



Reluctant Press presents:

Party Twins

Jamie



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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PARTY TWINS

By Jamie

Babs decided that she and I should attend the annual New Year's Eve Masquerade Party, then she further decided that we should go as identical girl twins. She never even considered consulting with me.

Babs and her classmate Jan had discussed this plan, selected the wardrobe for these 'twins' to wear, and actually ordered me to show up for a dress rehearsal on the Saturday before the party.

I, Jeff, had fought against her costume choices, complained about losing part of one of my days off from college classes, by being ordered to show up for this dress rehearsal. It even seemed like it might be time to tell Babs just where to go, but after her evening at the party, because I had promised faithfully to go with her.

Her father constantly kept vigil over me when I would arrive to pick her up for a date, and he used to comment that the only boy that could be trusted to date his daughter would be wearing handcuffs.

Babs was always coaxing me to let her find a pair of handcuffs, hand them to her dad, have him lock my wrists behind me; then she could be responsible to wait on me for our evening's date. I was afraid I might need to go to the bathroom, and worried about controlling my excitement, if she had to officiate at that elimination procedure.

Babs was a daredevil, always wanting to try special foods, erotic clothing, and even nude midnight bathing at the oceanfront.

My parents were always strict with my brother, sister and myself, insistent that we obey all social rules, school rules and parental rules as well. There was an unlimited list of "Thou Shalt" rules. Mom would frequently suggest that my brother and I respect her's and my sister's right to feminine privacy, and she would include the insistence that I totally respect the privacy of any and all of my female classmates and dates.

Babs didn't need to try her outfit on, she knew that it was fine, so she was wearing a pair of jeans and a jersey. Her bust profile in her full-length mirror, was a match for the one inside the top she had put on me.

She insisted that I strip, bathe, shave my legs and underarms, put on a pair of the new slimming pants, then a pair of green leotard tights.

Babs gave me a bra. When it was properly positioned, she filled out the cups with C-sized liquid-filled false breasts.

That was when they made the bust profile comparison, with Babs and I positioned in the same full-length mirror reflection, to be sure that our shape and size were the same.

I had really been intrigued by Babs' big boobs; that was one of the magnets that drew me into dating her. She was quite proud of her profile, but also very protective, I had managed to fondle her breasts a few times, but only in the dark. Only on that nude midnight swim had I been able to actually see them, and then only by moonlight. It was heartbreaking to stand in the moonlight and watch her put on her bra, then her halter top, and not to have a chance to enjoy those delightfully feminine globes firsthand, or firsthands. I would have been willing to suffocate with my face buried in between those delightful parts of my girlfriend's body.

But let's get back to the story, before I have a heart attack from all of my desire for more close and especially upfront association with Babs' beautiful big boobs.

Jan helped me get into a green body stocking/leopard, which matched the color of the tights I was already wearing. She fussed to be sure that all three hooks of the crotch flap closure were properly hooked. Of course this created way too much attention in the male anatomy and made things uncomfortable for quite a while.

Then came a petticoat with lots of lace ruffles, which I was told would create a real feminine flare to the skirt hem. The skirt was another extremely feminine fashion. It made me blush when they taught me how to twirl my body to get the skirt and petticoat to flare out and raise up to waist level, then slowly settle

back to a position of about halfway flared out flat, with tons of petticoat froth showing all the way around the hem of that skirt.

The skirt was a very light pink color, apparently meant to remind me that because I was wearing it, I must be female and that I must certainly act accordingly.

Jan followed this with a matching material cami-sole-style top, which looked like a lady's slip top. That just barely covered up the bumps created by the bra and those big, heavy falsies. The face makeup was next; Jan was fast and perfect with her applications of makeup and lipstick.

This was Saturday, and "Dress Rehearsal" was coming to completion. Babs' classmate Jan was concentrating on plucking my eyebrows when Babs showed me a matching set of pink bracelets which would match the color of the top and skirt they had put on me. She asked me to extend my arms out behind me so that she could put the bracelets on me without disturbing Jan and her project. My male watch with the wide leather band was in the way, so it was removed. Then I felt Babs putting the bracelets on my wrists.

When I was sure that Babs was through fussing with the bracelets, I tried to retract my arms to a more comfortable position. I discovered that they were connected to each other. Shocked by this fact, I upset Jan's eyebrow work in an effort to try to get free. My complaints to the two girls just drew lots of laughter, because they now had a boy dressed as girl twin, who was also helpless because of a set of handcuffs.

Babs officiated at the "Crowning Glory," a wig which matched her hair color and style to perfection.

So here it was just after one on a Saturday afternoon, Jeff was all dolled up as a lady in her late teens, wearing a set of strapped-on high-heeled shoes, clip earrings, and a pair of handcuffs securing his hands behind his back. Jeff was gone and a young lady named Trudy had taken his place.

Babs said goodbye to Jan as she was leaving, then she suggested that we should go show her Mom and Dad her handiwork. She picked up the handcuff key and carefully and purposefully she slipped it into the cleavage between my fake boobs. Damn her, she was tormenting me. I could look down into the bra which I was wearing and see the key that would release my hands and arms from where they were secured behind my back. I couldn't reach it with my hands, and as hard as I strained, I couldn't get my teeth low enough to grasp the tip of that protruding key where it rested in my cleavage. I was the keeper of my only means of freedom, but helpless to release my confined arms.

Babs' Mom was quite shaken by the restricting handcuffs, but otherwise quite complimentary with the result of turning a male into such a beautiful lady. Mom asked how long I would be confined, since New Year wasn't until the next Friday. Babs answered, "Trudy is dressed, ready, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of her twin sister, Judy, on Friday afternoon. At that point, one of Trudy's wrists will be freed, and the open cuff will be locked around Judy's wrist, for the whole masquerade party."

I was now in a panic, how could Babs manage to care for all of my needs for almost a full week? How could she expect me to personify the twin Trudy 24/7 for such a long period of time? How could I lay down to sleep with the handcuffs securing my arms behind

my back? How could I go bathless for almost a week? I couldn't even manipulate a telephone to call for help. I was just now realizing how totally helpless I really was.

Babs escorted Trudy back up to the bedroom. She had Trudy sit on the edge of the bed, and began to outline the activities of Trudy's next week. Trudy was to be Babs' guest until the New Year's Party was over. Since Jeff didn't have to return to college for his classes until Jan. 7th, Trudy would have seven more days to enjoy her experience of dressing in feminine fashions. That would be a total of twelve days and nights

There was no way that Trudy could remain with her wrists cuffed behind her back so tomorrow, Sunday, Babs would go and get the special male genital locking device from her Aunt Karen. Karen's mother, Bab's grandmother, Anita, had a locksmith create it. She had locked it on Babs' grandfather John for nearly a year. Trudy could wear that and have her hands and arms released.

The clothing requirements would be relaxed slightly, but Trudy would still work at being very feminine. 'She' would go and get her books so she could work on Jeff's anticipated classroom assignments, take care of Babs' room and laundry chores, let her nails grow, fashion well-shaped nail tips, and wear high-heeled footwear to train her feet and legs in being feminine to match the rest of that lovely appearing lady.

This special locking device would prevent any male genital excitement, prevent standing urination, forcing the male to sit on the toilet for relief, to rinse off with water, and remain seated until completely drip dried, before restoring his lingerie to its proper place.

There was no way to forcibly remove this special device; there would be lots of pain if one tried to, and also if an erection occurred while wearing this chastity control.

Karen had a machinist fit a stainless steel loop into the web of stainless watch band links, and she had padlocked a handcuff chain link to this control, thus locking Babs' father's hands securely to his crotch, rendering him completely helpless, but still able to care for most of his bathroom needs.

This man was a compulsive food junky and this one loop, when used correctly, eliminated any unauthorized fridge raids and eating binges. He was soon down to a very slim and trim male shape. He was even small enough to wear his wife's clothing, which Karen began to insist on.

Babs' grandfather had suffered through a long No Sex Order which lasted almost a year, with his wife Anita only unlocking the device three times, specifically for her need for sexual relief. The first two of these sessions were failures because John tripped his 'ejaculate button' way too soon, but the third time proved to be worth the wait for Anita.

Anita allowed removal of the device about a week after she began to allow Jane to resume some activities as John and to begin to return to sleeping in the master bedroom.

The device was loaned to Karen, Babs' aunt, who had a steady boyfriend. He was hot after Karen's services and being obnoxiously insistent. This man learned to curb his excitement because of the pain involved when he got excited.

Babs wanted Jeff to learn first-hand just what the ladies in this family had to effectively control their male suitors. Jeff had never forced Babs, but she wanted him to spend enough time handicapped by the device to develop a reverent respect for its control, and to file away memories which would be quite helpful in controlling a male's sexual appetite. She had a goal of marrying as a virgin, and this dependable device and its control could be invaluable in achieving that.

Dressing this male, or for that matter, any male, in such ultra-feminine style could set trigger some very erotic dreams and desires; Babs wanted protection in case Jeff began to develop a runaway libido. The dressing was intended to assist Trudy in her emulation of a lady.

Putting all of this feminine finery on a male certainly did not instantly transform his usual slovenly male actions into convincing female actions. Babs had prepared a list of actions and exercises to be done in conjunction with videos which should, if followed faithfully, train a male to gracefully act and walk like a lady. The first thing on the list was to safely revise the restraints to allow for sleeping comfort, and to permit Trudy to go to the bathroom on her own.

Trudy was seated on the master bed with a rope secured to each wrist and to each bed post. The ropes were tied tightly to each wrist, then carried back about two feet and tied again. That meant that these ends must be untied before there was any slack to work with to untie the wrist knots. There was no way for Trudy to get both hands out two feet beyond her extended arms to free the ends of the confining bonds.

It was still three hours before time for dinner, so Babs was in no hurry to finish moving of the handcuffs to the front of Trudy's body.

Babs was busy placing Jeff's clothing into a suitcase, which she took down stairs somewhere. When she returned, she retrieved the handcuff key and unlocked the left cuff, then told Trudy to move her wrist to the front of her body and re-lock the handcuff on her left wrist.

Trudy tried to slip the rope loop off from that free wrist, but it didn't want to slide along her wrist let alone slide over her hand, so that attempt was unsuccessful.

Babs asked if she expected to be served any dinner; if so, she should be able to eat it when it was delivered. She pointed out that she could pull the ropes tight and tie them again. Trudy would be sitting there with her arms out straight to either side, and would not be able to eat at all.

With the handcuffs in front, Trudy would have the freedom to eat and go to the bathroom. Trudy surrendered and locked that open cuff around her left wrist again. Babs made a big production out of finding a safe place to store the key. First she put it back into Trudy's cleavage, then she reached down her back and slid the key under the clasp of the bra band. She pressed in the middle of Trudy's back and received a painful yelp in response so she moved the key over so that it was under the left shoulder strap, still between the bra band and Trudy's back. Trudy was still custodian of her own handcuff key, but still unable to use it.

Babs came up with a sheet of paper which contained orders and instructions. She duplicated Jeff's

mother's style by using the starting phrase, "Thou Shalt":

Thou Shalt always shave twice a day or more if needed .

Thou Shalt always wear high-heeled shoes.

Thou Shalt always change your slimming pants daily.

Thou Shalt always change your pantyhose daily.

Thou Shalt always wear deodorant.

Thou Shalt always wear makeup except to bed.

Thou Shalt always wear lipstick and reapply it frequently.

Thou Shalt always wear perfume, behind ears, on wrists, and in the cleavage.

Thou Shalt always wear nail polish.

Thou Shalt always wear your petticoats every day.

Thou Shalt always wear a skirt over your petticoat.

Thou Shalt never let your petticoat show excessively.

Thou Shalt always wear your bra and false boobs.

Thou Shalt always wear your handcuffs.

Thou Shalt always make your bed.

Thou Shalt always wear your wig when not in bed.

A length of chain was locked to the foot of the bed, and to Trudy's right ankle. Babs carefully inserted the key for it behind Trudy's right bra shoulder strap, between Trudy's back and the bra band. She went downstairs and was gone for about five minutes. She returned carrying an antique chamber pot, which her

family displayed on their back porch. She commented that she was worried about Trudy wandering off in the dark, maybe even getting lost or kidnapped, so the chain leash would control her travel, and the pot would act as her toilet. Since Trudy was already parked, she might as well stay that way until morning, when releasing her would allow her to do as many chores as she could handle while wearing the handcuffs.

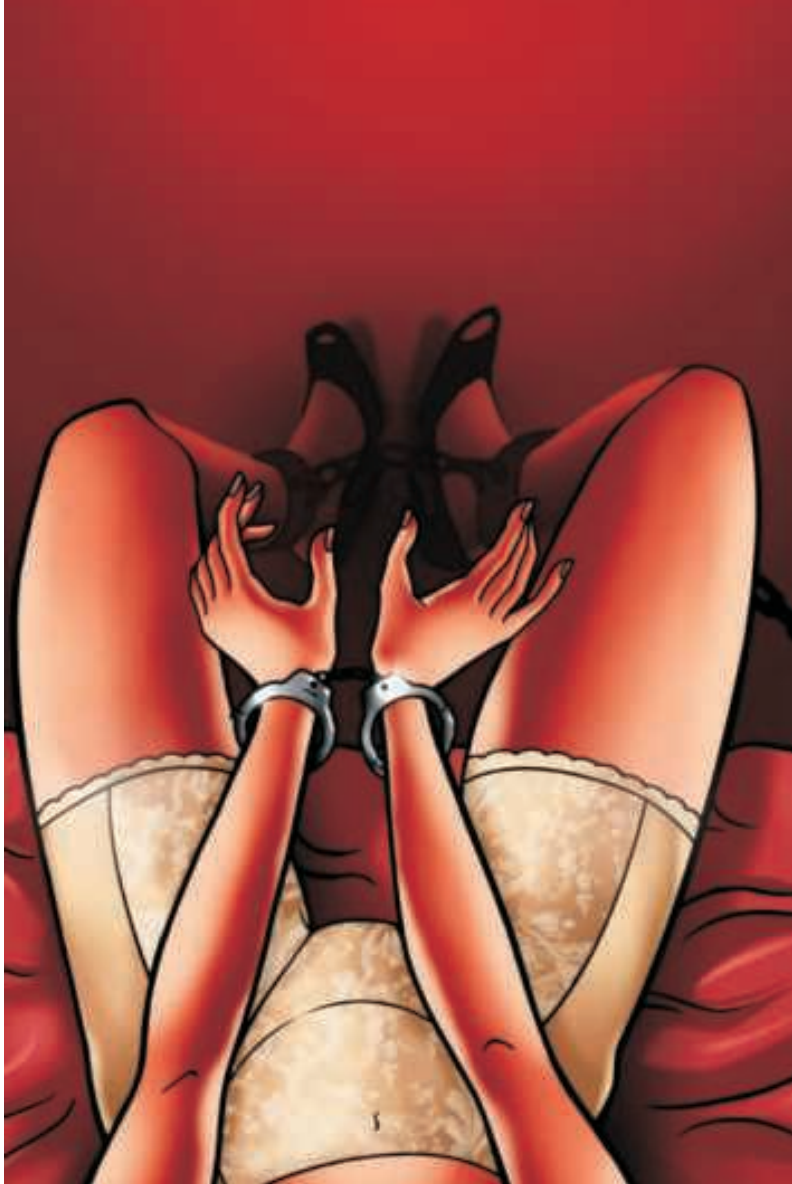
Trudy was swamped with orders, confined to the bedroom, and sentenced to at least eleven more days like this.

Why was Babs being so possessive? Jeff never flirted with other young ladies. True, he would not have remained in her parents' house, and definitely not in Bab's damn clothes, but he had done his very best to perform as one of the girl twins.

How could Trudy get free? She couldn't get out of the clothes she was wearing without a pair of scissors. She couldn't get to the handcuffs' key presently cutting into her back under the band of the bra she was wearing. She couldn't get free of the bed, which she was chained to. Did she have any options, or had Babs covered all of the bases? Could Trudy fake an anxiety attack? She had witnessed an epileptic seizure once; could she stage a fake one?

There was just no avenue she could locate that would cause Babs to panic and release Trudy. The best possibility was to continue to search for a weak link in her plan, and be ready to grab the ball and run with it. Could she get Babs close enough to drop her cuffed hands over her head and haul her in against Trudy's body long enough to force her to retrieve those keys from under the back of the bra?

The problems with trying to go to the bathroom on that antique piece of china or even on the toilet, were numerous with the handcuffs restricting arm movements. Holding up the skirt and petticoat, while trying



to lower the pantyhose and the slimming pants, trying to be sure to be seated properly on that chamber pot was almost too much to dare to attempt but Mother Nature seemed to force the issue. Trudy had no choice because Babs had gone to her Aunt Karen's for that special locking device, and wouldn't be back for about two more hours.

Trudy got her chance to capture Babs when she was working on Trudy's wig while it was in place. The wig had received some serious mussing when Trudy was trying to get to the keys under her bra band.

Babs bent down to pick up the pretty green ribbon she had dropped as she was about to tie it to a lock of hair just above Trudy's left ear. As Babs straightened to stand up, Trudy's arms dropped over Babs' head and drew Babs in severely against Trudy's body, until she was beginning to struggle for breath against those large fake boobs.

Trudy couldn't lower her grip because then Babs would not have the freedom to reach for those desired keys. Babs was a fighter, and a dirty one at that. She only had Trudy's body to fight against but she managed to turn just enough in Trudy's headlock to get her left arm free. She began to beat Trudy in the crotch, with very painful blows. Babs' face was shoved into Trudy's bust and she was close to suffocating, but she was beating unmercifully on the family jewels in Trudy's crotch.

Trudy tightened the pressure around Babs' neck, trying to cut off her air supply, but the hammering on the male vitals was just too painful. Babs finally won that standoff, and Trudy never even got a minute of freedom. The keys were not even disturbed, but Trudy did get punished.

The ankle chain was unlocked from the ankle, the pantyhose were lowered all the way down to her ankles. Then a heavily insulated pair of winter mittens were shaped to fit Trudy's ankles, on the inside of her calves. The pantyhose was carefully worked up over these mittens and all of the way up to Trudy's waist. The chain was wrapped around both ankles, then once around and between Trudy's ankles. The end was padlocked back to itself. The key was then returned to its place under Trudy's bra's left strap, behind the bra band.

Babs was busy tongue lashing Trudy for her escape attempt. She had Trudy stand and promised her the handcuff key if she could travel the ten feet to where Babs was standing in less than five minutes.

Trudy was desperate and fighting mad by this time. She literally hopped to Babs, nearly falling down when she stopped against her.

Babs was so surprised that Trudy had successfully challenged her offer that she retrieved the key and placed it in Trudy's hand. The cuffs were quickly unlocked and the cuffs were tossed onto the bed. Trudy asked for assistance to get back across the room and to sit on the bed. Trudy knew that she could now reach the ankle chain key also stashed in the back of her bra, but she wanted to wait until after Babs left the room.

Babs picked up the handcuffs, removed their key, and placed them in unlocked condition on top of the bureau. She carefully inserted their key into her cleavage, leaving the top of the key showing just a little bit. Then she opened her left hand to display a second key, picked it up with her right fingers, turned it for effect, then slipped it in beside the handcuff key. With her

right index finger, she tucked them down and out of sight.

Trudy began to struggle to reach the spot on her back where she was sure Babs had placed the padlock key. After a thorough finger search, she realized that Babs had just gone through the motions of storing the key back behind the bra band.

Trudy's hands were free, but she was still chained to the bed, not just one ankle but both chained together. She would most likely fall over when trying to sit on that old chamber pot. Maybe she could move it close to the bed and be able to use the edge of the mattress to help steady her body, as she tried to lower herself onto the top of that thunder jug.

Babs had seated herself on the only chair in the room, and was amused by all of the facial expressions Trudy was making. She offered to allow Trudy to lock the handcuffs once again, then release the ankle chain from one ankle.

Trudy asked for an explanation of the long and severe bondage. Was this really just for a costume party?

Babs explained that, starting Monday morning, Trudy was going to begin training seriously to become a female in looks, actions, clothing, and even voice if there was time enough. There would be no time to return to the male world. That might happen the week after the costume party, if Trudy was truly feminine until the party was over. Learning to walk, act, speak, and personify Babs' twin would be Trudy's one goal. Progress would be rewarded, mistakes punished severely. The goal was to remove the male brain and replace it with a female brain, but they only had a few days for recovery.

“Why didn’t you get Jan to take the part?” Trudy asked.

“She is way too tall and big-boned, with very small boobs. She and her boyfriend are going as Antony and Cleopatra. She will be Anthony, so she is busy coaching Cleopatra. Cleo is dressed and carrying a pedometer in her bra, wearing high-heeled shoes, with her hands cuffed behind her back with a matching pair of handcuffs. Antony left here to go assist Cleopatra with a potty stop,” Babs said.

“Fortune has smiled on you, Trudy. Having the semester break has enabled you to devote full time to converting this your male self into a ravishing beauty. Having the unrestricted freedom of dressing femininely is the most effective way to train a man to become familiar with the actions of a lady. The fact that you can spend all of your time as a lady, anticipating your class assignments, and being able to study for them, will certainly be a plus.

“Hiding away and wearing dresses will be so much more beneficial than any male vacation activity. The thrill of wearing such a feminine wardrobe should far surpass the thrills of sports. If you tire of any specific outfit, my closet can offer you lots of selections for creating a different female image. Get in lots of time learning to comfortably accept your high-heeled shoes, and to become an expert at wearing them,” Babs said.

“Well, my walking training is certainly on hold the way my feet are secured. My books are still home in my bedroom. The handcuffs and chained ankles cancel any wardrobe changes. The handcuffs won’t allow for makeup experimentation, so maybe a nap will be beneficial training, unless you have a VCR on voice training,” Trudy stated.

“You are quite inconvenienced to be sure, so I guess that it’s time to add to that and install the chastity device. Then we can begin to remove some of your other restraints. Lie back on the bed and try to position yourself close to this side, where I can reach you easily.”

Babs removed Trudy’s pantyhose, the ankle chain, her slimming pants, and locked the chastity control in place. She returned the slimming pants and pantyhose to their proper places, then strapped on the high-heeled shoes.

“You can put in an hour of walking. Then you should rest and work with makeup until dinner, and walk for another hour. We will remove your handcuffs, remove your skirt and petticoat, and you can put on a half-slip and a street acceptable skirt, then we can go and get your backpack, and stop for an ice cream. When we return, you can strip down for a shower or bath, put on a clean bra and your fake boobs, clean slimming pants, your nightgown, and your precious handcuffs. Your evening can be spent studying, watching TV, or you and I can cuddle and smooch until bedtime.

How would Trudy you handle Babs taking her to Jeff’s parents home, for his college back pack. What will Jeff’s parents say and do? What kind of reactions would be forthcoming from Jeff’s brother and sister? How was Trudy going to explain the way she would be dressed? Would Babs relent and return at least Jeff’s outer clothes, and let Trudy fade out for an hour or so?

Trudy asked to be allowed to wear Jeff’s outer clothes. Babs answered that when in training for a sports event, you must pour a total effort into your attempt for success, and that goes for training to be a lady as well. So again Trudy was voted down and the

agony and embarrassment of going to his home, and out for an ice cream was still going to occur.

Could Trudy send Babs while Trudy stayed here to continue her training? Babs could bring home a package of ice cream for them to enjoy there.

Trudy asked if Babs would consider that suggestion. Again, Trudy was shot down.

There just didn't seem to be any way to ease the pain of public and family confrontation while being ordered to learn about being female. Why couldn't Babs be reasonable, ease up a bit in her desire to expose her female impersonator in training, and preserve the surprise of the appearance of the identical twins for the costume party on Friday night?

When they were getting ready to leave to go for the college books and the ice cream, Babs made up a purse for Trudy to carry. It included Jeff's wallet, house and car keys, plus the usual ladies necessities, like makeup, lipstick, comb, brush, mirror, sanitary items, and a purse pack of Kleenex.

When they arrived at Jeff's home, the house was in darkness. Trudy was elated. She rushed in and upstairs to Jeff's room for the back pack, and was just starting back downstairs when the front door opened. Two men entered, and they were wearing face masks.

They produced guns and demanded the lady's jewels and any cash that might be available. Trudy had never been robbed before; being scared because of their guns and because she was quite convincingly disguised as a lady in her late teens, she had no idea just what to do. She took them to Jeff's mother's bedroom and pointed out the jewelry case. Then because they insisted, they were shown to Jeff's sister's room on the

second floor, where they grabbed her jewelry box which they assumed belonged to Trudy.

As they approached the top of the stairs, Trudy gave the man in the lead a push and he went head first down the stairs. Trudy swung back towards the second robber with the backpack in full swing. The poor guy was caught beside the head and he crashed into the hallway wall.

Trudy grabbed up the gun near her left high-heeled shoe and pointed it at the stunned man. Babs came rushing into the house because of all of the commotion. She had a chair ready to swing at the guy who dove head first down the front stairs, but he wasn't even stirring.

Babs and Trudy decided to call 911 to request police assistance, and that Trudy should hurry into Jeff's room, shed the telltale female outfit, and dress quickly in Jeff's regular clothing. The clothing switch was quickly completed, but with all of Trudy's lingerie still in place when the front door opened and the parents entered with two policemen right behind them.

Both men needed medical attention; an EMT team came and carted them away. The police asked for a description of the confrontation. Jeff explained what he had done and how Babs had been brave enough to enter the house just after the robbers and help hold them until the police came. Jeff's mother had wandered into Jeff's room and found ladies clothes hidden under the bed spread. After the police left, she took Jeff aside and asked about them.

Jeff looked at Babs; they quickly decided to tell it the way it happened before matters could get out of hand. At first Mom appeared to be shocked, but then she began to be proud of what her son had accom-

plished against two armed robbers. She agreed that Trudy and Babs had made the right decisions. Mom would stand behind Jeff's story, and help hide the fact that a man dressed as a lady had foiled the robbery.

One of the facts that needed to be addressed was that the robbers were off their guard because their hostage was a female, and because of her cooperation in the beginning. Trudy was quite concerned that they might possibly take her hostage when they left because she might prove to be a nice source of sexual entertainment when they were safely away from the robbery scene.

Babs and Jeff returned to her home, with Jeff carrying Trudy's clothes. Babs insisted that Jeff leave immediately, and Trudy reappear. Babs complimented Trudy on her ability to drop both of the robbers in their tracks, but she wished to be complimented for insisting that Trudy be the person going to retrieve that book pack. In her opinion, it was the extremely feminine appearance of Trudy that threw the men off guard. She claimed that if they had encountered Jeff, they most likely would have shot him to avoid any type of battle with him, but Trudy probably was saved with the hope of pleasures later in the evening.

There was no further training that evening; both of them were too wound-up for any serious concentration. They sat together on the sofa, talked a little, and held each other. Finally, Babs achieved the result she was hoping for, when the 'equipment' guarded by that special chastity device began to respond to the closeness of a sexy female. It was obvious that Trudy was becoming very uncomfortable.

Babs ordered Trudy to take a cold shower, drip dry her crotch area, dress for bedtime in her bra, falsies,

slimming pants, nightgown, and handcuffs, then get into bed in the guest room. Babs would be in to cover her up.

When Babs arrived, she uncovered her female trainee, pulled up the front of Trudy's nightgown, removed the slimming pants, locked the ankle chain and the center link of the short handcuff chain to the protruding link on the chastity device, then pulled the nighty back down on either side of that security connection. The other end of the ankle chain was locked to the corner post at the foot of the bed. Babs carefully covered Trudy up for the night, kissed her goodnight, and put out the light. That left Trudy safely tucked into bed, and definitely prevented from wandering off during the night. That damn chamber pot was still ready and waiting for any donations which might be forthcoming from the occupant of the bed during the night.

This became the time for Trudy to review her dilemmas:

Of being held prisoner.

Of being dressed as a lady prepared for bed.

Of being required to personify a sexy female twin for a costume party.

Of being informed that this control would last even beyond the party.

Of being prevented from getting sexually excited for this whole semester break.

Of being required to dress as a lady each day for this whole time.

Of being so totally helpless, for as long as Babs chose to insist on it.

What choices did Jeff/Trudy have? Were there any? Were there any weak links in Babs' control? Trudy would constantly be controlled by that stainless steel chastity device. At night, she would be handcuffed and locked to that device, which was also locked to the bed frame. Trudy was here to stay for as long as Babs desired. No way to get out of this room, no way to get any food or drink. no way to study or experiment with makeup techniques, no way to watch TV or any instructional videos. No way out. There was no way for Trudy to rescue Babs, or even call for help, or to even know where in the house she might be. What if she fell down stairs, and was lying unconscious at the bottom? What if she had a heart attack or a stroke? Not too likely at her age, but still a serious concern if you were dependent on her for food and water and for release in the morning. Sleep finally claimed Trudy's thoughts, and arrived long before any solutions were discovered for this situation.

There was a small clock on the bureau in that guest room. When it got to seven in the morning, Trudy was beginning to become anxious to hear any sounds of activity in the house.

Babs had closed the bedroom door. That would certainly muffle any noises that Babs might be making.

At eight, Trudy was ready to start screaming for attention, but she decided that silence was her best weapon, Babs would have to come and open that door in order to check to be sure that her prisoner was still OK.

At nine, there still was not a single sound getting into the bedroom. Trudy was up and sitting on the edge of the bed, listening intently for any sounds of movement in the house. She kept catching herself hold-

ing her breath, trying not to miss a single hint of activity anywhere in the building.

At ten, Trudy was becoming desperate, thirsty, hungry, needing to patronize the damned old thunder jug again, and fighting to keep from crying out for help.

At eleven, Trudy began to get scared. Something must have happened to Babs. How could Trudy find out? How could Trudy get free? How could Trudy help Babs if she was in trouble right now? How far would that security chain let her go towards the bedroom door? Where did Babs secrete the handcuff and padlock keys last night? Trudy didn't see Babs slip them into her bra. What happened to them?

Trudy began a thorough search; she was sure that Babs was up to another of her sneaky tricks. There was no time last night when Babs was even close to Trudy's bra, so that was ruled out as a hiding place. Babs had dropped the removed slimming pants on the top of the bureau. By pulling the bed about two feet, Trudy could reach the bureau. By leaning way over, she could grasp the pants in her teeth, and pull them off onto the floor. There was the handcuff key lying on the bare bureau top, just out of reach, If she could reach her arms out, she could get them. If the bed would move some more that might be enough, but the carpet was wrinkled up, stopping the bed from sliding. Finally by stepping over the chain and letting it trail back between her legs, Trudy could stand on one leg, reach out with the other one and drag the key over to the front edge of the bureau top, and off onto the floor. From there, it took about five minutes of constant brushing with her toes to move the key close to the bed.

Now she had to be able to lower her body enough to get her hands, which were locked to her crotch, close enough to reach that key with her fingers. By this time she was soaked with sweat from all of her efforts and needed to stop and rest. She didn't want to get in too much of a hurry and flip the key off and out of her grasp. She was winning this battle so far and she must proceed carefully now that the key was within her grasp.

She got down on her knees, moved them back to try to be sure that her hands would strike the carpet right where the key lay. Because when she leaned forward, she was going to fall on her face, she couldn't put out a hand to break her tumble forward. Thank God it was carpet, not hardwood floor.

Trudy finally let herself fall forward and her hands could reach the key. She hurt her forehead a little, but as soon as her hands were free, she could get up and check her forehead. Trudy tried to insert the key in one of the handcuffs and it wouldn't go. What in Hell was wrong now? The key was the right shape, why wouldn't it work? She stopped to examine the key. It was coated with some kind of transparent glue that was stopping it from working. There she was lying face down on the bedroom carpet, needing to strip the coating off the key, in order to get her hands free so that she could get up off from the floor.

Her wrists were attached together, to that special chastity gizmo, and down between her legs. She needed to be able to see just where she would be digging with her nails as she tried to remove that stubborn glue from the key. It was too far from her eyes to her crotch, and she was face down on the carpeted floor. She couldn't use her teeth because she couldn't hold

the key in her fingers at her crotch and reach her mouth.

Trudy was having no luck at removing that glue substance from the key and she was afraid of messing up the locking mechanism if she tried to force the key in the lock. She was again soaked with sweat from worry, from all of her struggles, and from lying face down on the bedroom carpet. She had come so far, she could feel freedom, but it was still just out of reach.

Trudy reached down to shake the padlock which was holding her hands to her crotch and noticed something strange about the feel of the padlock. She began to check it out more carefully, which wasn't easy because she was still face down on the carpet. She realized that the lock was in place, holding her handcuffs and the security chain, but it wasn't locked. Babs had never snapped the lock shut.

Trudy was angry, she was beside herself with feelings about her stupidity. She couldn't see the padlock, but even last night she could have checked to be sure that she was locked in. No, she had accepted that Babs had gone through the motions of locking her securely to the chastity device and to the bed; there was no reason to check on her workmanship.

Slipping the padlock out of the chastity loop and out of the handcuff chain link made it possible for her to use her cuffed hands to help lift herself off from the carpet. Now that she could get a good look at the key and the gunk coating it, she decided that she could scrape it off with her teeth and get her hands and arms free. She took a look at the handcuff locking cylinders. There, Scotch Taped to one of the cylinders was a key, and it wasn't coated with the goop that was on the first one.

Now Trudy got angry again. She examined the padlock on the bed frame to find it also unlocked, just hooked in place. What in Hell was the matter with Trudy? Was she really that dumb? For that matter, what about Jeff? Where did he fit in the blame for all of this unnecessary struggle to get free when none of the locks were locked or the keys were right there for anyone to use.

Trudy picked up her slimming pants from the carpet and put them on. She made sure that her nightgown was down in place, put on her wig, dressing gown and slippers, and went downstairs to face Babs. She was completely free of any bondage, except for that damn chastity device locked on over her male genitalia. She was complying with every rule she could remember. It certainly felt good to get free of the handcuffs and that bed security chain. Now if only Babs didn't laugh her completely out of the county, maybe the rest of the day could be productive and educational.

"Good morning, Babs," Trudy greeted her. "Sorry to be late for breakfast but I was tied up in my bedroom for quite some time."

Babs said, "I bet you were. You are so late that you might as well start things going for an early lunch, then we can get on with our training schedule."

"What did you have in the plan for today's lunch?" Trudy asked.

"There are cold cuts. We can add some lettuce and mayo and dress them up a little. The rye bread will go well with the salami slices. There are a few dill pickles left in the bottle in the fridge and some fruit cups for dessert or for appetizers, whichever way you choose.

“Set things up on TV trays and we can watch an instructional video while we enjoy our lunch. Trudy, don’t forget that we dress for lunch and dinner, so if you are hungry, you had better hurry when you are getting dressed. Oh, wear the off-white dress with the closed bodice, and be sure to store the handcuff and padlock keys in the front of your bra. I will zip the back of your dress, and that way I can check on the positioning of the keys,” Babs said.

Lunch seemed like a simple and quick task, but being required to get fully dressed was going to delay Trudy’s getting something to eat. It didn’t seem improper to eat lunch while dressed in a nylon nightgown, dressing gown and slippers, but Babs was the boss. If Jeff ever hoped to get released from the tenacious grip of that stainless chastity control, then Trudy had better be a perfect lady.

Lunch was actually served just after twelve noon. Trudy wanted to stuff the food in and begin to fill the void which had been forming ever since last night’s dinner, but there sat Babs, and she was watching to be sure that Trudy was eating in a ladylike manner.

Babs had called upstairs and instructed Trudy to bring down the handcuffs and one of the padlocks. Trudy was afraid she would be running around all afternoon with her hands cuffed and locked to the chastity bale, which would hike the front of the dress, slip up above her crotch in the front and leave only the slimming pants and pantyhose for cover; they would have to be pulled down onto the thighs in order to lock the cuffs to the chastity control gadget.

Trudy was extremely careful to eat and act properly to avoid being punished. She sat so that her knees were almost forced against each other, to avoid any ‘South-

ern exposure.' She renewed her lipstick and ran a brush through her hair before starting to tidy up the kitchen.

The college back pack was upstairs in the guest room. When Trudy was through with the kitchen cleanup, she went right up to get it and bring it down to the kitchen table, where she planned to study. Babs suggested that Trudy get in another hour of walking, a half-hour with eye makeup, and an hour with her books. Then they would take a half-hour to go for last night's missed ice cream treat at the fast food joint over near the High School.

Last night, Sunday night, would have been the best time to go for that treat, This was a school night, and Babs was carefully working towards getting them in for their ice cream just after the students were released from classes for the day. It certainly was safer than last evening with the robbers, but still very scary for this female impersonator.

Babs showed Trudy a strange piece of stainless steel, which appeared to be all bent up. It was actually clean and polished and looked as if it was intentionally made with all of its bends. She asked Trudy to stretch out on the sofa, pull her dress and half-slip up above her waist. Then Babs pulled down the pantyhose and the slimming pants, and locked one end of this new gadget to the chastity control bale. Next she returned the slimming pants and pantyhose to their proper place, had Trudy stand, and let her slip and dress back down in place.

This piece of stainless metal came out from under the dress, just below the hem, and extended up in front of the dress, to be on the same level as the control crotch bale. Babs then explained that the handcuffs

could now be secured to the chastity control while the lovely lady was fully dressed. She would be just as completely handicapped, just as helpless, but able to do her walking, even study with her book held on her lap.

This control extension would hold the hands and handcuffs away enough to allow for full freedom of walking, without constantly chafing the legs and wrists with the leg movements.

They were about to leave for their ice cream when the telephone rang. It was a police inspector who wished to come over for more questions. Babs had no choice but to say that it was just fine to do so right then. She gave the padlock key to Trudy and sent her to quickly change back to being Jeff again, making sure to remove all of her makeup and the wig.

This time it was a couple in plain clothes. The male inspector began by asking them to give him a first-hand description of the incident, which Jeff could do with no mention of Trudy. The lady listened and after Jeff finished, she said that both of the robbers claimed that they were subdued by a young lady.

Jeff began to blush, and said, "Those guys were caught, arrested, and will be dealt with by the court. Why are you so concerned that their story is slightly different from mine?"

The lady inspector said that even small details could sometimes trip up a suspect and make the difference between a verdict of guilt or innocence.

She said, "Jeff, why don't you admit that you were wearing a ladies outfit when this incident went down? We need to have the truth to work with and we will do our very best to avoid any mention of this discrepancy

in the reports. We are aware of the fact that it could be harmful to your regular male image. You were quick-witted enough to shed everything that would show and don enough male clothes to appear as your male self, as you have just done again."

She reached over and in between his shirt buttons hooked her finger into the front of the bra which Jeff still had on, and tugged, pulling Jeff a short distance towards her.

There was no denying that Jeff was wearing a bra, so there was no way to hide the truth any longer.

The lady inspector said, "Both of the arrested robbers separately told us how this very pretty girl did them in. Then we are faced with the claim that a teen-aged boy confessed to having done all that damage to two grown men. We needed to uncover the truth, so we allowed a few minutes before our arrival to another interview, just enough time for you to peel off the ladies outer wear and slip into male outer wear to cover up lingerie.

"So Jeff, I'll ask you to remove your shirt and trousers, shirt first."

Removing the shirt left Jeff standing there with the full slip and bra very visible. When his trousers were removed, the skirt of the slip fell down near his knees. The lady inspector said that her name was Evelyn and asked Jeff what his femme name was. Jeff answered, "Trudy."

Evelyn said, "You can put your male clothes back on now. I was sure that you were wearing both a bra and a slip so there would be no danger of you being ordered to remove your shirt and trousers. I think we did, beyond the shadow of any doubt, establish that

the robbers were done in by a teen aged girl, at least by her appearance.

“Now we have to work out a way to handle this information for the court, when these men go to trial for armed robbery. George and I will work on a discreet way to handle the truth, and try to avoid any further embarrassment to you, Jeff. The pictures taken at the scene showed a boy and a girl, and the men stated there was just one girl. How did the boy get into the scene, or how did the girl in the pictures do so much damage to two male adults?”

“Thank you for allowing us to disturb your afternoon. Please be aware that probably both of you will have to appear as witnesses. There is an outside chance that Jeff will be subpoenaed to testify as Trudy, but we will try to avoid that through our careful consideration of the evidence presentation.

“There is one last thing which will be voluntary on your parts. What was the reason for the female impersonation? This is only for George’s and my information.”

Babs answered, “We are going to a New Year’s party as identical twins. No male could emulate a sophisticated lady without days of dressing for the part, with very strict coaching to acquire acceptable feminine actions.”

The detectives left, and Babs and Jeff had to decide just what they would do with what was left of their afternoon. The press of the after-school crowd would be nearly over; they could delay that exposure until Tuesday afternoon. There did seem to be some connection between their going for ice cream and local robbery problems. Either they were not going to be allowed to enjoy some ice cream, or they were going to be unin-

dated with more robberies and more police detectives. They would have to sandwich their ice cream sins into some small window in-between these police matters. It was somewhat reassuring to have detectives like Evelyn on the police force. She certainly deduced the correct robbery explanation, and exposed Jeff's female clothing cover-up in a hurry.

Babs asked, "Well Trudy, what are you going to do if the court insists that Trudy has to appear and testify?"

"What choice would I have? Could I get a lawyer to appear on my behalf and demand that they rescind that order and allow Jeff to testify without having to personify the fictitious Trudy?" Jeff asked.

They decided to postpone the public appearance, to have Trudy dress for dinner three or four times, to properly dress for each try, and to handle the clothing with reverence, being sure that the removed clothing articles were correctly stored in the closet or bureau. Babs would get a snapshot of each individual ensemble.

Dinner was prepared by two fashionable ladies in their fancy dresses, with aprons to protect their pretty clothing. When the kitchen was put back in shape, Babs decided that they should take advantage of their fashions and go to a movie for the evening. There was no other way to get there except for Trudy to drive them in Babs' car.

A parking spot quite a way from the entrance to the theaters was selected. Babs asked Trudy to drop her off so that she could get the tickets and snacks, and meet Trudy by the entrance door.

Her chosen parking place was taken when she got there with Babs' car to park it. She had to go three rows further over in order to find a space. As she was walking back toward the movie theatre, a car with three tough-looking boys began to follow Trudy, and soon pulled right up beside her. She now had quite a bit of experience at walking in high-heeled shoes but that didn't mean that she could get very far very fast while wearing them.

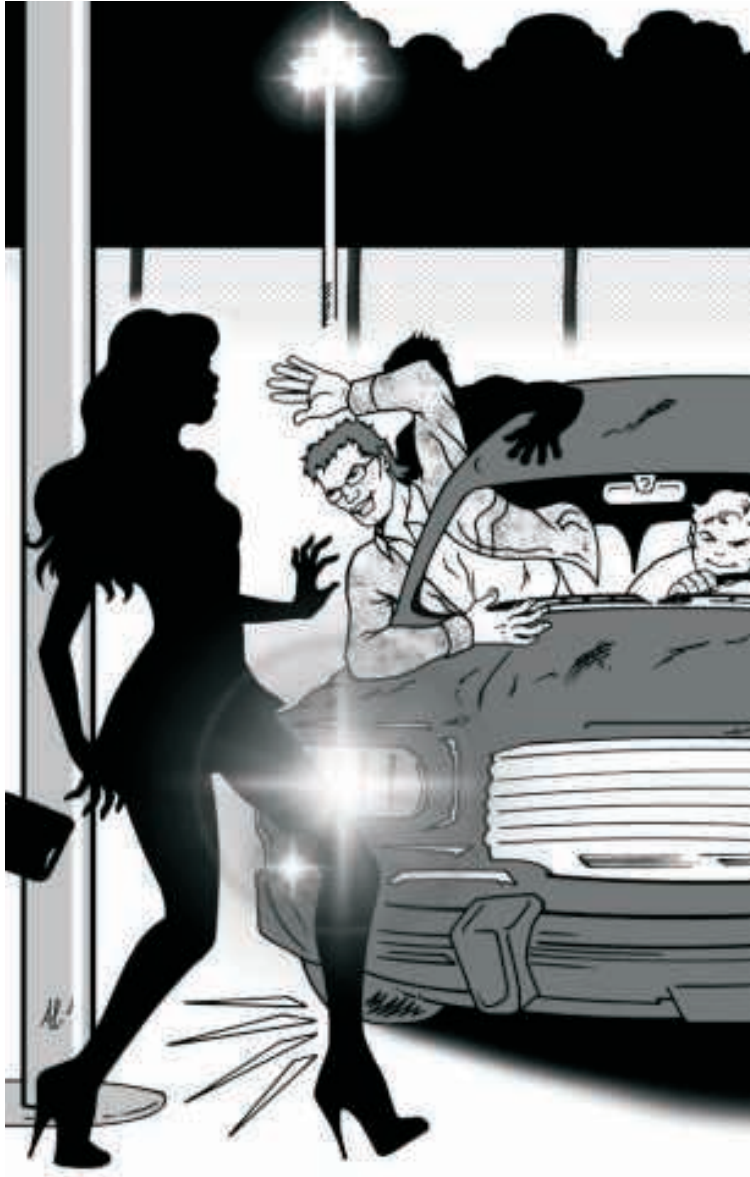
Babs had taught her to be very observant, but to appear disinterested in everything around her. She should appear to ignore the crude remarks of those trying to intimidate her.

These dirty disheveled males were being very nasty, making all kinds of obscene remarks, and gestures. There just didn't seem to be anyone else walking in the same area. Trudy now expected to be abducted by these foul-mouthed males. She stopped, abruptly turned, and crossed through to the next aisle. Trudy returned to her original aisle. The boys had to turn their car around and go back to the end to relocate into the lane where Trudy was now walking.

When the car caught up with her, the boy in the passenger side seat was leaning out, about to grab at her. She swung her arm and purse around and smashed his face and glasses. The yelp could be heard for quite some distance. Trudy again crossed to a different aisle and picked up her pace. She knew she had at least two very upset males on her tail.

Trudy came across a choice piece of broken pavement, just right for throwing. She reversed her direction, now heading straight for that car and its obnoxious passengers. As the car approached her, she let the piece of pavement fly. It shattered the whole

windshield. She abruptly reversed her direction, going back to Babs' car, got in and locked the doors, She drove like a demon down to the front of the building, slammed on the brakes and began to blow the horn.



She was blocking traffic. Several drivers rushed to determine what was wrong. She opened the window and asked them to tell Babs to come out.

Babs appeared quickly. Trudy ordered her to get in the car, and soon they were speeding away from the strip mall. When they had gone about three miles, Trudy pulled the car to the side of the road and explained her actions. She explained that she had tried to shake a car with three foul-mouthed boys in it. One of those boys was now nursing a smashed face and glasses and the car no longer had a windshield. Trudy decided that it was time to vacate the area.

Babs told Trudy that she had made a good decision; there was no way those boys would have attacked her while she was parked in front of the building and blowing the car horn. Babs suggested that Trudy turn around and head back toward home. She said, "I guess you've had enough excitement for one evening."

They arrived back at Babs' home at about seven in the evening. Babs suggested that they get into their night clothes, out of the more restrictive dress-up outfits they had on. Trudy commented that there didn't seem to be much difference for her, she still had to wear a bra and the falsies, the genital control was still in place, and although not too uncomfortable, the latter created problems with what should be a simple task like urination. When there was any situation which could cause stimulation, it was almost urgent to be headed for a cold shower. Then there was about a half-hour while the control was drip drying, before it was practical to get back into the slimming pants again. How nice it would be to return to the way he used to relax, with just his Jockey shorts on, for watching TV and for sleeping.

Babs said, "Ok Trudy, you can strip down to just your slimming pants, but you must add the genital control extension and the handcuffs along with your nightgown at bedtime. That will give you about four hours of almost totally unrestricted relaxation for the evening. We could use some of that time to experiment with ways to use makeup to hide your Adam's Apple."

"Can we dispense with the chastity control for the evening too?" Trudy asked.

Babs said, "Trudy, you are really pushing your luck. Can't you ever be satisfied with the freedoms I offer you?"

"You can't hang a guy for trying. You and I both know you would never show any interest in me if I was a Mr. Milquetoast, so that means that my normal male desires and drives must be addressed and tolerated. So Babs, how about some real freedom for the evening?" Trudy asked.

"Oh all right, but you must behave, you must be ready to return to being Trudy at bed time, and you must promise to really work at becoming a convincing Trudy by Friday afternoon."

"Yes, I promise to follow instructions, as long as you allow a respectable length of time for Jeff to concentrate on his studies. This is a two-way street, and up to this point you have been doing almost all of the driving. We need to form a real partnership, list all of the goals and arrange the most practical way and time for completion.

"Any more robberies, near abductions or rapes will have to be dealt with, causing the least interference with the major goals. Now, are we in agreement? Will

you grant me a few hours of real freedom in exchange for my cooperation and concentration on our joint goals for the next few days?" Trudy asked.

"Trudy, you drive a hard bargain, still you are a person who will keep her promises. Yes Trudy, your request is granted. Damn you, why couldn't you be a Milquetoast just until after Friday night?" Babs asked.

The stainless steel chastity control device was unlocked and removed. Jeff went to take a nice hot shower. When he returned to the guest room with a bath towel wrapped around himself from the waist down, there stood Babs. She was displaying his Jockey shorts by holding them up to her body where they were meant to fit on a male.

Jeff had reassured himself that he still had at least six inches while he was in the shower, and here stood an angel hoping for what he had to offer. He accepted the shorts, gave Babs a quick peck on her cheek, turned his back, dropped his towel, and deftly slipped into his Jockey shorts.

Now things started to go slightly downhill. He would liked to have taken Babs into her bedroom, stripped her down, and spend a couple hours playing games with her under the sheets but he had promised that he would respect her edict, and protect her goal of no sex until after she was properly married.

They went down to the living room, with Jeff just wearing the shorts and Babs in her nightgown with a pretty robe over it, with a pair of mules on her feet. She had to be snide and comment that she could still be a proper lady, even if Trudy had tripped and fallen into Slutsville.

The show on TV was rather risqué for a ten o'clock showing, and frequently displayed both males and females in their basic undergarments. Jeff was thrilled to see the ladies in their bras and panties. He was also thrilled because he was free of that chastity control and free to experience excitement in normal male fashion. The front of his Jockey shorts were being stretched out of shape. Jeff's desire to coax Babs into her bedroom was quickly renewed.



Babs saw what was happening to Jeff's shorts and quickly shut off the TV. She ordered Jeff to go take another cold shower. He absolutely refused. He claimed that this was his free time; that meant he was free from her control as well as from her clothing and her bondage gadgets. He demanded that she turn the TV back on again.

Babs was quite shaken by Jeff's reaction to her shutting the TV off and quickly turned it back on. Jeff sat down on the sofa beside her, took her in his arms, gave her a breathtaking kiss, and continued to hold her gently as the show on the TV unfolded. There were no attempts on Jeff's part to get any more intimate beyond the very close embrace and an occasional kiss on the cheek.

Babs began to really enjoy this closeness, to feel the warmth of this male so close and so devoted to sharing their passions. She avoided any accidental contact with the area covered by the Jockey shorts, but she did rub her hands over his thighs, chest and back, much the same as he was doing to her through her robe and nightgown.

Babs had entertained other males before Jeff. It was always the same, as soon as they began to get intimate and passionate, they tried to expand the areas that they were feeling through her clothing, trying to get their hands down into her bra, and trying to get her dress and slip up and out of their way.

This very intimate contact with Jeff was like heaven. So much so that she didn't want it to stop. What a sensation, to have such close and sincere attention from a male, and not to have to fight to defend her virginity. Why couldn't these feelings last? Why couldn't men or boys be taught to love and respect a female without

that constant drive to copulate at the first hint of intimacy? Why didn't they hold sex education classes for all males, taught by females who were trained to steer the male into close encounters the female would truly appreciate, ones which would erase the constant worry that this suitor was bent on having sex at first contact, much like what Babs was enjoying right now?

After the show was over, Jeff excused himself and went up to his room. He was gone for about twenty minutes. It was not Jeff that returned, but Trudy, dressed in her robe and nightgown, with her bra and false boobs in place, with her wig back in place, with the chastity control back in place, with her high-heeled slippers on, with fresh lipstick in place, and with a few dabs of perfume carefully placed.

Trudy said, "Thank you for the freedom of this evening. Thank you for tolerating your man just wearing undershorts. Thank you for allowing me to watch the last half of that offensive to you show. Thank you for allowing our intimate bodily contacts during the show. I believe that I will be able to tolerate any and all of your training, up to and including our attending your costume party as identical girl twins. Trudy is at your service. Here is the control key," she said as she fished it out of the front of her bra.

Babs was crying, really crying. Trudy sat there with a puzzled look and watched this performance, finally taking Babs gently into her arms, trying to console this very upset lady.

Eventually Babs calmed down and stopped crying. Then she began to try to explain to Trudy what it was all about.

"I have had quite a few boyfriends. This evening has been a first when it comes to pleasure, relaxation

and peace of mind. Never have I enjoyed the loving and tender touch you used as we were able to just relax and enjoy the TV show. I did not have to ward off wandering hands and fingers. I know that right now you are Trudy, but I am sure that Jeff is listening, and this is directed to him.

“You have demonstrated the type of love all females dream of, the kind which keeps them constantly searching for just such tender affection. I have no idea where you learned this approach. The tears I shed were for the happiness you were able to create for me with your wonderful love and consideration for my well-being. I am forever in your debt. I am so happy at this moment that I may cry some more.

“Trudy, please take that key in your bra and unlock that horrid genital locking device. Jeff, if you wish, you may send Trudy packing and sleep in your under-shorts for the night. You may join me in my bed if you would like to do so.” With that, Babs began to cry again.

Trudy was anxious to remove that extremely confining chastity control and anxious to spend the night in the same bed as Babs. Trudy was anxious to shed the nightgown, the bra and the fake breasts, but Jeff was too nervous to be able to accept all that Babs had just offered. He was sure that he could not control his male desires long enough to spend the whole night sleeping in the same bed with this lovely lady.

The offer was very tempting, the possibilities almost limitless, but his ever-present male sex drive would destroy the relaxed and trusting mood that had just been created.

Trudy thanked Babs for her trust but said that she felt that Babs was being too trusting and too generous.

Trudy would retreat to the guest room, eliminate a tremendous amount of temptation, get some much needed sleep, and be able to face tomorrow rested and ready to accept a full day of training to be a lovely identical twin on Friday evening.

The control key was removed from the cleavage of Trudy's bra, shown to Babs, and placed on top of Babs' bureau. Trudy said "Good night, Babs. I love you very much." Then she walked down the upstairs hall to the guest room, removed her robe and slippers, and got into bed.

The next three days were concentrated training days for Trudy. Babs kept her busy with different scenarios of the life of a lady. One afternoon they went to a matinee at the Playhouse. As Trudy was walking out into the parking lot to get her car, two young men came up on either side of her, grabbed an arm, lifted her off from her feet, and carried her to the side door of a delivery van. One young man let her arm go as he reached in his pocket for the van keys. Trudy flipped around on the other one, landing a fist in the guy's windpipe. Trudy was thirty feet away before the other guy could get his hand out of his pocket. The first guy was down, flat on his back, when Trudy glanced back as she turned the corner into an aisle with many people walking to their cars.

Trudy related this incident to Babs as they were riding home. Babs suggested that they stick together, and avoid any more solo young lady exposure in large parking areas.

The big day finally arrived, and Babs declared that Trudy was well trained. They spent quite a bit of time preparing their bodies, even before starting to dress. When they were each dressed in bra and panties, they

checked to be sure that their clothing items matched. Everything had to match, right down to their nail color coming out of the same bottle, their makeup foundation out of the same tube, their hair do's had to duplicate. Their pantyhose came from the same package and their shoes matched perfectly.

Their jewelry was purchased from the same display case; in a concession to Trudy, they each wore clip-on earrings which also matched.

When they stopped on the way to the costume party to pick up wrist corsages, many people were impressed with this beautiful set of twins.

The party was a whirl of activity. Babs relented and did not lock their wrists together for the evening as she had stated earlier she would. She was sure that Trudy would stay close, that they would never get separated in the throngs of people, that they would do the same things at the same times, and be inseparable for the duration of this New Year's affair.

Antony and Cleopatra certainly created quite a stir. They received many compliments, and a strong round of applause when they were called up as a couple for judging. Cleopatra removed her wig to show that she was really a he.

When the twins were called and Babs carefully lifted Jeff/Trudy's wig off, the ballroom went wild with applause.

The identical twins received the First Prize. Trudy's wig was quickly put back in place; everyone had to get pictures of these matching and beautiful young ladies and to get a close-up inspection now that they knew that one of them was a man. Trudy and Babs kept

changing places, keeping the crowd confused as to which one was the male.

When the furor calmed down, Trudy suggested that they get the band to play an old-fashioned waltz for the winners. Jeff led Babs through part of the waltz, then they stopped. The other twin took over the lead and they finished the dance without a single flaw.

With that as a finale, the twins donned matching fur jackets, bid farewell, and stepped into the long limo waiting for them at the door.

One of Jeff's college buddies had received permission to pick up the twins and take them home, a great finish for a great evening's party.

Now back at home, what could two beautiful, and successful costume contestants do to top this? They were way too excited to just go into separate bedrooms and try to sleep.

Babs had anticipated this result, and had two matching nighttime outfits laid out on her bed and a videotape which started with their Old Fashioned Waltz and transitioned into the Tale of Cinderella. She expected them to undress, redress for bed, get into Babs' bed, and watch the VCR, while they just held each other.

Trudy was still wearing the chastity control. so maybe it would be safe with respect to Babs, but just how painful could it get for Jeff's locked-away equipment? Trudy began to remove the beautiful pink lace and ruffles costume and petticoats, stripping clear down to the slimming pants and pantyhose. The pale green bra and false breasts were put on, followed by the pale green nylon nightgown. Her pantyhose were slid down from under the nightgown and removed,

and the slimming pants followed right behind. The pale green nylon panties were put on and pulled up into place. The wig would be next.

Babs was more discreet. She opened the closet door, and used it as a screen as she changed into a matching night gown. Just as she was about to slip into her side of the bed, she gave the nightgown skirt a flip when Trudy was looking her way, which sent it high in the air, momentarily exposing the matching pale green nylon panties she was wearing.

With them both in bed and snuggled in close, Babs used the remote to activate the TV and VCR. They settled back to watch their own performance of the Waltz, then someone's reenactment of Cinderella.

Babs began to cry again. Trudy paused the VCR, held her close, gave her several light kisses on her cheek, and cradled her lightly in her arms. It took about fifteen minutes for her to stop crying and sobbing.

She said, "I have had dreams which were almost as unbelievable as this New Years Eve has been. I want you to know, Jeff, if you are near and listening, that tonight was a visit to heaven for me. I don't believe we will ever be able to surpass the absolute pleasure I have received tonight. I am sorry to spoil it with my crying. I should be having happy thoughts, and all that I can muster is a crying session.

"I will try to control my emotions. Maybe I'll be able to match the male drive I know Jeff is struggling to curb right now. I sincerely thank you for your patience and understanding as I strive to get myself under control once again," Babs concluded.

The VCR was started again, and the tale of Cinderella continued. Long before it was completed,

there were two near twins sleeping in each other's arms; the machine had to shut itself off. Any plans for the new year would be placed on hold until they were again awake the next morning, which would also be the start of the next year.

Two very rested and tousled persons awoke in Babs' bed, and moved together to say "Good Morning" to each other.

The party was now over, and Jeff wanted to send Trudy packing. Babs was so pleased with her creation that she was praying for ways to retain that lovely creature. This difference of opinions could generate sparks; they both knew that compromise was their only answer.

They agreed that even before they got out of bed, they had better resolve their differences. In a week, Jeff would resume college classes each weekday until mid-June. Babs would have to return to her job on this coming Tuesday morning, and be required to dress as a respectable lady for every workday.

Could Trudy move into Babs' guest room, send Jeff off to classes each day, and have Trudy appear when Jeff returned from college? Could Trudy just spend her weekends at Babs' home? Could Trudy and Babs, portraying Bob, at least go dancing on Saturday evening, spend the night together, then allow Jeff to have his Sunday for male activities.

Trudy stated that from here on out bondage would only be a form of enjoyment, not to be used for confinement or torture. Babs agreed to that.

Trudy asked if Babs could settle on a specific time period for Trudy to be in attendance, and on specific stages of "Dress Up."

Babs wanted to leave that subject open for discussion. She suggested that they might want to go camping as Bob and Trudy or they might want to dress up and go to a stage show as Babs and Trudy, But since they only had three more days together before Babs went back to work, they should do something memorable, challenging, and, above all else, exciting.

Money was getting tight because of all that had been spent on the costume clothing for the twins, so their decision should involve things to do in Babs' home or in town.

Babs asked if Trudy would consent to remain in existence at least until Tuesday morning, unless they selected some activity for Bob and Jeff to do together. Trudy reluctantly agreed.

Babs suggested that they declare a day with a sort of April Fools Day theme. Even better, why not a real challenge to see who is more successful at stumping their victim. Lies would be the norm, tricks and traps would be fine, bondage would be allowed for the day's events.

Nine to noon and one to four, they agreed to split the day between them. They prepared and ate breakfast together, and cleaned up the kitchen as a team.

By this time it was nine o'clock, and Babs started in on Trudy. She had insisted that Trudy become familiar with nylons and garter belts. Now that Trudy was wearing them, Babs began her attack by lifting Trudy's skirts and unclasping the waist band of that garter belt. Next, right through the back of the dress and slip, she unhooked the back of Trudy's bra, taped over the buckles of the 3 1/2-inch high-heeled shoe ankle straps, which she had just put on her, handcuffed her hands in front of her, turned the wig around backwards, and

used bobby pins to secure it to Jeff's slightly long hair. Her final move was to secure a belt around Trudy's legs, just above the knees, wrapping the ends of the long belt through between her legs, and snugly buckling it behind her knees.

She told Trudy that she would have the handcuff key in her cleavage, and that she would be upstairs in her bedroom working on her computer. In about five minutes, Babs had wreaked havoc on her protégée.

Trudy couldn't see because of the backwards wig. The liquid-filled falsies were already beginning to slide down inside her dress and slip. her stockings were sagging seriously, and she couldn't walk because of the hobbled legs. She couldn't climb the stairs, she couldn't undress because of the handcuffs, she couldn't reach to re-hook her bra, or her garter belt, and it appeared as if she must present Trudy for inspection at the first opportunity possible.

Where to start? Get her hands free, then get upstairs on the double after that handcuff key. That meant releasing the belt buckled around her legs, or by inching up the stairs, by sitting on a step, bringing her legs up onto the step below, and pushing her fanny up to the next step.

She had better release the belt and walk up the stairs. The buckle was behind her legs, where Trudy couldn't reach it with her hands cuffed together in front of her body. She could cut the belt but that would cause her to lose credit for being clever. She could unpin the wig and reverse it, giving her sight to work with. So that had better be her first step.

She found all four of the bobby pins securing the wig and put it back on in the proper way. She hobbled

to the stairs; with a lot of effort, she found that she could push her fanny up two steps with each thrust.

The short distance along the upstairs hallway to Bab's bedroom took time to traverse, and allowed some of the sweat produced by pushing her self up the stairs to dry off.

Trudy retrieved the key, and removed the hand-cuffs. She sat on Babs' bed and unbuckled the belt hobble. She went to the guest room, manhandled a wire coat hanger into a piece of straight wire, hooked it to the zipper clasp, and lowered it down her back. She shrugged herself out of the dress, pulled her slip off over her head, rescued the wandering liquid-filled false breasts, turned the bra around, re-hooked all three of the band clasp hooks, turned it back to the normal position, inserted her arms through the shoulder straps, then inserted the fake boobs again. She had to release all four of the stocking garters, relocate and re-hook the garter belt band, pull the nylons back up her thighs, and reattach all four garters again.

She pulled her slip back on over her head, stepped into the dress, pulled it up, inserted her arms into the dress sleeves, then closed the back zipper and removed the coat hanger wire. She also removed the tape from the shoe ankle straps, and exchanged the 3 1/2-in heels for her 2 1/2-inch pair.

She rushed to the guest room and to its vanity, to fix the damage to her makeup, hairdo, and lipstick. Trudy presented herself as an almost perfect picture of femininity to Babs, just a half-hour after Babs had created such havoc.

Trudy had from nine-thirty until one to decide just what to do to Babs, to create a problematic afternoon for that young lady. At one o'clock, Trudy locked the

handcuffs on Babs' wrists, but with the loop of each cuff enclosed with each of Babs' wrists. This allowed absolutely no freedom of movement from one wrist to the other. To add to this predicament, one arm was in back and the other one in front of Babs' crotch. Her dress and slip were held up somewhat, but the big problem came when Babs needed to sit down. She would have to sit on her arm.

The handcuff key was safely stored right in the warm, soft flesh where her breasts touched each other in the front of Bab's bra. The end of the key stood up just enough to be visible even with the bodice of the dress and slip covering her chest area.

Trudy had prepared another treat for her victim in the form of a tube of plastic which had been filled with water and placed in the fridge to freeze. The ends were tied together behind her neck; there was a little hole punched in the lowest point of that loop around her neck. As the ice melted, it would drip out of that tiny hole. It would run right down to the same place where that handcuff key could be seen, and from there maybe even as far as into her shoes. The next inconvenience came in the form of a panty girdle pulled down over Babs' head, blinding her. She was led into the living room and stood in the corner. Then the sofa was moved to close off that corner into a triangular pen.

This move took about ten minutes which left almost three full hours for Babs to endure, escape, or surrender and admit defeat. Trudy knew that Babs had a very strong weakness for waffles. Although Trudy had already had breakfast, she thawed a waffle in the microwave, took syrup and butter into the living room and sat on the sofa to eat it.

Trudy estimated that because of Babs stubbornness and determination, it would be about three-quarters of an hour before Babs would surrender.

Babs found herself really trapped. Her hands and arms were useless, the handcuff key right there in plain sight. That damned panty girdle almost completely blinded her. That awful cold ring around her neck was very uncomfortable but she couldn't remove it.

She couldn't see, sit, or get rid of that cold necklace, but she promised herself that she wouldn't admit defeat. As she stood there totally helpless, she began to realize that Trudy had completely defeated her. She knew that she deserved this treatment after the way she had disregarded Trudy's right to freedom over the past week.

That cold necklace began to drip ice water into her cleavage about one drip per minute. Her wrists were confined in the most embarrassing way, her dress and slip were lifted up. Now after about an hour, the cold water was beginning to soak its way down towards her crotch.

The sensation that she was wetting her panties was quickly creating an urgent need to drain her bladder. That need alone could force her into defeat, canceling her determination not to surrender. Her shoes were tied to her feet, so she was forced to stand in high heels for the whole three hours.

That cold water drip was a shock each time it occurred; she hoped that the bag would run out of water or warm up enough to no longer shock her when it dripped. Her bra was a soaking wet band of ice water, and she began to feel her breasts shivering. The room was quite warm, and the shock of one drip was barely gone before the next one struck cold wet skin. She had

begun trying to anticipate those drips and be ready for them.

Why had she given Trudy carte blanche? Why didn't she have sense enough to lay out some do's and don'ts? Fortunately, there was no removal of her clothing to cause extreme exposure. If someone should come, she couldn't run and hide, but she really couldn't be recognized. There really was no way to tell if she was herself or if this was Trudy.

What if that female detective chose right now to return for more questioning? Trudy could answer the door, but Babs was trapped right here in her own living room, in plain sight.

With close to two hours behind her, with her fingers wet from the ice water, and with her pantyhose damp clear down to her knees, she knew she would never make the full three hours. Her bladder was now causing pain. Trudy had always been able to control her mental and physical needs whenever Babs had handcapped her. Now here Babs was, just about to call for help.

About a half-hour before her agreed-upon release, Babs' arms were very cramped. Her pantyhose were wet and cold all the way down to her ankles and her bladder screamed out for attention. She couldn't see a clock to tell the time, but she was sure that she wanted out.

She called to Trudy and got no answer. About two minutes later, she tried again. Still no answer. She shouted "Uncle" as loud as she could.

Trudy asked, "Do you need something, Babs? Your time in bondage is not up yet. You still have just over a

half-hour to go. I heard you shout Uncle. Does that mean that you wish to surrender?"

"Yes, damn it. I want out and now, not when you get through teasing," Babs answered.

"Will you serve out the balance of your time whenever I demand it?" Trudy asked.

"Yes, damn it, whenever you demand," Babs almost shouted.

"I'll remove that water dripping necklace, then your panty girdle head cover, then move the sofa so that you can get to the bathroom," Trudy said.

Babs was almost crying when she said, "The handcuffs, fast and first, or you do all of the mopping up from my accident."

"Well, what do you know, there's that handcuff key in plain sight. Why didn't you free yourself?" Trudy asked.

Babs said, "Shut up and hurry!"

Trudy removed the panty girdle from over Bab's head, fished a key out of her own cleavage, and unlocked one of Babs wrists. Babs rushed off toward the bathroom. She hiked up her dress and slip, began to pull her pantyhose and panties down to her thighs, and sat on the toilet.

Only then did she realize that the bathroom door was wide open and that Trudy was standing there watching and smiling. Trudy said, "Add another half-hour for forgetting to act ladylike and modest."

"Damn you, Trudy, how long did you spend planning that bondage trap?" Babs asked.

“Ever since you first handcuffed Trudy. I had to discard many ideas before settling on the ones you just had to surrender from,” Trudy said.

“Look at the key in your bra. You looked and looked at it hoping to get to it and to unlock your wrists, but it happens to be the key you messed up with all that glue. The bra that I am wearing held the key I used to release you.

The long New Year’s weekend and college break had to come to an end. Babs returned to her job on Tuesday morning, and Jeff returned to his parents home nearby.

When Babs and Trudy were kids, their parents had agreed to a joint graduation party from the eighth grade, and they attended all their high school dances as a couple. The High School Graduation Party was, of course, a combined affair again. They were recognized as a well-coordinated ballroom dancing couple, and they seldom danced with anyone else.

Babs got a job as a massage therapist’s secretary, and was promised hands-on training in the field. She took computer courses to help her qualify for a degree about three years down the road, and was promised the chance to take over the business when her boss retired.

Jeff went to the local tech college for a degree in electronics engineering. He still had two and one half more years to go, and was near the top in grades for his classes. He spent most of his remaining semester break digging into his textbooks.

They agreed that their New Years Celebration had been fun, that Babs still owed Trudy an hour’s undivided attention time. On the Fourth of July, and at Hal-

loween they would be ready if asked or if they decided on their own to repeat the "Twins" act again.

Babs promised to keep the clothing available, she even tried to get Jeff to take his outfit home, so that he could practice once in a while. Jeff refused that very considerate offer. What would some one of his college friends think if they happened to see that ultra-feminine outfit in Jeff's closet?

Babs also sent photos of the twins to several TV and movie producers and ad agencies, but somehow 'forgot' to tell Jeff. They dated on some Saturday evenings, and Jeff was always careful to treat this lady with the utmost of respect. Each of these evenings she asked him to share her bed for the night, but with the chastity control locked in place. She had asked him to wear it all week, remove it for their date, then lock himself back into its control for the next week.

He wasn't ready to tolerate a week of urinating while seated, and for a half-hour while his body and the control dried, so that he could again get dressed. He was afraid that if he accepted her offer to share her bed, she would refuse to unlock the control on Sunday morning, and he would end up locked into that chastity control for a whole week. Each time, he chose to return to his own bed at his family's home.

A request came in for the twins to appear on a one-hour TV show, with two or three costume changes and some dancing but no dialogue. They were a hit as Judy and Trudy. Because of that appearance, there were many more demands for their special brand of togetherness, until they found themselves ignoring too much of their business and educational goals. That was when they decided to talk Jan into setting herself up as their P.R. agent. That young lady's newly-established

“Twins” booking agency quickly became a very lucrative operation, and she hired Donald, ‘Cleopatra’ from the New Year’s Party, as her she-male secretary.

Jan accepted Donald’s marriage proposal, but only if “Cleo” would continue as her business partner/secretary. (Their vast size difference ruled them out as becoming a second set of identical twins.) Jan was determined to set up a standby set of twins. The enterprising young married couple quickly added limo service, three D.J.s, and a road touring entertainment group to their operation.

They found a girl student that would double with Cleo to appear as one of the twins for a while. They had specialty vehicles like horse-drawn carriages, a stage coach and even an auto that could also be driven as a boat for rent.

With Jan and Cleo at their helm, things soon smoothed out for Babs and Jeff. About the time that Jeff was receiving his Engineering degree, the therapy owner was preparing to retire. To make things smoother, Babs and Jeff decided to get married. For now on, all transactions would be completed as Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Brown.

Jan handled all of the wedding arrangements. Babs wanted to be married in a white gown in the local church. Their reception was held in the newly-renovated stone castle which overlooked the ocean front. As the couple was preparing to leave, Babs went to change out of her wedding gown. Jeff went to assist her. About fifteen minutes later, as everyone was ready for their send-off, the band began the introduction to an old-fashioned waltz. Out came the “Twins” wearing their original and matching outfits, to perform a perfect

rendition of the dance, with the couple exchanging the lead a couple of times.

Then it was time for the bride to toss the bouquet. Two bouquets were brought forth, and both twins tossed a bouquet at the same time. The happy couple drove into New York City to spend the night in a fancy hotel's Bridal Suite. They were still dressed as the "Twins." Two hotel bell captains escorted the ladies to their table in an elegant dining room, and a little later the same two captains escorted these ladies to the door of the Bridal Suite, where the one that they had selected as the male was lifted and carried across the threshold. The door slowly shut on two very surprised bell captains.

This was the time and place that Jeff had been waiting for. This was to be his debut. This was to be an "Anything Goes" evening, and Jeff hoped that he was going to be able to totally please and satisfy his new bride. They spent almost an hour preparing for their special performance in their special room and special bed.

They got into bed and Babs was expecting an immediate attack-type sexual encounter, but Jeff took Babs in his arms and made love to her whole body until Babs began to ask for sex. Babs was so turned-on that she had two climaxes even before her maidenhead was penetrated. Just a few minutes of intercourse and both of them were caught up in an earth-shattering climax. They collapsed in each other's arms, and after a few light kisses were whisked away to the Land of Dreams..

Waking up early, Jeff lay there and watched his wife sleep for a while, then got out of bed. He exchanged his nightclothes for an outfit which matched

what Babs was wearing and eased himself back into the bed again.

It was nearly an hour later when Babs began to stir. Finally, she opened her eyes. Seeing Trudy there beside her was a surprise, and she rolled over to kiss her. They relaxed in each other's embrace for nearly an hour, then decided to call for breakfast in bed. The Bell Captain, this one from the day shift, was quite shaken to find two brides in bed together. Discretion kept him from showing his surprise, but when one of them ordered breakfast with a very definite male voice, his composure crumbled just a little.

With breakfast over, there was a tryst under the sheets, a tangle of nightgowns, a long session of relaxing, hugging and kissing, then a business meeting was called for the co-owners of Brown Enterprises. They managed to finalize some of the details of this now-complex operation.

Jeff would arrange his growing electronics business to include a competent business manager. Trudy would start immediately to study and train for a degree in massage therapy. The electronics business would move into the now vacant half of the Massage Therapy building. They would empower Jan and Cleo to assume the coordination of these two businesses along with their present show business appointments and performances.

Babs and Trudy decided to defer the decision about having children, except to agree that any babies they might have would learn to experience the life of both genders, and be raised by four parents: the real Jeff Browns and the cross-dressed Bob and Trudy.

About four months later, the doctor confirmed Babs' suspicion that she was pregnant. Two months af-

ter that, the same doctor told her that there were two heartbeats, which meant twins. In the seventh month, an ultrasound revealed that there was a girl and a boy baby inside of Babs.

Babs stated to Jeff that once these babies were born, that he was going to have an operation, or look forward to a very long spell of wearing that special chastity control. She said, "Wow, instant family. We will have to establish some more 'Thou Shalts.'"

The delivery went with just a short stretch of labor; the boy came first with the girl close behind. The girl was named after Bab's friend Jan, and the boy after Jeff's father, Dan.

Babs was preparing to have the freedom to devote all of her time to their care. Trudy was the designated therapist while Babs was on maternity leave. Trudy handled the technical aspects of the electronics business, even while dressed in fashionable outfits.

A special closet had been built with a door into the Engineering office and also one into the Therapy offices. Jeff and Trudy would swap identities by changing clothes in this spacious closet and selecting the correct exit door.

Jan was superb, she kept track of everyone's moves and scheduled things to perfection. Trudy or Jeff could be home when Babs was required in therapy. Once in a while, Jeff got to care for his twins while they were awake, when they were very small. Nighttime always found Mom and Dad both there with the babies.

The twins were easy to care for, they both seemed to very good-natured. Most every night they slept through and everyone got a good night's sleep, except for Jeff who was now encumbered by the control of

that chastity unit every night until they decided what to do about having more children. None of this was easy, but it was heartwarming to watch their youngsters grow.

Three times while Babs was out of shape because of the pregnancy, Jan booked the twins to perform for a special occasion. She found a matching sized teen girl from the high school to fill in for Babs. Finally the two chosen males were trained and ready to assume the appearances on a standby basis. Jan had cut back on the promos released, and that also helped.

As the twins began to attend school, Babs and Jeff set it up so that they rotated places each day. Little Jan would go in a cute little girls outfit on Monday, with Dan in his boys clothes; on Tuesday, Dan would wear the pretty dress and Jan would be the boy. They knew the differences in their genders and were happy to be whatever their parents chose for that day.

As they progressed into the mid grades of grammar school, the school began a different schedule. Mornings on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, they would load either the boys or the girls on a bus, and take them for tours of many of the local business and trades, to expose them to what they might wish to select as a way of life when their schooling was over.

This caused a big wrangle in the Brown household. Dan was scheduled to be the girl on the days when the bus would take them to female-designated tours, and the following week, Jan was going to be the boy on the tour days, and would be taken to farms, mines, and auto assembly plants. The twins were fighting with each other when Jeff discovered that the problem.

The parents and the twins held a short strategy session. The solution was for the twins to select who

should go on a given day's tour and dress accordingly. When these tours were over, they could resume the every-other-day gender rotation.

Another thought came to Jeff's mind and he said, "You children are now reaching an age when you need to have more control over your lives and your choices. You have seen the beauty of the Twins performances your mother and I have faithfully maintained. We started this because your mother wanted me to help her by becoming her twin sister. We have always worked quite hard to present ourselves as a very dignified couple. It's one way of showing people the benefits of teamwork.

"Your mother and I are not hurrying you two into growing up; we still dream of the day when there can be four members of the Brown family as masters of the waltz. There will be lessons for you when you are ready to learn ballroom dancing. There will be costumes ready for you to wear when you perform as the true Twins and begin to help us carry on the now-famous Brown Family tradition.

"We have raised you two to know and appreciate both the male and female lifestyles. Now you must also have the right to select which side of the gender line you desire to follow for a given day, week, or month. Your interests will vary as your personalities develop. Your mother and I want you to have the freedom to express yourselves as whatever gender you feel is best for you and your twin, and your happiness as you begin to make your own mark in society, and in the Brown Family."

When the twins were fifteen, Jan entered both sets of twins in a statewide look-alike contest. Babs called a meeting of the Brown family, and they discussed strat-

egies toward winning some sort of recognition from this contest. These teenage twins were great dancers, experienced at being boys or girls, and anxious to join in a foursome with Mom and Dad.

Jan found out about the plans of some of the other contestants. She wanted to help them come up with a unique act for the four of them. They decided on a tag team sort of dance routine which would place each of them in a position of leading and following in turn with each of the others. Four ladies, all dressed in identical costumes, performing a dance which combined the waltz with square dance circles.

They had a tape of the music; shortly before the contest evening, the four Browns had three dress rehearsals to be sure that their plan was smooth and easy to follow. It started off with the adults dancing together, and the teenagers doing the same. They mixed together four different times so that each participant had a chance as the caller, and they wound up with their original partner at the end of the final waltz number. There was a different waltz tune for each dance portion. The rehearsals went smoothly, and it seemed that they were ready for the big night.

Babs searched for four matching outfits, two in each size needed. Just like the original Twins contest, everything had to match for all four of them.

When their dance routine was over, the real females would be side by side, with their male partners at their side. The four of them would bow three times, the ladies would straighten up, the males would remove their wigs, then straighten up from their final bow.

There was no doubt about the contest result, because this was a foursome and all of the other teams were just couples. Jan watched one of the dress re-

hearsals, and she felt that they had this contest in the bag.

The big night came, everything went very well, the teen twins were superb, and the performance went off without a hitch. The judges separated the group of four from the rest of the contestants, in order to recognize more of the deserving look-alikes.

The recognition of the four Browns was held till last. The panel of judges stood as a tribute to the display of excellence, the perfection of performance, the perfect duplication in their costumes, and last but not least, in recognition of the two males so effectively executing such gracefully feminine dance routines.

There were lots of newspaper articles about the state-wide contest, the winners, and especially about the double set of look-alikes from the Brown family. There were follow-ups about the business ventures of this family. That spurred many inquiries, lots of additional therapy customers, and more demand for the services of Brown Electronics, and more requests for appearances of the Brown Dance Quartet.

There was a search for an acting and performance director. They finally decided to hire a good friend and female classmate of Babs and Jan from their college days. This lady had been in frequent contact with both Babs and Jan, was familiar with the lifestyles of the Browns, and ready to do her utmost to promote their popularity. She was cautioned to be sure that Jan was kept advised of all scheduling arrangements in order to avoid any embarrassing conflicts.

Josie took over the spare desk in the Engineering office, the phones for the Brown Entertainment Group, and also began to serve as a secretary/ receptionist for Jeff's Engineering office. The Twins' performances defi-

nately added to their businesses, even though they intentionally held to a conservative number of public engagements to allow the twins and their parents to maintain a pleasant degree of family life.

Dan and Jan got requested for gala teen and young adult entertainment. Often, Seniors groups would request the parents, and about twice a year, the whole Brown family was pressed into service for some special observance or celebration. Josie was invaluable with her efforts to keep an up-to-date schedule for all four of the look-alikes.

Dan was beginning to become a popular athlete, and his muscle build-up began to create a noticeable size difference between him and his sister Jan. It took elaborate costume design to continue to create the identical look for them. It was suggested that Dan cut back on his athletics, and that Jan train to build herself up to match Dan, but her bust line was such that it couldn't be hidden effectively. Also, Jan didn't want to develop into a musclebound athlete.

Josie began a search for performers who could closely match Jan and Dan. Finding a girl to stand in as the true female partner for Dan was quite easy but finding a male of Jan's size capable of ballroom dancing and willing to pose as Jan's twin sister was a different challenge. Josie wasn't to be defeated and eventually, after many interviews, she selected a boy who, with a lot of dance training and lessons to impersonate a lady might be able to pull it off.

Josie found this boy at a costume party, all decked out like Marilyn Monroe. He was not doing that well at a convincing impersonation, but he was very carefully and properly dressed for the part. As luck would have it, when he stood beside Jan, she saw that he was a

match to her in size. Josie managed to pull the fake movie star aside long enough to compare him to Jan for size, and to inquire about his willingness to pose as Jan's identical twin sister for maybe a dozen performances in a year's time.

When it came to the Browns performing as a foursome, the costume people had to work diligently to disguise the body size differences between Jan and Dan, then work to produce costumes for all four of them, so that they would have their matching quartet.

This idea, "The Identical Twins," has now been effectively promoted for almost two decades, and considerable thought has gone into the future for them (now consisting of three sets of twins), and about where this tradition should eventually wind up.

A meeting of the six "Twins," Jan, and Josie, was called specifically to discuss the future of three enterprises: the entertainment, therapy, and electronics businesses.

It was soon decided that since the call for the "Twins" to perform had tapered off, that the performances would be phased out by the year's end,

Josie would be absorbed into one of the remaining offices, or as a part of Jan's flourishing booking business.

The two fill-in twins were given permission to pick up the reins of the Twins performances after the first of the year, and take it wherever they could to try to make a go of it without the Browns. Babs and Jeff could look forward to more quiet relaxing evenings at home and their offspring "Twins" could find time to pursue separate interests as well as still sharing quiet times with Mom and Dad.

It was already planned that Jan would soon start training and to be able to take over her mother's massage therapy business. Dan was already seriously involved in his fathers electronics engineering business, and was about to start college to become an engineer himself.

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