

# THE WAGER

*By Sally Wild*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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# THE WAGER

By Sally Wild

## Chapter 1

Tom sighed in contentment as he stretched out on his favorite recliner and enjoyed the feel of his wife's soft hands running seductively up his nylon clad legs. As he sipped quietly on a glass of white wine, she pushed aside his long silk nightgown and robe as she progressed steadily toward his pantied crotch.

Kneeling beside the recliner, Florence ran her hands over his genitals and felt an increasing hardness as she released them from their silky confines. Dressed in a classic maids uniform of black taffeta with white lace trim and a frilly apron, she concentrated on the task of serving her master to the best of her ability. After all she had lost the last bet, yet one more time!

It wouldn't have been so bad; but, to lose on such a continuous basis was becoming a real bore. She couldn't remember the last time that Tom had to do her bidding for a weekend as the houseboy while she was becoming all too familiar with the feel of the maids uniform she was now wearing.

And to make it even more insufferable, Tom had acquired a taste for wearing her nightgowns, panties and stockings while they had sex. She had originally dressed him in these clothes for a lark when he had acted as her houseboy in the long, distant past. Now he had turned this supposed punishment into an act of pleasure while he was in the role of master and she was reduced to being a lowly maid.

"It's just not fair that you keep winning these bets," Florence complained as she continued to fondle Tom's erect penis.

"Well Flory, my pet, you'll just have to be a bit smarter about the subject matter of our little weekend wagers, won't you," groaned Tom as he felt the familiar heat rise in his groin.

"Yes, but it's really unfair that you keep on winning especially now that you have taken an early retirement and stay home all day while I'm still working at the office during the week. And then you expect me to be your humble little maid and look after the house and you on the weekends. It's just not fair! You do nothing and I work seven days a week."

"Too bad wench, you have to accept your lot in life, after all you lost fair and square. You wouldn't catch me complaining if I had lost, but I didn't. Now stop flapping those lips and put them to a more appropriate use, slut!"

Tom grabbed her hair and pulled her face toward his crotch as he snapped out the last command so that Florence complied without further comment as she took his

hard cock into her ruby lipped mouth. Her tongue hungrily ran up and down his shaft while her full lips wrapped themselves around his penis and her soft fingers played gently with his scrotum.

But even as she expertly gave oral satisfaction to her husband, Florence could not help feeling a sense of outrage at Tom's casual acceptance of her as a mere maid to attend to his every whim including being a simpering whore to his imaginative sexual desires. She still enjoyed their games but an ever increasing part of her was thirsting for revenge!

She needed to think of a way of making sure that Tom would lose their next bet so that he was the one scurrying around ensuring that the household chores were done and acquiescing to her demands as he fulfilled her sexual preferences.

Florence's thoughts were interrupted as Tom erupted into a long and lusty climax that left her struggling to swallow his copious amounts of cum without spilling a drop as she knew a dutiful, little maid should.

Feeling completely sated by his enjoyable climax, Tom failed to see the exasperation in Florence's eyes as he ordered her to lick his cock clean, rearrange his panties and nightgown and then to get him another glass of white wine.

She quickly carried out her assigned tasks, not forgetting to curtsy as she left and returned to his presence. And she did so with an obsequious smile pasted to her lips even though she was fuming inwardly at the treatment she was receiving.

"Well Flory, my dear," sighed Tom as he sipped his wine, "that wasn't too bad at all but our weekend is almost over. As it is getting on and you have to be off to work early tomorrow, why don't you go and get the bed ready so that we can retire for a good nights sleep?"

"Yes, Master," replied Florence with a deep curtsy.

"And while you are at it, maybe you can think of something a bit better for our bet next weekend, my little trollop," Tom sneered as she quietly exited the room.

"Damn him," Florence muttered under her breath as she minced upstairs in her four inch heels and along the hallway to their bedroom.

Turning down the bed covers, she found her mind drifting as she thought about a possible bet that would ensure it was Tom's turn to be the household servant. What could she come up with as a solid guarantee that it would be him and not her that was scurrying around being the maid? As a vision of Tom trying to do just that while coping with high heels, a tight corset and knee length skirt filled her mind, she could not help but break out into a fit of giggling.

A hard smack on her pantied behind brought her back to reality.

"Something funny, wench?" Tom demanded.

"Oh no, Master," Florence cried with downcast eyes, "I was just thinking about what a lovely weekend we have just enjoyed and what we could bet about next weekend."

“Yes, well as I said you will have to come up with something a little better than your last few tries, won't you? Your track record has been abysmal of late but then what can be expected of a little empty-headed bimbo like you. All you are good for is being a silly maid. Now help me take off these stockings and garter belt but leave the panties and nightie on as I think I will keep them on for the night and enjoy their silky feel against my skin.”

“Certainly, Master,” Florence replied as she fell to her knees and reached up under Tom's nightie and robe to unclip the stockings and garter belt. “But I wonder how you would enjoy women's clothing if you had to wear high heels and skirts. Not all female clothing is as comfortable as a silk nightgown, you know.”

“Oh I don't know, Flory, I think you are probably overstating things as usual. I'm sure that it wouldn't be that hard; just like being the household servant. If I had to do it, you wouldn't catch me complaining and whining as you do. Now get on with putting those things in the hamper and then take my robe and hang it up while I get into bed to read while you get out of your cute little uniform and prepare yourself for a good night's rest.”

With a final submissive curtsy Florence did as she was told and then slipped into the bathroom and quickly undressed. As the pristine white bib apron, black taffeta dress, full white nylon slip, black seamed stockings, corset and frilly white panties went into the laundry hamper along with Tom's garter belt and stockings, she breathed a sigh of relief that she could return to being herself. If the truth be known, she felt that she was the one that deserved a maid rather than running around being one for her husband.

Pulling the little maids cap off her long blonde hair, she proceeded to remove her silver choker necklace, large hoop earrings, and bracelets before she moved on to taking off the heavy make-up that Tom liked her to wear while she was in her slutty maids role.

As she applied the cleansers and moisturizers that made up her normal evening ritual before going to bed, her mind raced with ideas on how to get the better of Tom and a plan began to form on just how that could be accomplished. God, what she wouldn't do to make him squirm and jump to her commands for a change and maybe, just maybe, his conceit and overbearing male chauvinism would be the answer!

Suppressing another fit of the giggles, Florence returned to the bedroom, quickly pulled on a short nightie and snuggled into bed as Tom turned off the light.

## Chapter 2

The harsh shrill of the alarm caused Florence to groan and quickly push the off button on the bedside clock radio. As she quietly padded toward the bathroom, she could not stop a shiver of annoyance running through her body on observing Tom rolling over and burrowing further under the covers. Here she was off to work and the idle slug was getting to stay in bed. It really was not fair!

A quick shower and her morning make—up behind her, she slipped down the hall to the guest bedroom and put on her clothes. As she made the final adjustments to her gray, tailored suit jacket and skirt she could not help wonder why she was showing so much consideration for her sleeping husband. It wouldn't be so bad if he showed any inclination to do any work around the house while she was working in the office as an executive secretary to the president of a highly successful business firm; but, since he took his retirement six months earlier he had shown little, if any, enthusiasm to do anything but read and watch TV. And he consistently won their weekly wagers that had her running around as his maid during the weekends. It was too much!

*“Oh, stop it girl,”* she whispered to herself, *“don't get mad, get even as they say at the office.”*

Quickly moving downstairs, she hurried into the kitchen and made a light breakfast before driving to work. As she carried out the mundane tasks of preparing the meal and washing the dishes, she thought how nice it would be to have someone else taking care of these details. And constantly, at the back of her mind she mulled over the idea that had come to her last evening of making sure Tom lost the next bet. It would certainly be nice to get some respite from the demands of housework, particularly as her two—week holiday was only a week away.

Although she was much too professional to allow her thoughts to interfere with her job, Florence gave considerable thought to accomplishing her aim of coming out on top in the next wager as she drove to work and on her return to the house later that afternoon.

It was about a half hour drive each way, mostly on country roads, so there was plenty of time to try and consider all the pros and cons of her plan.

As she drove through the gate and up the long driveway to their two story house sitting on its secluded three acre lot, Florence decided she would bring up the subject tonight at dinner, which she would undoubtedly have to prepare, damn Tom anyway!

Triggering the remote control as she approached, she waited for the double garage door to fully open before driving her utilitarian sedan in beside Tom's little two passenger sports car. Eager to get on with initiating her plan she was going through the kitchen door even as the garage door closed in response to the second prompt from her control.

“I'm home, honey,” she called as she went up the stairs and toward the master bedroom. A muffled reply let her know that Tom was in the family room watching yet another TV show.

Florence tried to shake off her annoyance at finding Tom doing exactly what she suspected he would be — carrying out his primary role of couch potato. In spite of her broad hints about helping out around the house, he refused to get involved in what he considered to be women's work. If he had lost a bet and had to be the weekend house-boy then so be it, he would carry out the work and indeed, quite well. But other than that he was obstinate in his refusal to be 'the housewife'.

As she hung up her business suit and pulled on a more comfortable dress and a pair of slippers, Florence muttered to herself, *“He is being his usual macho self and deserves everything I'm going to give him. Not only is he inconsiderate of my needs but he is letting himself go to pot, in more ways than one, by just sitting there in front of the boob tube all day. let's just hope my little plan is going to work.”*

With a skill honed by many hours of practice, Florence soon had a delicious, well presented dinner prepared and both she and Tom sat down to enjoy it at the small table set up in the sun room situated beside the kitchen. The southerly exposure and the myriad of plants that filled it made this little room into one of the couple's favorite places in their house.

“So have you had a busy day, dear?” Florence asked as they took the first few bites of their meal.

“Oh, not too much my love. Did a bit of a workout after you left for work and then puttered around the yard before coming in to watch some TV. Nothing too exciting. How about yourself — are they still keeping you busy on that latest project?”

“Well yes, as a matter of fact, I am pretty busy at the moment but if everything comes off as expected I could be in line for a good bonus at work. If I just wasn't so busy with my job and housework, I would really be happy.”

Tom muttered a quiet, noncommittal type of answer and kept on tucking into his meal with great gusto.

Florence sighed and thought, *typical but he has just blown another chance to get off the hook. Time to get to the crux of the matter.*

“Now Tom, I've been giving considerable thought to the nature of our next wager and I think I've come up with one that will be beyond you for sure.”

“Is that a fact?” replied Tom with an aggressive sneer. “And just what makes you think that you can get the better of me in our weekly bet. Your track record certainly wouldn't support you making that statement.”

“You're right about that,” agreed Florence, “but I think I have managed to come up with something that could be a real challenge for you. It will require a considerable effort on your part to win. I'm not sure you are really up to it as your last few victories have been quite easy.”

“Don't give me that crap, I can handle anything your feeble, little mind can come up with,” Tom snarled. “Cut to the chase and let me know what you have come up with. Frankly, it probably won't be much of a challenge at all. Your concept of that word and mine when it comes to making and winning a bet are miles apart.”

Florence could hardly believe her luck in the way their conversation was developing.

Tom was walking right into the trap and his macho attitude was making sure that he would have a hard time backing out once she had sprung it.

“Well dear,” she purred happily, “it is based on your comment the other night about how you thought I was overstating the difficulty of doing the housework while dressed completely in female attire. I know you love to wear your lingerie, but as I said, you might find it a different story if you had on skirts and heels as well. Therefore, my bet is that you couldn't last a week doing just that — being dressed completely as a woman and living up to my expectations to fit that role.”

“Are you mad,” spluttered Tom, “you want me to dress up as a woman for a week so that you can then be my maid for two days? What kind of pay off is that?”

“Oh, no Tom. The winner gets a maid for two weeks. You forget that my holidays start next Monday. If you can last until Sunday evening in female attire, then I will be your maid for the two weeks. If you fail to make it through until that time, then you get to be the house servant for that time and I will enjoy a glorious rest while you scurry around doing my bidding.”

“Fat chance of that happening, but I'm not sure about this whole idea. It sounds rather kinky to me.”

“Afraid to take me up on it Tom? I thought you were a sure winner against a stupid bimbo like me — those were your comments last night weren't they?”

Flinching at her accurate observation of his unkind remarks about her betting prowess the previous evening, Tom could only respond by muttering, “It's not the winning of the bet I'm concerned about but the idea of going around for a week dressed as a woman. You have to admit, it's not exactly a normal thing to do”

“Oh come on Tom, you already wear women's underwear and nighties. What's normal about that? I think you are just being a little sissy who can't hack the challenge that I have laid down.”

“That's not fair, Florence. I haven't said that I wouldn't do it. I'm just questioning if it is a good thing to do.”

“Be more specific, dear. What concerns do you have?”

“Well, what would you expect me to do if I did agree to dress up for the week? Would you expect me to stay in female clothes all day, every day? Would I have to go out in them?”

“Good questions, pet,” said Florence with an enigmatic smile. “Yes, I would expect you to stay in a female persona for twenty—four hours a day. And while you were so dressed I would expect you to do the same things that you feel that I should do as your wife. However, I don't think it would be a good idea for you to go parading around in public places as the chance of discovery could be too high. We have never dressed you up completely so I'm not sure if you would make a convincing woman or not. And I'm not in the business of making a fool of you in front of your friends so there is nothing to worry about in that regard.”



“OK that sounds reasonably fair but I'm still not sure if this is a fair bet or not. It sounds like it's a stacked deck in your favor.”

“Come on Tom,” Florence snapped, “you said last night that you thought I was overstating the problems of wearing feminine clothing. I've made it clear that I won't publicly humiliate you in front of your friends or expect you to go shopping at the local mall so what's your problem? Or are you just being a little sissy who wants to back out of a bet made by his dizzy, blonde wife? Of course if you are not man enough to play the game, you can always forfeit the bet and be my house servant for the weekend.”

“Not bloody likely, my dear,” Tom shot back. “All right I'll take you up on your pitiful excuse of a wager as long as you agree that I don't have to go out of the house to do any shopping or to any public places that would bring me into contact with my friends. In other words, you won't use the opportunity to publicly humiliate me as an excuse to have me back out of the bet.”

“Tom, I agree with those terms as conditions for the bet,” gushed Florence with a broad smile. “Shall we shake on it?”

Tom felt a sense of unease when he saw Florence's reaction to his agreement to take part in this insane wager, but he realized that he could not back down without losing a great deal of face. He had painted himself into a corner and now he would have to live with the consequences. Hell, it was only for a few days and Florence had agreed not to parade him around in public so it shouldn't be that hard to do anyway.

“Yes, on one more condition,” he replied as a last minute thought occurred to him. “That prohibition of public embarrassment in front of friends has to include the fact that they can't be invited into the house while I'm dressed up.”

After a moments thought about this final condition, Florence agreed and took Tom's outstretched hand.

As they shook, she followed their usual practice of stating the full agreement so that there would be no misunderstandings between the two parties.

“OK, we are agreed that to win the bet you will dress up as a woman until next Sunday evening. If you decide to back out of the agreement before then, you lose the bet. While dressed up you will comply with my expectations of proper feminine behavior, but you will not have to go out shopping or be embarrassed in front of your friends either here in the house or in a public place. The loser will have to be the other person's house servant for the two weeks following this Sunday evening.”

“Agreed,” said Tom with more confidence then he really felt.

“Right now that's settled, let's get on with the agreement,” exclaimed Florence, “the clock is ticking as of now and I fully intend that you get your full time in skirts so that you can see why it will be a good idea to back out before Sunday evening and allow me the luxury of having a little servant for my two—week vacation.”

“You must be dreaming,” snorted Tom.

“Is that right, Mr. or should I say Ms Smarty Pants, on second thought make that Skirt,” chortled Florence. “Come with me, my dear and let's see what kind of woman

you are going to make. I can hardly wait to hear your reaction to wearing a dress, high heels and make—up!”