



Reluctant Press

Lady Take Control

By Jamie



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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LADY TAKE CONTROL

By Jamie

Part One

In a quiet little New England town, Pete and Laura Greene owned a very secluded home. It was situated at the end of a long wooded driveway. Pete was a habitual gambler, not to the point of poverty, but born to take a bet. Laura was upset by the absurdity of many of the wagers that Pete would make and was determined to break this habit before it cost them their nice little home in the country.

Laura had spent lots of time at the library, reading about ways to break a person's desire to gamble. Some of the books suggested things like hypnotism, power of suggestion, even shock treatments, to erase the compulsion to gamble. As she studied the different possibilities she became aware of the many other shortcomings of her spouse and she discussed them with her sister. They were determined to find a solution to this situation.

One book dealt with placing the wife or female partner in charge, It was titled "Lady Take Control". It recommended setting up a scenario so complex and a wager so tempting, that the gambling husband would walk right into the trap with both eyes wide open. The book went into lots of detail on how to set a trap, bait it and how to follow up with hundreds of ways to place and keep the gambler in bondage, if necessary. How to humiliate, torment and frustrate that person, until the gambler was willing to make any promises or agreements required, to get free of the trap he had sprung on himself.

This book also provided recommendations for wagers, which would set the gambler free by winning or lengthen the sentence by losing the bet, which could be used to extend the confinement and humiliation.

Pete was a very faithful worker and just when Laura wanted to test out the theories of that special book, his Company ordered him to take five weeks off, to use up his vacation time. Pete was expecting a check and wasn't planning on taking any vacation time. He was a productive worker, always available to handle tough assignments. Pete had told Laura that the company was about to write that big check and he was watching for that special wager to bet it on. Actually, Laura met with Peter's boss and convinced him to give Pete the time off and she promised that he would be an even better worker when he returned.

Laura seized this opportunity to set up the initial wager for Pete. She decided that the bet should be on a Saturday afternoon baseball game, the one needed to place the local team into the World Series. She was trying to decide just how she could be suc-

cessful, when the local television news broadcast came to her rescue. Fate played into her hands, when the noon news broadcast announced that the starting pitcher had been arrested for DWI. He was jailed for resisting arrest and refusing to cooperate with an officer. The arrest occurred on the evening, before the big Saturday afternoon game. The pitcher's court appearance was scheduled for Monday morning.

The team was a shoo-in to take the series in the first four games (if they got the chance by winning this last regular season game.) When Laura proposed a wager that the team would lose and never get into the series. Pete accepted the bait and claimed that they would win their next five games and take the series in a shutout.

Laura suggested that they wager on the outcome of today's game only. The loser had to become a slave for a full week. This never phased Pete, because his favorite pitcher was going to pitch a "no Hitter" in the game that afternoon. As they shook hands on that bet, Laura cautioned that being a slave could be a tough assignment. Pete just laughed and said that Laura might regret being his slave. She wondered just what she would have had to do for him and she expected that it would be more sex and more servitude.

Pete had been on the golf course and arrived home just in time to grab a bite to eat and get situated on the couch to watch the ball game; he was not yet aware of the loss of the ace pitcher. In the first inning the announcer released the news about the arrest of the home team's pitcher. Pete picked up on that news and accused Laura of cheating. When the replacement pitcher was announced, Pete relaxed and regained his confidence in the outcome of the game. He started suggesting things which Laura would have to do for her week of slavery and she felt that her guess had been right on the money.

In the second inning, the opposition had a field day which the home team was unable to match. When the game was over and Laura was the victor, Pete offered to start his sentence. He expected that he would have to do a few dishes, some laundry and most likely, clean the house. After a few hours, Laura would tire of this routine and things would return to normal.

Laura went to the hutch in the dining room, pulled out a grocery bag and set it on the coffee table in the family room. She instructed Pete to strip to the waist and waited until he had done so. She pulled an item, which resembled a dog collar, from the bag, placed it around his neck and secured it in place with a padlock.

Jeff laughed and got down on his knees and pretended to sit up, beg and bark. A leash was attached to the collar and while Pete was clowning around, Laura pulled on the leash and tipped Pete over on his back. She quickly tied the leash to the center leg of the sofa and moved around to tie his shoe laces together. Pete was still laughing and enjoying this newfound assertiveness from his normally passive wife. Laura grabbed two short lengths of rope, with loops formed on one end and slipped a noose onto each of his wrists. She stood up, pulled the rope and tightened the loop around his wrists. Then she slipped the other end of the rope through the bale of the padlock on the collar. She pulled his hands up close to his throat and secured them to the collar.

Pete was completely helpless now and he began to realize that Laura was hell-bent to keep him as her slave maybe for the whole week. He was on vacation and he didn't

want to waste any of it. He was planning to go to Sam's Club on Monday and purchase enough beer and cigarettes, for his whole five-week vacation.

Laura had to work for the first two weeks, then they both would be on vacation for three weeks. They could go away in their Motor Home, Laura could do the driving, Pete could relax, smoke, drink beer and watch sports on the built-in television.

Laura had other plans and she shared them with Pete. He had a huge beer belly, he always reeked of tobacco smoke and stale beer. She planned on forcing him to give up both of those bad habits and his gambling as well. She would offer him his freedom, if he agreed to her terms. If he refused, then he would serve out his week as her slave. The next four weeks would be dealt with next weekend, just before the end of his week of slavery. Oh by the way, his other appetite would also be curbed; slaves did not have sex with their mistresses, so that his every night ritual would get altered abruptly.

Pete was lying on the living room floor, secured to the leg of the sofa. He lost his smile, his laughter, his sense of humor and finally his temper, as he listened to Laura explain about all of the changes for this next week. When she finished the initial description, Pete was fighting mad and struggling to get free.

Laura let him work himself into a sweat and a rage and she went to the kitchen and filled a glass with ice water from the fridge. She offered it to Pete. By this time he was thirsty and wanted a drink, but he wanted a cold beer and demanded one.

Laura told him that there was only one beer left and that he could have it when he had met all of her demands.

Pete was accustomed to having his own way and decided to order her to release him, chill that beer and serve it to him in his favorite spot, the hammock in the back yard. Also, while the beer was cooling, she whipped up a little lunch.

Laura told Pete that she was in charge for the week and he would be doing most all of the house work while she relaxed and enjoyed being waited on. "Tomorrow is Sunday and we will be going to Church, then the slave will prepare dinner and serve it on the patio." The remainder of this Saturday evening would be spent getting Pete accustomed to the slave routine.

Pete tried to bully Laura verbally and she poured the whole glass of ice water on his face and bare chest and walked out of the room. He yelled and screamed for about fifteen minutes, then ran out of breath and he had to stop to catch his breath again.

Laura returned after Pete had quieted down and asked if he would accept her rules, be her slave and save a little of his dignity.

Pete said that this slave bullshit had gone far enough. There was no need for all of this playacting. If she wanted him to cut down on beer and butts, he would. He could lose a little weight, if that would appease her, but no way could a man be a slave.

Laura answered that there was going to be a slave for the week and since he was her prisoner, he was the likely candidate. She told him that he had just quit smoking, drinking beer and being boss. He would have to lose thirty-five pounds and his "I am Lord and Master" attitude. Within twenty-four hours he would be going out of his

mind for food, cigarettes, beer, sex and freedom, plus one more problem, which would be presented in the morning.

Laura had spent hours studying the book from the library, several weeks preparing for this situation and she was ready to proceed. She had hired a contractor for some special tasks. The work was done while Pete was out of the house and none of his handy work was really noticeable.

She released Pete from the leg of the sofa. He had broken the shoestrings and he walked with only one shoe on. They went to the guest bedroom. In this room, there was a standard full sized bed and a set of built in bunk beds, which their boys had used when they were growing up.

The top bunk was accessible by a ladder positioned near the foot of the bunk. Laura urged Pete to sit on the lower bunk and told him that he would spend the night in this room. His reaction was defiance, he started to order her around again and she slapped his face so hard that he fell back across the bunk.

Laura produced a roll of adhesive tape, taped his ankles together, shut off the light and walked out. About an hour later, she returned, to find Pete lying lengthwise on the bunk. He started begging to be released, he needed to go to the bathroom, he was starving and he was willing to bargain.

Laura told him that slaves had no privileges, as her slave, he must do exactly as she ordered. If he needed to go to the bathroom, then he had better follow instructions; if he was desperate, he had better plan on one hundred percent cooperation, or he would face another one-hour delay.

Pete agreed to do as he was told. She removed the tape from his ankles and had him stand on two stacks of books and face the top bunk. His hands were released from the collar and the leash was tied to the side rail of the top bunk. The rope, which was attached to his right wrist, was tied to the headboard bunk post. The rope on the left wrist was tied to the other bunk bed post and this stretched his arms out straight. She told him to step down off the stacks of books and stand on the floor. He found that he would almost hang himself by doing as she instructed and stayed on the book piles.

Laura released his belt, zipper and pants fly button, slid his trousers and Jockey shorts down to his ankles and had him raise one foot at a time, as she removed the clothing and his socks. She produced a hospital-type urinal and held it while he relieved the pressure in his bladder. The installation of adult Pampers and plastic panties had him screaming again, so Laura shut off the light, walked out again and left him in the dark. Twenty minutes later she returned, to find Pete crying like a child. The bondage and Pampers were a terrible blow to his male pride. His left hand was released and taped to his bare other elbow, then the right one was done the same way. The leash was released from the bed rail and Pete could step down from his perch on the stacks of books.

Laura invited him to come to the family room, watch a video tape and have a light snack before bedtime.

Pete was very hungry and he needed a smoke, in fact if his hands had been free, they would have been shaking.

The video was a special one, which Laura had rented, acting out a wife's domination of her macho husband. After the first few minutes of the tape, Pete told her that he didn't want to watch any more of it, because it was all fake, no woman could overpower a strong and healthy man.

Laura pointed out the overweight athletically-built man sitting on the sofa and said, "Bull, you will watch this or go to bed hungry. You will watch this to get a few ideas of what this coming week will be like. You will have to imagine yourself in worse situations, deprived of the chance to smoke and eat junk food. You will, at the end of a week's servitude, be thinner, lighter, very horny and well on your way to becoming a nonsmoker."

Laura lectured Pete about his habits, "How any man can let himself go, fall victim to so many bad habits, is more than I can understand. Going to bed with you, is best described as sleeping next to a beached whale, which smells like stale beer and cigarette smoke. Then to have that damned whale demand sex is really revolting and enough to make you want to vomit."

The video was started again, only this time the characters actually had the faces of Laura and Pete. For a full half-hour, they watched Laura put Pete through all kinds of situations. He was taken for a ride in a car, left seated in it because the seat belt would not release. He walked into a small men's room. There was no handle on the inside and he was trapped. He went for a swim and his suit dissolved, leaving him nude. He drank a beer and it gave him the runs. He found a pack of cigarettes, started to smoke one and it made him vomit. He wanted sex with Laura and just as he was hanging up his trousers in the closet, she pushed him in and locked the door. He slept on the closet floor, in the nude, for the night.

When the video was over, Laura asked if he was hungry and he answered that he was starved. She went to the kitchen and returned with a Slim Fast drink and some Rye Krisp crackers with a fat-free topping. She held the drink for him and fed him half of the crackers, while she ate the rest.

Pete was led back to the guest room, helped up the ladder to the top bunk and covered up. Laura removed the ladder, put out the light and bid Pete pleasant dreams.

Pete was thoroughly humiliated, a real macho man rendered totally helpless, dressed in Pampers and waterproof panties. He wondered what additional punishment would be added in the morning. He also wondered if he would actually be forced into slavery for the whole week and if so, how he would be able to cope with it. Pete had anticipated a few simple household chores; Laura's actions suggested that he had definitely underestimated her motives and actions. Giving up a few beers would be bad enough, but no sex or smokes was out of the question. If he had to spend his nights helplessly bound and wearing Pampers and rubber pants, then sex would not be possible and masturbation would be ruled out as well.

When he learned of having the five weeks off, he planned on spending the first two at their hunting cabin and the final three with Laura, because that was her vacation.

Now the first week was obviously going to be lost to slavery, but he would take charge of their activities for the remaining four weeks.

It took hours for Pete to fall asleep and soon he was awake again because he had to go to the bathroom. His first decision was to get out of bed and go to the bathroom, then he realized that he couldn't get out of bed because the ladder was gone. Then he startled himself by realizing that he couldn't get the Pampers off while his hands were taped to his elbows. He fought the need to empty his bladder for over an hour, finally had to relieve the pressure and he wet his disposable diapers.

Morning finally arrived and Pete was ready for action, any kind of action; he had been lying awake since five o'clock, wanting food, a smoke and oh yes, his panties changed. By eight, he was desperate, because he didn't want to mess his pants. He wanted to scream for Laura, to demand attention, but he was afraid that such action would have a reverse effect and that she might make him wait even longer for her attention. He had never been afraid to boss her around, but now, after only about fifteen hours as her slave or prisoner, he was scared of what else she might force him to do.

Laura had mentioned going to church. Well Pete had gone to church to get married and would gladly go today, because it would get him out of these bonds and maybe the diapers and plastic panties. Rest assured, he would never let her lock that collar around his neck again.

Where had she gotten the courage to take control of a man with over twice her strength? Who was coaching her and what other tricks did she still have up her sleeve?

Laura opened the bedroom door at exactly nine o'clock. Pete could tell time by listening to their dining room clock with its "Westminster Chimes". He had never really heard them before, but now they were very important. Laura bid Pete a good morning and offered to help him climb down from the top bunk.

The ladder was put back in place, Pete managed to get his feet over the edge and aimed at the ladder. Laura coached him, but it became apparent that he could slide right off onto the floor, unless he had one of his hands to hold on to the ladder, or the bunk. Laura had Pete wait while she went after something to cut the adhesive tape on his hands and elbows. She returned and attached a small leather strap to his right wrist, then she cut the tape. She ordered him to raise that wrist up near his neck and attached the other end of that strap to the collar still locked around his neck. Now Pete had some use of that arm and she instructed him to grasp the top of the ladder, then lower himself over the edge of the bunk until his feet touched the ladder rungs.

Finally he was on the floor and anxious to get out of his very messy diaper. How could she make him so dependent on her? How was he going to be able to get cleaned up? How could she remain in control, while he bathed and while they were in church?

The answers were soon revealed. Laura produced a length of yellow plastic chain, which looked like a logging chain, except that it was made out of plastic. Pete was sure that he could snap it with a good hard pull. One end was attached to his collar, then she allowed about three feet of slack, made a wrap around his right wrist and pad-locked it in place. She locked the chain to his left wrist. Finally the other end of the chain was locked to the collar.

She cut the tape on his left hand and elbow and told him to go get cleaned up and take a nice hot bath.

Pete was anxious to get out of that messy diaper, to drain his bladder again and he rushed to the bathroom. He planned on breaking that flimsy plastic chain and getting free of this bondage. He knew that, if he could get free, that this bondage on Laura would keep her helpless. He was damn sure going to pay her back.

His first task was to remove the plastic panties and messy Pampers. That combination was very demoralizing. He managed to remove the diaper and place it in the zip lock bag, which Laura had provided. He wiped himself off with toilet paper and climbed into the prepared bath water. As soon as he was clean, he would break free. He felt that he could rip the chain links apart with his bare hands.

When he was out of the tub and dried off, he tried spreading his arms apart to break the chain between his wrists, but the chain was too long and his arms were spread so far apart, that the loops around his wrists slid up and hurt his forearms. He decided to break the sections of chain attached to the collar, then work on the one between his wrists.

He gave a good pull on the right chain, but again the wrist loop slid up his arm. He grasped the chain in both hands and started to pull it away from the collar. Surprise, Pete! The collar resisted effectively by tightening up on his throat and shutting off his air supply. Wow! He decided that he had better not try *that* again. He would have to break the chain by pulling it apart with his hands. There was enough slack for him to get a good grip with both hands. He gave a tremendous pull and the chain slipped right through his hands. Why did that happen? He examined the links very closely and found that the links were Teflon coated and Teflon is an extremely slippery material.

Pete had to admit defeat; he didn't want to choke himself and he couldn't hold the slippery chain to break it, so he went to the kitchen, with a towel wrapped around his torso, as Laura had instructed.

Laura had prepared a great breakfast, it smelled wonderful and his stomach was growling from hunger.

Pete sat down at his usual place and Laura served him a cup of black coffee. Pete demanded cream and sugar. Laura obediently added what looked like cream and sugar. Pete approved and liked his coffee. Laura had bacon, eggs and home fries on her plate, but she served Pete another can of Slim Fast. He started to complain and she warned him to think twice, because he was not free and could not get free. She told him that she could quickly shut off his air supply, so he had better accept what she offered him for food to eat, before she let him go hungry. She told him that his weight last night was two hundred and fifteen pounds and that when it got down to one hundred and eighty, she would increase his food intake. In the meantime, Pete should work with her, in order to reach his goal real soon and survive this slavery peacefully.

Laura had him finish his nutrition drink and his coffee, then insisted that he clean up the breakfast mess. Pete felt that this would be a great opportunity to swipe food from the refrigerator and the pantry. Surprise again, Pete! The refrigerator and the

pantry doors now had locks. He cleaned up the dishes and put them away, then told Laura that he was going to put on some pants. She told him to go ahead.

When he opened his underwear drawer, it looked as if Laura had moved her clothing into his space. He went over and checked the bureau where she usually kept her unmentionables and found more of the same things. He called to Laura and she immediately appeared in their bedroom doorway with a big smile on her face and asked Pete what was wrong. Pete pulled his underwear drawer open again, held up a pair of lacy panties and a bra and asked why they were in that drawer.

Laura told him that a sweet lady named "Peg" was going to go to church with her and that the clothing in his bureau and his closet were for "Peg" to wear.

Pete was furious, No way was he going to dress as a girl. No way was he going to be "Peg". No more of this, this bull shit was going to stop. He told Laura that she had gone too far, that one harmless bet was not serious enough to warrant all of this abuse.

He sat on his bed, his hands shaking. He was almost crying and he looked totally frustrated. He asked for a cigarette, saying that he needed one to calm his nerves.

Laura brought him a small bottle and suggested that he smell the contents and he did. The smell was quite pleasant, so he took a second whiff, then a third one, because he was curious enough to want to identify the aroma. Suddenly he was sleepy, he was relaxed and wanted a nap. He rationalized that a nap would be better than going to church dressed as "Peg". He leaned back across the bed and fell asleep, so Laura left him there.

He woke up about eleven, went to the bathroom, then went to find Laura to see if he could be released from his week of slavery. He was prepared to bargain very seriously to get out of his agreement. He found her watching a morning television show. He hesitated to get her upset by shutting it off, or asking her to let him talk for a few minutes, so he sat quietly and waited for the show to end.

Pete was still confined by the plastic chains, collar and padlocks and covered by the wraparound bath towel and he wanted to get free, then get dressed. When the show ended at eleven-thirty, Laura shut off the TV and she asked Pete if he had enjoyed his nap. She commented that she didn't understand the nap so soon after his long night in bed. She asked if Pete had slept well last night. Pete told her that he had been awake most of the night, for many reasons; he couldn't cover himself up because his hands were bound to his elbows. He was extremely upset to be wearing baby clothing; he fought to hold his urine for a long time before he had to release it. He wet his diaper and finally a bowel movement started and he could not stop that either. His night of sleep was more of a nightmare.

Pete asked if Laura would consider releasing him from the week of slavery and Laura laughed at him. Her answer was that he could be considered for release as soon as his weight reached one hundred and eighty pounds. If his attitude indicated a sincere desire to be cooperative, she might decide to experiment with a less restrictive life style for Peg. In the meantime, Peg should be cooperative to her utmost and that included going to the guest room right now and sitting on the tall stool located in the center of that bedroom.

Pete hastened to obey; maybe she was going to relent and maybe by being obedient, he could get her to relax her demands. Why did he have to do all of this? He could be relaxing in his hammock with a few beers and a pack of butts.

The stool was new and very sturdy. It was a four-legged one designed to take lots of abuse. There was a hole in the center of the stool seat area, almost as though it was intended to support an umbrella post.

Pete was seated on the stool when Laura entered the bedroom. She went directly to the closet and pulled out the leash, which had been used to lead Pete around and to secure his collar to the sofa leg on Saturday. She walked up to the stool, locked the leash to the collar, dropped the end through the hole in the stool, wrapped it around his ankles and tied it tightly.

Pete was anchored to the top of the stool. He couldn't get off because his feet didn't touch the floor. He couldn't lower them to the floor, because the leash was too short. He could tip the stool over, but he would still be secured to it and unable to walk. Pete was stuck on top of that stool.

Laura's next move was to release the wrapped towel and let it drape down over the edges of the stool seat. The closet also contained a corset, which Laura retrieved and fastened to his body, making sure that the leash was clear of the corset. The corset laced up the back and she made sure the strings were tight. She placed false breasts inside the corset's bra cups.

The chains were removed, a full slip and dress were put on over his head and the dress was zipped up the back. Paula placed a shoulder-length wig on his head, spent about a half-hour with makeup and nail polish and finally held a mirror so that Pete could see the results of her efforts. He was startled by his reflection and scared to think that Laura might like having him transformed to look like a female.

Laura went to the closet again and brought back a wooden bar about three feet long, with nylon straps attached to each end. She padlocked his wrists to each end of the stick, with the nylon straps. This prevented Pete from removing the clothing Laura had just put on him.

She pulled down and removed the hanging plant, which was near the stool, lifted up the wooden bar locked to his wrists and connected the cord for the hanging plant to the ring located in the very middle of that stick. She went over to the window casing, pulled down on the other end of that cord and raised the bar to the ceiling. She now had Pete; or rather Peg, attached to the cord and also to the stool. She released the leash from Peg's ankles, pulled it up through the hole in the stool, had Peg step off of the stool, pulled the leash up through her clothes and removed it from the collar. Laura now had Peg standing with her arms way up over her head.

The stool was placed over against the wall and Laura picked up three spring-clip type clothespins, raised the dress and slip and attached their hems to the dress collar. The lower half of that body resembled that part of a man's body, while the top half was definitely female

Laura picked up a new package of light beige nylons, put them on Peg and secured them with the garters hanging down from the bottom of the corset. She selected a pair of very feminine lace-trimmed white nylon panties and held them for Peg to see.

Peg's face turned bright red, with a full-blown blush. Laura knew that she had caused the effect, which she had hoped for. She had Peg step into the panties and pulled them up into place. Laura retrieved a pair of black patent leather shoes with three-inch heels from the closet, showed them to Peg, to receive yet another blush. She slipped them on to her captive's feet and buckled the ankle straps. She steadied Peg until she became accustomed to standing in high-heeled shoes, then lowered the bar and released Peg from the cord. Removing the three clothes pins, the slip and dress fell down to cover the lower part of that lovely lady's torso. Laura assisted Peg to their bedroom and sat her at Laura's vanity. She put the finishing touches to a superb makeup job, brushed out the wig, added a few dabs of perfume, a matching set of jewelry and declared Peg a complete new creation. The mirror certainly verified Laura's statement.

Laura assisted Peg as they walked to the family room. Peg was instructed to sit on the sofa, the television was turned on and they watched an hour-long Sunday church service.

Peg was not interested in the church service; the shock of being dressed as a girl, captured all of her thoughts. So, female impersonation was the additional situation which she said he must deal with. He/she wondered how long he would have to pose as a girl. A horrifying thought, Laura's words, "As soon as your weight gets down to one hundred and eighty pounds," struck an ominous chord. Thirty-five pounds in a week? "No way, Jose." He would have to stop eating, exercise for hours and live on vitamins and minerals. Well maybe that was the reason for his Slim Fast meals. He started to panic as he formed a mental picture of his week of slavery.

Here he was dressed as a lady, starving to death, crushed by the tightly-laced corset, dying for cigarettes and beer and he wasn't even through the first twenty-four hours. There were over six more days of this. He was convinced now that Laura intended to get full measure from him in her week of control. He wondered if he would survive, or if he would have some sort of physical or mental breakdown. How long could his stomach keep growling? How long could his nerves stand the strain of this nicotine withdrawal, which was just in its beginning stages? How long could he go without a cold brew? How long could he stay so turned on to his needs and desires, before he began to react violently? How long was he going to go without his once-a-day sex with Laura? The answer came up and smacked him in the face: "As soon as your weight gets down to one hundred and eighty pounds".

What a scary thought! How could she possibly believe this would happen? That hour of the church service was over just as Pete, or rather "Peg," reached an understanding of the real motive behind Laura's actions. She wanted her husband back, in his ideal physical shape, but what were her motives relating to what she was doing to him psychologically? Did she want to make him into a woman?

Pete had read an X-rated story about a woman who trapped her cheating husband into spending a week on a cruise. The only clothes she brought for him were very feminine ladies clothes. When they returned home, it was two women traveling together,

with the husband doing the driving in a dress. He spent an additional week at home in dresses, then went back to work, wearing his suits over ladies lingerie. The wife used this method to stop her husband from cheating. The story had been titled, "Petticoat Braking System". It was strange that he could remember the title of that story.

Was she experimenting with this phase just to scare him? He flashed back to the contents of his bureau drawers and his closet, made a hasty estimate at the cost of those clothes even if they were from Goodwill or the Salvation Army. There was no doubt that his week would be spent in dresses.

Laura had to work all week, How was she going to control his actions while she was at work? She wouldn't take Peg with her; he would never pass as a girl in public. What did she intend to do? Maroon him in that top bunk in diapers every day?

Laura shut off the television, when the Sunday service was over and suggested that they go to the kitchen for some lunch. She extended her hand to assist Peg to her feet. Pete found that he actually needed her help to get up to a standing position on those damn high-heeled shoes.

Laura grasped the middle of the stick between Peg's wrists and pulled Peg to her feet. She wobbled across the living room and the kitchen, directly to one of the stools at the breakfast bar and sat down, The corset made it very difficult to breathe and Peg was nearly out of breath. Laura told her to breathe faster in more shallow breaths and this helped a little. She told Peg that living inside a corset took lots of compromises, like restricted breathing and movement, but also discomfort while seated. Standing was easy as long as you were not active and as long as your legs and feet would tolerate that position, while wearing shoes with high heels. Resting flat on your back was the most comfortable position when wearing a corset, but how long can a person lie still? Exercising was the best way to break in a new corset. After lunch, Peg would have an opportunity to test her legs and lung capacity.

Peg was really shook up by the casual manner Laura used in telling her about the plans for Peg's afternoon.

Lunch was served in a jiffy, Slim Fast for Peg, in the can, with a straw and a delicious-looking BLT for Laura. She did the cleaning up from lunch, while she informed Peg that after this she would be doing all of the housework except the food preparation and storage.

There were padlocks everywhere that food was stored. Laura had a single key and made a big production out of reaching down inside the front of her blouse to where that key was stashed in her bra. Pete/ Peg tried to picture the kitchen without the padlocks and couldn't. How had Laura managed to get them installed without him seeing them? Well, that was obvious; the only time he spent in the kitchen was for meals and to get more cold beer out of the fridge. He remembered the last few days they had eaten their meals on the patio. He had relaxed after dinner with his beer and cigarettes in his hammock, on the back lawn. Laura had even fetched more beer for him, when he ran out.

He noticed while she was cleaning up, that when she had a cupboard door open, the padlock hasp could swing inside and almost disappear. These locking devices ac-

tually may have been there for a long time. He wondered just how long Laura had been planing this takeover.

Pete loved this time of year, being out of doors, rather than stuck inside at his job. Listening to the birds and other natural noises, falling asleep in his hammock, getting no exercise and getting fatter by the day. He didn't want to get fat, but neither did he want to give up his beer and food, or be required to exercise.

They had a large open back yard, but only a small portion was actually lawn. Laura usually kept it mowed and trimmed quite neatly.

Laura suggested that Peg try out the hammock and assisted Peg as she walked out on to the patio, then the lawn, to the hammock. Peg flopped into the hammock and her dress and slip went way up, to expose nylon-covered thighs, garters, even a glimpse of very pretty nylon panties.

Laura made no move to pull Peg's dress down, but did comment that very soon, the hairy hayfield of Peg's legs would be mowed. Peg told Laura that Pete needed a beer and a cigarette to relax. Laura told Peg to wait a couple minutes while she massaged her face, neck and shoulders. She applied a lotion and massaged it into the skin and Peg fell asleep.

Around six o'clock, Peg woke up and needed to go to the bathroom. This was going to be a completely different procedure than stepping up to a urinal and lowering a trouser zipper. This required getting partially undressed; Laura had been insisting that Peg sit on the toilet, because there was no over spray on the floor or the toilet when a person sat down to urinate.

Peg was alone when she woke up and the need to empty the bladder was imperative. Sitting up and swinging her legs off of the hammock, pulling her dress and slip up, to really expose the crotch of the panties. Peg was more interested in taking a piss and wasn't concerned with modesty at that very moment.

Suddenly, Peg noticed that there was a small cable attached to the ring at the center of the wooden bar between her wrists. She yanked on the cable, by grabbing some of its slack and the cable yanked right back. The cable was pulling just enough to convince Peg to follow, or her wrists would hurt.

There, in front of her, set in the lawn was a large metal post, with a long cross arm about ten feet above the ground. The cross arm seemed to be a metal tube, which extended out about twenty feet in each direction from the vertical post. The cable was attached to the end of one of those horizontal arms. The cable stopped pulling when Peg was directly under that end of the arm.

Peg stood and studied this weird contraption and discovered a toilet set in the lawn, under the other end of the cross arm. She needed to get over there, but the cable stopped her from crossing directly towards that toilet, so Peg tried to turn the arm in a circle and it seemed to move with very little resistance.

Peg reached the toilet, then had the struggle of her life, trying to hold up the dress and slip and pull down the panties. The three-foot stick between her wrists would allow the use of only one hand at a time; that meant pulling up one side of the dress, pulling down on the panties, then repeating that procedure on the other side. After

several moves with each hand, Peg could sit on the toilet, but each time she sat on the toilet, she also sat on the back of the dress skirt. Finally she faced the toilet tank and slid in to sit down. The back of the dress and slip skirts hung down behind her.

Oh! What a relief, to get rid of all of the pressure on her bladder. Peg stood up and went through the same process, pulling the panties back up in place. Peg started back towards the hammock, only to be surprised when the cable started to pull on her arms again. Surprise, Peg! It didn't stop, the huge horizontal arm was leading Peg in a big circle, pulling Peg with it. If she walked at a slow pace, the cable pulled on the wooden bar locked between her wrists and arms. If she went too fast, she pulled on the cable. Finally, they got together and Peg could walk to match the exercise machine. This machine was very much like the ones used to exercise horses, but most of those had two cross arms and could exercise four horses at a time. This machine could only accommodate two people.

Peg began to run out of breath and remembered that because of the tight corset, she must breathe faster. This helped quite a bit, but the exerciser wouldn't stop. The high-heeled shoes were painful to walk in; here on the lawn, the heels sunk in with most every step, but stayed on top just enough to make walking very unpredictable and erratic.

She started to sweat, still the arm pulled her around in that big circle. Finally, when she was about to pass out, the arm stopped and the cable went slack. She was right next to the hammock and she went over and sat on it. The cable gave her plenty of freedom to swing her legs up and lie down.

While Peg caught her breath, Pete reviewed just what he understood about the exercise contraption. It had to be computer controlled and would stay inactive as long as Peg was inactive. When she had to leave the hammock, to go to the toilet, it would reel in all of the slack cable and allow Peg to travel around the half-circle to the toilet. At that point it would release enough cable to allow her toilet privileges and then, when she moved to return to the hammock, it would start an exercise mode and Peg had to participate. Probably at a preprogrammed number of turns, it would stop at the hammock, and let the patient rest.

This was a constant cycle. If Peg didn't move to go to the toilet, she didn't get exercised. If she needed to go frequently, then she exercised frequently. Damn that Laura, What a fiendish device! Now he had a very good idea about the way the weekday "Work Day" hours would be spent, while Laura was away at work. What if it rained? Well, this time of year was typically dry and most likely it wouldn't rain at all during the day for the next couple of months.

What about people seeing Peg trudging along, led by the monster machine? Their house was set back, at the end of a long driveway and was completely secluded. The sign, which Pete had placed at the entrance, read "Private Drive", so there was very little chance that anyone would discover or disturb this setup out in back of their house.

What would Peg do for food and water during the day? Would Laura place a picnic cooler near the hammock or the toilet? Would Peg be kept in this damn corset all week? Wouldn't it get dirty and sweaty and need to be washed? Was there a spare corset that she would have to wear while the other one was being laundered? Would

Laura reveal more of the plans for Peg in dresses and bondage, or would she let the changes be surprises? The questions just kept surfacing as more of the probable scenarios for that week as a slave became apparent and the answers were just as elusive.

At eight o'clock, Peg had been to the toilet twice, had exercised twice and was back trying to rest on her hammock. She had managed to get her breath back, when Laura walked up. She asked how Peg was doing. How she liked the accommodations and if the toilet out in the middle of the lawn was private enough.

Peg assured Laura that everything was just fine, that she was an exhibitionist and going to the bathroom right out in the open, was a delightful experience. She did say that she had a little trouble exercising in high-heeled shoes and that the corset made it difficult to draw enough air into her lungs. She complimented Laura on her ingenious way of providing such a versatile method of holding Peg captive and also providing a good measure of exercise.

Peg asked if this session had been a preview of the schedule for the next five days while Laura was at work.

Laura explained that today was a test run, then she released the cable from the stick attached to Peg's wrists and went back into the house.

It was just beginning to get dark and the mosquitoes were about to begin their search for food, so Peg had to abandon any thoughts about trying to get free of the stick between her wrists and seek the protection of the house.

Laura had Peg sit on the living room sofa facing the television. She turned the set on and the VCR began showing scenes of Laura working to dress Pete as Peg. There were scenes of putting the corset on and lacing it up, of Laura putting the panties and high-heeled shoes on Peg. Of Peg lying on the hammock, sitting on the toilet, trudging around in circles. And finally, showing Peg sitting on the hammock, with a close-up shot of pretty thighs, stocking tops, garters and white lace panties exposed.

Peg was shocked again and asked how Laura had captured all of those scenes. Laura told her that she had an expert photographer on her staff. Now Peg was embarrassed, because that meant there was someone else aware of his forced crossdressing and bondage. She was horrified to believe that about forty-five hours of this coming week would be spent locked to the monster exercise machine out on the back lawn. The other serious, humiliating factor was being encased in the tightly-laced corset, as Laura's slave, or prisoner, for that whole week.

Just as the thoughts of the damn corset were occupying her mind, Laura suggested that this would be an excellent time to "weigh-in" for the day. She told Peg that she could spend the evening relaxing and that Laura wanted her to be comfortable.

They went to the guest bedroom and Peg was instructed to stand next to the big stool and steady herself by resting one hand on top of it. Laura reached up under the dress and slip, pulled down her panties and left them bunched up at Peg's ankles. Laura put a Pampers disposable adult diaper on Peg and turned her attention to the shoes strapped to her feet. Laura released each of the buckles and had Peg slip her feet out of the shoes, She removed the panties from around the ankles, made Peg step into a pair of plastic panties and pulled them up into place.

Peg was ordered to sit on the tall stool and each ankle was strapped to one of the stool legs. The straps around her wrists were unlocked and the stick was laid aside. The dress zipper was pulled down and the dress and slip were pulled off over her head. The corset clasps were released and the relief was fantastic; that damn corset had been on for about twenty-four hours and its vice grip was finally relaxed. Laura locked the collar and chains back in place and then Laura removed the nylons. Now Peg was dressed the same as when she weighed-in on Saturday night.

Laura released the ankle straps, they went to the bathroom and Peg stepped onto the scales. The reading was two hundred and eleven pounds, a four-pound drop. If that weight loss rate continued, then a week and two-days would be required to get rid of the thirty-five extra pounds. Neither of them voiced this fact, but they both mentally calculated it.

Laura stated that as the goal was approaching, it took considerably more exercise and dieting to lose less and less weight per day; she felt that it would take between two and three weeks to attain the desired weight goal.

Peg thought about their present methods and guessed that next Saturday night, when Laura released Pete from the week of slavery and dresses, Pete would be able to exercise much more strenuously, walking in men's shoes, unencumbered by the corset or the exercise monster.

Pete felt that maybe there was some truth to Laura's complaints about sleeping with and making love to, a "Beached Whale" who smelled like stale beer and cigarette smoke. In fact, she wouldn't ride in his car, because it reeked of tobacco smoke. She always asked him why he was ruining such an expensive automobile. She emphatically stated that when Pete traded it in, he would have to pay the dealer to take it off of his hands.

It had now been over twenty-four hours since he had a beer or a smoke. He was mentally



screaming for both, but still confined and unable to satisfy those desires. He tried not to show his mental and physical reactions, because Laura would make him smell that aroma stuff and he would be off in Dreamland again. It was way too early to go to bed; he had to stay awake, try to get something more to eat and also try to get free in order to find a few beers, some butts and some of his own clothes.

Laura said that it was bath time and she escorted Pete to the bathroom. She had him fill the tub, take off his plastic panties and Pampers and instructed him to get into the tub and get cleaned up. She dumped some smelly stuff into the bath water, then left him to bathe as best he could, with his wrists connected by that plastic chain, which was still locked to the collar around his neck.

Laura returned and handed Pete a razor and told him that all of his body hair, except his pubic hair, had to be removed. She told him to get all that he could reach and she would finish the shaving project. When they finished the shaving, Pete stepped out of the tub and Laura dried him off. She applied some special lotion, which she claimed would prevent itching caused by the shaving. She had Pete replace the adult diapers and the plastic panties.

Pete complained that he wasn't ready to go to bed yet. He needed more to eat. He needed—well never mind that—he just wasn't sleepy yet.

Laura told Pete to wash the corset, sent him to the bathroom with verbal instructions on how to launder a corset. She also added instructions on hanging it up to dry.

This was a first for Pete, washing lingerie in a bathroom sink. But things have a way of getting complicated; she showed up with the rest of the lingerie, which Peg had worn all day and had him launder them as well. She made him use Woolite because it was gentle on such delicate articles of feminine clothing.

When the laundry detail was completed, Laura suggested that Pete make a meatloaf for Monday's evening meal. Pete was anxious to get into the kitchen and be allowed access to the pantry and refrigerator. The front wall of his stomach was rubbing on the back wall and it growled constantly, even just after finishing one of those nutrition drinks. Laura placed a chair under the hanging planter, in the guest room and had Pete sit in it. She removed the hanging plant, raised the center of the chain between his wrists and hooked it to the planter cord. Going over to the edge of the window, she pulled on the other end of that cord and raised his hands above his head until the chains from his wrists to the collar were tight. The chair had been strategically placed so that his arms were elevated and angled back behind him.

Laura lifted his feet and slid a hassock under them, making it impossible for him to stand up. She pinched his nose until he had to open his mouth to breathe and she shoved a rubber ball into it. There was a cord running through the ball and she tied it behind his head. Pete tried to complain and he couldn't speak. He tried to force the ball out of his mouth with his tongue and it wouldn't move. He tried to shake his head to dislodge the ball and that didn't work either.

Laura lowered the planter cord and released the chain. She buckled the high-heeled shoes back on Peg's feet, removed the hassock and encouraged him to follow her to the kitchen.

On the way, Pete tried to reach the knot on the cord tied behind his head, but Laura had tied it in too many knots and he couldn't get both hands up there to untie them. He would have to get a sharp kitchen knife and cut that cord, as soon as he could.

Laura led Pete up to the side of the breakfast bar with no barstools, pulled a bracket out from under the top edge and padlocked the chain between his wrists, to a pin set in that bracket.

Pete was surprised again; he had never seen that bracket before. Where the hell had *that* come from? How was he going to reach the cord, if he couldn't raise his hands up to his face? How was he going to sit down and get off these damn shoes? How was he going to make a meat loaf, with his hands so restricted by the chains?

Laura came to the rescue as usual and solved most of his questions. She set out all of the ingredients and a recipe book and told him to read and follow the directions very carefully.

Pete managed to stand on those shoes and assemble what appeared to be a real good meatloaf. While he was chopping up the onions, his eyes started to run and he couldn't see. He couldn't reach to wipe the tears out of them, so Laura had to come to his rescue, with a tissue. When the meatloaf was ready to be baked, she turned on the oven and placed the loaf tin inside.

Laura told Pete to watch the time and when the loaf was baked, to ring the little bell that was there on the bar. She would come and take care of the meatloaf.

Pete almost fainted several times while the meatloaf was baking. Being forced to stand on those high heels, endure the delicious smell of the baking meatloaf, with his jaws aching from the ball jammed in between them, Pete was in agony.

When it was time to remove the meatloaf from the oven, Pete rang the little bell and Laura came to the kitchen. She made a big production out of retrieving the key hidden inside her bra and unlocked the chain from the counter top bracket. She ordered Pete to remove the meatloaf and shut the oven off.

Now it was bedtime and Pete was escorted back to the guest room. He wanted to tell Laura that he needed to go to the bathroom, but he couldn't speak. He wanted to get that damn ball gag out of his mouth, but again he was unable to tell her.

She had him stand by the bunks and she wrapped a belt around his waist, buckled it at his back and padlocked the wrist chain to the front of the belt. She held the ladder and ordered Pete to climb into the top bunk. She covered him up, removed the ladder, wished him pleasant dreams, shut off the light and left him in the dark.

Pete thought about his present situation and, mentally, it appeared as a tombstone with the epitaph, "Here lies Pete silent, safe and secure."

This treatment was inhumane, he was starving, thirsty, he needed to urinate, his jaws ached, he couldn't get free and he couldn't even get out of bed. He couldn't call for help; he was so helpless that he started to cry. Tears streamed down his face, his body was wracked with sobbing. It took a long time to overcome the shame of draining

his bladder into the disposable diapers and finally stop the crying. It took hours to fall asleep.

Six-thirty on Monday morning, Laura helped him out of bed, removed the belt around his waist and sent him to the bathroom, to clean up and bathe. When he returned to the guest room, he was nude.

Laura was nearly dressed for work. She was waiting for him in her slip. She held out a one-piece lady's bathing suit for Pete to put on and watched his reactions and then his struggle to pull it up into place. She unlocked his wrist chains, one at a time and, after his arm was through the swimsuit shoulder strap, she locked that wrist to the wooden pole. When the bathing suit was on correctly and the pole locked to both wrists, she removed the ball gag.

They went to the kitchen for breakfast; Pete/Peg got the usual coffee and Slim Fast and was ordered to clean up from breakfast.

Laura returned to the kitchen with her dress on and was now ready for work. She escorted Pete/Peg out to the hammock and snapped the cable to the middle of the pole. She told Peg that lunch and drinking water were in the cooler next to the toilet out there on the other side of the huge exercise circle. The toilet worked properly, because it was positioned directly over the septic tank; a garden hose was used to supply the water for flushing. She suggested that Peg stay seated, while eating or getting a drink of water, because the exercise machine would pull her off to exercise, shortly after she was off of the toilet.

"You will be unable to get the bathing suit off, so you could be in trouble if you need to have a bowel movement." She told her that today was going to be very hot and that the sun would give her a great tan, but she warned that the tan would show the bathing suit outline on her body for months, then Laura wished Peg a pleasant day and left.

It wasn't even eight o'clock and here was Peg, "staked out" in a ladies bathing suit for the day. Laura would return home from work at about five-thirty, so Peg was marooned in the control of that monster exercise machine, for nearly ten hours. Peg spent the first hour in a dead serious study of ways to escape. She had one single travel pattern and there was absolutely no shade, so without a doubt, she was going to tan all around the damn bathing suit she was wearing.

So much for tan lines, now let's get down to business, the business of escaping. This is Monday morning and actually the very beginning of the week as Peg. The main key to escape will have to be dealing with getting free from this exercise monster. The only tie is that cable clipped to the center of the pole between her wrists. That clip has a spring-loaded snap-type hook, like those used on a dog's leash, for a big dog. Releasing requires, pulling back on the little spring-loaded pin and unhooking the hook from where it is attached to the ring attached dead center of the three-foot pole between the prisoner's wrists. There is no way to get closer than eighteen inches from that clip. Her wrists were securely fastened to each end of that three-foot pole and it would take bolt cutters or the key to remove the padlocks. Laura has the key, in her bra, so it is about twenty miles away, at the edge of the city.

The slack in the cable gave Peg plenty of freedom to relax in the hammock and enough loose cable to flop over and be grasped in the left hand. It had to be the left hand, because that side would place the latch of the clip so that it would be pulled against the ring of the screw eye in the wooden pole. The ability to wiggle the cable was a far cry from providing a way to release it from the ring in the stick.

Escape was so close, but still impossible. If it were possible to get free of the cable and the exercise machine, the stick was still going to present another serious barrier. The concentration must be on releasing the cable hook. Peg spent over an hour trying to maneuver the cable into a position where the ring attached to the stick would force the hook pin back and allow the hook to slip free of the ring.

Several times it seemed as if the effort would pay off, but each time Peg got too anxious and the hook slipped out of place or the spring pin seemed to stick and not open any further. Peg was frustrated, thirsty, her left hand ached from grasping the cable and she needed a toilet break. So, off to the toilet, through the exercise routine and finally back to the hammock again.

Telling time was another problem; Peg had no watch, because of the wide nylon bands around her wrists. Outside of the house there were no clocks, so she was never sure of the time. It was possible to hear the Church clock strike the hour, if the wind was blowing the right way. A change in the wind presented two other indicators. The first was the noon fire whistle from a town over ten miles away. The second was when the lumber mill engine was shut down, short thereafter.

Peg was never completely sure of the time, but always troubled by the sound of running water from the brook, which ran past right at the edge of the side lawn. The water was the only constant sound; there were a few crickets and occasionally a bird would sing from the trees along the brook. The running water was the big problem; the sound seemed to combine with the liquid diet and create the need for frequent trips to the toilet. This of course set off the exercise routine. Peg decided to ignore the thirst and stand up, pull the crotch of the bathing suit aside and empty her bladder on the lawn.

As she stood, struggling to get the bathing suit out of the way, one of her high heels sunk into the lawn and threw her off balance. She swung her arms and the attached stick to regain her balance and gave the cable a light tug. This of course triggered the monster machine, the cable reeled in and pulled Peg into action and the whole toilet and exercise cycle was repeated again.

Pete/Peg was quickly tiring of this routine. Just think, this was just the first of a five-day week.

In the cooler, along with The Slim-Fast and drinking water, there was a tube of tanning lotion. Peg stuffed it into the top of her bathing suit, carried it through the exercise routine and back to the hammock. When she had recovered her breath from the exercise, she began to cover her bare skin with the lotion.

This was a very trying procedure, because she could not hold the tube and squeeze some of it into the other hand. She had to remove the cap with her teeth, squeeze some lotion onto a section of bare skin, replace the cap with her teeth and set the tube beside her on the hammock. She could only use one hand at a time because the other

one was three feet away at the other end of the wooden bar. It took quite a while to coat the bare skin and suddenly she was very sleepy. She decided that it was from all of the exercise and the struggle to prevent a burn, by the application of the lotion. Then she realized that the lotion smelled like the aroma therapy stuff she had encountered the previous afternoon.

Damn! Laura had managed to trick Peggy and force her to nap part of the day away. This time should be devoted to fabricating an escape plan, but it was too late now, that crap was all over her bare skin and there wasn't any way to wash it off. Besides, sleep was now in command.

Peg woke up, just as the church clock struck four. She slid carefully out of the hammock and successfully drained her bladder on the lawn without activating the exercise machine and lay back down on the hammock again. She was wide-awake now, not tired and out of breath from an exercise excursion, so she was hell bent to escape. She worked some more on freeing the cable clip and had a couple of near misses. She wished that she could lubricate the slide pin, so that it would move easier. She couldn't even reach the clip, so there was no way to put any lubricant on it. Besides, that tanning lotion would put her asleep again if she tried to use that to lube the pin and spring. It seemed as if failure was her only answer. Then she had a brainstorm: maybe she could reach the clip with her mouth and saturate the clip with a big mouthful of spit. She coached her self to be real careful to avoid tugging on the cable and avoid activating that monster again. The cable clip was well lubricated. It was back in the position with the pin being forced to slide open, by the ring of the screw eye in the stick and suddenly the pin did slide and the clip hook released from the stick. She held the cable just long enough to hook it to the hammock, then slid herself off from the hammock and, leaving the wig on the hammock, walked away from that area.

Wow! That was a lucky break! Now she had to get her hands free from the wooden bar. She studied the bands around her wrists and decided that they resembled seat belt material and that was tough stuff. Pete/Peggy had never seen a frayed seat belt, so this was going to be another serious challenge. She went to the house, planning to search the cellar for a way to cut that belt material, or to cut the stick.

The house was locked! Damn! Why had Laura locked up? They hardly ever locked the doors. Both front and back doors were locked, so Peg decided to check out the trunk of the Caddy and then the garage. Walking back around the house, she went to the passenger side door of the car, to trip the trunk release button, but the car was locked, too. Well, Laura had really covered all of the bases and escape routes. Peg was starting to feel that escape was not going to be possible, but she had to check out the garage first.

There used to be a few tools hung up near the workbench and a pair of coveralls near the lawn and garden tools. The high-heeled shoes slowed her down, but she needed both hands to release the straps around her ankles, so she continued to struggle along in the shoes.

Peg had to get free, there was no turning back now, She couldn't manage to hook herself back up to that cable; if Laura found her loose, she would lock the cable to the

wooden bar and there would be no more chances to escape. Time was against her, it must be nearly five o'clock now and Laura was due home in about another half-hour.

There was a rusty carpenter saw in the unlocked garage. Clamping it in the vice on the Workbench; Peg started to draw the stick across the saw teeth. The saw was dull; the stick was oak and tough to cut. Peg was trying to hurry and couldn't manage to keep the saw cutting in the same groove.

Finally, the stick was almost cut in half and Peg tried to hit it on the corner of the bench and break the rest of it. Each blow hurt her wrists, but the wood didn't break. She went back to the dull saw and finally cut the stick in half. She sat on the lawn, just outside the garage, unbuckled the ankle straps and kicked off the shoes. Running back into the garage, she found the coveralls, shook off the dust and put them on. It was tough to get her arms through the sleeves, with the pieces of stick still attached to her wrists. Finally, she was able to zip up the front and hide the ladies bathing suit, with the fake boobs still in the bra cups.

She remembered the little irrigation pump house, out in the bushes, near the edge of the brook. It was a nice little building, a few years ago; maybe she could hide inside and plan her next move. She couldn't go far in her bare feet, the wig was over by the hammock, her nails were all polished and her face was still covered with makeup.

Thinking about the bare feet, Pete used to go barefoot all summer long as a kid, but now the bottoms of his feet were too soft and tender. She decided that maybe the shoes that had just been kicked off would be an improvement.

The little pump house was still solid, but the interior was all dust and cobwebs. The only piece of furniture was a chair with a broken leg. Pete/Peg dusted off the top of a concrete water pump base and sat down to rest, while waiting for darkness. This waiting time must be spent planning a workable escape, revenge on Laura and also getting rid of the sticks locked to her wrists. The pieces of stick were a nuisance, but the escape plan demanded top priority, in case Laura found this hiding place.

Laura seldom ventured out beyond the mowed area; this little building was sheltered by a stand of tall pines and a secondary growth of hardwood saplings had hidden it completely. She would never find it, but just in case, an evacuation plan was needed.

There was a spare key to Laura's car, hanging on a post in the garage; Peg had seen it while trying to cut the stick between her wrists. When Pete had purchased the beautiful new Cadillac, it seemed natural to give his old car to Laura and trade her wreck in toward his fancy new one, so that extra key was going to come in very handy.

Where would he go? Who would help him? His buddy from work was single and lived about three miles away; so that was a start. His buddy was a little guy, weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, so his clothes would never fit. Maybe he had a stretchy sweat suit that Pete could get into. As soon as it was dark, Pete would sneak back to the yard and steal Laura's car.

Right now he had to get rid of the wood attached to the wrists. The web material was attached to the top of the stick with wood screws and flat washers, it wrapped tightly around the wrist and padlocked to the wood on the underside. He needed the

saw, or something sharp, to cut that material. There was only about an inch of material between his wrist and the screws securing it to the wood.

One of the windowpanes was broken and there were several pieces of that glass lying in the dust of the dirt floor of that little building. He was right handed, so it was safer to cut away the strap on the left wrist. Also, that piece of the wood was the longest and most bothersome. The saw cut had been made near the right wrist.

The glass cut into the nylon-webbed belt, but it was slow going, because of the danger of cut fingers while holding the piece of glass. It must have taken about twenty minutes to cut through the straps and get rid of those pieces of wood.

The church clock had struck five times, as Pete/Peg was approaching the little pump house, so Laura would be arriving home soon. She would expect Pete/Peg to head out towards town, in search of a ride or help in finding some men's clothing. She would know that the escapee was barefoot, because, in his haste to hide, the shoes had been left right out in plain sight on the lawn. She must have forgotten about the coveralls hanging in the garage, so she would be looking for a person in a lady's bathing suit. She would know that the wooden bar had been cut, because the shoes were off and it took two hands to remove the shoes.

While he was waiting for darkness, he would rest; he felt free now that both pieces of wood had been removed from his wrists. The past couple of hours had been very strenuous and stressful; he was sweating and he needed to relax in order to be alert when he went back to steal Laura's car. He leaned his head back against the wall and shut his eyes; he would use this rest period to refine his rough plan. He was totally unaware that the perspiration would reactivate the aroma stuff still on the bare skin and put him back to sleep again.

Suddenly, someone was pulling on his leg. Why didn't they leave him alone? He was enjoying his dream. Who was trying to wake him up? He opened his eyes to see Laura putting one of those damn high-heeled shoes on his right foot and to discover that his wrists were bound with duct tape.

How the hell had she found him so quick? This was insane, he was sure that his hiding place was safe from discovery.

Pete was being transformed back to "Peg" by the addition of the shoes. He almost started to cry, when he realized that all of his escape efforts were wasted. He also was scared because Laura didn't appear to be upset.

Laura was calm, as if she had expected this to happen. If he were any judge of her actions, she would find a way to even the score for the inconvenience which he had just caused. She had changed out of her dress clothes from work and was wearing jeans and sneakers, so it was almost as if she knew right where to find Pete/Peg.

Laura fashioned a rope hobble just above Pete/Peg's knees and ran the loose ends of that rope up to tie them to the duct taped wrists. She ordered her prisoner to make tracks toward home and walked out of that little pump house.

Pete/Peg struggled to get off from that concrete block and follow Laura. It was slow going just getting across the dirt floor. The threshold was almost one foot above the ground and it was necessary to lean against the door casing for support, put one foot

up on top, raise the other one up, then reverse the process to get down to the ground outside the building. The rope hobble just above his knees was starting to cut and hurt and even though the house was in sight, through the small saplings, it would take a long time to get there.

Laura was already back inside the house by the time Peg was through the trees and onto the lawn. She wasn't even going to watch to see if Peg could make it. Peg entered the kitchen door at about seven o'clock. She was a real sight, she had fallen three times and one of them had been in a muddy area, She had spent a lot of time trying to get up onto the patio. She found a spot where there was a hump in the ground, sat on the patio floor, laid back and rolled onto the floor. It was still a major project to get back up on her feet again.

Peg was muddy, sweaty, starving, thirsty and scared.

Laura pointed to a chair and Peg collapsed into it. Laura asked if the afternoon adventure had been fun and when Peg shook her head, Laura laughed and commented that it had certainly been expensive. Peg looked surprised and Laura told her that the cost was freedom. Pete/Peg now had a total of three weeks of servitude. Three weeks in dresses, corsets and without any beer or butts. Laura suggested that the overweight problem should be pretty well eliminated by that time.

Laura picked up a package, opened it to reveal another corset and told Peg that when she discovered that Peg was free, she stopped after work and bought the second corset. It takes so long for them to dry that with three weeks of wearing corsets, she would require at least two and maybe three in order to have a constant supply of clean and dry ones to wear.

Peg asked how Laura knew that Peg was free and Laura explained that in each of the fake boobs, there was an electronic device like the ones placed on automobiles in order to locate them if they are stolen. The blips from the ones in Peg's bathing suit top began to move, in an unusual pattern, on the edge of Laura's computer screen at work and she knew that her prisoner was loose.

When she arrived at home, the same blips on Laura's home computer map screen pinpointed Peg's present location and the tanning lotion was very helpful, because Peg was asleep and easy to capture again.

Laura proceeded to get supper and she completely ignored the tired, dirty and very uncomfortable person helplessly seated in one of the kitchen chairs. Peg wanted to be released, to go to the bathroom and take a bath. The bathing suit straps were cutting into her shoulders and the equipment between her legs was being crushed. Why hadn't she stopped long enough to get rid of the bathing suit, or at least the damn fake boobs? Was she becoming vain and proud of her extremely feminine profile? Whatever possessed her to keep the suit on, when only a few seconds would have been lost in getting out of the bathing suit, after she succeeded in cutting the wooden bar? She was out in the open, near the garage, so maybe she was scared to strip to the altogether. If she had known that there were beeper gizmos in the boobs, she certainly would have removed them. She should have set them afloat in the brook, to throw Laura off from her hiding place. If she had only known about them!

Laura made up two plates of food and placed them in the microwave. There were large slices of meat loaf, potatoes and green beans. She set the timer, hit the start button and went to the bathroom. She returned, rubbing some lotion into her hands. She set two places at the breakfast bar and when the microwave stopped, she retrieved one of the plates and sat down to eat it. She looked up after a few minutes and told Peg to bring her plate over and join her.

Peg's hands were still bound with duct tape and tethered to the hobble, just above her knees, so it was impossible to reach the plate of food and definitely there was no way that she could feed herself.

Laura suggested that since Peg was a veritable Houdini, she should apply her escape talents, P.D.Q., or her dinner would get cold. Laura added that her plate of food would get put away when Laura cleaned up from dinner.

Peg was starving and the smell of food was tormenting her. She wondered if she could survive until morning with nothing to eat and decided that she had better try to negotiate with Laura. She certainly couldn't imagine what she had to bargain with, but she was desperate to get some food. She asked just what kind of concessions Laura would require, that would allow Peggy to have her dinner.

Laura sat and thought for a few moments. She told Peggy that since her life span had been extended to three weeks, if she would agree to a fourth week, as payment for the destroying the wooden bar and a fifth week to get her wrists released from their tether, she could have her dimmer. Laura warned that if she displayed any more rebellion, it could cost her—or rather. Pete—evenings and weekends as Peg for a long time, in fact living as Peg and working as Pete.

Peg couldn't believe the conditions which Laura had just offered. The whole five-week vacation would be spent in dresses and corsets. If she refused, could she make it through the night? Would Laura force her to accept the fourth week because of the wooden bar? How would she manage to get released from this present bondage? Would she have to remain bound like this until morning?

Laura watched the facial expressions and smiled as she ate.

Peg remembered that Laura had ordered Peg to be a model slave, or prisoner and trying to escape certainly couldn't be considered "model behavior". She could accept the five-week sentence right now and get a decent meal, or she could refuse and go hungry. She had to expect that Laura would force her to accept the added time, later on, so she might just as well accept it now. She told Laura that she would accept the full sentence, but added that she felt that Laura was not being fair. That there was no room for negotiations, Laura should not insist on corsets.

Laura smiled and asked if Peg was hungry

Peg answered that her stomach no longer protruded, it now was a large depression.

Laura told her captive that being a model prisoner didn't allow for complaints, resistance, or escape attempts.

Peggy asked Laura to forgive her for her sins and added that she knew not what she was doing.

Laura warned Peg not to get smart.

Peg apologized again.

Laura picked up a sharp kitchen knife, walked over to Peg and placed the knife-point at Peg's crotch. She asked if Pete would like Laura to help convert him to "Peg" in a rather permanent way.

Pegs' face got extremely red and she shook her head violently.

Laura moved the knife and cut the rope that tethered Peg's taped wrists to the hobble rope just above her knees. She placed the knife right near her plate and went back to finishing her dinner.

Peg couldn't believe that Laura was going to make her eat with her wrists taped together, but she was so hungry that she hobbled to the microwave, on her high-heeled shoes and pulled out her plate of food. She set it on the breakfast bar and went back to close the oven door.

Eating her dinner was a tough assignment, but somehow she managed to clean her plate. Laura assured Peg that eating slowly was good for her, because she would feel full sooner and would be satisfied with less food.

Laura finished her meal and sat and watched the struggle Peg was having with her meal. When Peg finished cleaning her plate, Laura ordered her to clean up the kitchen and Peg asked to have the tape removed from her wrists.

Laura told Peg that she was lucky to be able to eat and not to complain about a few minor handicaps.

Peg hurried with the cleanup, because she had to "go" and didn't want to wet the coveralls and the lady's bathing suit.

When the kitchen was all cleaned up, Peg went in search of Laura and found her changing the hook on the exerciser cable.

Laura asked if Peg would like to sleep out under the stars for the night and Peg told her no. Laura asked if she would like to watch television for an hour or so and Peg nodded her head yes.

Laura untied the leg hobble, escorted Peg back into the house and directly to the bathroom. She cut the duct tape on Peg's wrists and told her to bathe.

Peg was surprised because she was free; she rushed to peel off the duct tape, which was still stuck to her wrists. Next, the coveralls and finally the bathing suit was removed. She started the water running into the bathtub and rushed to use the toilet. When her bath was finished and Pete was wiped dry, he tried to open the bathroom door and found it locked. He knocked on the door and Laura answered almost immediately. She must have been waiting just outside that door for him. Laura told him to retrieve the special collar and chain from under the dirty clothes in the hamper and put them on. Then she would open the bathroom door.

Pete did exactly as she instructed (so much for his promise to never let her put that collar on him again), then knocked on the door again and Laura opened it. Pete was escorted to the guest room, secured to the stool by the leash locked to the collar and tied to his ankles under the seat. The chains around his wrists were removed and the new corset was fastened in place. Laura laced the corset real tight and while she was busy, Pete, or rather Peg now that the corset was in place, noticed a metal ring just above each bra cup and wondered why anyone would want steel rings on a corset.

Laura buckled a leather strap around each of Peg's thumbs and, crossing her arms, clipped the end of each strap to one of the corset rings. A belt was slid between her left arm and body, across her back and around her right arm and buckled in the middle of her back. Peg mentally compared this to a straight jacket. She was released from the stool, nylon stockings were put on and attached to the corset garters. Her high-heeled shoes were strapped on again.

There was a coat closet in the living room, near the front door. They always used the kitchen door, so this closet was seldom used. Laura opened the closet door and, on the inside at the bottom, there was a little platform. She told Peg to step up onto the platform with her fanny against the door. Laura clipped an additional strap to each of the rings on the corset. These straps were clipped to rings at the top of the door and Laura used their adjustments to tighten them until Peg's upper body was pulled against the door and lifted just enough to support some of her body weight. Another strap was attached to a ring near the right ear and run across the forehead, then attached to a ring near the left ear. This held her head steady and back against the door. Laura picked up the ball gag, clipped one end of the cord to the ring near her right ear, placed the ball on Peg's lips. She ordered her to open her mouth. Peg knew better than to refuse and opened her mouth. The ball was inserted and pulled in tightly by the cord attached to the ring near her left ear. Then Laura released the clip on the left side, removed the ball from Peg's mouth and let it hang there beside her face.

Laura picked up a plastic tube with an empty plastic bag attached to one end. She slid the other end of that tube over Pete's penis and secured a strap to the bottom of the corset. This left the tube and its bag dangling between the prisoner's legs. Strips of Velcro were used to secure the tube and bag to Peg's left leg. Laura stepped out in front of Peg and held out a small remote control unit. She selected and pressed one of its buttons and a vibrator started to stimulate the penis and cause an erection. It kept up this stimulation until Pete was about to climax, then the vibrator stopped. Pete's sexual excitement was in high gear and when the vibrator stopped, he was left hanging. He needed to climax to relieve the pressure and excitement level, but was helpless and frustrated. Laura informed Pete/Peg that the vibrator was activated by the remote control and controlled by the units in the fake boobs; they gave off a locator signal, but they also monitored the pulse and respiration of the body they were held against. She explained that the vibrator would stop when Pete's pulse and respiration indicated a pending climax. Now Pete would experience the same feelings Laura did when Pete left her unsatisfied as he climaxed ahead of her. She added that the vibrator was programmed to cycle every three hours, but only when there was no other activity, such as trudging along with the exercise machine.

Laura startled Peg out of her wits by swinging the door shut. Peg was plunged into the total darkness of the closet. Her arms were crossed, her thumbs strapped to the corset, so she couldn't reach the doorknob. Even if she could, her feet were on the little platform and she had no way to push the door open. She knew that the ball gag was hanging there to tell her to be quiet. She realized that this was just one more way to control the stale beer and cigarette smoke-smelling Beached Whale. She also realized that this was Monday night and there had been no beer or butts for two full days and no sex since Friday night. The withdrawal from the cigarettes was a constant nagging sensation; the sex drive was being assaulted by that attached vibrator and would continue its attacks of sexual torment every few hours.

Peg felt cheated; she had been offered a chance to watch television and had been secured to the door and shut in the dark closet. She was about to call out to Laura, when the closet lit up. Well not quite "lit up", a television came on. A program started, detailing the exact methods to be used in dressing and making up a female impersonator.

This started with a male wearing a brief panty girdle and went through the full procedure of making a male into a female. This program ran about an hour and, just as the credits were being displayed on the screen, Peg noticed the same smell that came from the little bottle, which Laura had held under her nose. In just a few seconds, Peg was off to Dreamland.

Tuesday morning, Peg was released from her position on the closet door, taken to the bathroom for a bowel movement, to empty the urine bag, then to the kitchen. She was fed her Slim-Fast through a straw, while seated at the breakfast bar.

A large dress was put on over her head and zipped up the back. Her hands and arms were still attached to the corset and therefore under the dress. She was escorted out to the hammock and the cable was clipped to a ring on the back of the collar, still locked around her neck. Laura wished her a pleasant day and left.

Peg heard Laura's car leave the yard and immediately tried to find some way to get free. She wouldn't need to exercise, because she wouldn't need to go to the toilet. The exerciser couldn't make her leave the hammock, because it didn't pull that hard. There would be no food or water. It looked like it would be a little cooler, with lots of little white puffy clouds to cut the sun's glare.

Realizing that she would go hungry and thirsty all day made her feel that way now. She was afraid that she would be frantic by noon and maybe faint before Laura got home at five-thirty. She was making herself nervous. She tried to relax, to concentrate on solutions to her present situation and the horrible thought that this could go on for the remainder of the five-week vacation. Just then, the vibrator started its sexual torment again and Peg became really scared and began working on another escape plan.

Why had Laura forced Peg to view the instructional video last night? That guy, Pete, hidden underneath all of this female stuff, certainly wasn't going to need to know how to make himself look like and pass as a female. Was there something about wearing feminine clothing that could influence the mindset of a male and force him to want to be a female? Why had Peg kept the bathing suit on? Why had she left those damn fake boobs in the bra part of that bathing suit? What would be left of Pete at the end of five

weeks in dresses? Why had his boss given him five weeks off, instead of just giving him the five weeks pay and letting him keep right on working?

While Peg was reflecting on all these questions, the cable tightened up and started tugging on the collar. Peg resisted. Suddenly, she began to have trouble breathing. The pull of the cable relaxed and Peg could breathe fine. The cable tried pulling again and shut off her air supply. Peg realized that the monster machine was going to keep pulling until she went for an exercise session. It was going to force her to move, by shutting off her air supply. Goddamn! Another full day of exercising and she was still wearing the high-heeled shoes.

The lawn was already pockmarked in the circle of the exercise arm from the heels sinking in most of the time. There was no use fighting the machine, because it would win. It could most likely choke off all of the air supply, maybe even kill Peg. The cable moved slowly but steadily at a fast walking speed. The lack of hands and arms to help with her balance made the session a torture. The fear of falling and getting choked because she couldn't get up without the help of her arms was scary.

Peg walked carefully and had to keep up with the arm to prevent the cable from pulling on the collar. The stress from worry, combined with the exertion of walking and the restricted breathing because of the tightly laced corset, had Peg sweating profusely by the time the exercise session was over.

Peg sat on the hammock, leaned back and used her feet to push herself into a comfortable position. She noticed that the dress was way up, exposing the plastic urine bag, but she couldn't do a thing to cover herself up. Just as she was settling down, she smelled that sleep aroma. She sat up and was about to get away from the hammock, when the aroma got the upper hand and she fell back into the hammock, sound asleep.

The cable started pulling lightly, on the collar, at about eleven-fifteen. About ten minutes later, Peg was walking in that large circle again. Just before noon, Peg was deposited at the hammock again. She was so helpless, humiliated and frustrated that she started to cry. She heard the noon fire whistle from the neighboring town and at that exact moment, Laura's twin sister, Paula, offered her another Slim-Fast drink.

Pete/Peg was shocked to learn that Laura's sister knew about Pete being forced to pose as Peg and that he was being held prisoner in his own back yard.

Paula patiently held the nutrition drink until Peg had managed to drink all of it, then she pulled up the skirt and slip of the outfit Peg was wearing and checked to see if the urine bag was full. She pulled the clothes down again.

Peg was very uncomfortable, but even more embarrassed to think that Paula would be emptying the plastic bag. Paula asked if Peg could benefit from a few minutes alone in the bathroom and Peg answered yes.

Paula unhooked the exerciser cable from the collar and helped Peg up from the hammock. They walked into the house, into the bathroom and Paula lifted the dress and slip, while Peg sat on the toilet. Paula left the bathroom for a short while, leaving the door open behind her.

When she returned, she asked if Peg had been successful and Peg nodded her head. Paula helped Peg to her feet, flushed the toilet and assisted Peg to the guest room.

Paula told Peg that a very violent wind and rainstorm was about to hit the area and that Laura was concerned about Peg being secured to the exercise machine, unable to get to shelter. Her outside play yard and electronic sensors could get drowned and Peg, in her helpless condition, should not be alone in the house. Paula was going to take Peg to her house. Laura could swing by and pick Peg up after work, or after the storm had passed.

Peg reacted with a blush and voiced her objection to being seen in a car, in a dress, helplessly bound. Peg wanted to refuse to go, but she knew that she was going to be forced to obey Paula.

Paula had Peg sit on the stool and she went to work on the wig and makeup. She unzipped the dress, pulled it down and checked to see that Peg's thumbs were still secured to the corset top. She added a nylon wire tie around Peg's crossed wrists as added security, She was very careful so that there would be no possibility of cutting off the circulation.

She had Peg stand, step into a half-slip, then a big petticoat. Then the dress was put back on and zipped up again. She had Peg look in the mirror and see the pretty but armless lady and this produced another blush.

The dress, with a big petticoat underneath resembled a country music square dance outfit, with the numerous layers of lace and ruffles at the hem. It was quite short, with the hem about four inches above Peg's knees. The plastic urine bag was barely covered.

Paula suggested that Peg swing her hips and watch in the mirror to see her dress and petticoat sway and Peg experienced another violent blush. Never in the whole life of the person inside that outfit, had he/she been so humiliated.

Paula assisted Peg out the back door and around the corner of the house, to the driveway. Peg stopped short when she saw Paula's car, with its top down. She put her brakes on. She refused to go any further, turned to go back into the house and was finally stopped at the back door. She had no hands to open it even if Paula had left it unlocked.

Paula lived about five miles away, on the other side of their large town and on the other side of the river. The only way across the river was the bridge in the center of town. The convertible, which Paula owned and drove, was named The Passionate Pink Pontiac. Everyone knew and recognized it and its unique color always got lots of attention. No way could Pete/Peg ride through the center of town in Paula's convertible, with the top down.

Peg suggested that they stay put and Paula refused because she wanted to put her car into its garage, before it got rained on. Peg asked Paula to release her so that she could dress as a man and Paula reminded her that there were no men's clothes in the house. Peg suggested that Paula move Pete's Caddy out of its garage and put the Pontiac in there. Paula said that the keys to the Caddy were in Laura's purse and she

added that she had to be home by three o'clock and the storm was not expected to abate until early evening.

Now that every possibility had been discarded, they proceeded out to the pink Pontiac and Paula opened the passenger side door. She instructed Peg to back up and sit on the seat, then swing her feet inside. Paula pulled out the seat belt, wrapped it across Peg and buckled it.

She opened the glove compartment, pulled out two kerchiefs and carefully tied one over Peg's wig. The second one she put over her hair, then stepped back and closed the door.

The sky was beginning to cloud over, almost as proof that all of this activity was necessary. Paula got in behind the wheel, buckled her seat belt, fired up her Passionate Pink Pontiac and raced down the long driveway

They turned left, toward the town; Peg tried to slide down and hide, but the seat belt wouldn't allow her to do it. This was absolutely terrifying, a grown man wearing a wig, dress, petticoat, half-slip, urine collector, nylons, high-heeled shoes and corset, with his hands and arms tucked away, to resemble an overabundant bust, riding through his lifelong home town in a pink convertible, with the top down. Way too often that damn vibrator would begin stirring up masculine excitement and adding to the torment of the helpless prisoner.

There were dozens of autos and trucks which Peg recognized and as they rode into the business district. Near the river, there were lots of people which he/she knew and recognized walking down the sidewalk. Paula pointed out several people they both knew and waved to many of them. Peg was embarrassed beyond words and this delighted Paula.

They rode through the center and crossed the river into a slightly more rural atmosphere. Paula pulled into an ice cream shop's parking lot and parked right in front. She went inside and left Peg sitting in the open convertible.

Peg wanted to run and hide, but she couldn't release the seat belt, she couldn't work the door handle and wouldn't be able to run very far, because of the damn high-heeled shoes buckled to her feet.

Paula returned from the shop with an ice cream cone for herself and a cup of juice for Peg. She got into the car, buckled her seat belt, then sat there holding the cup of juice for Peg to drink through a straw and licking and enjoying her cone.

They might have stayed there longer, but the weather was starting to look scary, so Paula set Peg's drink in the console cup holder and headed for her garage, now only about a mile away. They just made it; the rain started as a sprinkle as they walked from the garage to the kitchen door.

Paula led Peg to the guest room, had her sit on the bed, removed her shoes and urged her to lay back and use her legs to swing around lengthwise on the bed. When Peg was situated on the bed, her dress and petticoat were up near her waist and Paula made no move to pull them down. Instead, she held a little bottle of smelly stuff under Peg's nose. Peg tried to turn her head and get away from that bottle, but Paula followed Peg's nose and, after a few whiffs, she was asleep.

About three o'clock, Peg was waking up. She was in a sort of half-awake, half-asleep state. Her nose itched but someone was holding her hand and wouldn't let her scratch her nose. She had just been riding in a car and the wind was whistling past her face and making her nose itch, It was a fun ride, but there was something ominous about it as well.

The bedroom door opened and Paula came in; she called Peg "Sleepy Head" and told her that there were going to be other people in the house for a little while. She would cover Peg with a light blanket and if she were quiet, she wouldn't be disturbed. Paula asked if Peg's plastic bag was full and Peg shook her head.

Paula rolled Peg over face down, unzipped her dress, sat on her fanny and tightened the lacing of the corset. Her fingers were stronger than Laura's, or she was delighted to be able to make her sister's husband suffer. Either way, she pulled that corset in until it almost reached its limit. She zipped up the dress and rolled Peg over on her back again.

Paula straightened out Peg's dress and petticoat, covered her up and shut the door again as she left. Peg was pleased to be spared that stuff which put her to sleep. She would rather just lie there to think, plan and maybe discover a way to get free.

There definitely was no chance for freedom as long as her hands and wrists were folded and strapped to her corset, inside the dress bodice. "Bodice", what a word. Where had she picked that one up? She knew the exact meaning and could picture many of the different styles or designs of dress, blouse and gown bodices. *Does this strange knowledge come to you automatically when you start dressing as a woman? How can I get free? How long will I be held captive like this? The corset is starting to cause some sore spots and I am helpless to adjust it. I am totally helpless, even though I can get up and walk. I can't go to the bathroom, can't feed myself, can't open doors. I can walk and the high-heeled shoes are not strapped on to restrict me, but I can't get out of this room, or out of the house. If I could escape from the house, I couldn't get home without crossing the bridge into the center of town. A lady with no shoes and no arms might look a little out of place.*

She decided to just wait patiently and quietly, until she was home and then work on ways to stop this domination.

Pete was a real strong person, both physically and mentally, but the clothing and bondage were very successful in controlling that strength. What other methods did Laura have in her big bag of tricks? What other undignified actions would Pete/Peg have to endure?

Suddenly the bedroom door burst open, the light came on and three preteen children charged into the room and went to the big toy box. They discovered a woman in the bed and stopped to stare. They quietly walked to the door. The two older ones had stepped out into the hallway when the youngest one, a girl, yelled, "Uncle Pete!" The other two children returned to the room to look and decided that their great-uncle Pete was playing a trick on them. They liked Uncle Pete because he would always play with them.

Paula heard the commotion and rushed to the scene, to discover her grand children hovering over a very red-faced Peg. She shooed the children out of the room, told Peg

that she was sorry, she had forgotten that their big toy box was kept in that spare room and she went to try to explain this situation to the kids.

Peg could not understand how that little girl recognized Pete with the wig and makeup hiding most of the exposed head. She could hear a lot of discussion going on in the living room and wondered just how Paula would explain the lady in the guest room, whom little Jennifer believed was her great-uncle Pete.

This whole scenario had gotten out of hand. Now a whole group of Laura's relatives knew about Laura making Pete pose as Peg as some sort of punishment. Peg decided that she would be absolutely quiet, as if asleep, until Laura came and took her home. Once they were home, "Bondage be damned"! Pete/Peg was going to be prepared to use his/her only remaining weapon, his voice, to bring this charade to an end.

Two days had gone by without a weight check; maybe the weight was dropping quite fast. When Paula had tightened the corset, she remarked that it had really stretched. Well, maybe the Slim-Fast diet was causing a lot of shrinkage, especially when combined with all of the exercise and the total lack of beer. Oh! Wouldn't it be wonderful if the scales read 180, or even lower?

Thoughts drifted to Pete's complete subjugation; frustration set in and in just a few short moments, Peg was crying again. This was a very disturbing situation, because Pete never cried. "Only Girls and Sissies Cry." Pete/Peg was convinced that dressing and acting as Peg, combined with the total helplessness of the many forms of bondage, was destroying his former "I Am In Charge" confidence.

The storm let up and when Laura arrived at Paula's, it was just a-slight drizzle. Paula and Laura entered the guest room and Paula described the events of the afternoon. She apologized for her grand children recognizing Peg as Pete and told Laura that the kids now believed that Paula and Laura had made Pete dress up like a girl, because he made a bet and lost. Paula assured the children that the parents were playing a "Make Believe" game, like lots of kids do.

Laura loaded Peg into her car and they returned home. When they were inside and Peg was seated at the breakfast bar, she started blasting Laura for treating her so badly and for letting Paula haul her clear across town.

Peg tried to emphasize the total futility experienced by being absolutely helpless and being dressed as a lady. She begged Laura to reconsider and release Pete from the remainder of the five weeks and she promised in return, not to smoke or drink beer and to concentrate on maintaining a weight of 180 pounds.

Laura listened very attentively to all of Pete/Peg's little speech and plea for freedom, then told Peg to sit still for a minute and abruptly left the room. She returned with a softbound book, titled "Lady Take Control". She sat down and searched the index, then opened the book and read: "When you have succeeded in gaining absolute control over your powerful macho man, don't be fool enough to grant him freedom or release, or to relax your control. When physical power over his female is lost, the next step will be to make believable and wonderful promises to gain back some of his masculine dignity. Before you can blink a lovely lash, your man will be back to the same old routine, doing all of the things he just promised not to do. You might experiment with allowing your man to dress and do his own nails and makeup. You might relax the confinement

time in corsets. You might allow shoes that slip off, or that have slightly lower heels. You must not under any circumstances, lose control. Three or four weeks in all things female, is usually sufficient to convince most macho males that someone else is boss now and from that point on the relationship should smooth out to a more even partnership.

The man should become totally aware of the needs and desires of his lady and treat her as a lady, also as his equal or superior, in their marriage. Be aware of the fact that some males become model slaves or prisoners and/or female impersonators, then as soon as they are released from their bonds and clothing, their elastic personality snaps right back to its full macho setting. It is difficult in the fast-paced world of today to be able to keep a man away from a good paying job, for long periods of time. Please remember that there are twelve months in a year and one month, 1/12th of a year, most definitely is not sufficient time to imprint that macho mentality with the necessary amount of respect for femininity. If you can manage longer periods of confinement and total feminine clothing, you will reap a more complete eradication of that undesirable "Macho" attitude. The longer that a man spends encased in a well-made corset, the better the dresses will fit and the vanity increase will be priceless. If the initial total control period is limited, then keep your trainee in corsets or long line bras and girdles under his workday attire. You may have to go so far as to have locking devices installed to insure the foundation garments stay in place. This is a good practice even for males who have been exposed to a long period of bondage and dresses, as it acts like a refresher course.

Laura stopped reading and closed the book. She sat and looked at her husband Pete, now totally hidden behind the persona of Peg. She asked for Peg's opinion of what she had just read and stipulated that Peg should answer as if she were responsible for the changing and control of Pete's attitudes.

Peg was confused and at a loss to properly address the problem presented and told Laura so.



Laura suggested that Peg just answer yes or no to the following questions.

Would you, as a nonsmoker, appreciate riding in an automobile, which reeked from the odor of cigarette smoke? Peg answered, "No"

Would you, as Peg, enjoy being kissed and fondled by a man smelling of stale beer? Peg answered, "No"

Would you enjoy having sexual relations with an out-of-shape male, one whose pot belly got in the way of total intimacy and all the while you had to smell stale beer and old cigarette smoke on the man's breath? Peg answered "No"

Would you, as a female, feel that you were making too many sacrifices in providing the receptacle for the pleasure your husband derives from a sexual climax? Peggy answered, "Yes"

Would you, as a female, now for the first time in control, be willing to accept your macho man's first plea for clemency, or would you establish a negotiation session and let him bargain for small privileges? Peg answered, "Negotiation session."

How often should conditions be reviewed? In answering, Pete/Peg should remember that this five-week plan was still less than one week old and also consider the fact that for the next week and one half, Laura had to work. That meant that the captive must be left alone during the day, but still under control.

Peg hesitated in responding to the last question; she was in a strange situation. She now understood more of the reasons for Laura being upset. She could understand the serious warnings which Laura had read, from the author of that book, "Lady Take Control". There was going to be a new definition for the word "Normal" and Pete was going to come out on the short end.

Peg made quite a few attempts before arriving at an answer which she felt Laura and Pete could accept. Her recommendation was for a short evaluation period, say a half-hour, then a negotiation session and finally, establishing a session for every Sunday evening, for the next five weeks. She also suggested that they try to select an impartial third party, to break any stalemates which might occur.

Laura agreed to the recommendations, but got stuck on how to select an impartial third party. She suggested that they omit the third party and that they hold the sessions about two hours before bedtime. That would allow for the session to last as long as an hour and still have an hour to prepare for bed and get everything in order before "lights out".

Her second suggestion was for each of them to compose a list of demands or conditions during the evaluation time and to have the list ready for discussion in the session. She pointed out the fact that they had better prepare their dinner, eat and clean up right away, otherwise there would be very little time to prepare for tonight's session.

Laura began preparing one meal to go in the microwave. Peggy asked what she would have for dinner and Laura stated that Peggy was on her own as of now, "If you wish to eat, prepare it. If you wish to prepare a list of demands, then write it out yourself. We are starting out from where we were when we agreed to negotiate. If you wish

to have the use of your hands and arms, then be prepared to trade something of real value for that freedom. It appears to me that you are rather helpless right now, so you had better come to the bargaining table with some notable trades, to compensate for your demands.”

Peg was very hungry and also extremely uncomfortable since Paula had tightened the corset and frustrated because of all that she had lost just since arriving home.

Laura most likely would have removed the dress and released one or both hands and arms, but now, since the bargaining schedule had been established, Peg was stuck in this helpless state, which she had endured since about eight o'clock last night. “Open mouth, insert foot”—trying to shake up or change Laura’s plan could cause her more misery and humiliation than Laura had ever intended.

Peg could not prepare a written list, so she would have to commit it to her memory and hope that Laura’s demands didn’t shake her up so much that she would forget just what she had hoped to achieve.

The bargaining was scheduled to start at nine, in the living room. Peg was starved, scared and wishing that this scenario had never been arranged.

They sat facing each other, in comfortable chairs. Laura made an initial statement, which covered the situation to date. Four and one-half weeks to go, agreement on Pete’s part to portray Peg for the full five weeks. She was presently attired in dress, half-slip, petticoat, corset, nylons and high-heeled shoes. She was also wearing a urine collector and her hands are secured to the top of her corset. She had had no food since noon, her urine bag was full and her corset was laced extremely tight and getting very uncomfortable.

Peg had her turn at an initial statement. She agreed that all of Laura’s facts were correct. In view of the fact that there were actually three personalities involved—Laura, Pete and Peg—and that Pete had given verbal authority to negotiate to Peg, Pete/Peg should be allowed two bargaining points to each one for Laura.

Laura smiled and agreed to this arrangement. Laura requested one more short statement and Peg granted that request, too.

Laura suggested that tonight’s bargaining deal exclusively with basic survival, comfort, confinement, clothing styles, weight and diet and there should not be any attempts to plan beyond the Sunday night session. Peg agreed to these terms.

Peg requested the release of her arms.

Laura accepted, as long as Peg accepted the use of other simpler forms of bondage such as plastic hand casts on both hands, with one thumb and forefinger free, or if more stringent confinement is used, the maximum time allowed would be four hour sessions.

Peg tried to abolish the use of corsets; Laura refused, on the basis that the corsets would positively assist with the weight loss and therefore were acceptable for therapeutic reasons.

Laura asked to be allowed control of food consumption, as an important part of the weight loss program.

Peg accepted, as long as the Recommended Daily Allowance was met.

Peg requested a maximum daily limit to corset use and suggested eight hours as that limit.

Laura responded with the change to sixteen hours, that corsets must be worn during the normal day and removed at bed time and that eight hours be established as the length of bed time.

Peg accepted.

They agreed to stop here for a ten-minute break in order to search their notes and realign their plan based on the present bargaining results.

Laura hastened to lower the top of the dress Peg was wearing, release her right hand and remove the wire tie securing the crossed wrists. With some difficulty, they got that arm out through the dress sleeve and the dress was zipped up the back again.

Laura placed a pencil and pad of paper in the lap of Peg's dress.

Writing rapidly, Peg listed key word notes of present conditions and additional bargaining points. After five minutes, she was beginning to form a realistic picture of her and Pete's situation. When they resumed, she would have at least two more points to try to win. Being deprived of male clothing for five weeks left Pete/Peg with a very limited bargaining range. Elimination of severe bondage was the major concern, food quantity was secondary and being secured to that closet door to watch instructional videos a third point.

When they resumed, Peg requested an outfit of men's clothing, for emergencies like the trip to Paula's and that the time spent secured to the closet door be considered severe bondage and be limited to a four hour maximum.

Laura accepted those demands.

Laura requested permission to concentrate on feminizing Peg, stating that it would be limited to superficial, not physical or permanent changes.

Peg accepted rather reluctantly.

Pete/Peg asked for one more thing: a limited use of that "Aroma Therapy" stuff, which put her to sleep.

Laura accepted and they adjourned the session.

Now Pete/Peg had to manage without help, to get out of the dress, release the other hand, accept some sort of bondage to control her actions, remove the corset, urine collector, vibrator, eat and bathe—not necessarily in that order.

The dress was quite a bit too large for Peg. It had to be large in order to accommodate the arms folded across the chest, under the front of it.

There must have been some real sadistic ingenuity on the part of the designer of that method of securing Peg's arms to the corset. The thumbs were strapped to a ring set in the corset, directly above each bra cup. That placed each palm directly over each false boob and the fingers are pointed out towards the armpit. This was apparently meant to produce the thrill of cupping a breast in each palm. This could produce a lot of different reactions, the least of which would be getting sexually excited, from fon-

dling a pair of breasts and being completely helpless and unable to do anything about that excitement. That thrill could cause lots of mental torment initially, because of the sexual suggestiveness, but more because of the absolute helplessness of the inability to use the arms and hands. After being secured in this manner for over a full day, the crossed arms had been uncomfortable for hours, the muscles long since cramped and aching and the mind is flooded with thoughts about ways to break free.

The dress zipper gave Peg a lot of trouble and with only one hand and arm, it was nearly impossible to pull up on the dress and push down on the zipper at the same time. She could pull up a little on the dress and slide the zipper down a short ways, then she had to rest her arm before trying again. She asked for help and Laura informed her that she was an independent prisoner, or slave. She asked if she could tear the dress off and Laura promised her a severe spanking and four hours of unforgettably severe bondage if the dress gets torn.

Laura sat and watched the struggle to get out of the confining dress and to release the hand still secured to the corset and she suggested that maybe Peg had won in the bargaining session. Then again, maybe she had lost. Laura claimed that her plan had followed the suggestions in that book for the most part. Peg's exposure to the public and to Pete's grand nieces and grand nephew had happened because of an emergency situation, meant to protect, not expose. Now that Laura could do more to create a more convincing "Peg" image, there was the definite possibility of increased public exposure.

In just a little over a week, they would both be on vacation and that allowed lots of possibilities. Just like the freedom of this coming weekend. A chunk of your vacation pay was spent on ladies wear for Peg and on the down payment for the monster exercise machine in the back yard. Some more of Pete's beer, cigarette and gambling money was spent on a weekend Amtrak-New York package, for this upcoming Friday evening, plus Saturday and Sunday.

We will board the train at the downtown bus station, which is now housed in the railroad depot building. The bus station people contact Amtrak and the train would stop briefly to pick up or drop off local passengers. We will board on Friday night at six-thirty, arrive in New York City about eleven and go directly to the Holiday Inn by taxi.

While we are in New York City, we will both be treated to tanning and beauty salons and also a massage parlor session. We will check out the products for sale in some of the most exquisite ladies wear shops and sandwich in time for an X-rated show involving internationally famous Female Impersonators, as well as dining at the pavilion operated by an international organization of transgendered and transvestites. They have gorgeous waitresses and dancers to serve and entertain you while you dine.

A week later, when we are both on a three-week vacation, we can relax while Amtrak takes us to places like Atlantic City, Las Vegas and New Orleans. The "Us" that I refer to, is exclusively Peg and Laura.

By the time Laura was through with her outline of her plan for their vacation, Peg had succeeded in lowering the zipper enough to be able to reach up behind her back and pull it the rest of the way down to her waist. With a lot of struggle, she worked the

dress off from her shoulders and let it fall to her lap. Releasing the strap around her left thumb and after some of the stiff muscles began to limber up, she regained the use of both hands and arms.

The first stop was the bathroom, to get rid of the vibrator and the urine collector bag and the pressure on her bladder. The next task was a good hot bath. Laura didn't request any bondage, because it was easy to predict that Peg's next stop would be the kitchen, looking for something to eat. *Now if she wants food, she will have to bargain, because the key to the food is still nestled right between those very natural mounds, supported by Laura's very pretty pink-lace bra.*

Pete appeared in the kitchen covered below the waist by a towel; there were many red lines about the upper torso, with the most outstanding ones on her shoulders, from the corset straps. The corset had been worn for almost thirty hours and Paula had tightened it up quite severely at three o'clock that afternoon. The added weight of the bound arms hanging from the top of the corset definitely helped to cause the very vivid red strap marks.

Laura had a few pangs of remorse, thinking that maybe she had gone too far, that maybe this whole plan should be scrapped, that maybe the author of the book; "Lady Take Control" was wrong. She considered begging Pete's forgiveness for the way he had been abused. Then she remembered the many times she had seen those same types of red marks on her own body, after removing a corset or after she had worn a bra for an extended period of time. The final convincing factor was presented right then, as she got a profile view of Pete, with his still prominent potbelly. Her confidence was instantly restored and she reassured herself by mentally saying, "When your weight gets down to 180 pounds."

Pete looked at Laura, wanting to demand some dinner, but not wanting to create a negative atmosphere. He politely asked if he could have permission to prepare a meal for himself.

Laura reached into the front of her dress and fished a nice warm key out of her bra. She handed it to Pete and told him to select food that was acceptable for a lady's weight loss diet. She also offered an apology for all of the chafe marks. She offered to apply some soothing lotion after Pete was through with his meal.

Laura told Pete that the complete freedom right now was another attempt to make amends for those ugly chafe spots.

Pete rushed to unlock the refrigerator and check out the makings of a hearty meal. He selected a slice of meatloaf, some mashed squash and a good helping of green beans. This dinner was warmed in the microwave and consumed in less than twenty minutes. Pete cleaned up from the meal very carefully, locked the fridge and returned the key to Laura.

Laura instructed Pete to place the key back where it belonged and Pete had to pull out the front of Laura's dress and carefully insert the key into the narrow space between Laura's beautiful breasts. That little act of intimacy caused a violent reaction for Pete, which was easily recognized by the prominent bulge in the front of the towel wrapped around his body.

Laura smiled at the torment that she had just caused and ordered Pete to return to the guest room. The lotion which Laura applied was very soothing and Pete was grateful for the relief, but still suspicious and nervous about Laura's next move. There was no way that Laura would eliminate bondage, no way that confinement in corsets was over, or that next week would be much different from this past one. He didn't want to go to New York for the weekend either, but how do you negotiate your way out of a situation, when you have absolutely no knowledge of it? There would not be another bargaining session until after they returned from "The Big Apple".

Pete relaxed while Laura was treating the sore spots with her magic lotion. That was a mistake. Laura waved that little bottle under his nose and by the time that strange smell alerted his senses, it was too late and Pete was off to Dreamland again.

Pete awoke as the chimes were striking three in the morning. He needed to go to the bathroom. He started to get out of bed, but was stopped by a rope tied tightly around his waist and apparently secured somewhere under the bed. He started to panic, for fear of wetting the bed. Further investigation disclosed the presence of the urine collector bag. His hands were free and he determined that he was bare to the waist and lying on a rubber sheet. He could see the lighted clock dial, but could not reach the bedside lamp, to turn it on.

He had no luck at trying to reach the knot that was securing the rope, somewhere under the bed. With the knot at the middle of his back, he couldn't loosen the rope where it was tied tightly around his waist.

Pete was totally stranded almost permanently anchored to that bed. This was not severe bondage and if he screamed for release and disturbed Laura, she would most certainly retaliate with a session of bondage that would be unquestionably severe and most likely last every last minute of the four-hour maximum limit. He surrendered to draining the bladder pressure into the urine bag, then tried to go back to sleep.

Friday morning, Laura released Pete from the bed, sent him to take a bath and ordered him to return to the guest room. He was fastened into the original and now dry corset, then pink lace panties, nylons and a pair of strap-on wedgies with a more conservative heel height. The fake boobs, a full slip and a formfitting dress, with hem ending half way down her thigh and exposing a long expanse of nylon clad thigh finished off the clothing selections for Peg for the day.

PART TWO

Laura supervised as Peg did her own facial makeup, then locked a new wooden bar on her wrists and sent her out to get into the hammock and clip the exerciser cable to the bar. The new hook had a leaf-spring type of retainer which made it possible for Peg to snap it into place by pulling on the cable, after carefully catching the hook on the eye mounted to the wooden bar.

Peg decided to just hold the hook in place, but not pull hard enough to force the spring retainer back. Now, if Laura came out to check, a slight pull on the cable would snap the hook on to the screw eye. Laura would find Peg properly secured and then she would leave for work. If Laura didn't come out to check, then Peg could let go of the cable and be free of the "Monster" for the day.

When she heard Laura's car leave, she waited about ten minutes, then let go of the cable. It retracted all of the way back to the end of the horizontal bar of the exerciser.

Peggy wasted a precious half-hour, waiting to be sure that Laura wasn't coming back and used that time to plan a better escape scenario. Now it was time to get moving. Just as Peg was swinging her feet off of the hammock and sitting up, she heard a click and looked up to find Paula checking to be sure that the cable hook was securely attached to the wooden bar. "Goddamn! Goddamn! Where the hell did you come from? Why are you here?"

Paula had a sly smile on her face and told Peg that the exerciser signaled a problem, "And as you know, I am the troubleshooter." Paula told Peg that she looked lovely, much too lovely to have Pete hiding underneath all of that feminine finery. She suggested that although Peg had exquisite looking thighs, she should no expose so much of them. She added that the delicate lace on the pink panties was meant for Peg's eyes only, not for public display.

Peg covered her thighs as much as she could with the short skirt of the dress and swung her legs back up on the hammock.

Paula told Peg that she would be back at noon, to see that she was properly fed and watered, just like she does for her dog each day. She made a few other remarks, which were meant to humiliate her brother-in-law and they certainly struck home. She left, commenting that she might bring her husband and the camera with her at noontime.

Pete/Peg was frustrated, humiliated and scared. The frustration was because of waiting too long before leaving the hammock. Never had he/she expected the exerciser to send out a distress signal. She was humiliated because Paula had seen Pete in a dress again and even seen the pink lace panties which Laura had made Peg wear. Pete was scared because Paula would tell and Laura would devise an extremely severe bondage session to teach Pete a lesson about who was boss.

Paula returned about one o'clock, waited until the exerciser deposited Peggy back at the hammock, then assisted while she drank her Slim-Fast. When the drink was finished, Paula's husband strolled across the lawn carrying Paula's camera. Fred took time off for a late lunch break and to help Paula with the photography session. As an author, he could manage his own schedule.

They removed the wooden bar from Peg's wrists and had her pose in many very feminine poses, several with her skirt hiked up so far that the stocking tops, garters and lower part of her pink lace panties were clearly visible. They switched her shoes, strapping on a pair with four-inch heels and had her pose standing on the patio, sitting on the patio bench, with both feet up on the railing, creating a very exposing view followed by another pose, leaning against the patio railing.

They removed her dress and took several very carefully arranged poses with her in her full slip, then they removed the slip and took some more shots of her dressed only in her corset, pink panties, nylons and heels.

This photography session took about an hour, then Peg was dressed again, given a good drink of water and returned to the hammock and the exercise monster for the remainder of the afternoon.

Laura retrieved her feminized husband about six o'clock and they went into the house. The wooden bar was removed and Peg was sent to use the toilet. She was taken to the guest room and instructed to pull her dress and slip up above her waist and lie face down on the queen-sized bed. Hoping to lessen any retaliation for the second escape attempt, Peg rushed to comply with Laura's order. She lay on that bed with the dress and slip pulled up for about twenty minutes and began to wonder and worry about being there. First, she was not restrained and could walk out of the door and swipe the key to Laura's car, steal the car and get away. Secondly, she was worried about the long delay with no activity on Laura's part. What was she up to? If Peg stayed, what was going to happen? When was it going to happen?

Just as Peg decided to make a run for freedom, Laura entered the room. She was carrying the wooden bar again and locked it to Peg's wrists, with the bar lying on Peg's fanny.

Laura sat in a chair beside the bed and proceeded to give Peg a lecture about obedience, respect for her mistress's authority and she belabored Peg's constant disobedience. She said that they were going out for dinner and that it was going to be a memorable occasion for Peg.

Laura pulled the pink panties down near Peg's knees, picked up one of Pete's belts, doubled it and proceeded to give Peg a serious spanking. Laura was angry because Peg would not accept her status as a pseudo female and was constantly defying authority. This frustrated Laura, because she was starting to feel that her whole endeavor could fail. She was worried that, when it was time for her to release her captive, everything would revert to where it had been when Pete was captured.

The anger and frustration gave Laura the strength and determination to really swing that belt and inflict some serious pain as the belt contacted the corset-covered fanny and the backs of her nylon-covered thighs. When Peg began to cry and scream,

Laura stopped the spanking. She placed the belt on the chair seat right near Peg's face and left the room.

It took about thirty minutes for the pain and burn to subside and for Peg to stop crying. She decided to get up and let the dress and slip slide back down to cover herself up. The panties were still down on her thighs and the wooden bar would not allow her the freedom of movement needed to reach them and pull them up. She slid her legs off of the bed and struggled to her feet, to let her clothes fall down in place, but even the soft material of the nylon slip hurt as it slid over the sore bare thighs.

She wondered what to do; she couldn't walk very well with the panties down near her knees, so she decided to just sit on the side of the bed and wait to see what happened next.

When her fanny touched the bed, she stood upright again, because of the pain caused by the pressure on her spanked area. She was in a state of panic; she couldn't walk because of the panties and she couldn't sit because of the sore fanny. She couldn't stand very long because of the high-heeled shoes and she was unable to change any of these problems because of the wooden bar securing her wrists behind her back. That bar also added another problem, because it wanted to rest against the backs of her sore thighs and she had to try to hold her arms back enough to keep the bar from touching her sore spots.

Laura returned about an hour later and pulled the panties up, she was led to Laura's vanity to have her wig and makeup repaired. Laura had Peg kneel on the carpet next to the vanity bench, while the repairs were made.

Peg was led out to Laura's car, ordered to sit in the front passenger seat and the seat belt was secured in place. This was agony for Peg, her fanny was on fire and she received very little protection from the panties, dress and slip. The wooden bar was still in place and was pinned between her waist and the car seat, so there was no freedom of movement for her hands and arms. The seat belt held her, she couldn't move to reduce the pain in her fanny and it looked as if Laura was actually going to drive somewhere and they would have dinner. Peg didn't want to go out in public, she was afraid of being recognized, especially since this was Laura's car and Laura was there to lend even more to the recognition process. Peg started to beg and plead and use whatever method she could think of to stop Laura from leaving their yard. She was almost in tears. Laura warned her about the damage tears could cause to her wonderful makeup job.

Laura finally shoved the ball gag into Peg's mouth and secured it behind her head; from that point on, Peg was silent. Laura drove to a local fast-food joint, parked off to the side, went to the window and ordered their meals. Peg could see all of this activity from where Laura had parked, but because it was after dark, she was spared any exposure, which might have resulted in recognition.

Laura didn't want anyone finding Peg in her helpless and gagged condition, because they might call the police and get Laura in trouble. She returned to the car carrying a disposable tray containing packages of food and cups of cold drinks. She placed the tray on the back seat, got in and drove back towards home. On the way, she described the food, which she had purchased for herself. As she was doing so, Peg began to get

very hungry. Laura wouldn't say if she had any food for Peg and there was no way to ask, because of that damn ball gag stuffed into her open jaws.

Laura turned the car into their long wooded driveway and drove up near the house, close to where she usually parked. This time, though, she angled the front of the car to provide a nice view of the brook flowing past the passenger side window.

She got out of the driver's seat, opened the back door and retrieved a cold drink and a cardboard box of food. She returned to the driver's seat and very slowly consumed her food and beverage.

Peg was starving because of the wonderful aromas from Laura's meal. She was almost drooling, she was terribly thirsty and her jaws ached because the ball gag was jammed into her mouth, her fanny was on fire and the seat belt held her from shifting positions. Her arms and wrists ached because of their uncomfortable position. The car was running with the headlights on and the lights displayed the running water of the brook, which was creating the urgent need to relieve the pressure building up in Peg's bladder.

It seemed like hours that they sat there. Laura finished her meal and commented on how good it was. She got out and went back to the back seat, hopefully to retrieve Peg's food. She returned with a large slice of apple pie.

Peg was devastated, she broke down and cried. She had never been so helpless, uncomfortable, hungry, thirsty and tormented. Laura let her cry and continued to eat her pie.

Peg was still crying when Laura led her into the house, to the family room. The house lights were all on and Fred and Paula came in from the patio to join them. Paula slipped a videocassette into the VCR and they watched the results of Peg modeling for Paula's camera that afternoon. Fred, Paula and Laura had a wine and cheese party, after Paula returned Peg to the family room. Paula assisted Peg with a toilet stop and managed to embarrass Pete/Peg in the process of assisting with clothing removal. Laura's sister and her husband went home and Laura went to take a bath and get ready for bed. Peg was left sitting on the sofa in the family room.

Laura returned to the family room wearing a nearly transparent nightgown and carrying the food containers from the fast-food joint. She removed the ball gag and gave Peg a drink from the cup of orange juice.

Laura began to tease Peg about the delightful display of pulchritude from the video which Fred and Paula had assembled. Peg sat there frustrated embarrassed, starving, uncomfortable, hoping to get free, to get something to eat, wanting to get up and off her extremely sore fanny.

Laura knew that Peg was reaching her limit of tolerance for severe bondage and used a little more time to remind Peg that Laura was in charge. Pete/Peg should soon begin to realize that Peg was Laura's toy. She could be gentle and dress her up as a life-sized doll, in pretty clothing, or she could be harsh and keep her toy locked in a closet. Tied to the bed, perhaps, or at the mercy of the exercise monster out on the back lawn. God knows what other crosses that defiant doll might have to bear. Now, if that toy would only accept and acknowledge defeat, they could begin to build a new re-

lationship. A peaceful existence, one that placed the sacrifices on the male side of their marriage and set Laura free to enjoy a few years of luxury.

Pete tried to admit defeat, but it was almost more than his mind could admit. He made a humble apology for the attempts to escape and offered to try to obey Laura's orders.

She fed Peg the food, which was now completely cold, then she held the cup while Peg finished the orange juice. She led Peg into the guest room and helped her lie face down on the big bed. She pulled up the dress and slip, removed the pink panties, released the back garters and pulled up the back of the corset, to bare Peg's fanny.

Laura began to apply lotion to the seriously enflamed fanny and thighs. She left the lotion bottle on the chair seat, right near Peg's face and soon Peg was off to Dreamland once more.

Peg woke up sometime in the middle of the night, of course needing to make a trip to the bathroom. As her awareness returned, she discovered that she was still lying on her stomach and her hands and feet were stretched out. Suddenly, she realized that she was spread-eagled on the bed, face down. There was absolutely no slack in her bonds, no way to determine if she was protected by diapers and plastic panties, or even if she was lying on the rubber sheet.

Peg decided to call for help, then remembered her promise to obey and to accept whatever Laura ordered. Laura had placed her in this situation and she would be sure to release her when it was the right time, so Peg had better start following instructions and stay put and stay quiet.

The bonds on her hands and feet were very tight and pulling on them didn't really hurt her flesh, but it was to no avail. She was quite solidly anchored in her present position.

Peg had to surrender to her helpless condition, just lie and wait to be released and to release the bladder pressure, regardless of the consequences.

Thursday morning, Laura entered the guest room and opened the drapes. The sun hit Peg in the face and nearly blinded her. When her eyes got used to the brightness, she could see wide leather cuffs buckled to her wrists and a length of new clothesline rope running to each bedpost. She could twist her body a little and move her head, but that was the limit of her movement. She couldn't even see how she was dressed.

Laura released the leather cuffs from her ankles, then the ropes securing her arms. Her arms were down behind her and the ropes tied together behind her back. Peg was assisted to a sitting position on the edge of the bed and the high-heeled shoes were strapped on again. She was led to the bathroom, her plastic panties and diapers were removed and she was seated on the toilet. When that function was complete, Laura gave Peg a lower body sponge bath; put on doubled-up disposable diapers and replaced the plastic panties.

Peg was still wearing the nylons, corset, slip and dress she had worn for the previous day's photo session. She was led out to sit on the hammock, the exerciser cable was hooked to a ring on the back of the collar, then her wrists were released. Her arms were brought around in front of her, the leather cuffs removed and her forearms were

folded, placing a hand against the opposite elbow. Adhesive tape was used to wrap around the forearms, securing them to each other.

Laura went into the house and returned with the usual can of Slim-Fast and held it while Peg drank her breakfast. She wished Peg a pleasant day, went over to her car and drove off to work.

Peg was totally helpless, no hands to use, still wearing the damn shoes, her fanny still hurt from the spanking, she was still at the mercy of the exercise machine and it was already beginning to be a very hot day. There was no shade on this back lawn and she couldn't see any cooler over near the toilet. Even if Laura *had* left food and water for her, she wouldn't be able to serve it to herself.

What a situation! What kind of solutions were there? Would Paula come and see if she was okay, or would she have to try to survive for the whole day? Would the sun burn her upper arms and face? Her legs might be safe because of the nylons.

Suddenly, she heard a voice. She looked around and could see no one and assumed that she was beginning to imagine things. The voice said "Hello" and Peg answered with the same single word. She waited to see if she would get an answer. The voice responded again after a long pause and addressed her as Ms Peg Greene and asked if she was having a pleasant day.

Peg answered that she was rather seriously inconvenienced at that very moment and could use a hand. The voice asked how she was inconvenienced and Peg was a little scared. This was a male voice. What if this guy believed that this was actually a single lady (he *had* addressed her as Ms Peg Greene) and decided to come and avail himself of her body. If she described just how completely helpless she was, he might take the chance to jump her bones. When he found out that she was a he, there could be some serious reactions. Peg was totally defenseless. Peg pondered on how to respond to the question. She asked how he knew her name. He responded that he had a radio receiver system, which was designed to identify an incoming message, by a code sent with each transmission and her message was from her radio registration code.

He claimed that he was not sure where she was located, but he could find her by moving closer with each response that she made. He also claimed to be handicapped. He traveled with a wheel chair and a special van and he enjoyed the opportunity to talk and visit with all types of people.

Was she inconvenienced by a physical handicap? Peg was in need of attention to help detract from her totally helpless situation. She wanted to talk to someone; she wasn't so scared since this guy was in a wheel chair. She was suspicious about where the radio was, why it was there and why it was registered in Pete's fem name. She wondered who else was listening in on the conversation, but decided to talk, but not give away her whereabouts.

Peg apologized for the delay in answering and explained that she was being careful, but that she was still anxious for company. She said that she didn't wish to explain her problem on the radio, but she would like to talk some more. She was trying to make her voice sound female.

Laura had left Peg sitting on the hammock around eight-thirty, now it must be near ten. Peg was getting thirsty, her arm muscles were starting to cramp and hurt and she needed to make a rest stop. It sure would be great if she had a lot more bladder capacity. The radio person spoke again and asked her to give him a few clues to help him find her.

What should she do? She needed this distraction from her present dilemma. Should she send him on a wild goose chase? Should she give some genuine directions in the hope that he would come and release her? Was this radio meant to be part of Laura's plan for the day? How far away was this guy? How long would it take for him to get there? Would he actually come? Would he release Peg when he saw her plight? Would he molest Peg and then leave her helpless? Would he be able to maneuver on the soft soil of the lawn? Would he drive in far enough to find her in her place out behind the house?

Peg threw caution to the wind, gave the name of the town in her response and prayed that this man was close and would arrive before she was forced to empty her bladder.

The radio responded with a question, "Near the tracks and the river?" Peg anxiously replied, "No, due east four miles. Highway eighteen to Grant Road."

The radio responded, "Grant? Oh yes, great."

The radio was silent for about two minutes, then a different voice said, "Norman's free radio play time is up, thank you for your participation, This is CCX9 signing off"

Peg couldn't believe what she had just heard. Her knight in shining armor had just been knocked off from his trusty steed.

Peg tried several times to get some kind of response out of that mysterious radio, but it remained silent. As the minutes passed, her courage dissolved. The tears started running down her cheeks and at the same time, the diapers began to get wet. Peg was crying like a baby when Paula arrived at noontime. Peg saw Paula approaching, but she couldn't stop crying. The sobs were shaking her whole body. She was glad to see someone there, embarrassed over her appearance, helplessness, trying to stop crying and praying for release.

Paula started wiping Peg's tearstained face with a cool damp face cloth. After a few minutes, Peg's crying was just a few real sobs, which shook her whole body Peg was released from the exerciser cable and Paula helped her to her feet. They went into the house and she was led to the bathroom. The plastic panties and the saturated diapers were removed and Peg was seated on the toilet. Ten minutes later, Paula helped her to her feet and sponged the area that had gotten wet from the Pampers.

Peg was led to the kitchen and given the usual Slim-Fast drink for lunch. Next, she was led to the guest room and seated on the big stool. Paula pulled down the hanging plant cord, slipped the clip through the ring on the side of the collar. She let the clip slide down past the top of the corset and her bound arms, pulled up the dress and slip to grasp the clip and pulled the cord down near Peg's ankles.

Paula showed Peg a very sturdy-appearing panty girdle, made her slip her feet into the leg openings and stand up. The girdle was pulled up into place, the front opening

was hooked and Paula pulled the zipper all of the way to the top. She took the belt which had been used to spank Peg, wrapped it three times around Peg's ankles and buckled it, then attached the cord to the belt buckle.

The stool was set over near the window and while Paula was over there, she pulled up all of the slack in the cord and secured it to the cord anchor on the window casing. This left Peg standing in high-heeled shoes, in the middle of the bedroom floor. Paula went to the patio and returned with the rolling serving cart, with a TV and VCR on board. She turned them on, popped in another tearjerker romance video and started it playing. She went to the kitchen and returned immediately with a drink and a bunch of snacks. She propped herself up on the pillows to watch the two-hour video.

Peg was in agony, she was still encased in the corset, an extremely tight girdle had been added, her arms and ankles were bound and she was required to stand in her high-heeled shoes and watch another romance video. She could see the TV and see Paula relaxing, sipping her drink and munching on snacks.

She started to complain and Paula laid the ball gag on the bedspread in plain sight, so Peg stopped talking. When the video was over, Peg was crying again, partially from the content of the video, but mostly from the pain and humiliation of her situation.

Just after three o'clock, Paula shut off the TV, released Peg from the planter cord and ankle restraint and took her back to the bathroom for another potty break. The girdle was removed and, after Peg had a turn on the toilet, Paula released peg's hands and arms. She gave her a sexy pair of panties to put on, then her wrists were locked to the wooden bar again. She was returned to the back yard exerciser and the cable was attached to the wooden bar again. Paula wished her a pleasant afternoon and left.

Peg wanted to cry some more, but there just didn't seem to be any more tears left. She obeyed the exercise monster, until Laura rescued her for dinner. The evening was spent on baths, kitchen cleanup and laundry. They watched another romance video and finally she was put to bed in the guest room. She was wearing a nylon nightgown, Pampers and plastic panties and was secured to the bed with the rope tied tightly around her waist, then secured underneath the bed.

Friday morning, Laura released Peg from the bed and sent her to bathe. When she returned to the guest room, she was fitted into a clean corset, panties, nylons and a pair of strap-on wedgies. The fake boobs were inserted into the corset bra cups and Laura put another full slip and dress on her feminized husband. Laura supervised as Peg did her own makeup, shaped and sprayed her wig, The wooden bar was locked into place, she was served her usual nutrition drink, then Laura sent her out to fasten herself to the exercise monster. Peg followed her instructions to the letter and spent the morning obeying the exerciser.

At one o'clock, Paula and Fred arrived. When the exercise session was over, Peg was ushered into the house, told to strip and take a hot bath. Both Paula and her husband came into the bathroom while Peggy was in the tub; they coached and assisted as Peg was shaved of all body hair except for a small pubic patch and the hair on the head. The pubic patch was outlined with an eyebrow pencil into an unmistakable heart shape and Peg was ordered to shave carefully to preserve that shape.

She was dried off, coated with a depilatory lotion and sent back to the bathroom to shower it off. She was taken to the laundry room, secured to a plastic lawn chair. A plastic tent was installed; it fit tightly around her neck and cascaded to the floor. They set a small steamer inside the tent, turned it on and watched as Peg received her first home steam bath. After nearly an hour in that steam tent, she was released and sent to take another shower. She was returned to the steam tent and steamed briefly with a very potent feminine perfume they had added. The steamer was shut off and Peg had to stand nude and drip dry.

Fred was quite pleased with Pete/Peg's embarrassment at being nude, so completely hairless and totally scented by such a delicate perfume.

Paula handed Peg a panty girdle to put on and watched as she did so. Then she had Peg sit at Laura's vanity while her nails were shaped and painted. All of her nails, both fingers and toes. Basic makeup foundation was applied to her face, her eyes were made-up, then Paula turned her concentration to dressing Peg.

She had Peggy put on a pair of ultra sheer beige pantyhose, long-line bra and matching white lace panties. Fred cleaned and polished Peg's black three-inch high heel shoes, had Peg step into them and buckled their ankle straps. He had to be the usual obscene male and slide his hand up the back of Peg's nylon covered leg, all the way to the leg band of her panties. This produced a blush on Peg's face.

Paula inserted the fake boobs and helped Peg into a brand new white nylon full slip, which fit like the paper on the wall. The dress was like tissue paper, so thin and transparent that you could read a newspaper through it. The slip provided sufficient cover in all of the appropriate places and the dress accentuated the torso-hugging effect of the slip. When the back of the dress was zipped, the bodice clung to the fake bust and created an interesting view of the slip's beautiful lace covering over the breasts. The bust gave the appearance of sizable assets, as the transparent material of the dress accentuated them.

The clock had been ticking away and the transformation of Pete to Peg had taken the balance of the afternoon. Laura returned home from work and headed straight for the shower. She had just one half hour to get ready and Paula still had to put the finishing touches to Peg's makeup and wig.

Fred placed the suitcases in the trunk of his car. Laura and Peg had packed the bags on Thursday night and Peg was frustrated to have to pack clothing for Peg to wear with absolutely no clothes for Pete. They rode in the back seat of Fred's car and were delivered to the bus/train station, in the center of town. They each carried their own suitcase and garment bag out to the track siding and ten minutes later they were being whisked away heading for New York City. Pete had not had a spare moment to be afraid of being seen in his hometown, while forced to pose as Peg.

Their little compartment would seat eight passengers and there was only one other couple sharing that space. The two couples sat facing each other. Their travel companions appeared to be in their late twenties, single ladies, well-dressed and a little on the snobbish and critical side. These young ladies seemed to be checking every minute detail of their slightly older female travel companions.

Peg was very nervous; Laura told her to relax, enjoy the train ride and the luxury of her beautiful clothing. Peg complained that the young ladies were staring at her and that she was afraid that they could see through the disguise. Laura assured her that there was absolutely no way for them to detect the fact that there was a man hidden under that beautiful outfit.

One of the ladies took out a package of sample candy bars, like those available for trick or treat candies at Halloween. She offered one to her companion and Peg watched this action.

It had been so long since Pete had enjoyed a candy bar that he would kill to get one of those samples. The girl read the desire showing on Pete/Peg's face, picked one of the little bars out of the package and tossed it for Peg to catch. She caught it easily, but in that action she also closed her legs as a back-up having it land in the lap, if she failed to catch it.

Laura saw this action and insisted that Peg hand the candy over to her. Paula had kept Peg busy all afternoon and Laura had rushed to bathe and dress, so they were both ready for a meal. There was supposed to be an evening meal in the dining car at seven and Laura suggested that Peg just sit and be patient.

The candy-tossing young lady saw Peg hand the candy bar to Laura and she carefully picked up another one, ripped off the wrapper and set the little chunk of chocolate on top of her purse which was resting in her lap. She winked to Peg, pointed to the piece of candy and winked again. She whispered to her companion seated next to the window and suddenly the companion got excited about some scenery now visible along the train tracks. Laura was seated next to the window and she also looked out the window at the scene. "Candy Toss" picked up the piece of chocolate and tossed it to Peg. It took only a split second for it to disappear into Peg's mouth. The scenery outside the train window held Laura's attention and Peg was able to enjoy that forbidden morsel.

Peg winked back at her conspirator, made a hand gesture to show her appreciation and received a return wink from across the compartment. A few minutes later the young ladies were whispering rather excitedly. "Candy Toss" was trying to make some sort of a point and the other girl kept shaking her head.

After a few minutes of excited debate, "Candy Toss" looked directly at Peg and commented that she looked very beautiful, but she wondered if they would care to explain why they had a man dressed as a lady.

Peg reacted as if struck by lightning and her face got very red. "Candy Toss" was delighted to observe the reaction because it verified her suspicions. Laura sensed the reaction more than she observed it and placed her hand on top of Peg's and tried to arrest the panic rising inside the lovely creature seated beside her.

Peg had just been exposed as a man in a dress; she was mortified and Pete was terrified. Thoughts about arrest for female impersonation rushed through her mind. She worried about public exposure, about the police and the press getting involved and about the total devastation which could result. What should they say? What will these young ladies do now?

“Candy Toss” came to the rescue almost immediately, by reaching over and removing the wig from her companion’s head, to reveal a man’s haircut. Her companion, caught completely off guard, began to blush and try to hide the evidence.

Laura didn’t remove Peg’s wig, but did confirm that “Peg” was in fact Laura’s husband Pete traveling as Peg.

Introductions were made all around. “Candy Toss” was Becky, short for Rebecca White and she introduced her companion as her husband Eric White, now assuming the role of Erica.

Becky explained that she had discovered signs of Eric straying away from the nest and decided to put a stop to those kind of activities. She gave Eric a choice: divorce or accept Becky’s rules without question. They were going to Atlantic City for the week-

end. Dressed as Erica, the wandering gigolo would be easy to control. As an additional deterrent, Erica had no money or credit cards, so there would be very little worry about her changing to male clothing and skipping out.

Eric/Erica was embarrassed by all of this explanation, tried to replace the wig and was not successful. There was no place to hide, so she sat there with a very red face and a wide-eyed scared look on her face, as if waiting for the sky to fall.

Laura was pleased to find a sympathetic female to talk to. Her sister Paula was a capable assistant, but she disagreed with Laura’s motives. Paula was helpful because she hated the fact that men could be so cruel, inconsiderate and demanding. She was overjoyed to make her brother-in-law suffer the humiliation of acting like a lady.

Laura suggested that she and Becky take some time to compare notes. Becky agreed. She straightened out Erica’s wig, made her sit beside Peg and placed a pair of handcuffs on their adjacent wrists. She told the confined ladies that she and Laura would return in time for the four of them to go to dinner together.

Peg and Erica spent their time sympathizing with each other. They each had to have a turn in the little bathroom; with their wrists locked together, it was a matter of cooperation to achieve the desired relief.



Becky and Laura went to the lounge car, ordered coffee and explained the reasons for taking charge of their husband's actions. Becky was clipping Eric's wings and had not considered the possibility of controlling his weight and bad habits in the process. Becky had found a book in the library titled, "Lady Take Control". She signed it out and studied it. She considered several of the recommendations, finally settling on changing Eric's wardrobe to female. They talked about their weekend plans. Becky was heading for Atlantic City and had no reservations set up.

Laura invited Becky to get off the Amtrak train at Grand Central Station with her and Peg. There were two queen-sized beds in the room and they could share the cost. They could sleep with their spouses, or put them to bed together and the wives could go out for a while and enjoy some of the city's nightlife and not have to worry about their charges.

Becky accepted the invitation and they began to explore their life styles. Becky and Eric White lived about fifteen miles up the track from where Pete and Laura Greene lived. Becky worked for a company right next door to Laura's work place. They could take turns sitting for their delinquent spouses and they could swap or trade bondage ideas, equipment and clothing items, to add to the variety of costumes and controls. They also arranged to share control of Peg and Erica for the upcoming week. They would have the whole weekend to work out those details.

Laura and Becky returned to their compartment to find the two lovely ladies sitting side by side, waiting to be released and taken to dinner. Erica was in for a big surprise; the usual Truck Driver-size portions were due to shrink. This was meant to shrink Erica in places that were now being controlled by corsets and girdles.

All four ladies tried to check their makeup and hair at the same time and it was a real scramble for a shot at the single mirror. Finally, everyone was ready. Laura and Becky checked out their mates. Erica complained about the clip earrings hurting her earlobes, so Becky changed them for a much lighter set. Laura suggested that they add ear piercing to their weekend plans and Becky was the only one to agree to that idea.

They left the compartment and headed through three other passenger cars to the dining car. Dinner on a fast moving train was a new experience for each of them. It was nice to sit and watch the scenery rush past the dining car window as they ate. Erica was very upset with the meal that Becky ordered for her, but in the interest of fairness, they had ordered the same servings for each of them. It consisted of lots of vegetables and a small serving of chicken and Jell-O for desert. Erica labeled it an appetizer and in an extremely bass voice, kept asking for more chow. Becky informed Erica that Laura had Peg on a Slim-Fast routine, "Until your weight is down to 180 pounds." The end result would be a more acceptable-looking lady. She also added that voice lessons were going to be added very soon and maybe Peg could join Erica.

Becky asked how they had removed the body hair so completely. Laura described the procedure that her sister had used on Peg and hinted that at bedtime Peg might consent to display her little heart-shaped pubic patch. Peg's face turned a bright red color.

The she-males were informed of the change of plans and that they would have lots of time to talk together over the weekend. They could share clothing and makeup secrets and maybe even their choices of feminine sexual activities.

Becky told the Greenes about the big basement playroom which was windowless, except for one window in the walk-in entrance at the back of their house. In the evening, Erica was allowed total freedom of movement down there and she suggested that the two of them share this room on rainy days.

Laura suggested that another hammock could be set up in the yard near the exercise machine and Erica and Peg could share the outdoors on nice days. This would keep the machine busy most of the day. The manufacturer had included a "Siding Switch" to the order and when it was set up correctly, it would release one client and pick up the second one. It could keep this up all day long. It could also be programmed to pick up both clients and exercise them side-by-side on a single tether, but the toilet stop would be a bit confusing. It would work for short periods of time when both clients needed their exercise and when the toilet stop was eliminated from the computer sequence. The machine could concentrate on a long exercise cycle and a short rest cycle. The sensors in Peg's fake boobs would determine the length of the exercise cycle, by monitoring her pulse and respiration.

Peg and Erica sat quietly listening to all of these plans. They were both silently praying for more food and that they be allowed to wake up from this nightmare.

Both of the men hidden away under all of their feminine finery were anxious to regain the freedom which would allow them sexual release, Eric because Becky was adamant about, "No sex for at least three months" and this was the middle of the first month; Pete because Laura desired intimacy with a handsome properly-proportioned mate, not a beached whale. Pete had been informed that, when there was any sexual interlude between them, he could look forward to the use of condoms. There would not be any more "Nude Bathing". Laura complained about the fact that what goes in must come out and in the interest of cleanliness for her, she didn't want to have to spend a day wearing panty liners because of the fallout from their sex the night before. Pete could use a condom or suffer from lack of sexual release. Laura was quite upset with macho traits which caused sacrifices, inconvenience and embarrassment for the female partner. They had to tolerate the natural function of a period every month and probably every woman has wished that her mate shared in this embarrassing inconvenience by alternating with her every other month.

Laura suggested that it was getting close to their arrival in New York City and that they should get back to their compartment, fix themselves up, pick up their luggage and be ready to disembark from their Amtrak train ride.

Peg and Erica were checked for signs of beard growth, or any other problems, which might give people a hint that they were not real ladies.

They reached the exit steps, just as the train pulled into Grand Central Station. They walked up two flights of stairs, across the very spacious lobby and out onto a city street. Becky hailed a cab and Laura asked him to take them to the Holiday Inn. The trip was fast and scary and they arrived safely, but shook up. The desk clerk handed Laura two room keys. The elevator took them up to the twelfth floor and they entered

number 1213, at just a little before eleven o'clock. Becky ordered the she-males to strip, shower and put on their bras, false breasts and nightgowns. Laura pulled a long length of rope out of her suitcase and laid it on the bedside table.

When Peg and Erica came out of the bathroom, Laura suggested that Peg show Becky her heart-shaped pubic patch. Peg's face turned bright red and she was about to refuse, when Laura stated that Peg do as she had been told, or she would suffer all day tomorrow with an extremely sore fanny, after her severe spanking for refusing to obey an order.

Peg stood in front of Becky and pulled up her nightgown, affording an excellent view of the area which sported the heart-shaped hair cut and a few other things not usually found under a ladies nightgown.

Becky spent what seemed like an eternity examining everything that was exposed by the raised nightgown and Peg was getting extremely embarrassed because Becky's inspection was causing an erection. Laura gave Peg permission to lower the gown and the she-males were put to bed side-by-side. The long length of rope was tied to their adjacent wrists, so that they were right beside each other, then the rope was slid under their bodies and secured to their other wrists. The ends of the rope were tossed under the bed, Becky slid in underneath and tied them together.

Laura covered up the nightgown-clad ladies and she and Becky wished them pleasant dreams.

Becky suggested that they go over to 42nd St. and watch a bondage movie. She ventured the thought that they might learn some new ways to confine or dress their prisoner/slave mates.

The cabby who had taken them to the Holiday Inn had told them about a lot of the nighttime activities in the City and had given them his card. He had urged them to call him and said he would deliver them to whatever they wished to see.

He told them about an all-night movie theater showing X-rated films. He was absolutely correct, this movie was dedicated to educating or thrilling people with very complex and controversial subject matter.

One scantily-clad female had her male subject spread-eagled on a large rope spider web. She could rotate the web to place him head up or head down, his bare fanny was always within reach of her riding crop and she enjoyed using the crop to inflict pain. The main plot of the movie was about a timid young married woman, confronted with the problem of dealing with her handsome, powerful, cheating and macho husband and how her girlfriend takes her to see a bondage show. This was the friend's way of helping her learn how to assert her authority and pick up pointers on how a petite female can disable and dominate any one, regardless of the differences in strength.

In the movie, this young lady attended bondage and discipline school during the day while her husband was at work. When the school was ready to graduate her, she had to demonstrate her ability to overpower a professional football player and reduce him to a feminine-clad cry baby and do so without any serious harm or concessions on her part.

The school enticed the ball player by presenting him with a ticket for a free massage; he was assured memorable results. He was welcomed and escorted to the room where the massage would be done and instructed to strip down to his shorts. The young married woman appeared, intending to administer the service. The first part of the session was used to relax the subject, then it began to turn towards a hint of sexual excitement. She began to lead her client into exciting and exotic scenarios which lead up to him letting her tie him up. Once he was captured, the session continued into several mild and sexually stimulating situations. Each situation was carefully orchestrated to retain the excitement of the male subject. Finally, with his cooperation, he was dressed in a set of lacy lingerie, secured to the massage table and given a spanking that continued until he was sobbing like a heartbroken child.

There was a former student who brought her captive husband to the school with her. The school encouraged this, as proof of their teaching methods and to encourage the students to maintain their authority and not relinquish the reins. If they had surrendered control, then they were trained how to regain that objective.

This lady brought her mate, dressed as a very fashionable lady, outwardly appearing to be free of any bonds. As the wife put her charge through a display routine, it became obvious that there was some sort of restriction hidden under the captive's skirt. Even after the skirt was removed, the half-slip still concealed whatever was so confining. When the half-slip was removed, the captive was dressed in a corset and nylons and no panties.

A harness was revealed which hobbled even a person clad in trousers. It was designed so that stepping forward tightened a cable or cord running down over the cheek of the fanny, brought around front and anchored to the genitals. The forward movement of the thigh was controlled by the cable length, which could be adjusted to allow only minute thigh movements.

This device could be installed on any male, whether in male or female attire. It locked in place and could reduce the wearer almost to a standstill. There was a provision built in to allow the wearer to sit, but it required holding a control release right in the crotch area and when the captive is out in the public it requires very subtle movements to allow the wearer to sit. To cancel it for long strides would require constant pressure on the release mechanism in the front of the crotch and would draw too much attention to the person's hand and the obvious reason for that hand being there.

The wife had her husband go through several clothing changes, from pants and slacks to skirts from ankle-length to knee-length. She demonstrated her ability to control his stride and he demonstrated his ability to discreetly disable the control in order to sit and his inability to cancel the stride control, while walking, unless he applied pressure in his crotch area. It was necessary to rest one hand on the upper thigh in order to climb stairs and it was recommended that the captive use elevators, escalators, or handicap ramps wherever and whenever possible.

There was no way to walk or run fast without bringing way too much attention to where the hand was being held, while canceling the stride control. After dark it would be possible to get away with holding the stride control canceled, but the general



thought was that the subject should be clad and secured in ladies nightwear by the time it was dark.

The movie provided the wives with lots of thoughts relative to remaining in control of their spouses, even when the captive was not confined to the house. They returned to the hotel room in the early morning hours. They undressed separately in the bathroom, released the rope securing their captives to the bed and sent them to the bathroom. Peg and Erica had a difficult time trying to use the toilet with their wrists still secured by that rope, but finally they returned to the bedroom and were tied down to the bed again.

The wives shared the other bed, luxuriating in their lovely nightclothes, their total freedom, each enjoying the fact that her mate wasn't pressuring her for sex.

Becky told Laura that it would be great to have a man who earned a good income, who was cooperative and considerate, as

well as handsome and desirable, but that same desirable quality should be on demand, not demanding. It would be nice to be able to fold them up and put them away in the closet for the night, when their services were not needed. Laura reminded Becky that their husbands *were* put away for the night. In fact, they could not do anything to relieve any of their own tensions or even assist each other.

Laura started the giggle and pointed out the other bed with two men lying on their backs. Then she observed two sets of bumps under the top end of the blanket, caused by the fact that each of them was wearing a bra and the fake boobs were still in their proper places. Becky pointed out the fact that those mounds were not being fondled either.

On Saturday morning, all four ladies had a turn in the shower. Peg had to put on her corset and Erica was given a long-leg one-piece foundation to wear. They all put on street-length dresses, pantyhose and high-heeled shoes, except that Peg had to wear

nylons to help hold her corset in place. The makeup, hair and wig care session was quite lengthy, then they went down to the dining room for breakfast.

Erica and Peg were allowed a dish of fruit, unbuttered toast and a large glass of orange juice, while their wives had a hearty, more conventional breakfast. Laura had Peg order for herself and also for Erica. Erica would need lots of voice training before she could safely speak in public.

When breakfast was over, they went out on the sidewalk and did a little window shopping and browsing in the local shops of Greenwich Village. It seemed strange and even embarrassing to see some of the clothing and specialty items on display in the shop windows. In their little New England towns, there were never any bondage items, or sex aids for sale, not to mention being on display in storefront windows.

Becky hailed a cab and Laura gave the driver the address for the massage parlor/beauty salon and in a matter of minutes, the four of them were being handed robes to put on after they had stripped down to their bras and panties.

Laura made Peg and Erica remove their wigs and assured them that there would not be any trouble for doing so inside a Greenwich Village salon.

Each one was directed to a small private room, further stripped of their bra, or in Peg's case, corset, and prepared for a tanning session. Then they spent over an hour under the tanning lamps. Their individual technician was there watching their progress and applying lotions when and where they were needed.

The next step was a short session in the steam room, covered with a light towel. They were together for the steam treatment, then separated for showers and then it was back to their individual rooms for a massage, skin care, makeup and hair care.

Three hours were spent in the salon and four absolutely gorgeous ladies emerged. It was after one in the afternoon and they went in search of a place to get some lunch. Peg and Erica now had pierced ears and were not restrained in any way. It didn't seem necessary, because they had no money, no identification and no credit cards and they were dependent on their wives for everything.

Their midday meal consisted of a serving of Slim-Fast in a fancy goblet. The atmosphere did not help in any way to relieve the hunger remaining after the nutrition drink was finished.

Laura and Becky had club sandwiches and, realizing that their partners were still hungry, ordered a tossed salad topped with a fat-free dressing for each of them. They spent the remainder of the day in an art gallery and then a movie, where a very dramatic romance was being shown.

Erica and Peg were absolutely bored with the gallery and desperately desired to flee the movie-theater. Erica leaned back in her seat and was soon snoring. Becky woke her up, made her sit up, put her legs together and put her shoes back on. Peg was bored and dozed off several times and Laura had to keep prodding her awake.

They had dinner in a deli after the movie and then went to a lezzie disco to dance for the early part of the evening. Several of the ladies in the disco took a shine to this

quartet of strangers and moved in to attack, or rather lay claim to, one of these beautiful prizes.

Laura and Becky were interested in the reactions which would occur from the feminized husbands and from the ladies when it was discovered that there were males hidden away under those ultra-feminine exteriors. They tried to remain separated from the activities, but were drawn to the dance floor by the music, so they pretended to be inseparable, thus leaving Peg and Erica to follow suit, or try to fend off the swarms of parasites migrating towards “virgin territory”. They quickly decided that none of them were safe in this setting and they rushed out into the night, into a cab and back to their hotel room.

Laura pointed out the fact that they were really out of step with today’s life styles, if they could end up in a New York City hotel room at nine-thirty on a Saturday night. They considered going out after pants and shirts for their husbands to wear, so that they could go out as real couples for a few more hours. They could find a place to dance the night away. In the morning, the wives could pack the male clothing into a suitcase, lock it and not open it again until after they were safely home.

The ladies discussed many other possibilities, including a sexual interlude for each couple and they decided that they should stick to the rules which they had laid down for their captives to follow and not allow sex until the time or conditions were met satisfactorily. Finally, Laura took Peg with her and went out and rented another romance video for them to watch in their hotel room.

Everyone changed into ultra-feminine nightgowns and into their beds to watch the movie. Peg and Erica were not restrained, so the ladies placed their purses and the two wigs in one of the large suitcases, locked it and slid it under the head end of their bed. The thought was that the husbands would think twice before venturing outside their room, with men’s haircuts, ladies nightgowns and either bare foot or wearing high-heeled shoes. They were wearing nail polish on their fingers and toes and the remover was safely stashed where they would never think to look for it. The one possibility which was not addressed was the men overpowering the wives and taking charge of the whole situation. They could order clothing sent up to the room, restrain the ladies, take their money and credit cards and maybe even leave the ladies in that hotel room, with no clothing, no money, no identification and go home to New England on the train without them.

Sunday morning’s plan was to attend a church service, which of course required appropriate clothing and make up. There were four stunning ladies seated in the front pew. There was no protecting cover for their legs, so it was mandatory for all four of them to sit modestly. Erica forgot and was sitting with her legs spread apart and Becky had to caution her about the display she was making. Becky tried to get Erica to cross her legs like a lady, but that was not a good move with the exposure caused as Erica tried to comply. She had to sit with her legs tight together and keep her skirt pulled down.

A brunch was next on their schedule and Laura requested Slim-Fast servings for Erica and Peg. There were some serious complaints about only getting a nutrition drink, but the complaints stopped abruptly when Becky threatened to place the both

of them in a taxi and pay the fare to Yankee Stadium. With no money, no identification and the fact that there was only about forty-five minutes before the train left Grand Central Station for the return trip to New England, the she-males decided to accept whatever was offered for them to eat.

When Laura and Peg arrived home, there would be a weigh-in session and the result would determine the menu for the following week. Laura felt that it was highly unlikely that the menu would change very much, because of the statement, "When your weight gets down to 180 pounds."

Sunday night was Negotiations Night again and Peg was finding it difficult to assemble any practical bargaining points for Pete and Peg's side. One of the problems hinged on this new but still unrevealed union between Becky and Laura. This would provide an indoor rumpus room for rainy days. Erica told Peg that there were a lot of exercise machines, plus several forms of confinement. There was a set of stocks, steel rings mounted high up on one wall, which Becky had used to secure Erica's wrists. Sometimes she was facing the wall and other times she had her fanny to the wall. When she faced the wall, Becky had given her a very convincing taste of the pain of a riding crop across her fanny. Erica was not anxious to displease her and have Becky give her a full treatment. There was a massage table as well and this was designed with many ways to secure a person

There was also the possibility of sharing the back yard exerciser in fair weather. Peg and Erica could both be attached and be exercised together, or they could alternate by going with the monster one at a time.

What could Pete/Peg anticipate and how could the negotiation session be used to short circuit some of the more confining and embarrassing events planned for the upcoming week?

The church service and brunch were within walking distance of the Holiday Inn. After brunch, they returned to their room to freshen up, pick up their luggage and hail a cab to take them to Grand Central Station.

There was no attempt to restrain Peg or Erica on the train trip home. They did, however, control their food intake in the dining car.

Laura and Becky decided to watch the weather forecasts for the upcoming week and try to plan a retention schedule. Erica was on vacation, but Becky had another week to work. Erica's vacation would be over just as Becky's was starting. Becky was intending for Eric to call in sick for two more weeks. She figured that four weeks in dresses, without any sexual relief, would be sufficient to remind Eric to be faithful. Now with the diet added to help regain that youthful male physique, the person to emerge at the end of a month long control session might be worth dreaming about.

Peg vowed to reinstate the four-hour severe bondage maximum, especially after learning about the equipment available in the playroom at the White residence. Erica had described an eight-hour session in the stocks, standing in high-heeled shoes and how Becky had held a urinal, or bedpan for Erica when they were needed. She had also spoon-fed the captive, while she remained locked in the stocks. Becky had bared Erica's midsection and spanked her fanny resoundingly while her wrists were secured to the rings on the wall.

There was no secret about Becky being upset and vindictive over Eric's cheating and she was going to make sure that this month would be a memorable one for her feminized husband.

Back when Becky had been spending time at their local library, studying the book "Lady Take Control", she was searching the shelves for the book one evening and one of her high school classmates walked up that aisle of bookshelves. She had that book in her hand and was planning on putting it back on its shelf. They exchanged greetings and Laura told Connie that she couldn't find the book she wanted to read. Connie blushed and handed the book she was carrying to Becky. The surprise was very obvious on Becky's face and she asked why Connie was interested in that specific book. Connie explained that she had reached the breaking point with her abusive, drinking husband and had successfully converted Carl into Carla. This new lady didn't drink or beat up on women any more. Carla worked full time as Carl, spent nights, weekends and vacations as Carla. They were beginning to catch up on their overdue bills and their sex relations were improving.

Connie was reviewing the chapter on hormones, breast implants and permanent feminine changes, to see if she could make it safer for Carl to pose as "Carla" in public. Beard growth made it quite difficult for Carla to go for extended public exposure. Connie was studying the effects of hormones on beard elimination and was worried about its effect on sexual performance.

Becky and Connie renewed their friendship. Connie helped guide Becky as she prepared to turn Eric's world upside down; they lived close enough for visits from time to time. The last time the four of them got together, it was in an exclusive and expensive restaurant. Carla and Erica carried fashionable pocketbooks, but there was a complete absence of money or credit cards.

Laura and Becky left their she-males in the compartment again and talked over coffee in the lounge car. They decided to place an advertisement in several newspapers, requiring a response to a post office box. The ad would be aimed at locating other females who were either in control, or in need of help to achieve control. Their goal was to start a "Lady Take Control" club.

With Laura's backyard exercise machine and Becky's basement room full of special equipment, they could set up a sitter service and soon be able to quit their jobs. Becky would contact Connie and enlist her aid. They could let their captive husbands cool their high heels in Becky's basement, while they discussed plans for the proposed new club, which might just become a fantastic business venture. If their efforts were successful, they could start a special fitness and training center, designed to train ladies to take control and to assist in the captivation and training of their macho mates.

Right next door to the home of Pete and Laura Greene there was a huge dairy barn, which had recently been shut down. It stood idle, its owner was trying to rent it and was hoping for success, rather than being forced to raze the structure. The milking parlor has a huge carousel, with partitions for over forty cows; by altering each individual partition, this system could control just as many humans. They could get in trouble with the law for holding persons against their will, but if it was an exclusive

club where the member had to give written permission for the treatments received, then the concept could take root and grow.

Many of the early converts could be hired on as trainees and chauffeurs, to pick up and deliver clients to and from their homes and jobs. The large ground-floor hay storage portions of the dairy barn could be converted into steam and massage parlors, a beauty salon and several classrooms. In any extra space they could set up a computer company. People could be trained in computer literacy and they could come to work at the computers, performing services for companies needing extra help, opting to contract the necessary assistance. Pete felt that his own job could be done at home, or in the proposed barn computer room. There was no end to the potential and, in view of the fact that there were three couples living so close together, there most likely was no limit to the couples they could locate with their advertisement. There definitely had to be an unlimited supply of ladies needing to be rescued from their macho dominated environments.

The Amtrak train stopped briefly to let Laura and Peg disembark, then sped on toward the North, where it would let Becky and Erica off. Fred was there to greet them and quickly delivered them to their neat little home.

Peg noticed that Pete's fancy new car was gone and was worried that it had been stolen. Laura dispelled those fears, by telling Peg that the Cadillac was being serviced, washed and detailed; the major goal was to eliminate the smell of the thousands of cigarettes Pete had smoked inside that closed car. They would have it until Wednesday, then it would become Laura's car. Later, if Peg needed transportation and if she could be trusted, Laura would have Peg slip on a pair of coveralls over her lingerie and pose as Pete to fix up Laura's old bomb.

The first task after they arrived home was to unpack. Peg was ordered to start a load of wash, then draw a bath for Laura. When they were both clad in nightgowns, they went to the kitchen to eat. While seated at the breakfast bar, they could hold their bargaining session.

The scales displayed a reading of one hundred and ninety-one for Pete/Peg, so her meal was still Slim-Fast and a dish of fruit. Laura had a frozen TV dinner and a glass of wine.

The bargaining session turned into a discussion of the future and both parties agreed that with the promise of the big things they expected to have happen in their future, cooperation was very important and that this meeting time should be spent in setting common goals.

Peg promised to serve out her slave/prisoner time, respect Laura's orders concerning food and clothing and Laura promised to hold confinement to a minimum. She couldn't be sure of what would happen on days when Peg was in Becky's basement playroom, but she would speak to Becky and try to keep things at a comfortable level. Laura did state that Peg would still wear corsets for the sixteen hours a day, at least until the weight goal was reached.

Becky called to say that she would drop Erica off in the morning and the girls could share the exerciser for the day. She would be early enough to allow time for the four of them to set up the switching station and test it out. Becky would have Erica pack up

their portable hammock and she could set it up while the switching station was being checked out. She also informed Laura that Tuesday was going to be showery weather and that Peg should plan on sharing the basement playroom with Erica. Becky also promised to pick up a couple of romance videos, which the she-males could watch. They could be tested on what they had learned from the first one, right after dinner on Tuesday night. She told Laura that Connie was very excited about starting a “Lady Take Control” Club and that the first meeting would be at Becky’s on Tuesday night. Laura would be there to pick up Peg. Connie lived only two miles away. Peg, Erica and Carla could watch the second romance video downstairs, while the basic plan for the club was being designed at Becky’s dining room table.

Laura asked Peg for a recommendation for a nighttime restraint which would assure Laura that Peg/Pete would not slip away silently in the night.

Peg promised faithfully not to run away, but Laura was not ready to accept a simple promise. The desire for beer, cigarettes and food was still too strong and could overrule even the most sincere promise. Laura placed the plastic hand casts on Peg, disabling both hands, then she lifted up the nightgown and removed the panties, which she had insisted that Peg wear under the gown. That made it possible for Peg to use the toilet. Peg was allowed to sleep in the queen-sized bed in the guest room.

Laura felt more relaxed alone in her own bed than sleeping with Becky in the bed in the hotel, but sleep was eluding her. The excitement created by the plans to form a club kept her awake, mentally considering different segments of their plan. She wanted some good ideas to present to Becky and Connie. She wanted to get out of bed and go over to that vacant dairy barn. It had been quite some time since she was in there and now she had a reason to inspect the barn. It was clean and not full of cows and manure. She wanted Pete involved in the initial discussions because he was a natural and practical organizer. She didn't know very much about Erica and Carla, but Pete would be a plus. There was no way to insist on his participation and exclude the others, so maybe she would have a discussion with Pete/Peg just after they returned from a quick inspection of the barn.

Contacts from their advertisement would give them an idea of the response to expect. Still most females were reluctant to assert their authority and even a greater number might already be in control, but too embarrassed to admit that they were directing the show. Finally, Laura’s mind slowed down and she drifted off into Dreamland. Her mind was still possessed with thoughts of using the big barn and in her dreams she could see the huge carousel slowly turning. There were forty macho males of all shapes and sizes, attached to stanchions, forced to follow the lead of the machine. Each male was nude except for a padded bra and a blindfold. “Of all shapes and sizes” was a very correct evaluation. She wondered how some of the men could hide all of their equipment inside a pair of trousers. Then there were others about whom she wondered how they could become fathers with the minute apparatus they had to work with. There was a power failure just as one of the men was facing her and the organ on display was so huge that she was actually awakened from her dream.

As Laura began to wake up, she saw Peg standing beside the bed, holding the cordless phone between her cast-covered hands, urging Laura to answer it. It wasn’t a huge male organ; it was a cordless phone.

Paula was calling to find out if Laura would need her on Monday. She and a friend had gone out for the evening and now at eleven-thirty, she remembered that she should check in with her sister.

Laura assured Paula that everything should be fine. She explained the plan for Monday and Tuesday, thanked Paula for calling and offering to help and stated that a beep from the exerciser could be the only need which might arise.

Laura roused Peg at five-thirty, helped her into a very feminine housecoat and a pair of very durable ladies slippers. They went out across the patio and the side lawn, headed away from the brook and went inside the huge vacant barn. She described her ideas to Peg and asked for some practical recommendations of ways to utilize the building space and its unique features. Pete/Peg was surprised by Laura's plan, but soon she was tuned in and Laura let Pete take over to do a thorough examination of the structure and make suggestions to Laura.

The carousel was actually just a fancy name for a continuous loop of track, which guided a chain, loaded with cow partitions. It didn't go in a circle, more of a large oval, with a few jogs along the way. There were places to pull off a stanchion without interrupting the forward motion of the chain. These separated units could be manually moved about on spur tracks, to be placed in an inactive state, or when that specific unit was scheduled for special attention, such as medical treatment, special feeding, or hand milking. There were several anterooms with track connections, so the cow, or client in Laura's plan, would not be released from the stanchion; they would just be switched to the desired siding. Pete suggested leaving everything intact and just adding a hole or ring for attaching a leash clip. Each client would wear a collar and a short leash with a clip at each end.

If the barn owner found a customer for the property, the dairy operation would be ready to go and the barn would just be a lot cleaner than when being used for milking cows. Laura could arrange a lease, or rent by the day or month in the interim.

If the club idea caught on and prospered, the building could be purchased, then modified. Specialty rooms would be easy to set up, by installing partitions and adding track if the purpose of the room was for clients. The second floor or, as barns are described, scaffolds, could be modified to become sleeping quarters to be used by the live-in clients and staff, but they should concentrate on day Care and let the client's night supervision be provided by their spouse or mate, therefore holding the bathing and major meals to a minimum.

Initially everyone should be "Day Care" and as they managed to train the "Ladies Take Control" customers, many of the she-male converts or clients would become eligible as employees and the managers could consider adding overnight care. Eventually, areas could be set up to accommodate the lady and her charge and they could vacation in the club; each one would receive the training needed for their future roles. The ladies would learn how to handle males who were much stronger and accustomed to being in charge. They could teach discipline, cooking, sewing, all things female, plus weight control and dieting. The males would get weaned off booze, beer, butts, gambling, cheating and sex on demand. At the end of the vacation, *two* ladies would walk

out to the barnyard parking area, to their own automobile or one of the Club's limousines and go home, to a much more balanced relationship.

Laura was overjoyed with Pete/Peg's grasp of the situation and she suggested that when his weight goal was reached that he/she consider assuming a management position in the Club's operation. Becky would make a great patient/client care manager, Peg a business manager and Laura could manage the wives' control training. She expected to set up a day school for women wishing to learn to control, before they attempted to upset their macho mates by taking control of their life style. They might even establish a noon "lunch break" class.

They returned to the house. Peg's hand casts were removed and she was dressed for a day in the back yard. The corset was first item and the wooden bar of course would be the last item. Laura dressed for work, but she put a robe over her slip.

They had a hasty breakfast, Peg downed her Slim-Fast and Laura had toast and coffee. Becky and Erica arrived and Peg, Erica and Laura carried the heavy switching station out of the garage to set it up near the hammock. Peg drove stakes into the lawn to hold the switching station in place and Erica set up her portable hammock. Laura and Becky set the controls, tested the operation of the exerciser and the switching station. Wooden bars were locked to Erica and Peg's wrists and short lengths of cable were locked to the wooden bars and to the receptacles on the top of the switching station. The exerciser was checked out on a test run; Laura programmed in two changes, first, a little more delay as the switch dropped off one client and picked up the second one. The second change was to instruct the machine to pick up both clients and exercise them together as a team, once in the morning and once in the afternoon.

Laura had purchased a pair of strap-on wedgies for Peg, but Becky had not been able to provide a set for Erica. Her feet required a very large lady's shoe, so she would have to struggle with her high-heeled shoes for today.

The ladies left for work in Becky's car and the exerciser took charge of Erica and Peg for the day. They took turns on a quarter-hour cycle, first Peg and then Erica. The machine would pause on its first turn past the toilet and just a slight pull on the cable would tell the machine to adopt the hold mode while its charge used the facilities, got a drink, or both. Then it was exercise time, as the monster machine led them 'round and 'round in the big circle, finally depositing them at their hammocks, releasing their leash and switching to the other leash. The released leash remained locked to the switching station, so Peg and Erica were never free. "Free" is a poor descriptive word for a person whose wrists are still secured to the opposite ends of a three-foot wooden bar.

Becky and Laura returned after work, shut down the exercise machine and escorted the she-males into the house. Erica's wrists were released from the wooden bar and Becky took her home. Peg was released and Laura asked her to prepare a few basic sketches of Peg's conception of the use and layout of the barn. Laura told Peg that Becky was anxious to prepare and release the initial advertisement and had gone home to work on the specific wording. Connie's "Carla" was a newspaper man and would be pressed into service in providing the correct wording and in assuring protec-

tion or security by requiring that initial responses be made to a Post Office box number.

Becky was convinced that there had to be thousands of women with problems created by inconsiderate macho males and was determined to provide them with the tools to fight back. "Lady Take Control" was going to become much more than a book title. Laura warned Becky to write and ask for permission to use the book title as the name of their proposed club. The author should be receptive because of the potential increase in book sales, as the Club became successful.

Laura looked up the phone number of the barn owner and had a discussion relative to a lease, or outright purchase of the building and sufficient land for a parking area and private driveway. The owner's home was on the same lot as the barn and there was a connecting dirt driveway between the house and barn. That little piece of driveway could be grassed over and a new driveway could be built right beside the lot line between the barn and the Greene property.

Peg was stripped and weighted again and the scales read 189 pounds. Laura commented that they had actually won two battles and they were so close to the weight goal that she could allow Pete/Peg a larger volume of food. She suggested that the supper be the usual Slim-Fast and later, after Pete finished working out sketches of the barn, they each might have a strawberry shortcake so long as Peg's serving didn't have any whipped cream on it.

The stress between Laura and Pete was abating, the antagonism diminishing and respect for each other was flourishing, with trust at an all-time high. They felt that they were on the verge of a great success and both voiced a desire to pull out all of the stops and make it happen.

Laura asked Pete/Peg to be patient, expressing a desire to cease her control, but she asked that the remainder of the five-week plan be accepted. She felt that their future business plans could well be affected if it ever became known that one of the owners, managers and directors was let off with a shorter sentence. She promised to do her utmost to insure a pleasant but nevertheless feminine four-week session in dresses for Pete/Peg. Cooperation would be a must and assistance with their Club plans another plus.

Becky called on the phone and read the proposed new advertisement to the Greens over the speakerphone. Peg suggested a slight change in the wording, to avoid scaring some of the more timid females away, Laura and Becky approved the change. They ended the conversation as Becky promised to try to get the advertisement into Tuesday's newspaper.

They had agreed to meet at Becky's in the morning, leave Peg with Erica; Laura would drive herself and Becky to work. In the late afternoon, Connie and Carla would arrive. Connie would supervise as Carla, Erica and Peg prepared the evening meal. All three of the she-males were now on diets, Becky had convinced Connie to include weight management into Carla's control. The meal would consist of lots of vegetables and chicken cooked on a rotisserie, to eliminate most of the fat. The she-males were put to work preparing the vegetables and Peg was assigned the task of overseeing the cooking. Erica set the dining room table; Carla carefully folded the napkins, set up

three candles to light the table and carefully printed and set up place cards. Each couple would share an exposed side of the large square table and the fourth side would stay against a window overlooking a small stream with a pretty little waterfall. The ladies would love this, the she-males might eventually see it after they had consumed most of their allotted amount of food. They might someday come to recognize its beauty, but right now the first and foremost interest would be to get as much food as they could before their "old ladies" shut them off.

Becky and Laura arrived and shortly afterwards, five lovely ladies sat down to dinner. Carla had drawn the short straw and was designated as the maid, complete with mini-skirted short black dress, apron and appropriate maids cap. The dinner was a great success, the three wives had sufficient food, the she-males had more than their usual Slim-Fast. Carla served the wives a light dinner wine and the others had their choice of juice, water, or the nutrition drink. The wives retired to the living room and the maid, Carla, served coffee and desert, while Peg and Erica cleaned up the kitchen.

When the desert and coffee were finished and the kitchen chores completed, Becky took the kitchen crew for a potty stop, then down to the basement playroom. She had them stand against the wall, secured their wrists to rings, which apparently had just been added to the bondage capabilities of that room, and had all three she-males lined up along one wall. She put the romance video in the VCR and left them standing in their high-heeled shoes, to watch the movie.

Connie, Becky and Laura gathered around the dining room table again and this time they began to lay the groundwork for their proposed club. Laura laid out the sketches which Pete had made of the big barn. She described her initial discussion with its owner and his desire to cooperate in their endeavor. Leasing with option to buy was possible. He would be glad to finance the sale as well.

Becky reported the receipt of four letters, all of which were delivered to the Post Office Box on the first day of the appearance of the ad in the local newspaper. One of these letters was from a lady, desperately in need of assistance; she felt that she could not survive many more beatings and she was begging for assistance. She had to take control immediately or she would have to go find a safe house for herself and her baby daughter. There were also two letters from ladies anxious to learn to take control and one asking for help with a cheating husband. They were all very sincere, especially since each one of them had hand-delivered their letter to the Post Office.

They speculated on the number of responses which might arrive by Saturday. They discussed when, where and how to start. How soon they could bring the big barn on line, what do about their present jobs, how to insert their spouses into their plans and how to divide the responsibilities and the profits.

It took over two and one half-hours for them to reach a tentative plan of action. They each left the meeting with major projects to accomplish and major decisions to make. They were going to draft their mates as their assistants; they would bargain more freedom for dedicated assistance. They would even go downstairs right now, release their captives and hold a brief meeting to acquaint them with the tremendous tasks they were attempting.

Peg, Erica and Carla were very much in favor of more freedom and they sincerely promised their assistance. Laura warned them that they would still have to serve out their sentences in dresses and maybe have to assist the Club as pseudo females and be required to attend and graduate from every educational, physical and psychological course established by the Club. They would most likely become managers of different departments, female caretakers, guards, teachers, chauffeurs and office personnel.

It was getting late, so the three couples went their separate ways. Laura took Peg home and they talked some on the ride. Laura was very pleased with Pete/Peg's sketches of the barn and she apologized for the severe restraint method Becky had used on the three captives. She promised to speak to Becky and Connie about reducing their use of bondage. Laura asked Peg for a sincere evaluation of the Club plan, specifically as it related to a man being brought in, captured and feminized. Pete/Peg was quiet for a few minutes and then stated that when Laura had trapped Pete, there was a two-sided question hanging there. *Is she nuts? What does she think she is doing? She has no right acting this way.* Then there was the other side of the picture; *She acts as if I have done something wrong. Why shouldn't I smoke and drink beer and what if I get a potbelly? I'm a man and all of the above mentioned activities are acceptable behavior.* At the end of the first week, wearing ladies clothes and being forced to live as a female, Pete had begun to see that she were right. There is a lot more to life than the limited view available to all males. His life up to that point had been a constant drive to receive. There was no need to give; men are takers and women are supposed to give, provide good meals, sex, always look lovely and be ready to jump and provide, or lay down and provide.

The biggest lesson that Pete had learned is the fact that men never cease to pillage and plunder, never stop to return a favor, just push on in search of more and better gratification. When the brakes were applied and his needs denied, the sky nearly fell in on top of him. The unthinkable, dressing as a lady, acting as a lady, waiting on a lady, while his own desires were being denied, had him mentally climbing the wall. Seeing her dress and undress while he was in a corset with his arms secured to the corset bust and covered over by that big dress, creating the complete loss of hands and arms, was sheer torture. He wanted to grab her delightful body and use it to his complete satisfaction and then he could enjoy a relaxing night's sleep. Being marched into the guest room and put to bed in that upper bunk bed, left in the dark totally helpless, unable to get down from that bunk, forced to empty his bladder into a disposable diaper, which was covered up by waterproof plastic panties, created a picture of failure. Failure is a word that each and every male hopes never to experience; it completely devastates the sense of self-assurance. The "I am in charge" attitude gets shot down and the male pride really takes a beating. You have never known agony until you have had an erection begin to manifest itself when your hands are bound to a three-foot stick and you are wearing a ladies panty girdle. You can't imagine how long the pressure under the girdle lasted, how uncomfortable a full blown erection can be when it is controlled by a panty girdle, a garment designed to fit the flat front of a female torso. To have been able to manually relieve some of the sex drive would have been heavenly, but lying there helplessly in ladies lingerie just added to the pressure and frustration.

The realization that the needs of others were important brought Pete's cozy little world to a standstill. Many of the hours of confinement, were spent reviewing the way that they had been interacting and each time Pete was ashamed to discover just how many sacrifices she had made in the interest of a peaceful existence. It was quite believable now that in the years they had been married, that she had never had a single romantic or sexual interlude geared to provide her with the type of activity, words and stimulation a female needs and desires. Could she understand the depth of humiliation that Pete felt now as he pondered how to repay her for all of her sacrifices in their years of courtship and marriage?

They arrived home just as Pete/Peg finished his response to Laura's question. Laura parked her car with her eyes filled with tears. Peg rushed to get out of the car, gather up Laura's belongings and assist her into the house with a guiding hand on her arm.

Peg didn't stop to unbuckle the straps of her high-heels; she was possessed with waiting on Laura. She helped her undress, drew her bath, scrubbed her back, massaged her neck and shoulders, powdered her after her bath, helped her into the panties and gown of a baby doll nightgown set, sat her in the family room and brought her a glass of wine.

Only then did Peg stop to remove those emasculating shoes, slip out of her dress and corset. Here it was nine o'clock at night and Peg had put on the corset at five AM and had endured its vice-like grip for a full sixteen hours and still Peg's attention was tuned in on the needs and comfort of Pete's wife, Laura.

Never in her whole life had anyone tried so hard and come so close to responding to Laura's thoughts and desires. Her creation, "Peg", was not a pushy demanding male; she was a very sensual and perceptive female catering to the needs of another female who had constantly suppressed her own desires, in a continuing attempt to satisfy most of the demands of an inconsiderate husband. Peg made her relax, made her experience the sense of luxury and awakened the desire to be pampered and spoiled. Peg put Laura to bed at ten-thirty and kissed her good night.

Peg turned her attention to preparations for bedtime. She undressed, took a bath, put on the frilly nightgown that Laura had intended for Peg to wear and went to bed in the guest room. All of Pete's hormones were flowing. His need for a sexual release was at its peak, but somehow Peg mentally forced those systems back to neutral. Relaxation finally came in the form of satisfaction that Laura had gone to bed after a short interlude of being pampered.

Peg and Pete could now recognize this feminine need and they had responded by doing their utmost to create the proper responses. One evening out of thousands of evenings in the length of their living together had been devoted exclusively to Laura.

Even then, in view of the fact that Laura was still in control, she was not able to let go and totally enjoy the ministrations to her senses. Peg is her charge. Peg may be uncomfortable. Peg's Pampers may be soaked. Peg needs more clothing. Peg may not be getting sufficient food and nutrition. Will Peg be affected permanently by the results of her nicotine withdrawal? Laura was constantly bombarded with worry about the wel-

fare of her prisoner, but finally she succumbed and began to enjoy Peg's attention. This culminated in a wonderful night's sleep for Laura.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and sunny. Becky arrived with Erica in tow. Soon, Laura and Becky were on their way to work and the exerciser had its two captives to tend to for the day. As the wives rode to work, Laura described the sensual treatment which Peg had given her. She felt like royalty, so pampered and petted and verbally wondered what it would be like to have an unselfish male as a butler, or a personal servant, knowledgeable and ready to treat his lady, or any lady to an hour or an evening of sensual attention. How long would it take to teach a man? How long would it take for a lady to be able to relax and experience the full sensual responses and not have to worry about submitting to the masculine needs and demands, which usually followed a few little half hearted attempts at fore play? It is no wonder that many females succumbed to lesbianism.

Becky suggested that they establish a course aimed directly at teaching men to understand and respect female sensuality. The man would be trained in the art of relaxing and arousing a female, also in respect of the female's right to enjoy the sensations without providing any payback. How about placing six nude or near nude females on a carousel, masked to preserve their identity and equipped with a remote control, which allowed them to control their situation and also grade their attendant? A second carousel positioned just above the ladies would hold six male students. They would be within touching distance of the ladies. The top unit would rotate one segment every fifteen minutes exposing a different set of couples. His ministrations, using just fingers and hands, would be reported on his chart. If a female was abused or offended by the male student, she could close a sliding door and stop any further contact. Her rating would result in a request for punishment because of the liberties the male had taken. A system of punishment would be explained to the male and each one would be aware of the fact that they might be forced to endure long periods of severe bondage, or straight jackets, while being required to watch hours of video instructions on the sensual care of females.

Laura liked the idea; she felt that the previous evening had been heavenly and she was actually well-rested because of the relaxing sleep that followed Peg's ministrations. She was anxious for another session and therefore just as anxious to design and build a system teaching men to be lovers instead of sex-starved maniacs.

Laura and Becky agreed to concentrate their free moments at work on ideas that would help design a plan that they could implement immediately and use it to train Peg, Erica and Carla. They could enlist Peg and add her ideas. Their experience in this endeavor would guide them in setting up courses in the school, which would be an integral part of their Club. Maybe they should ask Peg to lay the groundwork for the course and then they could experiment and critique her plan.

Becky was determined to get even with Eric for his cheating, but also she was just as starved for sensual-type physical contact as Laura was. She needed the type of contact which would awaken her totally ignored sensuality and give her a real taste of full feminine luxury.

She felt that the huge basement playroom could be divided across the middle, with all of the equipment condensed into one side. This would still retain most of its present benefits. The second half of the basement could be turned into mini-classrooms. There could be three small, almost one-on-one, rooms for lessons, interviewing, or strictly individual punishment, or bondage.

She was not at all sure of how to train a man in the art of being a lover. Maybe the three women could design a procedure; also, the libraries might have some literature that could assist them in setting up a training program.

The book, "Lady Take Control" dealt with the intent to put the female in the driver's seat. It was an important basic training manual, but once you are in charge, or control, how do you teach a macho male to abandon his sex drive and concentrate totally on catering to the sensual needs of a female?

After work on Wednesday, the wives returned to the Greene residence and rescued their husbands from the clutches of the exercise machine. Becky refused to remove the wooden bar and made Erica ride home with it still locked to her wrists.

Laura told Peg that she and Becky were going to go to Connie's for the evening. Erica and Peg would be free to roam the big playroom, but not free of their wooden bars. She said that she was sorry to leave Peg this way, but Becky was still very upset about Eric cheating on her and she was determined to extract her pound of flesh. Because of this, Peg was caught in the middle. Peg couldn't be free and Erica confined when they were to spend the evening together. Laura had second thoughts and suggested that she could remove the bar for now and replace it just before they arrived at the White residence.

Peg and Laura had a pleasant meal together; it was an easy task with the two of them working together, to prepare and clean up afterwards. Such a difference from before, with Pete soaking up beer and smoking cigarettes, while Laura prepared, served and cleaned up from every meal.

Laura explained the reason for tonight's meeting and again asked for advice from Pete/Peg. She was quick to add that Peg had been absolutely fantastic as she had aroused and soothed Laura's emotions last evening. She stated that she had never been so thoroughly stimulated and so totally relaxed when the session was over. Tonight the three wives were going to try to design a training program and use their husbands as students. The test results would help in refining the methods and also in establishing the specific goals and basic order of presentation.

Peg spoke about the fact that men were never taught to cater to the needs of the fair sex. They were never taught the correct approach to use in getting sexual favors from a female, but they were encouraged to pull out all of the stops, use any and all honest and devious schemes to attain their desired result: sexual satisfaction for the male. If the girl doesn't reach a climax, that is tough, she should have participated with a little more enthusiasm. Peg explained that last night she had seen a desperate lady, one who was strung out from worry over her treatment of her spouse. Also a person desperately in need of attention, especially attention, which would awaken many of her locked-up emotions. Someone not wanting to be pressured into trying to satisfy a demanding inconsiderate husband, who usually looked like a beached whale that

had just had a bath in beer, with hundreds of drowned cigarette butts floating around in the bathtub.

Peg tried to the best of her ability to lock away all male needs and desires and to bring forth every available bit of knowledge on pleasing a woman. She had to concentrate on applying it, all the while watching for signs which might suggest other avenues to follow in her attempt to treat Laura to an unforgettable evening.

Peg claimed that observing the signs of peace, pleasure and contentment in Laura's eyes and her body language were sufficient reward for the efforts she had expended to please her.

Laura claimed that Pete/Peg would be an excellent instructor, but there was the question of gender. Was it *possible* for a male to instruct females in the art of domination and bondage of their macho mates, or would Peg be more believable and acceptable?

They drove to the White's residence, and just before arriving, Laura stopped the car long enough to lock the wooden bar to Peg's wrists. Erica and Peg were locked into the basement playroom and Becky and Laura drove the short distance to the home of Connie and Carla. They secured Carla to her bed, then they began researching the possibilities of starting a Club school immediately. One of their specialties would be in educating males in the art of awakening feminine sensuality, along with their main goal, training females to take control.

There was a lot of discussion relative to the difference between sensual and sexual, what they should set as a curriculum, who would teach the course, how the students could be evaluated and graded, how soon they could start and if they would be coed classes.

They wrapped up their meeting with a decision to use a portion of Becky's playroom. Laura and Pete would teach as a team; Connie, Becky, Erica and Carla would be the first student couples. It was agreed that this arrangement did not reflect any problems with these student couples. It was being done this way, in order to create and go through the steps, to plan the method of teaching and grading and to establish continuity, as well as being able to critique the teaching technique before admitting outsiders.

The Post Office Box had seventeen more response letters. Again there was a mixture, but the majority were from ladies requesting training, which would enable them to contend with macho control and prepare them to take the control away from their mates. Several letters were from ladies seriously interested, but deathly afraid to rock the boat. They were too scared to even consider defying their husband's rule and convinced that any attempt to do so would be fatal.

Laura, Becky and Connie worked to find a way to rescue these desperate females. Maybe it was too soon and their experience too limited. Connie was assigned the task of cautiously contacting these persons and explaining that they were aware of the situation and would strive to find and propose the quickest and safest plan that they could assemble.

The starting of the school and the responses to their advertisement were putting pressure on them to begin their operation right away. There was a positive response, a need for the services which the Club was promising to deliver, so they must begin operation immediately. That meant being open for business, that meant a staffed office, phone service, computer system and an e-mail address.

Becky proposed using Erica and Carla for staff, while Peg was occupied with the basic Female Sensuality course. She also promised to have the office partitioned off and a desk and file cabinet ready by Thursday evening. Connie suggested that Erica and Carla spend their Thursday sorting the mail, composing answers, setting up files and folders, in order to prepare for Connie and Becky to contact the sender of each letter and explain the progress being made in establishing the Club and its school. The she-male office staff could continue their assignment by processing the mail which would arrive on Thursday. This office staff would be tethered to the bed in Connie's guest bedroom. The tether would be long enough to allow them access to the bathroom just next door.

The contractor would be working on the partitions in Becky's playroom. These she-males were still not ready for public exposure because of their voices. Connie picked up on that comment and asked when they could get started with voice training and Laura answered that the upcoming weekend would have to be devoted to training their charges in the art of speaking with a convincing feminine tone. The wives would have to take turns at training the she-males, because interaction with clients was needed desperately and the she-males were the only choice, until the ladies could justify quitting their jobs.

Laura suggested that they start a file on client's availability, evenings, days, weekends, even noon hours and consider a front, a place where only females would go to provide an acceptable reason for being out and away from the dominant male long enough to receive the education needed to enable them to usurp the control. Two possibilities were beauty care and some sort of part-time job, such as file clerk, typist, computer operator, receptionist, or beautician.

Connie posed the problem of men with a tight rein on the purse strings, the need to educate ladies with no money, at least until they took control. The need for promissory notes and basic knowledge of loans, services performed on a "Pay Later" basis and also budgeted services, which would be pay-as-you-can and worked off later in the employ of the Club.

Laura suggested a group pizza party after work on Thursday at the White residence. There would be a full staff meeting right after the pizza party, with the need to extract promises from Peg, Erica and Carla that they accept and honor their total physical freedom. They would still have to honor their remaining time in dresses. This would allow them to function productively as their feminine selves and devote one hundred percent of their time to the daily requirements of operating the new business.

They would be evaluated daily; they would suffer severely for violating their promises and their benefit would be to eventually become owner/managers in this business venture.

Becky stated that the ad was to be dropped for a week, to allow the machinery time to catch up with the demand.

Now late on Wednesday evening, they had to retrieve their captives and drive home. Thursday morning, Laura would leave Peg at the mercy of the exerciser, with a request that she design a basic plan for their sensual awareness course. Connie and Becky would set things up at Connie's and Becky's call forwarding would kick in and provide the restrained office staff with incoming phone service. There was no phone jack in that guest room, so they would use Connie's cordless telephone. Becky was quite adamant that Erica must be made to suffer for cheating and suggested that the cable tethers be locked to Erica and Carla's collars

Laura dropped Becky at the proposed temporary Club headquarters and picked up Peg. As they rode home, she filled Peg in on the latest decisions. She apologized for Peg still being locked to the wooden bar and promised to release her as soon as they arrived home. She said that she was tired, needed a bath and they both needed their sleep, so that was her reason for hurrying to get home.

Peg put in a plea for freedom from the exercise monster and Laura answered that only the scales could answer that request.

When Pete stepped on the scales, in the nude, the screen displayed his weight as 181 pounds so Laura granted Peg's request. She added that the beer and cigarettes were down in the root cellar and this should save Peg a lot of searching. She was quick to add that she was praying that Peg would honor her promise to serve out the full five weeks in corsets and dresses, but more specifically that she would leave the beer and cigarettes right where they are.

They each took a bath and put on their nightgowns, then Laura shocked Peg by leading her to Pete's side of the bed and pulling the covers back. She bid Peg pleasant dreams. A thirty-four pound weight reduction in just under three weeks!

Laura slid into her side of the bed and they met in the middle in a gentle embrace, which ended in a good night kiss. Laura told Peg that she smelled lovely and that it was delightful to snuggle with a person dressed in a slinky, slippery nylon nightgown. She was quick to remind Peg that they were only snuggling, because the scales still displayed a number higher than 180 pounds.

Peg was glad to be back in the King-sized bed, to know that her future bondage would be minimal and delighted to be able to hold Laura so close. She knew that there was a big tent pole disturbing the smooth contours of the front of the nightgown which she was wearing and she tried to keep it from making contact with Laura's body. She was aware of the fact that it was too soon to expect any relief from the pressure, but was consoled by the fact that it wouldn't be too much longer.

Peg lay awake for quite a while as she thought about the next day, being required to pose as Peg, but being free of any fetters except the corset. That would be her worst cross to bear. The soft earth of the back lawn and wedgies would be declared off-limits and the black high-heeled shoes, with their ankle straps would be demanded. The shoes and corset were going to be easy to tolerate now that she could stay in the house and work on the Female Sensuality educational program. Peg was worried about the safe method of publicly displaying the signs leading to their office at the White's resi-

dence and later on at or near the entrance to the big barn. Their club's name, "Lady Take Control" would never do; men would soon become aware of the actual meaning and forbid their wives and girlfriends from going there. Their club sign would have to be displayed inside their business office and there would have to be a small business sign outside to guide the customers. There could be a sign for a beauty parlor and one for a small but busy, multi-service business office. At that point the tent pole had disappeared from under the nightgown and the Sandman had delivered a potent dose of sleep serum, making Peg's eyelids very heavy.

Thursday morning, Laura instructed Peg to dress herself and asked for help with breakfast preparations. Just before leaving for work, Laura ran her hand down her feminized husband's back to be sure that the corset was in place. She gave Peg several little sprays from her perfume atomizer, reached inside Peg's sheer blouse and straightened one of the slip straps, which was twisted. She instructed Peg to reshape her nails and give them another coat of polish; as she left for work, she kissed her spouse, leaving a red lipstick print for Peg to remove from the makeup on her cheek.

Erica and Carla were going to be set up with a plastic-coated cable padlocked to their special collars and the bedposts. They were instructed to dress as female office personnel, from the skin out, including the wigs and high-heeled shoes.

They each had to assist their wife with breakfast and cleanup, then Connie took Carla up to the guest room, produced a coil of cable and locked the end loop to the bedpost

Becky arrived and escorted Erica to that same room and locked her cable to the opposite bedpost. Attaching the cable to their collars would be very effective because a slight pull on the cable would be enough to restrict their breathing, because of the collar design. The women felt that should be sufficient to deter their efforts to escape.

The letters, file folders and all of the materials needed to set up a filing system were stacked near the foot of the bed, for Erica and Carla to use. They also had to carefully compose answering messages for each of those letters, answers that were very cautiously worded to provide the letter writer with all of the information she needed, but still not alarm the macho male that she was afraid of.

Peg was on her own, she was instructed to lay the ground work for the course involving female sensuality and she spent the whole morning designing a plan and constantly changing it as new avenues opened up. By early afternoon, the plan was a masterpiece of superb planning. She was pleased with the results and suddenly realized that she had forgotten about lunch. Peg hurried to the kitchen and opened a container of Slim-Fast; she was so excited about the plan, that the nutrition drink was adequate for her lunch. The second reason for sticking to her diet was the desire to have the "No Sex" order rescinded soon; her weight was the determining factor.

The letters kept arriving in the mail, even when the advertisement stopped appearing in the newspapers. It seemed that personal contact and word of mouth between sympathizing females was causing a response, much like the spread of a flu epidemic.

Peg received a call from Erica. It seemed that one lady needed to talk to someone immediately and she lived right near the Greene residence. She was on her way to

meet with Peg, even as Erica and Peg were on the phone. Erica said that she had to be home before four-thirty, so Peg should help her but not delay her.

When the doorbell rang, Peg went to answer it and Samantha slipped inside very quickly and shut the door. She was very nervous and wound-up like an old-fashioned hand-cranked phonograph. Erica had told her that Peg was a man and she was amazed to see how pretty and feminine Peg appeared. She asked why Peg was forced to dress this way.

Peg explained about being overweight, about the potbelly, beer, cigarettes and gambling and Samantha responded that Peg was describing her husband perfectly except for his being bossy and beating her.

Samantha asked for some details on how she could control this type of individual. Peg suggested that she check out the corset which Peg was required to wear, the special collar on the bedside table, then took her to the back yard and offered to demonstrate the exerciser. Samantha asked for a demonstration and Peg retrieved the wooden bar and locked it on Samantha's wrists, asked her to lie in the hammock and went over and threw the switch on the monster machine. Peg had Samantha give a slight pull on the cable hooked to the wooden bar. The machine came to life and began to pull on the cable, until Samantha was forced to get up and follow the pull of the cable. She got a full fifteen minutes of exercise, then was deposited back at the hammock. She had fought the machine and had lost that fight. She was so impressed with that method of control that she wanted to sign up right now. She wanted early afternoon training sessions and she was going to buy a corset for her husband, today, on her way home.

Samantha asked to be released. She hugged and kissed Peg and thanked her for the demonstration. Peg accepted a huge bottle of change as a down payment, gave Samantha a hand written receipt and set up T. S. #1 (Training Session) with the first class scheduled for one-thirty tomorrow, Friday. Samantha ran to her car because she had to be home before her husband and she still had to shop for a corset to fit him.

Peg just finished counting and rolling all of the change in that big bottle when Laura arrived home from work. Peg helped prepare their dinner and as they ate, Peg brought Laura up to date. They were pleased to have such a sizable down payment in cash, but they recognized the need to establish a training fee, to set up a bank account and an accounting system.

Laura decided to send Pete to the bank in the morning, to set up an account and bring back signature cards for the persons designated to handle the money and checking account. She would have to send Pete because there was no identification for Peg. That meant producing enough male clothing to cover up the lingerie required by Laura. Laura called Becky and caught up with her at Connie's, by way of the call forwarding. The contractor was just finishing up the office cubicle and they set a date to meet at eight, at Becky's, to check out the completed office, today's letters from the Post Office Box and discuss the rapidly changing Club formation plans.

When everyone arrived, all three she-males were free. The six of them inspected the new office, then Erica and Carla lugged in the file cabinet from the trunk of Becky's car and placed its drawers back in their proper places. Erica and Carla opened all of

the new mail, while Peg presented her plan for the sensuality course. Peg received lots of praise from Laura and Becky for her thorough method of planning.

They decided that Peg would conduct the training session tomorrow and that Carl would pose as the macho male. (It had to be Carl, because Becky was not going to allow Erica any male clothing yet)

Friday morning was certainly different in the Greene household. Pete was allowed to surface. He dressed in trousers, socks, loafers, shirt, tie and sports jacket, over Peg's corset, panties and nylons. The corset looked quite different without the bust pads filling out the bra cups.

Laura gave Pete the key to her old clinker, warned him to be careful until he could replace the back brake shoes and reminded him that Peg was expected to work with Samantha at one-thirty at Becky's. Carl and Erica would both be there and if Peg needed a powerful male for Samantha to experiment on, to feel free to enlist Carl. Connie would see that there were male clothes available for Carl to wear for the short duration of the training session.

The local computer wizard was due to set up a computer and printer by ten o'clock. The phone company was due at nine to install a second phone line for the computer, so by noon Erica should be able to e mail Becky at her job, to report success. Erica was expected to install the bookkeeping software program, bring the accounts up to date and also make up a bank deposit. After the training session was over, Peg was to change back to Pete and go get the mail. Carla and Erica would sort the mail, Erica would complete the bank deposit and Pete would swing by the bank and make the deposit. Pete would then return home, change back to Peg and begin setting up the training procedure on the Greene family's personal computer.

At five, Peg would pick up Carla and Erica at Becky's and a large order of Chinese food along the way, then go to Carla's. There would be a quick meal, followed by a complete staff review of the present operational procedure, with the necessary changes noted. Each person would be assigned certain responsibilities. Finally, they would spend an hour on the plans for establishing their headquarters in the big dairy barn. This included the estimated month-long transition period, with definite dates and progress levels to meet. These levels would determine which of the wives should quit their jobs first and come to work for the Club full-time.

Operational problems would exist until they could move into the barn. Pete would negotiate with the bank for a small business loan, to provide the working capital for the modifications to the barn.

What had started out as a whim, a lark, was now deadly serious. Whereas the genetic women had an obvious reason to want to subjugate the macho males in their lives, less obvious was the motivation behind the men's acquiescence.

Why would stereotypical macho male pigs go along with—no, make that *embrace*—a plan that would have them in dresses and unrelenting bonds? The whole time they were dominating their wives, was there something underneath the surface that made them secretly want to be controlled by their women?

Was it possible that their macho attitudes were really a cover for a desire to take the traditional feminine role in their relationships? It was certainly beginning to look that way. After all, had it really been all *that* difficult for the women to take over control? Couldn't these strong men have put up a wee bit more of a fight, if they didn't *really* want to be subjugated?

If these men could so easily be turned into sweet little she-males, was it possible that others could be transformed as easily?

Maybe *all* the men who exerted such total control over their women were hiding a sweet secret. Haven't we all seen a macho man who dresses up as a woman for Halloween? Don't we just dismiss this behavior, thinking that it's "just a costume"? Could there be more to it, perhaps a desire hidden for years beneath the macho exterior. Perhaps the macho exterior is the *real* costume.

The ladies were certainly learning a lot about male—indeed, human—behavior. When this little experiment called the "Lady Take Control Club" was over, perhaps there was a future in writing books about human sexuality for the women. They seemed to be heading into uncharted waters with their Club; perhaps they could advance the academic understanding of human behavior. Even if that didn't come to pass, the simple fact was that they were helping themselves and other women who had suffered at the hands of overly macho men. No longer would their sisters have to suffer in silence; now they had a way to fight back.

The plan to start a "Lady Take Control" club had in many ways begun to give real purpose to the lives of the six main characters. Love, respect and trust were beginning to manifest themselves. Every single one of them would have a reason for wanting their project to prosper. The three husbands were not sure if they would be allowed to return to their male lifestyle; they were sure that things would never be the same. There would be no more cheating, no more weight problems and no more beer and cigarettes. They most likely would experience lots of time as female office staff and/or teaching classes in the Club. Erica would have to learn to speak in a feminine voice, because Becky was determined to extract her full "Pound of Flesh" before allowing Eric to drop the "A" from her name and put on clothing designed for Eric.

Maybe there would be a lot more compatible marriages and faithful as well as respectful males if the public education systems were required to pick up the slack created by today's families with two working parents and educate males in the proper manner of loving a female.

Strange as it may seem, these women might just have found the Magic Formula for promoting equality between the sexes. We've all heard the expression about "walking a

mile” in someone else’s shoes before passing judgment upon them. Perhaps those shoes need to have three-inch heels on them for thick-headed macho males to understand their mates.

Your “Little Lady”, “Wife”, “Hon”, “Hey You”, or whatever term of endearment you may use to identify your spouse, may just read the advertisement and attend some of the “Lady Take Control” classes. Shortly thereafter *you* may find yourself in corsets, dresses and high-heeled shoes, tethered to your own back yard exerciser.

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