bessy free rein, she circled around the buildings and finally zeroed in on a lone horse hitched, still saddled, behind a house with a local "reputation." It seemed that Cactus Jack wanted entertainment, or Cactus Jane was *providing* a special type of service. There were no high-heeled boot tracks in the dust near the horse, so it was safe to assume it was Jack inside.

Leaving Bessy to wait for me, I went inside very quietly (leaving high-heeled boot prints in the dust in the yard).

The ladies in the main room were surprised to see another "female" enter. I signaled for quiet and proceeded as quietly as possible up to the second floor bedrooms. There were lights behind three of the six doors. Two of them were absolutely silent. Behind the third one was very noisy. A female was apparently being totally satisfied by her partner's efforts.

The door was shut but not locked. There was Cactus Jack in the altogether, riding high wide and handsome. When I slipped my rifle out of the folds of the big skirt I was wearing, all activity ceased. The silence was even noticed downstairs.

I ordered him off the bed, slipped a noose around his neck, over the closet door and tied it to the doorknob on the other side of that door. He was backed up to that door, almost strangling, totally helpless. I sent the woman packing, removed all of Carol's clothing, picked up Cactus Jack's discarded outfit and put it on.

I slacked off on the rope a little bit, handed the corset to Jack, who would now be called Cactus Jane. Once "Jane" was dressed, the rope was released from the doorknob, used to securely bind her hands behind her back, while the noose remained around her neck. The rope was passed between her legs, pulled up snugly, and tied to her waist. The dress and petticoats were in serious disarray, but I didn't care, her carcass was worth \$10,000. I had it and was not about to lose it.

"Jane" was marched downstairs, out to Jack's horse, assisted "her" in getting mounted, then the rope was secured to the saddle horn, from there to the horses' bridle and finally to the horn on my saddle.

We quietly left town, under the cover of darkness. About five miles out, we stopped for the night. Jane was released from her saddle, hobbled at the ankles and above the knees, her hands were freed. Then the rope was thrown up over a large tree limb and secured so tight that she was almost on tip toes to keep from being strangled. She could manage to drain her bladder, but she certainly was going to have to stand up all night.

Her horse was watered and hobbled, Jane got a drink of water, and I turned in for the night. Tomorrow, we would continue to head towards the prison, about a day and a half away. There I would collect that huge reward.

Hopefully, if we were accosted by that posse, they would be able to recognize Jane as Cactus Jack, and assist in bringing him/her the rest of the way to the prison. Jane was crying when Bessy woke me up in the morning. I tied her hands behind her, released that hangman's noose, and let her lay down while I cooked some bacon and beans for breakfast. I had to wake her up for breakfast; I fashioned a wrist hobble so that she could eat. I released the leg bonds but left the ankle one in place. I allowed her a brief toilet break. Then I secured her to the saddle again and we were off, headed for the prison.

At noon, we arrived at that nice little pool again. With a half hitch added to the noose so that it could not be slipped open, and the other end tied about twelve feet up in a tree, I suggested that my prisoner could strip and take a dip in the nice pool of water. Cactus Jane took advantage of that offer, probably to get out of the vice-like grip of that foundation garment. Dressed in her corset and bloomers, she accepted a plate of beans and jerky for lunch.

I kept all of my stuff just out of reach of her limited circle. I finally stood on Bessy's back again to release that rope from the limb, threaded the long rope through the dress, and let Jane put the dress on again. We traveled for several more hours. Just before dark we stopped at the base of a cliff.

It was starting to rain a little and the cliff would provide some decent protection. I allowed Jane to lie down for the night but with her wrists bound to her thighs and the noose

secured to a small tree growing out of a crevice in the wall about ten feet above us. "Her" ankles were bound again as well.

She still was silent and sullen and, I'm sure, ever watchful for a chance to do me in or make a last ditch effort for freedom. Bessy stood between us to help protect me from my prisoner, and I went to sleep.

In the morning, the rain had stopped; it looked like it would be very hot as indicated by the brilliant red sunrise. We headed out early because I was hoping to get to the prison around noon.

Delivering Cactus Jack, or should I say Cactus Jane, to the lawmen and receiving that huge cash bounty, was a delightful experience. That posse arrived just after we did; they had, of course, been unsuccessful.

I treated Bessy to an all-she-could-eat meal of oats, had a bath at a fancy hotel, and found a lovely lady to share my bed for the night. It was a most pleasant experience to help her remove her corset, and be able to enjoy the beautiful treasures concealed underneath it.

Corsets *can* be beautiful at times.

###