



Reluctant Press

Lady Take Control

By Jamie



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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LADY TAKE CONTROL

By Jamie

Part One

In a quiet little New England town, Pete and Laura Greene owned a very secluded home. It was situated at the end of a long wooded driveway. Pete was a habitual gambler, not to the point of poverty, but born to take a bet. Laura was upset by the absurdity of many of the wagers that Pete would make and was determined to break this habit before it cost them their nice little home in the country.

Laura had spent lots of time at the library, reading about ways to break a person's desire to gamble. Some of the books suggested things like hypnotism, power of suggestion, even shock treatments, to erase the compulsion to gamble. As she studied the different possibilities she became aware of the many other shortcomings of her spouse and she discussed them with her sister. They were determined to find a solution to this situation.

One book dealt with placing the wife or female partner in charge, It was titled "Lady Take Control". It recommended setting up a scenario so complex and a wager so tempting, that the gambling husband would walk right into the trap with both eyes wide open. The book went into lots of detail on how to set a trap, bait it and how to follow up with hundreds of ways to place and keep the gambler in bondage, if necessary. How to humiliate, torment and frustrate that person, until the gambler was willing to make any promises or agreements required, to get free of the trap he had sprung on himself.

This book also provided recommendations for wagers, which would set the gambler free by winning or lengthen the sentence by losing the bet, which could be used to extend the confinement and humiliation.

Pete was a very faithful worker and just when Laura wanted to test out the theories of that special book, his Company ordered him to take five weeks off, to use up his vacation time. Pete was expecting a check and wasn't planning on taking any vacation time. He was a productive worker, always available to handle tough assignments. Pete had told Laura that the company was about to write that big check and he was watching for that special wager to bet it on. Actually, Laura met with Peter's boss and convinced him to give Pete the time off and she promised that he would be an even better worker when he returned.

Laura seized this opportunity to set up the initial wager for Pete. She decided that the bet should be on a Saturday afternoon baseball game, the one needed to place the local team into the World Series. She was trying to decide just how she could be suc-

cessful, when the local television news broadcast came to her rescue. Fate played into her hands, when the noon news broadcast announced that the starting pitcher had been arrested for DWI. He was jailed for resisting arrest and refusing to cooperate with an officer. The arrest occurred on the evening, before the big Saturday afternoon game. The pitcher's court appearance was scheduled for Monday morning.

The team was a shoo-in to take the series in the first four games (if they got the chance by winning this last regular season game.) When Laura proposed a wager that the team would lose and never get into the series. Pete accepted the bait and claimed that they would win their next five games and take the series in a shutout.

Laura suggested that they wager on the outcome of today's game only. The loser had to become a slave for a full week. This never phased Pete, because his favorite pitcher was going to pitch a "no Hitter" in the game that afternoon. As they shook hands on that bet, Laura cautioned that being a slave could be a tough assignment. Pete just laughed and said that Laura might regret being his slave. She wondered just what she would have had to do for him and she expected that it would be more sex and more servitude.

Pete had been on the golf course and arrived home just in time to grab a bite to eat and get situated on the couch to watch the ball game; he was not yet aware of the loss of the ace pitcher. In the first inning the announcer released the news about the arrest of the home team's pitcher. Pete picked up on that news and accused Laura of cheating. When the replacement pitcher was announced, Pete relaxed and regained his confidence in the outcome of the game. He started suggesting things which Laura would have to do for her week of slavery and she felt that her guess had been right on the money.

In the second inning, the opposition had a field day which the home team was unable to match. When the game was over and Laura was the victor, Pete offered to start his sentence. He expected that he would have to do a few dishes, some laundry and most likely, clean the house. After a few hours, Laura would tire of this routine and things would return to normal.

Laura went to the hutch in the dining room, pulled out a grocery bag and set it on the coffee table in the family room. She instructed Pete to strip to the waist and waited until he had done so. She pulled an item, which resembled a dog collar, from the bag, placed it around his neck and secured it in place with a padlock.

Jeff laughed and got down on his knees and pretended to sit up, beg and bark. A leash was attached to the collar and while Pete was clowning around, Laura pulled on the leash and tipped Pete over on his back. She quickly tied the leash to the center leg of the sofa and moved around to tie his shoe laces together. Pete was still laughing and enjoying this newfound assertiveness from his normally passive wife. Laura grabbed two short lengths of rope, with loops formed on one end and slipped a noose onto each of his wrists. She stood up, pulled the rope and tightened the loop around his wrists. Then she slipped the other end of the rope through the bale of the padlock on the collar. She pulled his hands up close to his throat and secured them to the collar.

Pete was completely helpless now and he began to realize that Laura was hell-bent to keep him as her slave maybe for the whole week. He was on vacation and he didn't

want to waste any of it. He was planning to go to Sam's Club on Monday and purchase enough beer and cigarettes, for his whole five-week vacation.

Laura had to work for the first two weeks, then they both would be on vacation for three weeks. They could go away in their Motor Home, Laura could do the driving, Pete could relax, smoke, drink beer and watch sports on the built-in television.

Laura had other plans and she shared them with Pete. He had a huge beer belly, he always reeked of tobacco smoke and stale beer. She planned on forcing him to give up both of those bad habits and his gambling as well. She would offer him his freedom, if he agreed to her terms. If he refused, then he would serve out his week as her slave. The next four weeks would be dealt with next weekend, just before the end of his week of slavery. Oh by the way, his other appetite would also be curbed; slaves did not have sex with their mistresses, so that his every night ritual would get altered abruptly.

Pete was lying on the living room floor, secured to the leg of the sofa. He lost his smile, his laughter, his sense of humor and finally his temper, as he listened to Laura explain about all of the changes for this next week. When she finished the initial description, Pete was fighting mad and struggling to get free.

Laura let him work himself into a sweat and a rage and she went to the kitchen and filled a glass with ice water from the fridge. She offered it to Pete. By this time he was thirsty and wanted a drink, but he wanted a cold beer and demanded one.

Laura told him that there was only one beer left and that he could have it when he had met all of her demands.

Pete was accustomed to having his own way and decided to order her to release him, chill that beer and serve it to him in his favorite spot, the hammock in the back yard. Also, while the beer was cooling, she whipped up a little lunch.

Laura told Pete that she was in charge for the week and he would be doing most all of the house work while she relaxed and enjoyed being waited on. "Tomorrow is Sunday and we will be going to Church, then the slave will prepare dinner and serve it on the patio." The remainder of this Saturday evening would be spent getting Pete accustomed to the slave routine.

Pete tried to bully Laura verbally and she poured the whole glass of ice water on his face and bare chest and walked out of the room. He yelled and screamed for about fifteen minutes, then ran out of breath and he had to stop to catch his breath again.

Laura returned after Pete had quieted down and asked if he would accept her rules, be her slave and save a little of his dignity.

Pete said that this slave bullshit had gone far enough. There was no need for all of this playacting. If she wanted him to cut down on beer and butts, he would. He could lose a little weight, if that would appease her, but no way could a man be a slave.

Laura answered that there was going to be a slave for the week and since he was her prisoner, he was the likely candidate. She told him that he had just quit smoking, drinking beer and being boss. He would have to lose thirty-five pounds and his "I am Lord and Master" attitude. Within twenty-four hours he would be going out of his

mind for food, cigarettes, beer, sex and freedom, plus one more problem, which would be presented in the morning.

Laura had spent hours studying the book from the library, several weeks preparing for this situation and she was ready to proceed. She had hired a contractor for some special tasks. The work was done while Pete was out of the house and none of his handy work was really noticeable.

She released Pete from the leg of the sofa. He had broken the shoestrings and he walked with only one shoe on. They went to the guest bedroom. In this room, there was a standard full sized bed and a set of built in bunk beds, which their boys had used when they were growing up.

The top bunk was accessible by a ladder positioned near the foot of the bunk. Laura urged Pete to sit on the lower bunk and told him that he would spend the night in this room. His reaction was defiance, he started to order her around again and she slapped his face so hard that he fell back across the bunk.

Laura produced a roll of adhesive tape, taped his ankles together, shut off the light and walked out. About an hour later, she returned, to find Pete lying lengthwise on the bunk. He started begging to be released, he needed to go to the bathroom, he was starving and he was willing to bargain.

Laura told him that slaves had no privileges, as her slave, he must do exactly as she ordered. If he needed to go to the bathroom, then he had better follow instructions; if he was desperate, he had better plan on one hundred percent cooperation, or he would face another one-hour delay.

Pete agreed to do as he was told. She removed the tape from his ankles and had him stand on two stacks of books and face the top bunk. His hands were released from the collar and the leash was tied to the side rail of the top bunk. The rope, which was attached to his right wrist, was tied to the headboard bunk post. The rope on the left wrist was tied to the other bunk bed post and this stretched his arms out straight. She told him to step down off the stacks of books and stand on the floor. He found that he would almost hang himself by doing as she instructed and stayed on the book piles.

Laura released his belt, zipper and pants fly button, slid his trousers and Jockey shorts down to his ankles and had him raise one foot at a time, as she removed the clothing and his socks. She produced a hospital-type urinal and held it while he relieved the pressure in his bladder. The installation of adult Pampers and plastic panties had him screaming again, so Laura shut off the light, walked out again and left him in the dark. Twenty minutes later she returned, to find Pete crying like a child. The bondage and Pampers were a terrible blow to his male pride. His left hand was released and taped to his bare other elbow, then the right one was done the same way. The leash was released from the bed rail and Pete could step down from his perch on the stacks of books.

Laura invited him to come to the family room, watch a video tape and have a light snack before bedtime.

Pete was very hungry and he needed a smoke, in fact if his hands had been free, they would have been shaking.

The video was a special one, which Laura had rented, acting out a wife's domination of her macho husband. After the first few minutes of the tape, Pete told her that he didn't want to watch any more of it, because it was all fake, no woman could overpower a strong and healthy man.

Laura pointed out the overweight athletically-built man sitting on the sofa and said, "Bull, you will watch this or go to bed hungry. You will watch this to get a few ideas of what this coming week will be like. You will have to imagine yourself in worse situations, deprived of the chance to smoke and eat junk food. You will, at the end of a week's servitude, be thinner, lighter, very horny and well on your way to becoming a nonsmoker."

Laura lectured Pete about his habits, "How any man can let himself go, fall victim to so many bad habits, is more than I can understand. Going to bed with you, is best described as sleeping next to a beached whale, which smells like stale beer and cigarette smoke. Then to have that damned whale demand sex is really revolting and enough to make you want to vomit."

The video was started again, only this time the characters actually had the faces of Laura and Pete. For a full half-hour, they watched Laura put Pete through all kinds of situations. He was taken for a ride in a car, left seated in it because the seat belt would not release. He walked into a small men's room. There was no handle on the inside and he was trapped. He went for a swim and his suit dissolved, leaving him nude. He drank a beer and it gave him the runs. He found a pack of cigarettes, started to smoke one and it made him vomit. He wanted sex with Laura and just as he was hanging up his trousers in the closet, she pushed him in and locked the door. He slept on the closet floor, in the nude, for the night.

When the video was over, Laura asked if he was hungry and he answered that he was starved. She went to the kitchen and returned with a Slim Fast drink and some Rye Krisp crackers with a fat-free topping. She held the drink for him and fed him half of the crackers, while she ate the rest.

Pete was led back to the guest room, helped up the ladder to the top bunk and covered up. Laura removed the ladder, put out the light and bid Pete pleasant dreams.

Pete was thoroughly humiliated, a real macho man rendered totally helpless, dressed in Pampers and waterproof panties. He wondered what additional punishment would be added in the morning. He also wondered if he would actually be forced into slavery for the whole week and if so, how he would be able to cope with it. Pete had anticipated a few simple household chores; Laura's actions suggested that he had definitely underestimated her motives and actions. Giving up a few beers would be bad enough, but no sex or smokes was out of the question. If he had to spend his nights helplessly bound and wearing Pampers and rubber pants, then sex would not be possible and masturbation would be ruled out as well.

When he learned of having the five weeks off, he planned on spending the first two at their hunting cabin and the final three with Laura, because that was her vacation.

Now the first week was obviously going to be lost to slavery, but he would take charge of their activities for the remaining four weeks.

It took hours for Pete to fall asleep and soon he was awake again because he had to go to the bathroom. His first decision was to get out of bed and go to the bathroom, then he realized that he couldn't get out of bed because the ladder was gone. Then he startled himself by realizing that he couldn't get the Pampers off while his hands were taped to his elbows. He fought the need to empty his bladder for over an hour, finally had to relieve the pressure and he wet his disposable diapers.

Morning finally arrived and Pete was ready for action, any kind of action; he had been lying awake since five o'clock, wanting food, a smoke and oh yes, his panties changed. By eight, he was desperate, because he didn't want to mess his pants. He wanted to scream for Laura, to demand attention, but he was afraid that such action would have a reverse effect and that she might make him wait even longer for her attention. He had never been afraid to boss her around, but now, after only about fifteen hours as her slave or prisoner, he was scared of what else she might force him to do.

Laura had mentioned going to church. Well Pete had gone to church to get married and would gladly go today, because it would get him out of these bonds and maybe the diapers and plastic panties. Rest assured, he would never let her lock that collar around his neck again.

Where had she gotten the courage to take control of a man with over twice her strength? Who was coaching her and what other tricks did she still have up her sleeve?

Laura opened the bedroom door at exactly nine o'clock. Pete could tell time by listening to their dining room clock with its "Westminster Chimes". He had never really heard them before, but now they were very important. Laura bid Pete a good morning and offered to help him climb down from the top bunk.

The ladder was put back in place, Pete managed to get his feet over the edge and aimed at the ladder. Laura coached him, but it became apparent that he could slide right off onto the floor, unless he had one of his hands to hold on to the ladder, or the bunk. Laura had Pete wait while she went after something to cut the adhesive tape on his hands and elbows. She returned and attached a small leather strap to his right wrist, then she cut the tape. She ordered him to raise that wrist up near his neck and attached the other end of that strap to the collar still locked around his neck. Now Pete had some use of that arm and she instructed him to grasp the top of the ladder, then lower himself over the edge of the bunk until his feet touched the ladder rungs.

Finally he was on the floor and anxious to get out of his very messy diaper. How could she make him so dependent on her? How was he going to be able to get cleaned up? How could she remain in control, while he bathed and while they were in church?

The answers were soon revealed. Laura produced a length of yellow plastic chain, which looked like a logging chain, except that it was made out of plastic. Pete was sure that he could snap it with a good hard pull. One end was attached to his collar, then she allowed about three feet of slack, made a wrap around his right wrist and pad-locked it in place. She locked the chain to his left wrist. Finally the other end of the chain was locked to the collar.

She cut the tape on his left hand and elbow and told him to go get cleaned up and take a nice hot bath.

Pete was anxious to get out of that messy diaper, to drain his bladder again and he rushed to the bathroom. He planned on breaking that flimsy plastic chain and getting free of this bondage. He knew that, if he could get free, that this bondage on Laura would keep her helpless. He was damn sure going to pay her back.

His first task was to remove the plastic panties and messy Pampers. That combination was very demoralizing. He managed to remove the diaper and place it in the zip lock bag, which Laura had provided. He wiped himself off with toilet paper and climbed into the prepared bath water. As soon as he was clean, he would break free. He felt that he could rip the chain links apart with his bare hands.

When he was out of the tub and dried off, he tried spreading his arms apart to break the chain between his wrists, but the chain was too long and his arms were spread so far apart, that the loops around his wrists slid up and hurt his forearms. He decided to break the sections of chain attached to the collar, then work on the one between his wrists.

He gave a good pull on the right chain, but again the wrist loop slid up his arm. He grasped the chain in both hands and started to pull it away from the collar. Surprise, Pete! The collar resisted effectively by tightening up on his throat and shutting off his air supply. Wow! He decided that he had better not try *that* again. He would have to break the chain by pulling it apart with his hands. There was enough slack for him to get a good grip with both hands. He gave a tremendous pull and the chain slipped right through his hands. Why did that happen? He examined the links very closely and found that the links were Teflon coated and Teflon is an extremely slippery material.

Pete had to admit defeat; he didn't want to choke himself and he couldn't hold the slippery chain to break it, so he went to the kitchen, with a towel wrapped around his torso, as Laura had instructed.

Laura had prepared a great breakfast, it smelled wonderful and his stomach was growling from hunger.

Pete sat down at his usual place and Laura served him a cup of black coffee. Pete demanded cream and sugar. Laura obediently added what looked like cream and sugar. Pete approved and liked his coffee. Laura had bacon, eggs and home fries on her plate, but she served Pete another can of Slim Fast. He started to complain and she warned him to think twice, because he was not free and could not get free. She told him that she could quickly shut off his air supply, so he had better accept what she offered him for food to eat, before she let him go hungry. She told him that his weight last night was two hundred and fifteen pounds and that when it got down to one hundred and eighty, she would increase his food intake. In the meantime, Pete should work with her, in order to reach his goal real soon and survive this slavery peacefully.

Laura had him finish his nutrition drink and his coffee, then insisted that he clean up the breakfast mess. Pete felt that this would be a great opportunity to swipe food from the refrigerator and the pantry. Surprise again, Pete! The refrigerator and the

pantry doors now had locks. He cleaned up the dishes and put them away, then told Laura that he was going to put on some pants. She told him to go ahead.

When he opened his underwear drawer, it looked as if Laura had moved her clothing into his space. He went over and checked the bureau where she usually kept her unmentionables and found more of the same things. He called to Laura and she immediately appeared in their bedroom doorway with a big smile on her face and asked Pete what was wrong. Pete pulled his underwear drawer open again, held up a pair of lacy panties and a bra and asked why they were in that drawer.

Laura told him that a sweet lady named "Peg" was going to go to church with her and that the clothing in his bureau and his closet were for "Peg" to wear.

Pete was furious, No way was he going to dress as a girl. No way was he going to be "Peg". No more of this, this bull shit was going to stop. He told Laura that she had gone too far, that one harmless bet was not serious enough to warrant all of this abuse.

He sat on his bed, his hands shaking. He was almost crying and he looked totally frustrated. He asked for a cigarette, saying that he needed one to calm his nerves.

Laura brought him a small bottle and suggested that he smell the contents and he did. The smell was quite pleasant, so he took a second whiff, then a third one, because he was curious enough to want to identify the aroma. Suddenly he was sleepy, he was relaxed and wanted a nap. He rationalized that a nap would be better than going to church dressed as "Peg". He leaned back across the bed and fell asleep, so Laura left him there.

He woke up about eleven, went to the bathroom, then went to find Laura to see if he could be released from his week of slavery. He was prepared to bargain very seriously to get out of his agreement. He found her watching a morning television show. He hesitated to get her upset by shutting it off, or asking her to let him talk for a few minutes, so he sat quietly and waited for the show to end.

Pete was still confined by the plastic chains, collar and padlocks and covered by the wraparound bath towel and he wanted to get free, then get dressed. When the show ended at eleven-thirty, Laura shut off the TV and she asked Pete if he had enjoyed his nap. She commented that she didn't understand the nap so soon after his long night in bed. She asked if Pete had slept well last night. Pete told her that he had been awake most of the night, for many reasons; he couldn't cover himself up because his hands were bound to his elbows. He was extremely upset to be wearing baby clothing; he fought to hold his urine for a long time before he had to release it. He wet his diaper and finally a bowel movement started and he could not stop that either. His night of sleep was more of a nightmare.

Pete asked if Laura would consider releasing him from the week of slavery and Laura laughed at him. Her answer was that he could be considered for release as soon as his weight reached one hundred and eighty pounds. If his attitude indicated a sincere desire to be cooperative, she might decide to experiment with a less restrictive life style for Peg. In the meantime, Peg should be cooperative to her utmost and that included going to the guest room right now and sitting on the tall stool located in the center of that bedroom.

Pete hastened to obey; maybe she was going to relent and maybe by being obedient, he could get her to relax her demands. Why did he have to do all of this? He could be relaxing in his hammock with a few beers and a pack of butts.

The stool was new and very sturdy. It was a four-legged one designed to take lots of abuse. There was a hole in the center of the stool seat area, almost as though it was intended to support an umbrella post.

Pete was seated on the stool when Laura entered the bedroom. She went directly to the closet and pulled out the leash, which had been used to lead Pete around and to secure his collar to the sofa leg on Saturday. She walked up to the stool, locked the leash to the collar, dropped the end through the hole in the stool, wrapped it around his ankles and tied it tightly.

Pete was anchored to the top of the stool. He couldn't get off because his feet didn't touch the floor. He couldn't lower them to the floor, because the leash was too short. He could tip the stool over, but he would still be secured to it and unable to walk. Pete was stuck on top of that stool.

Laura's next move was to release the wrapped towel and let it drape down over the edges of the stool seat. The closet also contained a corset, which Laura retrieved and fastened to his body, making sure that the leash was clear of the corset. The corset laced up the back and she made sure the strings were tight. She placed false breasts inside the corset's bra cups.

The chains were removed, a full slip and dress were put on over his head and the dress was zipped up the back. Paula placed a shoulder-length wig on his head, spent about a half-hour with makeup and nail polish and finally held a mirror so that Pete could see the results of her efforts. He was startled by his reflection and scared to think that Laura might like having him transformed to look like a female.

Laura went to the closet again and brought back a wooden bar about three feet long, with nylon straps attached to each end. She padlocked his wrists to each end of the stick, with the nylon straps. This prevented Pete from removing the clothing Laura had just put on him.

She pulled down and removed the hanging plant, which was near the stool, lifted up the wooden bar locked to his wrists and connected the cord for the hanging plant to the ring located in the very middle of that stick. She went over to the window casing, pulled down on the other end of that cord and raised the bar to the ceiling. She now had Pete; or rather Peg, attached to the cord and also to the stool. She released the leash from Peg's ankles, pulled it up through the hole in the stool, had Peg step off of the stool, pulled the leash up through her clothes and removed it from the collar. Laura now had Peg standing with her arms way up over her head.

The stool was placed over against the wall and Laura picked up three spring-clip type clothespins, raised the dress and slip and attached their hems to the dress collar. The lower half of that body resembled that part of a man's body, while the top half was definitely female

Laura picked up a new package of light beige nylons, put them on Peg and secured them with the garters hanging down from the bottom of the corset. She selected a pair of very feminine lace-trimmed white nylon panties and held them for Peg to see.

Peg's face turned bright red, with a full-blown blush. Laura knew that she had caused the effect, which she had hoped for. She had Peg step into the panties and pulled them up into place. Laura retrieved a pair of black patent leather shoes with three-inch heels from the closet, showed them to Peg, to receive yet another blush. She slipped them on to her captive's feet and buckled the ankle straps. She steadied Peg until she became accustomed to standing in high-heeled shoes, then lowered the bar and released Peg from the cord. Removing the three clothes pins, the slip and dress fell down to cover the lower part of that lovely lady's torso. Laura assisted Peg to their bedroom and sat her at Laura's vanity. She put the finishing touches to a superb makeup job, brushed out the wig, added a few dabs of perfume, a matching set of jewelry and declared Peg a complete new creation. The mirror certainly verified Laura's statement.

Laura assisted Peg as they walked to the family room. Peg was instructed to sit on the sofa, the television was turned on and they watched an hour-long Sunday church service.

Peg was not interested in the church service; the shock of being dressed as a girl, captured all of her thoughts. So, female impersonation was the additional situation which she said he must deal with. He/she wondered how long he would have to pose as a girl. A horrifying thought, Laura's words, "As soon as your weight gets down to one hundred and eighty pounds," struck an ominous chord. Thirty-five pounds in a week? "No way, Jose." He would have to stop eating, exercise for hours and live on vitamins and minerals. Well maybe that was the reason for his Slim Fast meals. He started to panic as he formed a mental picture of his week of slavery.

Here he was dressed as a lady, starving to death, crushed by the tightly-laced corset, dying for cigarettes and beer and he wasn't even through the first twenty-four hours. There were over six more days of this. He was convinced now that Laura intended to get full measure from him in her week of control. He wondered if he would survive, or if he would have some sort of physical or mental breakdown. How long could his stomach keep growling? How long could his nerves stand the strain of this nicotine withdrawal, which was just in its beginning stages? How long could he go without a cold brew? How long could he stay so turned on to his needs and desires, before he began to react violently? How long was he going to go without his once-a-day sex with Laura? The answer came up and smacked him in the face: "As soon as your weight gets down to one hundred and eighty pounds".

What a scary thought! How could she possibly believe this would happen? That hour of the church service was over just as Pete, or rather "Peg," reached an understanding of the real motive behind Laura's actions. She wanted her husband back, in his ideal physical shape, but what were her motives relating to what she was doing to him psychologically? Did she want to make him into a woman?

Pete had read an X-rated story about a woman who trapped her cheating husband into spending a week on a cruise. The only clothes she brought for him were very feminine ladies clothes. When they returned home, it was two women traveling together,

with the husband doing the driving in a dress. He spent an additional week at home in dresses, then went back to work, wearing his suits over ladies lingerie. The wife used this method to stop her husband from cheating. The story had been titled, "Petticoat Braking System". It was strange that he could remember the title of that story.

Was she experimenting with this phase just to scare him? He flashed back to the contents of his bureau drawers and his closet, made a hasty estimate at the cost of those clothes even if they were from Goodwill or the Salvation Army. There was no doubt that his week would be spent in dresses.

Laura had to work all week, How was she going to control his actions while she was at work? She wouldn't take Peg with her; he would never pass as a girl in public. What did she intend to do? Maroon him in that top bunk in diapers every day?

Laura shut off the television, when the Sunday service was over and suggested that they go to the kitchen for some lunch. She extended her hand to assist Peg to her feet. Pete found that he actually needed her help to get up to a standing position on those damn high-heeled shoes.

Laura grasped the middle of the stick between Peg's wrists and pulled Peg to her feet. She wobbled across the living room and the kitchen, directly to one of the stools at the breakfast bar and sat down, The corset made it very difficult to breathe and Peg was nearly out of breath. Laura told her to breathe faster in more shallow breaths and this helped a little. She told Peg that living inside a corset took lots of compromises, like restricted breathing and movement, but also discomfort while seated. Standing was easy as long as you were not active and as long as your legs and feet would tolerate that position, while wearing shoes with high heels. Resting flat on your back was the most comfortable position when wearing a corset, but how long can a person lie still? Exercising was the best way to break in a new corset. After lunch, Peg would have an opportunity to test her legs and lung capacity.

Peg was really shook up by the casual manner Laura used in telling her about the plans for Peg's afternoon.

Lunch was served in a jiffy, Slim Fast for Peg, in the can, with a straw and a delicious-looking BLT for Laura. She did the cleaning up from lunch, while she informed Peg that after this she would be doing all of the housework except the food preparation and storage.

There were padlocks everywhere that food was stored. Laura had a single key and made a big production out of reaching down inside the front of her blouse to where that key was stashed in her bra. Pete/ Peg tried to picture the kitchen without the padlocks and couldn't. How had Laura managed to get them installed without him seeing them? Well, that was obvious; the only time he spent in the kitchen was for meals and to get more cold beer out of the fridge. He remembered the last few days they had eaten their meals on the patio. He had relaxed after dinner with his beer and cigarettes in his hammock, on the back lawn. Laura had even fetched more beer for him, when he ran out.

He noticed while she was cleaning up, that when she had a cupboard door open, the padlock hasp could swing inside and almost disappear. These locking devices ac-

tually may have been there for a long time. He wondered just how long Laura had been planing this takeover.

Pete loved this time of year, being out of doors, rather than stuck inside at his job. Listening to the birds and other natural noises, falling asleep in his hammock, getting no exercise and getting fatter by the day. He didn't want to get fat, but neither did he want to give up his beer and food, or be required to exercise.

They had a large open back yard, but only a small portion was actually lawn. Laura usually kept it mowed and trimmed quite neatly.

Laura suggested that Peg try out the hammock and assisted Peg as she walked out on to the patio, then the lawn, to the hammock. Peg flopped into the hammock and her dress and slip went way up, to expose nylon-covered thighs, garters, even a glimpse of very pretty nylon panties.

Laura made no move to pull Peg's dress down, but did comment that very soon, the hairy hayfield of Peg's legs would be mowed. Peg told Laura that Pete needed a beer and a cigarette to relax. Laura told Peg to wait a couple minutes while she massaged her face, neck and shoulders. She applied a lotion and massaged it into the skin and Peg fell asleep.

Around six o'clock, Peg woke up and needed to go to the bathroom. This was going to be a completely different procedure than stepping up to a urinal and lowering a trouser zipper. This required getting partially undressed; Laura had been insisting that Peg sit on the toilet, because there was no over spray on the floor or the toilet when a person sat down to urinate.

Peg was alone when she woke up and the need to empty the bladder was imperative. Sitting up and swinging her legs off of the hammock, pulling her dress and slip up, to really expose the crotch of the panties. Peg was more interested in taking a piss and wasn't concerned with modesty at that very moment.

Suddenly, Peg noticed that there was a small cable attached to the ring at the center of the wooden bar between her wrists. She yanked on the cable, by grabbing some of its slack and the cable yanked right back. The cable was pulling just enough to convince Peg to follow, or her wrists would hurt.

There, in front of her, set in the lawn was a large metal post, with a long cross arm about ten feet above the ground. The cross arm seemed to be a metal tube, which extended out about twenty feet in each direction from the vertical post. The cable was attached to the end of one of those horizontal arms. The cable stopped pulling when Peg was directly under that end of the arm.

Peg stood and studied this weird contraption and discovered a toilet set in the lawn, under the other end of the cross arm. She needed to get over there, but the cable stopped her from crossing directly towards that toilet, so Peg tried to turn the arm in a circle and it seemed to move with very little resistance.

Peg reached the toilet, then had the struggle of her life, trying to hold up the dress and slip and pull down the panties. The three-foot stick between her wrists would allow the use of only one hand at a time; that meant pulling up one side of the dress, pulling down on the panties, then repeating that procedure on the other side. After

several moves with each hand, Peg could sit on the toilet, but each time she sat on the toilet, she also sat on the back of the dress skirt. Finally she faced the toilet tank and slid in to sit down. The back of the dress and slip skirts hung down behind her.

Oh! What a relief, to get rid of all of the pressure on her bladder. Peg stood up and went through the same process, pulling the panties back up in place. Peg started back towards the hammock, only to be surprised when the cable started to pull on her arms again. Surprise, Peg! It didn't stop, the huge horizontal arm was leading Peg in a big circle, pulling Peg with it. If she walked at a slow pace, the cable pulled on the wooden bar locked between her wrists and arms. If she went too fast, she pulled on the cable. Finally, they got together and Peg could walk to match the exercise machine. This machine was very much like the ones used to exercise horses, but most of those had two cross arms and could exercise four horses at a time. This machine could only accommodate two people.

Peg began to run out of breath and remembered that because of the tight corset, she must breathe faster. This helped quite a bit, but the exerciser wouldn't stop. The high-heeled shoes were painful to walk in; here on the lawn, the heels sunk in with most every step, but stayed on top just enough to make walking very unpredictable and erratic.

She started to sweat, still the arm pulled her around in that big circle. Finally, when she was about to pass out, the arm stopped and the cable went slack. She was right next to the hammock and she went over and sat on it. The cable gave her plenty of freedom to swing her legs up and lie down.

While Peg caught her breath, Pete reviewed just what he understood about the exercise contraption. It had to be computer controlled and would stay inactive as long as Peg was inactive. When she had to leave the hammock, to go to the toilet, it would reel in all of the slack cable and allow Peg to travel around the half-circle to the toilet. At that point it would release enough cable to allow her toilet privileges and then, when she moved to return to the hammock, it would start an exercise mode and Peg had to participate. Probably at a preprogrammed number of turns, it would stop at the hammock, and let the patient rest.

This was a constant cycle. If Peg didn't move to go to the toilet, she didn't get exercised. If she needed to go frequently, then she exercised frequently. Damn that Laura, What a fiendish device! Now he had a very good idea about the way the weekday "Work Day" hours would be spent, while Laura was away at work. What if it rained? Well, this time of year was typically dry and most likely it wouldn't rain at all during the day for the next couple of months.

What about people seeing Peg trudging along, led by the monster machine? Their house was set back, at the end of a long driveway and was completely secluded. The sign, which Pete had placed at the entrance, read "Private Drive", so there was very little chance that anyone would discover or disturb this setup out in back of their house.

What would Peg do for food and water during the day? Would Laura place a picnic cooler near the hammock or the toilet? Would Peg be kept in this damn corset all week? Wouldn't it get dirty and sweaty and need to be washed? Was there a spare corset that she would have to wear while the other one was being laundered? Would

Laura reveal more of the plans for Peg in dresses and bondage, or would she let the changes be surprises? The questions just kept surfacing as more of the probable scenarios for that week as a slave became apparent and the answers were just as elusive.

At eight o'clock, Peg had been to the toilet twice, had exercised twice and was back trying to rest on her hammock. She had managed to get her breath back, when Laura walked up. She asked how Peg was doing. How she liked the accommodations and if the toilet out in the middle of the lawn was private enough.

Peg assured Laura that everything was just fine, that she was an exhibitionist and going to the bathroom right out in the open, was a delightful experience. She did say that she had a little trouble exercising in high-heeled shoes and that the corset made it difficult to draw enough air into her lungs. She complimented Laura on her ingenious way of providing such a versatile method of holding Peg captive and also providing a good measure of exercise.

Peg asked if this session had been a preview of the schedule for the next five days while Laura was at work.

Laura explained that today was a test run, then she released the cable from the stick attached to Peg's wrists and went back into the house.

It was just beginning to get dark and the mosquitoes were about to begin their search for food, so Peg had to abandon any thoughts about trying to get free of the stick between her wrists and seek the protection of the house.

Laura had Peg sit on the living room sofa facing the television. She turned the set on and the VCR began showing scenes of Laura working to dress Pete as Peg. There were scenes of putting the corset on and lacing it up, of Laura putting the panties and high-heeled shoes on Peg. Of Peg lying on the hammock, sitting on the toilet, trudging around in circles. And finally, showing Peg sitting on the hammock, with a close-up shot of pretty thighs, stocking tops, garters and white lace panties exposed.

Peg was shocked again and asked how Laura had captured all of those scenes. Laura told her that she had an expert photographer on her staff. Now Peg was embarrassed, because that meant there was someone else aware of his forced crossdressing and bondage. She was horrified to believe that about forty-five hours of this coming week would be spent locked to the monster exercise machine out on the back lawn. The other serious, humiliating factor was being encased in the tightly-laced corset, as Laura's slave, or prisoner, for that whole week.

Just as the thoughts of the damn corset were occupying her mind, Laura suggested that this would be an excellent time to "weigh-in" for the day. She told Peg that she could spend the evening relaxing and that Laura wanted her to be comfortable.

They went to the guest bedroom and Peg was instructed to stand next to the big stool and steady herself by resting one hand on top of it. Laura reached up under the dress and slip, pulled down her panties and left them bunched up at Peg's ankles. Laura put a Pampers disposable adult diaper on Peg and turned her attention to the shoes strapped to her feet. Laura released each of the buckles and had Peg slip her feet out of the shoes, She removed the panties from around the ankles, made Peg step into a pair of plastic panties and pulled them up into place.