

TEASING DESPAIR

By Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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TEASING DESPAIR

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Wally Radcliffe sucked in a despairing breath as he shuddered uncontrollably with the cold and the extreme humiliation he felt. His short, chubby body looked ludicrous with all its body hair removed; his shameful nakedness seemed to feel the slightest breeze in his chilly, barren cell. Even the luxury of movement was denied him as he stood shackled to a wall ring by a short chain that was padlocked to a wide leather collar around his neck. His hands were handcuffed behind his back. His cruel bonds forced him to stand against the rough cement wall, unable to cover his bald, dangling male genitalia or to move with the exception of carrying out a desperate little jig with his unfettered legs in a vain attempt to relax the growing tension in his tired limbs.

Sniffing back his tears of growing self-pity, he tried to ease his torment by once again pondering why he had ended up in such a dire strait. Where was he, who had done this dastardly deed to him and what did they want? How long had he been here? It felt as if he had been standing, shivering and sleepless, for days. The blazing overhead light in his small cell and the fact that he would nearly strangle himself if he did not remain standing upright made sleep impossible. His growling empty stomach, unused to such deprivation, and his parched throat were sure signs that he had been here for some time, but how long?

Slowly, his befuddled mind drifted back to how happy he had been but a few short days ago. Rich through inherited wealth, he was the proud owner of a fine house, an extensive stock portfolio, and a thriving little business. A short, pudgy man, he still managed to attract woman and delighted in the fact that he normally kept three of them on a teasingly short leash – a maid for his house, a secretary for his office and a fiancée for fun. He was well aware that these attractive females were all interested in his wealth and not his body. As a result, he felt obligated to demean them all in a delightfully wicked way, exposing them to his petty tyranny while leading them on in their futile quest to obtain at least a portion of his possessions through marriage.

Ah yes, his three current women. Now *that* was something to take his mind off his present predicament! The dark-haired, sultry Liz Coulter who acted as his oh-so-accommodating maid, wearing those short, flirty uniforms he found so desirable. Roberta Brighton, his compliant secretary, happy to wear the sexy skirts and dresses he insisted upon and always prepared to give that little extra in an effort to make the boss happy. Nor could one forget his fiancée, Brenda Dare, a blonde sex kitten more than prepared to tend to his every need these last two years.

Speaking of Brenda, where *was* that little hussy? His last clear recollection, before finding himself gasping for breath hanging by his collar in this dismal cell, was of be-

ing on the back patio of his house telling her that it was time they gave serious consideration to breaking off their engagement. Surely *she* couldn't have anything to do with this, *could* she?

Even as he allowed this treacherous thought to spiral uncontrollably through his mind, the sturdy wooden door to his cell opened with a bang. Brenda fell through the opening before it slammed shut yet again. Startled out of his reverie, Wally cursed quietly to himself for failing to see who had thrust his fiancée into the small room.

Brenda slowly pulled herself to her feet and turned her tearstained face toward him. She was naked except for a pair of frilly red panties. Her hands, like his, were manacled behind her back.

"Are you all right?" he rasped through his dry throat as she swayed before him, never letting her reddened eyes leave his face.

"Yes, yes," she stuttered as her lovely breasts heaved with her barely suppressed sobs of dismay. "What is going on? Why are we here?"

Wally stared at her in disbelief. "How the hell should *I* know, you stupid bimbo! I'm hanging here by my neck. You've at least had some dealings with whoever is holding us. What makes you think *I* know something *you* don't."

Only his sore neck and dry mouth made him stop heaping verbal abuse on the poor girl standing before him. She looked even more dejected than when she had been thrust into the cell. Wally felt a flash of remorse at his behavior but he couldn't help feeling at least partial relief at the opportunity to unload his frustration on somebody else.

"Now tell me, what do you know?" he snarled in his rasping voice.

"There are at least three of them, two men and a woman. I'm not sure who they are as they are wearing masks. But the guys are big and sound mean. I don't even know where we are. The last thing I remember is talking to you on your back patio and then waking up here in this cell. You were just regaining consciousness when they took me out to pass on some instructions."

Wally grunted in disappointment. He could only remember everything going black at the patio and reawakening here as well. Too bad Brenda was such a blonde airhead. If she was only a bit more intelligent, there would be a better chance of getting more information about their captors.

"So what did they say?" he blurted out when it was obvious that Brenda was not going to add anything further without being prompted.

Pouting her lips in a girlish way, Brenda continued, "Well, it was weird. First, they gave me these panties to put on. I mean, when they took me out of here I was as nude as you are now. Gosh Wally, what have you done with all your body hair? Like, your skin is as smooth and clean-shaven as mine!"

Gritting his teeth at Brenda's childlike chatter, Wally replied, "I don't *know* what has happened to my hair, you stupid cow! I was like this when I woke up. Now tell me what you talked about!"

Looking suitably chastised at Wally's typical outburst, Brenda continued. "Well, as I said, they gave me these panties and told me that I could keep them if I could convince you to wear some just like them when I was returned to the cell."

"Are you crazy? They kidnapped us because they want me to wear a pair of women's panties?" Wally cried out in horrified disgust. "Is that all you talked about?"

"No, not exactly. They also said that until you put the panties on you wouldn't get so much as a drink of water. But if you did, then they would think about getting us some clothes, food, heat, a chance to use a toilet and negotiations on our release could begin."

"You *can't* be serious!" screamed Wally. "You mean that they will leave me hanging on this wall to die of thirst, hunger and hypothermia if I don't go along with this mad scheme to wear women's underwear?"

Brenda cringed in fear and cried out, "Yes, they will leave you here to rot but they will also beat and rape me and probably kill me, too!"

"At least you won't be left hanging on this wall, you stupid slut," hissed Wally viciously as horrible visions of being left to die in this pitiful room rolled around in his exhausted brain.

Brenda started to cry quietly with tears sliding down her cheeks as Wally's despicable remark reverberated around the cinder block walls of the cell. Unfortunately, he was too wrapped up in his own misery to notice.

Finally with a moan of despair, Wally pulled himself together and attempted to mentally list his options through the growing fog of his rapidly tiring brain. Spoiled from birth and used to getting his way with little or no effort, he found it extremely difficult to comprehend why he was in his present position. It appeared that he had only two choices. He could refuse to put on the panties and die on principle or accept the ludicrous demand of his captors and see what developed. Not being a man who believed in principles, let alone suffering for them, he could only see one realistic course of action open to him.

Gritting his teeth, he glared at Brenda and muttered, "All right, what if I say yes to wearing the damn panties? Will that stop your sniveling?"

Brenda lifted her tearstained face to look into his eyes. Smiling enigmatically, she cooed, "Wally, honey, *now* you're talking!"

"So what's next?" he queried, feeling uncomfortable with her obvious enthusiasm at his apparent acquiescence before shrugging it off as a sign of the relief she would naturally feel at avoiding a less than savory fate.

Brenda turned around with a giggle and showed him that she had been clutching a twin of the frilly garment she was already wearing. "Here's your panties, Wally. Now if you really agree to do this—and I sure hope that you do—then we will have to cooperate in getting them on you."

Gulping nervously at her description of the flimsy female garment as "his", Wally could only mutely nod for Brenda to proceed with clothing him in the shameful piece of silky red material.

Scuttling over as quickly as she could, Brenda turned and knelt so that her manacled hands were down by Wally's feet. "OK honey, lift up your right foot first and step into the leg hole I'm holding open," she grunted in concentration. "Now, the left foot. Good, I've managed to get the panties around your ankles. Stand still and I'll try and pull them up your legs."

Slowly rising from her kneeling position, while holding onto the feminine garment, Brenda deftly maneuvered the frilly panties into position around Wally's waist so that his flaccid penis was tucked neatly out of sight.

Shivering at the feel of the cool satin caressing his legs and groin as it was pulled into place, Wally strained to look down but found it impossible to even get a glimpse of what he looked like with a pair of panties covering his hairless crotch. Unfortunately, he had a clear picture of those clinging to Brenda's shapely rear as she walked back to the cell's door. They were red, smooth satin with an abundance of frills and lace at the leg holes and waist band. Shuddering in shame, he realized that he was wearing the twin of that garment and that it must look ridiculous on his portly male body.

Brenda kicked the door and shouted, "It's done!"

The door opened a crack and a small tin cup was thrust into Brenda's hand. Wally was unable to see any other details before the door slammed shut as abruptly as it had opened. Shaking his head in chagrin at the fact that Brenda had been blocking his view of anyone behind the door, Wally licked his dry lips in anticipation of the cool drink of water he had been promised.

Smiling brightly, Brenda walked back to Wally's side before stopping in obvious consternation. "Now, how are you going to drink this, Wally? My hands are behind my back and you can't bend down too far with that awful collar around your neck."

Wally grunted impatiently, "Stupid cow, turn around, bend over and lift your arms as high up as you can and I will try to bend down to get my lips on the damn cup."

Brenda immediately complied but no matter how Wally strained, he just couldn't seem to get any of the water from the cup. Finally in desperation, he managed to lunge down far enough that he was able to grip the edges of the elusive container with his teeth. Pulling sharply, he yanked the cup from Brenda's hands and whipped his head back at an angle so that the water poured down toward his upturned mouth. Maddeningly, most of the liquid poured over his face and only a few precious drops reached his parched throat.

Moaning in frustration and self-pity, Wally spit the cup out so that it clattered onto the floor. "Damn it, this is ridiculous! Bang on that door and make them give me some more," he whined to Brenda.

Stopping long enough to retrieve the cup with her manacled hands, Brenda scurried over to the door and kicked it once more. It slowly opened a crack and after a hurried, whispered conversation, Brenda squeezed through before it thudded shut.

Having failed once again to see anything on the other side of the cell door, Wally began to spiral down into a deep pit of despondency. It seemed like hours before the door finally creaked open and Brenda stepped into the room, followed by the thump of its closing.

As she slowly approached him, Wally saw that her hands were now handcuffed in front of her and that she was carrying several garments and a pair of shoes.

“Where is my drink?” he cried out in exasperation, “and where have you been all this time?”

“You don’t get anything to drink until you are wearing some other female clothing,” she spit out in a cold rage. “I’ve been gone a long time because those two male buffoons decided they wanted to have a bit of fun with me. They threw me down and took turns. You men are such scum!”

Wally took a closer look at Brenda and saw the dangerous glint in her eyes, the tearstained cheeks and the torn, stained panties that still constituted her only apparel. Alarm bells started to go off in his head as he realized that she had probably been raped and he was now standing helpless in front of an extremely angry woman.

Trying to keep the panic out of his voice, he spoke in an uncharacteristically gentle tone, “Brenda, Brenda, calm down. I know this is difficult for you and I’m sorry that you have been attacked but we are both at the mercy of these maniacs. Our only chance to get out of this mess is if we work together.”

Appearing to respond to his unusual kindness, Brenda took a deep breath and started to tremble slightly before regaining her composure. “I sure hope you mean that, Wally, because if we are going to work together, you are going to have to do exactly what I tell you. I don’t mean that in a nasty way but it has been made perfectly clear that if you *don’t* do what I have been instructed to pass on to you, then *I* get punished. And if *that* happens, then *you* get punished as well. Do you understand that?”

“Well yes, yes I do, Brenda,” Wally almost babbled in his relief that she appeared not to hold him directly responsible for the dreadful attack on her chastity.

“Good, then take this in the spirit that it is intended,” grunted Brenda as she kneed him viciously in his unprotected, pantied groin.

Wally screeched helplessly as the savage blow struck home. Unable to bring his hands around to cup his crushed genitals or even to bend over to help relieve the agony, he could only whine as tears of pain dripped down his cheeks. “Why Brenda? Why in God’s name did you knee me? It hurts so bad!”

“Damn it, don’t you listen? I did it because I was *told* to do it. I was punished for not cheerfully following my orders and now *you* have been punished in turn. And if you think *you* are in pain, just try and realize that what *I* went through was a lot worse! *Now* do you get the message, Wally? I pass on the orders and you do as you are told without any more nonsense.”

Still squirming in bleak distress, Wally managed to stutter, “Y...Yes, I...I understand.”

“Good, my love. Please understand that I didn’t *want* to hurt you but if I didn’t, we both would have been punished much more severely. Can you forgive me?” Brenda pleaded in her normal little girl voice.

Relieved to see the submissive Brenda that he was used to rather than the vindictive woman whose actions he had just been subjected to, Wally forced a wan smile.

Looking beseechingly into her eyes, he reassured her in a quavering voice that he would do everything that he could to cooperate in their future endeavors to outwit their brutal captors.

“That’s good, Wally,” Brenda purred, “now remember we both have to do what we are told and be cheerful about it. No more silly crying or macho posturing, is that clear?”

Wally grunted his concurrence but still couldn’t help but wince as Brenda bent down. She laid most of what she was carrying on the floor before standing upright again with one item still in her hands. “Let’s see if you are true to your word, Wally. This corset is going to be uncomfortable for you to wear but not half as bad as the punishment you will suffer if you make a fuss about it. Now wipe that grimace off your face and stand still!”

Completely cowed, Wally did exactly as he had been told as Brenda wrapped the heavy foundation garment around his unresisting torso. “Luckily it is front-lacing so it shouldn’t be too hard to get a nice fit even though your arms are handcuffed behind you,” she giggled as she worked.

Brenda pulled on the laces as the heavily-boned pink corset slowly exerted its punishing grip around Wally's rotund torso. Taking her time, she eased his loose flesh either down towards his hips or up into the corset’s cups so that, as his waist decreased in size, he seemed to develop girlish breasts and womanly loins. On and on she went, pulling on the laces and pushing up and down on his flesh until, with a satisfied grunt she finished, leaving Wally gasping for breath and feeling as if he had been cut in half.

“Not bad at all! Quite a fine hourglass figure already, my dear,” Brenda gloated as she surveyed her handiwork.

Wally’s torso was completely covered by the cruelly bound corset from the lacy cups molding his nascent breasts down to his groin. The foundation garment was so tightly bound that he indeed appeared to have a classic feminine figure instead of his usual pear-shaped body. Brenda finished the illusion by clipping the shoulder straps into place so that she did not have to disturb his handcuffed arms

“Now for the stockings, dear. Lift your left foot. Good. Now stand still while I pull this one up your leg and attach it to the three garter clips on this side.”

Wally, still red-faced and gasping for breath from the remorseless grip of the corset, could only follow her orders as she pulled up and secured the two sheer, dark brown stockings to their respective garter tabs. Nor could he avoid the first stirrings of excitement as he felt the flimsy, gossamer material sliding over his legs’ smooth, shaved skin while Brenda pulled them into place. Totally unprepared for such feelings, he could only tremble at the thought of what they could lead to if this absolute mockery of his masculinity continued for much longer.

“There, that’s finished,” Brenda announced as she snapped the last garter tab. Starting from his unsettling thoughts, Wally was further assailed with additional feelings of femininity as the tug of the garters on his taut silky stockings reached his reeling brain.

“Almost done,” Brenda called out encouragingly as she lifted his left foot and slid on a brown pump with a three-inch heel. “Now be careful, you might find these a bit unsteady,” she warned him as she slid its partner on his right foot even as he tottered threateningly while balancing on his high heel-shod left leg.

As she placed his second foot on the ground, Wally instantly felt more balanced but the unfamiliar grip of the feminine footwear immediately made itself known to his shattered mind. He trembled at the power of the high heels to force his feet and calves into unnatural angles so that his rear protruded even further to the back and his newly-budded boobs were thrust out in a provocative way.

Brenda gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, saying, “Now, that wasn’t so bad, was it? I think our captors will be most happy with your behavior. Let me go and see what I can have them provide for you.”

Once again, Wally was left hanging from the wall as Brenda slipped out of the cell. The door opened quickly as she approached it. The thud of its closing echoed about the small room as Wally felt a terrible sense of loneliness and vulnerability settle over his feminized body.

The steely grip of the corset, the soft caress of the satin panties and the taut feel of his stockings combined with the growing discomfort of the high heels made him shake in fear of what was going to happen next. It was bad enough that he had been imprisoned and stripped of his dignity, but now he had been clothed in an effeminate, sissy manner. And there was no doubt that the process had only just begun.

Chapter 2

Time passed slowly as Wally remained locked in his painfully bound position of servitude. At first, the corset gave him a semblance of warmth after having been completely nude for so long but gradually the cold crept back into his body. Shivering, he could only stand patiently as the constrictions of the cruel foundation garment, coupled with the bite of the unfamiliar high heels, combined to make him more and more uncomfortable. His aching groin along with the growing feeling of thirst and fatigue continued to weaken his fragile resolve even further as the minutes of this seemingly endless horror mounted.

Finally, when he had almost succumbed to complete hysteria due to the growing helplessness of his situation and the overwhelming agony in his immobilized body, the cell door once again creaked open and Brenda reentered the small room. She was dressed exactly as he was and looked much more relaxed than when she had first entered the room clad only in a pair of torn and stained panties.

Wally stared at her in fervent hope, forcing himself not to beg for assistance even as he realized how dependent he had become on her in the last few hours. If it hadn't been so serious, the thought of being reduced to a lower status than his airhead, bimbo girlfriend would be almost too humorous to contemplate. Such a fate would have been inconceivable to him before this awful imprisonment started.

Wally was so engrossed in his inward musings that he didn't see what Brenda had brought into the cell. In fact, his fatigued mind didn't even register that she had approached him and placed her burden on the floor before offering him a cool drink from the tin cup. It was only as she held it up to his chapped lips that he appreciated the fact that her hands now being secured in front of her made taking a long satisfying drink possible. Greedily, he took the full cup, gasping and coughing at the rapid ingestion of the life-sustaining fluid. Never had anything tasted so good!

"That's better, honey," crooned Brenda as he drained the last drop. "See what happens when you cooperate and do as you are told? And that's not all I've managed to get for you. You're *such* a lucky little girl."

Wally, who had been enjoying the sudden relief from his mind-numbing thirst, was astonished to hear Brenda refer to him as a girl. "What do you mean, 'girl'?"

"Never you mind, lover. I've been told to call you 'girl' and damned if I'm not going to do exactly as I've been told! I suggest you do the same. Unless you want me to take away some of these little treats I just brought in. *Do* you want me to do that, Ms. Radcliffe?"

Although he hadn't even seen what Brenda had brought into the cell, Wally just couldn't dredge up the outrage to protest this latest assault on his manhood. "No, no, it's all right. I know you're just doing what they tell you to do. Hell, the way I'm dressed, what difference does it make?"

Brenda smiled happily at Wally's quick capitulation. "Wally, you sweetheart! I'm so proud of you. And you are right; I'm only doing what I'm told. I don't *want* to call you a girl but I've been ordered to refer to you as a female and I'm too scared of these weir-

does not to do exactly what they tell me. So don't get upset when I tell you that your new name is Wendy, not Wally. Can you accept that, honey?"

Walt sighed with a painful wince. "Yeah, Brenda, whatever. Now what can you do for me? I'm dying here. You've *got* to get me some relief. I can't stand here like this anymore. If you can get me free, you can call me anything you want. I'm just too tired to fight anybody."

"Wendy—I guess we might as well get used to calling you that—I'm so happy that you want to cooperate. I have some real nice things for you here. First, I have the key to unlock the padlock on your collar. Second, I have a small stool that you can sit on. Let me put it in position; then, I'm going to unlock the collar chain from the wall."

As she spoke, Brenda quickly carried out these actions. As Wally's legs buckled under him, she guided him into a safe landing on the stool. Moaning in a mixture of pleasure and pain, Wally could only revel in being able to sit instead of being forced to stand.

"Now, don't get upset Wendy, but I have to put these manacles on your ankles," Brenda proclaimed just as he was starting to feel the first waves of relief through his cramped legs.

Before he could mutter a word of protest, Wally heard the snap of his new bondage devices being closed. Looking down, he saw that Brenda had fastened leather cuffs around each of his nylon-clad ankles. A sturdy chain about six inches in length connected them.

Wally tried to summon up the energy to protest this latest indignity but found that it was impossible to do. He seemed completely overcome with a strange feeling of mind-numbing fatigue mixed with a strong sense of temporary well-being. His confused mind tried unsuccessfully to grapple with the implications of his mood swing from utter despair to peaceful contentment. He quickly gave up this futile exercise. It didn't really matter anyway. It was just so much easier to go along with whatever Brenda wanted to do. *She is so clever. She'll take good care of me, won't she?*

"Come on girlie," Brenda whispered, "Wake up from your little dream world and drink some more of this lovely water to wash down these vitamin pills."

Forcing his foggy mind to concentrate on his surroundings, Wally realized that Brenda had poured some more water into the cup and was holding it and two large pills up to his mouth. Without a second thought, he opened wide and quickly swallowed the pills with the assistance of a mouthful of the lovely, refreshing liquid. He couldn't seem to get enough of it although he noticed that his hunger pangs had diminished considerably ever since he had been laced into the figure-forming corset.

"Would you like some more water, Wendy?" Brenda cooed suggestively.

Wally could only nod his head enthusiastically at the idea but was bitterly disappointed when Brenda coolly informed him that he could have some more but only if he was a good girl and put on a few more clothes. His initial irritation quickly turned to pleasure as she informed him that she was going to release his handcuffs and that he could have a nice long drink once they were finished.

Leaning over his sitting form, Brenda unlocked Wally's handcuffs. His arms were so stiff from having been locked behind him for such a lengthy period that she had to help him bring them around until his hands rested in his corseted lap. Slowly, almost sensuously, she massaged his contorted limbs until he could move them himself.

"Oh Brenda, that feels so good. Thank you for helping me. I...I just couldn't have stood there for a moment longer," Wally groaned in a mixture of relief and pain.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head, Wendy," Brenda giggled, "I'm going to take good care of you. Just do as I say and we will get out of this horrible predicament yet."

Noticing that Wally was almost nodding off to sleep while sitting on the stool, Brenda gave him a gentle shake. "Now, don't fall asleep on me yet, Wendy. We still have things to do. Lift your arms over your head."

Reluctantly, almost sullenly, Wally pulled himself back from the brink of the sleep he so desperately needed and complied with her request. After all, she *did* know what was best for him, didn't she?

As he did so, Brenda dropped a full pink satin slip over his arms so that it glided gracefully over his corseted torso with its lacy hem coming to rest in his lap. Even after she had finished, Wally remained seated with his arms over his head. Smiling cheerfully, she pushed his arms back down and told him to stand.

Groaning with the effort, Wally managed to rise onto his wobbly legs with a little assistance from his fiancée who smiled yet again as she realized that he didn't even question her latest order.

"Now stand still while I drop this dress over your head. Arms up again, girlie," she chirped perkily as she carried out this latest feminizing act on her erstwhile boyfriend.

Hastening to comply, Wally struggled to contain the trembling that threatened to overwhelm his body, a trembling brought on not only by the unfamiliar high heels and extreme fatigue in his exhausted body but by the troubling feeling of enjoying the silky touch of the slip sliding halfway down his shimmering stocking-covered thighs.

The additional sensual rush caused by the brown silk dress sliding into place over his soft lingerie soon compounded this new delight. Brenda fussed for a few minutes, ensuring the hem of the dress' flaring skirts were properly positioned four or five inches above his knee and the scalloped neckline showed his new cleavage to good advantage. Once she was satisfied, she zipped up the small side zipper and fastened the thin matching belt around his much-reduced waist.

"There, all done. Sit down and I will get you a drink of water. No, no! Not like *that*, Wendy. When you are wearing skirts, you have to smooth them over your rear so that they don't wrinkle. And for goodness sakes, keep your legs together when you are wearing such a short dress. Now, do it again... and properly this time!"

Groaning with frustration, Wally still found himself unable to resist and once again carried out the simple maneuver of sitting on the stool. But this time he managed to do so without incurring Brenda's wrath. For some reason, which he didn't understand, this made him extremely happy. *Why should I give a damn about Brenda getting mad at me? Maybe I'm just too tired to fight?*

“One more thing, girlfriend, and then you have can have another nice drink. Put your hands behind your back again. That’s it, now hold it. There, all done.”

Wally realized with a start that Brenda had once again handcuffed his arms behind his back. “Why did you *do* that? What is *wrong* with you? Haven’t I done everything you wanted?” he whined abjectly.

“Wendy, don’t you start on me,” Brenda commanded with more authority than he could ever remember hearing in her voice. “I just do as I’m told. You do the same. Can you remember that, Ms. Radcliffe?”

Brenda’s last comment was reinforced by the fact that she drove her hand into his still aching crotch. In spite of the fact that he was well protected by his corset, Wally flinched at the force of this reminder. Feeling acute despair at having angered his protector, he found himself nodding submissively and gushing, “Oh yes, Ms. Dare, I’m sorry. Please don’t be mad at me!”

Smiling lightly, Brenda soothed his shattered nerves by saying, “Good girl! Just remember that I’m doing all this for you. Now stand up.”

Wally scrambled to his feet to comply. Within seconds, he found himself once again standing with his back against the cold cement wall, securely held in place by the collar chain that Brenda had just locked into the wall ring.

Before he could express the disappointment reflected in his teary eyes, Brenda brought the cup up to his trembling lips and he greedily gulped down the sweet water it contained. As he savored the last few drops, she abruptly turned and retreated through the wooden door that had quickly opened when she knocked sharply on it.

Realizing that he was now back exactly where he had been a few hours ago, except that he was now fully dressed in feminine clothing, Wally could only stand and whimper as tears flowed freely down his cold cheeks. Like most bullies, he was more bluster than fight; his fragile male ego was rapidly crumbling under the continual assault of one humiliation after another.

Chapter 3

Once again the minutes seemed to drag by in excruciatingly slow motion as Wally descended into ever-lower depths of misery and dejection. Even though the dress he was wearing had long sleeves, it was made of thin silk. It was not long before the cold permeating the cell made its way into the very core of his shaking body. This physical discomfort was compounded by the constant ache in his imprisoned limbs and the mind-numbing fatigue centered in his disorientated brain. Nothing made sense anymore and he couldn't even put two coherent thoughts together let alone conceive of a plan to escape his feminizing captivity.

Abandoning any pretense of authority or masculine pride, he let himself cry and moan in abject surrender while begging Brenda to come back and save him. Unfortunately, his pleas seemed to fall on deaf ears as his mindless whining went on hour after hour.

Wally fell into such a deep trance of tearful submission he didn't even fully comprehend the fact that his perceived savior had entered the cell. Suddenly, she was there. Again she was dressed exactly as he was, the short brown dress showing off her magnificent body in a way guaranteed to turn any man's head. Any man except Wally. He was so demoralized by his ordeal that he could only see her as his last hope for escape. Whatever she wanted, he would do to escape this hideous torment.

Putting a basket on the stool a few feet away from Wally's manacled ankles, Brenda soon had him taking a long satisfying drink to wash down another pair of large pills she had pushed into his unresisting mouth.

"Brenda, please help me! I can't do anything without your help. Please, you've *got* to save me!" Wally sobbed helplessly once he had swallowed the delicious liquid.

"Oh you poor baby," she cooed. "Let me help you feel better. Dry those tears and do exactly as I tell you and everything will be all right."

Taking a damp cloth from the basket, Brenda tenderly washed his tearstained face as Wally stood trembling before her in a strange mixture of fatigue and relief. Completely shattered in both mind and body, he felt a remarkably strong sense of gratitude toward his fiancée for her kindness and assistance. If nothing else, just her presence helped alleviate the terrible loneliness and vulnerability that constantly assailed him when he was alone, bound and helpless, in the cell.

Once she had his face cleaned and dried to her satisfaction, Brenda plucked Wally's eyebrows, making them perfectly arched in that feminine thinness she exhibited. Completely cowed into submission, Wally did not even dare to make a token complaint at the vicious little stings that accompanied the loss of his bushy brows.

Next came a moisturizer, quickly followed by a rose-based foundation cream. Then it was liquid brown eyeliner to highlight his eyes complimented by a dark mauve eye shadow on his eyelids with a lighter strip reaching above that towards his newly shaped brows. His eyelashes were then coated with several layers of brown waterproof mascara until they were thick and long, framing his eyes so they appeared to be pools of innocent girlishness.

Brenda then skillfully applied several shades of blusher to highlight Wally's cheekbones and a dark red lip liner and lipstick to give his lips that plump Cupid's bow look that he so appreciated on the woman in his life. Finishing up with a translucent powder, she stepped back to admire the feminine look her artistry had created on his chubby face. He was not a raving beauty by any means but with a little more creative effort on her part, Wally would at least be able to pass as a woman to most casual observers. Certainly no one would recognize him as Wally Radcliffe!

Humming gently to herself, Brenda reached into the basket one more time and brought an implement up to Wally's left ear. "Now, don't move Wendy. This will sting a bit, but it won't really hurt."

There was a popping noise and Wally cried out as he felt a sudden stab of pain in his earlobe. Cringing in anticipation, he could do nothing as Brenda repeated the process in his right ear. "Oh, for goodness sake girl, stop being such a baby!" she admonished him as he petulantly demanded to know what she was doing. The process was repeated with his left earlobe. Brenda stood back and admired her handiwork.

"Ms. Radcliffe, you are now the proud owner of two stud earrings. And to allow you to wear them, I've pierced your ears. Now, be quiet or I'll give you *two* earrings in each ear!"

Wally ceased his whining complaint and stared straight ahead in a stupefied manner as Brenda turned to the basket and pulled out a shoulder-length wig. Its glowing, light brown, curly tresses closely matched the color of Wally's short hair.

Rapidly placing it on Wally's head and adjusting the fit, Brenda brushed out the shining, full curls so that they coiled softly around his shoulders. The bangs hung down perkily, partially hiding his eyebrows.

"Oh Wendy, you look just *lovely!* You could pass as a girl with no problem at all. Here, let me show you what you look like in this hand mirror."

Wally shuddered as he looked at his reflection in the small mirror. His plump smooth face covered in makeup and framed by the wig was all too convincing in its femininity. Not beautiful, but not male either. His feminine image left him completely cowed; at the same time, his confused mind stirred into a feeling of wonder and excitement at the transformation.

"Now girlie, it's time for you to sit down," Brenda announced as she placed the basket on the floor before pushing the stool behind Wally. "Let me unlock this chain again. There you go. Sit. That's a good little Miss."

Wally sank onto the stool, breathing a sigh of relief as the pressure came off his fatigued legs. The sound of the key releasing the handcuffs on his wrists followed almost immediately. Within seconds he was sitting coily with his knees together and his newly freed hands lying sedately in his skirted lap. A small smile of gratitude flitted across his red lips as he looked into Brenda's grinning face.

"Feel better, girlfriend?" she queried. "Just a couple more things to do and then I have to get back to our 'friends'. But when I go, I'm going to leave you sitting here instead of standing. Would you like that?"

“Oh yes, Brenda! Please, if you can do that, I would be eternally grateful,” Wally gushed in genuine enthusiasm at this small favor she was offering him. A mere modicum of comfort indeed but, as he was rapidly learning, beggars can’t be choosy. That was a lesson he had never had to learn before but it was certainly an important one now, considering his present situation.

“Good girl, I can see that you really appreciate this reward for your fitting behavior. Keep it up and we will beat these maniacs yet. You *do* know that I can really help you out here, don’t you, Wendy?”

Wally’s confused mind forced him to rapidly accede to Brenda’s confident assertion; he found himself nodding happily at her statement even though he still feared a bad end to this whole ordeal. *What would I do without Brenda? She is such a big help.*

“Give me your left hand, Ms. Radcliffe,” Brenda instructed with a sly smile as she knelt by his side and pulled a small case from the basket. “In case you are wondering, this is a manicure set and I’m doing your nails. You always took good care of them and they are quite long, so this should be easy.”

Ten minutes later, Wally stared pensively at the results of Brenda’s work. Dark red nail polish, to match his lipstick, now adorned his fingernails, nails that had been filed into the oval shape more suited for a woman’s hands!

“Let me put this bracelet on your right wrist. I’d like to be able to give you a lady’s wristwatch but ‘they’ won’t let me. Maybe I can work something out later. Sorry, one more thing, but it has to be done. It’s part of the deal I made,” Brenda whispered as she stood up.

Taking the collar’s chain, she stretched it as far as she could and then locked it to the wall ring. It was just long enough to allow Wally to remain sitting primly on the stool but was too taut to allow him the luxury of slouching.

“Got to go, baby,” Brenda exclaimed as she gave his hands a soothing caress. “At least your hands are free and you can sit. Take heart, I’m working as hard as I can to get us out of this ridiculous predicament. As long as we cooperate, things can only get better.”

In an instant she was gone, leaving Wally to stare at the softly closing door. Mixed emotions churned in his fuzzy brain as he luxuriated in the ability to move his arms and to remain seated while fighting off the rapidly returning depression caused by his enforced feminization and loneliness.

Chapter 4

At first, being able to sit almost made the interminable waiting bearable. But, slowly, the passing hours made their presence known by a growing numbness in Wally's ample rear end. Soft as it might be, it could only lose the battle with the hard seat of the stool on which he perched. Struggling to his feet allowed temporary respite for his tortured backside but the crippling pain in his legs soon made him sit again. Even worse, the taut chain of the infernal collar still made it impossible for him to even doze off for a short time without strangling himself. This was no better than when he had been standing; his fatigued mind was reaching the limits of what it could take without receiving some much-needed sleep.

In an effort to distract himself, he stared at his shaped, crimson-colored nails and reflected on how they made his hands look so much more slender and feminine. He played with the small stud earrings in his newly pierced earlobes and thought about how his made-up face appeared when he peered briefly into the small hand mirror. And he tried to rationalize the fact that he was too damn scared to even think about removing any of the feminine clothes, makeup or wig. *No, I'm not going to let Brenda down. If I resist, she would be hurt, and more importantly, so would I. Better let her run with the ball for now!*

As the hours passed, another concern began to force its way into Wally's consciousness. It was a growing pressure in his bladder that became more and more intolerable. Squirming on the seat and pressing his nylon-clad legs together, he became more and more desperate for relief. "Why did I drink all that water earlier?" he cursed, as his need became more and more acute.

The miserable, all-pervasive cold in the room added to his discomfort; his groin seemed determined to contribute to his tribulations as it continued to ache from Brenda's earlier savage blow. Wally attempted to force his struggling mind to focus on his fiancée's behavior since they had been kidnapped. She seemed to be growing in confidence and strength in spite of the ordeal while *he* was falling down a bleak path of frightened submission. Obviously, she wasn't the airhead bimbo he had thought she was. All the more reason to break off their engagement! He didn't *like* intelligent, self-assured woman. Yes, the engagement was off for sure. He would keep that little secret hidden until this terrible fiasco was over and he was restored to his rightful place as Lord and Master of all he surveyed.

Wally was so deeply involved in his petty scheming that the sound of the cell door opening caused him to give a small gasp of surprise and he almost involuntarily wet himself. Tightening his legs to control his complaining bladder, he fixed a toadying smile on his face and ingratiatingly pleaded, "Brenda, please, you've *got* to help me. I need to pee so bad! *Please* do something."

Brenda gave a sigh of frustration and whispered through the still open door. Within seconds, a plastic pail was handed to her and she nodded her head in response to some quiet instructions. As this exchange took place, Wally failed yet again to catch a glimpse of one of their captors but he did notice that, like himself, his girlfriend now wore makeup and nail polish. And her hands were no longer handcuffed. It was obvi-

ous that the pattern of both of them getting exactly the same treatment was continuing.

Brenda hustled over and knelt beside the obsequious figure huddled on the stool. Catching the expectant look in his desperate eyes, she smiled gently and chided, "You can use this pail for your needs, Wendy. But first, you have to agree to sign some papers."

In spite of his extreme exhaustion, embarrassment and sense of vulnerability, Wally's self-preservation warning signals came to full alert. "What *kind* of papers?"

Brenda looked appropriately concerned, as she shyly mumbled, "Nothing you are going to like, I'm afraid. These papers represent the kidnapper's demands and they want a *lot*. Everything that you own, in fact. They also want you to legally request that your name be changed to Wendy."

Forgetting his discomfort, Wally angrily exploded, "Are they mad! What makes them think that I will *ever* give into such stupid demands! Never!"

Brenda gave him a frightened look, "If you don't, they say that there is no way that we will get any heat, food or be released. In fact, the longer you delay, the worse it will get for us. The few concessions we have received will be stripped away and I'll be at the mercy of those two brutes again. Please, Wally, you *have* to think this through before you get so mad that you plunge us even deeper into trouble."

"I don't care!" Wally cried frantically. "They can't have everything I own and why in God's name do they want me to even consider changing my name to Wendy?"

"Calm down," Brenda assured soothingly. "Have I let you down yet? *Have I?*"



“Well, no,” Wally conceded after forcing his befuddled mind to grapple with the question. “No, you haven’t, you’ve been very good, Brenda.”

Ignoring the patronizing tone in his statement, Brenda pouted prettily and whispered, “Then, let me try and explain what I think they are up to and how we can overcome their not-so-cunning plan. First, I think that they want you to ask for a name change so that it looks like you are giving up your male life for a female one. That would explain why you are signing away so many of your possessions. You are starting a totally new existence. However, it would be ridiculous for you to give up everything and I think that gives us a bargaining chip, which I can exploit. Second, there is *no* way those documents could stand legal scrutiny if both of us explain what happened. At the moment, I am working on convincing our captors that I will back their story once we are free. Obviously, I will support *your* story instead which will make those documents just worthless scraps of paper no matter how many times you sign them.”

“But, but what if I sign them and they just kill us?” Wally sniveled as images of his untimely demise flashed through his disorganized brain.

“No,” Brenda said softly but confidently. “Don’t you see that if we disappear or die those papers would come under such scrutiny that the whole story would come out? No, the key to this whole stupid plan these Neanderthals have managed to devise is little ol’ me. Only if I’m there to convince people that you have truly given up your possessions willingly to lead a feminine lifestyle, will this mad plan work. And if they think for one minute that I will forget their brutality toward me, then they have another thought coming!”

Clamping down on his thighs to keep himself from urinating into his panties, Wally groaned, “So we have to convince them that you are part of the scheme. How do you plan on doing that?”

Brenda giggled quietly, “These people are so stupid they will believe anything that I tell them. If they weren’t so big and mean, they would be a joke! Right now, I’m pretending to come over to their side. We will have to stage a falling-out with each other to make it more credible, but that shouldn’t be too hard to do. As I say, these guys aren’t rocket scientists! And in addition, I plan to tell them that I won’t get you to sign the papers unless some of the property is made out in *my* name.”

“What?” Wally snarled. “Why would I sign something that gives *you* any of my stuff? I can see pretending to have an argument, but why should I trust you enough to give you anything?”

“Keep your voice down, stupid,” Brenda exclaimed quietly. “I’m sure our conversations are monitored. If we keep our voices low, they can only pick up what we want them to hear. The reason I’m going to ask to have some of your precious assets signed over to me is to convince them that I’m as greedy as they are. It doesn’t really matter whose name is on the documents. Once we tell our story, those papers will be worthless.”

“Oh, I see,” mumbled an apologetic Wally as he mulled over what Brenda was telling him. It didn’t sound altogether plausible but his exhausted mind couldn’t really analyze it properly and he certainly couldn’t come up with a better plan to escape the clutches of the madmen holding him captive.

Sensing his indecision, Brenda pushed home her advantage, “Do you agree then, Wally? Notice I didn’t say ‘Wendy’ to show you whose side I’m on. Shall we get on with this charade? We will pretend to fight, I will ‘go over’ to the other side and we will tell our story once we have been released. Having met the opposition, I know that we can make this plan work. And I know that if we don’t cooperate, we will be dead in a few days. These guys are all brawn and no brain, but right now they hold all the cards. We can’t fight them so we have to outthink them. Believe me, that shouldn’t be hard as long as we both play our parts.”

Beguiled by her confident, forceful manner and crippled by his inability to think clearly, Wally finally agreed to her proposition. He was so tired and Brenda was his only source of hope to get out of this situation in one piece. He *had* to rely on her.

“OK, girlfriend,” Brenda chirped, “we have a contract. Trust me. I will deliver these turkeys to you all trussed up and ready for long-term imprisonment. Now remember, we must have a falling out as our starting point. Just follow my lead.”

Wally nodded his head slowly as she looked reassuringly into his eyes. She reached down and gave one of his hands a gentle squeeze before moving a few steps back from him.

“What do you mean, you won’t sign the papers even if I’m raped again?” Brenda suddenly shrieked. “Then stay here and pee yourself, you little whore. I’m damned if I’ll help a self-serving bitch like you.”

Although he had been warned, Wally still jumped in fear before cowering back onto the stool as Brenda gave the plastic pail a fierce kick which projected it into a corner of the cell before she stormed over to the door. Striking it heavily with the open palm of her hand, she turned to give Wally a quick conspiratorial wink before stomping through the suddenly open portal while muttering savagely under her breath.

As the door slammed shut, Wally slumped back on the stool still quivering from the sudden violent behavior demonstrated by Brenda as she exited the cell. She might only be acting but, if so, her behavior was certainly credible. She might be able to pull off this insane plan of hers yet!

For a short time he could hear loud voices, several sounding like they belonged to large males. Then they slowly moved away and became inaudible. Was that a sardonic female laugh he heard just before it became silent?

As the silence drew out into another interminable period of time, Wally soon realized that he was still in a dire way as far as relieving his overflowing bladder was concerned. Eyeing the plastic bucket in a longing manner, he could only fight to contain his pressing urge and hope that Brenda would not be too long in returning. He might not have shown much defiance so far but he couldn’t face completely humiliating himself by losing control like a small child.

He had almost given up to the overwhelming need to void his liquid wastes when the door suddenly opened and Brenda stomped in, eyes blazing and obviously ready for a good fight. Only her quick secretive smile allowed him to keep any sense of equilibrium as she strode over, banishing a sheaf of papers in her tightly clenched fist.