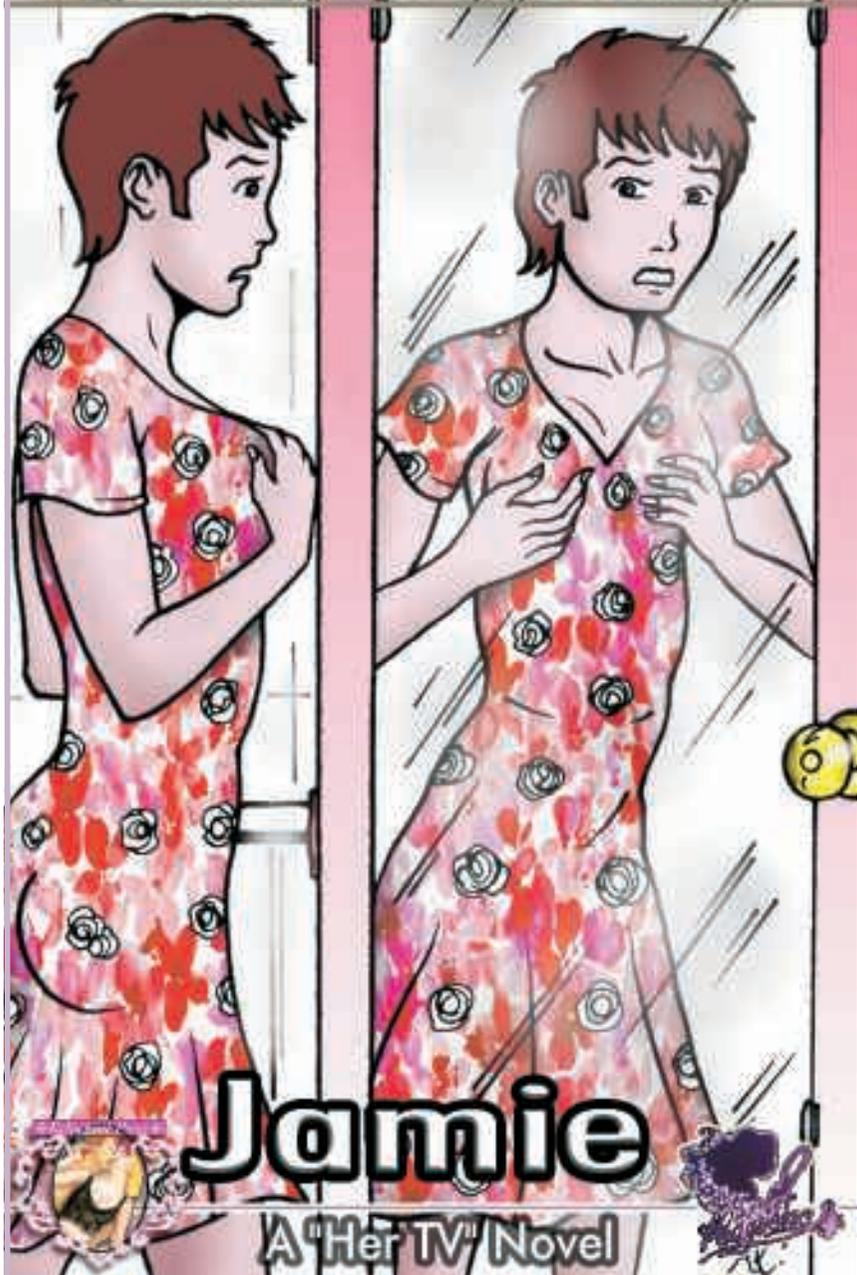


Bedtime Stories



Jamie

A "Her TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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BEDTIME DILEMMA

by JAMIE

Jack woke up at six on Saturday morning, his pajamas were missing and he was wearing one of Peg's very pretty red nylon nightgowns. Peg was still asleep and facing away from his side of the bed. He got out of bed and quietly entered the bathroom. There on the floor lay his pajamas in a heap. He quickly pulled off the nightgown, dropped it into the clothes hamper, and after a minute or so on the toilet, quietly crept back to bed in his own sleepwear.

He couldn't get back to sleep because he was so startled by wearing one of Peg's gowns. He was afraid to say anything to her about this and he was trying to figure out where that gown was when he had put it on. Was it the one that Peg had worn to bed on Thursday night, and maybe placed it in the hamper on Friday morning? Did Jack go to her bureau, select that gown to wear, then go to the bathroom to switch out of his nightwear and into her gown?

That second scenario seemed the most plausible because Peg was so prompt at keeping the laundry up to date. Why would he even want to wear such a sissy article of female clothing? Did he do it while dreaming? Was he starting to become a sleepwalker? He might be a little stressed out from a deadline on something he had promised his shop could deliver on time, but that just didn't seem to be related.

A lady's nightgown? Why? When? Was this the first time? He couldn't ever remember wanting to wear anything so intimate or so feminine. He was always wanting to remove pretty clothing from females and enjoy the hidden delights beneath.

He had always considered it a fantasy, a way to delight in the magnetic draw that females can create with their ways of dressing and displaying their wares even through their clothes. Their Almost Exposed look and their "Come Hither" invitations.

The couple had their breakfast together, dressed for the day, said their goodbyes, and soon the house was empty.

Jack was busy all day long, helping a friend move some of his heavier furniture as they relocated to their new house but at lunch, he remembered that lady's gown and tried once again to find an answer for wearing it. There were too many distractions and it got pushed out of his thoughts.

That evening Peg commented that there were two of her nightgowns in the hamper and she knew that she had run a load of wash on Friday evening.

Nothing more was said concerning this strange incident but Jack was still reminded of it from time to time. Late in the evening Peg undressed, showered, put on a nightgown and robe, and returned to watch TV.

At bedtime, Jack slipped into clean pajamas and into bed; he would shower in the morning. As they were settling into bed and saying good night, Peg's gown skirt got wrapped over Jack's hand and arm and he delighted in the luxury of such soft, sexy, and slippery material.

Having been awake since five that morning, he was soon asleep. He marveled at how relaxed he was and how glad he was to be so relaxed. He was anxious to go to sleep.

Maybe it was their ritual of a wine nightcap, a way for the Johnson couple to unwind. Peg never failed; just before they headed for the bedroom, she would show up with their glasses of wine. They would touch glasses and quickly empty them.

Jack just seemed to melt into that bed and drift off to Dreamland. A comfy bed and a very congenial wife after a very relaxing evening meant that sleep was the perfect ending to the day, unless he could coax Peg to lift her gown for some playtime. Not tonight, however, as he was too relaxed for that kind of excitement.

At four in the morning, Jack had to make a run for the bathroom. With the door shut and the light on, he was startled to find himself in another compromising situation. He had on a lovely pink confection, all nylon and lace, with tiny string straps over his shoul-

ders. One of Peg's full slips, which she seldom wore anymore.

How in the world had he found it? How had he managed to remove his P.J.s and slip into any such delicate article of ladies wear? The fixture in the bathroom provided enough light for him to find his nightwear in a heap on his bedside chair.

He had a very difficult time, back in the bathroom with the door shut again, to work his way out of that slip without damaging it, and back into his own pajamas. Where to deposit that slip? Where did she keep her supply? Why didn't Jack know, and should he consider it soiled and place it in the hamper, or hide it until he could find Peg's stash of lovely but never displayed lingerie? Anything made with such care and detail to fit so exquisitely over a female form should be displayed.

A husband might get to see those beautiful nightgowns occasionally, but almost never had Peg ever been seen in a slip with no dress on over it. Slips must be a lady's very private article of clothing. It does its job as a shield for very light and sheer dress skirts. They sit very carefully, never displaying any of their slip hem, which hangs dangerously close inside of their dress hem. Thus it thus becomes their very personal and private piece of lingerie. Almost as private as their panties.

What in the name of heaven should Jack do with this one? He hid it behind the bathroom mirror and quickly returned to bed, but not to sleep. He was bombarded with questions. How did he end up dressed this way in bed and in a ladies slip? How did he remove his own nightclothes and squirm into that

slip without waking Peg? Could he hand launder it, get it dry, folded and put away without Peg knowing? Where did she store those delicate pieces of lingerie? Just how many of these intimate articles does she own? If you never see them, then why wear them? They must cost many times more than a man's T-shirt. Jack only had about six of them, Now he began to wonder just how many bras and slips Peg had.

Five o'clock and still wide awake, he got back out of bed, went into the study, shut the door, turned on the light, and searched through the the Sears catalog to find the section which displays ladies slips.

Wow, what an assortment, all different colors, some just loaded with lace, but each and every one accompanied by a price tag. Some cost nearly a week's pay to own. In practical terms all needing a try-on to insure a very intimate fit, and even then it would almost require contortionist training to be able to wiggle in or out of one of those confections.

After selecting a minimum of at least a week's supply of these articles, it is easy to see just why a lady is so deathly afraid of gaining weight. Do they have places to trade in their too tight slips for larger or smaller ones to insure a proper fit?

"Knock it off, Jack. Get your fanny back to bed and either tell Peg about what happened or be as secretive as if you've been cheating on her. Get that slip returned to where it belongs, and pronto," he thought to himself

There just was no more sleeping for Jack that Sunday morning. He felt extremely guilty. He couldn't understand just what had happened or explain it

to himself. How was he supposed to explain any of it to Peg? What a dilemma. It was like getting caught with your fingers in the cookie jar, except for trying to explain just why or how it happened.

They were planning to go to church, then out for dinner with the couple that Jack had been helping move. The scramble for breakfast, clean up, and getting dressed up for church, left no free time to confess to Peg about wearing her fancy slip. He had decided that he needed to fill her in on that incident and not try to hide it.

The sermon in church did little to soothe Jack's frazzled nerves. It dealt with honesty between married couples. The minister stated that keeping secrets would start a ball rolling on a gradual incline. It would pick up speed, and soon it just could not be caught and stopped.

Jack was now convinced to bare his soul to Peg, to confess about both the slip and the nightgown. On the way to the dinner with their friends, Jack spilled his guts. He nearly drove off the road twice in the process, but finally he had stumbled through his confession.

Peg asked, "Just what prompted you to do such things?"

"I am afraid that I may be sleepwalking but I have never, ever desired to wear female clothing," Jack confessed.

"Maybe you should see someone about this situation, if you feel that it is very serious. Maybe you

could just begin wearing some feminine clothing, see if you like it, and at the same time see if that stops this so-called sleepwalking. Go to bed tonight in one of my nightgowns and see just how well you sleep, and also if you still are wearing it when you wake up.”

Jack asked, “Are you very disturbed by my confession, as disturbed as I am? Where do you keep your collection of slips and nightgowns? I have never dared to even look into your bureau drawers for fear of invading your privacy. Looking through the Sears catalog early this morning, I was amazed at all of the choices of fancy lingerie for ladies to wear.

“The choices for males is quite limited by comparison. It’s a wonder that there isn’t a group protesting that inequality. Last night as we got into bed, the skirt part of your nightgown ended up over my arm. It was so soft and sexy to feel, and I really liked it while it remained there. I regret that I fell asleep and lost out on that wonderful feeling way too soon.”

“Is that why you got up and swiped one of my slips and put it on?” Peg asked.

“I have no answer as to why that all happened,” Jack answered.

“Well, take the afternoon and decide if you want a gown or a slip to wear tonight in bed. Now that ladies seldom wear slips, maybe a national drive could be started demanding that males wear those lovely garments at night in bed,” Peg said only partly in jest.

Jack was just too timid to consider wearing ladies items to bed on Sunday night, so he opted for the

usual, men's pajamas. Early in the morning of Monday, the call for elimination forced Jack to hurry into the bathroom.

The bathroom light revealed a man fully dressed as a lady. When Jack had done a thorough examination, he was wearing panties, pantyhose, bra with padding, a slip, and a very pretty dress. He was scared, absolutely scared to death. How could this have happened? He didn't even know how to put on a bra. He would have ruined pantyhose trying to get them on. No way did he dress himself, but if anyone else had tried to put the clothes on him, he would have woken up, what with all of the effort required to dress in such feminine clothing.

He searched quietly and soon found his pajamas. Quickly and quietly in the bathroom with the door shut, he removed all of those girls clothes and slipped into his own nightwear. The removed clothing went into the hamper and Jack got carefully back into bed. Again he could not sleep, again he tried to decide just how he could have found all of those clothes and known just how to put them on.

At breakfast he told Peg all about that shocking interlude and that the clothes were all in the hamper. He did get a bit more sleep before the alarm went off, but he never did get calmed down from that shocking discovery.

Peg stated, "Like I suggested yesterday, maybe you had better go to bed in ladies nightwear and see if you are still wearing it the next morning. Otherwise you should consult a doctor who specializes in behavioral studies. I suggest that you try the home remedy first."

