

# DESTINED FOR DRESSES

*By Jennifer Sue*



*ILLUSTRATED BY C. Pitts*

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**A NEW WOMAN NOVEL**

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## **DESTINED FOR DRESSES**

***BY JENNIFER SUE***

Thomas Gehman swept into the lackadaisical office like a tornado. When the dust finally settled, several offices were vacant. Thomas had been promoted to be regional sales manager because of his excellent record. That did not mean that everyone liked him; as a matter of fact, several people felt he was simply too pushy, even for a salesman. When Thomas smelled a sale, it didn't matter to him whose toes he stepped on.

Someone at the home office had decided to send him to the worst sales region, hoping he'd be eaten alive by the staid workforce there. They were wrong. Thomas was just as dynamic managing the sales force and support staff at the office as he had been as a salesman. Within six months of his arrival, he'd taken the region from last place to third highest in the whole company.

Linda Evers had been the office manager for six years. During those years she'd earned every gray hair on her pretty head. At thirty five, she was tired of butting her head into the stone wall of don't make waves management as she tried to increase office productivity. A dedicated career woman, she wanted to prove her abilities and skills.

When Thomas arrived, he spent the first week just sniffing about. On Monday of the second week he called Linda to his office. There he enlisted her aid in clearing out the dead wood. During that first six months, the two worked closely. Thomas with his sales expertise and Linda with her office proficiency made a good pair. Long hours and hard work had the two working together, often into the early morning hours. Their relationship eventually evolved from boss and coworker to lovers.

Linda was not surprised to discover that Thomas was married with two sons. Her morals forced her to hold back on letting her growing affection for Thomas be known. She knew he had a small apartment, having left his family behind until he settled into the job and the boys finished the school year. When she discovered that the boys were living with their grandmother because their mother had passed away, she was elated. Shortly after that, the two became an item.

In Thomas she saw a man she could respect and love. He rekindled a need long denied in her soul: the desire to become a mother. However, Linda felt sure Tom would insist she quit work to become a full-time mother. It was shortly after the quarterly report revealed their success that she was backed into making a decision. Tom told her the boys were placing his mother under a lot of stress; with the end of the school year fast approaching, he had to do something. Both knew he needed a home and mother for the boys. Tom turned on the charm and his sales ability to convince her to quit work.

“Linda,” he told her quietly one evening after making love. “I really love you. Would you please consent to be my wife and the mother of my children?”

Linda's heart leapt for joy. At thirty-five she knew her biological clock was ticking. Never before had she met a man she'd even considered marrying, much less making the father of her child. Yet, the years she'd spent establishing her identity as a career woman tugged at her, begging not to be thrown away. “Tommy, I'd love to be your wife and the mother of your children, but I'm not sure I can give up my career,” she replied sadly before burying her face in his chest to cry.

“I understand,” Tommy answered sadly after a long pause. “I won't change my mind, however. No wife of mine will work. She will take care of the children, home, and me. You know how hard I work at the office. I need someone to run the home so I can unwind. I still want *you* to be my wife. Think of it as being a ‘home manager’ instead of office manager. It'll still be a full time career. Besides, we both know you've proven your skills as a career woman. Think of becoming my wife as a promotion.”

“I need time to think,” a very confused Linda replied.

“Okay,” Tommy answered. “I'll wait. But in the meantime, could you please help me find a home for the boys? They may not be small anymore, but they still could use a Mom.”

“Of course, Darling,” Linda replied happily, glad that he had allowed her time to think.

The next few weeks flew by as the two searched for the perfect home. Tom solicited and respected her opinions on location and neighborhoods. Ever the professional, Tom kept a list of good and bad points on each home. As the list grew longer, the homes came closer to meeting Linda's exacting demands. Finally, they found the home they were looking for.

Linda was entranced the moment she saw it. It seemed to have leapt right out of her childhood dreams. When she stood in the kitchen, she could imagine Tom and his two sons seated at the table while she served a meal. This was the home she was meant to live in. Tom knew it by the look on her face. It had taken weeks of patience to find the right home. Now was the time.

“Oh Tommy, this home is perfect,” Linda enthused when they were alone.

“I don't think so,” replied Tom sadly.

Linda was quite surprised. Up to this point he'd agreed with her every opinion. “It's perfect! What's wrong with it?”

“You're right, it *is* perfect, but the boys and I could never live here.” He paused dramatically, took her hands in his, and looked her in the eye. “Without you, that is,” he added as he pulled her into a deep kiss.

Linda melted. During the weeks of house-hunting she'd edged closer and closer to giving in to his repeated proposals of marriage. This house was the final straw. “Damn you, Tommy,” she replied testily when they broke the kiss. “You set me up on this, didn't you?”

Tommy smiled and nodded his head. "Honey, I've never lied to you and I never will. If you can say no to me right now, I must be the worst salesman that ever lived."

Two weeks later they married. Needless to say, Ashton and Brett were delighted to meet their new mother when they arrived at their home. Linda insisted on legally adopting both. As the weeks of that first summer sped by, Linda proved to be a capable mother and "house manager". The twins were both "all boy", involved in high school soccer, baseball, and helping some of the town's younger kids in Scouting.

Linda spent several hours a week shuttling the boys to their various activities. In the process, she became quite involved in planning and running different activities. The boys quickly learned that Linda was not an easy taskmistress. If she told them to do something and they failed to comply, punishment was swift. Whenever their chores weren't done, she managed to "lose" the car keys. Friends, involved in their own activities, weren't always available for rides. When the chores were completed, the keys miraculously reappeared. The boys grew to love her since she was tough but fair. Linda loved the boys, too.

Tom continued to spend long hours at the office, occasionally making it to a game to watch the boys play. Tommy and the boys were happy. On the whole, Linda was happy too, only she desperately wanted to have her own baby. While the couple worried at times about the difference in age between any new baby and their sons, Tommy never failed to do his part in her quest. Her doctor told her that it was merely her anxiety that kept her from becoming pregnant.

This went on for two years, and might have gone on much longer except for the intervention of fate. Linda was quite frustrated with her inability to conceive. Finally the doctor suggested Tom come in to have a sperm count. Tommy stalled, something he never did. This puzzled Linda and she began to wonder if Tom was keeping something from her.

The truth came out a few weeks later. A fire broke out in the office of another company in the building that housed Tom's regional sales office. Tom and his secretary were forced outside by the rescuing firefighters. Both were seminude.

Brett, as part of his Scout mentoring activities, was helping out at the Beaver Falls Fire Company. To support his enthusiasm, Tom had purchased a fire call scanner. When the call about the fire came over the scanner, Linda hustled the boys into the car and raced to the site.

Just as they made it to the edge of the crowd of onlookers, Tom and his secretary were escorted from the building. It was quite obvious to all onlookers that the two had been interrupted while having sex. The boys and Linda were stunned. All three felt betrayed. Without waiting to be seen by Tom, they returned home to await his arrival.

Tom called an hour later to tell them about the fire and that he was all right. He added that he couldn't come home because they wanted him to make sure the office was secured. It was well past midnight when he came in. At breakfast the next morning, he regaled his family with the tale of his experiences during the fire. Their stony silence was a far cry from their normal boisterous inquisitiveness. Finally, he realized something was wrong. Not suspecting a thing, he asked what it was, assuming the boys had done something.

Linda looked him right in the eye. “We heard about the fire on the scanner,” she replied stonily. “We were worried for your safety, so we rushed down just in time to see you and your floozy being dragged from the building.”

Tom turned white, opened his mouth and let it fall closed. For once he had nothing to say. He could read the condemnation in his family’s eyes.

“Dad,” said Brett as he stood up from the table. “I’m ashamed of you! After all Mom has done for you and us, you do this to her... and us!” With that, he turned and stalked away.

Ashton stood and glared at his father. “Me too!” Then he followed his brother.

Linda sat and stared at him. “Look honey, it’s *you* I love, not her. It was just a harmless little fling. She means nothing to me! You and the kids are what counts to me.”

“Really?” Linda replied sarcastically. “How many games have you missed to screw her when you lied to us that you were working overtime?”

Tom lowered his eyes.

“My God, Tommy, how could you *do* this to us! What if she became pregnant?” Linda asked incredulously.

“She couldn’t get pregnant,” Tommy replied testily.

“Don’t you dare tell me she’s on the pill or that you used condoms! You know as well as do I that it’d be easy to miss a pill or put a hole in the rubber! Where was your brain?” Linda asked plaintively. “How would you tell the boys that they were going to have a little brother or sister from someone other than me?”

Tom was growing self-righteously angry. “I’m not *that* dumb, Linda. I’d *never* depend on a woman to keep from getting pregnant! I had a vasectomy just after Ashton was b...” Tom stopped and licked his lips.

Linda turned white with rage. “A vasectomy! Eighteen years ago? You bastard! I married you to have a child of my own! For two years I’ve done *everything* trying to become pregnant and all the while *you* knew it was impossible! You *bastard!*” Linda broke into tears. “You’re going to pay, Tommy, pay dearly!” she shouted before she fled the room.

Just inside the other room stood the boys. They’d heard every word. “Mom?” Ashton asked fearfully.

Linda truly loved the boys. During the preceding two years she came to feel as if she were their natural mother. Sniffling back her tears, she embraced them. “I still love both of you. Nothing your father does will *ever* change that. Somehow we’ll work things out, but on MY terms. I was naive when I married him. I won’t make another mistake. Right now, I need to be alone to think.”

That night Linda sat at the table, Ashton to one side and Brett on the other. Tom stood before them, thoroughly chastised by their united condemnation of his affair.

“Tommy,” Linda began in a steady voice. “The boys and I have discussed what to do about your indiscretion. We have decided to give you another chance. I’ll tell you now

if it wasn't be for the boys, I'd have my lawyer filing the divorce papers already. As it stands, if you don't agree to our terms, I *will* file the papers. I'm more of a mother to them than you are their father. If we divorce, I'll get the house, cars, and boys. Your little escapade managed to make the news. Everyone in town saw you emerge from the building in your BVD's. I'll take you for everything you have, including your precious job! Do you understand?"

"Yes," Tommy replied softly. "I meant what I said earlier. I do love you and the boys. I'll do whatever you want."

"Don't talk until you hear the terms," Linda replied with sinister glee.

"The terms are as follows," stated Brett in deadly earnest. "First, you will fire the woman with whom you had the affair. Second, you will wear a chastity belt with Mother holding the key. The only way you'll have relief is if she unlocks you. Even then, you'll have to do it in the manner she demands."

This last demand cut right to the heart of Tommy's masculinity. All his life he'd been sexually active. Now, he was going to have to give up that freedom. What made it even worse was that only the week before, he had chewed Brett out for masturbating and possessing girlie magazines. Now, the boy was issuing him an ultimatum. "Okay," Tommy whispered, totally humiliated.

"Third," stated Ashton seriously as he read from the paper they'd drawn up. "You will *not* work overtime unless Mom approves it. She knows enough about the operation that you'll have to prove to her that you *need* to work late. If you fail once, you're through! Fourth, you will spend time with us, your family!"

"Agreed," Tommy gave in. He was well aware that the boys and Linda had him by the balls. The company had little use for a manager, no matter *how* effective, who had affairs with the help. Linda's threat to take his job was not an idle threat.

Linda looked up at him. "Tomorrow we'll get the chastity belt. Then we'll see how you do. How long this lasts will be determined when the three of us agree that you can be trusted. Except for the chastity belt. That one is mine!"

Tom understood clearly that he was now low man on the family Totem pole. The next day he meekly accompanied Linda to an adult novelty store where she purchased two leather chastity belts that would replace his underwear. The clerk laughed out loud as Linda ordered Tom to accompany her. He was totally humiliated as she led him into the single restroom. As she locked one pair of the demeaning, subjugating garments into place, Tom knew his carefree, wild whoring days were over.

Unfortunately, life did not return to normal for the family. Tom was around more, certainly, but Linda was in charge and very demanding. Her anguish and anger over giving up her career only to be denied the child she wanted and felt she deserved ate at her. Younger than Tom by several years, she had fantasized about being a mother since she was a young girl. The boys were wonderful, yes, but she wanted a child of her own, the fruit of her womb. Every time she saw a woman with a baby, her heart broke. Every time she saw a mother with a cute little girl, she felt depressed. The deception and loss of her career cut to her soul. In short, Linda was well on her way to becoming a shrew. Not only with Tom, but with the boys as well.

She ran them ragged with her demands that they clean up after themselves. That they tell her where they were at all times, including what they were doing and with whom. Running in the house, loud voices, slamming doors, belching, things normal for young men, became forbidden. "Proper manners and neatness at all times" became the rule.

Everyone was becoming touchy from the pressure. Tom was allowed sexual relief only after he satisfied Linda orally. If she wasn't pleased with his performance of the task she knew he hated, she made him stand before her and jerk off to get his relief. Linda made sure that he worshipped her sex twice a day, regardless of where she was in her cycle. The boys walked around her as if they were on eggshells. Still, the love the family felt managed to persist.

Reluctantly, Tom and the boys slowly grew accustomed to doing whatever Linda asked to avoid her sharp tongue and further demands. All three wondered how long she would be in "bitch mode". It was spring when the change came. Brett and Ashton both expected to be active with Scout activities as spring came along. The den mother knew Linda could be counted upon to support and aid their activities. The boys were at school when Helen Spayd dropped by to discuss their latest venture and enlist Linda's help.

The Beaver Falls Fire Company Social Club was the center of the elite small bedroom community just outside the city. A prime residential site, the town was in a small valley isolated by a mountain ridge just across the river from the city. The town was virtually a closed community. No new building could take place since all available land was already in use and strictly regulated by zoning.

The Beaver Falls Fire Company Social Club sponsored the baseball and soccer teams, as well as the Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, Campfire Girls, Girl Scouts, and the local senior citizen club. The town playground was on land they owned and maintained. The fire company was in the midst of raising money to purchase a new rescue truck, and all supported organizations and groups willingly pitched in to lend their aid. Naturally, the sport teams sold raffle tickets. The senior citizens held Saturday morning breakfasts.

A mock wedding was planned, with the clothing and refreshments supplied by local shops in exchange for the advertising. Tickets sold would allow attendance at the wedding and the reception afterward. It was hoped the event would turn out to be a big party and draw quite a crowd. Linda was delighted to assist. It would give her a chance to be around all the pretty girls in their lovely clothes.

Soon the participants were all outfitted and a preliminary rehearsal was held. As the day of the event approached, a major problem seemed to be developing. Advance ticket sales were far less than expected. Virtually no one outside the participating families bought tickets. Everyone was depressed that all their effort was going to waste.

The school year ended on Wednesday; that Friday evening the adult advisors, parents, and sponsors sat down to discuss their dilemma. It was only two weeks before the big event. Several ideas were suggested, but none seemed guaranteed to increase



ticket sales. Someone suggested they cancel the thing and refund the money. This brought on a chorus of boos from the organizers. Their honor was on the line.

Finally Mary Ferry, the mother of one of the bridesmaids, could take no more of the senseless arguing. Mary was an ex-tomboy, now she was a robust woman who had earned the begrudging respect of most of the men. Her life had been tough. Taught that race, creed, or sex didn't matter, she had run into the "good old boy" syndrome at every turn. When she was young, girls were not allowed to play baseball. So, even though she was better than most boys, she had to sit in the stands. She was pressured into dating by family and friends, and finally yielded in an attempt to hide her lesbian yearnings.

When one of her jock classmates took her to the prom, she got sloshed, and seduced. Cindy was the result, a cute girl Mary decided to raise to be "all sugar and spice" to avoid the heartache she had endured. As was expected, the two seniors married, but fought constantly. He was constantly losing low-paying jobs because of his drinking and loud mouth. She persevered to become an RN and eventually landed a good-paying job in an exclusive clinic in the nearby city. There she broke through the male barrier by doing heretofore "male" tasks better than the men in addition to her regular nursing duties. Now financially secure, they bought their own home.

Mary came home early one day to discover Harry, her drunken husband, holding the cute little girl on his lap with his hand under her skirt, inside her panties. Fortunately, he went willingly with the police when they arrived. Everyone knew that he hadn't really fallen down the steps as he claimed.

At the trial, a plea bargain to spare Cindy the ordeal of a trial sent him away for several years. Mary now despised and mistrusted most men. Developing a workable plan for getting revenge on her husband was always on her mind. To this end she read voraciously. One of the things she found might be applicable to the problem the fundraisers were facing.

"I think I may have an idea," she announced as she stood to take the floor. "Some time ago I read about a mock wedding quite similar to the one we're discussing. There was one slight difference from ours, but it made it a tremendous success. The boys took the girls' parts and the girls took the boys' parts." Mary hoped her idea would be accepted. With her ongoing grudge against men, she sought any way possible to knock them off their cocky perch. Mary had enough sense not to push; she simply sat back and let the concept take root.

This elicited a groan from the boys and giggles from the girls. Several of the boys vowed that they'd never take such a role. Most of the adults laughed and joked. When things settled down, some serious discussion began. The merits of switching to a reversed-sex wedding were hotly debated by all present. In the end, it was agreed that such an event would draw more sales, but only if the affair was conducted seriously, not as a joke. It seemed the boys would have to look, appear, and behave like girls while the girls would have to look, appear, and behave like boys.

The roles would have to be played straight. No campy antics could be allowed. Further discussion with the clothing suppliers indicated that it was too late to do more than make minor alterations to the dresses, so the participants would have to find

members who could fit in the dresses already provided for the girls would have to be found who could fit the tuxedos.

In addition, the physical appearance of the selected participants would have to be easily transformable into that of the opposite sex. It was further decided that the chosen participants, especially the boys, would have to spend the two weeks before the wedding learning to wear their unfamiliar outfits properly and behave as if they were the opposite sex. It seemed to be the only way the event could be successfully pulled off without becoming a farce.

The girls who had been fitted for the bridal party all volunteered to supply additional practice clothes for their male replacement and to act as coaches in feminine behavior and etiquette. In addition, they wanted to select their alternate, since, they argued reasonably, they knew which boys were about their size and would have the necessary attributes to become a passable girl.

The girls giggled while the guys groaned and howled in protest until the burly linebacker of the local high school football team, Dave Manly, chastised the rest for failing to make enough of an effort to help their town. He also stated quite emphatically that anyone who teased any boy about his participation would have to answer to him! Besides, he added maliciously, if the girls could choose and train their counterpart, the boys should be able to the same! This time it was the girls who groaned while the guys laughed.

In the end, it was decided that no one could refuse the decision of the former bridal party member to become their transvestized replacement. At this point, someone came up with the idea of holding a contest for the participants to see which boy would appear most girlish in both behavior and image, and which girl would appear most boyish in both behavior and image.

Prizes would go not only to the best in each category, but also to the person who coached and trained them. The girls all lined up as the six guys choose their replacement. Then, the guys lined up for the six girls.

As originally planned, neither Brett nor Ashton had been a member of the bridal party. Like the rest of the boys, Brett was terrified that he might be chosen to be a bridesmaid. Ashton, unconcerned about being chosen since virtually the entire bridal party was made up of members of groups he didn't belong to, snuck up behind his brother and yanked on his shoulder-length hair. "I bet you'll have to wear a dress," Ashton taunted his brother.

Brett turned about and grabbed for his brother. "Wait 'til I get my hands on you..." he snarled.

Ashton was lithe and quick. Laughing heartily, he easily dodged another boy to avoid Brett's lunge. This put him in front of the line of boys with his back to the girls as they stood surveying the boys to choose their replacements. The brothers continued to grab for and avoid each other for several seconds, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Tom was on his way over to the boys when fate intervened.

April Swisher, who was to have been the flowergirl, was quite upset by the decision to reverse roles. The dress she had been given was a delight of petticoats, ruffles, and

lace. Always a soft and feminine girl, she loved dressing up and being pretty. Even in school where most girls wore jeans, she invariably wore a dress a skirt. As a result, she was the brunt of much teasing and torment from the boys. The more tomboyish girls, even when they wore a skirt, *never* left the boys get away with pranks like flipping skirts or pulling pigtails during their grade school years. When April saw Ashton laughing and teasing his brother, it brought to mind all the teasing she had received from her classmates years earlier. Anger flared in her heart as she recalled that Ashton had been one of the worst boys for teasing girls, and his comments in class and on the playground had given every indication that he would grow up to be a confirmed male chauvinist. From what she witnessed now, her suspicions had been confirmed. Often she wished that she could fix him, put him in his place but good!

Suddenly a devilish gleam came to April's eyes. She could choose Ashton! He was almost exactly her size! His long, past-the-shoulder blond hair could easily be feminized! Already she could picture him all dolled-up in her pretty dress! So excited that she almost wet herself, April walked happily over to Ashton and gently tapped him on the shoulder. With great satisfaction and quite loudly she announced; "I choose Ashton as MY replacement!"

Ashton whirled around to see April giggling. What did she want, tapping him on the shoulder like that, he wondered. Then her words hit him. SHE HAD CHOSEN HIM TO TAKE HER PLACE AS THE FLOWERGIRL! The dumbfounded young man stood there staring at April in total disbelief. It only took a few seconds for him to regain some control. "NO WAY," he shouted defiantly as he backed away from the pretty girl.

"Yes way," stated Brett as he firmly clamped down upon the shoulders of his brother. Ashton struggled but couldn't break away from his sneering sibling. "Suits you right for teasing me, SIS!"

Just then Tom reached his sons and separated them. Ashton looked up at his father with pleading eyes. "Dad, *please!* You *can't* let them do this to me! I don't want to wear a sissy dress and act like a dumb girl!"

Tom looked sadly at his son. He already knew what it was like to be a sissy. The chastity belt he still wore saw to that. "Ashton, we all agreed. Whoever was chosen would have to do it."

"NO!" Ashton wailed, very close to tears.

"You *have* to do it," stated April with a pleased smirk upon her pretty face as her mother joined her.

Leslie Swisher was pleased that her daughter had chosen her longtime nemesis to be her replacement. She had lost count of the number of times April had come home in tears during her grade school years because Ashton had flipped her skirt that day. Like April, she too thought forcing the nasty boy into skirts would put him in his place. Leslie's naive innocence about men had been shattered when her husband abandoned her and April to play the field. Like Mary, she too had married right out of high school and immediately became pregnant with April. Unlike Mary, the petite, pretty, feminine woman had married her childhood sweetheart.

Always interested in hairstyles and make-up, she studied and earned her license as a beautician. After working in a shop several years, she secured her manager's license and established her own shop in her home. Two weeks after she opened the shop, her husband Jeff ran off with a sixteen-year-old girl. Since that time, her lusty need for sex with a man had been suppressed.

Every man she felt an attraction for expected her to immediately jump into bed. As a result, despite what her husband had done, she still longed to bring him back into their lives. The only thing that had kept her from begging him to come home was the fear that he'd run off again. What Ashton had done to April added another "strike" against males. Leslie had come to the conclusion that all men were jerks. Putting Ashton into skirts would be a safe way for both of them to get a bit of revenge at long last.

"Listen, Punk," Brett laughed at Ashton. "You *have* to be the flowergirl. April chose you and you *have* to do it. If *I* had been chosen to be a bridesmaid, I'd have done it gladly and cooperated fully," he stated with solemnity. "When you thought I was going to be chosen to be a bridesmaid, you were laughing. It's not so funny now, is it? *I* wasn't chosen to be a girl, *you* were! You'll look real cute in a dress with ribbons in your hair!"

Tom was just about to reprimand Brett when he saw Cindy Ferry walk up behind his son. With disbelief, he watched as the girl tapped his shoulder.

"Why Brett," Cindy stated happily. "I'm so delighted to hear that you'd gladly take my place and cooperate fully while I train you to be a girl! I think *you'll* look real cute in a dress too!"

Brett spun about to look at Cindy, an expression of incredulity upon his slack face. Instantly, he knew he'd been trapped by his own words! Damn, he cursed himself. How often had Linda scolded both he and Ashton about their incessant teasing! Now look where it had gotten them! With a sinking heart he moaned, "Cindy, please, why me?"

"Because I think you're cute," she told him. Cindy stood there smiling sweetly as she pictured Brett in a few of her dresses. When the decision to reverse roles was made, her first choice for her replacement had been Brett. All during the school year she'd had a secret crush on the boy, but was too shy and scared to even flirt with him.

Memories of her father had soured her on men. The fiend had molested her many times until her mother discovered him with his hand inside her panties when she was nine. The divorce had been messy, and the perverted man would be in jail for another month. Since that incident, her mother had been a man-hater, despising and distrusting all males. Those feelings had been pushed on Cindy.

Even before she entered puberty, her mother explained all about the birds and the bees. Once she began to develop, her mother explained ways a female could satisfy her sexual needs without males. In the seemingly innocent sleep-overs teen girls often have, Cindy had been an eager participant in exploring lesbian relations.

Never had she even thought about a boy until Brett moved into town. Even then, her fears overcame her desires. Now, finally, she could safely explore those desires. Brett would be under her full control while undergoing girl training for two weeks! A

man in skirts couldn't be much of a threat, she reasoned. Besides, she thought happily, if she could gain confidence in her ability to handle a male, perhaps she wouldn't be so easily abused and taken advantage of by her father when he came home.

Linda finally reached her family. Her heart was racing with excitement. For her, the idea of working with the mock wedding was to be near pretty girls. Now she was going to be the mother of two members of the bridal party! For the next two weeks she'd have the daughters she'd always dreamed about. Already she was determined that they both be the best, most feminine boys in the group. By the time *she* was done with them, no one would believe that they were really boys when they played their parts!

Mary Ferry joined her daughter. She was just as excited as Cindy at the prospect of transforming the handsome young Brett into a demure Miss. By practicing on him, perhaps she could develop techniques to use on her husband when he was released from prison! What better way to fix a molester than by destroying his masculinity!

Tom took both stunned boys by the arm and led them to one side. There was nothing Tom or anyone else could do to stop what had been decided. All he could do was to comfort and support his despondent sons as they underwent their sissy trial.

"Cindy, April, please make sure the committee knows who you've selected as your replacements," Mary stated with authority. Once the girls had gone she smiled at Linda and Leslie. "I think we three had better hold a conference. It seems that we have two candidates for unwanted girlhood. I'm sure we all want this show to be a success, and I am determined to make sure that Cindy made the right choice, just as I'm sure Leslie is determined to make sure April made the right choice. Linda, I'm sure your boys will play their parts flawlessly."

When she noted the mutual agreement, she continued. "I'll admit that I have grave reservations about letting a young man near my daughter without proper supervision. I've learned through bitter experience that men cannot be trusted!" Everyone in the small community knew about the molestation but all discreetly kept silent.

Leslie vigorously nodded her agreement, intuitively seeing the two older women as soul mates. "I know what you mean. Ever since my husband deserted me, every man I meet tries to take me to bed! Men can't be trusted."

Linda smiled wanly, like the cat who swallowed the canary. Here were two women who had been betrayed by their men. In both, she sensed a desire for revenge. In addition, she felt an unusual physical attraction to both, a feeling she hadn't had since the carefree innocent days of teen sleep-overs with her girlfriends. "You can trust *some* men," she replied mysteriously. "If you get them backed into a corner where they have no choice."

Mary looked at Linda, then over to where Tom sat with the obviously upset boys. She sensed a common bond being forged among them. Already her panties were wet from arousal. "You've peaked my curiosity. What have you got on your husband?"

Linda laughed. "Well, for starters he's been wearing a chastity belt for the last year. I've got the only key. The only way it comes off is if he satisfies me with his tongue, twice a day. If I'm not *completely* happy, I make him play with himself while I watch. To be honest, I've been depriving myself to spite him. He hasn't pleased me yet."

“How in the world did you ever do that,” Leslie asked incredulous, feeling a growing dampness in her panties.

“Indeed,” added Mary as she gently placed a hand to her crotch to check to see if her flowing juices had leaked through. “I’d like to do that to several men I know.”

Linda smiled wickedly. “I caught him with his pants down with another woman. It was either the chastity belt or the poor house and no job.” The three women laughed.

By the time Cindy and April returned from registering their replacements, the entire tale of Tom’s loss of freedom had been told. The three women looked forward to the meeting they had arranged in the Gehman home at 7:00 the next morning to begin the girlish training of Brett and Ashton.

The drive home was marked by silence. Both young men sat slumped in opposite corners of the back seat as they brooded. Tom drove with both hands tightly clenched on the steering wheel, his lips a tight, narrow line. Linda sat gazing out the window, smiling. After the boys and their father dragged themselves into the house, Linda told them to sit so they could discuss what was to happen.

After looking at the subdued faces for a few moments, she began. “Let’s get one thing straight, right from the start. No one is dropping out of this project.”

The twins moaned and wriggled uncomfortably in their chairs. Tom looked as if he was going to protest, but the glare Linda sent his way forced him to keep silent. Servilely, he lowered his eyes to the floor and listened.

Once she was sure they understood there would be no quitting, she continued. “Boys, as your father and I have often told you, if you’re going to do something, do it right, even if you don’t like it. By following that creed, you show that you know and honor your responsibilities and commitments to the best of your abilities, even under adverse conditions. Keeping that in mind, your father and I expect you to do your best to learn your role. We know that spending two weeks learning to dress and behave as a girl is not the way you want to start your summer vacation. but that’s exactly what *will* happen. We expect you to cooperate fully during this time to become the best girls possible.

“Your father and I expect one of you to win the award for being the best girl, the other to be first runner-up. We will do everything in our power to see that you become as soft, feminine, and girlish as possible. Now, I think you should both get a good night’s rest. You will be getting up at 6:00 AM to wash your hair and take a bubble bath. You will both be naked except for your robes when the Ferrys and Swishers arrive at 7:00 AM to begin outfitting you. We will not accept nor tolerate any questions, debate, resistance, or arguments about this matter. Do you understand?”

The boys looked as if they were about to face a firing squad. They looked to their father for a reprieve or, at the very least, a modification of the demand that they win the “girlishness” prize. Tom felt the boys’ silent appeal and drew a deep breath. First, though, he looked at Linda to gauge the seriousness of her stated intent.

His years of sales experience had endowed him with the ability to judge how far a client could be pushed before a sale was lost. Sadly, he noted that Linda would not be

pushed at all. While he continued to gaze her as he composed himself, the boys' hopes that their dad would come to their aid grew with each passing moment.

Tom turned to the boys and sat up straight. "Your mother is right," he stated firmly. "If something is worth doing, it's worth doing right! You *will* cooperate fully."

The boys' balloon of hope burst. They hung their heads in shame. "I understand," mumbled Brett, followed by the same from Ashton. The boys slowly rose to shuffle to their bedrooms.

Ashton lay in his bed and cried for the first time in years. This was horrible! Ashton had little faith that Dave Manley, who had threatened to beat up anyone who teased a boy because of him taking a girlish role, would even concern himself about one punk like him. This was one deed that would haunt him for years to come.

Brett thought about Cindy. Like the rest of the guys in his class, he thought she was really pretty. Several times he'd tried to get her alone to talk to her, but she always slipped away. The other guys laughed at him, telling him he was wasting his time. They informed him of her molestation by her father, and how it had turned her into a lesbian. All the guys agreed she was cute and dressed really nice, especially in miniskirts. Everyone thought it was a shame, since she seemed to tease and taunt, never letting a boy get close.

Brett shivered as he recalled one conversation in particular. Quite distinctly he could hear himself saying to a group of his buddies that "I'd give anything to get into Cindy's panties!" Now that was exactly what would happen in the morning. He was finally going to get into Cindy's pretty panties. Unfortunately, he reflected sadly, it was not exactly in the manner he had meant.

That night both boys had trouble going to sleep knowing that in the morning they would be put in dresses. What a way to start their summer vacation! High school was finally behind them and ahead was two weeks of dressing and pretending to be girls!

After the boys went to their rooms, Linda stood and headed for the master bedroom. A feeling of euphoria was upon her. Not only was she to get the daughters she'd always wanted, at least temporarily, but she'd met two new friends who shared the same sentiments about men. All the excitement made her hot and horny.

Tom sat in the chair after everyone left, chastising himself for not standing up to Linda. Just how pussy-whipped am I? he wondered sadly. Then he began to rationalize that since the town leaders had accepted the role-swap, so should he and the boys. Besides, Linda was right about doing things right. Finally, still not pleased with his decision to support the girl training, feeling he was betraying the boys, he rose to join Linda in their bedroom to perform his nightly duty.

With deep melancholy, he wondered how long it would be before Linda relented. The chastity belt he could understand—not *like*, mind you—but understand. But the humiliating ritual of eating her out every morning and every night followed by being forced to stand before her while she watched him jerk off, was destroying his vitality. Each time now it took him longer to come and was less gratifying. How long can I go on? he wondered morosely as anger flared in his soul.

Maybe it was the anger that Linda sensed in Tom, or the lust she'd built up that evening, but his performance that night was the best she'd ever experienced from a guy. Tom had gone all out. It almost seemed as if he was literally trying to eat her. For whatever reason, Tom was so passionate, the needs Linda had long suppressed surged to the front and demanded to be satiated.

Exhausted by the time he was done, Tom reluctantly took his limp manhood in hand as he stood beside the bed close to Linda so she could see his humiliation. Closing his eyes so he would not see the laughter in her face, he began to pull on his meat, trying to will it to get hard and shoot his load to get the demeaning task over and done with. Despite his best efforts, the mental crisis of his sons being forced to crossdress coupled with his physical exhaustion so that he simply could not get hard. Tears of anger and frustration trickled down his cheeks as he began to yank harder.

Linda watched her husband, knowing that he was close to the breaking point and open rebellion against her continued sexual demands. He had surprised her by agreeing with the demanding terms she'd presented the boys. The arousal she felt smoldered, and as she saw Tom unable to attain an erection, she understood his submission and humiliation tonight had cost him something vital.

The tears surprised her. Taken back a moment, she almost relented and was about to release him from the task he now found so odious. But a new idea, nasty, wild, and kinky, jumped into her mind. She would give Tom what he'd been denied. Slowly she reached out and cupped his balls.

Tom jumped as he felt the soft hand grasp his balls. At first, he was afraid she was going to crush them for his poor performance, but instead of pain, pleasure emanated from her touch. Opening his eyes, he looked down at her, openly questioning her intentions with his eyes.

Linda smiled and tugged him to her by the scrotum, leaned forward and nibbled at the tip of his limp manhood. The response was immediate. Before he became fully erect, she slipped him into her questing mouth.

Tom thought he was in Heaven. It had been so long, so very long! He felt his testicles churning in her wonderful grip, and realized he was about to come. "Not yet, please not yet," he begged his rampant manhood, "let it last longer!"

Linda knew he was close, but she didn't want him to come just yet, not in her mouth. She wanted him in her pussy. With a loud "PLOP" she drew her head back until his penis bobbed free of her velvety mouth. Lying back, she spread her legs enticingly and smiled up at him. "By cooperating tonight, and for your excellent tongue service, you've earned a treat, Darling," she cooed sexily.

Tom needed no further urging. In a flash he was kneeling between her outstretched thighs, aiming his straining engorged organ at her glistening slit, still wet from his saliva and her juices. His lips touched and gently suckled her nipples as he gingerly lowered himself. As his manhood slid inside, he felt as if he would burst. Linda loved him! Soon he was plunging in and out, moaning as she met each thrust with a counter-thrust. All too soon it was over.