



Reluctant Press

The Petticoat System

Jamie



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Petticoat System

I

By Jamie

My wife, Sue, returned home from work one day in late February, very excited; she had just won a seven-day cruise for two.

“Wow that’s great, when is it scheduled?” I asked.

“The second week of March,” she replied.

“That is out of the question for me, being such a busy tax time.”

Sue answered, “I knew you’d find excuses not to go, so I registered my sister Emily and myself as passengers, You tell me how well your office functions, yet you couldn’t leave them even for one week.”

I responded, “I guess I could get away, the office will run quite well for that short a time.” (I could have a ball, spend a lot of time in the bars, play the poker machines in the casino, and make out with a lot of single chicks in their cabins. Sue thinks I’m in the casinos, she refuses to go in them. I’ve been cheating right along and she has never even suspected)

The night before we were to leave for the cruise, I retrieved our luggage from the storage closet, placed Sue’s garment bag, and her two suitcases on her side of the bed. My suitcase and matching garment bag were quickly packed with sports outfits etc.; all washable wrinkle-free drip dry clothing. I closed the luggage, placed the suitcase and garment bag over on Sue’s side of the bed, near the bedroom door. I took a quick shower and went to bed. Sue would be at least another hour or more getting all of her things packed. She wouldn’t let me help her for fear I would put something in the wrong pocket or, worse yet, in the wrong bag. I

didn't even wake up when she came to bed, so I don't know how long it took her to complete her packing.

When the alarm went off in the morning, I got out of bed—I sleep in the nude—and I put on the outfit which I had laid out on the chair, the night before. I went downstairs to make coffee and toast for a quick and easy breakfast. I was surprised moments later to see Sue appear for breakfast in a cute little denim dress and pantyhose. She usually chooses a shirt and jeans to wear when we are traveling. She told me that she had locked every suitcase, when she had completed her packing; any last minute things could go in her carryon bag. The luggage keys were all together in her handbag. We grabbed a quick breakfast, then I loaded our bags in the trunk and the back seat of the car while she cleaned up from breakfast. We drove the few miles to the local bus terminal, near the shopping mall.

The car would be left in the terminal parking lot for the week; it's free if you show a valid bus ticket. Sue had a porter take our luggage out of the car and put it on the bus. She sent me to park the car and buy toothpaste and film for her Polaroid camera. Now that is quite a sophisticated piece of work; you see something that you would like to save as a picture, just aim, then click, buzz and hum, out comes a blank card. In about one minute, there is your finished photograph. When I returned and boarded the bus, Sue told me that the bus driver would see that the bags were transferred to the crew loading the ship, and forwarded right to our cabin.

It was about a three-hour bus trip to the boat dock; we brought along magazines to help pass the time. We were seated about midway in the bus, Sue had the window seat and mine was on the aisle. Two girls, probably single and in their late twenties, were seated just across the aisle. They were going on the same cruise that we were. The redhead in the aisle seat was a real knockout. She was built like the proverbial "brick shit house", with every brick in its proper place. She was very friendly with everyone, male or female, and she was paying a lot of attention to me. I wondered if there would be a way to get to know her well on the cruise. Her name or nickname is Tricia.

Arriving at the dock, we boarded the cruise ship. Boy! They sure can build big boats; this one seems to be about a mile long, and it has twelve decks. That is like a twelve-story building with almost half of the floors under ground, or in this case under water.

The sun was directly overhead and it was very hot when we got on board, Florida in March is like warm days in May at home. The swimming pool looked inviting and Sue suggested that we go for a swim while we waited for them to transfer our luggage to the cabin. She had taken my bathing suit out of my suitcase and put both of our suits in her carryon bag. My tan-colored suit was a loose-fitting, boxer style and hers was a pretty pastel yellow one-piece suit. We changed in the pool locker rooms; I put my clothes in a locker and the key in the little pocket of my bathing suit. The water was nice and we spent about an hour at the pool; it was quite refreshing after the long bus ride. I made sure to check out the bikini-clad dolls around the pool, even talked briefly to a couple of them. Sue called me

away from Tricia, that sexy-looking redhead from the bus; we were arranging a meeting for tomorrow in the casino.

Sue wanted to see what our cabin was like; she was anxious to locate it so we could unpack our bags before the clothes got permanent wrinkles. Also it was getting close to dinnertime and Sue said she would need time to get herself all fixed-up. I went to the men's locker room to shower off the chlorine and get back into my clothes. I slipped out of my bathing suit and into the shower for a quick rinse-off. The water pressure was great and the massaging effect of the water on my neck and shoulders felt so good that I let it run for about five minutes, then I picked up a towel and dried off. I went to get the locker key out of my bathing suit pocket, but the suit was missing. Where in Hell could it have gone, why would anyone steal it? Now all that I had was a towel for cover. I went out to find Sue; luckily she was just coming out of the Ladies locker room. She still had the denim dress on, but no pantyhose. When she heard what my problem was, she teased me about what I had on under that towel "kilt". This was a serious problem to me, my bathing suit, clothes, and wallet were missing or locked in a locker. I had no key and all she did was laugh about it. She said that the ship was underway now so whoever stole the suit was still on board. We could report it to the authorities once we were more decently attired. Boy, it was a good thing that she had put the luggage keys in her purse; it's also a good thing that they stole my suit and not her purse. Where did she hide her locker key? There are no pockets in a girl's one-piece swimsuit. Maybe she stashed it in one of the bra cups. I'll bet that would start to hurt after a while. That might have been the real reason that she wanted to change out of her bathing suit. Thinking more about my missing suit, it most definitely was a male that came into the men's locker room and swiped my suit. I had to walk very carefully, in my extremely short towel-kilt, all the way from the pool to our cabin, which we found six levels down and at the opposite end of the ship.

Our cabin was down on the fourth deck and our bags were waiting for us, just outside the cabin. I carried them inside and deposited Sue's three bags on the bed that she selected. My two bags went on top of the other bed. Sue pulled the luggage keys out of her purse and tossed me the ones for my suitcase and garment bag. I unlocked both of them, then flipped open the suitcase. What a shock that was! Everything article of clothing that I could see, was for a girl to wear. I quickly zipped open the garment bag, and that was also full of girls' clothing. I said, "Sue, they screwed up the luggage. Look at all the ladies clothes in the suitcase and the dresses and gowns in this garment bag. There are enough clothes for several changes a day for the person that owns this luggage. Call the purser or someone and get him to find my luggage. What about your bags?" Sue responded, "Mine are fine, and by the way Christopher, your keys unlocked those bags, didn't they? Whose name is on the identification tags?"

I answered, after checking the tags, "My name is on them. What the hell is going on here? There's even high-heeled shoes and a wig in the suitcase!" I was disturbed by her almost angry response. I was really scared when she addressed me as Christopher, rather than the usual "Chris". Sue said, " Sit down and listen.

When I told you about the cruise, you weren't going to come with me, I didn't win it, I paid for it. You decided you could get away for a week, So here we are. I registered for my sister and myself, so that means that you will have to be my sister Emily for the week. I know about most of your infidelities, you are not very adept at hiding your trail. You would never make a successful spy. Now we are about to deal with your cheating. The only clothes available for you to wear are right there, in your two bags. By the way, they will all fit quite well. I have spent months collecting your measurements and these clothes. I even found a woman that is just your size. She confirms that these clothes will be an excellent fit; she tried most of them on. You can't flirt with the broads like you were doing at the pool. You are stuck here as my sister. Enjoy your week-long cruise. In fact, we are scheduled to dine at the Captain's table this evening." She had changed out of the denim dress, put on pantyhose and a pretty blouse and skirt combination while she was lecturing me. She said that she was going for a short stroll on the deck. She told me to pick out the outfit that I would like to wear and get dressed for dinner, and to shave real close.

I may be rather sloppy about covering up my infidelities, but when the chips are down, I can still outfox my best competition. Sue always wore lots of jeans and men's shirts. I'd swipe some of her things. They would be rather tight but much better than the clothes packed in my luggage. After a thorough search through all of her clothes, I determined that she brought only skirts and dresses and a few pairs of very feminine shorts. There was not a single thing that could even be disguised to look like it was made for a man to wear. Maybe the ship's store would have something that I can buy and wear. Oh shit! I didn't have my wallet or charge cards, so that idea was out.

Sue returned about an hour later, to find me still sitting on the bed, nude and rather bewildered. She told me to decide whether to eat in the cabin or get dressed P D Q. "You will have to shave real close. That five o'clock shadow isn't compatible with female attire. Your razor is in your cosmetic case." The way that she emphasized the three words "your cosmetic case" was very intimidating. It said, yes, it is a girl's cosmetic case, and you ought to be ashamed of your self for carrying it in your luggage.

"I'm not wearing these damn girl clothes. Order my dinner and have it delivered to the cabin."

Sue answered, "Suit yourself. You will certainly miss all those pretty girls in their skimpy suits at the pool, and it looks like there won't be much slot machine and beer activity this week. The lovely single gals won't invite you to their cabins if you spend the week hiding in this cabin. It is also very unlikely that they would get excited about you in pretty dresses, if you circulate as Emily. It took one hell of a lot of planning to get this situation to occur and I'm going to enjoy it. I'll make you an offer. I'll buy you a shirt and pants which will allow you to move about freely on board ship, but you will wear whatever I request underneath, not just for this cruise but for at least a year. We'll see how many extracurricular activities you can engage in with lacy lingerie under your pants and shirts. You have twenty-four hours to consider this offer. As of the evening meal tomorrow you will

accept my offer, wear what I dictate, or spend a week in this little cabin and you can be assured that I'll divorce you as soon as we get home. I'll take the house, then where will you go? You know that you can't go home to mother."

Sue continued, "It would take hours to get you ready for dinner at the Captain's table tonight. Believe me, I have been busy arranging it. But with you feeling a little queasy from the roll of the ship, our Captain's dinner has been changed to tomorrow night. I'll order yours sent to the cabin and I'll eat in the main dining hall. You have about thirty minutes to get yourself to look like a seasick Emily before your meal is delivered. Here is what you will need: brassiere and falsies, panties, panty girdle, nightgown, robe, slippers and wig. You had better paint your nails right now. You won't need jewelry or makeup if you keep the lights low. We'll dress together so that I can assist you. Don't forget the falsies, because even nightgowns won't hang right on a flat chest. You had better do your toenails too because your shoes for tomorrow night are open-toe with high heels. If you are not dressed as I just described when your meal is delivered and you hide in bed instead of answering the door, your meal will be switched from prime rib to just a bowl of chicken soup."

Christ, I was starving; I'd have had at least two good drinks and several handfuls of munchies by now if she hadn't trapped me in this little hole-in-the-wall ship's cabin. I had better get into those damn clothes or I'd choke on that lousy little bowl of chicken soup. That conniving little bitch had covered all the angles, so I was stuck playing it her way.

The bra was a real challenge to get into. I couldn't reach up behind my back, so Sue hooked it for me. This was my introduction into wearing female underwear. The falsies were some kind of liquid in a plastic bag shaped like a boob and they made an unbelievable bust line, so much so that it was difficult to get the nightie down over them. Maybe the nightgown should go on before the falsies go in? The fake fur collar of the bathrobe would hide the chest hair and maybe most of the Adam's apple. "Hey Sue, how do I put this shit on my fingernails?"

"Rest your forearm on the vanity and paint each nail very carefully. And clean up your vocabulary, you should be trying to talk like a lady. I'm anxious to watch the contortions when you try to paint your toenails. Tomorrow night you are wearing sculptured nails and we'll spend most of the morning putting them on so that you can practice using them. If you have to go to the bathroom before we return to the cabin, I'll have to help you with the crotch hooks of your one-piece foundation. I certainly don't want you to pull off one of those beautiful fingernails or break any of them. Maybe we had better do the nails tonight before we go to bed. The day after tomorrow, I'll get you the pants and shirt that I promised, and you can get a little air and sun. No tan unless you wear the one-piece bathing suit I packed for you; even then you had better keep track of it, you've already lost one bathing suit. If you wear the pants and shirt, you can go for a walk but you will have to remove the nails and polish. Then when you return, you will have to do your nails again. Remember this, if you start to compromise on the way you dress, people will read you, and that could mean all kinds of problems for you. I think, with all the work required to make you pass in public as a lady, that you'll

find it much easier to stay that way for the week. You have never demonstrated much ability towards being fastidious as a man, but you had better start developing that style of personal care now.”

Sue left for dinner after arranging the wig to look as if I had slept in it, and I killed all the lights except the one by the door. I tried sitting in a chair and reading, lying on the bed propped up and reading, and many other positions, but it was impossible to relax. Every noise scared me; every second was spent worrying about this masquerade being discovered by the person delivering my dinner. Would they refuse to leave the meal? I would beat him to death to get that meal; my stomach was about to start screaming. The clothing I was wearing was generating strange and sensual reactions. I was afraid of being exposed. I was frustrated for being stupid enough to be trapped into this situation. It was impossible to imagine where Sue’s vendetta would lead me. Last and maybe most importantly, I was intrigued by the thought that Sue intends to lead me through a full week dressed as her sister, and she has no doubt about succeeding.

The steward or what ever they call a person that works like a bellhop onboard a ship, delivered my prime rib dinner and I made short work of it. I took another look for anything that I could wear from her clothing, and there wasn’t a single thing. I guessed it was time to paint the toenails. Her comments about wanting to watch me paint my toe nails were true. It seemed as if my toes were about two feet too far away. Standing with one foot up on the edge of the vanity was no good because I needed to lean my fanny against something, to keep me from wobbling all over the place. The polish seemed to go everywhere but where I wanted it. Finally sitting on the bed, with one foot up on a chair seat, I succeeded in getting some polish on each toenail. Having seen the results of Sue’s paint jobs on her toenails, I could judge my work. I could only label it as poor with a capital “P”.

I sat on the bed, turned the television on and tried to get interested in some program, but the feelings generated by what I was wearing kept bringing my thoughts back to the fact that I was dressed as a female, preparing to go to bed. The pull of the bra straps on my shoulders was mildly uncomfortable, especially when compared to the crushing effect of the panty girdle on the “equipment” between my legs. I was worried that the girdle might permanently deform that part of my anatomy.

When Sue came back from dinner, she promptly inspected the polish on my fingers and toes, then handed me a bottle of nail polish remover. My immediate reaction was to assume that the toenails would have to be done over again. That would be torturous. She told me to remove the polish from my fingernails so that she could apply the sculptured nails.

The installation of the fake fingernails was tedious, even though Sue did all the work. Hold your hand like this, hold still, don’t bump that nail against anything until the cement has set, and many more orders. After what seemed like an eternity, she declared the job a success. I viewed the fingernail job like it was a jail sentence. There are no girls in a male jail and I couldn’t picture *any* girls being turned on by my “beautiful nails” as Sue described them.

My next experience was to get severely reprimanded because Emily's clothes were still in my luggage. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. No self-respecting lady ever leaves her clothes in a suitcase. You will spend all of your free time ironing things to wear if they aren't hung up on hangers, or folded neatly in the bureau drawers. Now get busy and watch every move you make. Don't you dare break any of those new nails."

What a strange world I was in. These new and strange feelings were causing my head to spin, as I put bras, panties, slips and pantyhose in the bureau, and hung blouses, skirts, dresses and gowns in the closet. This was complicated by the damn fake fingernails that were always in the way and by the restriction of the skirt part of the long nightgown acting as a hobble. Every time I moved either arm I bumped into one of the big fake boobs. Putting away the clothes was a shocker. In the past, once in a while I had taken some of Sue's underwear out of the dryer, but that was about all. Now handling all the different items and being faced with the reality that they were "my" clothes for the whole week, made me feel weak, and dizzy and produced a big knot of fear in my stomach. Sue had managed to put me in this unbelievable situation without any force, without even raising her voice. That really made me wonder what other plans she had for me, what situations she hadn't even announced yet. In considering where I was, there just didn't seem to be any way I could get out of this predicament without a lot of embarrassment. If I ask for help from anyone, Sue could say that I brought all these clothes and insist that she was thoroughly shocked and humiliated by my dressing as a female.

Back to the reality of that first evening of our cruise. Sue started reshaping my eyebrows, removing hair from my ears and nose, and she told me that when I took my shower, the hair on my chest and under my arms had to be removed, as well as the whole length of both arms and legs. She had me strip off the, gown and underwear, get into the shower and get busy. The soap she gave me was about 85% perfume and in that little shower it was difficult to breathe because of that strong perfume smell. I shut off the shower and picked up a towel to dry myself. This action created an instant flash back to this afternoon, when I discovered that the towel was the only piece of cloth with which to cover myself. Look at all the clothes that I had now! I wished I could find a way out of this situation.

When I returned to my bed there was the bra and panties laid out on the spread beside the nightgown I had been wearing earlier. Sue said that I would not need to put on the wig, but it must be kept handy, in case I needed to put it on if someone wished to come into our cabin.

It had been a busy week, getting everything shipshape at home and for my office staff, and we didn't take time nor did we have the energy for sex. I couldn't find time to take advantage of my other sources, so I was in need of sex to unwind. The quiet evening in this little cabin, with Sue paying such close attention to me, in her efforts to transform my looks, we had been working as a team and now I wanted to get a lot closer. I made a few passes at her and I was informed that she wasn't a lesbian, that decent girls did not make love together. Wow! I guessed this was going to be a very trying week. No men's clothes, no sex, no

gambling and no sexy single gals. Just the sisters, Sue and Emily, on a cruise. It was like a jail sentence with no hope of parole.

Sue suggested that we should get a little fresh air and exercise before we went to bed. I complained that I had just struggled into the nightgown and now she wanted to make me change again. She answered that it was permissible to take a late evening stroll on the deck in a nightie, as long as a bathrobe was used to cover it. "You will have to wear your wig and slippers, though."

Our cabin was well aft and the ship was one of the largest in operation today, so a stroll around the deck, hampered by the hobble effect of that nightgown, was quite a long one. It was cool and windy and the nylon nightgown didn't provide much in the way of warmth, so my ankles and legs were cold. That always makes me urinate frequently, so about halfway around the deck, I told Sue that I had to go to the men's room and headed in that direction. Sue grabbed my arm to stop me, and spoke softly. "You'll be in real hot water trying to explain what you are doing in a men's room, the way you are dressed. Come with me, let's do it right and keep you from getting arrested."

She steered me into the ladies room. There were about a dozen ladies in there and I expected them to scream when they saw me, but no one seemed the least bit upset when we entered. It seemed strange that there were no urinals in sight. We had to wait in line for a stall. Sue told me to go first and be sure to sit down like a lady, then to go out on the deck and wait for her. What a strange feeling, wearing women's night clothes, standing in line in a ladies room and worrying about what would happen if one of the ladies discovered that I was a man. They were washing their hands, fixing their hair, putting on lipstick, repairing their makeup, changing and adjusting their clothes. I did as Sue instructed. I went into a stall, pulled up the robe and nightgown, pulled down the panties, sat down and relieved the pressure on my bladder.

After the panties were back in place and the gown and robe pulled down where they belonged, I left the stall and went over to a sink to wash my hands. Sue was nowhere in sight so I assumed that she was in one of the stalls. I received another one of those shocks; as I was washing my hands, the brilliant color on my fingernails seemed to stand out and say, "look, these nails are fake and this lady is a fake." The urge to abandon ship was overwhelming. The rest of the "lady in the rest room experience" was cut to the bare minimum; I was abruptly out on the deck alone, trying to get my breath and get my heart to stop sounding like a set of bongo drums.

It never seemed to end! Here I was, alone on the deck of a huge ocean liner. This was usually not the least bit intimidating, but try it in ladies nightclothes, when you are not supposed to be wearing them. Try it when you have no identification and no cabin key. Try it when your wife has just turned your whole world upside down, and while you wonder if your wife is still in the ladies room or if she has just tricked you and left you out here. She did tell me to wait out on the deck. Should I wait here for a while or go back to the cabin and see if she will let me in? If I go back and she is still here, what will she do? Will she think I've been ar-

rested, strolled down the deck, or gone back to the cabin? These thoughts were starting to make my head spin.

Sue came out of the ladies room door. She took one look at me and started to smile. "Thought I had pulled another trick on you, huh?" My body temperature was jumping from hot to cold, my hands were sweating and I was shaking all over. I was glad she was there and angry because Sue was laughing at me. The remainder of the stroll back to our cabin was more of a canter. The high heels of the slippers she had given me to wear were a pain, I couldn't take long strides because my ankles seemed to want to fold over and because the bottom of the long nightgown wouldn't let me, but I'll bet we made record time. In the safety of the cabin, all I could do was to sit and try to unwind. After what seemed to be hours, Sue suggested that I remove the robe, slippers and wig and slip into bed. "You can watch a little television and relax. If you fall asleep, I'll shut it off."

What was the matter with me? I had twice her strength, how could I even dream of letting her do this to me? Somehow strength didn't even enter into my present situation. The problem was that she had lots of time to work out all the little details. As I started to fall asleep, I knew that she had quite adequately engineered my cruise week. I was caught between a rock and a hard spot. It was as confining as if she had placed me in a straitjacket. That was the end of my first day as "Emily."

Next morning, it took a little while to get my thoughts in order. No, it was not a dream; I was wearing a nightgown, bra, falsies, and ladies panties. I could see the shape and feel the weight of the fake breasts inside the bra. Again I went over all the possible escape routes, only to arrive back at square one. I was stuck.

There was yet another surprise waiting for me. There was only about three days supply of unmentionables for me. I was informed that like any other lady traveler, it would be my responsibility to wash out the things I had worn that day, right after I took my shower and put on my night clothes. "You do this at night, before bed. Hang them where they can dry. Then in the morning, fold and put them away. That way the cleaning crew will not have to put up with your underwear hanging all over the place," Sue told me. She added that she had enough clothes for the whole week, but I would have to keep my clothes clean and ready to wear.

Continental breakfast, or brunch, if you wish, was the next activity to consider, and rightfully so, as my stomach was screaming for food. "Let's go in our robes, or better yet, could you go get something and bring it back for both of us?"

Sue said "no" to daytime use of nightclothes outside of our cabin. "If I go after something to eat, I'll eat it there. If you are hungry, I suggest that you get dressed." She picked out a skirt and blouse, and the necessary underthings and sent me to shower and shave. The razor got a good workout, and my face, neck, arms, underarms, and legs all received another close shave. Sue trimmed my sideburns and taught me how to shape my eyebrows.

Then it was time to get dressed. The bra was first, then the falsies were put in it, a pair of little white lace-trimmed panties. The pantyhose were next. First time

installation of pantyhose is quite an experience. I have developed quite a bit of expertise in the area of efficient pantyhose removal, but let me tell you, that doesn't cut any ice when it comes to putting those damn things on your own legs. Again the end of my feet seemed to be about two feet too far away, Sue was not helping but she sure was being very specific in how to do it. "Fold the whole pantyhose leg up into a kind of roll around your hand, then grasp the sides of the roll like it was a rolled-up sock and slip it over your toe. Make sure you get the toes positioned correctly in the end of the hose leg, then start to pull the roll up your leg." As I reached a point about half way up my thigh, she said, "No, no that is too high, slide that side back down near your ankle. You have to repeat what you've just done on the other leg or you will never get them on without putting runs in them." Well let me tell you, about that time I was ready to tell her what to do with those pantyhose, ready to suggest that stockings sure seemed much more practical, and again I wondered how in hell I had gotten into this mess. Folding down the other leg was not too difficult, but trying to put it over the other foot was near impossible. Finally the installation was completed and the flat shoes were strapped on. I put on a half-slip, sheer blouse and skirt. I was totally embarrassed by the fact that the bra was completely visible through the blouse.

Sue started with the makeup, giving me a running narrative of what to do and how to do it as she proceeded. I really didn't pay too much attention, because all I could think of was the number of days left to this cruise and how I was going to get even when I was on home turf where there were ways to fight back. When she was nearly finished, she placed the wig on my head and shaped and brushed it to her satisfaction. A touchup with perfume was next. Wow! What a smell, you couldn't get away from it. She had me sitting with my back to the mirror and she told me to turn around and look at the lady in the mirror. Another shock to my system; I couldn't believe that I was looking at my own reflection. I think I would have accepted that person as a female, maybe even been interested in getting my hands on those big boobs, and in doing delightful things to other interesting parts of her anatomy.

The best part of a continental breakfast is the fact that you can eat as much of anything you like and ignore the rest. Fill up on goodies. No one hears you speak, so the voice doesn't give away the terrible truth about you impersonating a woman. It was amazing that the people were not laughing and staring at me. When we finished our brunch, Sue dragged me into the shopping area and picked out a very skimpy teddy to add to my wardrobe. Then we went into the men's clothing section, to look at the pant and shirt combinations. "Do you want a set while we are here? I promised to buy them for you tomorrow, but we are here, and you could promise not to wear them till tomorrow? I told you that you would spend a lot of time on removal and replacement of your nails, but if you still want the pants and shirt, let's pick them out now."

There would be no sex with any of the single girls, with her selection of the underclothes I was required to wear. The best I could get would be a few beers and some time in the casino, then I would have to put that stuff back on my fingernails.

“No Sue, the teddy will be gift enough. You sure have managed to back me into a corner. I may not be too happy with the way this cruise is working out, but I have to admire your thorough job of planning. You have your Emily for the remainder of the week.”

We went for a long walk after we left the shopping area. We explored more of the ship and tried to learn just where many of the activities would be, then we returned to our cabin. It seemed that a nap was in order, so that we would be refreshed enough to really enjoy the evening.

Sue woke me up in mid afternoon, and she made me put on the nylon robe. “Ladies don’t sit around in their underwear, you are not at home lounging all over the place in your Jockey shorts.” Next I had to make up my face with some different stuff than she had been using. She had me put my wig on and sit at the vanity, facing the mirror. “Now you will have to learn to talk and act.” We spent what seemed like hours, monitoring my actions and answers. She told me to answer just above a whisper, in single syllable words when a nod would not suffice. After getting the basic training of talking out of the way, Sue called the galley and ordered some tea and crackers, for a snack. That was great, because brunch was wearing thin and my stomach was starting to complain. It seems that the real reason that girls never eat as much as boys is because they are constantly making themselves look and act their feminine best. I had to sit and watch my self as I ate crackers. The way I held them, the size of the bites, and how to eat without messing up my lipstick. If it was necessary to wipe my mouth, I was told to just blot my lips don’t drag the napkin across them or I would spread some of the lipstick out across my face. I was taught the proper way to hold and sip from a cup. The education session continued with lessons on how to sit down when wearing a skirt.

I had removed the skirt and blouse that I had worn to brunch, so that meant putting them back on again, but this time the flat shoes were exchanged for the open-toe heels that were to be worn with the gown this evening. Trying to walk in those skyscraper shoes was a struggle, being able to walk as if I had always worn heels was nearly impossible. Then came the real challenge: trying to cross my legs like a lady. It required stretching muscles that had up ‘til now, never had to move into those positions. With panties on, I had things getting pinched and squeezed as I crossed my legs the way she demonstrated. She told me that the one-piece foundation would hold those appendages up safely out of harm’s way.

Now with only a little over an hour before dinner at the Captain’s table, I had to strip and hit the shower, with a nice new blade in the razor. The whiskers came off very easily because of that creamy stuff she had given me to put on my face after I woke up from my nap. It only required a simple once-over to take care of any hair that might inform people that this girl was an impostor.

I returned to stand near my bed, nude and dry. Sue told me what to do while she was showering: deodorant, panties, panty hose (they went on a little bit easier than the first time), followed by the one-piece foundation, falsies, and the long half-slip. Sue finished her shower and caught up to my stage of the dressing process, so it was time to start putting all that stuff on our faces again. The first thing she did was put stuff on my chest where there was a little cleavage created

by the falsies and the tight-fitting top part of the foundation. When she finished, it looked like I actually had big boobs. She covered the underwear with a cape and said this would be my last lesson with makeup. In the future it would be my responsibility, but she wanted this just right, so she made up both our faces, and there seemed to be look somewhat alike when she had finished. She could probably see lots of differences, but to me, the same colors made us look alike.

After removing the cape, she brought out the bright blue satin gown. It had a high collar and long sleeves that would hide some of the arm muscles, and diamond-shaped cutouts front and back. The front cutout looked as if it would go down to the waist. When the gown had been pulled over my head and down into place, she zipped up the back, pulled the collar tight and hooked it together. She brought out another gown in the exact same style and material, in a brilliant pink, and pulled it on over her head. She had me zip the back and hook the collar. The blue and pink gowns were her rather tacky way of telling everyone that we were male and female. The last step was our hair. I had glanced in the mirror and had seen a man's head, with ladies makeup on top of a gorgeous lady's body. It created another panic situation. No way could I go out in public; I'd be arrested instantly. Sue placed the wig on my head and pinned it in place with bobbypins, Then with a hairbrush and hair spray, she shaped it the way she wanted it. We stood side-by-side in front of the full-length mirror after she had completed fixing her hair and it was a sight to behold: two ladies who looked as if they were identical twins, just slightly different sizes and different color gowns. We slipped on our shoes, which were color matched to our gowns, then added jewelry and dabs of perfume. The only big differences were my falsies, clip earrings, and a few extra parts between my legs, and as for those parts they definitely didn't show, and I prayed that they wouldn't be permanently crushed.

Now it was time to leave for dinner at the Captain's table. It was only a short walk to the elevators and the ship was rolling quite a bit, so maybe the few people that saw us walking along that corridor thought that the ship's motion was causing me to be unsteady on my feet. I didn't have time to see how well Sue was managing; all of my concentration was on the way that I was walking and on trying to overcome the fear of discovery. When we arrived at the dining room, the head-waiter introduced himself, then pointed out our places. As we moved to our chairs, he pulled them out and pushed them in for us as we sat down. This was another first; no one had ever helped me with a chair. I wonder what he would have done if he had discovered that one of those lovely ladies was actually a man. When all of the places were filled at the table, Sue was on my right, an elderly gentleman was on my left and two young ladies, probably in their twenties, were across the table from us. Sue made the introductions for us and my answers were smiles or nods or whispered yes's or no's. The diamond-shaped cutouts in our gowns provided ample display of cleavage. The man on my left made many attempts to look down the front of my gown. He even dropped his napkin and rubbed my whole side trying to retrieve it. He blushed considerably when his wife, who was seated on his left, told him to act his age. One of the young ladies across the table kept watching me, or it seemed that way because I was watching her. I may have looked like a female, but the male hiding under all those fancy ladies

clothes, true to form, was checking out all the pretty girls in sight. At one point, she made quite an exhibition out of attempting to remove a spot from the bust of her pastel nylon dress. When she saw me watching, she gave me a wink, and gave that spot another couple of very sensuous rubs.

I don't know if I blushed, or if it would even show through all the stuff on my face, but I do know that my temperature went up about twenty degrees. Did she know that I was a man? What did I do to give it away? Would she tell anyone else? Was she a lesbian suggesting a rendezvous?

Sue was watching me out of the corner of her eye, and apparently noticed my discomfort and confusion. She asked me how my dinner was and patted me right where the family jewels were confined. No one else at the table could see where her hand was resting. It had been over a week since I had any sexual release. Sue's sly smile, and a similar one from across the table, brought way too much attention to her hand and where it was still resting on my pubic area. The typical male reaction started to occur, in the form of an erection. Jesus! Would it go down before we leave the table? It would have been a big help eliminating the problem if Sue would have moved her hand. My temperature must have risen another twenty degrees. Sue apparently understood my reactions, and she removed her hand from where it had been causing so much trouble. When she pulled her arm back, she rubbed it against my right boob. It was a falsie, but for some reason the pressure kept building up within the confines of that foundation garment. I must have been sweating by that time and I was sure that something was sticking straight up from my lap. How could I make it go down? I tried to concentrate on something non-sexual, but that didn't seem to help. The pressure was terrific, there must have been a huge bulge, but I didn't dare reach down there to check, because it might make matters even worse. I wondered if the gown hung loose enough to cover the bulge; maybe the one-piece foundation thing was doing its job of providing concealment. Most likely neither of these possibilities was happening, and as soon as I stood up, everyone would know that I was a man.

What an assortment of thoughts goes whirling by in a situation like this. If they find out, will I be arrested? Do they have a jail on board? Will the police come? Maybe I'll be confined to our cabin for the rest of the cruise and arrested when we go ashore. Was there no end to this dilemma?

The waiter brought the dessert tray and that broke my train of thought. A few minutes later, I flashed back to that terrible problem, to note that there was a lot less pressure down there.

Dinner at the Captain's table was finally over, and Sue ushered me out on deck for a walk. She started teasing me about the problem she had helped to create, and commented on how a little sexual release might have helped to defuse the situation. "Perhaps after a month or so of abstention and that same month in bras, panties, and pantyhose, without any attempts revolt against my orders, you might get a one-night treat. Any serious revolt will result in you having to go 'out of town on business'. This cruise cost a bundle, but it sure is producing the results that I wanted. You are marooned without any way to fight back, because we are at sea. In the future, you will serve your time at home, it will save a lot of

money. Whenever I have to leave you alone, you will be married to a professional set of handcuffs. Being the owner of your own business, I'm sure that you can arrange for four weeks, one each quarter and more if you really can't behave. Don't even try to think of the consequences if you get caught trying to sow some wild oats.

"Let's stop in the bar for a drink and see if it is true what they say about the single ladies on a cruise. I wonder who will get the most attention from the men and how you will handle it, Emily. We can act very puritanical, or we can accept an offer of a fun evening. Should we split up and go our separate ways, then compare notes in the cabin when we get back in the morning? Being your first time out as a single girl, you haven't had any training on accepting or rejecting male advances, so it may be quite an education for you. Let's stay together as a team and reject all bed offers tonight. We can keep a tally on how many offers we get and let that be the judge of who is the sexiest lady of the team," Sue said.

What a problem, she has set me up with big falsies under this low-cut gown. My fake bust is even larger than her real one, and the fact that they are bigger makes for more exposure. Now she wants to test her handiwork, and also test my female responses to the single male seagoing barflies. Second thought, they may not be single, they may be out searching for a little extra entertainment, like one other male that I know.

We entered an elaborate upper deck lounge and were seated at a small table. It was a table for four in an area that Sue chose, which was well-lighted, and near the center of activity, people going to or from the dance floor, bar and the rest rooms.

Sue ordered us each a highball and we started looking around at the different types of people in the lounge. We were near the bar, but we could only see what was on the television, we couldn't hear it. There were about a hundred people in the lounge. To my relief, most seemed to be couples, many were in groups of four or six people. The chick in the green dress just to my left was well endowed and her dress was cut quite low. She bore a lot of watching. I would have loved to let my fingers do the walking, on those two prominent mounds, or to nearly smother with my face buried between them. Damn Sue and her maneuvering me into her trap and converting me to Emily. It was like working in a chocolate factory with tape over my mouth.

One of the guys at the bar turned backwards on his stool, and was leaning back against the edge of the bar and looking at our table. Sue was moving her shoulders back and tightening the gown across her bust. Even with the long skirt, she had succeeded in displaying one hell of a lot of leg. The tables were so small that they could never conceal our legs, so the guy at the bar was enjoying the display of legs and bust. Oh Damn! There were two guys, not just one and at that very moment the cocktail waitress appeared with another cocktail for each of us, compliments of the two guys at the bar. They held up their glasses as an offer to drink with us, and Sue whispered, "Come on, hold up your glass, then drink to them." Of course that meant that they could come over for introductions, so we met Joe and Pete. Sue invited them to sit and talk for a while. They were in their

mid-twenties. Sue had done a terrific job with clothing style and makeup, to produce a result that suggested two younger females. I can't use the word "couple" because she described us as two "single" girls. "Couple" is what I had on my mind, when I looked at the chick in the green dress.

Pete was the one looking our way first, and I assumed that he was attracted to Sue, but he spoke to me first, and also sat nearest to me. We swapped first names and Sue explained that we were sisters sharing a cabin for the cruise. They asked where we were from, so we exchanged brief information about each other's hometowns, with Sue being our spokesperson. Pete was very intrigued by what he thought he could see down the front of the gown I was wearing. The long skirt kept my legs out of sight, but he moved his chair close enough to rub his leg against mine. How does one respond to this crap? I wanted to tell him where he could go; it was making me sick to think that I was letting a man rub legs with me. When I glanced at Sue, her lovely smile told me that I was a female tonight, so I should act that way. Now, how could I understand that smile? She didn't say anything, is it something only girls can comprehend? Was I being transformed completely into a girl? These masquerades would have to stop immediately if that was the case. Returning my thoughts to the situation at hand, I smiled and moved my leg away from his. Pete was not to be shut off that easy, he put his hand on the upper part of my thigh, not just resting there, his fingers were gently massaging that small area. What should I do? I wanted to watch the chick in the green, or should I say almost out of the green, and here was this S.O.B. with his hand on my leg. If I started talking, he will probably recognize my voice as a man trying to talk like a female. If that happened, he would get quite angry, and I'd get beat up for wasting his time and drinking his booze. If I kept smiling, he'd think that he could take greater liberties with what he believed was a beautiful female body.

I leaned over toward Sue and asked if we could dump them and head back to the cabin. She said no and yes, so I asked for an explanation. No dumping, and yes let's go to the cabin, or better yet, let's find a secluded moonlit section of the deck. Pete had moved his hand closer to what he thought is heaven, and had also been sliding the skirt up at the same time; very soon his hand would be under it. Sue suggested that we polish off the drinks, and go for a stroll on the deck. I'd get killed if Pete found out what was hidden where he was trying to caress.

We left the lounge and went out on deck. Sue and Joe were leading the way. Pete was almost glued to my side; he was not content to just stroll. His arm was around me and his hand was under my arm trying to reach one of my boobs. Faking a wobble as if the ship roll was excessive, it was possible to slow down his advances, but the bastard was certainly persistent. Near the stern of the ship, there was an area where lots of recliner chairs were set up for sun bathing, probably also for watching the midnight "submarine races". Sue slid very gracefully into one of those recliners, and Joe pulled one in close and joined her. I assumed that I should follow her lead, but I had no idea how to slide into a lounge chair with a long skirt on. After pulling the skirt and slip up, and exposing lots of nylon-covered leg, I was able to get seated in the chair. The hem of the gown was half-way between my knee and my crotch, Pete watched the whole performance, and at

the same time slipped into a lounge chair he had pulled over against mine. He quickly suggested that I didn't need to pull the gown back down, the night was nice and warm. The moon was beautiful and the setting was just right for me to be with a sexy young chick, not trying to fend off a determined male. There was some small talk, but mostly there were lots of free feels. Pete had more appendages than an octopus, and every one of them was busy. He kept trying to kiss me. He had the gown almost up to the playground. He seemed determined to "go all the way" right there, even if Sue and Joe were watching. I had to resist or he would find that things were not what he expected them to be.

It was a mental battle, watching Joe kiss and fondle my wife and trying to keep Pete from doing the same to me. I was scared that this would turn me into a homosexual. I was getting sick to my stomach; so I struggled to my feet and walked away. Pete was confused, but knew that I had had enough. Sue untangled herself from Joe and came to catch up with me. "Wow! Those two really worked hard to hit pay dirt. How close did Pete get? I guess you can pass as a lady, right up to real serious petting sessions. We didn't get to count propositions to determine which of us is the sexiest lady, but we can try again later in the week. Wow, I may need to have you put out the fire that Joe started. Let's go get out of these gowns, into some street dresses and have another drink, before we call it a night."

Back in our cabin, we unhooked the collars and pulled down the zippers of each other's gown. When they were off and hung up and the long half-slips folded, Sue had me get a regular length half-slip from my drawer and the light blue dress from the closet, and put them on. Before doing so, I said that I needed to use the bathroom. Sue agreed that we both should and she unhooked the crotch of my foundation garment for me. She had natural long fingernails and knew how to work with them to avoid breaking them; also she was afraid that I would pull mine off. After I had taken care of the bathroom problem and pulled the panty hose back into place, she hooked the foundation again. While she went to the bathroom, I put on the slip and dress. She got out a light yellow one and put it on. After fixing our hair and straightening out the messes made to our makeup, we left the cabin and went into a smaller cocktail lounge on one of the lower decks, near our cabin. There were only a few single males, but they all made mental note of the two lovely females who just arrived. I wonder if they viewed us as social drinkers or as hookers. We sat at a table the size of a postage stamp, so there was no way to hide our legs. That meant sitting with them crossed and that was increasing the crushing pressure already created by that one-piece foundation.

I always noticed the girls, wherever we went and now there were two at a nearby table, who had had too many highballs. They were acting rather silly and trying to be sexy. The blond was blessed with a very generous bust and her blouse kept coming unbuttoned. She would move her arms and shoulders to make it happen, then act shocked by the exposure it created. Her bra was like a sling, it held them up without covering them. It was nice to look at and speculate about. That was my limit for the week, because I was a female impersonator. I wondered what the next week had in store for me once we get home. I had to get on the good

side of Sue and try to get her excited enough to need my services when we got back to our cabin.

One of the guys shooting darts came over to our table and asked us to join them. Being quite good with darts, I was anxious to play, but Sue wasn't. I needed her to do the talking for us, and I whispered a plea for her to try it. She accepted and we joined the three men, taking our drinks with us. Paul, the one that invited us, proposed a challenge. He would team with Sue and myself against the other two guys, and the losers would pay for the drinks. That was right up my alley, I usually got most of my drinks free that way. Oh damn, how does a girl throw darts? If I could get Sue to throw first, then I could try to match her actions. Paul had already decided that we were greenhorns, so that was his cue to coach us, and the wager made it imperative that he get us to do our very best. He asked the other guys to allow us some practice shots to warm up. Paul handed two darts to me, and suggested that I try a couple shots, but I passed them right over to Sue, with a look of embarrassment and a need for her to show me how. Sue apparently understood what I wanted her to do. One more of those messages sent without words or notes. What is it about females and their ability to communicate by facial expressions?

Paul went to her aid as she prepared to throw, showing her how to hold a dart, and throw it at the small target. I was watching her every move, how she stood, her facial expressions, the way she reacted to his coaching and how she threw the darts. Real forceful swings just might pop one of her boobs out of its resting place. That certainly wouldn't happen to me but I had to act as if it could. Sue's first few shots were missing the dartboard or just on the edge, but the fifth one was in the scoring area.

OK Emily, here's your big test! Throw the way a woman throws but still try to maintain the accuracy that fits the man hiding under this dress and wig. With three darts in my hand and Paul in my face, it was hard to concentrate on duplicating Sue's performance. Throwing right-handed, Paul was on my left and in front of me, with his hand on my throwing arm, and both eyes on the low-cut dress front. As he stepped back, I tried a shot as feminine as I could muster, and it went into a good scoring position. Paul standing just to my side was surprised and elated. He complimented and coached me for the second shot, reaching across and rubbing his arm against my fake right boob. He was apparently hoping that I wouldn't notice or wouldn't object if I did notice. He continued to rub against it while helping me position the dart in my hand. All this time he was concentrating his efforts on seeing everything possible down the front of my dress. I made the second shot and it went wild. Sue asked him if he wanted to win or if the free feels and his game of peek-a-boo were more important. Paul stepped away, blushing considerably and let me make three more shots; they hit in scoring positions. I was getting the hang of the female swing without screwing up my aim too bad, and I noticed that Paul had gotten quite aroused while helping me with my throwing form. What a surprise he would get if he found that there was a dart similar to his inside my panties, where he believed there was a desirable dart board for him to shoot at.

We proceeded to play, with the ladies scores slightly below the guys. Paul was very accurate and held our scores at a reasonable level. Sue was rather inexperienced and her best contribution was her example of feminine dart throwing. As the game progressed, my scores improved, but the guys still won by a small margin, and offered to give the “girls” a chance to retaliate.

The second game was ours by one point, and the wager on the third game was winner chooses the next activity. The points came hard, with the guys taking an early lead and we battled all the way to the finish, which was a big surprise when Sue hit the bullseye and polished the guys off.

Sue’s choice for the next activity was a hug and kiss, then everyone to their own cabin. I thought it rather revolting to have to kiss all three men. The guys were very disappointed to have it end that way, but it would go much easier on me if Sue were the only one there when my clothes were removed. I had hopes that She would want a little loving when we got back in our cabin.

As we walked along together on our way to our cabin, Sue asked, “How did I do with the darts? Did I look like a beginner? I am a much better shot than most of the men in my office. That bullseye was one of my usual. I held it back until we really needed it. I’ll bet that I saved you from some painful exposure. You owe me.”

Here we go again! This woman was absolutely amazing. My cocky male attitude had never allowed me to pay any attention to her capabilities. I had just accepted her as a willing sex partner, along with her other titles of, Wife, Mother, Cook, Fellow Bread Winner, House Cleaner, and so forth. Her skills at planning and dart expertise were definitely new to me.

When we arrived at our cabin, I rushed to help her out of her dress, hoping for a quick assistance with the one I had on. She just kept on undressing and let me struggle, trying to reach the clasp or whatever that held the dress closed above the zipper. Sue had zipped the dress for me and I never got to see what the clasp was like and now it was being difficult. The need to pee was top priority. I got the skirt and slip pulled up and tried to unhook the crotch of the one-piece foundation. I was not successful because I was afraid I would pull off those Goddamned fake fingernails. I had consumed lots of liquid; now it was time to empty my bladder again. It seemed to be a constant need and a real nuisance. Sue knew what my problem was and she was teasing me. The bathroom door was open and she took her time sitting on the toilet, then slowly washing her hands, all the time with water running in the sink. I was really in trouble and started begging her to unhook the crotch for me. She decided to strike a bargain. “I’ll help you pee and in return you will satisfy my needs and not yours.” I was so desperate that I would agree to most anything short of murder at that point, so I said yes. Sue unhooked the crotch and I ran for the toilet, pulling the pantyhose down and panties to one side on the way. I sat on the toilet for about five minutes, draining my system, and thought about what I had just agreed to do. It seemed to me that in satisfying her, I really wouldn’t be able to avoid satisfying myself, and God knows how bad I wanted sex right then! When I got back beside my bed, I found that Sue had laid out a pastel-pink bra, panties, and a nightgown ensemble, plus something else in

a small paper bag. I got out of the clothes I had worn since late afternoon; it was a wonderful feeling to get that damn one-piece thing off. The pastel pink bra and panties were lots more comfortable, but nudity would have seemed like heaven, by comparison.

Sue told me not to put the nightgown on yet and to lie down on my belly on the edge of the bed; she wanted to give me a massage. This was a first, she always wanted me to do it to her. She started on my back and legs and while doing so, reminded me that the bra I had on was the last clean one. "Tomorrow night, right after you shower and put on your nightclothes, you will wash all the soiled undies." She was working her way up my back and did it ever feel good, I never realized that she knew how to give a good massage. Sue said, "Your neck and shoulder muscles are as hard as a rock." I responded that there was another place that was in the same condition. She told me to raise my arms up off the bed and try to touch my hands together, with my arms straight in the air. This was a real challenge, I was not interested in trying it, but she kept coaxing. "Come on now, a little higher, that's better. Now put them back down and rest for a minute, then try again. There, that's better, do it again." The third time I tried it, she was cheering me on. "There, that's great. Hold that for just a few seconds, then try bringing your hands in to touch each other. No, that is too high up, lower your arms down near your fanny and it will be a lot easier." I managed to bring them in together. She said, "That's great, now lace your fingers together, then lift each shoulder off the bed, one at a time. " Now she was helping me by pushing and pulling on my arms, and we were rocking my arms left and right. "There, feel that pull your neck muscles? Now do each shoulder one more time, slowly." All this time I was thinking about how this might be really turning her on. I wonder if she was as hot to trot as I was. "Let's cut this shit out and get down to business," I said. All of a sudden, I realized that she was fussing with my wrists. "Hey, what the hell are you doing?"

Sue answered, "Making sure that you keep your promise." She had hooked my wrists together with something strong; I couldn't seem to break loose. Now she held all the cards, and I was afraid to think how she might play them. I hoped I wouldn't have to try to sleep with my arms bound behind my back. Looking at the bed beside me, the bag was now flat; beside it lay a roll of adhesive tape. This really shook me up. I tried again to pull my arms apart, only to realize that I couldn't even separate my fingers. Sue had wrapped that tape around my wrists and kept going right out to the ends of my locked-together fingers. I was totally unable to use my hands.

Sue ordered me off the bed and that meant I had to roll off since my arms wouldn't work. Once I was on my knees, on the floor, she stepped right up close to me and told me to pull off the panties of her baby doll nightie set. Pushing my head up under the short gown, I was able to grasp the band of the panty leg opening with my teeth and pull it down a little. It meant pulling each side many times in order to get them down off her body, while trying to keep my head up under her shortie night gown. Then by grasping the crotch of the panties with my teeth, I got

them down below her knees and she kicked them off. Sue sat on the edge, lay back across the bed and told me to get busy with my tongue.

This was not at all like the scene I had been picturing. I had high hopes that we would really be rolling in the hay, so to speak, but here I was helpless, with my wrists and hands taped together quite securely, providing her with oral sex. That dart inside the panties that I was wearing was about to stab right out through them. I couldn't take charge of my own sexual release, or get out of the panties and put my dart into Sue's dartboard.

After about twenty minutes of very concentrated attention and lots of evidence of satisfaction for her, she told me to stop and slid up onto the bed. Relaxing with a sigh and a big smile, she said, "Thanks, I could sleep for a week. Thank you very much, Emily."

"What am I going to do with the bulge in these panties?"

Sue answered, "Make it a do-it-yourself project, or phone a friend. I have had my fill for now, let me get some sleep, it's been a long day."

I asked, "What about this damn tape? I can't even get the panties off to pee and I'll go through hell trying to sleep with my arms bound behind my back. Won't you get me out of this situation, before you fall asleep, please?"

Sue said, "Well I suppose so. Go get the roll of tape, it's on the bureau."

"What for? The only thing you really need is the scissors," I commented.

"Well yes, get the scissors too," she said.

It took two trips to the bureau to bring back the tape and the scissors in my mouth. Sue had me lay face down on the edge of the bed again. She cut off two long strips of tape, then raised one thigh at a time, laid a tape strip crosswise and lowered my thighs down on the tapes. She pulled on the end of the tape and proceeded to unwrap it from around my fingers and hands but she only freed my hands. The wrists were still held together. My left leg was pulled up 'til the ankle was beside my left hand and she wrapped several turns of tape around them. This was no help, now I couldn't stand or walk, what was she up to? What was the tape stuck to my thighs for? Sue took the scissors and cut my right wrist free. Boy! Wow! It felt so good to be able to move my right arm. I shook it to get the muscles to flex and relax, then I let it rest on the bed beside my right leg. She placed my open palm against my thigh and picked up both ends of the tape lying under my right thigh and proceeded to wrap them over my hand and back around my thigh. That made it impossible for me to use my right arm or even move my fingers. She cut the tape holding my left wrist and ankle together. My leg fell down to the bed and my arm was free like my right one had been, just a few moments before.

I didn't want that one taped so I swung it out sideways toward the middle of the bed, out of her reach. Sue grabbed my right ear and proceeded to twist it; the pain was unbearable.

She said, "Put your hand against your leg like the right one is and the pain in your ear will stop." I resisted and she twisted, until I was almost crying. Finally, she won that battle; my only choice was to surrender to her demands or have my ear twisted right off the side of my head. When the hand was in place, she continued to twist on the ear with one hand, while she used her free hand to pick up each end of the tape under my left thigh. One by one, she wrapped them around my hand, anchoring the second arm to a thigh. She slid my legs off the bed and out sideways and let them down to the floor. The top half of my body was still on the bed and my toes were resting on the floor. The roll of tape was picked up from beside me and several more wraps were added to each of the hand and thigh bonds. I was told to stand up, which is quite difficult with no hands or arms to help, but I did succeed without any help. Sue picked up the pastel pink nightgown, which matched the bra and panties that I was wearing, and pulled it over my head and down my body, over the bound arms and hands. It was difficult, but it stretched to fit over everything.

The mirror revealed what appeared to be a man with no arms, dressed in a ladies nightgown. Then she brought out a nylon bathrobe and placed it on me. It was large enough so that she was able to close the front and zip it all the way up. She told me that since I couldn't pull the bed covers over me, this way I would be warm enough to sleep even if I was uncovered. "You must have your beauty sleep, more than you ever did before, now that you are a girl." I was walked over to my bed and told to sit on the edge and then lay back and use my legs to move myself into a comfortable sleeping position.

"Sue, where in hell did you get all the ideas that you've been using to keep me in your control like this?"

She answered, "When I decided that you were worth fighting for, the planning process started. My sister Emily was my sounding board, and my body to practice on. I can't begin to list the things that were tried on her, to see if they would work on you. Remember that Saturday, two weeks ago, when you said you would have to spend the day in your office, and then you came home in the early afternoon? You said that you were after some papers you had been working on the night before. I had just taped Emily up like you are right now. I stood her up and put her behind the clothes in the spare bedroom closet, (most of the clothes in that closet that day are here for you to wear this week) and shut the door. Then I hurried downstairs to see what you wanted. I was scared to death that you were home for the afternoon. You asked for a cup of coffee while you were there, so I made some and we sat and passed idle conversation and sipped coffee. Finally you left, saying that your clients needed you and that you shouldn't keep them waiting much longer. More likely the client was some young chick with her sex drive in high gear. Of course you were anxious to help her out, as your good deed for the day. Well, I knew that Emily must be rather upset about being kept waiting in the back of the closet, and as soon as I saw your car drive away, I went up the front hall stairs, two at a time, to get her out of that situation. It was difficult to get her to let me use her for experiments after that. Now go to sleep! And don't bother me till I wake up."

The plight of the cheating husband. What a strange turn it has taken. You cocky bastard, you assumed that Sue never suspected you were cheating on her. She was letting you play your game while she worked out the way to put your brakes on. Well now, fella, your brakes are on and locked. You are lying totally helpless on your bed, and the only force she used was to twist one of your ears. That speaks well for your “male superiority”. You can be quite proud of your accomplishments; you have failed miserably. What was to be next? My thoughts went over where I was, how I had allowed this to happen, how clever Sue had been to design and execute this scenario, and where it might all end. My sex drive was still close to max and I was unable to do a thing to ease that situation. It is mind boggling to think how easily She had done this. How could I have been so stupid? It must be because I am a typical self-centered egotistical male. Sleep was shutting down the thought processes, but I had to try to fight it off long enough to find an escape route, but alas, sleep had the upper hand.

Morning snuck up quite rapidly. I woke up several times that night, because I was very uncomfortable. Each time I arrived at the conclusion that I was helpless to do anything about that discomfort, or the pressure inside the pink panties caused by the persistent erection, and had to try to relax and go back to sleep. The clock read seven fifteen, Sue always wanted breakfast by eight o'clock. I hoped she didn't change that time today. What a feeling, bound with adhesive tape, and dressed in ladies nightclothes, I couldn't get anything to eat, or drink, It was impossible to go to the bathroom, because I couldn't get out of the panties. She didn't say if she would release me this morning. Well, she would have to release me because she wouldn't get my breakfast. If she did go get some food for



me, she wouldn't feed it to me, more likely I would have to feed myself. How could I feed myself with no hands? She had to release me, because I was told that tonight I had to wash all the undies, but I was still stuck as her sister and there were FIVE whole days left to the cruise.

That day we would dock at some island, for a day of sightseeing; I can't remember which one. Maybe she would keep us on board, that would be easier than trying to walk all over the place dressed as a female tourist. I hoped she woke up soon. Seven forty-five, son of a bitch! I'd wet myself, maybe if I got up and walked around, the exercise might help to ease the pressure and pass the time, until I could "pass" something else. I struggled off the bed, and finally ended up pressing my crotch against the corner of the mattress. I wished there were some sharp objects that I could use to shove the damn robe and nightgown up and pull the panties down, so I could go. Finally, I ended up in the bathroom straddling the toilet, facing the tank. I was preparing to let the stream go and relieve the pressure in my bladder. Suddenly, Sue spoke from behind me, "What the hell's the matter with you? Why do you have to go all the time? You pee twice as often as I do. Get up from there."

Did you ever try to get up from squatting over a toilet seat without the help of your hands? I ended up on the floor, on my knees, so Sue pulled up the robe and gown, pulled down the panties, stuck my penis over the edge of the toilet seat and finally I could drain my bladder. That need to pee all of the time had gotten me into most of this trouble. Sue had certainly taken advantage of that problem. I had to cut my liquid consumption to the absolute minimum.

Sue called me into the bedroom. That was not an easy task to comply with, with the panties down on my thighs acting as a hobble, but I finally made it. She told me to sit on the bed; she laughed at me, and commented on how a rugged guy like myself, could be so totally subdued by a woman, who didn't have to use any force except twisting one of my ears.

"You have experienced many new sensations in the past two days. You lost all of your clothes and also a bathing suit, then you were trapped into wearing girls' clothes and two horny guys have fondled and frustrated you unmercifully. You were forced to give oral sex and deprived of sex relief for yourself. Then, last but not least, you were bound securely for a whole night. What chapter in your life has ever provoked as much emotion and mental torment as that? Your adrenal glands have really had a workout and as you sit there, your blood pressure must be just starting to come down to normal. Frustration, exasperation, anticipation, desperation, and humiliation are five emotions you've been feeling the last twenty-four hours.

"We will be docking about noontime, for a twelve-hour stop. How should we spend the day? Do you want to remain in the cabin? I understand that there are many sensational eating places and points of interest that we can explore on the island."

Sue was saying that it was my day to plan our activities. I responded with four suggestions. "Number one, release me from this Goddamn adhesive tape. Number two, let's have sex. Number three, male clothes. Number four, breakfast."

"Hold on dear sister, as Emily you sit there, in your nightie and robe, and tell me that you want to go back to your old way of life? Don't you agree that you have had more new experiences in the past fifty some hours, than any whole year of your life? What I just proposed was that you help keep that excitement level at or near its high, by planing the day's activities. What to see, what to eat, where to eat, what to wear, that sort of thing. With all the lovely clothes that you haven't even worn yet, you must be bursting at the seams with anticipation to see how pretty you will look in them. Now, either you drop that negative masculine attitude, or you will spend the next twenty-four hours just as you are right now. With no hands, you will probably drink a lot of soup through straws. Why do you suppose that I started this discussion before you were released? Now you can't write, so I will remember every thing that you suggest. We'll put it into order so that we can accomplish it, then we'll start to enjoy our day, dear sister."

This was going to be the longest week of my life, there I sit helpless and starving, and I had to design a plan of all kinds of shit for us to do. I'd bet she wouldn't include sex, not even a hand job. I might be able to concentrate after that, a shower, and a good breakfast.

"I see that your week long plan and punishment session is still in effect. I'm sorry that I lost my head. I do believe that I could concentrate on your suggestions, if I could get rid of some of the sexual pressure that is clouding my thought processes. You know that is the major concern to a male. Look at all the passes I got last night. I understand that the tape job was to ward off the advances I would have been making toward you. Christ, it's complicated being a female; it's not like dropping your pants for a quick roll in the hay, taking a shower, jumping back into your pants and shirt, saying 'Thank You Ma'am,' and off you go to the next adventure. It involves lots of planning and patience. I thought when you taped me up like this, it was to show me who was boss. It shows me that strength is not a very important part of being in charge."

Sue said, "Well Sis, maybe you are not as dumb as I thought you were. I knew that you figured I would never catch on to your infidelities. I also knew that to confront you with the fact that I knew you were cheating would cause a fight and maybe a divorce. I felt you were worth investing a little more time in, to get things working again. Therefore the cruise, where you couldn't rebel and run away if the road got rough. By the time we arrive home, you may understand planning, patience and persistence from the female point of view. At least you will look the part, and I hope that some good will have been accomplished. One, I will not divorce you. Two, I may eventually forgive you. Three, I may someday trust you again. Four, we may resume our sexual relations again, if you learn to appreciate and respect what you have. Now, how about an activity plan for today?"

"Can we do it after breakfast?" I asked.

“There you go again, putting your physical needs ahead of a plan. When are you going to start thinking things through? Breakfast can be one of the first steps in the day’s plan, but it most definitely is not one of the big steps.”

“OK Sue, I’ll try, but it is hard to concentrate when you are hungry and frustrated. Let’s shower, dress, go to breakfast, take a short stroll on the deck, then come back here and put ourselves together as tourists. While we’re waiting to dock, we can research the island tour pamphlets and devise a plan for our time ashore.

“Wow! Emily, when the chips are down, you *can* produce a working plan. We had better get dressed quickly before the continental breakfast is just slim pickings. The robe zipper was pulled down and the robe was removed. She pulled the nightgown off over my head. Now standing there, facing the mirror, I could see the most magnificent reflection of the adult male. The bra, stuffed with two big falsies on my hairless chest, the family jewels on full display because the panties were down on my thighs, held there by the same adhesive tape that was securing my hands. What a sad sight, what effort it took not to run and hide, from shame. I was totally embarrassed by the panties and the bra, but words cannot describe the sick feeling in my stomach at seeing my helpless situation in the mirror. I mentally reprimanded myself for being stupid enough to let this happen, but even more because I was not able to find a way to freedom. Sue broke my train of thought by calling, “Emily, look at this.” I turned to look and heard that distinctive Polaroid camera sound. Now there was a picture of a 100% male, in a bra, with panties around his thighs, and his male equipment in full view. “Goddamn Sue, that was a dirty trick. Promise me that you will destroy it.”

Sue just laughed and said, “Oh sure,” then she took the scissors and cut the tape from my hands and thighs.

My arms could move! The muscles were a little stiff from lack of use, but I could brush the hair out of my face. Sue sent me to the shower with my razor.

Returning from the shower, I put on the white nylon panties that she had laid out for me and slipped my arms into the straps of the bra. (I was getting my arm muscles to relax enough to be able to hook the bra behind my back, it was quite difficult, and I objected, but I did so silently). I was reaching behind my back to pull the ends of the bra band together and get it hooked. I was thinking about the fact that a couple of days ago, my arm muscles wouldn’t bend enough for me to reach that high on my back. I was facing the big mirror above the bureau with only the white panties and bra on. For some crazy reason, I couldn’t get the bra to hook. I was concentrating all my attention to improving my efforts; it must have been my lack of experience. The familiar Polaroid sound penetrated my train of thought and I glanced at the mirror. There at an angle beside and behind me was Sue with the camera and a big smile on her face. “Gotcha again,” she said. Then she told me to give her the bra. She took a nail file, pried the hooks open and tested it by hooking the ends of the bra together. It hooked correctly on the first try. As she handed it back to me, she said, “I wanted time enough to get a good picture of your efforts to hook the bra behind your back and to get a reflection that would show your man’s face and body with only panties and a bra on.” After I

got over the shock of the latest in her bag of tricks, I finished dressing by putting on the pantyhose, half-slip, blouse, skirt, wig, makeup and low shoes. Sue was ready about the same time and she had me correct a few mistakes in my clothing and makeup.

We left for the dining room and that continental breakfast. It was 9:30, my stomach was screaming for nourishment. Breakfast went off without a hitch, no one seemed to be aware that Emily was a man, and I couldn't tell, to get some help to rescue me, because Sue would claim that it was all my idea.

We went for a short brisk walk out on deck, around the stern, then returned to our cabin. It was a clear morning, the sun was nice and warm, it was going to be a great day, I thought, 'til I remembered that we were going to tour an island and I would still have to impersonate a female.

Sue told me that shorts would be acceptable attire for touring a tropical island. She would wear a pair, but my legs needed pantyhose to smooth out and cover my leg muscles, so it would have to be a skirt for me. She said, "It is going to be a real hot day, but maybe we can choose mostly air-conditioned places. The outfit you have on will be fine, but if you change to the light brown skirt, you might be a little cooler. That black skirt you have on will hold the heat. The pastel yellow blouse you are wearing will go with either skirt. I insist that you keep it on, and to be sure of that, I am going to sew the back closure. Like I said a while ago, I *may* someday trust you again. Meanwhile, it won't hurt to take out a little insurance. An insurance policy is only as good as the things that it covers. You are not about to run away in ladies clothes and you won't be able to get them off without tearing them."

When the ship dropped anchor, just off the shore of the island, the public address system started informing the passengers of the proper procedure for going ashore. There were two launches coming out to pick up passengers. To board the launch, go to the loading area on deck number four. We followed the instructions and within an hour we were wandering the island. The tour brochure listed an air-conditioned island tour bus, so we headed for the bus terminal near the dock. Over an hour was spent on that bus, with the bus driver doing an excellent job of describing points of interest as we rode. He described a big buffet-style eatery not too far from the bus terminal and we decided that would be a great place for lunch.

The buffet was great, we had plenty to eat and there was no need for me to speak, so no one discovered my forced masquerade. We walked around the business district, stopping here and there to look in the store windows, sometimes going in to browse further. I never let Sue get very far away, The fear was that she would try some prank or create a serious exposure of me, the female impersonator. I didn't want to have to try to explain any of this to the island police, even though there was minor proof that someone had forced this situation on me. The sewn-up blouse closure would help verify my story. It was now mid-afternoon and the sun was frying the streets. After a little walking, I began to feel the effects of the high heels; there were sore muscles where I didn't even know that I had muscles. Everyone else was wearing sneakers or flat shoes, but Sue insisted that with

nylons, you must wear heels. The heat was making me sweat and it was running down my chest where the cleavage was. I was afraid that the bra would fill up with water and start to get heavy. We saw lots of sights including the insides of two ladies rooms and two restaurants. Just before dark, we went back to the dock, got on the launch, and rode back to the ship.

Wow! My feet were in need of a rest; the shoes were the first items I took off when we got back to our cabin. Sue cut the threads securing the closure on the back of the yellow blouse and I quickly removed the rest of the clothes I had been wearing. I went in and took a shower; the water sure did help to bring my body temperature down to normal. It also did a lot to relax the sore feet and leg muscles, from all my walking in heels. I hated to shut the shower off, but finally I did. After drying myself off, I returned to the bedroom.

Sue had laid out a Baby Doll nightie set plus a bra and the falsies on my pillow. Once I had them on, I started to get into bed, but she stopped me and reminded me to do the wash. I picked up the one-piece foundation and two bras and headed for the bathroom. Sue showed up right behind me, with four more bras, an armful of slips and all of my panties. "The small things go on the towel bars. The slips, half-slips and pantyhose go on plastic hangers and are to be hung on the shower curtain rod. Be sure to space them so that they will dry for us to wear or put away in the morning."

I made no effort to object to doing all of the laundry for both of us; I didn't want to sleep all taped up again. I wondered just how she would get me into that taped up situation again, but I wasn't about to give her a reason to show me.

Well, I had really run the gauntlet. I'd had my fun with many extramarital affairs, gotten caught with none of my clothing on a cruise and been forced into lingerie and dresses. Now I was not only a female impersonator, I was the lingerie laundress.

The next morning we went through the dressing routine and walked to the Continental Breakfast. After we finished consuming generous portions of the breakfast menu, we made a walking tour, almost all of the way around the ship's main deck. Sue suggested that I show her how to play the slot machines. Well, let me tell you, that was one real big switch. She had always refused to go near a casino, and now she wanted to learn to play the machines. We went down one deck to the casino. On the open sea, the casino was open twenty-four hours a day.

Sue bought twenty dollars worth of quarters. She said she would like to watch me play and learn how. Then maybe she would try it, and win, like I always claimed to. Sue said, "I thought these machines were always rigged so that the casino gets a healthy profit. What about a little wager? I'll give you these quarters. Turn them into a profit for me. If you return this stake and thirty dollars more, it will buy my services for an evening. Your wife as your prostitute, tonight. You return fifty bucks and tonight you can be the boss. If you go broke, you will have to pay a consequence for losing my money."

The promise of an evening with me in charge was mind-boggling, I could send her after my supper, from the buffet, get her to dress up real sexy, while I lounged

around in the nude. So many possibilities. Nothing that she could make me do if I lost her money, could be too bad. It probably would have to do with some different way I would have to dress for the evening. A repeat of that escapade with my hands taped to my thighs would be horrible, but I couldn't imagine her duplicating that; it would be something new. As far as the way I would have to dress, I was stuck with just dresses for the whole week, so what was a little more?

Weighting the chance to play the slots and the promise of sex if I won, against a consequence of just one more outfit to tolerate if I lost, I answered, "I'll take your bet." I had been very upset that I would have to spend a whole week so close to this casino and never get to pull a single one-armed bandit's handle. Sue had unlocked that barrier, so let me show her my stuff. "Can I keep every thing over your wager?"

Sue handed me the seed money and "Emily" proceeded to run it up to a quick profit. Playing the quarter machines was always best; I very seldom lost very much, and here I was piling up the winnings. Sue stood close, asked lots of questions and cheered me on. For once I was glad that I had a dress on, the skirt part of it worked great for holding my quarters. It did seem that they might get too heavy for it, but we could put some in a bucket. At one point, I was close to my goal, but I wanted enough extra for another session with these machines. The people around us didn't pay any attention to the two of us, so if Sue would allow, I wanted to come back again later in the week. She shouldn't object if Emily came in and gambled with her own money. It was obvious that I wouldn't be getting into any trouble with other females because of the way I was required to dress.

I had hit some quite sizable payoffs, and now was losing a little back to the house. That would turn right back around and I would have the winnings that I needed. Well, it just never did turn around, there were a few more good hits, but the pile of quarters in the lap of my skirt kept shrinking. Little by little, the quarters were disappearing back into the one-armed bandits. Finally the last quarter was gone. Damn, I had made up a delightful scenario for Sue to follow; now I would have to hope she was not too vindictive over my losing her money. It was almost noon. I figured we would head for the dining room and get some dinner. My payback would probably come afterwards. Sue insisted that we go back to the cabin before lunch. I assumed that we would go there for "potty stops," then head off to lunch. I had lost my chance at an evening of sex, but maybe she would let me have another try tomorrow.

She ordered me to strip and take a shower. "When you return, you will put on the clothes lying on your bed." What a surprise, I found a brief panty girdle, a lady's one-piece bathing suit and a robe that was so thin that you could read a newspaper through it. Sue was in the shower; looking at her bed, I saw that she was going to dress the same way, because she had laid out her one-piece black bathing suit and a robe similar to the one on my bed.

There was no way that we could go out in public with me dressed in just a girl's bathing suit. What was she thinking? I was still standing there in the nude, when she returned from her shower. She said, "Emily is going swimming, then both of us are going to sunbathe for a little while, then we will have lunch. The

dining room will have closed, so our lunch will have to come from the buffet where we have been going for breakfast. We will go up to the pool for your swim and lounge around until your suit is dry, then it will be lunch time. We will go through the buffet line. You will pick out what I want for lunch and you will carry it back here for me. Then you are free to go get yours. When you return with your full tray, I will let you in.

"I have a pretty good idea of how hungry you are right now, and I can only guess at how long it will take to dry out that suit, especially with all of the padding in the bust area. The crotch area is also quite thick. You have a panty girdle on and that will take quite a while to dry. By the time we get to the buffet, you will be ready to eat and by the time you have selected my meal and carried it all the way back here, you should be ready and anxious to go back and get your lunch.

"Now, something else, there is no way to hold that robe closed, except with one of your hands. With both hands required to carry the trays, both trips from the buffet to our cabin will be made with your robe open and all of your adequate charms on display. Making two trips, with full trays, almost the whole length of the ship and down five levels, will give you lots of exposure. You could receive many admiring glances and offers to carry your tray, especially when you make your second run without your sister. There is always the possibility of running into Pete and Joe, or our dart playing friends. Who knows who will offer you a cabin to relax in while you have your lunch, and how successful they will be at getting you out of your pretty bathing suit?

"You won't need any money, so you won't need your purse and that means that you won't have a cabin key. You will be allowed in when you arrive back here with your tray full of food, and not before. If you think that I am being too tough on you, then say so. You can get back into your dress and we can go to the dining room right now. After we have our lunch and get back here, you can get ready for bed. Just think, that would allow you about fourteen hours to relax. You managed a little over seven hours the first time so it's possible now that you are experienced enough, to breeze through the longer confinement. We can dress you in a shorty nightie with no panties and the bathroom run would be quite simple. What do you say? Shall we make tracks to the dining room?"

Damn these choices, I had to gamble and win to earn sexual favors; now I had to choose between wearing a bathing suit and being taped up for the afternoon and night.

The swim on the day we arrived was my first for the year, and I was aware of my pale skin color. What would protect me from a telltale tanline? If I selected the tape treatment, would she insist on full time or would she just torment me with the threat of all of that confinement and let me loose at bedtime? Maybe I could be a well-behaved prisoner and get time off for good behavior. Up to this point she had refused to feed me, so selecting the taped hands would mean no supper. I wondered if I could offer her some other choice, and get out of either of her choices. Boy, I wished that the ship would pull into port right that moment. What a welcome solution that would be to a very difficult decision.

I am not too muscular, so there was a small possibility that I could pass in a lady's bathing suit with the help of the wig and a lot of makeup. How long does it take to dry a ladies suit? How could I avoid Joe and Pete and any of the others that might recognize me? God! It might be two or three hours before I could get anything to eat.

We could eat right now and I could hide there in the cabin as long as I accepted being restrained for all of the time between lunch and breakfast, but I wouldn't get any supper.

The quickest way out of all of this was to go for that swim. Just how bad would I look in that suit? My consequence could be all paid back by about four o'clock. That was much better than being helpless until breakfast.

I made my decision and told Sue that I would go for the swim. She handed me the brief panty girdle and told me that the suit needed help to hide what would otherwise be a noticeable bulge. Once the suit was on and the fake boobs were in place, Sue coached me with my makeup and had me even apply some special stuff to places on my arms and legs. She said the stuff that I was using was waterproof. It would only come off with cold cream, so it would stay on in the swimming pool. Regular facial makeup will survive as long as you will only go in shoulder deep and don't get your face and neck splashed.

I put on the robe, Sue handed me a pair of sunglasses, a romance magazine and a bottle of goop to keep me from tanning. She pointed out a pair of floppy-type sandals and told me to put them on.

Sue said, "I have wanted to go out and get a good tan while we are on this cruise, but I couldn't figure out what to do with you while I was out laying in the sun for hours. I have lots of adhesive tape left, but I figured that you should join me. We can keep you from getting a tan by using some of that stuff you have in your hand. It's for people who burn and never tan. I want a good tan and now we can protect you. Now we can both get lots of fresh air and sun and you won't have to spend hours all taped up in our dark little cabin.

The sandals flopped and slapped and they were nearly impossible to walk in. I had to hold the robe together and all of the other stuff in my other hand. We went along the corridor to the elevator, up to the Main deck and aft to the pool.

Sue picked out a couple of lounge chairs, right out in the open, in the hot sun. She spread a towel out on one of the chairs, stretched out on it and handed me her bottle of tanning lotion. She had me pull her suit straps off of her shoulders and cover all of the bare skin. When she was all coated with lotion, she told me to wipe my hands well, then pull her bathing suit straps back on her shoulders again. "I'm not going in the pool, so if you mess up my suit with that stuff, it will show all afternoon." She suggested that I hit the pool, before we both starved to death. She said that it gets real humid when the sun goes down, so I had better get a move on while there was a nice hot sun to dry that bathing suit. "Don't go in too deep and get your head wet. The wig might just float away and leave you in a very embarrassing situation. A man in a lady's bathing suit, standing in the mid-

dle of a swimming pool, trying to catch a wig floating away, that would be an excellent time to have a camcorder.”

I prayed that someone would distract Sue’s attention for about ten minutes. I could make believe that I had been in the pool and was wiping my self off. Just then someone splashed me and the wet spots on the suit changed color. How did she always come up with little things like that? She didn’t even have to watch to see if I went in the pool, the color of the suit would tell on me if I try to cheat. When she put that non-tanning stuff on me, she would feel if the suit is wet or not, so there is no way out. Get in, get wet, get started drying out, and get this consequence over with.

I walked to the low end of the pool, went down the ladder into the water, and walked out ‘til I was up to my neck. I stood there for a couple minutes, then turned back to where the water was only waist deep. I splashed water up on my arms and got one more of those shocks when I saw the bright red finger nails on the hand that was rubbing my arm. My first reaction was to try to hide the hands under water, but that of course would not get rid of the nail polish. That polish was helping to convince those who could see me that I was a female.

The second shock came practically on top of the first one. Standing in the water, near the side of the pool, my shadow was cast on the top of the water and the pool wall. The sun was extremely bright and my shadow showed the silhouette of a lady with a remarkably large bust. I looked around to see who was casting that shadow, then I realized that it was me. That caused my face to become bright red as I blushed in embarrassment.

A nearby swimmer splashed me quite thoroughly. I decided that I was wet enough, so I climbed up the ladder, out of the pool, and returned to our lounge chairs. I was dripping water everywhere I walked; I proceeded to wipe my self dry. I used two towels and soaked up all of the water that I could get out of that bathing suit. I considered wrapping myself in one of those big bath towels, then realized that the bathing suit would never dry if I covered it up.

Following Sue’s lead, I spread a dry towel on the lounge chair and laid face down on it. I wanted to stay that way forever, because I was humiliated by how feminine I looked, when even my shadow demonstrated that fact so vividly. I wanted to get up and run to the cabin and rip off the bathing suit, and hide there ‘til the cruise was over. I wanted to take the suit off, hang it to dry and cover up with the towel while I waited. I asked Sue if I could do that and she answered, “Take that towel off, make believe that you are a hot dog on a rotisserie cooker and keep rolling over till your suit is dry. Make sure that the sun can get to places like your bust and crotch area because the material there is quite thick and will need lots of exposure to get it dry.

“Your skin is light and has absolutely no tan, so you had better keep lots of that sun screen on or you will get one hell of a burn. That sun is almost directly overhead, and awful hot. Lets take turns, you did my back, so I’ll do yours, we can do our own fronts.” Sue came over and coated my bare skin with that special

stuff she had found, to protect me from tanning. After about twenty minutes, she told me to get up, do my front side with the lotion and lay on my back for a while.

My stomach was growling for something to eat. I kept feeling the bathing suit, to see if it was drying, Sue saw me checking the suit, and said, "You need to do a lot more drying. Cheer up and be thankful that it isn't cloudy or after dark, or you would be here 'til morning trying to dry out."

It took almost three hours before that damn bathing suit was anywhere near dry. Much longer and we would miss supper in the dining room. Finally, Sue slid her hand down into the top of my suit and said, "That's good enough, lets go get some food."

I got up off from that lounge chair, put on the transparent robe, took off the sunglasses and put them in Sue's purse, We started for the bow of the ship where the buffet was located, and quickly got in line. Sue handed me a tray and proceeded to tell me the items I should put on the tray for her. I loaded the tray with coffee and soup in open cups, a plate full of meat and vegetables and a cup of fresh fruit with lots of juice. She warned me to carry the tray carefully and not slop the liquids all over the tray; we headed for our cabin. That trip covered almost the whole length of the ship, down five levels, then a ways along a corridor to our cabin. The smell of that food was torture because I was so hungry. I expected her to tell me that the plate full of food was for me but when she had the cabin door open, she took the tray. She stood in the doorway and said; "Thanks for carrying my tray. Now you can go get whatever you want to eat." She backed inside and pushed the door shut with her foot.

Standing in that corridor, facing the locked cabin door, almost starving to death, I wondered if I could flip flop on those sandals all the way up and back to get my meal. It was now after four o'clock, and the evening meal would be served in an hour. I could hang around and wait for that. Damn, we were required to dress "casually formal" for dinner. I couldn't hold out for another hour without food after smelling it at the buffet. I had better get a move on or I'd faint from hunger.

On the way back up to the buffet, I made a much-needed rest stop at a busy Ladies room. I held the robe closed, rushed in and right into a stall. The panty girdle and the leg opening of the bathing suit were too tight, I couldn't pull them aside enough. I had to take the suit and the girdle down and in the process, one of the fake boobs fell out on the floor and almost rolled away. What a project that was, holding two falsies, trying to get the girdle back on, while trying to keep from crushing the family jewels, and finally get the suit up in place. The bust was filled out again with the liquid-filled false boobs. I put the robe back on, pulled it tight around me, and almost ran out of the ladies room.

I was so hungry that I could kill for food, The buffet line seemed to drag; those ahead of me were not as anxious to eat as I was. As I went through the line, I picked out mostly solid foods; the soda was split up into two cups so that it wouldn't slop over the top of the cups. The tray was quite full and I headed for the back of the ship, holding the tray with both hands. The robe, with no way to hold

it closed, was flapping in the breeze of my forward movement and showing off everything that it was supposed to be hiding. The floppy sandals were slowing me down; they must have been designed to only allow a casual walking gait.

The elevator was full. As I was getting on, I heard Pete speak from somewhere behind me, "Emily, can I carry your tray for you?"

I experienced an instant panic as if a very vicious dog had just confronted me. He couldn't feel me up if he was carrying my tray, but he wouldn't just go away when we arrived at the cabin. Maybe Sue would send him packing, so that we could shower and dress for dinner. What could I do?

The solution surprised me. This guy standing next to me pulled me in just a little bit and told Pete, "You can catch up on a lower level." He hit the Door Close button and we went down to the level of my cabin. I made short work of the distance from the elevator to the cabin and banged on the door with my knee. When Sue opened it, I bulldozed my way into the room and almost screamed at her to close the door.

I set the tray down and told Sue that I had met Pete up on the main deck, but he couldn't get close because the elevator was full. I had gotten away and managed to get there without him catching up with me. I kicked off the damned sandals, pulled off the bathing suit and girdle and started to eat my lunch.

I was sitting on my bunk in the nude and enjoying the food. Sue had finished her meal and wanted me to tell her about my trip to the buffet alone. As I ate, I filled her in on my trip to the ladies room and some more of what happened when Pete recognized me as Emily.

She suggested that I look in the mirror and I received another shock. Sitting there on my bunk was a man with a beautiful tan on all of the area that had not been covered by the bathing suit. The outline of the suit top was unmistakable and the tan was so dark that it would be impossible to go without a shirt, because everyone could tell that I got my tan while wearing a lady's bathing suit. The reflection showed me the body of a man with no boobs and no chest hair, but with the most contrasting skin shades that I had ever seen. I looked like an Indian, golden bronze over all of the area that had been exposed to the sun. The skin that had been covered by the suit was still winter-white. Wow! Looking at Sue; her arms were just a light tan color. Just the sort of tan that would tell everyone that she had been out in the sun, but was careful to control her tan. The blouse she was wearing didn't allow me a view of any skin that had been covered by her bathing suit, so I couldn't make a direct comparison between the two of us.

She said that I had used the non-tanning lotion on her and she had applied the tanning lotion on me. In just those few hours of exposure, that lotion had produced a startling result. "Just think, Emily, you will be able to show everyone your beautiful tan lines when we get home."

That sneaky bitch, she purposely gave me the wrong lotion so now I couldn't let anyone see me without a shirt on. There was no question of how I was dressed when I got this tan. I would have to find a way to get the rest of my chest and back tanned, to hide the tan lines that were there right now, and I could not let

anyone see me while I was getting that tan. If I did not succeed, then I couldn't go swimming in a man's bathing suit, at all that summer. What a fate that would be. I love to swim, almost as much as sex.

The remainder of the week was pretty much a carbon copy of the humiliation of Emily. The final night, Fancy Dress Ball, promised to be quite an affair, Sue had that well planned also. This would be the big mixer, in the Grand ballroom, with formal attire required. The big gown I had seen in my garment bag wasn't for some other woman, it was my outfit for the ball. It had a formfitting top, with an extra high lace collar and long sleeves, just below the fitted waist. It started to flare out till it was about ten feet across at ankle level. There was a big hoop slip to go under it. Sue corrected me, it was not a "slip", it was a petticoat, and its job was to make the gown spread out to its fullest. The gown she had chosen for herself was very feminine and formfitting, but the long skirt was what she described as an A-line. It was low-cut with short sleeves and there were long gloves to complement the gown. She wasn't going to be subjected to all the problems associated with wearing a gown with a big hoop. I guess she was using that as a way to restrict and help keep me in line, a sort of hobble.

Sue had me spend quite a bit of time on etiquette. She also found Pete and asked him to come and help me practice dancing in the big gown. We had encountered the two guys a couple of times in midweek, but we had avoided any petting sessions. If Pete was going to be around, that meant that I had to be dressed all the time.

The final dance lesson was done with me in the gown, in order to get me familiar with the way to handle myself while wearing it. That meant that Pete had to go for a walk while Sue helped me get out of the street dress and into all of that fancy gown stuff. The dancing instructions included grasping part of the hem and holding it while we danced, to avoid stepping on it and tripping myself up or tearing the gown. Pete was up to par, looking down the front when I was in the street dress and rubbing his leg between my legs. He was also holding me so close that his chest was pressing against my boobs when I was wearing the big gown. Getting through doorways would be difficult because of the big hoop and stairs would be near impossible because I wouldn't be able to see where I was putting my feet. When I sat down, the hoop held the bottom of the skirt way up in front of me. I got a look at myself in the mirror with it up in the air and my panty hose and the crotch part of the one-piece were in full view. I was instructed to place both hands on the front of the skirt before I tried to sit down, I should ignore trying to smooth the skirt under me, the petticoat will keep the gown from bunching up and wrinkling when I sat on it. I let go of the front of the gown once and it shot up in the air for yet another full exposure. The pantyhose and the foundation did an excellent job of smoothing out any bulge from the family jewels. The tight-fitting top of the gown was really strained trying to contain the big falsies; Pete couldn't look down the front because the gown was fully closed all the way up to the top of the collar. The biggest problem that we faced was trying to dance, with me in that big gown inside our little cabin.

The rented gowns would create a distinct difference in our looks, so Sue suggested that this should be the night to count the passes, pinches and propositions we would receive, to determine which one of us was the most desirable. There would be very little possibility that any one could discover what was hidden beneath the feminine underwear I was wearing, especially with the gown and petticoat running interference. The rest room might present some unique problems in this outfit, so I was very careful about the amount of liquid that I consumed.

There was a special last supper in the large dining room and it wasn't formal dress, I had to take off all the clothing that went with the big gown and put the street dress back on for dinner, then we were off to the dining room. Pete had promised that he and Joe would join us at our table. I felt that it was unfortunate that they had accepted Sue's invitation. Pete sat on my left; with Sue on my right, we each only had to protect one flank from invasion.

Being the last night of the cruise, it was "pull out all the stops" for the guys. They figured that every single broad on that boat was there to see how many times they could get laid in a week. In my case, Pete was more likely to get screwed than laid.

With the evening meal completed and our chastity miraculously still intact, it was time to go get dressed for the Ball. It would start at ten and wind up around two in the morning, with a variety of music to please everyone's style of dancing. Sue asked the fellows to come to our cabin at ten and escort us to the dance. They were very pleased with the invitation. I wasn't.

We returned to our cabin, shed our dinner outfits and I had to take my constant companion, the razor, get into the shower, and remove every hair that even dared to consider protruding from anywhere on my body. My face felt raw when I had finished shaving. The usual undies were laid out for me, also deodorant and that miserable one-piece thing again. So far there didn't seem to be any deformation from mashing my male parts flat for hours at a time, although it would be nice if someone would design a more comfortable way of dealing with that situation.

The huge hoop petticoat was placed on the floor and I stepped into the hole in the center of that big circle, then I pulled up the waistband and secured it to my waist by tying the drawstring. There was another debate about where the opening of that waistband should be. No one was supposed to see that far up under the gown so why did I have to tie it behind my back, Sue said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do. Now, tie it in back and stop redesigning the wheel."

We had more time than expected or I was getting proficient at getting dressed, believe whichever you choose, so we were ready and waiting for Pete and Joe. They were probably having quite a time getting into the tuxedos the men were required to wear for the Ball. Sue suggested that we discuss what would happen after the dance or when we were tired of dancing. My Dad used to call dancing, "Uptown Solicitation for Downtown Business." Sue said, "You know that they expect to spend the night, probably with one of us here and the other one in their cabin. What are you going to do when you have to strip and put out for Pete? I'll

bet that you get the shit beat out of you. What do you think about giving them a taste of what you have endured all week? Let's plan to put them into panties and bras and put them to bed together for the night in their cabin."

"How in hell are we going to force them into those clothes? They will more likely force us out of ours and into bed with them," I responded.

"Negative masculine thoughts again, dear sister Emily. We will have to act as if we expect to go to bed with them and that will keep their patience level high. Let's tell them that I am a massage expert and because we expect a good performance, we want them to be wide-awake, so we are recommending a massage as the way to get things started. If they are supplied with enough booze, they will be mellow enough to accept our lead, but not so drunk that they are not aware of what is going on. I will talk them into accepting my offer of a massage, take Joe to his cabin, ask him to strip down to his undershorts and give him a good massage including the armlifts that relax the neck and shoulders. While I am doing Joe in, you can get Pete down to his undershorts and start the massage on his back and legs. I will come back and show him how much the armlift will wake him up and we can walk him to their cabin and figure out how to leave them for the night. If we can pull it off, we can come back here and play husband and wife. I think we will both need it. Your bras will fit them, with a little stretching, so we can sacrifice two of them and two pairs of your panties as payment for our fun session afterwards. For your enjoyment later, I expect the utmost in cooperation. If you let me down, I'll leave you here with Pete and I'll go to their cabin with Joe. I know that I won't get beat up and I'll be paying you back for cheating on me, by getting a little something on the side."

The men arrived shortly after ten; they reminded me of penguins in their tuxedos. We had a round of drinks before going to the Ballroom; they got doubles while ours were almost all soda and ice. We went to the Ballroom and found a small table for four. The guys went to the bar and bought a round of drinks. While they were gone, Sue warned me to take it easy on my drink. It would be full-strength and could put me under the table. "Let the ice melt before you start to drink and then just sip it. It gives the impression that you really like it, without knocking you on your fanny." My limit was usually two a night, booze has a detrimental effect on my sexual performance and I didn't want any ugly rumors getting out that I was not up to the task.

The dancing was rough because I still wanted to lead, which is a difficult habit to break. It doesn't happen with a snap of the fingers after so many years of leading on the dance floor. The huge hoop skirt was another dimension, it is always there, right in the way and I kept getting snarled up in all of the skirts. Pete wasn't looking down the front of the gown, but the stretchy material was emphasizing the two big falsies hidden under it. He found many opportunities to rub against them. He kept pushing his knee in between my legs as we danced. There was obvious proof that he was excited about holding me so close and probably influenced by his expectations for later, after the dance.

Joe was even more aggressive than Pete. He held me too close. Holding me was revolting enough, but he was trying to get inside my clothes with me. I decided

never to dance a slow number with him again. Sue and I kept ordering drinks for our table, but actually the guys got three times as many as we did and theirs were doubles.

About one o'clock, I asked Sue to help me go to the bathroom. We excused ourselves and went to the ladies room in the dining room area. We were the only ones in there. I lifted up the front of the big gown and Sue went in under it, unhooked the one-piece thing, pulled the pantyhose down and the crotch of the panties to one side. I tried to back into a stall, but the back of the gown kept hanging up on the doors and the toilet. Finally I went in face first with the front of the gown held up and the sides squeezed in to fit through the door. I tried to turn around once I was inside but it was too much trouble. I was afraid of tearing that rented gown, so I sat down facing the toilet tank and took care of my very urgent problem.

When I stood up, Sue pulled on the back of the skirt, I squeezed the sides in again and backed out of the stall. I had to hold up the front again while she went in underneath and relocated the underwear and the pantyhose. When she was finished, she could detect my erection, so before coming out from under the big skirt, she reached up, rubbed the telltale bulge and said, "Patience, my dear Emily. You may get to use that thing, if we are successful."

Twenty minutes later, Sue said, "Let's get out of here, dear sister. Have you had enough dancing as a lady?" Then, turning to the guys, "We want to leave and go to our cabin and get out of these gowns. There isn't room enough for you two and still give us the privacy we need to change our clothes. Would you two stay here, finish your drinks and allow us fifteen minutes of privacy, then you can come to our cabin? We can have a sort of last dance, then put the plan into action." Pete and Joe agreed to Sue's suggestion, Probably Pete agreed because the big skirt was literally holding him at arms' length and a regular dress would allow him closer contact. My feelings were mixed; it was a blessing that both of the guys couldn't look down the front because of the closed high-necked gown. The skirt held them at bay to a certain extent, but I sure was tired of trying to get around wrapped up in that goddamn gown. I wanted out!

We left the Ballroom and went straight back to our cabin. In the elevator, Sue pointed out that the big petticoat hoop made the gown spread out to take up over half of the elevator floor space. If we were both wearing hoops, there wouldn't be room for both of us in the elevator at the same time.

We would need all of that fifteen minutes to get out of the gowns to get ourselves into presentable shape again, and also put away all the things we had just taken off. Just as we had completed the change back into the dresses we had worn to dinner there was a knock on the door. I went and opened it for the guys. I also mixed drinks for each of us and we sat and talked for a little while. Both men were busy, kissing and feeling. Joe looked a little under the weather, but he was still determined to hit pay dirt before he succumbed to the effects of the booze.

Sue said, "Joe, you look as though you are fighting to stay awake. I am an expert at massage, Let's go to your cabin and I'll give you a massage that will have you wide-awake in no time. Emily, you get Pete ready and start massaging his

back and legs. I'll come back and do my specialty magic on his shoulders and neck. Once they are really awake, who can say where our activities will lead?"

Joe brightened right up and was standing near the cabin door, waiting to open it for Sue. When they were gone, I suggested in the most feminine voice I could manage, that Pete strip down to his undershorts and lay face down on the bed. He lost no time in complying with my request.

I was worried about Sue being able to pull it off with Joe, but he was so anxious to get laid that he was not the least bit suspicious of Sue's plan. When he realized that his wrists were bound, it would be too late. She had certainly tricked me into the taped wrists so quickly that I didn't have a chance to fight back. Joe would be so anxious to please her that she could probably knit mittens for both of his hands before he realized that he was bound up with adhesive tape. Then she could raise one of his legs up and tape the ankle to his hands. That would certainly make sure that he didn't run away.

My massage was putting Pete to sleep and he started to complain. I said, "That's all right, Pete, let go. Sue will be right back. If you are asleep when she arrives, she will bring you back to wide awake in just a matter of minutes. Relax, don't fight it, you have a lot of things to do yet tonight, things you will remember for a long, long time." He was so relaxed that I believe I could have talked to him in my regular male voice and he would not have realized what he was hearing.

Sue came in with a big grin on her face and held up her right hand with the thumb and fore finger forming a circle and the other fingers pointing straight up. It meant that her task had met with total success. Sue looked at Pete's Boxer shorts, pointed to them, smiled at me and asked Pete if he was relaxed. From near sleep, he grunted a yes. She said that Joe was wide-awake and waiting for her to return. Feeling Peter's neck and shoulders, she told him that they certainly needed her attention. "No wonder you are falling asleep. I need your help for just a few minutes, Raise both of your arms up as high as you can. That's right, don't push too hard. Lower them back down, rest for a few seconds and do it again. Great. Now lift them up again and hold that position while I work on your neck muscles. There, now lower your arms down near your fanny and move them in to touch together. That's great, spread your fingers apart, then lace them together into one big fist, that's right. Now one last step, raise your right shoulder off the bed by moving your clasped hands to the left. You're getting the hang of it. Reverse that action and raise your left shoulder. Feel that pull on your neck muscles? Once more on each shoulder should be enough, but hold each side for about a minute, it will stretch the neck muscles and relax them. Here, let me help you and we can get just a little more stretch out of each move." While she was helping him, she was also getting several wraps of tape around his wrists.

When she said, "There, that's enough exercise," and let go of his arms, he realized that he was bound up. He started to fight, but to no avail. She had him trapped. She stepped back, let him struggle for a minute, then said, "Pete! Stop your struggling and listen. You are at least seventy pounds heavier than I am and tremendously stronger. I have just used my wits to maneuver you into a relaxed state and encouraged you to help me while I bound your wrists behind your back.

You are wide-awake just like I promised, aren't you? Now get up, we are going for a walk." Pete was so shook-up over his predicament that he just got to his feet. We wrapped my terry cloth robe around him, picked up his clothes, plus two bra and panty sets and walked him to his cabin.

We let ourselves in and found Joe right where Sue had left him, wrists taped like Pete, but with one ankle also attached to his wrists. I pulled the robe and Peter's boxer shorts off and made him step into the panties as I held them. They were pulled up to replace his boxers. Unhooking the straps of a bra, I slipped it around him, secured the back and then reattached the straps. Sue had quite a bit of trouble putting a bra on Joe because he was lying on his belly, but she managed. She cut the ankle tape and then had Joe stand while I changed his shorts for the other pair of panties. Now we had two men standing together, showing off their bras and panties. Sue pulled her Polaroid out of her purse and got a good picture of each of them. She told Pete to lay face down on the bed and had Joe lay beside him. She got on one side of the bed with me on the other and had me get a good hold on Joe's ear and twist it a little. Then she told Joe that she was going to release his wrists and he was to lay his arms beside his thighs and place his open palms flat against his thighs. Any resistance could cost him an ear. When she cut the tape, he started to struggle. I applied more twist on his ear and he stopped struggling almost immediately. There was one other place we could have applied the same twist, which would have given us the same result, but this way we didn't have to disturb his pretty white nylon panties.

Sue quickly stuck tape to his thigh and hand and, lifting that leg slightly, unrolled several turns of tape around both; the same thing was done to the other thigh and hand. We turned Joe over on his back, then we taped Pete the same as Joe and turned him over. Sliding Joe up beside Pete, their upper arms were secured together with tape, likewise for the two ankles that were side by side.

There they were, two strong men, rendered totally helpless by the cunning of a lady who weighted only a shade over one hundred pounds. Sue said, "I told you that it would be an exciting night. I'll bet your blood pressure is sky high right now, not from sex but from frustration. You have been cheated out of sex by a girl half your size, with the cooperation of her husband."

Both men looked totally surprised when she reached up and removed my wig. Pete was livid, probably because he realized that he had spent a week trying to make it with me, a man.

"Emily is my female companion for the week long cruise and was trapped into his present type of clothes and pose the very same way that you two were. He has behaved quite well most of the week since he spent his second night on board, trussed up just as each of you are now. In fact, tonight, he will get to use the equipment that has been tucked away for this whole cruise, as a reward for his good behavior.

"You two are in a very compromising situation right now and the only way out is to cut that tape. Now if you are quiet until we wake up in the morning, we will come back and release you. Your other choice is to yell your brains out 'til some-

one can get the door unlocked and come in and release you. Of course you will have to suffer the embarrassment of them seeing you wearing bras and panties and that will be quite hard to live down. Stories like this are told over and over again. Good night, boys! We had a nice time at the dance, maybe we will see you in the morning. We are going to our cabin and have ourselves some real hot sex.”

Sue replaced my wig and we returned to our cabin, anxious to get into bed. We quickly removed our dresses. Sue stripped to her bra and panties, then she unhooked the one-piece foundation garment for me. She pulled down my pantyhose and I got a big surprise; she refastened the one-piece crotch hooks again. My thoughts went into high gear. What now, more tape? She had promised a good sex session if I cooperated and I thought I had done my best. Sue looked up from her kneeling position, saw the scared and puzzled look on my face and started to laugh. “You are not in trouble, for once, I decided that if the two boys could sleep together in their cabin, in their unmentionables, that it was acceptable for us to do the same. After all, we are registered as sisters. Forget what I said earlier in the week about not being a lezzie. I am anxious to give it a try as two girls. Pull your equipment out beside the crotch piece. Hurry up, let’s get into bed. We can rub our boobs together and still do the things that a regular couple would do.” We were in bed and all over each other. Finally, after a very satisfying session, we each reached a wonderful climax. Sleep claimed us soon after, as we relaxed in each other’s arms.

It was one of the most exciting sessions I had ever experienced, one that I will remember for a long time and for many reasons. Sue was a demon, really enjoying every bit of our sexcapade. I was in high gear, enjoying every minute of our love session. The fact that I was still in ladies underwear for some reason was a turn-on, even though I had mentally pondered ways to get out of these girls’ clothes all week. It seemed to add to the size of my erection and to my ability to perform. Having abstained from sex for what seemed like forever made me a real tiger. Thinking about Joe and Pete in their present predicament added another dimension to the action.

Around 6:00 AM, I woke up, very uncomfortable in the one-piece rig and falsies. I got up and removed them. I made a quick trip to the bathroom and jumped back into bed still in the nude. What a different feeling that was; all week I had been required to wear bras, falsies, and nighties. Now it was like heaven to slide in-between the sheets and snuggle up to Sue in the nude. Then I remembered the guys trussed up together. Aware of how many drinks they had consumed, I wondered how they were going to get to the bathroom, or were they lying there in bed in puddles? Maybe they made enough noise, so that someone came and released them, or maybe they were still there, waiting for our return.

Sue woke up about 8:30 and we got dressed. I got chewed out for not wearing a nightie. Of course I still had only “Emily” clothes to wear, so I had to go through all that dress-up shit again. We went by the boys’ cabin on the way to breakfast and let ourselves in. Sue opened the door very carefully; we didn’t want them to get the jump on us, if they had succeeded in getting free. There they were, two very angry fellows, lying side-by-side on the bed. They told us that they had made

two trips, three-legged style, to the bathroom to stand in the shower and wet the panties I had put on them.

We removed the bras and cut the tape on Pete's left wrist. We took the scissors and bras with us and went out and locked the door. They would be quite a while getting free and because of their method of going to the bathroom, they would have to shower before they could dress and go after us, so we would be safe in the middle of the Continental Breakfast. After we finished our breakfast, we went straight back to our cabin and started packing. Everything came out of the closet and bureau, into our luggage. The packing to go home was quite different for me. First of all, there were no men's clothes to go in my bags, just the girl clothes I had worn all week and not as much care was required to prevent wrinkles.

Sue pulled out her yellow one-piece bathing suit, held it up and she said, "Emily, have you any idea where your bathing suit went?" When she had my attention, she reached down inside her suit and pulled mine out. "It cost me five bucks to get a guy to go into the men's locker room and steal it for me. Wasn't it fortunate that I came out of the ladies locker room just as you came out looking for me? I rushed in changing, I didn't even bother to put on my pantyhose and I was standing just inside where I could see you when you came out. I had time to get completely dressed and do my nails and makeup. You must have fallen asleep in the shower. Once I had your suit, I took the key out of its pocket, hid your suit inside mine and put the key in my purse. I hung my bathing suit up to dry here in the bathroom. It took two days to dry because of yours hidden inside of it. I couldn't mail it home with your other clothes because it was wet. You were convinced it was stolen so you never thought to look for it here in our cabin. I went for a walk while you sat on the bed, nude, pondering the fact that you were going to have to be my sister for the week. I talked a deck hand into getting your clothes out of the locker by telling him that you had gotten seasick as soon as the ship started to move and had gone to bed. I went to the ship's Post Office, bought a box and mailed your clothes home. When we spent that afternoon sunbathing, I wore my other one-piece suit. Your suit remained hidden for the whole cruise, so that the only way that you could go swimming again on the cruise would be in that lady's one-piece bathing suit, as Emily."

"Now that means that you are going home as Emily. It will be dark by the time we get to the Bus Terminal. You can go get the car and bring it up to the baggage claim area. I will have a porter load the bags in the trunk. Oh Emily, driving a car in heels is quite an experience, so be very careful or kick your right shoe off. I had the car serviced just before the cruise, so the floor mats are nice and clean; if you do remove your shoe, you shouldn't harm your pantyhose. Being dark, it will be safe to go right straight home with you dressed, but if an emergency occurs near home, there is a package under the passenger side front seat with shirt, pants, socks, and shoes for you to wear over Emily's lingerie. It is scary to enter a dark house at night as a woman, but we won't have to worry because Emily, the real Emily, will be there to greet us, with the door unlocked and the lights on. She wants to see the results of the plan that she helped formulate. A sort of payback for standing in the back of our closet for over an hour all taped up and helpless. I

have no idea how we could have explained her presence to Christopher if you had stayed home for the afternoon and caught me trying to free my sister and sneak her out of the house.”

“We have one more problem to solve: two people named Emily. The cruise is over but your sentence for cheating is really just beginning. That means many more hours as a girl. A girl should have a girl's name. I'm going to give you a new name; Christopher will become Crystal at home, so your nickname 'Chris' will always get your attention. 'Crystal' suggests fragile, delicate, and beautiful. You will develop those characteristics during your first year of training.”

My God! This woman should get an A+ and a gold star for all the planning that went into this one-week cruise.

The bus ride on the way home was a total disaster. The Redhead, Tricia, was seated across the aisle, just as she was on our way to the ship. She recognized Sue; put two and two together and arrived at the conclusion that this lady was the guy that had been sitting there the previous week, on the way to the cruise ship. This was the guy she had been talking to there on the bus and at the pool on board the ship. She kept looking at me with a great big smile on her face. She would hold up her left hand and slap the back of it with her right one. She scribbled a note in large print on a note pad and held it up where I could read it. The message was, “Got your wings clipped, bad boy!” That word “boy” had a line through it, and the word “girl” followed the crossed-out “boy”. When I saw it, my face got red, and I mean RED! There was no way the makeup could hide it, Tricia saw this and was overjoyed with the reaction she had caused. She wasn't totally happy with this discovery; she had to share it, so she alerted her female traveling companion. Soon, both of them were enjoying my predicament. My embarrassment level went clear off the chart. I wanted to dissolve right into the bus seat

We still had over two hours to go before we would get to our destination. The Redhead was tickled with her discovery and decided to try to engage both Sue and I in conversation. She started off by loudly introducing herself to me and this got Sue's attention. Laying her magazine down, Sue saw my near-paralyzed state and immediately understood what was happening. Looking at the Redhead, she saw the note that Tricia had written.

Without ever saying a word about what had just transpired, they engaged in a sort of “lifelong friendship” routine, which centered on what “we” girls were wearing. What styles we preferred, the brands, colors and fragrances that we wore. They kept trying to drag me into their discussion by asking for my opinions on bra types, skirt lengths and nail and lipstick colors. Who is your beautician, and is your Gynecologist male or female? What do you prefer, Sanitary pads or tampons? Sue got on the subject of girdles and elaborated on how the one-piece foundation performed as a body shaper and on how well it erased any non-ladylike bulges. She went on to state that Crystal always dressed with panties and pantyhose under it and that brief style girdles were excellent under bathing suits.

They discussed the pro's and con's of front and back hook bras, their brand preferences, where they shopped for them and whether they always tried them on

before they bought them. The next subject just naturally followed: Bust sizes, padded bras, falsies and breast implants. They had much information to share on breast implants. They named several prominent women who had them inserted. There were many comments about how great they look, how well they adapt in your body, how they never get out of place, never fall out if you remove your bathing suit in a toilet stall, and how you never have to worry about forgetting one or both of them. They go every where you go, twenty-four hours a day. If you need a smaller bust line for some special fashion, you just put on a minimizer bra.

Tricia had a man friend, with well-formed C-cup breasts and he wore a flat front Bandeau bra to keep them from showing through his clothes in public. At home he could relax and wear a leisure bra for support. He even had to have mammograms, and was contemplating a double mastectomy. They took off in high gear about procedure, pain and embarrassment of mammograms.

Reading between the lines, concerning Sue's comments regarding breast implants, I got the distinct impression she felt life would be a lot more enjoyable for Crystal if she didn't have to fuss with falsies all of the time. The short nine hours a day, five days a week which would be spent as Christopher was a lot less than the other one hundred and ten hours a week that would be spent as Crystal. It appeared that the choice should be made to favor the longest time need, and implants were a great choice for Crystal/Christopher.

I wanted to scream at both of them. I wanted to tell them to shut up, to bang their heads together. I wanted to get off this bus, out of these clothes and away from their constant chatter about female things. I could only sit there, listen and turn hot and cold, sweat and shiver. They kept triggering thoughts about how helpless I was. These thoughts pointed out how totally trapped I am and how things could be done to trap me even more. The tan lines created by the female bathing suit were enough of a problem. There was no need to add the utterly devastating humiliation of breast implants. It would mean wearing a bra for the rest of my life. As it was, I couldn't go for a swim unless I wore a shirt.

This went on for what seemed like forever and all that I could do was sit there between them, blush and sweat and worry about what they would do next. Would they tell this whole bus load of people or would this end up as just their own private little joke?

As we neared the end of the bus trip, Sue introduced me to Tricia as Crystal / Christopher and stated that for the next year or so, I would be known as Crystal at home and that I would not be available to help other ladies with solutions to their sexual needs.

When the bus pulled into the terminal, everyone said good-bye, Sue insisted that I say good-bye to Tricia. Of course my male voice set off a round of laughter, and produced another monumental blush, which they all enjoyed.

The long bus trip produced the need to patronize the ladies room, so of course Tricia and her friend Jane and Sue all had to follow suit. They went to extremes to embarrass me in there, with little snide remarks which others wouldn't understand, but I would, so the blush on my face was now almost a bright red.

As we left the restroom, Sue opened her purse, took out the car keys, and handed them to me. I headed for the parking lot to retrieve our car. Tricia's friend Jane was with me as she was going after her car. She kept up a constant line of chatter and questions about how it felt to be able to enjoy the variety of female fashions. When we reached our cars she wished me luck and urged me to relax and enjoy femininity. She said, "It looks like you are in for a long payback period. It will go a lot faster if you adapt to it. Don't fight it, just make up your mind that this is as good as it gets. Good luck, Crystal."

I tried to drive in the high-heeled shoes; after a few attempts, I kicked off the right shoe. I was able to manage the gas and brake pedal much easier with my foot encased in a pair of pantyhose.

A porter placed the luggage in the trunk and Sue opened the passenger side door. She reached in, pulled a package out from under the front of the seat, went back to the still open trunk, unlocked her suitcase, put the package in it and locked the suitcase again and shut the trunk. She got into the car and made a big production of putting the luggage key back into her purse. She said, "Home, Crystal. You drive, that should keep you busy 'till we get there. It is an excellent way for you to get practice at driving while dressed as Crystal."

Arriving at home, we found the house lights on. I drove up the driveway and parked the car with the drivers door as close as I could get to the door of the house. As I was reaching for the key to shut the engine off, I had second thoughts, so I suggested to Sue that she go in. I would drive off and return as soon as Emily left.

Sue didn't say a word. She opened the car door, released her seat belt, leaned over and in one swift motion, shut off the engine, pulled out the key, got out of the car, and headed into the house.

So here I sat, in a car with no key, in my own front yard, right in front of the front door to my house, dressed as a girl. My choices were, go in the house and face Emily, or hide outside until she left. This time of year was warm enough to make the latter choice possible, but we were now into the mosquito season. Dresses are not designed to deter those winged biting insects. They would have a field day biting my bare arms, face, and neck, all the way from the shoe tops to the waist, by biting through the pantyhose. The decision to opt for the first choice was made quickly when the little critters started biting me in the car. Sue had deliberately left the passenger side door open.

In self-defense, I put my right shoe back on, got out of the car and rushed around to the other side, shut the door, then rushed into the house. Facing Emily while dressed as Crystal was a scary prospect. Would she laugh her head off? Would she pick up the line of feminine banter that they had been embarrassing me with on the bus? How would she act? Was my brother-in-law John here too? Was there a hole in this front hall floor which would swallow me up and save me from this embarrassing situation?

I continued along the short hallway. As it opened up into the living room, I could see my wife sitting on the sofa. My heart started to beat at a more normal

pace, as I started to calm down. Apparently Emily had come over and unlocked the door, then had to leave, maybe just before we were due to arrive, so she left everything ready for us.

Sue spoke, "Crystal, come in and let me introduce you to my sister, Emily. She has been dying to meet you. Emily, this is my split personality husband, Christopher/Crystal."

Emily stood up from the high-backed overstuffed chair with its back to me. She came to me because I was paralyzed with fear and unable to move. She put her arms around me in a great big hug, then stood back and looked me over. She commented that she liked the change. She said, "I have always been intimidated by Christopher, but this change to Crystal is great. I feel more secure now, like maybe we can exist as equals. Nice to meet you, Crystal. I hope that we can be friends for years to come. What a welcome change from Christopher.

"Sue, tomorrow is Sunday. There is very little food here in your house. How about John and I providing the eats, and we can have a cook out here in the privacy of your backyard. John knows about you two adopting Crystal and is anxious to meet her. Your backyard is just right, because it is so secluded.

"I am anxious to get John over here, because it will give him the chance to see what would happen to him if he ever gets tempted to sample the wares of any of the stewardesses on the planes that he flies."

Sue was pleased with her sister's idea. They had me sit in the high-backed chair facing the sofa, where they sat side by side. They began their plan with a discussion on what the three ladies should wear. Their choices were selected quickly and I became the center of attention. Emily wanted to dress Crystal as a maid and have her do all of the cooking and serving. Sue preferred John's cooking and wanted to have Crystal dress as a waitress and treat the two sisters as special dinner guests. This arrangement would place John and Crystal together as cook and waitress, to prepare and serve the meal to the ladies.

They got derailed for a little bit, with comments about how they could catch John off-guard and trap him into a girl's role for the day. That would be super, there would be two lady servants to wait on them. Maybe Emily could get John to dress up as a girl by convincing him that Crystal would feel much more at ease if she had John's support. The best way for John to show his support would be for him to come to the backyard cookout in a dress. Sue and Emily were divided on the exact plan of action, but finally decided on the fact that Crystal must be in a very feminine outfit to create the impact they desired.

They went into high gear to select the ultra-feminine outfit for Crystal. Size created a serious limitation and the selections were narrowed down to a tie between the one-piece bathing suit and the hoop ball gown. Crystal had to sit quietly while the merits of each were discussed. Could they accomplish more with near nudity, or by dressing Crystal in that big ball gown?

I finally interrupted by commenting that as far as they knew, John was not in trouble for cheating; our law systems were based on the premise that you are innocent until proven guilty. "Why are you attempting to punish the innocent hus-

band? It would be best to demonstrate the love and trust of this married couple, than to suggest the consequences of infidelity. Why not put the burden of servitude on Christopher, not on Crystal, and make him thoroughly demonstrate a genuine atmosphere of repentance, by being extremely attentive to the needs of both ladies and also to helping John at the grill?"

No way did I want to appear as Crystal in front of John, for a whole afternoon. I couldn't tell them that and maybe they wouldn't read between the lines.

Emily seemed to want to believe the part about love and trust, and about trying to promote more of it.

Sue was hell-bent to keep the utmost control over her wayward husband by using every available excuse to keep Crystal present in our household. The debate went on for quite some time; finally Sue insisted that since the ball gowns had to be returned on Monday morning that the cookout would be a great final showing of how feminine a person looks when they are all decked out in an old-fashioned gown. The person wearing it would appear almost totally helpless, when wearing it at a cookout. The high heels would sink into the soft spots of the spring lawn and stay on top of the hard spots, making walking a near impossibility. Sitting to eat at a picnic table would require a major amount of effort. Being required to wait on the ladies wearing that outfit would be the icing on the cake. As soon as both ladies were served and Crystal seated, John might need something, the ladies might need more punch, the phone in the house might ring, the pickles might accidentally get left in the kitchen, the corn on the cob would be ready to be served, the ladies would need more ketchup.

I was tired of listening to their plans. I didn't dare try another attempt at getting out of posing as Crystal. I wanted to go get out of the clothes that I had been wearing since 8:30 that morning and I wanted the sisters to settle this plan now. Twelve hours was long enough for a man to be confined in an Eighteen Hour girle and bra set. Goddamn Playtex, why couldn't they invent a three-hour set?

The reason for my bitching silently, was because I was ordered to sit quietly, while they formulated their plan, and also because they both were experienced in the use and strength of adhesive tape. I was scared that Emily might be looking for an excuse to get me into a helpless situation like the one she had suffered through in our spare closet a couple of weeks earlier. I sat there and hoped that very soon I would be out of these female clothes and enjoying a nice hot shower.

It certainly looked like Crystal would suffer for many more hours, days, weeks, maybe even years. All of this because Christopher had such an active sex drive, and because he was so self-centered that he didn't even attempt to create a convincing smoke screen as a cover up for his infidelities.

Sunday at a cookout dressed in a hooped ball gown and heels would be just one example of the suffering and humiliation. What Sue couldn't think of, Emily would be glad to help her with. Crystal would have to jump through hoops, or wear them, and perform to perfection...or else.

Sue suggested returning just the gown that she had rented and extending the time on the big one. Next Sunday was Easter, she could get the gown cleaned the

first of the week and put Crystal in the Easter Parade. “We can take Christopher to the hotel downtown, sneak him into the ladies room and into the gown. We can call a taxi and have the driver deliver her to the Parade lineup. Crystal can be a mystery participant. The Parade ends right behind the hotel, so we can help her change back out of the gown in the hotel ladies room, go out the front of the hotel and come home. This little town would buzz for weeks about who was the pretty lady in the huge pink lace gown.”

There you have it, a week on a cruise, stuck with only girls clothes: my wife’s way of getting even with me for cheating. I was even required to return to my own home, wearing a dress. I didn’t believe that it would be possible to get out of wearing Crystal’s underwear under Christopher’s suits. It was quite obvious that I would have to be obedient to Sue’s orders, if I wanted to enjoy any sex at all. It was a fact that there was going to be a total lack of sex from any other source.

There was also the threat she made, that if I was not cooperative enough, I would have to spend more weeks dressed as Crystal, at home, twenty-four hours a day. When she couldn’t be there with me, I would be in handcuffs. The Polaroid pictures had me scared, I couldn’t find them, and believe me, I looked, Sue must have mailed them to her sister Emily. All in all, it was a very shocking way for a man to spend a week, most of all because petticoats are a sure method of controlling a cheating husband.

The Petticoat System

II

By Jamie

The four characters in this story consist of two sisters and their husbands. Sue and her husband, Christopher, just returned from a week-long cruise. Chris was cleverly trapped into wearing dresses for that cruise. Now as they arrive home, the other sister, Emily, is there to assist. She has walked down the country road to open their house and turn on some lights. She is also very anxious to see her brother-in-law return home, dressed as “Crystal”.

There is very little food in the house, because it has been closed up for a week, so Emily suggests a cookout for the next day’s noon meal. The sisters select Sue’s back lawn because it is quite secluded, The three of them sit in the living room while the sisters formulate a plan for that Sunday afternoon cookout. The story is picked up from that point by Crystal.

When Sue and Emily completed their plans for the backyard cookout, it was past our usual bedtime. I wanted to get undressed, shower and hit the sack, Emily lived about a quarter of a mile away and Sue insisted that I walk her home to insure her safety at such a late hour. Emily said that she would feel safe with Crystal as her escort, but would be very nervous to be out alone after dark with Christopher.

I asked about Crystal’s safety on the return trip from Emily’s house; they told me to remember that the man inside that lovely outfit was never afraid of the dark. “Just make believe you are a man as you return home alone.”

Now here it is, eleven-thirty on a Saturday night and Crystal gets her first public outing in her quaint, quiet, and dark little town. Emily is dressed in jeans, sneakers, blouse and one of John’s flannel shirts as a jacket for this cool March

evening. Crystal is still in the outfit that she had to wear all day long. The Playtex girdle is doing its level best to chafe everything that it touches. The high-heeled shoes are very uncomfortable, because Sue wouldn't let Crystal kick them off while they were seated in the living room.

Emily and Crystal left the house, went down the driveway and turned left on the little country road. Emily asked all kinds of questions. "What do you think about ladies clothing after a full week of exposure? Do you think that you would ever want to go back to your old T-shirts and Jockey shorts?"

I answered, "The girdle and shoes are killing me right now and are a thousand times more uncomfortable than my own clothing."

Emily said, "If you had trusted Sue and I to formulate a practical plan for our backyard cookout tomorrow, you would have had plenty of time to go into the bedroom, get out of your dress and slip into an outfit like I have on."

Crystal was frustrated by Emily's response, because Emily heard Sue order Crystal to sit in that chair and be quiet. Emily was enjoying this chance to torment her brother-in-law.

Emily continued, "Sue and I spent many hours selecting just the right wardrobe for you to wear on the cruise and we have high hopes that you will enjoy them for years to come. Are you tired of fussing with falsies, are you in agreement that breast implants would be a practical solution for Crystal and still not inconvenience Christopher too much?"

My answer was emphatic, "No, absolutely no! I did get carried away, and enjoy some extramarital affairs and I suppose that it is only fair that I pay for those indiscretions by whatever punishment Sue requires. When it is over, however, I want to be able to assume my place as the man of the family and send Crystal away on a permanent vacation."

"What makes you think that Sue would ever want to part with Crystal? Any woman that experiences the thrill of control, any woman that gets to be Top Dog, if only for a short period of time, is not going to step back and hand the reins to a man. How many years have you been married? How many years have you been boss? Do you believe in equal rights? Twenty-eight years Sue has had to put up with your control. I'll bet that you have learned lots of interesting things about 'the wife' as you most likely call her. Sue is very talented, capable of much more than you give her credit for. She deserves the opportunity to be boss. She may be hard on you in the beginning, but that will be because of all of the frustrations that have built up over your years together.

"As you become more accustomed to the role of Crystal, and as you begin to accept Sue as the boss, your life will get easier, more tranquil, more relaxed. You will become much more cooperative and you will look forward to removing your masculine office clothing and becoming Crystal on weekends and evenings. What about transitioning into a total female role? You own your own business, why not set a goal to take over as Crystal? There are lots of advantages available for female business owners. You could just live as a female and leave your male parts hidden from the world, but still available for you and Sue to share."

The short walk to Emily's house was not boring, she gave Chris lots of things to think and worry about.

Emily unlocked her kitchen door and said, "Good night, and thank you for walking me home, Crystal. Please be careful and also very alert as you return home. You are not aware of all of the dangers facing a woman out alone after dark. If you get attacked, forget about the clothing you are wearing and let Christopher defend you. There is a distinct difference between a live man in a dress and a dead woman in a dress. That element of surprise can be your ace in the hole, your lifesaver."

Left alone about a quarter of a mile from home, late at night is usually a pleasure for a man that loves to walk after dark, but Emily had just done her best to create that element of fear always present in a female. What should he do if someone, or a car full of males, observed this lady walking alone at midnight, on a rural road with very few houses and no streetlights? The high-heeled shoes were making an awful loud clatter as Crystal walked, and the local dogs responded by setting up a chorus.

An automobile went by, going in the same direction as Crystal, She could distinguish the lone occupant as a female and she breathed a sigh of relief. As Crystal approached the end of her driveway, a car came towards her; with its lights on high beam and the lights nearly blinded her. The vehicle slowed down as it went past. Looking back at the car, Crystal saw the brake lights come on, then the turn signals. It was turning into a side road, so there was no danger. A second glance back at the car revealed the fact that it was backing out of that side road, to come back towards Crystal.

Instant panic. That vehicle had been full of boys, it was time to disappear. There was a clump of bushes and junipers just to Crystal's left, She dove into that thicket, just before the car lights swung around enough to tell the car's occupants where she was. She rushed ahead until she was behind the thicket and fell to the ground, under some of the branches of a juniper bush. Crystal listened as the car sped along the road to the driveway and heard the tires squeal as it swerved into the driveway. It backed out and raked the whole lawn in the arc of its headlights and sped off towards Emily's house. Crystal decided that it was time to be safe at home and she slid out from under the junipers, cut across the large expanse of moonlit lawn, around trees and shrubs, past the front of the house and quickly up to the kitchen door.

The door was locked of course, and Crystal had no key. She pressed the doorbell and hammered on the door with a fist. Sue opened the door and asked, "What's wrong?"

Crystal rushed inside, slammed it shut and slid the safety chain into place. She explained about the car full of boys that had tried to catch her and how she had managed to hide until she could get into the house.

Sue was upset by the condition of Crystal's pantyhose, they were in shreds and there were several bad scratches on her legs. Sue unzipped the back of her dress, sent her in for a shower and informed her that there were nightclothes for her on

the top of the toilet tank. Sue said, "I will doctor up your scratches when you are ready for bed."

What a relief to get those damn shoes off. It felt like heaven when the girdle was removed. The bra was still on but it was no where near the aggravation created by the shoes and the girdle. The clothing went into the hamper, the falsies, jewelry and wig on the vanity, and the person into the shower. Ten minutes later, dried and dressed in panties and nightgown, Crystal entered the bedroom carrying everything that couldn't go in the hamper. She deposited the shoes in the closet and everything else on top of the bureau.

Sue was already in bed, lying there, watching her new creation called "Crystal". She said, "Welcome to the home of Sue and Christopher. It is so delightful to have another lady in the house. I hope that we can always be good friends. Slip into bed and enjoy the new satin sheets. It is like a bit of heaven to feel the luxury of satin around you, especially while you are wearing a nylon nightgown. By the way, you look sensational in yours, lots more sensual than a naked male body.

The day after tomorrow is Monday and you will be returning to your office, wearing your usual business suits. Underneath you will be wearing a bra, panties and pantyhose. You will not have to use a urinal anymore; lowering your panties and pantyhose will have to be done in a toilet stall. While you are in there, you might as well sit on the toilet to empty your bladder.

There was some discussion about the activities planned for the next day, Sunday, but they were both very tired from the long trip home and the late hour. Sleep claimed them quickly.

Sunday morning, Chris woke up to become aware of himself dressed in a nylon nightgown, in a bed with satin sheets and was quite surprised at the feeling of ultimate luxury created by that combination. He wanted to remove the gown and panties and experience the sensations of satin on bare male skin but he didn't dare to disrobe. Sue might force him to wear that damn girdle if he disobeyed her and he was still sore from yesterday's chafing.

The day started with Sue demanding breakfast in bed, served by Crystal, with an apron over her nightgown and wearing a pair of high-heeled slippers.

The cookout was planned for one-thirty and Sue pressed Crystal into service, preparing an exotic fruit punch drink and gathering up the dishes and accessories needed for the meal. Everything was placed on the counter by the kitchen door, to make them easily accessible to the picnic table and the gas grill.

At noontime, Sue instructed Crystal to remove her apron, slippers, nightgown and panties. She sent the nude Christopher to bathe with bath oil in the water and to do a thorough job of shaving. When the cleanup was completed, Chris returned to the bedroom where Sue was waiting, with clothing laid out on the bed.

The panty hose were first, then a matching set of panties, bra and camisole. Sue placed the huge hoop petticoat in the middle of the floor, had Crystal step into the center and she pulled it up and tied it at Crystal's waist with a big bow in

the back. Crystal remembered Sue's comment on the cruise, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do, Don't try to reinvent the wheel."

The vanity was Crystal's next stop and Sue coached her on the proper application of makeup to compliment the beautiful gown. The big gown was put on over Crystal's head and zipped up the back. The wig was added, shaped, then set with hair spray. Sue added little dabs of perfume to her protégé's anatomy and the final touch was jewelry. The resulting reflection from the full-length mirror was startling. The lady that attended the fancy Ball onboard the Cruise ship was rather plain compared to the reflection of the lady facing the mirror in Sue and Christopher's bedroom. It was the exact same clothing, but they were doing much better at making up the face and possibly Crystal was learning how to project a more realistic feminine image.

John and Emily arrived just before one o'clock and Crystal tried to disappear, but Emily searched the house and found her and marched her into the living room to meet John. The look on John's face was complicated to interpret; he was expecting to see a man in a dress and was confronted by a beautiful lady, who was introduced as Crystal/Christopher.

John said, "This is some kind of a joke, Emily. I understood you to say that Sue was forcing Chris to wear dresses, but this is a very pretty lady, not Christopher."

Sue started to laugh, walked up to Crystal and ordered her to welcome John and Emily and tell them to head out to the back yard and enjoy the beautiful afternoon.

Crystal repeated the message almost word for word, with Christopher's voice. John was totally lost for words, he couldn't believe that a man could be made into such a beautiful lady.

John said, "I hear Christopher's voice and I am looking at Crystal. I find it very difficult to put the two together as the same person. You have a beautiful body Crystal; I'm pleased to meet you. Let's get busy and give our ladies a nice dinner. How are you going to be able to set things up and serve in that outfit with such a huge skirt?"

John started the grill and proceeded to cook the food he and Emily had brought with them, Emily and Sue selected recliners and sat side by side in the sun. Their location afforded them full view of the cookout preparations. Crystal carried everything out of the kitchen, set the picnic table and gave John a hand with the food on the grill. John kept warning Crystal to stay away from the flame of the gas grill, because she would go up like a Roman candle if that gown caught fire. The wives enjoyed the chance to relax and watch their servants work at preparing their Sunday dinner.

The waitress had a lot of trouble with the shoe heels sinking into the soft spring lawn, causing off balance situations when only one heel sunk and the other one hit a hard spot and stayed on the surface.

When the meal was ready, the ladies moved to the picnic table and John joined them. Crystal tried to sit on the attached picnic bench, but the gown and the huge petticoat wouldn't cooperate. She ended up standing at one end of the table, eating while standing. She didn't get much chance to eat, because the wives kept her running after things that they needed. They insisted that Crystal wait on them, even for little things they usually did for themselves.

Finally the meal was over; John was invited to sit with the ladies while the maid tackled the task of cleaning up. The food was put away, the grill cleaned, all of the dishes rinsed and put in the dishwasher, or washed, dried and put away. Crystal finished her tasks and pulled a lounge chair close to the others; as soon as she managed to sit down in those big skirts, Emily suggested that this would be a nice time for coffee and desert. Crystal was dispatched to the kitchen to make the coffee and bring out the desert, napkins and, finally, the coffee. That was not enough, she had to serve each of them, while they remained seated in their lounge chairs.

John kept looking at the lovely lady in the big gown, making remarks about how difficult it was to believe that his brother-in-law was inside of that outfit. He asked Crystal how difficult it was to take a leak, asked if he could pat her fanny, and pinch her boobs. Christopher ceased to exist, in John's mind. Crystal was the butt of every derogatory remark John could think of.

When Crystal was through cleaning up from desert and coffee, it was starting to get cool, so everyone moved into the living room. John settled into the large overstuffed chair and the ladies took the sofa. That left a straight-backed chair for Crystal, directly opposite where John was sitting. When she sat down, the hoop raised the front of the skirts up and gave John an excellent view of her panties and pantyhose. Crystal quickly realized her mistake, placed her hands and arms on the big skirt, forced it down to cover herself up and sat there with an extremely red face.

John loved to tease people, so he started embarrassing Crystal about her underwear, lovely nylon-covered legs and her total disregard for feminine modesty. Crystal was thoroughly embarrassed by John's remarks. Finally, Emily came to her rescue. She made John apologize before he found himself dressed in that very same outfit, being teased by Christopher. John was shocked by Emily's threat, then he started to laugh at her. Suddenly he sobered up and sat quiet with an extremely red face.

Crystal wondered what scared John into silence. Had Emily been threatening him with retribution for some offense? Was something said on Saturday night that suggested he might be in trouble with his wife? Would Emily try Sue's exercise/massage routine on her husband and trap him into a helpless situation, or would she get her sister to give John a massage? Was there any way to enlist John's aid in getting out of this forced femininity sentence, or was John going to end up being Crystal's sister-in-law?

The ladies, that is the *real* ladies, wanted to play cards. They set up partners, Emily and Sue against Crystal, and John. The winners would choose the activities for the losers for next Sunday, Easter.

John was very lucky at cards and Christopher was a close second. They looked at each other, John winked and seemed to say, "We can take them and make them follow our orders next Sunday." John accepted their challenge and the game of Bid Whist began.

In the beginning, the card that Crystal would lead off with would be complimented by John's card and vice versa; the ladies were falling behind. At some point, the scores started to even out, and finally the ladies score was one point higher than John and Crystal's score.

The losers were informed that their consequence would be revealed while they were together next Saturday night.

It was about ten-thirty, when Emily and John left for home. Sue offered to send Crystal as an escort and Crystal was afraid that they would accept. Emily had been told about the incident with the car that turned around to accost Crystal the night before and was delighted to see the scared look on Crystal's face. John refused assistance, insisted that he was not afraid of the dark and that he would take excellent care of Emily on the way home, maybe even better care once they were home. Emily blushed a little, then laughed at John's suggestive comments and told him to behave himself.

Now that Sue and Chris were home from the cruise, there was no need to hand launder any clothing. Sue stated that Crystal would be expected to do all of the laundry on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and also on Saturday mornings. She added the fact that they were both working and would share equally in the household duties and the yard work. Sue could ride the lawn mower and listen to its radio, while Crystal cleaned the bathroom, and did the dusting and vacuuming.

That first day at work for Chris, was a very nerve rack-



ing experience. There were no visible signs of the lingerie under the shirt and business suit. There was a tremendous amount of worry, however, about discovery or exposure by accident. The day went very slowly and it was difficult for Chris to concentrate on business matters. His men's room trips were very disconcerting, because he had to undress like a woman in order to empty his bladder.

Why hadn't he been more careful about his affairs? How long would he be required to dress this way? Why had Sue suggested that he assume the name and role of Crystal? Would his business suffer losses if he were forced to become Crystal? Would Sue actually force him to become Crystal? Would his office staff accept the change and stand by him?

There was very little time to engage in the serious aspects of running a tax consulting business. Most of the nuts and bolts of running things were already being handled by his staff. The financial reports showed an exceptional week, which suggested that Chris let the staff continue to prove their capabilities.

Lunchtime found Chris in the cozy little deli about two blocks from his office, enjoying his favorite hot pastrami sandwich. The waitress, Shelly, was one of his favorite extracurricular activities. Oh! What a thrill it had been in the past to help her out of her bra and pantyhose. She didn't wear panties; she claimed that they get lost too easily.

Shelly hung around Christopher's booth, expecting to be hired for the evening. Chris sat, sweated and prayed that the customers would keep her busy. He sneaked out without being embarrassed. He decided that he would have to pick up his pastrami sandwich at the takeout window and find some other place to sit and eat it.

When Chris arrived home, Sue was still at work; she usually arrived about a half-hour later. He found a complete "Crystal" outfit laid out neatly on his side of the bed and he knew what he was expected to do. A lot of thought went into ways to avoid the inevitable, but two pushed him into dressing as Crystal. The first was the fear of the addition of the Eighteen-Hour Playtex girdle to his workday wardrobe. The second was the vivid memory of the night onboard ship, with his hands and wrists taped to his thighs. Crystal was just starting to shape and brush her wig when Sue arrived.

Sue seemed quite pleased to find Crystal following orders and she applied some of Crystal's makeup for her. She asked how things had gone at his office in his absence. "How did your staff perform? Were there a lot of problems to be solved? Did they miss you? Did they need you? Is it possible to place more of the daily operational routine in their hands and concentrate on the future direction and growth of the company? Can you evaluate your staff, direct them into their most appropriate positions and free yourself up for issues involving the future of the business?"

"My job may get phased out in about six-months. There is the possibility of being kicked up to a higher management position, with much better salary, but I would have to move to the corporate headquarters in New York. How about it, do

you need a good office manager? Well, we have lots of time for that. Let's put on our aprons and get started on our dinner preparations."

There was no time for Chris to sit and enjoy the evening paper while Sue prepared the dinner. It was imperative that Crystal assist in the process and the process included the cleanup afterwards.

When everything was spic and span in the kitchen, Sue suggested that Crystal spend some time experimenting with makeup, on her own. She needed to observe a top quality facial makeup, then work to duplicate it. There would be times when Crystal would have to dress completely on her own, with Sue unavailable to coach her.

Crystal sat at the vanity and tried to study the look that Sue had created, but she really had no idea what to look for or at. She cleansed her whole face and neck and started over. Sue pointed out the changes that were needed and Crystal stripped her face and started over again. The fourth try produced a result that Sue could accept and Crystal was allowed to proceed to her next project for the evening. Now it was time to sort out her "brother's" clothing, dispose of all of the really worn and tattered apparel and condense the remainder into a smaller space to make room for Crystal's clothing in the bureau and the closet.

Sue informed her charge that in the future she would shower or bathe when preparing to dress as Crystal, after Christopher returned home from work. "Today you were nearly dressed when I arrived home and I believe that you procrastinated quite a bit, before you started to change. Tomorrow, you will have to add the bath or shower, so you will get started as soon as possible. You will put on all clean clothes, as Crystal. At bedtime, you can remove your heels, dress, slip and wig, then put on your nightgown. On Wednesday morning, you will only have to remove your nightgown, padded bra, makeup and nail polish if you are wearing it and dress as Christopher for the day. That will cut the lingerie back to one set for the day, cut down on the laundry and insure that Crystal is always in freshly-laundered outfits. Oh, by the way, you still have Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings free, so select one as your ironing evening. Also, set aside one day a week to take our clothes to the cleaners and one morning to pick up the cleaned ones to bring home. This will be a morning assignment, or you can use part of your lunch break, if you are running late. Always remember, Crystal must greet me at the door on weeknights, completely dressed and made up."

Sue said, "I will plan a way for us to dine out on Friday or Saturday evenings. You will not be recognized as Christopher, even your own brother-in-law refused to believe that the beautiful lady facing him was his wife's sister's husband, Christopher. The real problem will be that people who know me will soon determine the true identity of my dining companion. You don't have to worry about little things like that, Crystal; I will find a solution."

Crystal reminded Sue that they met frequently in town on Friday nights and enjoyed dinner and a movie, before returning home. Sue stopped her comments by saying, "But there is no place for Crystal to dress before we go to dinner."

“The clothing under my suit will suffice to control Christopher’s actions, so what is the big problem?” Chris asked.

Sue responded, “I want Crystal exposed to lots of public functions as a way to acquire feminine social graces and learn all about the benefits and privileges available to females today. They no longer have to walk in their husband’s foot steps, they can blaze their own trails.”

These comments scared Chris; he was still asking himself why Sue was hell-bent to keep Crystal in the foreground. She had suggested earlier that maybe Crystal should take over the ownership of his tax consultant business and hinted that female business owners were considered “minorities” and could get special grants and loan rates.

The life of Christopher/Crystal ran very smoothly, until Saturday evening. The two sisters, Sue and Emily, decided to have dinner together, at Emily’s house. Sue told Crystal that she would be dining with them, not playing waitress. That pleased Crystal a little, Christopher would have preferred to be the person going, but at least Crystal could relax, eat, and not have to wait on the others.

Sue said that Emily had ordered from a Chinese take-out and it would be delivered at seven o’clock. They would eat, clean up the table, play some more cards and discuss John and Crystal’s payback on Sunday, for losing the card game the previous Saturday night.

The meal was great, lots of selections and plenty for everyone and the cleanup took only a few minutes. Every thing that wasn’t put in the refrigerator went into the trash.

They gathered around the dining room table to play cards. Emily held up the game to outline their plan for their husbands for the next day, Easter Sunday. Crystal would be entered in the Parade; that was already etched in stone. John had also lost in last week’s card game and was informed that he would be Crystal’s escort, to and from the parade. They would play games that would produce individual scores. If John’s score was higher than the ladies’ score, then he would just transport Crystal to and from the Parade. If John failed to top the ladies’ scores, then he would march in the Easter Parade with his sister-in Law.

They asked John if he would accept those terms and he said, “yes” He had two things in his favor; first, he was always very lucky at card games. Second, he needed to beat only one of the wives and to be honest, he didn’t mind marching with such a pretty girl. She might have been his brother-in-law, but all of the guys that saw her would be after John to introduce them to Crystal.

They played several different card games and they each kept their own scores. When they totaled up their points, John was the loser. Crystal’s score was one point higher than John’s was and the ladies were way out in front.

Sue and Emily broke the news to John that there was another problem concerning Crystal’s escort in the Parade. Crystal would be a mystery entry; people would recognize John and figure out the identity of the lady in the beautiful pink

gown with the big hoop petticoat. Emily took over from there, as she rose and went to the hall closet and returned with a matching gown and wig.

John was horrified; he knew what was about to happen. He started objecting, refusing to have any part of this plan. Sue ordered Crystal to sit in the recliner in the edge of the living room and not to move. She said, "This is a matter for the wives to settle with John."

They started by trying to convince John that he shouldn't welch on a bet. John countered that they had withheld information from him. Emily tried a different approach; Christopher would be a lot more relaxed in the Parade, if his brother-in-law, dressed identically, were with him for support.

John said, "No, that is spelled N. O. That will be the end of this discussion." Emily walked up to John, as he was seated in one of the high-backed chairs at the dining room table. She said, "OK John, we hear you. We are sorry that we upset you so much; it didn't seem like such a bad idea to us, but we can see just how much it has upset you."

Sue came up on the other side of the chair and they each held out a hand for John to shake as an apology. The girls got a firm grip with John, pulled back on his arms, tipping him and his chair over backwards to rest at an angle against the serving counter. John was off-balance in the tipped back chair and he couldn't get any help from his feet and legs. Sue produced a looped belt and dropped it over John's head and the high chair back. She grabbed John's ear and started to twist. John was trying to get his hands free from their grip and trying to stop Sue from twisting his ear. Emily slipped the looped end of a rope down her arm and over John's wrist and pulled it tight. She tossed the other end of the rope to Sue and grabbed John's other ear and started to twist. Sue released her grip on his ear, grabbed the rope and made several wraps around his other wrist, let go of the hand and tied the rope around both of his wrists.

John was seated in a chair tipped back against the serving counter, with his wrists tied and with a belt around his neck and the chair back. The girls slid the dining room table aside and hobbled John's ankles. All this time, John was swearing at them and asking Crystal for help.

Crystal knew that to interfere would cost her more than she could afford. More confining and restricting ladies clothing and the possibility of another night with her hands taped to her thighs. She wondered what Sue and Emily would do with John right now, especially since the Parade was still over twelve hours away.

The answer to Crystal's thought began to unfold right before her eyes.

Emily released John's trouser belt, unzipped his fly, undid the waist button on his boxer shorts and pulled them down a little. She removed his belt from the trouser belt loops and pulled up his shirt and tee shirt. She placed the belt against his waist; Sue went in behind the tipped chair and buckled the belt tight, behind the chair back. They lifted John slightly and pulled his trousers and boxer shorts down near his knees. His left hand was secured to the waist belt. The right hand was released and his shirt was pulled off of that arm; then they taped that

hand and wrist to his thigh. The left hand was released from the waist belt, the shirt removed, then that one was secured with tape to his left thigh.

They removed the ankle hobble and pulled off the pants and boxers. The waist belt was released and they stood John up. Emily produced a large lady's nightgown. They pulled it on over John's head and down over his body and bound hands and arms. He was marched into the downstairs bathroom, the gown was raised, and he was seated on the toilet. The next room was a guestroom. Sue went in and pulled the covers back. Emily led their captive into the room and ordered him to lay down and slide over into the middle of the bed. Sue tied a rope to his right arm, threw it under the bed and Emily picked up the end and tied it to his left arm. They covered him up, put out the light and shut the door, to shut out some of the noise from his swearing.

Sue and Emily held their right arms up over their heads, stepped in close and struck their open palms together in a gesture of success. They joined Crystal in the living room. Crystal was seated in the recliner that faced the dining room and all the action that had just transpired. Sue complimented Crystal for demonstrating that "Discretion is the better part of valor." Emily said, "If you had interfered, you would have ended up just like John is and like the two fellows, Pete and Joe, from the cruise ship. You would have been stripped down to your bra and panties, taped to John, side by side, your arms and ankles taped together. You would have had to travel together, three-legged style to the bathroom, stand in the bathtub, and wet your panties."

Sue said, "We will leave for home now and return in the morning. I will assist Emily in preparing your twin for the parade. You will do your best by yourself and I will help you with the finishing touches. A taxi will pick up both of you and drop you at the starting lineup. You will have to encourage John to go through with the Parade and Emily and I will meet you inside the ladies room of the Hotel. Both of you will be allowed to walk out of the Hotel as John and Christopher. The cleaning staff will pick up both gowns and return them to the costume rental company. When we arrive back here, we will add the Playtex Eighteen-hour girdle to John's restrictive clothing. We are upset with John and he is going to understand that we keep our word. We promised him an easy Parade trip and he refused; now that man is going to pay the consequences.

"The big secret to this whole charade will be the mystery around the identity of the two lovely ladies in the matching gowns. We were hoping to get John to agree to participate, out of sympathy for you and because it would be fun to pull off a successful coup and leave the town wondering for ages, whom those ladies were.

"That plan failed, so we had to try Plan B, force John to participate. Well, part of that plan has been accomplished. John is securely anchored to the bed in the guestroom. We are going to have some trouble getting him dressed in the morning, but we will try one more time, to enlist his cooperation. If he refuses, we will use force all the way.

“John will be offered the choice of assisting with his transition to a beautiful lady, or being forced and being very uncomfortable for the parade, and right through until bedtime on Monday night.

“Emily found a corset that will fit John and has had it modified to include a two-padlock closure. John can assist us, or be locked into that corset and laced as tight as we can pull it, and know that it will stay locked until bedtime on Monday.”

“What would your choice be Crystal?” Sue asked.

“Well, the duration of the Easter Parade would be about two hours. Add the time getting dressed, getting to the lineup point and getting out of the outfit after the Parade and it would be about three hours total. If he refuses to cooperate, then he is looking at close to thirty-six hours in a corset. There is no question, I would assist the plan and get it completed as soon as possible. I have already had a long exposure to that damn long-leg girdle and I am hoping to avoid a repeat performance in that vice grip. The corset could only be about ten times as uncomfortable. The ultimate torture would be to combine both of them and be encased from mid-thigh to the top of the bust. Thank you, but no thanks,” Chris responded. “I would help you dress me for the Parade.”

When Sue and Crystal arrived home, it was very late. Sue allowed Crystal to undress, shower and sleep in the nude. It was way too late for sex games, especially since they would have to be up early in the morning, to gather up everything required to transform Chris into Crystal, at Emily and John’s house.

Easter morning, they had their usual coffee and toast and cleaned up from breakfast. Chris dressed in the lingerie required under the big gown, covered with a shirt and trousers, carried everything to the car, and they were off to John’s house.

When all of Crystal’s clothing and accessories were in Emily’s bedroom, Chris was told to sit quietly in the chair near the window, in the guestroom and observe the results of the choice that they would offer to John. When Chris was satisfied that the sisters would succeed with their plan to dress John in a matching gown, then he should go into Emily’s room and get into Crystal’s outfit, do the facial makeup, put on the wig, and finish off with the jewelry and perfume.

Emily opened the guestroom door after Chris was seated; John was still secured to the bed. He was very frustrated and angry. Sue had told Chris that Emily had made John use a bedpan and that he had not been allowed out of bed at all.

Sue and Emily came into the room and Emily placed a portable clothes stand at the foot of the bed. Sue carried the corset in with her and hung it on that little stand, then they each sat on opposite sides of the bed.

Emily started the discussion as soon as John finished swearing, refusing to cooperate and threatening each of them with bodily harm, if they didn’t release him right away. She described the way that a corset fits a female form and how this one was very special with the two padlocks to make it secure. Sue went over to the corset and turned it to display the laces all the way up the back and Emily de-

scribed the process of lacing and tightening them several times, until the person inside of it was required to breathe rapidly in order to get sufficient air.

Sue added the fact that it was possible to add a long leg girdle under the padlocked corset and that there would be no way to go to the bathroom.

Emily said, "Now John, here is the deal, a simple choice, you help us with our efforts to dress you to match Crystal's outfit and spend about three hours in the ultra-feminine gown. If you refuse, you will spend at least thirty-six hours in the corset, three hours in the gown and Parade, then the rest of today, tonight and until bedtime tomorrow, with the girdle under the corset. That will force you to sit on a toilet, wet your panties and girdle and have to stay in them all until bedtime on Monday. You won't ruin your suit, because we will provide you with rubber pants to protect your clothes. You will be able to pull down the rubber pants, sit on the toilet, relieve yourself and when your girdle and panties have stopped dripping, you can pull up your rubber pants and trousers and return to your desk.

"Well, John, will you cooperate, or do you dare to test us to see if we have the guts and the ability to force you to do as we have described?" Emily asked.

John was furious, frustrated because he was helpless. He was just defiant enough to tell the girls to go to hell. He thought "I'll just act docile and when they least expect it, I will get loose and put one of those gowns on each of them and make them march in the Parade. Once Chris sees that I am in charge, he will probably join in and really put these two conniving broads in their place."

John answered, "Go To Hell!"

Sue quietly looked at Emily and they smiled at each other. They rose off of the bed, grasped the bedcovers and pulled them all of the way to the foot of the bed, to totally expose their prisoner. John was still wearing the T-shirt that they had left on him the previous night and could do nothing to cover himself with his hands secured to his thighs. He was waiting for them to release his hands so that they could put the corset on him. When they did, he's be ready for them.

Sue released the rope attached to John's left arm and Emily pulled it out from under the bed. The loose end was used to tie his ankles together and they helped him out of bed. The rope was removed from his right arm and used to bind his ankles to a bedpost. He was forced to stand with his legs pulled tight against the bed. The foot board wouldn't allow him to lean forward on to the bed and if he lost his balance, he would get seriously hurt falling over backwards.

They let him stand there for about ten minutes, while they laid out the clothes to go on under that big gown. He was frustrated, embarrassed because he was exposed and by the clothing laid out on the bed for them to put on him. He started to teeter and lose control of his balance and had to concentrate to stay on his feet. Emily came up to steady him, while Sue shoved silverware knife handles under his insteps, which forced him to stand on the balls of his feet.

John was afraid of falling and he started asking them to remove the knives because they were really hurting him. Emily stepped up onto the bed, faced him and said, "You told us to go to hell. Well John, you are going to find out just what hell

is really like. You had your chance, you made your choice and now we are going to help you with your choice.”

“Sue, bring that corset over here and we will help John into it.”

Sue removed the corset from its hanger, laid it on the bed, opened the front, picked it up and walked around behind John. Emily picked up a pair of scissors and cut John’s T-shirt and removed it.

John had expected them to release his arms to remove the shirt and was shocked to realize that they were not going to allow him any freedom.

The corset was placed against his back. The sides were pulled between his arms and his body and Emily pulled the front together and hooked it closed. She inserted the padlocks into the metal grommets, snapped them shut and made a very obvious effort of placing the keys inside her blouse and down into her bra.

Sue started to tighten the laces as Emily hooked and adjusted the shoulder straps of the corset. Sue tightened the lacing three times and Emily held onto the front of the corset to keep John from falling over backwards. When they were through, John was not talking; he was breathing fast to get enough air.

Chris told them that the corset was way too tight, and Sue told him/her that he/she had not worn one yet; they both had and knew what was safe. Emily shut Chris up quickly by saying, “We have a corset for you and unless you mind your own business, you will stand at the other bed post, while yours is installed.”

Emily told John to breathe shallow and frequently. In a few minutes, he would find it much easier to tolerate the tight foundation garment. Sue released John’s ankles from the bedpost and handed the rope to Emily. She fashioned a simple hangman’s noose, slipped it over John’s head and tightened it around his neck. John was backed up against the open closet door; the rope was thrown up and over the door. Sue pulled it tight and tied it to the doorknob. The tape was cut, freeing John’s hands and arms. He tried to get free of the noose around his neck, but there was no way for him to reach around the door to reach the knot on the opposite side. They let him struggle long enough to run out of breath, then they dressed the lower half of his body with nylons attached to the corset garters and a cute little pair of nylon panties.

The huge petticoat was pulled up and tied at his waist. Emily fitted a pair of pink three-inch high-heeled shoes on his feet and buckled the straps around his ankles. The shoes were tied together so that John could not walk and they removed the noose from around his neck.

John was free, except that he couldn’t walk. He was inexperienced with high-heeled shoes and was in serious trouble trying to maintain his balance, to avoid falling. The fight was gone, the girls had won and it was a simple process to finish dressing John in gown, wig, makeup, jewelry and perfume.

John was given a chair to sit in and his hands were bound behind it. Chris was amazed at how pretty John looked; no one would ever guess that there was a man under all of that feminine finery. The girls sent Chris to change into his Parade costume, while they proceeded to shave and makeup their captive.

Chris was very thankful that he would not have to wear a corset or girdle, also that in about two hours he could remove this emasculating outfit. John would spend many hours laced and locked into that corset.

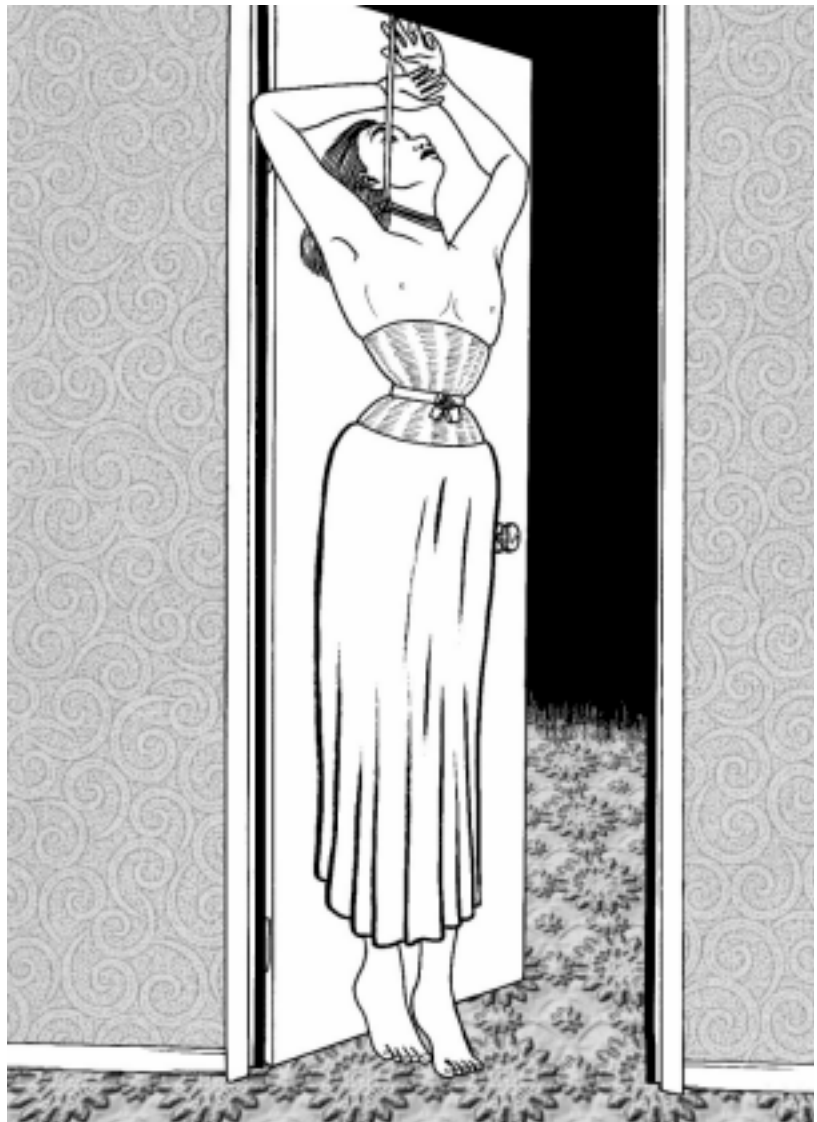
The Parade was scheduled to start at eleven and the route was about a mile long. At ten-thirty, a taxi arrived to pick up two ladies, dressed in gowns, waiting at the town water treatment plant.

John and Emily's house lot backed up to the treatment plant and by crossing their back lawn, they could appear in public, in front of the town-owned facility. John had two serious problems: the shoes and the corset. He bitched and complained and walked like a truck driver, wearing heels for the first time.

The taxi was on time and after quite a struggle to get the ladies and their huge gowns into the back seat, they were whisked out to the lineup point. The driver agreed to pick them up at the hotel and return them to the treatment plant. They would not change at the hotel.

The parade started on time and both of the female impersonators struggled to act like they were enjoying their stroll down Main Street. They received lots of applause and they waved their gloved hands at the audience along the way.

John was hardly able to walk because of the high-heeled shoes and was in serious pain by the time the taxi arrived to take them home. Once they were seated in the taxi, John tried to remove his shoes, but the corset wouldn't let him lean over enough to reach his feet. After a few tries, he leaned back against the car seat and started to cry, from the pain and frustration. After a few minutes, he regained control, and Crystal asked him what he had done to cause Emily to force him into this situation. He answered that he liked to watch X-rated movies and Emily had forbidden it. He ignored her and she



had caught him several times. Emily threatened to put him into some of those exotic outfits, take pictures of him and make him work at household chores. He told Crystal that he had just laughed at her threats. "She would say, 'Just you wait.'"

The taxi dropped them at the water treatment plant. John nearly crawled home and was in tears when they arrived.

Emily sat him on the guestroom bed and removed his shoes. John collapsed across the bed and sobbed for quite a while. Emily stood there and said, "John, do you remember my words?" She repeated them, "Just you wait."

Sue helped Crystal out of her gown and petticoat, then handed her a full slip and a street-length dress. When the dress was on and zipped up the back, she took a safety pin and carefully slipped it through the zipper slide and the dress material. Sue told Crystal that the safety pin was to protect her from the "Open Zipper Flu" that was going around.

They let John rest, sprawled across the bed, for about an hour. When they were ready to undress Emily's corseted husband and deal with the next phase of John's insubordination, they ordered Crystal back to her chair in the guestroom.

John just collapsed when they sat him on the bed, and he was still there in the same position. Crystal wondered if he was still alive. There was hardly any movement of the chest area of that gown. Then Crystal remembered the corset and how tightly they had laced it. He prayed that his brother-in-law was still alive. The strain, the stress, the shortage of breath and the futility of his situation during that Parade march, were more than enough to cause a heart attack or a stroke.

Emily held something under John's nose. He tried to move his nose away from it, but Emily followed his movement, and abruptly John was aware of the fact that he was not alone.

Crystal was surprised that the girls had just left him there for such a long time. How did they know that he wouldn't get up and start ripping off the clothing that he was dressed in? Emily must know how long John's naps usually last.

Emily told John to stand up and he just lay there. She spoke again, and he still ignored her. She said, "John, this is your last call, you either move now, or you won't move for a full week. You have sick time coming and there is a lot of flu going around."

John made a feeble effort to comply and the girls helped him off the bed. Sue steadied him while Emily released the zipper in the back of the gown. They worked together to pull the gown off over John's head. Emily untied the string at the waistband of the hoop petticoat and it fluttered to the floor. They walked John into the toilet, pulled down his panties and sat him on the toilet. Crystal could see all of this action from the chair where she was seated. Emily steadied John to prevent him from falling off of the toilet and Sue busied herself with some old nylon stockings, carefully sliding one up her arm, then sliding another one on over it. She did this twice, then Sue walked up to Emily and handed her one of the doubled-up nylons and something else, which Crystal couldn't see. She picked up John's left hand, slid the doubled nylons onto it, until his fingers were down to

the toe and buckled his watch to his wrist. Emily did the same to his right hand. They pulled the nylons back off over his hands and folded his arms across his chest, wrapped the nylon attached to his left hand, around his right bicep and repeated that with his right hand and left arm. They tied the end of the nylons together in the middle of his back, after passing them through the straps on the back of his corset.

Sue went back to the bedroom and turned the bed down. They put John to bed, with a rope tied to each ankle and running under the bed. John never even tried to resist their efforts; he was as docile as a baby kitten, and probably was asleep before they had him covered up.

They discussed the situation relative to sending John to work and wished that he hadn't been so defiant, but the die was cast. Emily would have to follow through with her threat. John would have the corset released in the morning and be fitted with Crystal's Eighteen-Hour girdle.

Crystal just sat and shuddered, remembering just how uncomfortable and confining that girdle had been. She couldn't even begin to imagine what it would be like to be confined inside of the girdle, with a corset locked on over it.

Emily left the room and soon returned with a pair of rubber pants, more like rubber bloomers, placed them on a clothes hanger and displayed them on the little rack where they had hung the corset, before putting it on John. They left the light on and left the sleeping, corseted John to rest from his very strenuous day.

They ushered Crystal into the bathroom and suggested that she respond to any toilet problems she may have, then they would all go into the living room. They didn't leave the bathroom and Crystal just stood there, waiting. Finally, Emily said, "We want to make sure that you act like a lady, even inside a toilet stall. Now, up with the dress and slip and down with the panties and pantyhose. Set your bare fanny on that toilet seat."

Not wanting any of the treatment that John had just received, and remembering what they had done to his hands and arms, Crystal quickly did as she had been told. She reached up under the dress and slip, pulled down the underwear and let the dress and slip down at the same time to act as a cover. She raised the back of the dress and slip, just enough to allow her fanny to rest on the toilet seat. When she was seated, the girls left the bathroom. When her clothing was back in place, Crystal went into the living room.

Sue said, "I don't want you to remove your dress, so sit in the recliner and move it into a reclining position." She quickly followed the instructions; leaned her head back against the nearly horizontal chair back and closed her eyes. Everything was quiet, almost too quiet, and she opened her eyes to see where the scheming sisters had gone.

They hadn't moved; they were still standing there as if waiting for their little girl to fall asleep. Crystal thought, "Well, why disappoint them?" and she closed her eyes again. Her arms were resting on the arms of the recliner. The girls started a face and arm massage that felt so good, in a few minutes Crystal was asleep.

The girls kept up their massage, even to gently massaging Crystal's hands, legs, and feet. Crystal slipped into a deeper, more relaxed, sleep.

Later, Crystal started to wake up, but realized where she was and how comfortable she was and fought to stay asleep. Consciousness returned slowly and she became aware of the fact that her left hand didn't move like it should, her fingers seemed to be asleep. This worried her a little bit, but she figured that they would wake up after a few minutes, so she tried to doze off again. Suddenly she found that neither of her hands would move and she was instantly awake. She thought, "What the hell have they done to me now?" Crystal opened her eyes, lifted her hands and found that they were encased in some sort of plastic hand casts. The plastic was unbreakable, and would hold the hand, wrist and any or all of the fingers rigid. The fingers could be removed if the cast was to be used for hand or wrist breaks, or individual fingers could be held and others left free. They had chosen to disable both wrists, hands and all of the fingers. Crystal was not tied to the chair, but she was certainly helpless.

The shades were drawn, the room was quite dark, and Crystal was alone. She swung her legs off over the side of the recliner, (this move exposed most of her panties) and she used her cast-covered hands to push herself to a standing position. She was thirsty, needed another "potty stop" and found that she had slept for about three hours. Accepting the fact that she couldn't take care of her needs, she went in search of Sue and Emily.

They were relaxing in the sun; out on the patio, dressed in halter-tops and shorts, when Crystal finally managed to get the door open. They welcomed her and asked if she was rested. They suggested that she change into a similar outfit and relax in the sun with them. Crystal thanked them for their invitation, but made no move to act on their suggestion.

Sue asked, "Is something wrong my, dear? Is there something that we can do for you?"

Emily chimed in and asked, "Are you hungry? There are plenty of snacks on the kitchen table. Just pull off the plastic wrap and help yourself."

Crystal expected that they were waiting for her to start begging for help. She knew that she would be forced to beg quite soon, so why wait and suffer? She asked, "Would one of you assist me with a potty stop, please?"

Emily jumped up, took Crystal's hand and led her to the little downstairs bathroom. She instructed Crystal to lift her right leg and Crystal looked to see Emily holding the bloomer-type rubber pants for Crystal to step into. Crystal immediately knew that John would not need them until time to go to work, in the morning. Crystal would have the benefit of their liquid retention in the meantime. It would take only a few minutes to wash and dry them for John to wear to work.

Emily made Crystal step into the rubber bloomers and she pulled them up into place. She also produced Crystal's high-heeled shoes, strapped them on her feet, then led Crystal to the kitchen. She was seated at the kitchen table and a large glass of cranberry juice with a straw was placed in front of her.

Crystal was well aware of the fact that cranberry juice was an excellent urinary tract cleanser and that it caused frequent toilet trips. The glass was huge, containing about a quart of liquid. There was no need for any other explanations; they expected Crystal to wet her pants, for the next twelve hours.

Emily stood there and insisted that Crystal cooperate. "The more you cooperate, the shorter your discomfort. You really resist and you can stay with your hands in those casts for a full week. Sue claims that your business thrived while you were playing Emily on board the cruise ship. We could run a test, to see if your staff can beat their record, while you recover from a week of the 'flu'.

"We are considering the same treatment for John. We found the plastic hand casts in a flea market and bought the whole case of them for ten bucks. We can't think of anything you will be able to do to make yourselves comfortable, but we will dress you in Pampers and rubber panties to keep you from soaking everything in the house." John was safe and secure for a while yet, but they would have to find a way to deal with his toilet needs soon.

Crystal was seated in the recliner again and the girls were side by side on the sofa. They were working on scenarios which would provide them with captive husbands for a whole week.

Emily remembered reading about a woman who was constantly beaten by her husband. One night when he passed out in a drunken stupor, she stripped him, dressed him as a woman, made up his face and added a wig. She pulled his hands in front of him, laced his fingers together and wrapped them with moistened "Plaster of Paris" tape from wrist to wrist.

She held him prisoner in his own home for over two months, never letting him free. She took care of his every need, well, almost every need. She'd tease him into an excited state and then would leave him that way, never allowing him sexual release. She kept him shaved and made-up and constantly paraded him in front of the full-length mirror, in all stages of female attire, to create the image of a helpless female. She even altered clothing that could be put on and removed, while his hands remained in the plaster cast. He was bathed with a sponge, so his cast never got wet and she fed him meals that were her favorites, that would slowly bring his weight down where it should be. She was determined to eliminate his beer belly. He had quit work, just after she had inherited a sizable sum of money from her Uncle's estate, and he planned to spend his life getting drunk and beating her up.

The result of this two-month endeavor was a lengthy recording of him confessing to the abuses he had inflicted on her. A verbal statement that he would never hit her again, that he would spend twelve hours a day studying for an engineers degree. As for the other twelve hours, there would be four in dresses and eight in ladies night clothes. This was to continue until he graduated with a Masters degree in engineering. When he presented the certificate to his wife along with proof of full-time employment, he would be free to live as a man again.

It took the man almost two months to finally admit defeat and accept her terms. It took about fourteen months to earn his Masters, one and a half months to land a good job and, finally, his freedom.

Six months later, he came home drunk one night. When he woke up the next morning, he was back in dresses and his hands were in another cast. It took only three days to formulate a plan that would alter his lifestyle enough so that he would never again be tempted by alcohol, or use his superior strength on his wife again.

Sue and Emily both felt that they deserved much more respect than their husbands were giving them. Sue was very upset, because Christopher had been cheating on her. Emily wanted to be the recipient of John's sexual attentions and she was tormented mentally by John constantly watching X-rated movies and television.

Chris had a great business going for him and he should be paying attention to greater profits and to the possibilities of Branch offices. John was successful as a manager for the local Telephone Company and just treading water.

The sisters wanted their husbands to apply their talents to their chosen trades and become the "Top Dogs". The two couples could enjoy great vacations and live very comfortably. Christopher's time was being spent finding outlets for his sexual drive; John was standing still at work. He was respecting his marriage vows sexually, but his goal was directed toward finding and watching X-rated "movies. They both had an addiction.

Crystal sat and listened to all of this. She was suffering from having wet her panties and was about to do it again. She had a better understanding of why Christopher had been subjected to all of the humiliation of the past two weeks, but was still at a loss to see how to make amends and gain back his male clothing, male self, and male role in their marriage.

It was obvious that Sue and Emily had the situation pegged correctly; Chris was more intrigued with extramarital sex than in building up his business and having more time to share with his wife. They had worked hard, made many sacrifices to get to their present level of success. Now Chris was hell bent to destroy it all. The sisters were very perceptive and could see the whole picture. They were determined to devise a plan that would shore up the husbands' careers, stop the erosion, stabilize the marriages and forge ahead as husband and wife teams, to future successes and a rosy and luxurious middle-age lifestyle.

Emily stated that she was determined to have things brought to a "Happily Ever After" finale.

They decided to give their shemales a week of helplessness in dresses and hand casts. Each evening there would be at least an hour of discussion relative to getting their husbands back on track. There would be videotapes in the VCR. The shemales would alternate houses each day and spend every night in their own home. The wives worked about six hours a day and Sue could drop Chris/Crystal off at Emily's one morning and pick her up after work. Emily could do the same for John/Carol the next day.

The VCR tapes would be motivational and feature specific hands-on approaches to self-improvement, aimed at building a bigger and better business, or inspiring the viewer to seek higher levels of advancement. Each tape included a question and answer folder and the viewers would be tested to determine their level of absorption. At specific times, the VCR and television would turn on, play a portion of the day's lesson, then shut off. Each evening, each shemale would be given an oral test on that day's lessons. If the results were good for each of them, there would be a new set of lessons for the next day; if the results were poor, the lesson would be repeated a second time. The individual test results would be compared to the student's expected performance. If the result indicated that the students were not applying themselves, then the corsets would become part of their wardrobe for the next twenty-four hours. If there was a repeat performance, the next full day would be spent in the corset, with the long-leg girdle under it.

At the end of a week-long session, they would each receive a summary test, which would take about two hours. If they passed that test, they could go back to their job or business wearing lingerie under their business suits. Their evenings would be spent in dresses and nights would find them in ladies nightclothes. If one of the captive husbands failed to achieve a passing grade, they would get a second captive-week at home, to bring that grade up.

Emily would expect at least one promotion for John in the first year and Sue would accept a minimum of fifty-percent business growth for Christopher's company. Each quarter there would be an evaluation meeting of the sisters and their shemale husbands. If there were an acceptable level of improvement, everything would continue. If one of them was determined to be treading water or goofing off, they would receive another week at home in dresses and hand casts, repeating lessons and tests.

The same time next year, there would be a final evaluation for each husband. The test results would determine if the students had fulfilled their sentence. An excellent grade would allow them to revert back to a total male role. Each year they would receive this evaluation and failure would land that husband back in a shemale role for the next three months, for as many quarters as were needed to get back on track. Improvements would be encouraged; a back slide would mean a return to shemale status.

Sue asked, "Well Crystal, you have been privileged to sit and listen to the formation of our plan for financial and marital success. What do you think, are we on track? Are we being fair? Are we being realistic? Is it possible to accomplish our goals? If you would like to drain your bladder while sitting on the toilet and be cleaned and dried from your recent accidents, then give us your honest reactions now. We are aware of the first time you wet your panties and we believe that it happened twice, or you are presently struggling to avoid the second release."

"I certainly would love to be placed on the toilet and soon, so here goes. After listening to your appraisal of the two situations as they appear today, there is not much hope for a better future, unless changes are made soon. I feel that your methods of correction are extremely severe, but maybe that is what the male psyche needs to get it motivated again.

“You two have certainly gotten our attention, demonstrated how helpless we are and added the humiliation of female clothing. Backing off right now would probably cause your men to back off and just coast along. The desire to get free of our bonds is an excellent motivator and the desire to get out of female clothing is an excellent reinforcement. Your husbands are in the position of going down for the third time and apparently that will prevail for a whole week. You will throw us a life preserver, if we can show improvement in our efforts to stay afloat. At the end of a three-month evaluation, we will be allowed to keep our life preserver, if our evaluation is favorable. We will lose our life preserver if we fail our evaluation. At the end of a year, a good evaluation will allow us to climb out of the water.

“You certainly have us at a disadvantage and making us earn release by dedicated performance, aimed at specific goals, is a noble endeavor.”

“Wow Crystal, you actually do understand. Come on, let’s go to the ladies room, then get you cleaned up and dried out. It is time to expose John/Carol to our plans and expose his anatomy to a toilet seat,” Emily responded.

When the girls were through caring for their helpless captive, Crystal, they ordered her to return to her assigned seat in Emily’s guest bedroom. Emily woke John/Carol and they pulled the bed covers down and untied his feet. He was assisted into the little bathroom. Emily pulled his panties down and they sat him on the toilet. When he had completed that assignment, they pulled the panties back up in place and led him back to sit on the bed.

Emily said, “You have really hit bottom, for a man in the prime of his life. You look like a lady who has just been told she has a terminal illness. Well, cheer up, we are here to tell you why all of this has taken place, how long it may take and recommend the solutions, which will produce some excellent results. Are you willing to listen? Will you disregard your present helplessness for a few minutes, and concentrate on our proposals?”

John/Carol was rested, the terrible exhaustion created by the Parade, corset, and high-heeled shoes was eliminated. Some of John’s fire and fight were returning and he tried to break loose from their very effective bondage. That attempt was very brief, then he tried to relax, and answered, “Yes, of course I will listen, maybe a little angrily, and frustrated, but I promise to pay attention to your presentation. After all where could I go in my present condition?”

Sue started by explaining that Christopher had a full two-week’s head start toward their ultimate goal, but that was to provide the girls with a better understanding on how to proceed; also Crystal had already been forced to sit through the final version of their plan.

Sue said, “Crystal is seriously incapacitated by a set of plastic hand and wrist casts. She is free to move around but at the same time, she is very helpless. We are planning to keep both of you in that state, for the next week.”

John/Carol was shook up by that statement and made a second attempt to break free of the nylons securing his hands and arms.

Sue said, "Yes John, nylons are dainty and fragile, but as you have just learned, they are extremely strong and you are still at our mercy."

Emily exposed John/Carol to the whole ball game, why the husbands were restrained, the anticipated duration and the expected results. When she was through, there was complete silence for a few minutes as John/Carol reviewed what he had just been told.

Sue added, "If either of you disagrees with our plan, which we feel will be very beneficial to each of you, you can be assured of immediate release from its terms; that will also include an immediate divorce. You will have to find a place to live, because we plan to retain ownership of our homes."

John/Carol tried a third time to break loose with all of the power he could muster. The nylon wrapped around his biceps cut in very deeply and caused a lot of pain in those muscles.

Emily spoke, "Your actions and silence indicate a strong reluctance toward accepting our proposal. Do you want me to release you and remove your corset?"

John/Carol sat quiet for a few moments, then started to speak. "Well, there is no doubt about you sisters recognizing the results of our present lifestyles. There is also no doubt about Chris and myself being at your beck and call. If either of us fell asleep, we could find ourselves helpless when we woke up. That fact tells me to adopt your plan and work with it, or always be in fear of serious consequences. I don't appreciate being toppled off the top of the mountain to end up lying helpless at the bottom. I am not about to give up this house which I have worked so hard to acquire and maintain. I most definitely do not want to lose Emily. There is still a lot of love and affection for this little lady and much respect, especially now that I realize where I was headed. I will accept your proposals, even though I feel that they are too harsh. But because of their terms, I will probably try much harder to get back to where I should have been as much as five years ago.

"It is easy to slip into an attitude of believing that the world is against you. It can be very difficult to break out of the pack and start leading it. The clothing, confinement and humiliation will definitely be powerful reasons to attempt to climb back up on top.

"Girls, I am mad, frustrated, uncomfortable as all get out and humiliated by being done in by two females who have me bound and corseted. Please activate this plan now! Show me the path that leads out of this maze."

Emily had a big smile on her face. She looked at Sue; they each started to cry and hug each other. Sue finally got control of her emotions and said, "The two of us have agonized over this for months. We were afraid of stagnation, of losing all that we had worked for and ending up as divorcees. Well right now, we can see the possibilities of a wonderful future for our husbands and ourselves. You can rest assured that we will be tough task masters and keep your noses to the grindstone but we will also be an unbeatable team. Two married couples with a determination to reach the top. With the grace of God, we are placing our feet on the bottom rung of the ladder. I am so happy that I'm going to cry again."

Sue and Emily hugged each other and cried together for a few minutes, then they each went to their captive, feminized husband, hugged and kissed him and cried some more. When the wives recovered from their crying, Emily asked John/Carol a question. "We need to change your restraints and put you in the same type of casts Crystal has. Are you going to put up a fight, or will you sit quietly while we make the changeover?"

John answered, "You ladies have demonstrated your ability to cope with a man with much greater strength than either of you, maybe even greater than both of you together, so I am sure that you will have your way, even if I put up resistance. If you insist on the casts, then get it over with."

The girls were doubtful about John's response, so they treated him like a bomb about to explode. They untied the nylons where they were joined in the middle of his back. Sue pulled the one attached to his left hand over to retie it to his left bicep. There was less chance of John breaking free, if they dealt with one hand at a time.

Emily pulled the nylon stocking up John's arm, exposing the watch with its leather strap. She removed the watch and that allowed her to pull the nylon off of John's hand. Sue had one half of the plastic cast ready and she placed John's hand in that lower half. Emily immediately set the upper half of the cast over the back of his hand. There were tabs and three straps with buckles to hold the halves together as a rigid cast. Someone had cut a special hole which would allow the addition of a small padlock, so now John would be wearing four matching padlocks, two on his corset and one on each of the hand casts.

The cast was installed on John's left hand so fast that one would suspect that these girls worked in a cast assembly plant and got paid piece work prices for their cast assembly.

By the time that John's casts were installed, Easter Sunday was drawing to a close. The wives agreed to use Sue and Chris's house for the Monday holding cell. Sue had the first in the series of VCR tapes; Emily had hired a serviceman to program both of these units to start at ten, run until noon, start again at two and finish the tape around four o'clock. The captive husbands would have a two-hour session, then a break for lunch, rest stops, a nap, then the final two-hour session.

Because of John's defiance on Easter morning, he had been promised the pleasure of wearing Crystal's Playtex girdle under his corset for a full day. Each husband had been treated to a potty stop just before they were dressed. The wardrobe consisted of very fashionable dresses, full slips, pantyhose, corset and girdle for John, bra and panties for Crystal, and strap-on high-heeled shoes for both of them. To prevent any incontinence accidents, they were fitted with double Pampers, and bloomer-style rubber pants.

The men had to experience total degradation by being reduced to infancy by wearing rubber pants and wetting their diapers. Only then could they begin to appreciate any of the improvements that they earned towards their ultimate goal of a normal male lifestyle.

Sue and Emily discussed the possibility of adding some sort of a hose to their penises to save them from having to change their husbands' wet Pampers. They decided to defer that idea until Monday evening.

The boy/girl captives would be left alone in Sue's house from eight-thirty until four-thirty when Emily and Sue would return. They would be helpless, with their hands in casts. It was decided at the last minute to remove their dresses and leave them in full slips. Their only consumable would be water from the large bowl left on the table, with straws secured to its rim.

They were each provided with a chart which recorded their complete measurements, and weight. There was a "goal" for each category. They were told that they would be allowed freedom from corsets and girdles (except for John serving out his Monday sentence wearing the girdle under the corset) at the end of the first month, if they had met their "goal" the following rule would apply.

If any of their measurements or their weight exceeded their "goal", it would mean a full week in their corset. If two numbers were over, they would wear corsets at home and girdles to work. If the weekend measurements were still in violation, their next week would be a carbon copy of the previous one, except that their diet and exercise would be supervised very closely.

Sue told them, "If you look slim and trim, you will feel that way and that will boost your self esteem."

Monday morning it started. They were fed a good breakfast, dressed for the day and left to police each other's actions, especially as to being alert while watching the motivational training sessions. At noontime, they were both wearing saturated Pampers, starving to death and Carol was suffering inside the restrictive foundation garments. They thoroughly explored every possible escape idea. They rejected most of them because of the divorce threats hanging over their heads. They spent a lot of time trying to sabotage the improvement regimen being imposed on them.

They could get out of the house; in case of fire, they could go for help. They would suffer embarrassment, appearing in public dressed in ladies full slips and all of the traditional undergarments. There would be some sympathy because of the casts on their hands, but the lingerie would be the significant topic of discussion. The story of the two men in girls' underwear and high-heeled shoes would live on for ages, spreading far and wide. If they could survive a full week of this treatment, things would start to improve, but neither of them felt that they had enough determination to stick it out.

They couldn't move their hands or fingers, so how did they expect to put a stop to this situation short of demanding an immediate release, and accepting the divorce condition, as the only alternative?

Carol was really hurting, the girdle had caused some chaffed spots and the wet Pampers were burning the chaffed flesh. She became instantly familiar with "diaper rash", and how it must feel for a baby who needs its diaper changed.

The captives discussed where their lives would lead them if they did actually divorce and neither of them could find any permanent positive effects. Finally they

decided that there was no other choice but to suffer through this week. There was the possibility of throwing themselves on the mercy of their wives and pleading for some other form of confinement which would allow them bathroom privileges. They had better get busy and design a method that they could tolerate.

Carol suggested a locked-on waist chain, with short chains to the wrists, similar to the ones used to transport prisoners. This would allow them to feed themselves, pull down their clothes to go to the bathroom. They could dress, undress and bathe if the waist and wrist chains were removed. They could be very docile and very cooperative, lock their own restraints and present the keys to their keepers.

Crystal suggested that they present that proposal as soon as the wives got home, because all four of them would be together; the girls could readily compare thoughts and make a quick decision. The captives should point out the fact that the wives would be relieved of dealing with saturated diapers, feeding, dressing and bathing their helpless husbands.

These decisions were made shortly after the second training session ended, just a few minutes before the girls were due to arrive. Crystal and Carol were about to start screaming from helpless frustration and the discomfort of wet diapers.

The wives arrived just after four-thirty and about five minutes apart. Sue was the first to arrive and she marveled at the fact that the captives were very quiet and polite instead of acting desperate for release and a clothing change. Emily arrived just as Sue finished putting away the few groceries she had brought home with her. Emily was also surprised at the relaxed state their husbands were displaying. She looked quickly to see if their hand casts were still in place and found them still doing their job.

Crystal spoke first, "Would you two please go into the living room and sit on the sofa? We have a proposal to make."

When the girls were seated, Carol said, "Crystal and I are about to start screaming from wet panties and because we are so helpless. Before we blow our cool, we would like to propose a revision to your plan for this week. You two have to change, dress, bathe and feed us because our hands are useless. We would like to do all of these functions for our selves. It would reduce our discomfort and frustration and it will relieve each of you of that responsibility."

Crystal took over the proposal. "Carol has proposed a locking waist chain which will lock tightly around our waists with short lengths to lock around our wrists. These wrist chains would be just barely long enough to allow us to feed our selves and also allow bathroom freedom. These restricting chains can be made from the short pieces on that big spool which I have down in the cellar. There are eight miniature padlocks, all keyed alike, left over from the apartment mail boxes which John and Emily had built for the place that they used to own. The padlocks are downstairs near the spool of chain, because John gave them to me when they sold the big place."

"It is now five o'clock. If you would free us, let us get cleaned up, we can have dependable, effective replacement restraints assembled and locked into place, by six or six-fifteen."

Emily and Sue left the room; after about five minutes, they returned, and Emily said, "We have decided to allow the proposed change, for several reasons. One, we feel that we were much too strict in our efforts to retain control. Two, we expected a practical proposal from you two. The lessons were aimed at getting the listener to evaluate their current situation and also because both of you have had lots of time to review your plight, mentally research the solutions and propose a single plan which you felt might be accepted."

Sue delivered the terms. "You will each have your left hand cast removed, you can help each other undress. Emily will help with your one-hand bathing. I will select your evening outfits, lay them out on the bed and when you are ready, you can go to my bedroom and help each other dress. We will eat dinner here together, because I picked up the makings on my way home."

Emily added, "When you have your slippers and heels on, come to the kitchen for aprons, then go down to Chris's workshop, build up the two restraints and bring them back to the kitchen. You will remove your aprons, put on your dresses and wigs, then lock on your new confining gadgets. Then we will remove your right hand casts."

Emily continued, "Sue will have our dinner ready, you can feed yourself, clean up from dinner, paint your fingernails and apply your own makeup. Crystal, you will teach Carol the basics of makeup. There is nothing to prevent you from removing your right-hand casts while you are down in the workshop, but if you do, you are violating your own promise that you would respect this bondage order as part of your rehabilitation. We are granting freedom to both of you at the same time and we are fully aware of the fact that it would allow you to turn the tables on us. We are hoping that our plan, although strict and compromising, is important to both of you, also that you will keep your promise and appreciate the improved quality of life which you have outlined to us in your negotiations."

"If you do not follow your plan, just remember how close you are to divorce and homelessness. If you step out of line, in any minute way, you had better sleep with both eyes open, because we will take advantage while you are asleep and you will learn what misery really is. Your strict bondage will be torture for the rest of this week and for three more weeks, on evenings and weekends. Now, do you fully understand that we will not tolerate any foolishness? We have confiscated your wallets, check books, credit cards, licenses and ATM cards, so that would mean you would be penniless, homeless and with no transportation."

Carol and Crystal both answered yes and their wives removed their left casts. What a sensation that produced, they could move their fingers and wrists. They wanted to rip off the other casts and admitted this desire to the girls. Their answer was that they were typical males, never happy with the status quo, always being selfish, always wanting more. It was these very traits that landed them in this situation in the first place.

After a minor hesitation, the captive husbands' discomfort prompted them to return to the plan, Carol asked Emily for the keys to the padlocks and receiving them, they went to the bathroom and helped each other undress. They sat on the toilet and completed their elimination needs, bathed and dried each other. They went into the bedroom and got dressed as directed. The pantyhose were an unbelievable challenge; trying to put them on required lots of coordination of their left hands. The bras were almost as difficult as the pantyhose.

The shemales went to the kitchen, dressed in their full slips and the wives put aprons on them. At this point they were no longer in saturated Pampers and were feeling much more comfortable, but their stomachs were empty; they hadn't eaten since breakfast. The smells of Sue's dinner preparations were a real torture. They rushed to the basement workshop to build the new restraints. They measured and cut lengths of chain and tested the lengths needed to fit around their waists, leave just enough to secure each wrist, allow the freedom required to feed themselves. They also would need to alter their clothing enough to allow them to use the toilet. The restraints were locked into place and they made a hasty return to the master bedroom.

Emily came in and they presented her with all of the extra padlocks and all of the keys. She had them demonstrate the limits of their reach, then removed their right hand casts. She also removed their restraints one at a time and when that shemale had her dress on, they were put back into their restraint. The captive feminized husbands nearly knocked each other down in their efforts to get to the dining room for some food.

The meal was excellent; both captives ate much more than they should, then got scared when they were reminded that Saturday was measurement day. They would have to be careful, because each of them was required to lose over ten pounds that week in order to meet their goal.

As they relaxed at the dining room table after their meal, Emily said, "We have a few other facts to share with you and now seems like the right time. You have both been subjected to female clothing and may be worried about future changes. No attempts will be made towards changing your sex, without first receiving your approval. You will have the opportunity to consider transition to female and to research its effect on your goals. You will be encouraged to let your hair grow longer. You will learn proper respect for the feminine lifestyle, cease your degrading remarks and alter your attitudes about females. We will experiment with products to eliminate whiskers, which would be a plus for whichever sex you choose to assume. Shaving is a nuisance and a never-ending task. Do either of you have any comments or questions about these statements?" Neither husband made any response to Emily's question, so Emily said, "Very well, go hold a makeup training session and do a presentable job with polish on your fingernails. Don't be too long, I want to get home and get out of my dress and Carol has laundry to do this evening. I am so glad that you two suggested the change in restraints, you will both be so much more helpful."

The wives were somewhat satisfied with the makeup and nail polish and shortly afterwards, Emily and Carol left for their home. Sue suggested that Crystal

run a load of lingerie through the washer, hang up the items which couldn't go through the dryer and remember that, in the morning, everything would have to be folded and put away.

Crystal thought how much better this was, as compared to the diapers and the hand casts. She spent some time worrying about losing the required amount of weight and about the possibility of fitting into a size fourteen dress by the end of three months. The one she was wearing was an eighteen and it was rather tight.

While the washing machine was running, Sue produced the quiz book which went with the day's motivational lessons. They sat in the living room and Crystal tried her best to answer all of the questions that Sue asked. She started to get nervous and found it quite difficult to recall what she had seen and heard during the television training sessions. She had been so frustrated and uncomfortable that she barely passed the quiz from the morning session and totally blew the afternoon one.

Emily called just after Sue told Crystal the results of the day's quiz. They decided to rerun that day's lessons, because Carol's performance was even worse than Crystal's. The girls assumed that the students were thoroughly distracted by their hunger, discomfort, and humiliation; they were not able to concentrate on their lessons.

Tuesday would probably make a big improvement, because the students would be more relaxed and because it would be a rerun.

The test scores on Tuesday night were remarkable and the wives were pleased with the results.

John/Carol and Christopher/Crystal suffered through that week in bondage in dresses and their test results were still excellent category on Friday night. The approach of the self-improvement series affected each student differently; some days Carol scores were much better than Crystal's, some times Crystal had top score. They averaged between eighty-five and ninety percent on their week-long review quiz.

This self-improvement series was sold as a single course; by duplicating the exam materials, the wives were able to expose and test two people at one time. The remaining tapes would keep the captive, feminized husbands busy as Crystal and Carol every Saturday for the next four months. The wives would insist their student/husbands get all dolled up. They would share the lessons on the television and then would be tested individually. The student with the poorest score would get blessed with a corset for the balance of the weekend.

At the Saturday night exam and physical checkup, Crystal had managed to shed eleven pounds. Most of her measurements showed improvements, but her thighs didn't change size at all. Carol dropped nine and one half pounds, and every one of her measurements was smaller by at least the predetermined minimum.

The wives decided that their physical improvements were so close to their goals that they would accept them and no punishment would be needed.

This was Saturday evening and the captive husbands had endured all but their final day in bondage. The couples were together; Crystal had finished up with a score just two points under Carol's. In a few minutes, she would be ordered to strip. The wives would lock her into her corset, put her nightgown on and insist that she lock herself into her waist and wrist restraints again.

When Crystal was safely corseted and secured, Emily and Carol went home; while they were preparing for bed, Carol asked if she could revert to being John and if they could make love. Emily said "no," then stated, "You told me just last Sunday morning to go to hell. Now you feel that everything is forgiven and that you should be able to use me to relieve your sexual tensions? I know about tension, Sue and I have shared our worries and concerns for about three months and we have been mentally stressed to the breaking point. Right now I can relax just a little, because you did quite well for this first week and because you are tolerating your female self and your confinement.

"Over the years of our marriage, you have been very demanding and you demonstrated extreme defiance last Sunday. I am going to demonstrate just a little more authority while you are under my control. I want you to demonstrate to me just how affectionate you can be. Use your lips and your voice to caress me and assure me of your love and do your utmost to convince me that you deserve to be released from your restraints, to remove your panties and treat yourself to a sexual interlude. Your attention and attitude will tell me if you are interested in me or just in your sex drive. Let me add one more little handicap for you." She pulled the hem of the ankle-length nightgown up and tucked it securely into the top of Carol's bra, all the way 'round. This prevented Carol from using her hands and left her with just her voice and lips to use to convince Emily of her love.

They climbed into bed and Emily covered them up. John/Carol started to "Kiss and Tell", in an effort to assure Emily of his love for her. There were two reasons to be convincing now. The first was to get his hands free to roam over her delightful body. The second was to get rid of the damn nightgown, making the use of his hands impossible, making it impossible to get the panties out of the way, if she became accepting of more intimate activity.

John/Carol was quite confused because of the female clothes, frustrated by being so seriously handicapped, anxious for a satisfying finale and mentally struggling to maintain control of his emotions and concentrate on his mission. As he/she lay close to that luscious, sweet-smelling wife and began telling her of his love, his maleness began to express a serious and desperate urge and kept distracting John/Carol's train of thought.

He/she started by expressing his admiration for Emily's ability to recognize the full picture of the route John was taking. He/she said, "You and your sister have painted an absolutely accurate picture of Christopher's and my goals. We have exhibited the typical male fear and urgency to keep our libido alive and active. We may have had different ways, but the outcome would have been the same. You recognized that fact, you have braved total failure and physical harm to try to get your husband to see the whole picture and to get him back on track. You are right, we have worked very hard to reach this plateau and unless we maintain and

keep building, we could fall off that plateau. Emily, I love you. I hope and pray that I can become worthy of your love and not just your sympathy. I will, with all of my ambition, with the help of your lessons and with your guidance, endeavor to help create a storybook future for us.

“May I kiss you? Will you hug me? Will you snuggle up close so that I can feel your energy and love flowing into my body? I wish I could hold you in my arms, but I am afraid that I would get carried away and turn that intimacy into a sexual attack, instead of an absolutely romantic love session. I love you so much that my heart is beating like a set of bongo drums. This is heaven, but please hold me a little tighter.”

There was that typical male urgency to carry this blissful interlude further, but the embrace was wonderful and neither of them wanted to disturb the indescribable passion flowing between them. They lay there quietly for a long time and finally fell asleep.

When John/Carol woke up in the early hours of the morning, Emily had her head against his chest, pressing on the padding in the bra under his/her nightgown. There was a need to make a trip to the bathroom, but that would disturb Emily. Lying there awake, John silently repeated his vow to turn his attentions toward their future and prayed that it wasn't too late to get his career fired up and rolling again.

Finally there was no choice; the trip to the bathroom was now very urgent. Carefully sliding away from Emily, John/Carol went to the bathroom. His nightgown was still tucked into his bra; he couldn't use his hands to remove his panties. He would have to get busy trying to release the bottom of the gown from where Emily had tucked it into the bra or admit defeat and wet his panties. The chained wrists were a real handicap, it was impossible to reach behind his back and Emily had been very careful to tuck the gown in all of the way around. The bra hooked in the back and that added to the problem. The pressure to relieve his/her bladder made the project seem gigantic. Working frantically around the front of the bra, he was finally able to release some of the gown hem. That made it possible to reach down, pull up the front of the gown, pull one leg opening of the panties aside, release the equipment trapped underneath, sit on the toilet and relieve the pressure in the bladder. When this problem was solved, he/she went back to slide in close to Emily and fell asleep again.

About a quarter of a mile down the road, the other couple talked after Emily and John/Carol left. Crystal was laced into the corset, as tight as the wives could pull the laces. They padded the bra top and put nylons on Crystal to hold the corset down in place. A pair of nylon panties was added, then the chain waist and wrist restraint was locked in place.

Crystal tried twice to convince Sue to loosen the lacing, but Sue said no and threatened to unlock the corset front and add the eighteen-hour girdle, unless Crystal stopped playing crybaby. She said, “You knew that you had to do an outstanding job, both at your lessons and at your physical improvements. Your lessons were great, but you ignored your need for a proper physique. It may be

difficult to think about male appearances when you are forced to wear dresses, but let this next twenty-four hours help to convince you of its importance.”

They went to bed and Sue smiled as she lay there beside her feminized husband and said, “You certainly do not strike me as being an irresistible male, with the ability to convince the ladies to assume a prone position for your entertainment. Which is easier, putting on pantyhose or removing a pair from one of your conquests? After this week of confinement is over, you will be able to take better control of your life. Would you spend a few minutes explaining to me what your plans are now that you understand how you were destroying our future and now that you have been exposed to quite a few of those motivational tapes?”

Chris/Crystal thought for a few minutes, then replied, “The diagnosis which you and Emily made of where John and I were headed was so shocking that when you revealed it, I could see what a mess I was making. The cruise really shook me up; I ended up completely off balance. The Emily clothes acted like a straitjacket. You proved beyond any doubt that you have the ability to outsmart your husband; being clever is better by far than being strong. I am in awe at what you and your sister have accomplished, of the way you have pulled the shade aside and let me look into my future.

“The lessons have planted lots of seeds which I can grow to aim my business in an upward spiral. Your insistence that I get my body back in shape is certainly going to be a plus. I have just sung a few of your praises. I now want to tell you how much love I have for you and how much respect I have for your efforts. I also want to assure you that I will attempt to follow through, make you proud to be my wife and to see that we are happy and financially secure, from now on.

“I love you, Sue. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I hope I can make amends for my cheating and repay you for your patience and initiative in getting my head aimed in the right direction.” They snuggled in close, kissed each other and said good night.

Sunday night, the couples got together for a light dinner and made a ceremony out of the removal of the waist and wrist restraints.

The wives chose this occasion to define their husband’s work schedules and special dress code requirements. Sue said, “John/Carol has had one week of exposure to our motivation plan and one week in dresses. Christopher/Crystal differs in that there have been three weeks in dresses. There are almost four months more of our training sessions. We have decided that you will be constantly reminded of that fact, by always wearing four articles of lingerie for the first month, three for the second month, et cetera. When you finish your training and graduate, you will graduate to male status and out of your ladies wear. From that day forward, you may choose whatever type of clothing you wish to wear.

“The graduation will be determined by your grades, your weight and dress size and your efforts expended toward the goals which you will be required to establish at the end of your first month of training. There will be semiannual and annual goals to set, so you want to be planning ahead.”

Emily picked up the instructions. "The lingerie will be pantyhose, panties, bra, and camisole. They will be eliminated, camisole first, then pantyhose, bra and finally, panties. The extended training session is because your lessons will only be on Saturdays. The two students will spend each Saturday as Carol and Crystal, sit through both two-hour sessions, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The evening will be devoted to lesson testing, overall review exams, weight and measurement recording and the weekly evaluation to determine which one of you will have to spend twenty-four hours in a corset. If you do well on this schedule, we can try a few evening lessons, but we prefer that you spend your evenings relaxing in dresses and concentrating on your plans for career and business growth."

The time marched on until it was the Saturday to write down their specific goals. They had only had a morning training session; the afternoon was spent on exams, measurements and evaluations. The shemales were stripped of their female clothing for the measurement session, then ordered to dress completely male for a dinner date with their wives.

This was a total surprise for Carol and Crystal; since they were standing there in the nude, it was a simple matter to dress in their own clothing and appear in the living room as Christopher and John. Emily had brought John's clothing over to Sue's, while the students were occupied with their morning lesson session.

It had been over a month since either of them had worn T-shirts and men's shorts. Chris's Jockey shorts felt like they were made of burlap. John's boxers left everything afloat, and he felt as if he might lose some of his equipment out of the leg hole of his shorts.

When they were completely dressed, they went into the living room and were confronted by two absolutely gorgeous ladies, in new dresses, with gorgeous accessories, beautiful hair and very sexy pantyhose and heels.

The men had a lot of trouble remembering to act like gentlemen. The restaurant was First Class; they had wine with their meal, and relaxed and listened to the entertainment for a short while. John needed to use the rest room. He went inside into a toilet stall, pulled down his trousers and boxer shorts and sat on the toilet. When he left the stall, he went to wash his hands. Right beside him was a urinal; he wondered if, in the future, he would be able to remember to act according to the type of clothing he was wearing.

A short while later, Chris headed for the restrooms. He put his hand out and pushed the door open and a woman came out. She gave him a scornful look and walked off, shaking her head. She assumed that Chris was drunk and not aware of his actions. Chris was horrified to think that he had almost walked right into a ladies room. His face was as red as a beet and he quickly retreated into the men's room.

When Chris arrived back at their dining table, he had calmed down quite a bit and he told John and the ladies what he had done. John shared his experience in the men's room with the others. They all got quite a laugh out of these mistakes, then the wives cautioned them to think before they got into serious trouble. Sue

said, "These character changes from male to female should be very beneficial. It will do so much in teaching both the male and female ways of life and will also give you two the knowledge required to recognize the differences and prepare you to allow for those differences in your managerial treatment of their personnel."

When they arrived at John and Emily's house, it was goal setting time. The husbands were handed papers requiring long and short-term goals and room for the steps or stages required for achieving their objectives. These papers would be reviewed at each Saturday evening evaluation and all four of them would have an opportunity to critique the direction and progress.

They had arrived at the progress comparison for the past week and John came up a few points short. He had to strip, put on his corset and lock the padlocks. For the next twenty-four hours, John would suffer in the confinement of the corset's vice-like grip on his body.

The husband and wife team of Sue and Crystal returned to their home. Sue insisted that Crystal get ready for bed by putting on her bra, panties and nightgown. There was very little conversation and they were both asleep quite soon.

When Crystal/Chris woke up on Sunday morning, Chris was interested in making love to his wife. Sue was still asleep, Crystal was not confined and was dying to try massaging Sue into an excited state, then into a sexual interlude. Lying there quietly beside her was extremely difficult, but he was afraid to attempt to initiate foreplay. Time seemed to stand still for this feminized male with a runaway libido. If he became aggressive and woke her up and didn't succeed in getting her excited, she might respond by initiating another bondage period, to last anywhere from one full day to one full week of every hour outside of Chris's work days.

Finally, Sue started to wake up. When she was awake, she found her bedmate in a very aroused state, but managing to control the urge to attack her. Sue was feeling a little frisky and decided to try a little test.

On the cruise, she had ordered her captive husband to plan a full day's activities and his first attempts were to place sex as a prerequisite to a plan, rather than an initial activity in the plan. If the training tapes had been effective, Crystal should be able to control Christopher's sex drive just long enough to formulate a full day's schedule, which could include sex as an early event in the day's schedule.

"Crystal, you are being very quiet and very patient while you wait for me to wake up. That is a wonderful demonstration of respect for me. I am not a mind reader, but I know what you want right now, so here is the deal. You present a plan of activities for us for today and if I feel that it is well-formulated and a blend of things which have to be done and things that each of us would enjoy, then I will accept your plan. If it is not well-planned and compromises our day in a one-sided deal, then I will compromise your day's activities with a set of hand casts."

Christopher/Crystal realized the fact that this was another test, an actual challenge requiring the use of many of the skills taught in the motivational lessons.

One of the wives had mentioned the idea of the two couples going for a drive and checking out the sights and scenery along the recently completed scenic highway across the mountains just to the North. Emily had suggested dining at an Italian Farmhouse restaurant, which was situated near the western end of that new highway.

Crystal crossed her fingers and started describing her plan, "The weather man has predicted a beautiful late spring day. The sort of day for viewing the rapid transition from spring to summer. How about a leisurely trip across that new scenic highway and dinner for four in the Italian place which Emily was so excited about? But first, but by no means least, a sexual interlude now, before I prepare your breakfast.

"There will be just one addition, that the tour include four very neatly-dressed ladies, who appear to have just shared a Sunday morning church service."

Crystal was slightly shaken up about the "four ladies" part of Sue's plan, but elated because Sue had agreed to have sex. Now Crystal worried about who should make the first move. The worry was short-lived when Sue reached over and started rubbing up and down the front of the nightgown which Crystal had been required to wear to bed. This rubbing action created responses in both of them, and a Peeping Tom viewing that bedroom scene would have immediately assumed that this was a lesbian couple, acting like man and woman in their sexual encounter. Christopher/Crystal was in orbit; it had been over two weeks since the last time they made love. This was like heaven; they were both in high gear. Their interlude lasted almost an hour and they collapsed breathlessly in each other's arms. They returned from orbit, snuggling each other in their nylon nightgowns.

Sue called Emily and outlined Crystal's plan, (or at least the parts of it which included Emily and John). Emily liked the suggestions and told Sue that she and Carol would pick them up at ten. After hanging up the phone, Sue told Crystal to strip, bathe and get dressed in an outfit acceptable for a lady to wear to church.

John had a classic convertible and the shemales were instructed to sit in the back seat. The wives would do the driving, select the route, the scenic places to stop and the places to eat.

Carol was the perfect picture of a lady in her late twenties, but she was not considering this a perfect day. That damn padlocked corset would not let her relax. She had to sit up straight and it was very difficult to get enough air into her lungs. Her whole day would be spent trying to catch her breath.

Crystal was wearing a cute little skirt and blouse combination. She was really not uncomfortable, but she was very nervous to be out in public in a dress again. The shemales had to wear kerchiefs to protect their hair from the wind; the protection was needed to avoid losing their wigs more than preventing the wind messing up their hair. The quartet of ladies made a big loop, going east over toward the coast, then north into the mountains. They stopped at a factory outlet mall, went into the Victoria's Secret outlet and spent quite a bit of time shopping for lingerie for the four of them. The wives had Crystal and Carol thoroughly embarrassed by requiring them to try on half and full slips and several styles of nightgowns. The

shemales were finally allowed to put their skirts and blouses back on, while the ladies paid for the multitude of lingerie items they selected for themselves and their feminized husbands.

They returned to the beautiful convertible and drove to the beginning of the new scenic highway, Emily was driving and she took her time, making it a slow and leisurely trip over the mountains. They stopped at most of the scenic areas along the way, The ladies made Carol and Crystal get out and stretch their legs and enjoy the beautiful views. It seemed that the real reason for getting out of the convertible was to give the other tourists some additional sights to enjoy, in the form of four beautiful pairs of legs, encased in exquisite nylons, properly displayed with very sexy high-heeled shoes. The women in these scenic areas were quite interested in the mountain views, but their husbands were spending most of their time enjoying the leg shows.

As they approached a rest area just after noontime, Emily suggested that they have a light lunch. It would be late in the afternoon before they would reach the Italian joint and they could all enjoy a snack, to tide them over till dinner. She pulled into the rest area, parked the car in a space that would be easy to get out of and shut off the engine. She popped the trunk lid and told Carol and Crystal to place their purses in the trunk, along with the wives' purses, carry the picnic cooler to a table and set it up for lunch. The shemales lifted the cooler out of the trunk and led the way to a picnic table. Emily shut the trunk; the husbands expected that their wives were following right behind them, but they heard two car doors slam and the convertible speed off. Emily had parked in a pull-through space, the ladies had slipped back into the car and drove off, leaving their feminized husbands standing there holding the big cooler, watching their wives wave as they drove away.

Carol/John said, "Jesus Christ, they must be crazy, what in hell are they up to now?" Crystal was terrified. They stood there, each holding one handle of the big picnic cooler. She continued, "Let's set this cooler down on that table over there and figure out where we go from here." They set the big picnic cooler down on a table, sat on opposite benches facing each other across the picnic table. Both displayed a very scared expression.

John said, "There must be an answer which was cleverly concealed in someone of our recent lessons. Chris, what about it, can you dredge up anything relevant?"

Chris answered, "I suspect that it has something to do with being equipped to take charge in a panic situation, or a disaster of some sort. Let's try to evaluate our situation and research every source for a solution."

They took turns making statements concerning their situation:

We are wearing dresses.

Our voices will give us away.

We are over one hundred miles from home.

We have our lunch.

We had better check to see if the cooler really does contain lunch.

The cooler should contain enough food and drinks for four people.

We must have looked silly standing there with the cooler, wearing kerchiefs.

We can call them with your cell phone, John.

The cell phone is in my purse..

Our wallets are in our purses.

The girls insisted that all four purses be safely locked in the trunk, while we ate.

We have no money.

We have no Identification.

We have no phone.

We have no credit cards.

We really are in a compromising situation.

We can't walk very far, because we are wearing heels.

Chris suggested that they have some lunch and work on solutions to their plight while they ate. John opened the cooler and they discovered a very neatly packed lunch, with sandwiches, drinks, napkins.

Chris said, "Let's set everything up as if we were a couple of females having a leisurely Sunday afternoon picnic lunch. Maybe the girls will return and join us. There has to be some reason or lesson to be learned from all of this. Do you see this as a prank designed to scare



us, or as a training class lesson, designed to polish our ability to face disaster without panic?”

John answered, “Emily has always had a tendency toward setting up embarrassing situations for me to deal with, like the lace she sewed on my shirttails. I got caught three time with my shirt tails out, and the lace on it showing. There is no way that I will ever leave my shirts outside of my trousers again.

“There also was the time, when Emily was a lot heavier. She had been working on this dress, for some special affair at the church. She had it nearly completed and wanted to hem the skirt. She asked me to pin it up while she modeled it. I had to pin the back opening, because the zipper had not been put in yet.

“Emily complained that I was doing a lousy job and that the hem was not going to be straight. She was getting very frustrated because of the apparent mess I was making of her very pretty dress. We had a few words, then a few louder words, then I suggested that she pinup her own goddamn hem, and she said, “OK”.

I asked, “What do you mean, OK?”

Emily answered, “You model the dress, and I’ll pin the hem.”

“No way, get your sister to help.

“I need this dress for the special service at the church. Sue is away for the weekend, and you are going to help me. I have put a lot of work into this creation and you are going to help me finish it. I still have to sew the hem after we pin it, and put in the zipper. Your help with the dress hem will make it possible for me to complete it, with time left to press it. Is that too much to ask? After all, I have saved over seventy-five dollars by making it instead of buying the one that I fell in love with, down at the Mall.’

“Emily convinced me to model the dress, when she mentioned the price of the one at the Mall. Then to add to the problem which she had just posed for me, she insisted on all of the appropriate underwear to make my figure a close duplicate to hers. I was quite thin then, so her clothes fit me well enough to model the dress. I urged her to hurry; I didn’t want to get caught wearing one of her dresses.

“Emily supervised as I got dressed and even insisted on her panties, instead of my boxer shorts. She watched me very closely and kept warning me to be very careful not to tear the delicate fabric of the dress, get it dirty or wrinkled. She had me stand on a chair, in the front hall, near the bottom of the stairs, where my head wouldn’t hit the ceiling. She set up a lamp, so that she could see what she was doing and worked quite rapidly to pin up the hem. When she was nearly finished, a car drove into the driveway and someone came up to the front door. I ran up stairs, hid in the spare bedroom and Emily answered the door.

“I could hear people talking, but I couldn’t determine who they were. I tried to get out of Emily’s clothes, but she had pinned the back with safety pins on the inside and impossible for me to reach. I didn’t dare tear the dress, because she would go right out and buy that expensive one at the Mall. I didn’t dare go downstairs and ask her to help me out of the dress.

"This incident happened about seven-thirty on Saturday night. The guests were her parents and they stayed until after eleven o'clock. When they left the house and I heard their car leave the yard, I went down the stairs very cautiously in my stocking feet. I had kicked off the high-heeled shoes but stood up the whole time to prevent wrinkling the dress. My legs were very tired and there was Emily, in the living room watching the news and weather. She said, 'Would you mind waiting just a few minutes until the weather is over?'

"I complained about being stuck in her dress, reminded her that she needed to finish it up for church, and she said, 'Oh don't worry, I have all week to complete it for a week from Sunday.'

"I said, 'But you told me that it was for that special service.'

"You assumed that I meant tomorrow, you should pay more attention to the things that we plan to do together,' Emily said.

"Why did you have to do the hem tonight?" I asked.

"Her answer was a real shocker, 'My folks wanted to discuss a little personal finance and estate distribution, which would affect the way that their wills would be written and it centered around my youngest brother. They wanted my feedback tonight. They will consult with Sue tomorrow night and their lawyer on Monday.'

"You are always around and you love to interfere in matters that really are none of your business, so I quickly improvised a way to keep you quiet. I could have slipped you a couple of sleeping pills or doped your iced tea, but I needed a way to be sure that you wanted to stay out of sight and stay quiet. I could have tied you to the bed. I know how much you like those bondage scenes in the X-rated movies that you rent, but when you got tired of being tied to the bed, you would have been raising hell to get free.'

"I didn't need that dress, I put it together late this afternoon, specifically to use as a restraint for you, It actually fits you better than it does me. I will wear it next Sunday, because it is made of the loveliest nylon material and it looks so feminine on you. It may just hang in a plastic garment bag until I need it again and put you in it to keep you out of trouble,' Emily said.

"I think that it worked very well and that you look very feminine from the neck down. A wig, shave and makeup would complete your transformation, but as you are presently dressed, it was imperative that you hide and be quiet. Oh! By the way, you were doing an excellent job on my dress hem, but I had to bitch in order to get you to trade places,' Emily concluded.

"I believe that you have the situation analyzed correctly, except for one thing. They are trying to teach us some sort of a lesson and have done so by pulling an unbelievable prank on us. Let's eat and figure out a solution, but we had better be thoroughly aware of everything and everyone around us. We don't want to find ourselves missing the only boat that may show up to rescue us," Chris said.

The lunch was great, the day was beautiful and the proposed solutions were impossible. They sat and acted the part of ladies on a Sunday drive who stopped to enjoy a leisurely picnic lunch. Chris was holding a sandwich in one hand and

doing his usual nervous trick of turning his soda can as it rested on the tabletop. All of a sudden he noticed a price sticker and decided to read it. In very small print it read, “under lunch”. This puzzled him and he told John what he had just found.

John said, “They set this whole thing up. They are going to lead us around like bulls with rings in our noses, while they test our ability to see into the future, to predict the motives of others. They want us to wake up and smell the flowers and not get caught with our pants down, or should I reword that and say with our panties down.”

Chris pulled everything out of the cooler and found a note on the bottom, protected by being zipped into a freezer bag.

The note read, “Well girls, you have allowed yourselves to be set up by your competition. John could lose out on a promotion because his ‘fellow worker’ was smart enough to lead him into this compromising situation. Chris could lose out on a great business deal because he didn’t check his information first hand, and relied on someone else for his facts.

“You both should have been alarmed when we placed our purses in the trunk for safety, and insisted that you two put your purses in there as well. You both knew that Emily had the only key to that trunk and you certainly should have been more protective of your personal possessions. Look at where you are right now, look at all of the troubles and embarrassment that you face in whatever route you choose, to rescue yourselves from your present dilemma. There will be lots more tests like this one, not always trapping you in dresses, but always testing you on your awareness of your surroundings, your so-called “friends” and your sources of information. Never take someone’s word, check it out and never believe the weatherman, your boss, your wife, your fellow man, or your first source of information. To coin a phrase, ‘Don’t get caught with your panties down’.”

John said, “Goddamn, I hit that one.”

The note continued, “This is just the beginning. You now have to engineer your escape without embarrassment. Some of this may sound silly and unnecessary—you will have to determine which is which. We have John locked into his corset which is held down by the nylons covering his sexy legs. Sue made Chris wear a garter belt and nylons, in sympathy for John. The package which you both believe is your dessert, which you haven’t bothered to open yet, holds a Polaroid camera. We want a picture of each of you with your skirts and slips above your waist, your panties just above your knees and with your nylon tops, garters and family jewels on display. These pictures will be full frontal shots, with just enough distance to display the person from head to toe.

“The snapshots are to be placed in back of the mirror in the men’s room of this rest area. Your assignment, if you choose to accept it, will be to take those photos, get into the men’s room while you are still wearing your dresses, return to your picnic table and remain visible as two lovely ladies on a picnic. You have to catch

the person picking up the photos if you want a way out of this trap and a way home.

“We have tested this scenario and were successful, now it is your turn. Look at the back side of this note paper.” There were two fax copies of girls with their skirts up and panties down, obviously taken at this same rest area. A paper napkin covered the pubic area, but the faces were correct, their panties were down, so the wives had been able to actually pull this scenario off and not get arrested in the process.

Next came a bitching session, lots of sympathy for their plight, and finally there was a serious discussion of how to accomplish these demands. The men’s room door was completely visible from their present location. It was very unlikely that they could get privacy enough to take the required pictures, because they were surrounded by people and traffic. A survey of the area produced a picnic table which would allow a lot more privacy and still allow a good view of the men’s room door. There was a man sitting at that table studying a road map.

Their position near the men’s room door was certainly going to be a problem. Two desirable ladies with no male escorts made excellent targets for the single men to hit on. Crystal and Carol needed to be left alone in order to work out the logistics of their rescue. The male prospectors were going to be very distracting. If they had been allowed to wear jeans and sneakers instead of dresses, nylons and high-heeled shoes, it would have been a lot easier, because fewer men would be tempted to introduce themselves or to try to horn in on their picnic.

Their male voices made it impossible for them to speak to anyone, even to tell them to take a hike. They had to find a way to turn off the men and be able to concentrate on their problems.

John said, “We can hold hands, or sit real close to each other and rub our near legs together, but don’t get any funny ideas like enjoying it.”

“I don’t want to hold hands, it’s bad enough to be stuck out here in a public place wearing dresses, let’s not add to our humiliation. Why don’t you give the leeches an uppercut to the jaw?” Christopher asked.

“We would have one of them come back with a cop in tow, the truth would come out and most likely we would be arrested. Our whole project would blow up in our faces,” John answered.

Chris asked, “What in hell are we going to do about these goddamn guys?”

“Let’s set the table for four people and try to make it look like our male friends have just gone to the men’s room or back to the car after something—like a package of condoms, which they may have forgotten,” John suggested.

The table for four cut down on the interruptions. One or two men acted as though the extra places were meant for them, so they added partially eaten sandwiches to the extra plates. Chris had to practice a few words spoken in as feminine a tone as possible, and the words chosen were: “NO, Get Lost, Scram, Drop Dead, and Leave Us Alone.”

One obnoxious character, obviously drunk, convinced that they needed his company, walked right up, sat down on the picnic bench and started to proposition them. John slid his hand across the table, as a gesture to say "Hi" by shaking hands and the drunk accepted it. John nearly crushed the poor guy's hand. There was a horrible scream, and the drunk left in a big hurry.

John said, "I guess that Romeo decided that he needed to be somewhere else. Let's both try that on the next guy who tries to move in on us. They will believe that we are female wrestlers or physical fitness instructors, or whatever and maybe we can run them out of here pronto."

Their next problem occurred when two women, dressed rather mannishly, asked if they could join them. Chris and John were afraid that they were lesbians and were scared that Emily and Sue would see these women sitting at the same picnic table. The wives might assume that their husbands were still going to stray, even though they were wearing dresses. There was no telling what type of punishments would follow.

John, in a very deep masculine tone, said, "Oh! Please join us, we have been trolling for a little entertainment all afternoon. We are very horny. I hope you two have an automobile with a big back seat."

The two women disappeared into thin air. It would take a lot of time to speculate on the millions of thoughts that must have run through the minds of those two females, after being confronted by the response that John had just given them.

They had to get moving to accomplish their objectives as soon as possible so that they didn't miss the girl's return. The convertible would be easy to spot, but if the top were up, it would be difficult to determine if they were both inside. There was one spot in the parking lot where an automobile could be hidden from their view, by a huge Dumpster.

John said, "Express every thought aloud, no matter how trivial, stupid, or silly it may seem.

"How in hell could a girl get into a men's room in a dress? They could disguise themselves as a man, and get in and out. Hey, that is one clue," Chris said. John answered, "We don't have a single stitch of men's clothing."

Chris answered, "They could."

"How could we get them away from them?" John asked.

Chris said, "No John, we have to watch for one of the wives posing as a man, to get in, get the pictures and get out without us catching them."

"Wow Chris, you are right. Hey, the map reader is leaving. Let's grab that table. You go over and I'll bring our stuff."

They checked out their new location and decided to sit on the back corner of the picnic bench, for taking the Polaroid pictures. Chris reached up under the dress and slip and pulled his panties down, with the skirts for cover. John backed away and positioned the camera to find the best location to get the whole seated

figure, and said, "Say okay when no one is walking behind me, lift your dress and slip. I will be all focused, snap your picture, say okay, and you can cover up. It shouldn't even take five seconds, so it is very unlikely that we will be arrested for indecent exposure."

They were successful with both Polaroid pictures and they worked on how to get them into the men's room, while the second photo was developing.

First they would have to determine that there were no men inside. One of them would have to stand guard, maybe even create a diversion, while the other one slipped in and out of the men's room. Getting caught on the way out wouldn't be too bad, but no one must see them hide the photos; they might steal them and then they would know that these ladies were imposters. They could tell others, call the cops, decide to beat up the fags, or blackmail them.

Timing would have to be perfect, also the diversion would have to appear authentic. Christopher was great at imitating a girl's voice, so as they watched the men's room door, they decided to have Chris fall off the picnic bench and knock the picnic cooler off at the same time. John would move over near the rest room door, Chris would watch. If no one was near, Chris would flip the front of his dress skirt. John would slip inside, stash the pictures and slip right back out again. If someone came near, Chris would fall and scream and take the big cooler down with him. He would try to get the dress to go up and cause lots of exposure, scramble to a sitting position and make a big production out of pulling the dress down. John would take care of hiding the photos and come running to assist the lady sitting on the grass. Chris would have to figure out how to fall and he was not allowed any rehearsals. He would also have to assure everyone who wished to help or to sneak a peek, that "she" was not hurt. They decided that Chris must stay down on the ground until John arrived to help him/ her up.

In less than twenty minutes, the photos were safely hidden behind the mirror in the men's rest room. They had not needed any diversion; there had been a lull in men's room traffic, which helped them accomplish their feat.

John and Chris resumed their picnic, with only a few potato chips to munch on, while they waited and watched every one going near the men's room door.

Chris said, "It seems so strange to sit here and realize that we are afraid to use the men's room now, when we have been doing so for almost forty years. We are scared, we are required to go to the ladies room, and because of the clothing we are wearing, we are forbidden to use the urinals just inside that door."

An old man came up to the toilet door, with a dog on a leash. He pulled the door open and they both went inside. Chris said, "That was Sue."

John answered, "Bullshit, that guy could hardly hobble around."

Chris said, "I have seen Sue imitate a walk like that. Let's greet the old man and his dog when they come out. If that is Sue and she is after the photos, that old man will be coming right back out. If I am wrong, the guy will think that we might be hookers looking for some business, but if I am right, we are on our way home." John and Chris hardly had enough time to position themselves in the

pathway to the rest room when the old man and the dog came out and turned the corner. The two pretty ladies were standing in the path to greet him. He tried to walk around them. Chris pulled his old felt hat off and Sue's long hair fell out from under the hat.

John and Chris successfully exposed Sue as the old man and now they had to put things in order to head for home. Sue sent Carol to find the car and get Emily to bring Sue's dress and shoes to the ladies room so that she could get out of the "Old Man" outfit. Sue sent Crystal to return the borrowed dog. The dog belonged to the couple in the motor home with Texas registration.

Crystal ran into some problems with her assignment, because the Texas lady wanted details on just what Sue was doing dressed as a man. She kept asking questions. Crystal kept whispering brief answers and finally this very perceptive lady realized that what she was seeing was not what she was looking at. She asked, "Now how did that lady manage to get you dressed and made up as a woman?"

Crystal, with a very red face, answered with Chris's voice, "It wasn't difficult, once she described the alternatives."

The lady said, "Tell me more."

Crystal tried to be brief. "I was offered a choice, change Christopher into Crystal, or accept divorce with no money, no home, no automobile, no license and no credit cards."

"Wow! You must have really screwed up to get her that upset. How long are you going to have to pretend to be a female?"

Chris answered, "I don't know for sure, but I would guess evenings, bedtime and weekends, for a year or more. Sue told me that I had to help her change back into her dress, so I must hurry to help her. Thank you for the loan of your dog."

The Texas lady asked, "Will you invite your wife to come over to here and visit for a little bit? I want a few more details about today's outing."

"There are four of us, because Sue's sister has offered her husband the same choices," Crystal answered.

"Second thought, why don't I go with you and personally invite everyone?" the lady asked.

When Crystal and the "Texas Lady" arrived at the picnic table, Sue was just coming out of the ladies room, carrying the "Old Man" costume. Emily and Carol were packing the last of the picnic stuff into the big cooler.

Crystal said, "The lady from Texas has extended an invitation to the four of us to stop by her motor home for a brief visit, before we start out for home. She claims that she is dying for more details of today's outing, and has come with me to insist that we visit with her and her husband."

Sue asked, "Did she discover your masquerade?"

Crystal answered, "Yes, she asked so many questions that it was impossible to answer all of them with nods, head shaking, whispered responses or smiles. It took about one minute for her to guess the reason for my reluctance to speak to her. Once she knew the truth, it didn't matter that I spoke in Chris's voice. She was surprised with her discovery, and definitely interested in learning more about why I am wearing ladies clothing."

The "Texas Lady" spoke, "My name is Gail, my husband is Ernest, and I have come to convince all of you to visit with us for just a short while."

Emily said, "We have a long drive to get home and should get started soon, but if we pack everything into the convertible, I'm sure we could spare time for a short visit."

"You were nice enough to loan me your dog, so I guess that we should honor your invitation," Sue said.

The husbands were tired of being dressed as ladies and wanted to head for home PDQ. and bring this day's activities to an end.

Everything was packed up and put away in the trunk of the car and the purses belonging to Carol and Crystal were back in their possession. All five ladies walked over to Gail's motor home. With six people, it was a little crowded, but Ernest turned the captain's chairs around and the four guests sat around the dinette table.

Emily made the introductions, using both male and female names for the husbands, and Ernest asked, "Why in hell are you guys wearing dresses? Have you been to a costume party somewhere?"

Carol started to answer, but Sue interrupted and explained the situation. She said, "Our husbands lost their way, their drive to succeed and allowed their careers to get sidetracked. Emily and I agonized over many possible plans to get our men back on track. Emily read a story about an abused wife who took charge, imprisoned her drunken husband in dresses and with his hands in a single plaster of Paris cast, held him prisoner until he dictated a confession to the drunken beating he had given her.

"We are using petticoats to put our husband's brakes on, they have agreed to work with us and with some motivational tapes, to jump start their careers. They will be Crystal and Carol every hour not spent at work. They have agreed to this choice instead of divorce and losing their home, money, license and credit cards."

Gail looked at her husband, Ernest, saw an overweight potbellied man smoking a cigar, and said, "Well Ernest, what do you think? Do you suppose that we could be better off, that you would feel better, look neater, be more help around the house, if we adopted the plan these two couples are following?"

Ernest asked, "What's wrong with what we are doing? We are on a three-week vacation. We have traveled clear across this country and up until about twenty minutes ago, we were having a real good time. We share the driving, I take care of our new motor home, you provide the eats and keep everything neat and clean on

the inside. I'm on vacation, I should be able to enjoy a beer or two in the evening and not have to shave everyday."

Gail said, "What a thrill it is to put on a sexy nightgown and slide into bed beside a nude beached whale, smelling of beer and cigar smoke and covered with a three day growth of whiskers. I am not into same-sex love, but a neat and clean, sweet-smelling bed mate wearing a nightgown would be a treat to spend the night with."

"Hold on there, little woman. Up to this point, which is almost twenty five years of marriage, I have never heard you complain about my occasional beer and cigar and I have always slept in the nude, and shaved in the morning. How come you all-of-a-sudden want things to be different, especially just after these two ladies waltz in here with their husbands dressed as girls?" Ernest asked.

Sue said, "Well, I guess this is our time to exit. Gail, thank you for the loan of your dog. Your motor home is wonderful, but we have overstayed our welcome."

"Take your fairy husbands with you," Ernest said.

"Thank you for coming to visit and for sharing your plan and goals. Thank you for opening my eyes to the unbelievable benefits of petticoats. Would you give me your address and phone number, in case I need more advice or assurance?" Gail asked.

Emily said, "Maybe we should form a national association of Females for Equal Benefits."

The quartet of ladies returned to the convertible, Crystal and Carol were together in the back seat and Sue took the driver's seat.

As they headed for home, Emily produced the key to the padlocks which were securing John/Carols' corset, and said, "Your time is up on the corset. Pull up your dress and slip, pull down your panties and unlock and unhook the abdominal strap. When those clothes are back in place, Crystal will open the back zipper, pull the dress and slip down and unlock and release the upper corset strap. Carol can then put the dress and slip back in place."

There was a lot of discussion about the Sunday afternoon adventure. Emily asked for their reactions and assessments of their situation when they first realized that their wives had just deserted them.

Crystal was the first to speak. "Watching you two drive away was a tease, a prank, or whatever. I expected to see the convertible make a U-turn out near the exit. When that didn't happen, doom started to sink in."

Carol picked up the story and added her reactions. "I couldn't believe what was happening, you two were dumping us off in the middle of nowhere, in a very busy public place. There is no way to fully describe the impact of a man abandoned in dresses, over a hundred miles from home, with no money, no credit cards and with a distinctive male voice. You girls had to be insane. Public exposure could cause permanent damage to either Christopher's career, or mine.

“Emily told me this morning, that today was going to be devoted to following Crystal’s plan for the day’s activities. How in Hell would she know that you intended to come up here?”

Sue answered, “Emily and I spent the week very discreetly, planting the seeds that prompted Crystal to select exactly what we wanted. This would of course steer both of you away from any fear of foul play. We were sure to prompt Carol to say thank you to Crystal for her wonderful suggestions.

“When Emily and I placed our purses in the trunk, it seemed like the right thing for you two to do likewise. With both of you occupied by carrying the big picnic cooler, while struggling with your balance on the high-heeled shoes and trying to decide which picnic table to choose, it was a simple move for Emily and I to slip into the convertible and drive off. We were half way to the Rest Area exit before you two noticed that we were not walking behind you.”

Emily said, “We should have had someone with a camcorder to preserve the reactions and comments prompted by the discovery of our departure. We had a wonderful and leisurely Italian dinner while you two enjoyed your picnic lunch. Who found the clue? Sue and I have a bet that it was Crystal, with Christopher’s habitual turning of his glass or soda can. Also we believe that you never suspected that the plastic container marked ‘Dessert’ was actually a Polaroid camera. We were also trying to find a way to conceal a recorder somewhere in the cooler and had one hidden in the bottom of a Kleenex box. We were sure that neither of you would use a Kleenex when there were paper napkins already available. We abandoned the idea when we found that the road noise of the car would turn on the voice-activated feature of the tape recorder and use up our whole cassette before we even reached the Rest Area.

“We related your fear of exposure as transvestites to a similar fear of career or business failure and decided to create the challenge of men trapped in dresses, with a specific set of instructions on how they could be assured of a rescue, which would prevent public exposure.”

Sue took over the story for a while, “The photos of us, were not us, but we provided the faces to be inserted. We now have pictures of each of you in public, in an absolutely obscene pose. We would have refused to allow a photo of ourselves in that pose to be taken, and would have placed a set of pictures of us in a sexy but discrete pose behind the mirror, and concentrated our efforts on apprehension of the person going in to retrieve them.”

Emily started a new angle, “It is easy for a girl to recognize another girl, but men are not accustomed to the ways of identifying females. The male wears the same style of clothing most of the time, but the female can and does change every thing except their face, and maybe jewelry like a watch, glasses or a wedding ring. The way they walk in heels and many other similar things would be missed by a male, because they check out the boobs, legs, and fannies, in that order. Who recognized Sue as the old man?”

Crystal said, “I recognized the walk, hesitated because of the dog, then somehow I was positive that it was Sue. We decided that if we were wrong, the old man

would think that we were hookers making a pass at him. If we did nothing, we might find ourselves sleeping in the woods in dresses, or calling the cops for assistance.

“If Sue had been successful in retrieving the photos, what would you have done? Would you have left us and gone home? Would we have been rescued anyway, even if we refused to take the obscene photos?”

Emily tried to answer all of Crystal’s questions, “Distance and travel time were our enemy; we would have left you two here until quite late, if we were all on vacation. Each of us is supposed to show up for work in the morning. We were stuck and would have to cut your outing short and haul you home. The convertible was hidden by the big trash Dumpster and we used the ladies room to dress Sue as the old man. We borrowed the dog from a lady who was intrigued by our efforts to disguise Sue. Crystal was very perceptive and the dog, on the leash failed to distract her intuition and you two caught Sue on the way out.

“As for the pictures, we will have to hold on to them for a while. If later on we feel that there is no more need for that type of leverage, we can plan a Polaroid-, and maybe even a bra-burning party.”

Sue said, “Well, your field trip training session was a new twist in respect to whom you can trust. It must be quite a shock to learn that your wives can and will trick you now and again but maybe not. We have already run you both through the gauntlet many times. If you were girls and accustomed to being on guard against an attack, many of our actions today would have alerted that extra sense, which females seem to have.

“You two would have been more curious about where we were going and discovered that the idea had been carefully planted in Crystal’s mind, then you both would have been on full alert for a trick. If you had been asked to place your purses in the trunk, you probably would have refused. You could have insisted that your wives lead the way, and select the picnic table.

“You were both very careless, probably from fear of being caught wearing dresses. That fear caused you to sidetrack your warning system. Your fear of failure has lead each of you on to a spur track and nearly derailed your train. Christopher’s vent for frustration was his pursuit of extracurricular activities. John’s vent was not quite so destructive, but his desire to watch X-rated movies certainly turned his attention away from any thoughts of career advancement.”

They were headed south, towards home and Emily stated that they were going to need gasoline for John’s convertible. She asked, “Carol, do you know if this gas gauge still works properly?”

Carol answered, “That is a whole new assembly which I just installed in the gas tank last fall and it has been very accurate.”

“Well I guess that we had better find a service station real soon, or someone is going to have to walk somewhere and bring back a can of gas,” Emily said.

About a mile further down the road, they found one of those country stores which sells everything from soup to nuts. Emily turned the convertible into the entrance and pulled right up to one of the gas pumps.

Carol and Crystal were riding in the back seat and could not read the gauges on the instrument panel and had to take Emily's word for the fact that they needed fuel for the car. Sue handed Crystal a twenty and a ten-dollar bill and said, "Why don't you ladies go in and pay for the gas? Emily and I will pump it into the tank and then patronize the rest room. You two can check out all of the goodies for sale, pick up cold drinks and snacks for us to eat in the car, check out the ladies room if you want to and we will be on our way in real short order."

Sue opened the car door, got out and folded the back of her seat forward, to allow the occupants of the back seat a way to dismount from the vehicle. Carol and Crystal refused to get out and insisted that the arrangements be changed. Crystal said, "This car belongs to John and Emily, so why don't we let them take care of it. Sue and I can go inside the store, and take care of the selections and purchases."

Sue said, "Well, it looks like some of our lessons and lectures are going to start paying off. It appears that we are not going to be able to drive off and leave you two twice in the same day. You can't fault us for trying or testing. We will do as Crystal suggested and give John/Carol a chance to check up on the beautiful convertible."

When they were back in the car and on the way home, Emily said, "Sue, it seems that the ladies in the back seat are just a little hesitant to follow our instructions. They actually refused to do as you recommended and offered an alternate plan. Crystal's plan worked out quite well, so I guess that no harm has been done by their insubordination this time. There is a very fine line between doing as you are told and doing the same things in a safe and secure manner. You two will have to sharpen your wits and be prepared at all times to be able to detect the difference. It will affect your responses to orders, which we may give you, or situations which will occur in connection with your business careers. Remember what we told you, never trust your first source of information, always check it out, or at least review it quickly and try to determine if holds at least a little bit truth and reality."

The Sunday outing was finally over. Sue and Crystal were dropped off at the end of their driveway. Emily continued along the little country road and drove the pretty convertible into its own garage.

In the next few months, the "Texas Lady" called and talked with either Sue or Emily. She was looking for updates on the lives of Crystal and Carol and suggestions on how to gain control of Ernest.

Ernest was convinced that Sue and Emily were actually creating a female domination group and that they had managed to enlist Gail as one of their recruits, probably by some sort of hypnotism. Ernest could believe whatever he chose, as long as he followed orders, once Gail finally took command of his life.

Gail had called three times and the third call was on a Saturday night, just after Sue and Emily finished the weekly evaluations and just after they finished locking Carol into her corset as Sunday punishment for allowing Crystal to achieve a higher weekly score. The call came was answered on Sue's speaker-phone. This allowed everyone to listen in on the news from Texas and to add his or her comments to the conversation.

Gail had mustered enough courage to go out and rent an X-rated bondage video which depicted a woman sexually assaulting a man with his arms and legs bound to the corners of a bed. It showed the ecstasy on the man's face as he enjoyed the sensation of her using his helpless body to satisfy their sexual drive. Ernest was all fired up and anxious to have Gail bind and rape him. Gail played the part of a timid female and claimed to be too embarrassed to do anything as immoral as that film. Ernest kept suggesting that they try it, until one Friday night he finally managed to convince Gail to give it a try. He had purchased some sturdy rope and he attached it to the four-corners of their bed, then stripped and laid down on the bed to wait for Gail to come in and tie him up.

Gail went back to watch the movie again, supposedly to bolster her courage. Ernest fell asleep while he was waiting for her. Gail came into the bedroom, dressed in a very sexy black nylon nightgown and found her nude husband sound asleep, the four ropes lying there for her to bind his arms and legs. He had followed the procedure used in the video and had set up his own trap. Gail carefully secured his arms, without waking him. Next she slipped a panty girdle over one of the ropes meant for binding his legs, slid that leg way over to the side of the bed and tied the rope around that ankle.

This maneuver woke Ernest up. He realized that his arms and one leg were bound and that Gail was pulling a girdle up his legs. Just as she got it up into place, he started to swear, thrash around and accuse Gail of playing tricks on him. Gail let him struggle for a few minutes and when he quieted down, she told him that he had to be totally helpless and frustrated, to make the bondage do its job on the male libido.

Ernest let her tie his other ankle, then nearly had a heart attack from the reactions created by her tickling him. He ended up completely out of breath and pleaded for Gail to stop long enough for him to catch his breath.

Gail told Ernest that she was going to watch the half-hour video again, for more training and courage. She went out to the living room and watched the last half of an hour-long comedy series. When she returned to the bedroom, Ernest was asleep again. Gail placed plastic hand casts on each of his hands and silently thanked Emily for sending them to her. She covered her girdled and bound husband with a comforter and went to bed in the guestroom.

Ernest woke up around four o'clock, needing to go to the bathroom and started calling for Gail. She came in and asked what he wanted. Ernest started to give her hell for not following through with their planned sexual encounter, complained that he needed to go to the bathroom and about his now useless hands. Gail told him that he was in no position to be getting bossy. First, he couldn't get out of bed and

he couldn't get the girdle off if she did release him from the bed. Second, the bed had a full rubber sheet under the regular sheet so she could leave him there until morning and he would not hurt the mattress from any accident he might have.

Gail told him that she appreciated his helping her subdue him, that he was going to be "sick with the flu" for the whole of next week and that this was the beginning of his first year of training as Ernestine.

Ernest reacted violently, trying to get free, trying to shake the plastic casts off, working himself into a terrible rage and sweat. He had secured the ropes to the bed and tested them to be sure that they would hold. Gail left him alone to swear and struggle. Finally he got desperate and started calling and politely asking Gail to help him drain his bladder. She came into the bedroom carrying a bedpan and assisted Ernest in using it.

The next morning she showed up in their bedroom, wearing a transparent bra and panty set. She sat on the bed and leaned over until one breast was almost touching his face, and asked, "Do you like my sexy underwear?"

Ernest answered, "Release me and I'll show you just how much."

Gail said, "Try to find the words to express how much you love my bra and panties."

Ernest responded, "I love your bra and panties."

"Well good, I hoped that you would feel that way. Yesterday, I bought you a matching set, and bust pads to go in the bra. Let's get you into the bathroom for a shower, then dress you in the lingerie, which you just told me that you love," Gail said.

The conference call was made about twenty-four hours after Ernest was captured and near the end of his first day as Ernestine. Gail wanted to set a date for them to come to New England to spend a long weekend with the two couples.

Emily insisted that they use her guestroom, Sue promised to pick them up at the airport and Crystal and Carol were volunteered as maids, cooks and also as instructors for Ernestine. Emily suggested that they repeat this arrangement again, in the spring, on Easter weekend and this year there could be three lovely ladies in the Easter Parade. They could follow the same routine as last Easter, except for the fact that they would need a limousine to accommodate three ladies and their huge gowns.

The weekend visit of Gail and Ernestine was a total success as far as the wives were concerned; they took their feminized husbands clothing shopping. They made each shemale try on a few dresses and allowed each of them to wear the new dress which they selected to dinner and a movie, before they returned to the home of Emily and Carol. Ernestine was subjected to lots of lessons on fashion, makeup and color coordination. They had their own little male bull session, where they bitched about their wives and about having to wear women's clothing. They also talked about the progress they were making in getting their figures back into shape. The final part of the bull session was spent describing their positive progress in the business world.

As Easter approached, the local newspaper started a campaign to try to establish the identity of the two pretty ladies who had marched in last year's Easter's parade. The articles also speculated on the possibility of a repeat appearance this year. Emily and Sue followed the articles very closely and decided that local rental of the gowns would be a mistake if they intended to preserve the mystery surrounding these ladies.

Emily spent some time on the computer and located several nationwide costume-rental companies with this specific gown for rent. She had three of them ship a gown to Gail in Texas. Gail would include the gowns with her luggage on Easter weekend and each of the parade participants could spend a little time pressing their gown to be sure it was ready to wear on Easter morning. The entry of three ladies in lovely pink lace gowns with huge hoop petticoats was a complete success and the newspapers had a field day with pictures, stories and speculation as to just whom these lovely ladies were. The paper was also searching for explanations as to just why they had chosen to grace this little town with their welcome appearances.

The ladies, Sue and Emily had demonstrated lots of love for their husbands, they were determined to see the men progress in their chosen field, and their efforts had been very drastic...also very effective.

It is now about a year since that cruise. Sue and Emily have lots of help with household chores. John and Chris are down to being required to wear just panties under their business suits but their weekends are still spent as Carol and Crystal. Soon the wives will promote them out of panties for work, but they are still going to insist on ladies wear for bedtime and for weekends, for at least one more year.

John is making great strides in his quest for a more secure financial future by achieving promotions in his company. Chris is establishing three more branch offices, staffing them with trusted members of his original office crew and the financial statements are a marvel to review.

Both husbands are now two dress sizes smaller, Chris/Crystal can wear Sue's clothing, John/Carol now has the wardrobe which Crystal wore on the cruise, plus lots more as supplements and variety.

The "Petticoat System" made a marvelous change in the two husbands. It stopped John from watching X-rated movies and Chris from cheating on his wife. It put their careers back on course, and added a completely new dimension to their lives and marriages.

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