



*Reluctant Press*

# The Petticoat System

Jamie



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

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**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# The Petticoat System

## I

**By Jamie**

My wife, Sue, returned home from work one day in late February, very excited; she had just won a seven-day cruise for two.

“Wow that’s great, when is it scheduled?” I asked.

“The second week of March,” she replied.

“That is out of the question for me, being such a busy tax time.”

Sue answered, “I knew you’d find excuses not to go, so I registered my sister Emily and myself as passengers, You tell me how well your office functions, yet you couldn’t leave them even for one week.”

I responded, “I guess I could get away, the office will run quite well for that short a time.” (I could have a ball, spend a lot of time in the bars, play the poker machines in the casino, and make out with a lot of single chicks in their cabins. Sue thinks I’m in the casinos, she refuses to go in them. I’ve been cheating right along and she has never even suspected)

The night before we were to leave for the cruise, I retrieved our luggage from the storage closet, placed Sue’s garment bag, and her two suitcases on her side of the bed. My suitcase and matching garment bag were quickly packed with sports outfits etc.; all washable wrinkle-free drip dry clothing. I closed the luggage, placed the suitcase and garment bag over on Sue’s side of the bed, near the bedroom door. I took a quick shower and went to bed. Sue would be at least another hour or more getting all of her things packed. She wouldn’t let me help her for fear I would put something in the wrong pocket or, worse yet, in the wrong bag. I

didn't even wake up when she came to bed, so I don't know how long it took her to complete her packing.

When the alarm went off in the morning, I got out of bed—I sleep in the nude—and I put on the outfit which I had laid out on the chair, the night before. I went downstairs to make coffee and toast for a quick and easy breakfast. I was surprised moments later to see Sue appear for breakfast in a cute little denim dress and pantyhose. She usually chooses a shirt and jeans to wear when we are traveling. She told me that she had locked every suitcase, when she had completed her packing; any last minute things could go in her carryon bag. The luggage keys were all together in her handbag. We grabbed a quick breakfast, then I loaded our bags in the trunk and the back seat of the car while she cleaned up from breakfast. We drove the few miles to the local bus terminal, near the shopping mall.

The car would be left in the terminal parking lot for the week; it's free if you show a valid bus ticket. Sue had a porter take our luggage out of the car and put it on the bus. She sent me to park the car and buy toothpaste and film for her Polaroid camera. Now that is quite a sophisticated piece of work; you see something that you would like to save as a picture, just aim, then click, buzz and hum, out comes a blank card. In about one minute, there is your finished photograph. When I returned and boarded the bus, Sue told me that the bus driver would see that the bags were transferred to the crew loading the ship, and forwarded right to our cabin.

It was about a three-hour bus trip to the boat dock; we brought along magazines to help pass the time. We were seated about midway in the bus, Sue had the window seat and mine was on the aisle. Two girls, probably single and in their late twenties, were seated just across the aisle. They were going on the same cruise that we were. The redhead in the aisle seat was a real knockout. She was built like the proverbial "brick shit house", with every brick in its proper place. She was very friendly with everyone, male or female, and she was paying a lot of attention to me. I wondered if there would be a way to get to know her well on the cruise. Her name or nickname is Tricia.

Arriving at the dock, we boarded the cruise ship. Boy! They sure can build big boats; this one seems to be about a mile long, and it has twelve decks. That is like a twelve-story building with almost half of the floors under ground, or in this case under water.

The sun was directly overhead and it was very hot when we got on board, Florida in March is like warm days in May at home. The swimming pool looked inviting and Sue suggested that we go for a swim while we waited for them to transfer our luggage to the cabin. She had taken my bathing suit out of my suitcase and put both of our suits in her carryon bag. My tan-colored suit was a loose-fitting, boxer style and hers was a pretty pastel yellow one-piece suit. We changed in the pool locker rooms; I put my clothes in a locker and the key in the little pocket of my bathing suit. The water was nice and we spent about an hour at the pool; it was quite refreshing after the long bus ride. I made sure to check out the bikini-clad dolls around the pool, even talked briefly to a couple of them. Sue called me

away from Tricia, that sexy-looking redhead from the bus; we were arranging a meeting for tomorrow in the casino.

Sue wanted to see what our cabin was like; she was anxious to locate it so we could unpack our bags before the clothes got permanent wrinkles. Also it was getting close to dinnertime and Sue said she would need time to get herself all fixed-up. I went to the men's locker room to shower off the chlorine and get back into my clothes. I slipped out of my bathing suit and into the shower for a quick rinse-off. The water pressure was great and the massaging effect of the water on my neck and shoulders felt so good that I let it run for about five minutes, then I picked up a towel and dried off. I went to get the locker key out of my bathing suit pocket, but the suit was missing. Where in Hell could it have gone, why would anyone steal it? Now all that I had was a towel for cover. I went out to find Sue; luckily she was just coming out of the Ladies locker room. She still had the denim dress on, but no pantyhose. When she heard what my problem was, she teased me about what I had on under that towel "kilt". This was a serious problem to me, my bathing suit, clothes, and wallet were missing or locked in a locker. I had no key and all she did was laugh about it. She said that the ship was underway now so whoever stole the suit was still on board. We could report it to the authorities once we were more decently attired. Boy, it was a good thing that she had put the luggage keys in her purse; it's also a good thing that they stole my suit and not her purse. Where did she hide her locker key? There are no pockets in a girl's one-piece swimsuit. Maybe she stashed it in one of the bra cups. I'll bet that would start to hurt after a while. That might have been the real reason that she wanted to change out of her bathing suit. Thinking more about my missing suit, it most definitely was a male that came into the men's locker room and swiped my suit. I had to walk very carefully, in my extremely short towel-kilt, all the way from the pool to our cabin, which we found six levels down and at the opposite end of the ship.

Our cabin was down on the fourth deck and our bags were waiting for us, just outside the cabin. I carried them inside and deposited Sue's three bags on the bed that she selected. My two bags went on top of the other bed. Sue pulled the luggage keys out of her purse and tossed me the ones for my suitcase and garment bag. I unlocked both of them, then flipped open the suitcase. What a shock that was! Everything article of clothing that I could see, was for a girl to wear. I quickly zipped open the garment bag, and that was also full of girls' clothing. I said, "Sue, they screwed up the luggage. Look at all the ladies clothes in the suitcase and the dresses and gowns in this garment bag. There are enough clothes for several changes a day for the person that owns this luggage. Call the purser or someone and get him to find my luggage. What about your bags?" Sue responded, "Mine are fine, and by the way Christopher, your keys unlocked those bags, didn't they? Whose name is on the identification tags?"

I answered, after checking the tags, "My name is on them. What the hell is going on here? There's even high-heeled shoes and a wig in the suitcase!" I was disturbed by her almost angry response. I was really scared when she addressed me as Christopher, rather than the usual "Chris". Sue said, " Sit down and listen.

When I told you about the cruise, you weren't going to come with me, I didn't win it, I paid for it. You decided you could get away for a week, So here we are. I registered for my sister and myself, so that means that you will have to be my sister Emily for the week. I know about most of your infidelities, you are not very adept at hiding your trail. You would never make a successful spy. Now we are about to deal with your cheating. The only clothes available for you to wear are right there, in your two bags. By the way, they will all fit quite well. I have spent months collecting your measurements and these clothes. I even found a woman that is just your size. She confirms that these clothes will be an excellent fit; she tried most of them on. You can't flirt with the broads like you were doing at the pool. You are stuck here as my sister. Enjoy your week-long cruise. In fact, we are scheduled to dine at the Captain's table this evening." She had changed out of the denim dress, put on pantyhose and a pretty blouse and skirt combination while she was lecturing me. She said that she was going for a short stroll on the deck. She told me to pick out the outfit that I would like to wear and get dressed for dinner, and to shave real close.

I may be rather sloppy about covering up my infidelities, but when the chips are down, I can still outfox my best competition. Sue always wore lots of jeans and men's shirts. I'd swipe some of her things. They would be rather tight but much better than the clothes packed in my luggage. After a thorough search through all of her clothes, I determined that she brought only skirts and dresses and a few pairs of very feminine shorts. There was not a single thing that could even be disguised to look like it was made for a man to wear. Maybe the ship's store would have something that I can buy and wear. Oh shit! I didn't have my wallet or charge cards, so that idea was out.

Sue returned about an hour later, to find me still sitting on the bed, nude and rather bewildered. She told me to decide whether to eat in the cabin or get dressed P D Q. "You will have to shave real close. That five o'clock shadow isn't compatible with female attire. Your razor is in your cosmetic case." The way that she emphasized the three words "your cosmetic case" was very intimidating. It said, yes, it is a girl's cosmetic case, and you ought to be ashamed of your self for carrying it in your luggage.

"I'm not wearing these damn girl clothes. Order my dinner and have it delivered to the cabin."

Sue answered, "Suit yourself. You will certainly miss all those pretty girls in their skimpy suits at the pool, and it looks like there won't be much slot machine and beer activity this week. The lovely single gals won't invite you to their cabins if you spend the week hiding in this cabin. It is also very unlikely that they would get excited about you in pretty dresses, if you circulate as Emily. It took one hell of a lot of planning to get this situation to occur and I'm going to enjoy it. I'll make you an offer. I'll buy you a shirt and pants which will allow you to move about freely on board ship, but you will wear whatever I request underneath, not just for this cruise but for at least a year. We'll see how many extracurricular activities you can engage in with lacy lingerie under your pants and shirts. You have twenty-four hours to consider this offer. As of the evening meal tomorrow you will

accept my offer, wear what I dictate, or spend a week in this little cabin and you can be assured that I'll divorce you as soon as we get home. I'll take the house, then where will you go? You know that you can't go home to mother."

Sue continued, "It would take hours to get you ready for dinner at the Captain's table tonight. Believe me, I have been busy arranging it. But with you feeling a little queasy from the roll of the ship, our Captain's dinner has been changed to tomorrow night. I'll order yours sent to the cabin and I'll eat in the main dining hall. You have about thirty minutes to get yourself to look like a sea-sick Emily before your meal is delivered. Here is what you will need: brassiere and falsies, panties, panty girdle, nightgown, robe, slippers and wig. You had better paint your nails right now. You won't need jewelry or makeup if you keep the lights low. We'll dress together so that I can assist you. Don't forget the falsies, because even nightgowns won't hang right on a flat chest. You had better do your toenails too because your shoes for tomorrow night are open-toe with high heels. If you are not dressed as I just described when your meal is delivered and you hide in bed instead of answering the door, your meal will be switched from prime rib to just a bowl of chicken soup."

Christ, I was starving; I'd have had at least two good drinks and several handfuls of munchies by now if she hadn't trapped me in this little hole-in-the-wall ship's cabin. I had better get into those damn clothes or I'd choke on that lousy little bowl of chicken soup. That conniving little bitch had covered all the angles, so I was stuck playing it her way.

The bra was a real challenge to get into. I couldn't reach up behind my back, so Sue hooked it for me. This was my introduction into wearing female underwear. The falsies were some kind of liquid in a plastic bag shaped like a boob and they made an unbelievable bust line, so much so that it was difficult to get the nightie down over them. Maybe the nightgown should go on before the falsies go in? The fake fur collar of the bathrobe would hide the chest hair and maybe most of the Adam's apple. "Hey Sue, how do I put this shit on my fingernails?"

"Rest your forearm on the vanity and paint each nail very carefully. And clean up your vocabulary, you should be trying to talk like a lady. I'm anxious to watch the contortions when you try to paint your toenails. Tomorrow night you are wearing sculptured nails and we'll spend most of the morning putting them on so that you can practice using them. If you have to go to the bathroom before we return to the cabin, I'll have to help you with the crotch hooks of your one-piece foundation. I certainly don't want you to pull off one of those beautiful fingernails or break any of them. Maybe we had better do the nails tonight before we go to bed. The day after tomorrow, I'll get you the pants and shirt that I promised, and you can get a little air and sun. No tan unless you wear the one-piece bathing suit I packed for you; even then you had better keep track of it, you've already lost one bathing suit. If you wear the pants and shirt, you can go for a walk but you will have to remove the nails and polish. Then when you return, you will have to do your nails again. Remember this, if you start to compromise on the way you dress, people will read you, and that could mean all kinds of problems for you. I think, with all the work required to make you pass in public as a lady, that you'll

find it much easier to stay that way for the week. You have never demonstrated much ability towards being fastidious as a man, but you had better start developing that style of personal care now.”

Sue left for dinner after arranging the wig to look as if I had slept in it, and I killed all the lights except the one by the door. I tried sitting in a chair and reading, lying on the bed propped up and reading, and many other positions, but it was impossible to relax. Every noise scared me; every second was spent worrying about this masquerade being discovered by the person delivering my dinner. Would they refuse to leave the meal? I would beat him to death to get that meal; my stomach was about to start screaming. The clothing I was wearing was generating strange and sensual reactions. I was afraid of being exposed. I was frustrated for being stupid enough to be trapped into this situation. It was impossible to imagine where Sue’s vendetta would lead me. Last and maybe most importantly, I was intrigued by the thought that Sue intends to lead me through a full week dressed as her sister, and she has no doubt about succeeding.

The steward or what ever they call a person that works like a bellhop onboard a ship, delivered my prime rib dinner and I made short work of it. I took another look for anything that I could wear from her clothing, and there wasn’t a single thing. I guessed it was time to paint the toenails. Her comments about wanting to watch me paint my toe nails were true. It seemed as if my toes were about two feet too far away. Standing with one foot up on the edge of the vanity was no good because I needed to lean my fanny against something, to keep me from wobbling all over the place. The polish seemed to go everywhere but where I wanted it. Finally sitting on the bed, with one foot up on a chair seat, I succeeded in getting some polish on each toenail. Having seen the results of Sue’s paint jobs on her toenails, I could judge my work. I could only label it as poor with a capital “P”.

I sat on the bed, turned the television on and tried to get interested in some program, but the feelings generated by what I was wearing kept bringing my thoughts back to the fact that I was dressed as a female, preparing to go to bed. The pull of the bra straps on my shoulders was mildly uncomfortable, especially when compared to the crushing effect of the panty girdle on the “equipment” between my legs. I was worried that the girdle might permanently deform that part of my anatomy.

When Sue came back from dinner, she promptly inspected the polish on my fingers and toes, then handed me a bottle of nail polish remover. My immediate reaction was to assume that the toenails would have to be done over again. That would be torturous. She told me to remove the polish from my fingernails so that she could apply the sculptured nails.

The installation of the fake fingernails was tedious, even though Sue did all the work. Hold your hand like this, hold still, don’t bump that nail against anything until the cement has set, and many more orders. After what seemed like an eternity, she declared the job a success. I viewed the fingernail job like it was a jail sentence. There are no girls in a male jail and I couldn’t picture *any* girls being turned on by my “beautiful nails” as Sue described them.



My next experience was to get severely reprimanded because Emily's clothes were still in my luggage. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. No self-respecting lady ever leaves her clothes in a suitcase. You will spend all of your free time ironing things to wear if they aren't hung up on hangers, or folded neatly in the bureau drawers. Now get busy and watch every move you make. Don't you dare break any of those new nails."

What a strange world I was in. These new and strange feelings were causing my head to spin, as I put bras, panties, slippers and pantyhose in the bureau, and hung blouses, skirts, dresses and gowns in the closet. This was complicated by the damn fake fingernails that were always in the way and by the restriction of the skirt part of the long nightgown acting as a hobble. Every time I moved either arm I bumped into one of the big fake boobs. Putting away the clothes was a shocker. In the past, once in a while I had taken some of Sue's underwear out of the dryer, but that was about all. Now handling all the different items and being faced with the reality that they were "my" clothes for the whole week, made me feel weak, and dizzy and produced a big knot of fear in my stomach. Sue had managed to put me in this unbelievable situation without any force, without even raising her voice. That really made me wonder what other plans she had for me, what situations she hadn't even announced yet. In considering where I was, there just didn't seem to be any way I could get out of this predicament without a lot of embarrassment. If I ask for help from anyone, Sue could say that I brought all these clothes and insist that she was thoroughly shocked and humiliated by my dressing as a female.

Back to the reality of that first evening of our cruise. Sue started reshaping my eyebrows, removing hair from my ears and nose, and she told me that when I took my shower, the hair on my chest and under my arms had to be removed, as well as the whole length of both arms and legs. She had me strip off the, gown and underwear, get into the shower and get busy. The soap she gave me was about 85% perfume and in that little shower it was difficult to breathe because of that strong perfume smell. I shut off the shower and picked up a towel to dry myself. This action created an instant flash back to this afternoon, when I discovered that the towel was the only piece of cloth with which to cover myself. Look at all the clothes that I had now! I wished I could find a way out of this situation.

When I returned to my bed there was the bra and panties laid out on the spread beside the nightgown I had been wearing earlier. Sue said that I would not need to put on the wig, but it must be kept handy, in case I needed to put it on if someone wished to come into our cabin.

It had been a busy week, getting everything shipshape at home and for my office staff, and we didn't take time nor did we have the energy for sex. I couldn't find time to take advantage of my other sources, so I was in need of sex to unwind. The quiet evening in this little cabin, with Sue paying such close attention to me, in her efforts to transform my looks, we had been working as a team and now I wanted to get a lot closer. I made a few passes at her and I was informed that she wasn't a lesbian, that decent girls did not make love together. Wow! I guessed this was going to be a very trying week. No men's clothes, no sex, no

gambling and no sexy single gals. Just the sisters, Sue and Emily, on a cruise. It was like a jail sentence with no hope of parole.

Sue suggested that we should get a little fresh air and exercise before we went to bed. I complained that I had just struggled into the nightgown and now she wanted to make me change again. She answered that it was permissible to take a late evening stroll on the deck in a nightie, as long as a bathrobe was used to cover it. "You will have to wear your wig and slippers, though."

Our cabin was well aft and the ship was one of the largest in operation today, so a stroll around the deck, hampered by the hobble effect of that nightgown, was quite a long one. It was cool and windy and the nylon nightgown didn't provide much in the way of warmth, so my ankles and legs were cold. That always makes me urinate frequently, so about halfway around the deck, I told Sue that I had to go to the men's room and headed in that direction. Sue grabbed my arm to stop me, and spoke softly. "You'll be in real hot water trying to explain what you are doing in a men's room, the way you are dressed. Come with me, let's do it right and keep you from getting arrested."

She steered me into the ladies room. There were about a dozen ladies in there and I expected them to scream when they saw me, but no one seemed the least bit upset when we entered. It seemed strange that there were no urinals in sight. We had to wait in line for a stall. Sue told me to go first and be sure to sit down like a lady, then to go out on the deck and wait for her. What a strange feeling, wearing women's night clothes, standing in line in a ladies room and worrying about what would happen if one of the ladies discovered that I was a man. They were washing their hands, fixing their hair, putting on lipstick, repairing their makeup, changing and adjusting their clothes. I did as Sue instructed. I went into a stall, pulled up the robe and nightgown, pulled down the panties, sat down and relieved the pressure on my bladder.

After the panties were back in place and the gown and robe pulled down where they belonged, I left the stall and went over to a sink to wash my hands. Sue was nowhere in sight so I assumed that she was in one of the stalls. I received another one of those shocks; as I was washing my hands, the brilliant color on my fingernails seemed to stand out and say, "look, these nails are fake and this lady is a fake." The urge to abandon ship was overwhelming. The rest of the "lady in the rest room experience" was cut to the bare minimum; I was abruptly out on the deck alone, trying to get my breath and get my heart to stop sounding like a set of bongo drums.

It never seemed to end! Here I was, alone on the deck of a huge ocean liner. This was usually not the least bit intimidating, but try it in ladies nightclothes, when you are not supposed to be wearing them. Try it when you have no identification and no cabin key. Try it when your wife has just turned your whole world upside down, and while you wonder if your wife is still in the ladies room or if she has just tricked you and left you out here. She did tell me to wait out on the deck. Should I wait here for a while or go back to the cabin and see if she will let me in? If I go back and she is still here, what will she do? Will she think I've been ar-

rested, strolled down the deck, or gone back to the cabin? These thoughts were starting to make my head spin.

Sue came out of the ladies room door. She took one look at me and started to smile. "Thought I had pulled another trick on you, huh?" My body temperature was jumping from hot to cold, my hands were sweating and I was shaking all over. I was glad she was there and angry because Sue was laughing at me. The remainder of the stroll back to our cabin was more of a canter. The high heels of the slippers she had given me to wear were a pain, I couldn't take long strides because my ankles seemed to want to fold over and because the bottom of the long nightgown wouldn't let me, but I'll bet we made record time. In the safety of the cabin, all I could do was to sit and try to unwind. After what seemed to be hours, Sue suggested that I remove the robe, slippers and wig and slip into bed. "You can watch a little television and relax. If you fall asleep, I'll shut it off."

What was the matter with me? I had twice her strength, how could I even dream of letting her do this to me? Somehow strength didn't even enter into my present situation. The problem was that she had lots of time to work out all the little details. As I started to fall asleep, I knew that she had quite adequately engineered my cruise week. I was caught between a rock and a hard spot. It was as confining as if she had placed me in a straitjacket. That was the end of my first day as "Emily."

Next morning, it took a little while to get my thoughts in order. No, it was not a dream; I was wearing a nightgown, bra, falsies, and ladies panties. I could see the shape and feel the weight of the fake breasts inside the bra. Again I went over all the possible escape routes, only to arrive back at square one. I was stuck.

There was yet another surprise waiting for me. There was only about three days supply of unmentionables for me. I was informed that like any other lady traveler, it would be my responsibility to wash out the things I had worn that day, right after I took my shower and put on my night clothes. "You do this at night, before bed. Hang them where they can dry. Then in the morning, fold and put them away. That way the cleaning crew will not have to put up with your underwear hanging all over the place," Sue told me. She added that she had enough clothes for the whole week, but I would have to keep my clothes clean and ready to wear.

Continental breakfast, or brunch, if you wish, was the next activity to consider, and rightfully so, as my stomach was screaming for food. "Let's go in our robes, or better yet, could you go get something and bring it back for both of us?"

Sue said "no" to daytime use of nightclothes outside of our cabin. "If I go after something to eat, I'll eat it there. If you are hungry, I suggest that you get dressed." She picked out a skirt and blouse, and the necessary underthings and sent me to shower and shave. The razor got a good workout, and my face, neck, arms, underarms, and legs all received another close shave. Sue trimmed my sideburns and taught me how to shape my eyebrows.

Then it was time to get dressed. The bra was first, then the falsies were put in it, a pair of little white lace-trimmed panties. The pantyhose were next. First time

installation of pantyhose is quite an experience. I have developed quite a bit of expertise in the area of efficient pantyhose removal, but let me tell you, that doesn't cut any ice when it comes to putting those damn things on your own legs. Again the end of my feet seemed to be about two feet too far away, Sue was not helping but she sure was being very specific in how to do it. "Fold the whole pantyhose leg up into a kind of roll around your hand, then grasp the sides of the roll like it was a rolled-up sock and slip it over your toe. Make sure you get the toes positioned correctly in the end of the hose leg, then start to pull the roll up your leg." As I reached a point about half way up my thigh, she said, "No, no that is too high, slide that side back down near your ankle. You have to repeat what you've just done on the other leg or you will never get them on without putting runs in them." Well let me tell you, about that time I was ready to tell her what to do with those pantyhose, ready to suggest that stockings sure seemed much more practical, and again I wondered how in hell I had gotten into this mess. Folding down the other leg was not too difficult, but trying to put it over the other foot was near impossible. Finally the installation was completed and the flat shoes were strapped on. I put on a half-slip, sheer blouse and skirt. I was totally embarrassed by the fact that the bra was completely visible through the blouse.

Sue started with the makeup, giving me a running narrative of what to do and how to do it as she proceeded. I really didn't pay too much attention, because all I could think of was the number of days left to this cruise and how I was going to get even when I was on home turf where there were ways to fight back. When she was nearly finished, she placed the wig on my head and shaped and brushed it to her satisfaction. A touchup with perfume was next. Wow! What a smell, you couldn't get away from it. She had me sitting with my back to the mirror and she told me to turn around and look at the lady in the mirror. Another shock to my system; I couldn't believe that I was looking at my own reflection. I think I would have accepted that person as a female, maybe even been interested in getting my hands on those big boobs, and in doing delightful things to other interesting parts of her anatomy.

The best part of a continental breakfast is the fact that you can eat as much of anything you like and ignore the rest. Fill up on goodies. No one hears you speak, so the voice doesn't give away the terrible truth about you impersonating a woman. It was amazing that the people were not laughing and staring at me. When we finished our brunch, Sue dragged me into the shopping area and picked out a very skimpy teddy to add to my wardrobe. Then we went into the men's clothing section, to look at the pant and shirt combinations. "Do you want a set while we are here? I promised to buy them for you tomorrow, but we are here, and you could promise not to wear them till tomorrow? I told you that you would spend a lot of time on removal and replacement of your nails, but if you still want the pants and shirt, let's pick them out now."

There would be no sex with any of the single girls, with her selection of the underclothes I was required to wear. The best I could get would be a few beers and some time in the casino, then I would have to put that stuff back on my fingernails.

“No Sue, the teddy will be gift enough. You sure have managed to back me into a corner. I may not be too happy with the way this cruise is working out, but I have to admire your thorough job of planning. You have your Emily for the remainder of the week.”

We went for a long walk after we left the shopping area. We explored more of the ship and tried to learn just where many of the activities would be, then we returned to our cabin. It seemed that a nap was in order, so that we would be refreshed enough to really enjoy the evening.

Sue woke me up in mid afternoon, and she made me put on the nylon robe. “Ladies don’t sit around in their underwear, you are not at home lounging all over the place in your Jockey shorts.” Next I had to make up my face with some different stuff than she had been using. She had me put my wig on and sit at the vanity, facing the mirror. “Now you will have to learn to talk and act.” We spent what seemed like hours, monitoring my actions and answers. She told me to answer just above a whisper, in single syllable words when a nod would not suffice. After getting the basic training of talking out of the way, Sue called the galley and ordered some tea and crackers, for a snack. That was great, because brunch was wearing thin and my stomach was starting to complain. It seems that the real reason that girls never eat as much as boys is because they are constantly making themselves look and act their feminine best. I had to sit and watch my self as I ate crackers. The way I held them, the size of the bites, and how to eat without messing up my lipstick. If it was necessary to wipe my mouth, I was told to just blot my lips don’t drag the napkin across them or I would spread some of the lipstick out across my face. I was taught the proper way to hold and sip from a cup. The education session continued with lessons on how to sit down when wearing a skirt.

I had removed the skirt and blouse that I had worn to brunch, so that meant putting them back on again, but this time the flat shoes were exchanged for the open-toe heels that were to be worn with the gown this evening. Trying to walk in those skyscraper shoes was a struggle, being able to walk as if I had always worn heels was nearly impossible. Then came the real challenge: trying to cross my legs like a lady. It required stretching muscles that had up ‘til now, never had to move into those positions. With panties on, I had things getting pinched and squeezed as I crossed my legs the way she demonstrated. She told me that the one-piece foundation would hold those appendages up safely out of harm’s way.

Now with only a little over an hour before dinner at the Captain’s table, I had to strip and hit the shower, with a nice new blade in the razor. The whiskers came off very easily because of that creamy stuff she had given me to put on my face after I woke up from my nap. It only required a simple once-over to take care of any hair that might inform people that this girl was an impostor.

I returned to stand near my bed, nude and dry. Sue told me what to do while she was showering: deodorant, panties, panty hose (they went on a little bit easier than the first time), followed by the one-piece foundation, falsies, and the long half-slip. Sue finished her shower and caught up to my stage of the dressing process, so it was time to start putting all that stuff on our faces again. The first thing she did was put stuff on my chest where there was a little cleavage created

by the falsies and the tight-fitting top part of the foundation. When she finished, it looked like I actually had big boobs. She covered the underwear with a cape and said this would be my last lesson with makeup. In the future it would be my responsibility, but she wanted this just right, so she made up both our faces, and there seemed to be look somewhat alike when she had finished. She could probably see lots of differences, but to me, the same colors made us look alike.

After removing the cape, she brought out the bright blue satin gown. It had a high collar and long sleeves that would hide some of the arm muscles, and diamond-shaped cutouts front and back. The front cutout looked as if it would go down to the waist. When the gown had been pulled over my head and down into place, she zipped up the back, pulled the collar tight and hooked it together. She brought out another gown in the exact same style and material, in a brilliant pink, and pulled it on over her head. She had me zip the back and hook the collar. The blue and pink gowns were her rather tacky way of telling everyone that we were male and female. The last step was our hair. I had glanced in the mirror and had seen a man's head, with ladies makeup on top of a gorgeous lady's body. It created another panic situation. No way could I go out in public; I'd be arrested instantly. Sue placed the wig on my head and pinned it in place with bobbypins, Then with a hairbrush and hair spray, she shaped it the way she wanted it. We stood side-by-side in front of the full-length mirror after she had completed fixing her hair and it was a sight to behold: two ladies who looked as if they were identical twins, just slightly different sizes and different color gowns. We slipped on our shoes, which were color matched to our gowns, then added jewelry and dabs of perfume. The only big differences were my falsies, clip earrings, and a few extra parts between my legs, and as for those parts they definitely didn't show, and I prayed that they wouldn't be permanently crushed.

Now it was time to leave for dinner at the Captain's table. It was only a short walk to the elevators and the ship was rolling quite a bit, so maybe the few people that saw us walking along that corridor thought that the ship's motion was causing me to be unsteady on my feet. I didn't have time to see how well Sue was managing; all of my concentration was on the way that I was walking and on trying to overcome the fear of discovery. When we arrived at the dining room, the head-waiter introduced himself, then pointed out our places. As we moved to our chairs, he pulled them out and pushed them in for us as we sat down. This was another first; no one had ever helped me with a chair. I wonder what he would have done if he had discovered that one of those lovely ladies was actually a man. When all of the places were filled at the table, Sue was on my right, an elderly gentleman was on my left and two young ladies, probably in their twenties, were across the table from us. Sue made the introductions for us and my answers were smiles or nods or whispered yes's or no's. The diamond-shaped cutouts in our gowns provided ample display of cleavage. The man on my left made many attempts to look down the front of my gown. He even dropped his napkin and rubbed my whole side trying to retrieve it. He blushed considerably when his wife, who was seated on his left, told him to act his age. One of the young ladies across the table kept watching me, or it seemed that way because I was watching her. I may have looked like a female, but the male hiding under all those fancy ladies

clothes, true to form, was checking out all the pretty girls in sight. At one point, she made quite an exhibition out of attempting to remove a spot from the bust of her pastel nylon dress. When she saw me watching, she gave me a wink, and gave that spot another couple of very sensuous rubs.

I don't know if I blushed, or if it would even show through all the stuff on my face, but I do know that my temperature went up about twenty degrees. Did she know that I was a man? What did I do to give it away? Would she tell anyone else? Was she a lesbian suggesting a rendezvous?

Sue was watching me out of the corner of her eye, and apparently noticed my discomfort and confusion. She asked me how my dinner was and patted me right where the family jewels were confined. No one else at the table could see where her hand was resting. It had been over a week since I had any sexual release. Sue's sly smile, and a similar one from across the table, brought way too much attention to her hand and where it was still resting on my pubic area. The typical male reaction started to occur, in the form of an erection. Jesus! Would it go down before we leave the table? It would have been a big help eliminating the problem if Sue would have moved her hand. My temperature must have risen another twenty degrees. Sue apparently understood my reactions, and she removed her hand from where it had been causing so much trouble. When she pulled her arm back, she rubbed it against my right boob. It was a falsie, but for some reason the pressure kept building up within the confines of that foundation garment. I must have been sweating by that time and I was sure that something was sticking straight up from my lap. How could I make it go down? I tried to concentrate on something non-sexual, but that didn't seem to help. The pressure was terrific, there must have been a huge bulge, but I didn't dare reach down there to check, because it might make matters even worse. I wondered if the gown hung loose enough to cover the bulge; maybe the one-piece foundation thing was doing its job of providing concealment. Most likely neither of these possibilities was happening, and as soon as I stood up, everyone would know that I was a man.

What an assortment of thoughts goes whirling by in a situation like this. If they find out, will I be arrested? Do they have a jail on board? Will the police come? Maybe I'll be confined to our cabin for the rest of the cruise and arrested when we go ashore. Was there no end to this dilemma?

The waiter brought the dessert tray and that broke my train of thought. A few minutes later, I flashed back to that terrible problem, to note that there was a lot less pressure down there.

Dinner at the Captain's table was finally over, and Sue ushered me out on deck for a walk. She started teasing me about the problem she had helped to create, and commented on how a little sexual release might have helped to defuse the situation. "Perhaps after a month or so of abstention and that same month in bras, panties, and pantyhose, without any attempts revolt against my orders, you might get a one-night treat. Any serious revolt will result in you having to go 'out of town on business'. This cruise cost a bundle, but it sure is producing the results that I wanted. You are marooned without any way to fight back, because we are at sea. In the future, you will serve your time at home, it will save a lot of

money. Whenever I have to leave you alone, you will be married to a professional set of handcuffs. Being the owner of your own business, I'm sure that you can arrange for four weeks, one each quarter and more if you really can't behave. Don't even try to think of the consequences if you get caught trying to sow some wild oats.

"Let's stop in the bar for a drink and see if it is true what they say about the single ladies on a cruise. I wonder who will get the most attention from the men and how you will handle it, Emily. We can act very puritanical, or we can accept an offer of a fun evening. Should we split up and go our separate ways, then compare notes in the cabin when we get back in the morning? Being your first time out as a single girl, you haven't had any training on accepting or rejecting male advances, so it may be quite an education for you. Let's stay together as a team and reject all bed offers tonight. We can keep a tally on how many offers we get and let that be the judge of who is the sexiest lady of the team," Sue said.

What a problem, she has set me up with big falsies under this low-cut gown. My fake bust is even larger than her real one, and the fact that they are bigger makes for more exposure. Now she wants to test her handiwork, and also test my female responses to the single male seagoing barflies. Second thought, they may not be single, they may be out searching for a little extra entertainment, like one other male that I know.

We entered an elaborate upper deck lounge and were seated at a small table. It was a table for four in an area that Sue chose, which was well-lighted, and near the center of activity, people going to or from the dance floor, bar and the rest rooms.

Sue ordered us each a highball and we started looking around at the different types of people in the lounge. We were near the bar, but we could only see what was on the television, we couldn't hear it. There were about a hundred people in the lounge. To my relief, most seemed to be couples, many were in groups of four or six people. The chick in the green dress just to my left was well endowed and her dress was cut quite low. She bore a lot of watching. I would have loved to let my fingers do the walking, on those two prominent mounds, or to nearly smother with my face buried between them. Damn Sue and her maneuvering me into her trap and converting me to Emily. It was like working in a chocolate factory with tape over my mouth.

One of the guys at the bar turned backwards on his stool, and was leaning back against the edge of the bar and looking at our table. Sue was moving her shoulders back and tightening the gown across her bust. Even with the long skirt, she had succeeded in displaying one hell of a lot of leg. The tables were so small that they could never conceal our legs, so the guy at the bar was enjoying the display of legs and bust. Oh Damn! There were two guys, not just one and at that very moment the cocktail waitress appeared with another cocktail for each of us, compliments of the two guys at the bar. They held up their glasses as an offer to drink with us, and Sue whispered, "Come on, hold up your glass, then drink to them." Of course that meant that they could come over for introductions, so we met Joe and Pete. Sue invited them to sit and talk for a while. They were in their



mid-twenties. Sue had done a terrific job with clothing style and makeup, to produce a result that suggested two younger females. I can't use the word "couple" because she described us as two "single" girls. "Couple" is what I had on my mind, when I looked at the chick in the green dress.

Pete was the one looking our way first, and I assumed that he was attracted to Sue, but he spoke to me first, and also sat nearest to me. We swapped first names and Sue explained that we were sisters sharing a cabin for the cruise. They asked where we were from, so we exchanged brief information about each other's hometowns, with Sue being our spokesperson. Pete was very intrigued by what he thought he could see down the front of the gown I was wearing. The long skirt kept my legs out of sight, but he moved his chair close enough to rub his leg against mine. How does one respond to this crap? I wanted to tell him where he could go; it was making me sick to think that I was letting a man rub legs with me. When I glanced at Sue, her lovely smile told me that I was a female tonight, so I should act that way. Now, how could I understand that smile? She didn't say anything, is it something only girls can comprehend? Was I being transformed completely into a girl? These masquerades would have to stop immediately if that was the case. Returning my thoughts to the situation at hand, I smiled and moved my leg away from his. Pete was not to be shut off that easy, he put his hand on the upper part of my thigh, not just resting there, his fingers were gently massaging that small area. What should I do? I wanted to watch the chick in the green, or should I say almost out of the green, and here was this S.O.B. with his hand on my leg. If I started talking, he will probably recognize my voice as a man trying to talk like a female. If that happened, he would get quite angry, and I'd get beat up for wasting his time and drinking his booze. If I kept smiling, he'd think that he could take greater liberties with what he believed was a beautiful female body.

I leaned over toward Sue and asked if we could dump them and head back to the cabin. She said no and yes, so I asked for an explanation. No dumping, and yes let's go to the cabin, or better yet, let's find a secluded moonlit section of the deck. Pete had moved his hand closer to what he thought is heaven, and had also been sliding the skirt up at the same time; very soon his hand would be under it. Sue suggested that we polish off the drinks, and go for a stroll on the deck. I'd get killed if Pete found out what was hidden where he was trying to caress.

We left the lounge and went out on deck. Sue and Joe were leading the way. Pete was almost glued to my side; he was not content to just stroll. His arm was around me and his hand was under my arm trying to reach one of my boobs. Faking a wobble as if the ship roll was excessive, it was possible to slow down his advances, but the bastard was certainly persistent. Near the stern of the ship, there was an area where lots of recliner chairs were set up for sun bathing, probably also for watching the midnight "submarine races". Sue slid very gracefully into one of those recliners, and Joe pulled one in close and joined her. I assumed that I should follow her lead, but I had no idea how to slide into a lounge chair with a long skirt on. After pulling the skirt and slip up, and exposing lots of nylon-covered leg, I was able to get seated in the chair. The hem of the gown was half-way between my knee and my crotch, Pete watched the whole performance, and at

the same time slipped into a lounge chair he had pulled over against mine. He quickly suggested that I didn't need to pull the gown back down, the night was nice and warm. The moon was beautiful and the setting was just right for me to be with a sexy young chick, not trying to fend off a determined male. There was some small talk, but mostly there were lots of free feels. Pete had more appendages than an octopus, and every one of them was busy. He kept trying to kiss me. He had the gown almost up to the playground. He seemed determined to "go all the way" right there, even if Sue and Joe were watching. I had to resist or he would find that things were not what he expected them to be.

It was a mental battle, watching Joe kiss and fondle my wife and trying to keep Pete from doing the same to me. I was scared that this would turn me into a homosexual. I was getting sick to my stomach; so I struggled to my feet and walked away. Pete was confused, but knew that I had had enough. Sue untangled herself from Joe and came to catch up with me. "Wow! Those two really worked hard to hit pay dirt. How close did Pete get? I guess you can pass as a lady, right up to real serious petting sessions. We didn't get to count propositions to determine which of us is the sexiest lady, but we can try again later in the week. Wow, I may need to have you put out the fire that Joe started. Let's go get out of these gowns, into some street dresses and have another drink, before we call it a night."

Back in our cabin, we unhooked the collars and pulled down the zippers of each other's gown. When they were off and hung up and the long half-slips folded, Sue had me get a regular length half-slip from my drawer and the light blue dress from the closet, and put them on. Before doing so, I said that I needed to use the bathroom. Sue agreed that we both should and she unhooked the crotch of my foundation garment for me. She had natural long fingernails and knew how to work with them to avoid breaking them; also she was afraid that I would pull mine off. After I had taken care of the bathroom problem and pulled the panty hose back into place, she hooked the foundation again. While she went to the bathroom, I put on the slip and dress. She got out a light yellow one and put it on. After fixing our hair and straightening out the messes made to our makeup, we left the cabin and went into a smaller cocktail lounge on one of the lower decks, near our cabin. There were only a few single males, but they all made mental note of the two lovely females who just arrived. I wonder if they viewed us as social drinkers or as hookers. We sat at a table the size of a postage stamp, so there was no way to hide our legs. That meant sitting with them crossed and that was increasing the crushing pressure already created by that one-piece foundation.

I always noticed the girls, wherever we went and now there were two at a nearby table, who had had too many highballs. They were acting rather silly and trying to be sexy. The blond was blessed with a very generous bust and her blouse kept coming unbuttoned. She would move her arms and shoulders to make it happen, then act shocked by the exposure it created. Her bra was like a sling, it held them up without covering them. It was nice to look at and speculate about. That was my limit for the week, because I was a female impersonator. I wondered what the next week had in store for me once we get home. I had to get on the good

side of Sue and try to get her excited enough to need my services when we got back to our cabin.

One of the guys shooting darts came over to our table and asked us to join them. Being quite good with darts, I was anxious to play, but Sue wasn't. I needed her to do the talking for us, and I whispered a plea for her to try it. She accepted and we joined the three men, taking our drinks with us. Paul, the one that invited us, proposed a challenge. He would team with Sue and myself against the other two guys, and the losers would pay for the drinks. That was right up my alley, I usually got most of my drinks free that way. Oh damn, how does a girl throw darts? If I could get Sue to throw first, then I could try to match her actions. Paul had already decided that we were greenhorns, so that was his cue to coach us, and the wager made it imperative that he get us to do our very best. He asked the other guys to allow us some practice shots to warm up. Paul handed two darts to me, and suggested that I try a couple shots, but I passed them right over to Sue, with a look of embarrassment and a need for her to show me how. Sue apparently understood what I wanted her to do. One more of those messages sent without words or notes. What is it about females and their ability to communicate by facial expressions?

Paul went to her aid as she prepared to throw, showing her how to hold a dart, and throw it at the small target. I was watching her every move, how she stood, her facial expressions, the way she reacted to his coaching and how she threw the darts. Real forceful swings just might pop one of her boobs out of its resting place. That certainly wouldn't happen to me but I had to act as if it could. Sue's first few shots were missing the dartboard or just on the edge, but the fifth one was in the scoring area.

OK Emily, here's your big test! Throw the way a woman throws but still try to maintain the accuracy that fits the man hiding under this dress and wig. With three darts in my hand and Paul in my face, it was hard to concentrate on duplicating Sue's performance. Throwing right-handed, Paul was on my left and in front of me, with his hand on my throwing arm, and both eyes on the low-cut dress front. As he stepped back, I tried a shot as feminine as I could muster, and it went into a good scoring position. Paul standing just to my side was surprised and elated. He complimented and coached me for the second shot, reaching across and rubbing his arm against my fake right boob. He was apparently hoping that I wouldn't notice or wouldn't object if I did notice. He continued to rub against it while helping me position the dart in my hand. All this time he was concentrating his efforts on seeing everything possible down the front of my dress. I made the second shot and it went wild. Sue asked him if he wanted to win or if the free feels and his game of peek-a-boo were more important. Paul stepped away, blushing considerably and let me make three more shots; they hit in scoring positions. I was getting the hang of the female swing without screwing up my aim too bad, and I noticed that Paul had gotten quite aroused while helping me with my throwing form. What a surprise he would get if he found that there was a dart similar to his inside my panties, where he believed there was a desirable dart board for him to shoot at.