

COERCED INTO LOVE

By Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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By Audrey Taylor

The two men who burst into our house late that Friday night and forced us at gunpoint to open the garage door didn't make much of an impression at first. Of course they did have guns and were enveloped in high tension but awakening from a deep sleep at one in the morning added a kind of surreal quality to the entire scene.

One guy asked a terrified Cheryl to make a pot of coffee, while I tried desperately to still my shivering body so I could grasp what was going on. This dream was quickly turning into a nightmare.

The isolation of our house was no help; situated as it was down a dirt road, it offered little chance for neighborly attention, the closest one being several hundred yards away.

It was a shock when the doorbell rang again. This time Cheryl was held at knife point while I was left to answer the door. It was 2:15 am and difficult to fake drowsiness (as I had been ordered to do) when an underlying terror threatened to explode in my guts.

My smile must have looked idiotic as I greeted the sheriff, who apologized profusely for the disturbance before informing me of the robbery in town. After I mumbled my "sleepy" reply (he must have attributed my shivering to the outside chill), he described the two men who had shot a bank teller and were last seen heading this way. Like we didn't know what they looked like! They had taken the Friday payroll, which was into the millions, and were armed and extremely dangerous.

So, *that* was why their car was in our garage. It was 2 in the morning. Where had they been since leaving the bank? They must have hidden in the cutout down the road for most of the night and watched us close up and go to bed. Neither Cheryl nor I were news watchers, so we had no inkling of the earlier bank heist.

"They're hardened criminals, so be on the lookout." The sheriff's cautionary remark made my armpits perspire as I struggled to maintain a calm exterior, sensing Cheryl's life hanging in the balance. "Call us if you see or hear anything unusual." I nodded bleakly, wishing there was some way to reach out to him even as I watched the opportunity slowly slip away.

"Thank you, officer." My hand waved at his back as he returned to his cruiser, leaving me to shut the front door on my continuing nightmare.

The next three days were torturous.

The dream had become terrible reality.

The intruders took turns maintaining a constant vigil at the front window. They were coming to the realization that their best chance to escape would depend on remaining out of sight until the heat was off. There were no further sheriff visits and both men started to relax and allow us more freedom to move around the house, with permission, of course.

My first three days were spent in the upstairs bedroom tied to a bedpost. The phone had been taken from the room.

We decided to remain low key, hoping they would just leave when “the coast was clear” and cause us no further harm.

But that wasn't to be.

The morning of the fourth day we were brought into the kitchen so they could establish the rules.

We would have free run of the house but always be on the alert for sudden visitors. Cheryl was elected the spokesperson.

When supplies starting running low, Cheryl was required to go to town for replenishment, which left me behind as the sole hostage.

The more our captors studied the news, the more convinced they became that remaining under cover was their best option. In fact, Cheryl had to get whatever information she could about the manhunt when she was in town. Of course, she had been warned that if she said or did anything to jeopardize them, I would be immediately killed. At the first sign of law enforcement showing up at the house, I would be shot. That put the fear of God into her, and she kept her mouth shut.

Cheryl shopped at several stores to throw off anyone from noting the large quantities of food she was purchasing. She used cash provided by the men. She was quite concerned about my welfare, but she tried to be nonchalant and friendly, even as she inquired into the gory details of the robbery which most folks were eager to talk about.

We were surprised to learn that the local roads were still blockaded and that the authorities had a strong feeling the perpetrators were holing up in the immediate vicinity. They were right, of course, but Cheryl wasn't about to confirm their suspicions.

It certainly didn't bode well for their eminent departure.

The bank guard was in critical condition at the county hospital, having taken a slug in the abdomen. It was over a week and the search was still intensive.

On one hand, it felt good to know they were still probing the area, but it also meant the criminals would extend their stay with us.

The whole scene was starting to become unfocused.

Time seemed to pass at a snail's pace. I watched the criminals eye Cheryl with growing interest as she moved about the house; they started to make physical contact at every opportunity while she did the household chores and served the meals. When two matching maid's costumes were discovered in the attic, from a Halloween party several years earlier (we had both gone as maids), they immediately had Cheryl in the abbreviated outfit for her daytime activities.

Finally, Charlie couldn't contain himself any longer and reached out for her as she passed. He grabbed her firmly by the wrist and pulled her up the stairs in spite of her struggles. Jack smiled at my tortured face as my eyes helplessly followed them up the stairs. Charlie was playing with his gun and I had no idea how to stop what was about to happen to Cheryl without incurring serious injury myself. I prayed it would be quick and painless, although the vision stung as I imagined him violating my loving wife.

It wasn't too long before Charlie was strolling back downstairs. He told Jack she was "some hot chick" and she was waiting upstairs for him. My tortured mind struggled in agony as their expressions dared me to interfere. A terrible frustration ate away at my gut. Somehow I kept my seat as Jack disappeared upstairs. I was in agony.

Maybe ten minutes went by, then I saw Jack zipping up his pants as he strolled down the stairs with a big shit-eating grin plastered to his face. I couldn't control myself anymore. I rose to meet him even as I saw Cheryl trailing meekly behind, her cheek beginning to swell and her makeup all smudged. Her maid's outfit was in total disarray.

I couldn't sit still any longer and let this happen.

Even with my deep-rooted frustration carrying me forward, I was no match for the broad-shouldered bully who effortlessly threw me to the ground. He straddled my back and had my hands taped together behind me in less than 60 seconds. He sat me in the corner and forced Cheryl to relate what had occurred upstairs as I listened in mournful defeat.

Tears flowed down both cheeks as she hesitantly relayed her degrading story.

Both cheeks were blushing and her tormented look made me vow that I would get even with these bastards somehow. That was all I could think about as they locked me away in an upstairs closet.

I was gagged and left to stew for the better part of five days in the dank and dusty interior.

I don't mind telling you my imagination floated out of control as I tried desperately to will the sheriff to return and save us.

Meanwhile, Cheryl was powerless to resist their hungry, unleashed desires. She had little choice but to deal as best she could with a miserable situation.

The toughest part was returning from town after a shopping trip fully aware what was in store for her. Only her devotion to me kept her quiet.

Both men were growing tired of her lack of enthusiasm, even though, technically, she fulfilled everything they asked of her. She serviced their every need while dressed in her enticing maid's outfit, usually omitting the panties for easier accessibility.

She was barely able to distinguish what she did to whom anymore. Her annoyance with me festered more with each passing day as she was forced to sleep naked between both men in their king-sized bed. Would this ever end?

She desperately clung to her elusive wish that someone would show up to save us. She wasn't even sure that it would make much of a difference to her anymore.

Even though she felt good about my attack on Jack, it was beginning to annoy her that I had been subdued so easily. That I was lying undisturbed in the upstairs closet while she had to contend, completely on her own, with these vulgar bullies. She knew I was starving, but she was having real difficulty focusing on my problems in light her own tasks.

Why did she marry a ninety-pound weakling? She had never considered that my smaller stature would be such a handicap. I was certainly no match for either Jack or Charlie. Trying to best someone twice your size you would have to be a master of kung fu or some other martial arts regimen to have any hope of success.

She could only hope they would tire of her and decide to move on in the near future. She was fighting a growing sense of hopelessness which was a key reason for her lack of spirit and initiative. She didn't want to offer her captors even a hint of encouragement.

With these diverse feelings doing battle inside her, she clung to a flimsy escape plan. Foremost in her mind was freeing me so I could help. She couldn't survive much longer on her own.

While continuing to satisfy their lustful desires, she hoped to persuade them to leave us both alive, when they finally decided to move on. This was indeed a sticking point, since there was always the problem of live witnesses who could identify them.

Over the five-day closet period she gradually assumed a subservient role, responding almost by rote to whatever request was made of her. Thoughts of resisting had all but dissipated.

Thoughts of my suffocating in the closet were now troubling her. She listened outside the closet door to hear my labored breathing. I certainly couldn't survive much longer.

She had to take some kind of action.

After dinner that night, she reluctantly crawled under the dinner table to offer Charlie some relief. She hoped by volunteering he would be more willing to respond favorably to her request. When he was sucked dry, she stood by his side, an arm idly draped over his shoulder, while continuing to lick her lips and smile, pleading her husband's case with businesslike professionalism.

"He can't survive much longer without food and water," she smiled into Charlie's satiated eyes. "I'm sure he's learned his lesson. He won't be any more trouble. You big boys certainly can't be afraid of a puny guy like him?" Her look caused his lips to turn upward. He was going to take the challenge.

He was grinning broadly when he told Jack to retrieve her husband. The plan was working. Her relief was sudden, and she involuntarily leaned over to kiss Charlie on

the cheek. He turned quickly and pulled her into a strong embrace that lasted several minutes. She actually felt herself responding, a sudden need to thank him, which he noted. She hadn't shown this kind of interest up till now.

Cheryl was angry that I had put her in this position, having to express gratitude to this man who held us hostage.

Underneath she knew it really wasn't my fault, but that was hard to remember when her knees were sore and her stomach and vagina were full of their seed. It seemed to her that her mouth was always around one of their erections. She couldn't believe how often they "rose to the occasion". She was not really aware that her maidenly figure was having a major impact on their arousal. She was weary and emotionally drained and in desperate need of a break, before she collapsed.

And yet she lingered in Charlie's embrace to offer thanks.

This represented a sharp reversal from the three trips to town for food supplies, newspapers, and video tapes. Each of those times she had to fight this almost magnetic pull to the central police station, only to chicken out by the entrance when her thoughts turned to me, her husband. It was so difficult not to chuck those worries and push her way through the front door of the police department.

It took almost two hours for me to clean myself from the mess I'd made in the closet. Five days of sweat and bodily functions had created a stench that took some real scrubbing to eradicate.

It was Jack's idea to relieve Cheryl of her maidenly duties. But once it was on the table, Charlie's enthusiasm was quickly apparent. "Cheryl has definitely earned a break. Her well-rested, do-nothing husband can assume her duties and like it. Not all of them, of course," he snickered to himself. Jack joined in.

"He can wear a maid's outfit, too," Jack quickly added. "With all the weight he's lost, it should fit fine." He was studying me carefully. "It would mark his lowly position and help keep him under control. Doing the household chores should keep him well-occupied and give Cheryl more energy for us."

That last idea lit up Charlie's face. He needed no further persuasion.

Unbeknownst to their hosts, Jack's secret plan was under way. Only recently released from a five-year stint in state prison, he had reluctantly left behind his cell mate Pete (alias Penny), for whom he still held a lingering passion. He carried his affection close to his heart during his years of incarceration.

He remembered his initial seduction of Penny. How he had called in many favors to provide Penny with her flattering attire, and how Pete had finally accepted his feminine image and became a willing participant in their relationship.

Apparently I was the spitting image of Jack's prison boyfriend, which was almost spooky. With Charlie obviously hot for Cheryl, it seemed only right that Jack should find his own partner. He was still working out the details, but this certainly had "promising possibilities," as Jack said.

When I dressed as the maid and came back downstairs, Jack was mumbling to himself, “*Definite* possibilities.”

Jack was hoping that, as things settled down, the tension between him and Charlie would lessen as Jack relinquished his demands on Cheryl in favor of me, the new maid. But they knew I had to be handled with kid gloves; they didn’t want me to reject the idea before they even got started. Charlie wanted a willing participant. It wasn’t like Cheryl was such a hot number to him, anyway. He’d seen more enthusiasm from paid whores who didn’t even know him.

Charlie had a good laugh at the sight of my maidenly appearance and laughingly accepted Jack’s suggestion that I remain this way for the foreseeable future. It would break up the terrible monotony of hanging around the house all day long, and maybe it would distract Jack enough so Cheryl could be his alone. Hopefully, with more energy, she would become more spirited.

He remembered Penny and Jack’s intense devotion to the flaming fairy. He could care less about his tastes. That didn’t matter as long as Cheryl became his exclusively.

For Cheryl, the elimination of the boring housework was a relief. She was surprised when I entered the dining room in the Halloween maid’s costume; I was wearing light makeup as well. You could see I knew little about selecting matching accessories (the lipstick clashed with the uniform), yet I looked pretty good for a first attempt. Jack insisted I make every effort to emulate the full attributes of a real maid and gave Cheryl a meaningful look. She was expected to aid with my transformation.

There was little fight left in me, my attitude was subservient right from the get-go. The rest watched me remove the dirty supper dishes to the kitchen; I was unperturbed by my womanly image in front of the others. My boobs looked disjointed, unevenly padded.

I handled the high heels surprisingly well, and my exposed legs in sheer stockings looked almost appealing.

If I could manage the household tasks, it would certainly give Cheryl time to work out an escape plan.

It actually struck her as funny, that my doing the dreary household tasks would leave her more free time to indulge the captors’ insatiable desires. It was not something she had reckoned with when Jack had brought up the maid idea initially. Oh well, there was not much to do about it now.

I was only gaining a glimpse of what this past week had been like for her.

It’s startling, but dressed like I was, it almost seemed natural to see me servicing the men.

How much does an individual have to go through before they go berserk?

I, meanwhile, was only vaguely aware of the changing relationships and attitudes that now surrounded me. I was totally lost to Jack’s plan. I didn’t know that Cheryl was sleeping with both men and catering to their every wish. I was barely cognizant of

what I was doing, what with cooking and cleaning and dressing and acting as a maid all day long. It was certainly no fun wearing those high heels all day long, but it beat suffocating in the closet with my arms cramped and locked tightly behind me.

My lethargic mood carried through to my daily routine.

Jack liked to run his hand up y nylon-encased legs and over my girdled butt, causing involuntarily shivers while making it hard to concentrate on the task at hand. Really weird sensations I was not at all accustomed to.

Slowly, my conscious mind accepted the fact that Cheryl spent much of the day caring for the men's needs, which meant frequent trips to the upstairs bedroom (which was off limits to me). I also realized I was the only one sleeping on the main floor. I recalled her initial upstairs trip and the fight with Jack, the ease with which I was subdued. I decided that there was really nothing to be done about it.

Cheryl's disheveled look was a constant reminder, whenever she returned to the living room. The three of them had developed an easy camaraderie that was difficult to ignore. At least she didn't look like she was being abused.

She certainly wasn't offering any resistance. Neither was I, however. What could we hope to accomplish, except maybe a shot in the head?

In fact, on several occasions, Cheryl had been the one to suggest the move upstairs; it usually came during a heavy petting session with Charlie when I would accidentally walk in on them.

She stopped wearing the maid's costume, which left me as the sole household servant.

Charlie seemed to enjoy selecting new clothes for my wife. He became a nut about what she wore. Underwear was rarely seen beneath the slinky gossamer materials, which left her feminine charms glaringly evident — and easily accessible.

Why did she buy so many flimsy items when she went shopping? Was she getting lost in the games they play?

Only when she shopped did she dress conservatively.

Suddenly, she was bringing home an assortment of movies for the guys, which at least distracted them from her alluring body and bothering me.

How would we ever find our former relationship again? Would this never end?

There was a reward posted for their capture, making Cheryl think that if we somehow managed to survive this torture, we might gain some financial payoff for all we'd been through. Then she realized it would be a miracle if she and I survived to tell the tale.

On one occasion, she was required to walk to town so she could drive my car back from the repair shop. After a minor fender bender, it would look suspicious to leave the car at the body shop when they called. That she paid cash caused no suspicion in the cashier. The captors were more than willing to advance the money to avoid an un-

necessary visit to the bank. Perhaps it was written off to “services rendered,” which Cheryl had earned many times over.

My car was parked in the driveway so their own car could remain hidden out of sight.

With my assumption of the household responsibilities, I had grown accustomed to the frilly outfits and high heels and the slinky sensation of full nylons. It had been over three weeks and still there didn’t seem to be even a hint of their leaving.

Every morning I studied my body in the shower, making sure my legs were smooth before donning the customary panties and bra; then I carefully inserted the padding in each cup. I would attach the nude nylons to the garters dangling down from the waist cinch, and the scanty maid’s uniform would shiver over my body. I became quite adept at zipping up the back, before attaching the straps of my four-inch heels.

Even the makeup became routine. With practice and Cheryl’s ongoing comments, I could easily apply first the eyeliner and shadows, then the mascara, and finally the lipstick. Who would have thought it would become mechanical?

It was hard to imagine myself escaping in high heels and short skirts made up like this, but I was having trouble picturing any other outcome.

Meanwhile, Cheryl, at Jack’s insistence, had located several new maid outfits to add some variety to my morning selection. She got no thanks from me, but Jack was only too happy to watch me model each new outfits. It felt weird being seen in my frilly underwear by a man, but I had little choice as he refused to give me any privacy.

I remained blissfully ignorant of his plans for me, yet I had this strange foreboding whenever I saw the excitement in his eyes as he watched me move around in my feminine undies. There was a certain leer that hinted of desires just raring to break loose. I’d seen Charlie looking at Cheryl that way. Had Jack forgotten who I really was?

Sleeping in a side bedroom off the kitchen allowed me to awaken every morning without disturbing the others. Usually I was ready to prepare breakfast and do everyone’s bidding before the rest of the household arose.

My grueling five-day ordeal in the closet remained fresh in my mind whenever I started to imagine the goings-on in the master bedroom, stifling all thoughts of protest at my wife’s ordeal. I just couldn’t imagine it making a difference except to get me in further trouble. Most of the time I walked around like a bundle of nerves, trying to stay focused on the task at hand. It was like I was moving down a long dark tunnel with no end in sight, just taking each step on pure faith. There had to be an end to this terrible nightmare.

Amidst these impossible circumstances, “Teresa” was born, emerging more as the maid each day in response to their demands and the ongoing household responsibilities.

I guess much of my underlying development could be blamed on the joke Cheryl shared with the guys when she returned from one of her trips to town. We’ll get to that later. I hated to think about what might become of me because of her thoughtless prank.

As the first month of captivity came to a close, Cheryl found herself spending much of her free time caught up in “Teresa's” evolving femininity. It acted as a diversion from her own troubles. His psyche had obviously accepted the fact that resistance was futile and would only endanger our safety.

It seemed only fair that Teresa be saddled with the chores, since the men exerted all their lustful needs on Cheryl's aching body and soul.

Her frustration was approaching the boiling point.

What was really perplexing was the satisfaction she got from seeing Teresa's progress as each day passed. Somehow a certain intimacy had developed with Teresa that was never experienced with me as her husband. There was a sharing of things feminine, everything that goes into making a woman presentable to the other half of the population.

It was almost cute how Jack was always around “Teresa” when I was working. He had certainly taken a shining to my new persona. It was strange seeing how my perspective changed almost daily. I was hardly bothered by his comments anymore, as I absorbed his interest with a growing curiosity of my own. It definitely validated my position as a woman. It took some of the pressure off Cheryl, not having to deal with Jack during the day. Charlie was enough to handle.

Cheryl was indeed correct. Jack found it impossible to hide his growing arousal as he watched “Teresa” develop into the woman of his dreams; he knew it wouldn't be much longer till he and I would be “making it”. His interest in Cheryl was almost nonexistent and gave Charlie free rein with her. There was only an occasional hand job when they were cuddling in bed at night, to deal with his uncontrollable buildup from watching me all day long.

Otherwise, Charlie could keep Cheryl as long as Teresa remained Jack's. Yes, the future looked rosy to Jack, with his half of the dough and Teresa to share it with. He felt it should be well worth his patience. “Just have to win her over with my charm,” I heard him say, as he studied his grinning face in the hallway mirror.

He had trouble keeping his hands off me while Cheryl worked her magic on her defunct mate. Each step Cheryl took brought his long lost Penny closer to reality.

Teresa overlapped Jack's image of Penny, and it was getting harder to distinguish between the two.

“Soon, my darling.” Jack fought to contain his eagerness as he ran his fingers over my shapely thighs, while Cheryl worked diligently on my hair.

In Teresa's part, I was actually enjoying such lovely legs and the sweet attention they brought. Cheryl made me use a depilatory regularly that she picked up at her favorite beauty salon. In fact, my whole body was hairless, except for my head and a sweet inverted triangle at my crotch that Cheryl helped me shape. She continued to

caution me about keeping the image authentic; she knew it would help avoid any nasty repercussions from the men.

My thinly arched eyebrows resulted from a serious hour and a half under the kitchen light. Charlie got into the act too, his hands soothing Cheryl's sore back so she could concentrate on the elimination of every stray hair.

Too many weird sexual positions were causing the back strain. The guys had to cut back on their demands and give her a break once in a while. At least Jack stopped bothering her for a while.

The two distinctly arched lines effected a significant transformation on Teresa's everyday image.

It took several days to accept the new me. "It's *me*," I keep repeating to myself when I studied my reflection in the mirror each morning.

Any stray hairs Cheryl carefully eliminated before they could spoil the look.

Both guys enjoyed playing with my legs and butt when I served dinner. It must have been my growing femininity and Cheryl's bad back. I tried to act indifferent to the whole process, but it started to wear on me. Had they forgotten I'm a man?

There was so little to do besides counting the money and studying the headline news. A flash flood hit; it took them off the front page and now "Teresa's" transformation had become center page in the household. It seemed to feed on itself, and all day long I got comments from each of them about behaving more like a lady, about moving more elegantly and talking sweeter and softer.

Jack was always around when Cheryl worked on my hair and nails. It could take upwards of two hours to repaint all my toenails and fingernails. I couldn't imagine how I would ever be able to do it by myself. It was hard enough just sitting still while Cheryl did the work.

Jack gazed at my smooth legs in a sort of mesmerized state. They looked quite luscious in their nylons. I remembered how I felt at seeing them on other women. I smiled at the dazed expression on his face, and I sensed his eyes hoping for a peek of whatever my parting thighs might offer. I tried to relax and forget his presence, but his intensity was difficult to ignore.

At least Charlie could find other things to occupy him.

After going through a number of colors, Cheryl and Jack finally agreed on plum pink as the best match for my skin tone. You'd think the selection of the nail colors I wore would warrant my consultation. But no, they totally ignored me and pronounced plum pink as the color best suited to my fingers and toes.

If I took care I could usually avoid redoing my nails for a whole week. Unless Cheryl spotted some wild color in the stores and insisted on experimenting on me. I didn't see why she couldn't try it on herself. What was I, a nail polish mannequin?

As my nails grew longer, I was forced to use my hands differently to avoid any chips or cracks. This maid's job continued to present new challenges to me with each passing day.

It was bad enough I had to think about my heels and getting all the meals prepared on time, now I had to worry about disturbing my elegantly painted nails. Would this never end?

When I wasn't neck deep in laundry and dusting and mopping or getting a new beauty treatment, I was usually in the kitchen preparing the meals. Cooking had become an area of mounting interest for Cheryl as well. She'd brought home several new recipe books in hopes of discovering unusual ways for food preparation. She certainly was more comfortable with this whole charade. It was almost like she couldn't care less if it continued indefinitely.

It was scary, when I thought of it while lying in bed at night.

Of course I never would have imagined becoming so absorbed with a maid's job. I knew I had little choice, but I found myself gaining a degree of inner satisfaction whenever I accomplished a task. My whole system responded with sudden warmth when a compliment was forthcoming.

It was the same with my appearance; there was a strange sense of well-being when I knew I looked attractive and somebody noticed. I felt like I was being swallowed up by the character they'd forced upon me.

With each day's end, I had real trouble going to sleep once everyone had gone to bed. It was lonely watching them head upstairs while I found my way alone to the guest room.

Maybe it's time to mention my earlier doubts about Cheryl's allegiance.

Only days after I assumed my maidenly duties, she playfully went along with this weird suggestion of Jack's without a single word of protest.

She had just returned from the pharmacy with a large supply of birth control pills (a definite requirement for her diverse sexual activity). In the midst of sharing a few beers with the Charlie, Jack quietly suggested my need for birth control.

"She'll certainly feel more like a maid." That broke them up all over again. It took another five minutes to calm down while I stood there wondering what was in store for me.

I didn't have long to wait.

The very next day everyone (including my wife Cheryl) insisted I take a birth control pill in their presence, each snickering to themselves as they watched me down the purple tablet.

Obviously, Jack was hoping to adapt my mind to his future plans in an attempt to make me more amiable when he finally made his move.

I understood Cheryl's need for them, but don't ask me why they all insisted on my taking this pill as part of my maidenly responsibilities.

I took three tablets in all, which I knew exceeded the recommended daily dosage. Especially for men! It wasn't like I was participating in anything sexual anyway. It was just their silly game. Somehow it got started and no one, except me, wanted it to end.

There seemed no way to stop it, so I simply decided to go along with it on the chance it might end this silly game being played at my expense.

My questioning look at Cheryl when she presented her pill got a "what can you do?" shrug.

I never suspected she had noticed Jack's emerging desire for me and hoped to make it easier for me. Imagine wanting your husband to be more disposed to another man's desires. In her own kooky way, Cheryl was hoping to save me embarrassment when he eventually forced himself on me, which seemed inevitable to her. "Only a matter of time," a little voice said in her head. "This will smooth the road for him, make it less traumatic when it finally occurs."

Thanks, honey. Always the pragmatic one.

Charlie, of course, saw the opportunity to make Cheryl his alone. A neat way to satisfy his wacky partner so he could have free sailing with Cheryl. He certainly didn't want Cheryl carrying around any negative feelings from his being too harsh with her hubby. Since it was Jack's suggestion and Cheryl didn't seem to mind, he found it easy just to go with the flow.

With Teresa drawing Jack's attention, it left Cheryl to satisfy him. Charlie had grown kind of fond of her lately. Their lovemaking had dramatically improved since that first "thank you" kiss when he freed me. He meant to keep her attitude positive for the duration of their stay. He hadn't had a good female relationship in quite some time, with just having gotten out of prison after a seven-year stint. There was something to be said for having a good squeeze around when you need action. And his appetite had been growing for too long. It wasn't about to be satisfied easily.

All this time I was so enmeshed in my chores I remained unaware of the changes in Cheryl. I was distracted by my intense embarrassment at having to play the role of a maid. Not that I didn't notice her respond more readily to Charlie on several occasions. I just figured she was going with the flow, trying to make the best of a crazy situation. Just like I was doing.

I should have noticed something wasn't right when she became so obsessive with my appearance. She was nagging me constantly about my hair or makeup or gestures, insisting on my acting as a woman by instinct, without a moment's hesitation.

Of course their little game didn't end as quickly as I would have liked. I was unaware of all the agendas surrounding me, but it was slowly sinking in that Jack's involvement with me wasn't just a game. His constant touching and feeling was starting to get annoying.

Did he really expect to get involved with me somehow? I couldn't believe he'd forgotten that was a man beneath all that pretty fluff.

I was beginning to sense I'd been assigned to a female role, on a permanent basis, without any say in the matter.

It had been over four weeks without a letup, not a single forgotten purple tablet or a request for "Ted's" presence.

So much for "Ted's" struggle to hold "his" own. Did I really have a chance against this bombardment?

There was just no way to avoid my emerging femininity.

After the first two days of our game, I was doubling over with stomach cramps in the morning as soon as I gained consciousness. Cheryl pooh-poohed my complaints, saying it would pass soon enough and I should stop acting like a whimpering female. Just what I needed to hear.

"Count your lucky stars you don't have to deal with the men," she said, which made me instantly embarrassed about my concerns. Here she was involved in a struggle for survival and I was crying about a silly stomach ache. I would just have to cope.

"Don't worry, you'll thank me in the end." Her prophecy eluded all comprehension. What possible good could come of this painful game?

"Will somebody give me a clue where she's coming from?" I wondered aloud.

It wasn't a week before my chest was itching like crazy. Cheryl brought home a special cream that the druggist highly recommended for breast sensitivity. Marvelous.

Although I was super-annoyed at having to deal with this affliction, the cream was certainly effective for relieving the maddening itch when it became unbearable. I would take a bathroom break, where the soothing cream could be applied away from Jack's gawking grin. I didn't need this embarrassment in front of others.

New tantalizing feelings were beginning to replace the itching sensation. My nipples had expanded and stood out brazenly from the fleshy mounds. All hint of muscular development had bitten the dust. When this is over, I thought, it will take a massive workout regimen to help me find my former physique.

Both breasts were starting to slope downwards and bounce quite noticeable when I walked. I was unable to forget them since they were always on the move. They filled out my nighties like you would expect from a woman. When I showered, the area became super sensitive when I ran the soap over them, providing unexpected pleasure. What was I to do? I must clean myself. It was only a slight respite from an otherwise mundane existence.

Meanwhile, my housemates were unrelenting with the purple pills. Cheryl gave me one first thing in the morning, Jack served me up when I'm serving breakfast, and Charlie waited until after dinner. When I first informed each of them that the others

were already giving me tablets, their responses were like an echo, “You can't be too careful.”

Their snickers were certainly not appreciated.

Cheryl was the hardest to take. She seemed to have switched sides and left me the sole member of the “working class”. All day long, I was either cleaning or cooking or involved with something to improve my womanly appearance.

I'd tried reconciling myself to the situation, as I knew resistance would most likely lead to punishment and not to any solution. It was hard watching the three of them relax in front of the TV while I traipsed around in my revealing outfits and high heels, tending to their never-ending demands.

Without realizing it, I showed annoyance one day when Charlie yelled at me for dropping a plate. He didn't hesitate a moment before grabbing my waist and pulling me face down over his lap.

“No more closets for you, young lady.” His hand found my plump ass (I remained blissfully unaware of how rounded it had become), and he began spanking me, ignoring my screams like a deaf man. The others sat in full view of my humiliation and didn't say a word. Charlie was not someone you went up against, especially when he was angry.

He didn't release me until I was bawling uncontrollably, flopping over at his feet when his arm suddenly left my waistline. My hands went immediately to my sore ass cheeks, even as the tears continued to flow down my face.

I gave Cheryl my “How could you let him?” look, which she ignored.

Finally she helped me up and into the kitchen, where she openly consoled me.

“Now you see what can happen if you don't heed them!” Her voice held little sympathy. “I guess you forgot the closet scene.” I felt completely alienated. There was no doubt remaining about her total capitulation to their side. I was on my own with whatever escape plans I could muster. There was no hope of avoiding my path to womanhood.

It took several days for me to recover from my deep humiliation and learning the reality of Cheryl's position. Finally, my maidenly self-confidence began to return, but my inner psyche remained in a fragile state. Ted never made the slightest attempt to interfere or make his presence known. It was as if he was on an extended sabbatical and had lost his return ticket.

I became fully absorbed in my subservient role. Whole days would go by without my even once thinking of escape. It was easier to accept the situation as it was and forget about things I had no control over.

I'd given up trying to forestall their birth control game. Until the men left, I would concentrate on my duties and forget about the purple pills and what they were doing to me.

At least the men hadn't caused Cheryl or myself bodily harm. Our minds were another story, but there was nothing to be done about it.

I'd grown accustomed to the new face looking back from the mirror after my shower. The towel was wrapped around my upper body in feminine fashion as I carefully applied the cosmetics Cheryl insisted I wear without fail.

I was beginning to wonder if Ted was really there at all. I kept reminding myself these awful men won't stay here much longer, but I'd started to give up hope.

With my changing body and Cheryl's new attitude, grave doubts were invading my psyche. Would we ever be able to regain our former relationship with all that had happened those past three months? As I carefully outlined my eyelids, it was really hard to picture Cheryl and me as husband and wife.

I was concerned that Jack may suddenly walk in on me. I really wanted to be dressed before that happened. I didn't need him seeing my legs bare and only a towel covering the rest of me. Deep inside myself, a new agenda was forming that I was not familiar with; it kept me staring at my reflection with new-felt concern. I feared criticism from Cheryl even more than Jack's appearance.

What would become of me?

I could feel my perspective changing even as I sat there.

It was like my feminine image and servant girl duties were all that mattered. If I paid full attention to that formula, all my anxieties would fade away. Being a good maid and serving others was now uppermost in my mind. Somehow, everything else would work itself out. It was beyond my ability to affect it, so why worry about it?

I knew on some rational level this wasn't the accurate story, but my whole being rebelled when I tried to imagine escaping.

And then there was Cheryl's exercise routine.

The guys decided to leave her alone so she could do her daily exercise regimen. She always liked to work out at least an hour a day, which was certainly a factor in the fine shape she maintained all these years.

Well, one day I served Jack lemonade while he was watching her. Suddenly, I saw the idea hit him even as he remained mesmerized by her bouncing body, as he reached over to retrieve his drink from the tray. "You should be doing this too." It was like his mind was speaking out loud.

Wouldn't you know it, the following day Cheryl showed up in my room at 2 in the afternoon with a pair of exercise tights. She told me I was expected to join her in the rec room for the exercise tape. Jack had suggested it, and Charlie, of course, went along with the idea. It would be a good break from my serving duties.

I can't tell you how embarrassing it was when the men first saw me in the abbreviated warm-ups. It hugged my bottom quite revealingly. With my front tucked away (Cheryl's idea), there was not much to distinguish us apart. The upper half squeezed over the padded bra and offered all the right curvatures.

As I followed Cheryl's lead I could feel Jack's eyes penetrating my tights. Occasionally his hand would stray to my ass while I strained to copy all her moves. That first day I lasted only 35 minutes before I was gasping for breath. It took me over two weeks before I could finish the full exercise period. Even so, she still left me standing there sweating while she casually went to change. I quickly gained a new appreciation for the wonderful shape she was in.

I could count on Jack to applaud my efforts. He kept praising my fine figure and perseverance. Now, why wasn't that bothering me? Instead I could feel a genuine sense of accomplishment, very much like I felt when they occasionally made positive comments about how I did the household chores.

This became part of my daily routine, and soon I was able to keep up with Cheryl without too much difficulty, which was really something for me. I had never been one to worry about muscle tone, and here I was wearing her leotards and mirroring her efforts. I should have tried her leotards before. Maybe then I would have been in better shape to handle these two bullies.

Jack's hands were all over me, which frequently caused me to lose a step during the session. He only laughed at my ineptness, as his hands took advantage of the momentary lapse, squeezing my ass and testing the bumps on my chest. He'd lost his mind, the way he treated me like a woman.

And they were always laughing at my misfortunes, like when I dropped something or I broke a nail. Cheryl laughed as well, which, thank, God no longer bothered me. Could I feel any more isolated?

When she pierced my ears with the hot sewing needle, twice in each lobe, Charlie's hand on my shoulder was not there for reassurance. I remained perfectly still throughout, afraid that even a twitching muscle would disturb the red-hot needle as it penetrated my flesh. I dutifully smiled at my reflection when Charlie commented about how sexy I looked, watching the miniature silver elephants sway whenever my head moved.

They did look kind of nice, their trunks swinging beneath my hair, leaving me to wonder if they actually did add sex appeal. I had no idea how to judge.

Sex appeal, now that was certainly a new proposition for me. Was I really expected to look sexy for men? I knew both the guys liked to look at pretty ladies, but did they really expect me, a man, to look sexy? They were asking for too much.

I knew I must shave my legs and wear nylons and short skirts, and bras that accent my boobs, and wear the 'wet look' on my lips. I guess this all added up to looking sexy.

Cheryl kept drilling it into my head.

What would happen if a man actually got turned on to me? What would I do then?

There was still no light at the end of the tunnel.

Cheryl was always trying out new hairstyles with my long locks, refusing my pleas for a shorter style when she trimmed it. That I always kept it long in a ponytail was now starting to haunt me. She only dealt with the split ends, and then shaped it into

whatever style she desired. It was always a hobby of hers, and suddenly she had me to practice on.

She insisted I shampoo and condition it every night and brush it out until my arms were ready to drop off. Sometimes she would add curlers and a hairnet, which made it almost impossible to sleep. Only my exhaustion helped me find a troubled dream world.

Cheryl seemed to be right on the edge, so I minimized my complaints and let her work her wonders on me, hoping it would appease some of her frustrations. It was a break from my chores when she worked on me.

Can you imagine a husband acting as a mannequin so his wife can try out her wildest hairstyle creations? So she can hopefully survive a maddening ordeal? The guys were leaving her alone lately. You could almost taste 'escape' in the air, raising my hopes for their imminent departure, so I could finally go in search of the real Ted. I couldn't take much more. Neither of us could.

It was hard to believe Jack's attention could focus on me any closer, and yet his occupation with me knew no end. Charlie seemed over his initial lustful period and was content to wait until he and Cheryl retired to the bedroom do his lovemaking. And yet it seemed that both pairs of male hands were patting, rubbing, and squeezing every part of my body at every opportunity. Like they were appreciating a wondrous new creation, which they were a significant part in making.

The whole sex scene had become kind of humdrum, and they simply amused themselves by tantalizing me. I learned not to worry about it as I went about my chores. It only led to feelings of helplessness and desperation, although it had begun to diminish since these really weird fantasies started to invade my mind.

I'm almost too embarrassed to talk about them.

It mostly concerned Jack, and you wouldn't believe what the two of us end up doing together. It had to be those stupid birth control pills.

Would their little game never end? This was getting serious.

The guys were pleased there had been so few inquiries the past few months. With neither Cheryl nor I holding a regular job, and with a very limited number of friends, there was really not a lot a people to be concerned about us. Cheryl's occasional trips to town accounted for her well being, and by association I got included. I was certainly not missed at the supermarket, which laid me off from my deli job. I figured Cheryl would have preferred to be back at her teller's position at the Savings Bank over what she had to contend with here. And she had wanted to get into computers. If her mother hadn't bequeathed this lonely house to us, this whole thing could have been avoided.

The few friends we did have saw us intermittently, and Cheryl had little trouble putting off their occasional call.

Studying my reflection in the vanity before going to bed, I smiled at the thought of our friends seeing me like this. It made me wonder, 'How much longer must I be Teresa?' It was hard to visualize Ted anymore. Rubbing the facial cream into my pores had become a nightly chore, before I pinned up my hair and removed my robe, very much aware of my budding breasts as they poked out from the bodice of the nightgown. Turning sideways to study my silhouette, a sudden warmth hit my belly.

I was truly enchanted with my evolving image.

It may not have been voluptuous, but it was definitely female. No way there was a man there. I grabbed hold of the bottom of the nightgown before crawling into bed. It was so hard to keep down when I tossed and turned during the night.

The total from the robbery was an unbelievable 2.85 million dollars. All of us had spent a portion of the first three months counting and dividing the money into two equal shares. Two suitcases purchased on one of Cheryl's town excursions, added to the two we already owned, served to house the equal shares. I kept wondering how Cheryl and I figured into their escape plans, if at all.

Both of us were already numb from their visit. I still wondered who shot the guard, who thankfully was on the road to recovery after remaining in critical condition for over a month. At least it wasn't a murder rap, lessening the household tension considerably as the men followed the infrequent updates.

It was Charlie who accidentally discharged his weapon, when he turned to respond to a sudden scream from one of the lady tellers. Jack told me later that his safety had been off and his finger inadvertently squeezed the trigger as he moved, which discharged the weapon and accidentally hit the guard in the side. Fortunately the slug missed his vital organs, before exiting the stomach wall.

You play with fire, there's no doubt about it, you will get burned.

With my appearance becoming increasingly authentic, the men were starting to treat me differently. It was subtle but quite noticeable. They seemed more reserved in my presence and used less threatening tones when speaking to me.

Maybe this is why Cheryl had insisted on the pills.

They had actually become deferential to me and hadn't raised their voices in over a month. Jack continued to follow me around like a puppy dog, which drove me crazy. Yet I didn't know what to do about it. He was aware of where I was at all times of the day. It was a good thing I wasn't trying to escape.

Sometimes a trip to the bathroom became a necessity to escape those piercing eyes. As I pulled down my panties and sat, I couldn't help smiling to myself. While I directed my shrunken penis downwards, I wondered at his strange fascination with my womanly image. He was such a wacko.

I knew I was included in their getaway plans, having overheard their strategies one night when I was serving dinner. They spoke of two couples on several occasions. Cheryl was a willing participation in the discussion.

I still took my meals alone in the kitchen once I'd finished cleaning up after them.

They'd decided on a foursome for the delicate trip out of the immediate area. I bet it was due in no small measure to Charlie and Cheryl's relationship. She had outdone herself in gaining his confidence. I'd already assumed I'd be Jack's companion for the difficult journey.

It was hard to tell Cheryl wasn't really married to Charlie, the way she doted on him hand and foot and responded to his 'honey' with sighs and loving signals. Any resemblance to my long lost mate was gone. Although it hadn't been easy, I'd come to accept the situation as it was. Who knew where we would be if Charlie hadn't taken a hankering to her? I was just too exhausted to fight it any longer. And obviously she was too.

I caught my reflection in the hallway mirror. It hit home. Could I really complain, when I was more suited to be with a man than compete for a woman? I certainly had nothing even remotely masculine to offer anymore.

The impact of the past four months truly amazed me when my image stared back at me each morning. There was not a hint of manhood to be seen. In just this short time span Ted had literally ceased to exist, replaced by this rather provocative looking woman, who could easily pass as a man's companion, especially with her survival riding on the outcome.

It looked like Cheryl's investment in me was paying dividends. Her intention was always to survive this ordeal, realizing that our chance for escape was greater once we were in the public domain. She saw Jack's interest in me almost from day one and wanted to save my life. What difference did it make if I looked like a woman? In fact, the more I looked like one, the better our chances would be to escape unharmed. She knew the opportunities would be there once we are away from here. We hoped our unconditional promise not to contact the authorities would carry some weight.

Cheryl and I finally got a few moments alone the one morning when both men slept in. We agreed that escaping with them was the only way. Once the pressure was off, we would look to make our getaway. She was convinced Charlie would relax his vigil once we were settled in a new environment. She intended to go along for the ride and watch for an opening, which of course left me little option but to play along.

I wanted to discuss it further, but Jack walked in on us and left my questions hanging. I had a vague uneasiness as she left to go to the bathroom. Settling into another house or apartment only seemed to perpetuate our dilemma, and I was feeling concern for my deepening involvement. But there was no opportunity to voice my fears.

The escape plan took over center stage.

The consensus was that two couples traveling together had the best possibility for drawing the least attention.

Everyone agreed that Teresa was ready.

Nobody bothered to check with me or get my opinion. Of course, the option of being left behind, probably in a deceased state, had a major impact on my decision to become a willing participant.