

ONE WILD RIDE

By Bea Bunny



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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ONE WILD RIDE

By **Bea Bunny**

Chapter 1

Another car whizzed by. I was beginning to wonder if my mother was right. I should not be hitchhiking. Here I was on the outskirts of Flagstaff. There was a cold wind whipping through the pines along the road. I had been waiting over two hours. A couple of cars had slowed down but none had stopped.

My mother was of course concerned about my safety. I was never big. Even now, I was only 5 feet 8 inches tall and only weighed 140 pounds. I had always been picked on in school. All the way through high school, it seemed that any boy who wanted to take his aggression out on an easy target picked me.

I had always dreamed that I would rise up and smite all the vicious bullies that had made my life miserable. Of course I had never done anything constructive to pursue my dreams. Weight lifting never appealed to me, and I always have abhorred fighting.

It did not help that my father seemed to be ashamed of me. He had often called me a sissy in front of friends and relatives. When I got to college and let my hair grow long, it had almost been too much for him. He had gone through the roof when he had first seen it. He demanded that I cut it immediately. Fortunately, he was no longer providing financial support. My small scholarship, working 20 hours a week and a student loan allowed me to scrape by. He no longer had any right to tell me what to do.

I guess hitchhiking was my one sign of machismo. It was the way that I showed I wasn't afraid of the world. Anyway, I had done it since I was a senior in high school with no problems. Of course, this was probably the longest trip that I had ever made.

It was probably not the smartest thing that I had ever done. However, my girlfriend had dumped me the previous Friday, and I needed to get away. Still, heading to California without telling anyone was not very rational. I had made it to Los Angeles, however. I had gone to a Dodgers game and hung out on the beach for a day. I generally had a good time. I had calmed down and was headed back to Oklahoma St. to get back to business and finish my junior year.

My reflective mood was broken when a red pick up truck pulled over to the side of the road. As I approached the vehicle I could see that the driver was a fairly big man. When I got the door I noticed his long, unkempt hair and beard. At first glance, he was not someone that I would want to spend a long time with, but beggars cannot be choosers. The man spoke first: "Where you headed?"

"Stillwater, Oklahoma. I'm a student."

“Well, I can’t take you all the way, but I am heading in that direction.”

“I appreciate you stopping. I have been here quite a while. As long as you get me closer to home, I will be happy.”

“Okay, hop in!”

I tossed my over night bag into the back of the pickup and got into the front seat. He pulled back onto the highway. It did not take long to realize that he liked to drive fast. I was use to fast drivers, but he drove faster than I was comfortable with. I introduced myself. “I’m Kerry Stevens. Once again, thanks for stopping.”

“No problem. I’m Bill!”

“So, where are you from?”

“I’m a rancher. My place is several hours from here. I should be able to get you to Gallup.”

“That sounds good.” I had never been the outdoor type. What could I talk to a rancher about? “...Do you have any hobbies?”

“I’m a bull rider. You ever done any riding?”

“No. I’ve never been close to a bull!”

“What about horses?”

“No, I’m afraid not!”

“Well, that’s too bad. Would you like a beer?”

I had not notice that there was an open can of beer. That did not make me very comfortable, but he did not seem to be drunk. “No thanks!”

“That’s not very friendly after I stopped to pick you up. I’m not good enough to drink with. You’re just an uppity college student.”

“I didn’t mean to offend you!” He was much more upset that I would have ever expected. I certainly did not want to make him mad. I decided to just take a sip of beer and calm him down.

“Go ahead, drink some more!”

Despite being a college student, I was never much of a beer drinker. Still, he seemed insistent, and soon half of beer was gone. It was starting to effect me and make me drowsy. I did not want to get drunk. It started to irritate me that he had not taken a drink. After all, it was his beer. Well, I did not want him drunk either, since he was driving. Anyway, it was too late. I could not help myself as I slowly lost consciousness.

Chapter 2

Slowly, my head started to clear, but I was still woozy. It almost felt like I was in bed. As I managed to open my eyes I noticed that I was indeed on a bed. Except for a small dressing table, it was the only furniture in the room. I was more shocked when I finally realized that I was completely naked. Slowly I made my way to the door and was

not surprised to find it locked. I turned on the light and saw that I was not mistaken. The bed and dressing table were the only furniture. I walked over to a small closet and found it completely empty.

The door opened and Bill walked in with a tray that he placed on the dressing table. He had also had some kind of stick in his hand. "Take your pills!"

As I walked toward him, I had no intention of taking anything. I figured that the beer must have been drugged, or I never would have fallen asleep so quickly. "What the hell is going on here?" He touched me in the ribs with the stick. The electric shock knocked me to my knees. I had never felt that kind of pain.

"I didn't tell you to speak!"

I was slow to respond, so he put the stick to me again. Then I was scrambling to the table and gulped down a small yellow pill. I was surprised when I felt no effect. I was sure that he would drug me.

"It is time for your bath. Go out the door and to the left. The bathroom is at the end of the hall. I advise you not to run."

I was in no mood to feel the stick again, so I did as I was told. After I entered the bathroom, he closed the door and left me alone. As expected the door was locked. I went over to try the window. As soon as I touched the latch I received another electrical shock, which made me sit on stool. What was with this guy?

Through some kind of intercom system I was reminded of my bath, so I moved over to the tub. On the edge was a jar of bath oil beads, a razor, a fancy woman's body wash, shampoo and conditioner. They certainly did not seem like that kind of things that Bill would use for his bath. I started to draw some hot water. Suddenly a loud piercing noise made me put my hands to my ears. How many other new kinds of pain must I endure?

Over the intercom came the message "Bath Oil beads!" so I dropped several beads in the water. Slowly a strong floral scent reached my nose. A scent that I was surely not used to bathing in. However, as I entered the tub I found the bath oil made for a very relaxing experience. I almost fell asleep again. Maybe Bill did not need drugs. As I was rising to exit the tub, the loud piercing sound returned followed by another message: "Shave your legs!"

I settled back down into the tub. I had never shaved my legs before. I decided to lather them up with body wash and then try to emulate shaving my face. I think that I did okay, although I nicked my left knee. As I was shaving, Bill came in and left a pile of clothes on the back of the toilet. As I was finishing, another message came over the intercom: "Shampoo and condition!" I didn't want to be zapped again, so I shampooed my hair. The shampoo produced much more suds than I was used to, and it definitely had a feminine smell. I had never used a conditioner, so I carefully read the instructions. After leaving the conditioner in for several minutes I rinsed my hair. When I felt that everything was out of my hair, I thought that I was done. However, after the earlier incident I was hesitant to get out.

The loud piercing noise returned. I got out, and the sound stopped; I guessed that I was indeed done. I don't know how long I had been naked, but I was ready to get

dressed. I sifted through the clothes that Bill had left me. There was a pair of panties, a pair of short women's shorts, a bra and a tank top. Certainly not what I would wear under normal circumstances, but I was starting to get a chill. I pulled the panties up my leg, but was stymied. There didn't seem to be enough room for my equipment, if you know what I mean.

The intercom piped in again: "Between your legs!" I pushed my penis between my legs and pulled the panties the rest of the way up. I could feel my testicles being pushed up inside of me. The panties were tight but not uncomfortable. There was a definite bulge, and I was glad that I didn't have a hard on. I pulled the shorts on next. They fit with no room to spare; the bulge between my legs was now barely noticeable. The legs of the shorts didn't even reach mid-thigh. I had never worn ones so short. They produced a tingling sensation against my smooth legs.

I quickly set the bra aside; no need for that. I was sliding the tank top over my head, when that blasted sound returned. I pulled the top off. From the intercom came, "Bra!" So I put bra on. When I had it in what I thought was the right position, the intercom responded, "Fill it with tissues." I went to the sink where there was a box of Kleenex, and I proceeded to fill out the cups of the bra. I felt ridiculous. Now I knew what teenage girls went through.

As I was pulling the tank top on, Bill returned with a woman who was carrying a bag. She was dressed much like I was, although her bra obviously was filled naturally. She had pretty brown hair that was cutely curled about her ears. Her only makeup was a little lipstick, but I could tell that she could be quite fetching. She was the first one to speak. "Sit over on the stool!"

When I was sitting she proceeded to pull out a comb and start putting my hair in curls. I had never had anyone do my hair before, and I was actually kind of enjoying the process. Then she said, "You'd better pay attention; you'll have to do it yourself next time." I started to pay attention to how she was using the comb to part the hair and get enough to fit the roller.

I decided to try to get her to talk. "What is your name?" It was amazing how quickly Bill got his little stick to my ribs. I was once again bent over in pain.

"You weren't given permission to speak!"

I looked up into the woman's face. I saw fear in her eyes, but more than that almost a sad resignation. I wondered how long that she had been here. As I slowly returned to a sitting position, she continued to roll my hair until it was all in curlers.

Bill finally broke the silence. "Shave your face!"

The woman left the bathroom, but he stayed and watched me shave my face. He didn't seem to be satisfied when I had pulled the razor across my face once, so I did it a second time.

"You must be hungry. Follow me and we will get you something to eat." Now he was talking. I had no idea how long that it had been since I had eaten something. I followed him down the hall past the room that I had been in originally. At the other end of the hall was what looked like a living room with an old couch and several chairs. We crossed over to a doorway leading to a kitchen. "Sit down and eat."

I sat down at a small table. Before me was a small salad and a glass of apple juice. Not exactly what I considered a real meal, but at the moment I would eat just about anything. I quickly downed everything on the plate. I was not full by any means, but I figured that I had better not say anything. As soon as I was done eating, Bill told me what to do next. "There is a vacuum cleaner and dust rags in the living room. Go clean the room thoroughly."

I walked back into the living room and was surprised when Bill did not follow. I was once again in a room by myself. I figured that I didn't need to be in any hurry to start. I sat down in one of the chairs. As soon as my rear hit the cushion, the loud piercing noise returned. Obviously someone was watching. I quickly got up and started dusting the furniture.

I must have been working for hours when Bill returned. I thought that I had done a pretty good job, until he started moving some of the knick knacks that I hadn't bother with and found some dust. I was immediately reacquainted with his ever present stick. "I said to clean thoroughly! Go to the bathroom and remove the curlers. Be sure to brush out your hair! Then come finish cleaning."

I went into the bathroom and removed all the curlers. There was a brush on the sink so I used it to brush my hair. I couldn't believe how curly it was. Staring into the mirror, it was hard to tell that I was male, especially if you noticed how I was dressed.

I was left alone again for several hours. I managed to clean every square inch of that living room. I even moved the furniture when I vacuumed. When Bill returned, he did not even bother to look around. I figured that he must be watching me all the time. All that he said was that it was time for dinner.

We went back out to the kitchen. Waiting for me on the table was a plate of food. It consisted of what I would call half a piece of baked fish and a couple of tablespoons of green beans. Before I could sit, Bill handed me another yellow pill and a glass of water. I quickly downed the pill so I could get on with dinner. As I hungry as I was, I devoured everything within a couple of minutes. There was a glass of what tasted like skim milk to wash it down. It was not as much as I usually ate, but it at least quieted my stomach.

As I was finishing eating the woman from this morning came in. Bill, who had been standing by the outside door, spoke up. "Go with her to the bathroom." I followed her back across the living room and down the hall. When she got to the bathroom, she allowed me to use the toilet. I found it embarrassing that she watched the whole time, but I had not gone all day so I was not about to hold it. When I was finished, she finally spoke.

"Take off everything but your panties."

Not wanting to hear that awful sound again, I complied. She started rubbing a white cream all over my body. It actually felt pretty good, almost like a massage. She had some special lotion that she spent several minutes rubbing into my breasts. She handed me a nylon gown. "Put this on."

I put the gown over my head. It slithered down my body, stopping maybe three inches above my knee. I could contain myself no longer and whispered, "How long..." Once again my ears felt that piercing sound. I was going to have to be more careful.

The woman was not effected at all. She must have worn earplugs. She spoke with a monotone dispassion: "Roll your hair." I went about rolling my hair as I had seen her do that morning. I thought that I was doing pretty well, but she made me do several over. As I was finishing she handed me a hairnet. Then she started rubbing another thick cream all over my face. By the time she finished it was already starting to dry to almost a mask. "You need to leave that on all night. You can return to your bedroom now."

I figured that she meant the room where I had started the day, so I slowly walk back down the hall. Bill was waiting for me when I got there. "There are some tapes and books on the dressing table. You need to learn Spanish! Also, you will be fixing breakfast, so get up when called." With that he left room.

Almost without thinking I went over to try the door. This time an electric shock went through my body, and I ended up sitting on the floor. I was getting tired of these jolts to my system as well as sharp pains to my ears. I was also just plain tired and certainly did not feel like studying. Another piercing sound reminded that I should not be making those decisions. I went over and popped a tape into the small tape recorder provided and opened the first book.

After what seemed like a couple of hours a voice came over the intercom: "Lights out!" Almost immediately the lights went out. I easily found my way to the bed. As I reflected on my day, I decided that nothing that I had been requested to do this day had been terrible. It was unsettling that I was not more worried than I felt at that moment. Maybe the drugs were keeping me calm.

As I lay feeling the soft nylon against my body I had to admit that woman's clothing was very sensual. The constant pain delivered when I hesitated even momentarily had kept my normal inhibitions to doing anything feminine from kicking in. I just wished that I could figure out how to avoid those painful punishments.

The weariness in my body kept me from dwelling on my day too long. I was quickly becoming drowsy. As I starting to drift off I could almost hear a voice. What was it saying? "*I want a juicy pussy and big tits!*"

Chapter 3

A loud voice came from the intercom: "Time to get up." I was not ready. It was still dark, and I never got up this early. The loud piercing noise returned to convince me that I did want to roll out of bed. The lights came on, and I was startled to see that Bill was already in the room. He handed me a yellow pill and a glass of water. I quickly downed the pill. He asked, "What do you want?"

This completely surprised me, since yesterday I had not been allowed to speak. When I did not respond, his stick found my ribs. He repeated, "What do you want?"

From my subconscious, I replied, "A juicy pussy and big tits!"

He used the stick again and said, "With more feeling!"

I almost shouted, "A juicy pussy and big tits!"

"Now, go take a bath and don't get your hair wet."

I went down the hallway to the bathroom. There was a shower cap on the sink, so I put it on and ran a tub full of water. I made sure to add some bath oil beads. At least today my legs were still smooth and did need to be shaved. I think that I actually fell asleep and got back some of the moments that had been robbed from me. I awoke to the sound of a woman's voice saying, "It's time to get out!"

As I stepped out of the tub, she proceeded to dry me off and put some powder all over my body. Some more of that special cream was applied to my chest. She handed me a pair of panties, and I obediently put them. A pair of pantyhose followed. She had to show me how to roll them up before I could get them on successfully. She showed me how to make sure that they were smooth. I could not help but wonder how she would be in bed.

A bra was next, and I did not need to be told to add some tissues. A silky slip was next. It only came down to mid-thigh. "Shave your face," I was told. I shaved as directed and even repeated the process without being told.

"Sit on the stool and pay attention. You will have to do this for yourself from now on." She proceeded to apply a cream on my face. When she was done it felt completely smooth. Some kind of beige liquid was next. She spent quite a bit of time on my eyebrows with some tweezers before applying some color with a pencil-like device. Some black mascara followed, and then some eyeshadow. I was beginning to realize that I would never be able to remember this complex process. Before she was done, some blush had been added, and my lips wore a bright red lipstick.

Next, a pink maid's uniform was handed to me. I pulled it up and she zipped it up my back. She handed me a brush and said, "Take your rollers out." It took me about fifteen minutes to remove the rollers and brush out my hair. I was shocked at the pretty young woman staring at me in the mirror.

"Sit down on the stool." After I was seated she proceeded to take my hands one at a time and file my nails. I was becoming more and more uncomfortable about looking so feminine. After she was done with the file a bright red polish which matched the lipstick was applied.

"Wait here until called. Make sure that you don't mess up the polish."

She left the room leaving me with my hands in the air like some limp wristed homosexual. Although I had never been exactly a he-man, my new appearance was very unsettling. Also, I was suddenly concerned about what kind of journey these people were taking me on. My anxiety was interrupted by the intercom: "It's time to fix breakfast!"

As I got up I noticed that the woman had left a pair of black high heeled shoes by the door. The heels looked to be at least 4 inches high. I figured that I was expected to put them on, but how could I walk in them? I decided that in my current state of mind I did not need any additional pain. So I slip the shoes on and unsteadily made my way to the kitchen.

Bill was waiting for me with a long list of instructions. “The menu for breakfast is on the counter. We will be eating in the dining room. You will wait to eat after we do. If a request is made of you, answer yes sir or yes ma’am as appropriate. Say nothing more. Serve us as soon as breakfast is ready.” He left through the dining room door.

I went over to the counter and read the breakfast menu.

Breakfast for 4:

Scrambled eggs

Bacon

Hash Browns

Toast

Coffee

Orange Juice

Your Breakfast:

Oatmeal with raisins

Orange Juice

It hardly seemed fair. I was doing all the work, and I was not particularly fond of oatmeal. Still, I figured that I better get busy. At least the menu would not overtax my limited cooking skills. I noticed a coffee maker and decided that I better start with the coffee so that it would be ready with everything else.

When I checked the refrigerator there was a pitcher of orange juice already fixed, so I got out 8 eggs and a package of bacon. The hash browns were in the freezer. After I got everything cooking on the stove, I went after dishes. In cupboards I found plates, cups and saucers, and I took them into the dining room to set the table. As I returned to the kitchen I checked the food, and then got silverware out of a drawer and finished setting the table.

On my return the food was just about ready. I got out some serving bowls and proceeded to fill them. As I was blotting the excess grease from the bacon, I could not resist taking a bite. My ears were immediately greeted by a piercing noise. The pitch seemed to be even more painful than before. ‘Don’t they ever take a break?’ I wondered.

As I carried the food into the dining room, people were sitting at the table. Since I was obviously being watched this did not surprise me. Along with Bill and his female helper there was a man and a woman.

Women would probably call the man handsome. He had a dark olive complexion with black hair and mustache. He was wearing a very stylish suit with a blue shirt and striped tie. It looked to be well out of my price range.

The woman might well have stopped me in my tracks if I was not so protective of my ears. She wore a red dress that had ridden up her thighs, showing most of the sheer hosiery ending in matching red shoes. Her makeup was much more pronounced than mine. Under better circumstances I could just sit and stare a long time into her eyes that looked like deep pools of green. I reminded myself that I needed to keep moving.

After I got all the food on the table, I went around and made sure that everyone had coffee. The two men were having a very nice conversation. I noted that the women did not speak. They were talking in Spanish. My one lesson from the night before did not allow me to understand what they were talking about.

They did not seem to take much notice of me until they were almost done eating. "Senorita, more coffee please!"

"Yes sir!"

I went to kitchen and proceeded to fill the cups of both men. I could not help but notice that the woman ate very little. Their slender figures were a reminder that they always watched what they ate. As they finished up and were leaving the room, Bill had one more reminder. "Be sure to clean up the dishes and the table before you eat."

I proceeded to clear the table. I washed the table and then washed the dishes in the kitchen sink. After the dried dishes were put away, I found the oatmeal. There was a microwave oven that I used to cook my breakfast. I added a handful of raisins when it was hot. Before, I never thought of a raisin as being a treat, but it at least made the oatmeal tolerable. After I drained my glass of orange juice, I was about to pour a second glass. Then my ears were subjected to a familiar sound. I had a glass of water instead, which seemed to be okay.

As I was finishing my dishes and letting the water out of the sink, Bill's helper came into the kitchen. I sure wished that I knew her name. "It's time for aerobics!" I followed back to the bedroom. "Lay your uniform and underwear out on the bed!"

I slowly striped out the uniform. When I was completely naked, she handed me a pair of exercise briefs, the hi-cut kind with just enough between the legs to hold my penis flat and keep my balls from descending. A sports bra followed. Even as a male I would never go out with so little on, but the only other thing given to me were a pair of anklets and a pair of aerobics shoes. The pink trim left no doubt that they were woman's shoes.

I was led back into the living room where she put on some lively music. She proceeded to show me how to go through a grueling aerobics routine. Even though I was not in very good shape and was soon exhausted, it was actually kind of fun and definitely a pleasant change from all the work that I had been doing.

After the workout, I was told to shower without getting my hair wet and then dress again in my uniform. As I was slipping on my shoes, Bill came into my room and informed that it was lunch time. I was certainly glad to hear that. When we were back in the kitchen, he turned to me and said, "Fix Carol and me a ham sandwich and some potato salad, and then you can fix yourself a salad." So her name was Carol. I was actual somewhat relieved to finally know.

After he left the room, I found a recipe for potato salad. It took me a good 45 minutes to get the salad ready since I had to cook the potatoes. As I finished, Bill and Carol came in. He said, "We'll eat in here."

I put their food on the kitchen table and got them a Coke to drink. I now started on my salad. There was plenty of lettuce in the refrigerator, but I wondered what else I was allowed to add. I cut up a carrot, celery, tomato and olives. When I reached for the mayonnaise, there was a sharp sound. I settled for some low fat Italian dressing. Since I had some apple juice the day before, I poured myself a glass of juice.

By the time I was ready to eat, they were done and had left their dishes in the sink. I was going to eat slowly, but my hunger quickened my pace. After I was done, I figured that they were counting on my washing the dishes, so I did the dishes and washed off the table. As I was finishing, the intercom sounded: "Wash the bathroom."

When I entered the bathroom I saw that were cleaning supplies laid out. I did not want any painful reminders that I had not done a good job, so I spent the next several hours on the bathroom. By the time that I was done everything fairly sparkled. Bill came to tell me to polish the silverware.

The sun was going down as I finished the silverware. At least I could sit down while I did it. As usual, as soon as I was done, Bill showed up. He handed me a piece of paper. It was a dinner menu. He and Carol were having hamburgers and french fries. I was having a chicken breast and cooked carrots. Of course, I was fixing everything, and their dinners came first.

By the time that I finally got to sit at kitchen table for my supper, I was barely moving. I did not envy women working all day in high heels. I was too tired to eat fast. I slowly savored every bite of food and every sip of skim milk. Before I was finished, Bill returned to give me my yellow pill. I wondered what was in those pills. I had never felt any effect that I was aware of so I took it without question. I knew that refusal would only get me some kind of punishment, which I did not want. Of course, when I got done, the dishes had to be washed and the tables cleaned off. Carol and Bill had eaten in the dining room and I had eaten in the kitchen. So I had to clean both rooms.

Thankfully, when I was done, Carol came to get me ready for bed. When we got to the bathroom, I was told to remove my uniform and get into my nightgown. I was happy to get out of the pantyhose and into something more comfortable. She showed me how to clean off my makeup and put on my own overnight mask.

"From now on you will wash your hair and roll it in the evening."

With that final instruction I was left to wash my hair in the sink and roll it. When I finally returned to my room, the intercom reminded me to study my Spanish. Now I had even more incentive to learn. I sure wanted to know what Bill and that other man had been talking about at breakfast.

Once again the intercom informed me of lights out. As I crawled into bed, I realized that they were keeping me so busy, that the thought of escaping had never crossed my mind. This was just a fleeting memory, as I soon was dozing off to the whisper of "*I want a juicy pussy and big tits!*"

Chapter 4

The following morning I awoke amazingly refreshed. I could not remember the last time that I had slept so well. When Bill entered the room, I decided to beat him to the punch. In a sultry low voice, almost pleading, I said, "I want a nice juicy pussy and big tits!" Much to my surprise he reached into his pocket and handed me a small item wrapped in foil. I unwrapped it to find a piece of chocolate. I had never been a big candy eater, but I did like chocolate. And after my diet the past several days, I eagerly popped it into my mouth and let it melt there, enjoying every last ounce.

After the chocolate was gone, Bill handed me my yellow pill. I quickly put the pill in my mouth and took a long drink of water.

"From now on, unless told otherwise, wait for your bath and makeup until after aerobics. Now get your uniform on and fix breakfast."

I went down to the bathroom and once again found a stack of clothes on the sink. I changed my panties and took my time pulling the pantyhose up my legs. I remembered to fill my bra. The box of Kleenex was rapidly emptying, as I used much more tissue than I had yesterday. The uniform was hanging on the rod of the tub. Although it looked exactly the same as the one that I had worn yesterday, it was obviously new.

When I was dressed, I quickly traversed the hallway and living room. In the kitchen I made pancakes and sausage, and of course coffee for Bill and Carol. Then I made my oatmeal. As they were finishing, Carol asked, "Could I have some more coffee, Maria?"

I went over and filled her cup. It was only when I was returning the pot to the coffee maker that I realized that she had called me "Maria." I wondered if I was supposed to respond to that name. I knew that I had better not speak out of turn, so I did not say anything.

After they left I ate breakfast. I wondered if I was always going to have oatmeal and juice. When I was done I cleaned up the kitchen. Assuming that I was on the same schedule, I headed back to the bathroom to change into my aerobics clothes. Sure enough there was a stack of exercise clothes.

I carefully put my uniform on a hanger. It was only when I was hanging it on the back of the door that the thought occurred to me that I was never one to hang up clothes when I took them off. Somehow I just knew that I'd better take good care of these feminine garments that I had been wearing. I carefully folded and stacked the rest of the clothes on the sink. When I had on my sports brief and sports bra, I sat on the stool to put on my shoes. It dawned on me that my outfit did not cover very much. I wondered if women were this self-conscious.

When I entered the living room, Carol was waiting. She smiled and was evidently happy that I had gotten ready without being told. As we were going through our stretching exercises I studied her closely. She was wearing a leotard today. It clung to her body and showed every curve. There was almost no fat on her fit body, and she would definitely be called well endowed. I found myself wondering what it would be like to have tits that big.

As we moved on to the aerobic dance-like exercises, her jiggling breasts mesmerized me. I do not think that my eyes left them. I wondered if she noticed my stare. She smiled the whole time with an expression that seemed to say, "Don't you wish!"

As our routine continued I found myself smiling also. I was having a good time. I had never been much of an athlete. Occasionally I played basketball or tennis with some of my friends, but certainly not on a regular basis. The aerobics were very taxing. However, if I were to be honest, I would have to admit that I had always wanted to dance but had been afraid of making a fool of myself. Anyway, the exercises were much more enjoyable than the chores that I had been doing.

Since I hadn't seen a clock since my kidnapping, I wasn't sure how long our workout lasted. It must have been well over a half an hour. I was definitely tired. As we did some more stretching exercises, Carol reminded me that I was now supposed to take my bath after aerobics.

I was only too happy to head to the bathroom to soak in a hot tub. I even added an extra bath oil bead. For several minutes I just indulge myself in the wonderful feeling of the water. Finally, I started applying the body wash all over my body. I noted that some stubble had started to appear on my legs. I decided that it was time to shave my legs again.

After I got out and dried myself off, I found the white cream that they had rubbed on me the first day in the medicine cabinet. I figured that it was some kind of after shave. As I was rubbing it on legs, Bill came in and left me another chocolate. I wondered what I had done to deserve that. Since I had a very enjoyable morning, I vowed to do it again. I popped the candy into my mouth and let it melt as I applied the breast cream to my disappointing breasts. I wondered why I was so dissatisfied with them all of a sudden.

As I was finishing dressing, Carol came in with a gun-like device. Before I knew what was happening she put holes in both of my earlobes. She placed a gold hoop in each hole and told me to wash the holes with alcohol each morning, and rotate the hoops. Before she left, she informed me that I was to do laundry after lunch. As soon as I was done with my makeup, I went to the kitchen and fixed Bill and Carol a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich. I got to fix myself a cup of chicken broth. At least it was not salad.

After I was finished cleaning up the kitchen, Carol showed me to the basement. As one might expect, it was a dark, musty room with only two small windows.

"Be sure to separate the clothes! The cleaning supplies are over on the shelf by the washing machine."

She left me to my own devices. I noticed the washing machine and dryer. A tall metal storage structure had shelves that contained laundry soap, bleach and fabric softener. At college I had done my own laundry, but at the Laundromat I picked the biggest machine and stuffed everything in together. I had never separated clothes, but I knew that I needed to try. I ended up with three loads. I recognized the clothes that I had worn the past several days, including my uniform from the day before. I wondered how many uniforms that they had. There was also some male clothing that obviously belonged to Bill and some other female garments that must have belonged to Carol.

After I had gotten the first load in the washing machine, I looked around the basement. Besides the laundry equipment, there was a freezer, a small table and two chairs. That was it. Since I figured that I was supposed to stay until everything was done, I went and sat in one of the chairs.

There were several fashion magazines lying about. Since there was nothing else to do, I started flipping through the pages. I found myself looking at the pictures and wondering how I would look in that dress or with that lipstick. Finally, I started reading some articles on makeup tips. By the time the laundry was done I had read most of the magazines there.

As each load got dry, I would fold the underwear and socks. There was a rod with hangers to hang up Bill's shirts and pants, Carol's dresses, blouses and skirts, and of course my uniforms. As soon as I was done, Bill informed me that it was time to fix supper.

When I arrived in the kitchen I discovered that tonight's menu was Chicken Supreme, Hasselback Potatoes and steamed broccoli. I guessed that they decided to see if I could fix something more difficult. The recipes were there, so I did not really have any trouble, but it took probably 2 hours to fix everything. Of course, I did not get to eat any of it. The sign that I had done okay was the empty plates that I cleared off the table.

After they were done eating, I got to fix myself some tuna fish and green peas. Actually, the thing that I found most irritating were the small portions that I was restricted to. As usual, I cleaned up the kitchen and was then able to get ready for bed. Once again, I was to study Spanish until lights out.

At the end of another long day, I had no trouble drifting off. Once again I slept to the constant murmuring of, "*I want a juicy pussy and big tits!*"

Chapter 5

Things settled into a routine. There was always aerobics in the morning. Some kind of household task such as cleaning or laundry filled most of the rest of the day. Of course, I would also fix all of the meals. With Spanish lessons every night I was becoming more and more proficient with the language. Bill and Carol started giving me their instructions in Spanish, so I was getting plenty of practice.

Since I was rarely given the opportunity to speak, I had plenty of time to think about what they were doing to me. They were obviously training me to be a domestic servant. Over time, I became capable of handling just about any household chore. I had also learned how to fix a whole range of different recipes. Nothing that I was asked to do was particularly difficult. It was certainly not worth the pain and suffering to resist doing the work.

Why I needed to be a woman was not entirely clear, except that I was doing so called woman's work. They obviously wanted me to act female. I found that anything I added to my feminine behavior on my own seemed to result in an immediate reward of a chocolate. I had started trying to think of things that I might try.

Once again it was not hard to try to act female. In fact, I found the clothing much more sensual than my drab male clothing. I had quickly gotten used to skirts. It was pants that I now found alien. Since I was rewarded and not ostracized, I found myself trying to look as feminine as possible. There was a limited amount of makeup available, but I often tried different looks. As I started trying things, I found that different shades of lipstick, eyeshadow, and blush would appear in the bathroom.

On rare occasions I would think about leaving. However, whenever I touched an outside door or window, I received an electrical shock. The intensity seemed to increase each time that I tried a door or window, so I soon stopped trying. It was becoming so much easier to play along. The longer between punishments, the more determined I was to avoid them.

At times I was concerned about how feminine I acted. I was beginning to doubt that I would be able to stop. Still, it was becoming more and more natural. More worrisome was a yearning growing inside me to be a complete woman that I did not seem to be able to control. Another thing that I did not completely understand was the changes to my body. With my diet and exercises I was naturally losing weight. However, while my waist and legs were becoming slender, my hips and breasts were expanding. I no longer needed as much Kleenex to fill my bra cup. The fact that I seemed to find this thrilling bothered me.

The one thing that broke up the monotony was what I will call dance nights. I was never told until the last minute, but every so often after dinner I would be told to get ready for dance lessons instead of bed. On those nights I redid my makeup in more dramatic fashion, and I was allowed to wear a pretty baby blue sequined dress that almost came to my knee. I loved the feel of that dress. I also got to wear some dangling earrings and a necklace.

After I had gotten dressed, a young Mexican man gave me dance lessons. He reminded me of the gentleman who had visited for the first breakfast that I had fixed. I wondered if they were related. During the lessons I was of course taught to follow his lead. I found it very easy to follow him. He was a very smooth dancer. Often I wondered if I was born female I would have learned to dance long ago. Since this was the break to an otherwise dull routine, I began to dream of these evenings. Needless to say, I enjoyed them immensely. I do not know whether I enjoyed making myself pretty or the dancing more.

I do not know how long this basic routine lasted. I had no access to a calendar, and I had lost track of the days long ago. The first evidence that things were about to change was a slight change to my daily mantra. One night I went to sleep to whispering sound of, *"I want a juicy pussy and big tits, and I would love to suck your cock dry!"*

Chapter 6

When Bill entered the bedroom the next morning I dutifully repeated the mantra that I had heard all night. "I want a juicy pussy and big tits and I would love to suck your cock dry!"