

HALLOWEEN

By Jamie



ILLUSTRATED BY C PITTS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

Copyright 1999, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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

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

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

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

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

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

HALLOWEEN

By Jamie

We have a modest home in a small town in a rural part of our New England state, about forty minutes from the largest city. Our children are grown, and they have their own homes, so there's just us, Judy and John, in our middle forties, living here now. Judy does a great job keeping this place neat and clean, and always has a hot meal waiting for me when I get home from work. I'm an accountant for a large local firm close to home, and I receive a good salary in return for my labors. There are excellent benefits, with a generous vacation and profit-sharing perks.

I usually sit and watch television in the evening. We seldom go out, because I have been away at work all day and I'm tired when I get home. I enjoy being lazy and sloppy in the evening; for me, it's business suits in the office and underwear at home. We seldom have any company, salespeople, delivery men, or anyone else who might disturb us. Judy attends to the intruders, because she *doesn't* sit around in her underwear. There's usually just the two of us enjoying our evenings together.

Halloween is this Saturday and we have planned for some time to attend a costume party. Just a few days ago, I mustered enough courage to try to persuade Judy to let me go dressed as a girl, something I have always wanted to do, but never had the courage to try. She said I could,. She also said that it would take a lot of work to get just the right outfit. There would also have to be a try-on and training session, before the party.

We have a large collection of costumes that our children had for some of the parties they went to when they were growing up. There are two rather nice wigs to choose from, and a presentable pair of black high heel shoes that will fit me.

I scheduled a "personal day" off from work on Friday, the day before Halloween. It was rainy, and I was goofing off waiting for the weather to clear, so that I could work on my pickup. Just before lunch, Judy suggested that I get dressed in the clothes she had selected as my costume for the party. She wanted to see if everything would fit, and it would give me time to practice walking, sitting, and acting like a lady. She had managed to get a complete outfit together, and she had just laid it all out on my bed. All I had to do was try them on.

Trying on girl's clothes wasn't part of my plan for today, if it ever stopped raining, I had a truck to work on. I asked Judy if we couldn't wait 'til late in the evening, when it was safer. Less chance of someone coming to visit or sell something that way.

Judy answered, "This is our house. We can do whatever we like inside any time of day or night. There isn't much time left to get everything checked out. I want to be able to replace the clothes that aren't right, so that tomorrow night you can just get dressed. That way, we won't have to rush around to find different sizes or colors".

I stripped down to my jockey shorts, and Judy sent me in to shave. She followed me into the bathroom, and supervised the hair removal. "Shorten your sideburns and shave your face, neck, arms, underarms, and legs," she said. I objected to the sideburn change; after all, this was just a "test run", but she said, "If you want my help, stop this arguing! Do as I say or do it yourself". Let's see how well you can fix yourself up to look like a lady", and she walked out of the bathroom.

I found her in the kitchen checking on lunch, and I apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get you upset. It would be nearly impossible for me to get any kind of passable results without your help. Please come back and I'll try to follow directions." Judy hesitated for a few minutes, then turned and led the way back to the bathroom. The sideburns were trimmed off quite a bit higher, and I shaved it clean like the rest of my face. She handed me a deodorant stick, and I almost raised an objection, but caught myself in time. The smell of that stick was decidedly female, and it made me feel a little high.

Judy led the way back to my bedroom, picked up the bra from the bed and handed it to me. I slipped my arms through the straps, and Judy hooked it behind my back. There were inflatable inserts, and when they were in place, the bra was completely filled out, and gave the appearance of a well-endowed female. She handed me a pair of white nylon panties to put on. I stripped off my Jockey shorts, and pulled the lace-trimmed panties up my legs and into place.

A pair of pantyhose was next, and they were a real workout for an inexperienced person. I never realized how far it is down to my toes, or how difficult it is to get both feet into a pair of pantyhose, and get them pulled up your legs without putting a run in them. The last time I dressed like this, nylons were in style. She handed me a long-leg panty girdle. It was *way* too tight. My "male parts" were mashed flat, and it was hard to draw a deep breath. Judy said, "You have to suffer to be beautiful. The girdle hides your 'equipment' and gets rid of most of your pot belly." A half-slip with lots of lace at the hem covered up everything from my waist to my knees. Next, she helped me with the makeup job.

The dress was a turtleneck, with long sleeves; it was pulled over my head and down into place. Judy zipped up the back of the dress. The top was made of a stretchy material, which did an embarrassing job of accentuating the bust created by those fake boobs. The high-heeled shoes were next, then nail polish. I asked if I really had to paint my nails, because this would only be for a little practice session, and then I would be taking the nail polish right off. Judy's answer was that to be able to act the part of a lady, you have to *look* like a lady.

Judy had two wigs laid out, and she tried both of them on my head. The long blonde one covered my ears and came down close to my shoulders. She removed that one and put the short curly brunette wig on. I liked the blonde one because, as the saying goes, "Blondes have more fun". Judy claimed that the brunette wig was a very close match to my eyebrows, and would be much easier for me to care for at the party. So, it seemed I was to be a brunette at the Halloween party. She selected a set of clip earrings, and a necklace to match. The necklace looked quite impressive and expensive on the front of the turtleneck dress.

I learned that training to be a lady is an exacting science. Walking, sitting, and gestures were demonstrated to me. Judy coached, and I complained because I felt that everyone at the party would know who I was. Judy insisted that I continue and learn from her demonstrations. I tried, but I kept reverting back to my masculine mannerisms.

Judy suggested that we take a break, and have some lunch. We went to the kitchen. I was wobbling around on those heels, but I made it to the kitchen, pulled out a chair, and sat down.

Judy promptly grasped me by the ear and hauled me to a standing position. "You waltz in here, all dolled up and expect to be waited on? There's an apron hanging on the pantry door. You had better get into it and lend a hand preparing our lunch. Remember the saying, 'A woman's place is in the home'? You are now in the kitchen, which is part of this home. Hop to it, woman. We need a salad for lunch."

Two pair of busy hands put together a great lunch in just a few minutes. We sat and enjoyed our midday meal. Judy taught me the ways that a lady handles her food, how to use a napkin and not ruin my makeup, and a lot about sitting and female actions. When we finished our meal, we worked together to clean up and put away the leftovers. In a short time, the kitchen was spotless and we went back to my bedroom and more training.

The emphasis was on walking, and sitting. I constantly screwed up and reverted to my old ways. Judy suggested that I could get away with the girl clothes if she took me to the party with my hands tied. Everyone would think that I had been tricked or forced into these clothes. Once we were there for a while, my hands could be untied because I would have no other clothes to change into and she would have the only car key.

She tried tying my hands behind my back. She said using the leg of an old pair of pantyhose would be a very secure way of tying, and that the nylon would not cut into my wrists. My arms behind my back made the dress draw even tighter across the bust and the result was almost obscene. My arms were untied and she tied them again in front of me. This tying job was rather overdone I thought and I complained about it. She made two wraps around my wrists, then had me bring my arms up in front of my face, and tied the pantyhose in a square knot. When I lowered my arms, she made two more turns, then had me raise my arms again, and tied a second square knot. This was repeated twice more, till I had four knots on the underside of my arms. There was no way to get at the knots with my teeth, so I could not get myself free. Judy decided that going with the arms in front was secure enough, and there was not as much emphasis on the bust line. It would be also possible to get something to eat and drink, before she released me at the party.

It was fun to have her fuss over me, with the clothes and the makeup. The tying of my hands was like whipped cream topping on a nice slice of apple pie. This dress-up session was exciting. I had to do more walking and she made me sit with my legs crossed like girls do; it was difficult to keep the dress down with my hands tied.