

Two of a Kind



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Two of a Kind

By Olivia Evans

“Mark, get off of me!” Wanda Maxwell groaned to her husband.

For the thousandth time she wondered how someone only five foot nine, two inches taller than she was, could outweigh her by nearly 75 pounds. She shifted her body as much as Mark’s heavy weight would allow, trying to find a comfortable position, or at least get her arms under him to support him herself. Nothing worked, she was tightly pinned under the bulk of his body. She wished for the hundredth time that he would at least try to balance his weight on his elbows and knees as she had asked him time and time again. Mark’s rhythmic thrusts coupled with his weight felt like he was trying to shove her insides up through her mouth. His rotund belly forced the thin fabric of her filmy baby doll nightie hard against her soft and silky stomach. She knew that later, if she could look close enough, she would be able to see the faint imprint of the nylon fabric on her body.

“Mark!” she pleaded again.

Mark, deep inside of her, was too close to climaxing to hear or respond to her complaint. His thrusts came faster, more urgent, as he grew closer to climaxing, increasing Wanda’s discomfort and the feeling of being suffocated.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, but was really only a short, much too short, unsatisfying while later, Mark gave a final shudder and spent his hot sperm deep inside of her. Mark sighed contentedly, withdrew, and rolled off Wanda and on to his back. He lay breathing heavily for a minute or two as his penis slowly deflated.

When he was more or less back to normal, he patted his wife on the hip, as she silently won the hard fought battle to suck fresh air into her lungs. “Thanks, babe. Was it good for you too?” he asked, before trailing off to a deep sleep.

“Yes, dear it was wonderful,” Wanda replied sweetly, and automatically, to his sleeping form. Inside she was seething.

This was the fifth time in a row that he had left her high and dry. Well, not so dry after all, she thought as she clamped her thighs together and tried to make it to the bathroom before his ejaculation drained out of her. As usual she was almost successful, there was only a little wet spot on the bed. Of course, it was on *HER* side of the bed, as always.

Wanda sat on the toilet for a while before deciding to finish what Mark had started by masturbating herself. As usual, he had given her only enough foreplay to start her lubricating freely and then had plunged right in. In and out, she sighed. She really didn’t like to masturbate, it was pleasant and to a de-

gree satisfying, but not nearly as much as an orgasm with Mark still inside of her. Sighing deeply, she reached down and began to gently rub herself. Because she had been brought almost to the point of orgasm, it took only a few minutes to find the release that her body so desperately needed.

Half an hour later, freshly showered and wearing one of Mark's T-shirts and a pair of bikini panties, Wanda returned to bed, still wide awake. She debated about what to do about her relationship with Mark. She loved him, or at least she thought she still did. Sometimes however, especially after one of Mark's love making sessions, which lately felt like little more than him masturbating inside of her, she wondered why.

Sex wasn't enjoyable anymore, certainly not like it had been when they were first married and before Mark had gained all that extra weight. It had only taken three years of married life before Mark had gone from a slim and trim five foot nine, to having small "love handles", to the huge gut he carried almost proudly. His excess weight had even caused fair sized deposits of fat to develop on his chest, making him look almost like a hairy cartoon version of a little Buddha statue someone had once given her.

She smiled at a mental picture of her husband sitting naked in a crossed legged Buddha pose. It was close, but not quite accurate. She frowned and formed another picture of her overweight husband. This time he looked like he was...well, almost like he was a seven-month pregnant male!

'Yes that's it,' she thought giggling to herself, *'he looks exactly like he is pregnant!'* A condition that she wanted desperately to be in herself! Wanda knew she had only herself to blame. She shouldn't have fed him so well. Well, she decided, if she could make him

fat, then she could make him thin! In all fairness, she had to admit that she also had gained a little too much weight, about 20 pounds too much. In the three years of their marriage her figure had ballooned from a slim size 9/10 to a currently huge (for her) size 13/14.

Sighing again, she rolled over on her side facing away from Mark. Just before she went to sleep, she decided on what had to be done.

They would both go on a diet tomorrow!

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Wanda awoke hours later, feeling Mark's hot breath on her neck, one hand firmly on the waistband of her soft, nylon bikini panties and the other stroking one of her breasts through the thin T-shirt. It took her a few second to realize what he was doing. He was trying to pull her panties off for another round of his one-sided sex she realized as she shook off the last vestige of her interrupted sleep. Annoyed by his advances and the unwanted dampness in the crotch of her panties, she glanced at the clock on the nightstand. When she saw what time it was, she nearly groaned. It was barely 5:30 in the morning! Almost an hour and a half before they had to get out of bed. She knew that if she allowed him to continue what he was trying to do, she would never be able to get back to sleep.

She would be tired and miserable for the rest of the day. Mark on the other hand, would promptly go back to sleep when he was done. At most, *he* would lose less than ten minutes of sleep. It suddenly became too much to bear! Pulling his hands away from the elastic waistband of her panties and her breast, Wanda slid out of bed and stood facing Mark.

Startled by Wanda's sudden movement, Mark turned on the headboard reading light to see what Wanda was doing. He was surprised to see that she was making no effort to remove her T-shirt, as she had done so many times in the past. Wanda remained standing in the bright light beside the bed, her arms folded tightly across her chest. She regarded her husband for a second before deciding exactly what she was going to do. She quickly stripped off her panties.

"Here, catch!" She said, tossing the panties to him.

Mark caught the soft nylon garment and looked at them in surprise.

"What am I supposed to do with these?" he asked, holding up the panties with their slightly damp crotch.

"Put them on!" Wanda said tightly.

"What? I don't understand?" Mark asked incredulously, not really believing he had heard what she had said.

"I said, put them on. What's so difficult to understand about that?" Wanda said, barely containing her mounting anger.

Mark looked at the panties, and then back up at Wanda. At best he might be able to get them up to his knees, but no further even if he had wanted to wear them. They were way too small, or he was too big!

"But I can't get into your panties," Mark protested.

Wanda snorted her agreement.

"And you won't be able to from now on! Not until you change your attitude and lose at least fifty

pounds of that gut!” Wanda snapped, jerking the panties away from his hand and throwing them into a corner.

A stunned Mark watched Wanda grab her pillow and a blanket from the bed. She spun around, giving Mark a quick flash of her bare rear under the T-shirt. Carelessly dragging one end of the blanket on the floor, she stomped angrily to the bedroom door. At the door she turned and looked back at the bewildered Mark.

“I mean it Mark! No more sex! Until you get down to the weight you were at when we got married, I’m not even going to sleep in the same room with you.”

Mark’s startled protest was cut off by Wanda’s next ultimatum.

“And when you get down to 165 pounds, then we’ll talk about improving your miserable lovemaking ‘skills’! Until that miraculous day, I’m sleeping in the spare bedroom!” Wanda snapped as she slammed the bedroom door behind her.

The end of the blanket caught in the door. Mark started to get out of bed to follow her when Wanda opened the door and jerked her blanket free.

“And my name is NOT BABE! And NO, it was NOT good for me too! To tell the truth, it wasn’t even worthy of the crude term ‘FUCK!’” she screamed and slammed the door shut again.

A few seconds later, Mark heard the door to the spare bedroom slam shut echoing the first slam. Mark sighed and laid back on the bed. He had never seen her this angry. It was silly to get so mad over just a little weight gain, he thought. Mark got out of bed and walked over to Wanda’s full-length mirror.

He turned sideways and tried to suck his stomach in. It barely moved. *'Well, more than a little,'* he conceded. *'Maybe he could stand to lose a few pounds.'*

Mark went back to bed almost in a daze and turned out the reading light. He stared at the dark ceiling in silence, wondering what he was going to do. He was still wondering when the alarm went off an hour and a half later.

Mark got up, shaved, showered, and dressed for work, all the while thinking about what Wanda had said just a few hours before. While he was dressing, he heard the shower in the other bathroom start and Wanda get in. He wisely decided that the best course of action at the moment was to allow her to cool down. Maybe when he returned home from work that night, she would be in a better mood, and they could talk about it a little more rationally.

Mark straightened his tie and grabbing his wallet and some change from his dresser top, he left for work. He would grab a bite to eat on his way to the small consultation business he owned.

'Maybe a few donuts and some coffee,' he thought.

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Wanda stepped out of the shower just in time to hear the front door close and Mark drive off. He had skipped breakfast and had left for work an hour early.

'That should surprise Barbara,' Wanda thought with some amusement.

Wearing only a towel wrapped around her freshly shampooed hair, Wanda walked nude into the bedroom she had stormed out of several hours before.

Sitting on the edge of the rumpled bed, she thought about what had happened for nearly a half hour before dressing in a pair of loose-fitting tan shorts and white tank top. She knew that she had to carry out the threat of sleeping in the spare bedroom and denying Mark sex to get him to lose weight. Otherwise, he would continue to get fatter until his system overloaded and he had a heart attack. With tears in her eyes over what she knew she must do, she began moving her things to the spare bedroom.

Two hours later, her clothing neatly put away in the spare bedroom, Wanda slipped her feet into a pair of white dressy thong style sandals, grabbed her purse and the keys to her car and left the house on an urgent mission to find a good diet cookbook. If she was serious about putting Mark on a diet, she would have to change the way she cooked. After all, she couldn't just tell him to loose weight on the one hand and keep stuffing him with the other. She thought she knew exactly where to find one.

Her destination was a bookstore she had heard about from Barbara, an old friend from her high school days, who also happened to be Mark's secretary. The bookstore, which had the odd name of Diets and Stuff, specialized in diets and diet books as well as video exercise tapes.

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Barbara Goodwin was a well built and attractive blonde in her late twenties. She had been Mark Maxwell's secretary, Girl Friday, and a good friend of both Mark and Wanda for years. In the four years she had worked for Mark, she could remember him getting to the office before she did only once before. That momentous event had been a very special occasion, he had organized and helped set up a surprise bridal shower for her. When she walked into the office, she

was understandably a little surprised to see Mark sitting in a chair next to her desk drinking a cup of black coffee. If the half empty coffee pot was any indication, he had been waiting for her for quite a while,

“I need your help Barbara,” Mark announced without preamble, setting his cup on her desk.

“Sure, what is it?” Barbara asked sitting down in her chair and putting her purse in a desk drawer.

He rapidly told her what had transpired, omitting only the actual circumstances of what had triggered Wanda’s anger. Barbara listened with carefully concealed amusement while he finished telling her of the ultimatum. She knew Wanda well enough that she could read between the lines and had a good idea what had transpired between her two friends.

“Sounds serious. How can I help?” Barbara inquired, risking a small smile.

“I know that you lost a lot of weight before you married Steve. How did you do it?” Mark asked almost pleading.

Barbara looked thoughtfully at Mark for a moment before answering him. If she told him the truth, he would never believe her. In fact, she barely believed it herself. She could remember the day she met Regina at the *Diets and Stuff* bookstore as if it had been yesterday.

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The petite gray-haired woman looked at the much taller attractive blonde standing before her. *‘She shouldn’t wear pants with broad stripes,’* the woman thought, *‘they made her look even chunkier than she really was.’*

“Good morning. May I help you? My name is Regina, I’m the owner of Diets and Stuff.” She smiled and added. “I’m also a practicing witch.” That last statement always resulted in strange looks from her customers. This time was no exception.

“I... uh, good morning. I... uh, I need to lose some weight. Your store was... uh, recommended as having something that could help me do it in time for my wedding,” Barbara said, unsure that this strange person claiming to be a witch could actually be of any help.

“I see,” Regina noted. “How much time do you have before the date?”

“Almost six months,” Barbara replied hesitantly. “It’s on the twelfth of June.

“A June Bride, how nice. How much weight do you want to lose?” Regina asked, carefully eyeing the young woman.

Barbara shifted uneasily, feeling as though the shopkeeper was mentally stripping her. If she was, it would be the first time a woman had mentally stripped her, usually it was a man. She shook the odd feeling from her mind.

“Not much really, about ten pounds. I just want to get into shape. I... uh, want a nice-looking figure for my husband-to-be on our wedding night. You know, kind of sexy looking.” Barbara blushed.

“I understand completely dear.” Regina smiled, touching her hand to Barbara’s forearm and patting it. “But you don’t need to lose much weight. Just cutting out deserts until you get married will achieve that.”

Regina looked at her customer thoughtfully then removed her hand from Barbara's forearm. "No, dear, you don't need any special diets. But I think I have exactly what you do need. It's a special, very special, video exercise tape."

"An exercise tape? That's all I need?" Barbara asked. She was slightly disappointed. Barbara had fully expected to be bombarded with a hard sell sales pitch on a lifetime supply of fabulously expensive diet food and an exercise program in an equally expensive gym.

Regina smiled broadly. "I said it was a very special tape, honey. It's enchanted. All you must do is to follow the instructions, do the exercises ten minutes a day and by the time your wedding is here, you will have a figure so sexy looking that your husband can't help but to drool all over it on your wedding night."

Barbara giggled at the imagined sight of Steve drooling as she lay seductively dressed in a long satin nightgown on their wedding bed. With that amusing thought on her mind, Barbara had bought the tape and followed the exercise religiously. She never realized it, but she couldn't have stopped following the exercise plan even if she wanted to.

Regina, who really was a practicing witch, knew that most women trying to lose weight through exercising, never reached their goal. They usually gave up long before. Dieting and exercise, after all, requires a lot of hard work to be effective. So, Regina always added a little something extra to all her special exercise tapes, enchanted subliminal commands to take the exercises regularly and to view herself as a woman satisfied with her physical femaleness.

Once a woman started watching the tape, the subliminal commands took control of her mind, placing

it on automatic while doing the exercises. Once on automatic the woman would follow the exercises exactly on a regular schedule until she had reached the goal set on the tape. Because of the control of the subconscious by the tape, most women couldn't remember doing the exercises, let alone what they were. Barbara was no exception to this minor memory loss.

Barbara blinked at the thought of the first meeting with Regina. She knew that she had bought the tape and had done the exercises, her figure was proof of that. The fact that she didn't remember actually doing any of the exercises didn't bother her in the least. All that mattered was that they had done what Regina had said they would do, and that was to give her a sexy looking figure. The only bad thing about the exercises, which hadn't been all that bad in retrospect, was that when she had completed them, she had to buy a new wardrobe, including all new bras. Her old 34B's were just a little too small, especially in the cups.

Both she and Steve had been delighted with her new size, a firm and full 36C.

Regina had almost been right in one respect, Steve didn't quite drool over all her that night. His mouth had been too busy doing other, much nicer, and really kind of exciting things to her body. It had been more than worth the effort, she sighed to herself.

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"You know, Mark, I think that I can help you." Barbara smiled, deciding that the tape might be just what he needed to slim down. "I'll loan you the exercise tape that I used to help me lose weight and firm my body up before I got married."

“An exercise tape?” Mark muttered, a little disappointed. He had expected to be told about needing to buy a lifetime supply of some fabulously expensive diet food and an exercise program in an equally expensive gym. “Are you sure that it will work?”

“I don’t see why not. It’s a woman’s exercise tape designed to slim down a woman’s figure, but after all, exercise is exercise. Besides, even if the exercises won’t give you a massive set of muscles and just trimmed your waist a little, wouldn’t it be worth the try?”

“I suppose you’re right.” Mark conceded. “Anything would be better than the way I look now.”

“Good for you!” Barbara beamed. “I’ll go home at lunch and get it. I don’t think that either you or Wanda will be disappointed with the results.”

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“Good morning. My name is Regina, I’m the owner of Diets and Stuff. How may I help you?” The petite gray haired woman asked.

Regina had quit telling people that she was a witch long ago after being accused of doing unspeakable and foul things. She had been righteously indignant, after all she was a witch who practiced white magic spells that were helpful, not harmful, to people.

Wanda smiled and nodded. “I hope so. I’m looking for a good diet book. One that really works.”

“For yourself dear?” Regina asked.

“Yes, I want to slim down... My husband and I... Yes, it will be for me.” Wanda nodded, strangely embarrassed to admit that it was mainly for her hus-

band. After all, she was the one to be blamed for the weight they had both gained. Regina smiled and put out her hand and touched Wanda's arm. Her hand was warm, and somehow comforting, against Wanda's arm. Regina had placed her hand on Wanda's arm for more than as a friendly gesture. It was sometimes necessary to actually touch the person she wanted to help.

Touching the body in just a certain way allowed her to "read" what was going on inside and was usually presented an effective and more truthful picture of what the person really needed. Regina smiled and nodded, she now knew exactly how to give her customer the help she wanted and needed. It was a simple desire, easily achieved. Like most young, healthy married women her age she wanted to lose a little weight and someday become pregnant.

The diet book Regina had in mind would do one and could assist with the other, with a just a tiny bit of help from her husband. She decided that the second part should be a surprise.

"I think I have just what you need. It's a special, very special, diet cookbook. If you follow the recipes exactly, you will not only lose weight, but will improve your skin tone and uh,.. regulate your body functions. You would like to have that special glowing 'peaches and cream' complexion, wouldn't you dear?"

Wanda thought for a second, she already had a complexion that wasn't bad, but she'd always wanted to have one that was peaches and cream. She made up her mind. "All right, I'll take it."

The woman Wanda knew as Regina smiled. "I knew the instant I saw you that you would. Please

follow me to the back, I keep the special books back there.”

Ten minutes later, Wanda left with a slim diet cookbook. The title, “The Very Special Mother-To-Be Diet Book”, threw her a little. She had protested that she wasn’t pregnant and asked for another cookbook. She had been reassured by Regina that it wasn’t necessary to be pregnant to reap the benefits of the book, it was just as effective if you only wanted to be and hadn’t “caught” yet. “In other words, dear, just follow the menu and it will help you get pregnant when you and your husband are ready,” Regina had promised. She carefully omitted the little fact that the recipes were a careful blend of two witchcraft spells, some special herbs, ordinary spices, and of course, the culinary arts. The diet spells contained in the “Mother-To-Be” Cookbook recipes would slim down even the heaviest woman. The fertility spells in the diets would slightly alter and regulate the entire endocrine system, emulating a very healthy and very fertile young woman. The dieter would no longer be at her most fertile for only a few brief days every month, she would be ovulating continually during her entire menstrual cycle.

Regina looked at her young attractive customer again and smiled. After the month necessary for her body cycle to become “stuck” in constant ovulation, pregnancy would be simple matter of just one quick penetrating thrust by her husband. If she was as sexually active as most married women her age were, she would probably be pregnant after being on the special diet for less than two months.

The nice thing about the diet spell, was that if her husband ate an occasional meal, or even if he followed the entire menu, he would also lose weight. On the other hand, the woman’s fertility spell wouldn’t seriously affect his male endocrine system. Al-

though, he may find that he would only have to shave every fifth day or so. But then again, in today's world of clean-shaven male faces, who really cared if a man couldn't grow a beard? Besides, it would also clear up any acne he may have had.

Regina loved helping nice young people so much that she even gave Wanda ten percent off the regular price for being a first-time customer.

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Wanda drove home in an excited state of mind. She could hardly wait to start Mark and herself on the diet. She had skimmed through the slim book and discovered that with the exception of slightly smaller portions and a few odd herbs, most of the meals were very similar to what she normally prepared. The only real draw back was the small fact that the herbs and spices mentioned in the book were only available at the Diets and Stuff bookstore. Wanda would have to include the bookstore in her weekly shopping trips. Fortunately, the bookstore was located close to one of the major supermarkets and it wasn't too much of an inconvenience.

It wasn't until much later, as she was trying one of the recipes for lunch, that she stopped to wonder how the shop owner had known that she wanted to have a baby. When she tasted the soup that she had made, she found it to be delicious and the nagging feeling that something was wrong slipped from her mind.

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"Here it is, Mark," Barbara announced, handing the bright pink plastic VCR tape container to him. "I hope this helps. Keep it as long as you need it."



“Thanks Barbara, I’m sure it will.”

He waited until he was safely back in his office before he opened it to read the label. The first thing that caught his eye was the printed photograph of a semi-nude young woman with a fantastic body in a seductive pose. He read the label and smiled to himself. “Exercising Your Way to a Healthy and Sexy Body.” Below the title was a short description of the exercises on the tape. The titles were interesting to say the least; “Flattening The Tummy Bulge.” *‘That one would certainly be useful,’* he thought. He read on. “Creating the Hourglass figure,” and “Super sexy butts, thighs and legs.” The next one said “Your Breasts, Defining, Firming and Shaping them to perfection.” Mark had always been a breast man and knew that he would enjoy watching that one! He skimmed through the list of exercises. Each appeared to be designed to tone and shape waists, legs or various other parts of a woman’s body. There was even an exercise listed as simply “Toning those Delicate Inner Muscles.” It took him a few seconds to understand what that one meant. *‘This definitely is a WOMAN’S exercise tape,’* he chuckled to himself.

Mark slipped the tape into his office VCR and turned on the monitor. He wanted to take a look at a few of the sexier sounding exercises. There was the normal static and then soft catchy aerobic type music. Superimposed on the pale pink background was the title of the tape. “Exercise Your Way to a Sexy Body.” Under the title in bright red, was a flashing warning. “Do not use this tape unless you desire to be the following size.” The music stopped and an older sounding woman’s voice came on as a voice over. “Size 13/14 tall, with a 36C bust measurement.” A younger woman’s voice then said, “by following the exercises you can expect to develop a firm sexy figure with a body weight that is proportional to your height and still achieve the goal.”

Mark ignored the warning since it didn't really apply to him, this was, after all, a woman's workout tape, and he was a man.. He did note in passing however, that the sizes given by the unseen voice over were the same as Barbara's. He thought that was understandable since it was her exercise tape. Mark smiled to himself as he thought about his tall, shapely and well-proportioned secretary. He'd always liked her figure, especially since it had shown subtle improvements, just before she had married Steve. If he, himself, had been born a tall woman like Barbara, he wouldn't mind having a figure like that at all.

A few seconds later, the woman who had been pictured on the label came on the screen. Her voice, deep and husky for a woman, sounded as sexy as she looked. Mark settled back in his chair to watch. "Congratulations on making the decision that will change your life forever. This tape, one of a series designed for the woman who wants to either regain or obtain a sexy figure, is divided into separate exercises. Each exercise is designed to tone and firm a specific part of the body and, by the time you have completed all the exercises on the tape, will have created the body of your dreams. If this is the first time you are using this tape, please get a pencil and piece of paper to make a list of the materials you will need for your exercises."

Mark shrugged his shoulders and picked up his pen.

"First of all, you will need some comfortable exercise clothing. A leotard, tights and good aerobic shoes, like those I'm wearing, are recommended, but if unavailable, any non-binding clothing like shorts, T-shirt and a well-fitting bra may be used." Mark wrote down the items he would need.

“The second thing you will need is necessary for exercising and toning those delicate inner muscles....” Mark’s head popped up when the exercise was mentioned. He wondered what the item could be. In answer to his question, the attractive woman held up a realistic looking and slightly larger than life sized dildo, complete with testicles. “Please note,” the woman continued, still holding the dildo aloft in her hand. “Because of a desire to retain the maiden head, you may be reluctant to use this device, known as a ‘dildo’, during that phase of the exercises. I want to reassure you that the dildo will NOT harm the hymen when used as directed with the exercises. Used as intended, the hymen may even be restored.”

Mark nearly laughed out loud when he heard the reassurance that it wouldn’t injure the hymen. He had never heard a dildo described as an exercise aid before and doubted seriously if a girl could regain her virginity by using one. He chuckled again, then grew reflective, wondering if Barbara had used one when she had exercised to the tape. Probably not, he decided. Steve had mentioned that she had been a virgin on their bridal night. Maybe all those rumors about her in high school hadn’t been true after all.

“If you do not have the proper exercise aids,” the tape continued, “you will need to stop the tape at the signal. Do not continue until you are wearing the proper clothing and have purchased the special exercise aid.” The screen faded to a pastel blue, and a bell tone sounded.

Mark pushed the remote control off button and looked at the list he had written. Leotards and tights might be hard to find in his size, he thought. He would just have to stick with shorts and a T-shirt until his figure got down to a somewhat more reasonable shape.

The “special aid” he would be able to find in the Adult Novelty Store on the edge of town. It was a little out of his way, in fact it was in the opposite direction, but he could swing by there on his way home. He carefully folded his list and took the tape out of the VCR. He had started to rise, when it suddenly dawned on him that he had been seriously considering purchasing a woman’s leotard and a pair of tights, preferably in bright pink or fuchsia stretchy spandex to wear while exercising. What in the hell had he been thinking of?

‘I might be planning to follow some exercise routines intended for women only, but I will be damned if I would wear woman’s clothing while I do it,’ Mark thought, unaware of the special powers of the workout tape. He shuddered at the thought, threw the list in the wastebasket, and returned to the report he was writing.

Mark worked on the report uninterrupted for a while longer before a nagging feeling that he had to do something caused him to stop. He glanced at the clock on his desk. It was nearly 3:00 p.m., if he hurried, he would be able to get to the stores and still be home on time.

“Barbara, I’m going to take off early. Lock up will you?” Mark said as he walked out of his office.

“Sure thing, Mark,” Barbara replied as he walked past her. “When are you going to start your exercise routine?”

Mark stopped and looked thoughtful.

“I don’t know. I don’t want to exercise at home, at least not while Wanda’s there, and I really can’t do it at the office. I don’t know. I guess that I’ll have to wait until I can find someplace quiet.”

“Well, you could always use our guest house,” Barbara offered.

“Guest house?”

“Well, that’s what Steve calls it,” Barbara explained. “It’s really just an old shack on the back of the property that we fixed up as a studio apartment for my sister when she moved away from home. Now that she’s married, all we use it for is when we have extra company. It’s got a shower and everything else you’ll need, including a TV and VCR.”

“Sounds perfect! Thanks, I’ll start tomorrow morning before work, if that’s all right with you,” Mark replied accepting the key from his secretary.

Barbara, a small smile on her lips, shook her head as Mark hurried out the door. She hadn’t seen him this enthused about anything in years. Whatever Wanda had said and done last night certainly had gotten his attention. Or maybe it was the half naked woman in the provocative pose on the tape label. She had been pretty sexy looking and Mark, like most men his age, liked watching sexy looking women. Whatever the reason, it was refreshing.

She wished him luck in achieving his goal.

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“I’m sorry sir, but I don’t think that we have anything in your size,” the bewildered sales girl said to Mark.

Mark looked at the wide array of ladies aerobic shoes that lined the wall.

“Surely you can find something.” Mark insisted. “After all, you haven’t even checked my size yet.”