



Reluctant Press presents:

A Different Game

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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A Different Game

By Lynn Brown

I used to play poker with four of my friends, all in our late twenties, every other Friday. We would rotate the host of the game each time at one of the member's house or apartment. Three of us are married; two bachelor that played. Stakes were from 50 cents to a dollar. Everyone enjoyed our bimonthly games and we thought that our wives did not mind our playing from eight until midnight as we never made messes or got too loud.

Our poker club had been meeting almost a year before one of the wives suggested that they join in the fun. In fact after Pete's wife had made the initial suggestion, she call Dave's wife and my wife, Betty to see if they were interested in playing on Friday night. All three wives thought that it would be fun, suggesting that it would a way in which they could have an evening of entertainment rather than being alone. The poker club was ended and we began playing with the girls.

The ages of our wives ranged from 29 to 32. My wife, Betty, age 29, is a very attractive and stunning woman weighing 135 pounds, medium brown hair of shoulder length who is 5 foot 7 inches tall. She works as a private secretary to the owner of a small business. Betty mostly dresses in sweater sets showing off her pert breast while being modestly clothed. Her narrow waistline and rounded hips fills a size 12 skirt very nicely. Always wearing high heels to work with her above the knee skirts and lovely legs, she is a pleasure to watch as she walks past me.

My name is Charlie Brown. Recently turning 30, I am close to Betty in height being 5 foot 8 1/2 inches, weighing 160 pounds. Over the past three years since our marriage I have maintained a thirty-two inch waist even though I do not exercise. Since graduating from college eight years ago I have worked my way to become a department manager in a medium size manufacturing office.

Betty and I hosted the first meeting from eight o'clock until half past eleven. We would then have thirty minutes to visit before ending the evening.

We had to teach the girls how to play poker and had to lower the stakes to 5 and 10 cents in order to appease the women. There was a lot of talking and socializing done by the wives, Betty, Sarah and Diane, rather than playing cards. Although the men, Dave, Pete and myself would rather play cards as a game of skill, we went along with our wives to keep peace in the families.

Dave being the youngest of the group at 29 was slightly shorter than me as he is 5 foot 8 inches but was extremely slim at less than 145 pounds. While Dave is an engineer for a large manufacturing company in town his wife, Diane is a legal secretary for a downtown law firm. She is a very cute woman with long black hair, very slender at 120 pounds and tall at 5 foot 7 inches. Whenever the three couples would get together for an evening she was professionally dressed in suits and dresses.

Sarah, Pete's wife, was the eldest of our group at age 32. She was also the tallest member as she is 5 foot 10 inches weighing only 135 pounds with a great figure of 40-26-37 to go along with her medium length blond hair. Sarah was a beautiful woman. She worked part time at the same firm as Diane. It was our wives who brought us together as a social group as the girls had met several years ago.

Pete was as tall as Sarah but was younger by two years. He is a nice looking man who is the manager of a local hardware store. Pete was rather quiet and always did as Sarah suggested.

At the third meeting during the break for refreshments, Dave decided that we needed to liven up the party. He announced, "It's not all that interesting playing for money since the stakes are so small. Perhaps it would be interesting to play strip poker."

Betty who had a little too much to drink said, "That is a wonderful idea. What do you say girls? We should have an advantage over the men as we would have nine items to lose: shoes, stockings or panty hose, skirt, blouse, sweater, earrings, slip, bra and panties. The men would have seven items: shoes, socks, tee shirt, briefs, pants, shirt and sweater. This gives us an immediate advantage."

After several minutes of pros and cons, it was decided that at the next meeting at our house we would play Strip Poker. The banker, host, would give each player five dollars in chips to start the game. Bets would be 50 cents any time and a dollar on a pair with the standard three raises. Games would be either 5 or 7 card stud, duces wild, or draw poker, or a pair of Jacks or better to open and three of a kind or better to win.

When a player lost their five dollars, he or she would take off a piece of clothing and receive another five dollars in chips to continue playing. All agreed to the rules. We were looking forward to the next game. Since our wives were not very good poker players, we men thought that the women would be doing most of the stripping. We were looking forward to the next game, as we believed this would liven up the party making up for the fun we had been missing since the dissolving of our regular game.

Friday night at eight we started playing after reviewing the rules. Yes, the party did liven up that evening for a while. Instead of completely stripping the women disrobed only to their slippers before quitting the game. This was a bummer, but we said nothing that night.

At the next meeting, the same thing happened as each wife would stop playing when she had stripped down to her slip. Pete, Dave and I got together during the break to discuss what we could do since the girls were not following the rules that had been agreed upon. I was elected to start the discussion with the wives as we sat at the table for cake and drinks.

“Girls,” I said, “we appreciate the fact that you have joined our poker group but we are disappointed in the way that you are participating in the game by changing the rules to suit your whims. Maybe this was not a good idea and that we should go back to men ONLY poker. Can you suggest an alternative? You still have an advantage of two clothing items over us.”

“Let me discuss this with the girls for a few minutes and we will decide,” Betty replied. Returning shortly from the bedroom, she stated: “You are right as we have not been abiding by the original rules. We wish to continue our socializing and will do as you suggest.”

“All right!” I said. “Then we are in agreement? Next meeting we will strip all the way if it is required?”

“Yes, we agree but we would like to change one rule. If the person is forced to strip completely, then that person should be given the chance to redeem some of their clothing. We suggest that the naked person be given an additional five dollars to be able to win back some clothing. Each piece can be redeemed for \$10 in chips. This will make the game more interesting for you men,” Betty suggested.

We looked at each other with wide grins on our faces since we had forced them commit to the original plan. Pete thought for a moment and said, “What happens if that person then loses her chips? What would the penalty be?”

“We have considered the problem and offer the following solution. After losing the five dollars, that person, male or female will be completely dressed in clothing of the opposite gender for the rest of the evening and will go home dressed in the “LOSER CLOTHING,” Betty suggested.

Pete countered, “But that is not fair, I should, I mean we should be able to have another chance to redeem our own items of clothing at the price of \$10 each as you propose.”

Betty and the girls talked among themselves before replying, “Pete has a good point. Every one should have a second chance. We propose that an additional five dollars in chips be given the person wearing the opposite clothing in order to redeem their own clothes. Should he obtain ten dollars he may take off the opposite attire completely and take back one of his articles. However, if HE loses again, then HE will remain in clothing of the opposite gender until Sunday evening. Is that agreeable, or are you men too chicken?”

“What makes you believe that a MAN will lose? I look forward to seeing one of you girls in a suit and tie,” I quipped. “Boys, are you with me?” Every one agreed and that the new rules would go into effect at the next game.

“What guarantee do we have that you girls will abide by the new rules?” Dave asked rather boldly.

Betty replied, “ I will type out an agreement stating the rules. We will all sign, pledging that we will participate completely. Will that satisfy you?”

During the next week Betty had all six signatures on the agreement. We all looked forward to the next meeting.

Starting at eight o'clock, we had settled into some serious poker. By nine thirty I had taken off my boxer shorts. I was the first to be completely stripped in our game. A big grin came over Betty's face as she asked, “Do you wish a chance to regain your clothes or do you wish to remain naked until eleven thirty? Are you a gambler or a chicken?”

Both Diane and Sarah joined in on the ribbing until I said, “All right give me five dollars in chips.”

In two hands I had lost everything. “All right, Charlie, let us go back to the bed room. Come on girls, I will need your help. In the meantime, Pete and Dave, have yourselves a drink while we help Charlie obey the rules.”

In the bedroom, Betty handed me a pair of her white panties trimmed in lace to cover myself up. As soon as I pulled the panties into place, Diane held a matching white laced bra in front of me and directed my arms through the straps, fastening the snaps in the back Sarah picked up a full laced white slip which she slid over my head as soon as the bra was fastened. Betty had me sit on the bed where she rolled a pair of beige panty hose into place. Another pair of white matching panties followed this. She then stuffed my feet into a pair of low heels. Betty had rolled up a pair of my socks, stuffing them into the bra for fullness.

Having me stand, I was given a light blue rayon blouse that buttoned in the back. While Betty was closing the blouse, Sarah helped me into a navy skirt and closed the side zipper. Diane had gotten a pair of long dangling earrings from Betty's jewelry box, which she clipped on each ear lobe. Within ten minutes they had me completely dressed in woman's clothing.

“Let's add a little make-up,” suggested Sarah. Soon I had mascara added to my eyes, a little eye shadow, then blush before being given some red lipstick.

The girls led me out to the family room. Pete and Dave were in disbelief as I stood in front of them. I was told by Betty, “Lift your skirt so the boys will know what may be in store for them in the future.” I did as told while the girls were teasing me and saying to their husbands, “See what you will soon be wearing.”

“Shall we continue our game, ladies and gentleman?” quipped Betty. As we sat down, Betty reminded me of the alternative to being dressed this way. “Do you wish to obtain another five dollars or remain as you are dressed for the rest of the evening?”

Thinking about the consequences, I chose not to play. At break time I was instructed to serve dessert and coffee. Everyone enjoyed seeing me parade around in heels and a skirt. The blouse allowed the slip and bra that I was wearing to be shown. After the break, the others played cards while I cleaned up the kitchen.

At eleven when the game ended, Betty and Diane were down to their slips, while Sarah was wearing a red bra and matching panties. Dave had on only his undershorts, while Pete was only down to his slacks. Everyone but myself redeemed and dressed in their own clothes. We then visited until eleven thirty. As everyone was leaving, the girls all kissed me on the cheek, treating me like one of them.

Going to the bedroom, Betty helped me undress and put the clothes in the closet and hamper. "Keep the panties on," she said handing me a pink nylon nightgown, "Your evening is not over yet."

That night we made love which was much more intense than I could remember.

Before the next Friday poker session, Betty and the girls did a lot of talking on the phone to each other. They met several days during that time but I could not find out where they had gone or what they were doing. Betty was really looking forward to our next game with great anticipation.

Poker night came soon thereafter and we all met at Sarah's house a little before eight. As the game started, I was being very careful how I played after being the first to be stripped the previous time. I was amazed that by nine o'clock all three men were losing. We were down to our pants or boxers and tee shirts. Betty had only taken off her earrings and shoes; Sarah was down to her skirt and Diane had lost only her earrings, shoes and stocking. Somehow, the girls were being very lucky.

Within another fifteen minutes, Dave had been stripped. He decided to stay naked for several rounds before taking five dollars in chips. Within the next hand he lost his remaining chips and was escorted to the bedroom. Soon Dave returned to the table in a full-skirted dress complete with hose and heels. After raising his skirts to show Pete and I that he was completely dressed in female attire, he sat at the table. He was determined that he could win and took another five dollars in chips.

During the next hand, Pete was stripped and received additional chips to continue playing. Dave won the next hand as everyone but Pete dropped out. In fifteen minutes, Pete was showing us his undies and modeling a pastel yellow full-skirted dress with a petticoat underneath. Dave continued to play. The very next hand, both Dave and Pete had lost their chips. That meant that the three girls and I were left in the game while Pete and Dave observed the game wearing their new clothes and would be dressed in female attire until Sunday evening.

I did not stand a chance against the three of them. During the break, I was taken back to the bedroom where I was given clothing from Betty's suitcase. It seemed that the wives had gotten together and decided to be prepared for all three of us losing. Once again I was completely dressed in a skirt, blouse, sweater, heels, stocking, a garter belt, slip and makeup before being taken back into the den and showing my skirts to the others while our wives were laughing and congratulating each other for overcoming their husbands.

I was considering quitting until Betty had conned me into asking for addition stack of chips." Are you chicken or just a Sissy to play?" she asked. Diane and Sarah were egging her on. Finally I asked for the chips determined to show the girls how to play poker. On the first hand I had three eights and kept raising until I had spent all my chips. Betty had the last raise and bet three dollars.

I said, "I don't have any more chips to see your raise."

"I will make a deal with you, instead of your having to forfeit the pot, I will loan you enough chips to see my raise. If you win, then we can continue playing and you may be able to redeemed one of your days in women's clothing. However, if you lose you will spend NEXT weekend in frilly dresses, soft pretty undies, makeup and heels, doing my bidding," Betty offered. "How good of a poker player are you? Do you think I am bluffing? Where is this macho poker player?"

"All right, you are called," I said, "three eights. Try to beat that?"

"Let me see, I have a king, jack, ten, nine and four," she said. I grinned and laughed as I started to drag the pot. "It is hard to bluff the master," I quipped. Both Dave and Pete were cheering me on.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you they are all HEARTS," Betty laughed as she laid down her hand.

Dave, Pete and I were beaten by a bunch of women at our own game. We were the ones who wanted to spice up the game and our lives. Well, we sure spiced it up for our wives. Three male poker players were now in full women's clothing and would be until Sunday night. There was another hour to go until the evening was over. We went the den for conversation and small talk where it was decided by the girls that the six females would have dinner together Saturday evening at eight. Nothing had been said regarding whose house would serve as host for the coming evening. The four of us left. Betty decided that I should not drive while wearing heels.

Arriving home, I removed the makeup and clothing before being handed one of her short Babydoll nighties for my bed attire. Betty snuggled close to me as I got under the covers. She proceeded to kiss and caress me until we both were satisfied.

The alarm rang at nine that morning. After going to the toilet, finishing brushing my teeth and hair, Betty handed me a pink negligee and a pair of mules to wear over the baby doll pajamas while we fixed breakfast. Before going to the kitchen, Betty took the tube of pink lipstick and applied it on my lips.

After breakfast, Betty had me shower. As I was drying off, she came into the bathroom with a razor and shaving cream telling me, "Raise your arms as I am going to shave the hair from under your arms." When finished she gave me her deodorant to use, then handing me the set of undies that I had worn at the card game last night.

Once I had put them on, she assisted as I finished donning the dress and other clothing worn the previous evening. "Do not shave your face this morning, as I want you to have a smooth face tonight when we go to dinner with the 'girls'. We will just put on some lipstick, earrings, and necklace for your finishing touches for the rest of the day."

The balance of the morning, I helped Betty with the cleaning of the house. After lunch, we went into the den where I was given instructions on the art of walking and sitting while dressed as a woman. "If you are going to dress as a female than you should learn to conduct yourself as one," she insisted.

I was wondering why the need for these instructions, behaving as a female, when she reminded me that we would be going out to dinner tonight and she was determined not to be embarrassed by my actions.

That afternoon I accompanied Betty to the kitchen and was seated at the table and given a bowl of sudsy water to soak my hands while she went to get her manicure set. After trimming my cuticles, she took out her emery board to shape my nails. When that was done she took out some crimson red polish and applied two coats to my nails. When the polish had dried, she brushed on a clear sealer coat of polish.

At five that evening, I was informed that it was time to get ready for dinner. "I want you to strip down to your panties and call me before you shower," Betty ordered. When I called her she came into the room and proceeded to apply a cream over my entire body. "Wait until I tell you to shower," she instructed. After ten minutes she came into the room. Turning on the shower she gave me a washcloth telling me, "Rinse off the lotion with this cloth, then complete your shower." Why was I not surprised when the hair on my legs, arms and chest came off while I was rinsing. After bathing I emerged from the shower to be met by Betty. Drying my body she then applied a soft lotion that was to "make your skin nice and smooth."

Betty then wrapped me in a fresh towel telling me to shave my face very closely making sure there would not be any stubble left. While I was shaving, Betty took her shower. We both finished about the same time. Going into the bedroom I noticed a pile of black undies on the bed. Betty said, "Put on the short black plain panties first and then the panty brief."

Stepping into the plain black nylon panties, I pulled them up my legs and into place. I stepped into a tight small black satin front panty brief pulling it half way up when Betty came over to me. She had me drop the panties down slightly and tuck my manhood between my legs before pulling the panties into place. Once that was done the satin fronted panty brief was pulled in place, leaving a smooth front. Betty opened a package containing a pair of Hane's Silky Sheer black panty

hose. She assisted me into these pulling them up to my waist. The sheer nylons felt very silky over my freshly shaven legs. Next she handed me another pair of black panties fully trimmed in black lace. These slid effortlessly over the hose.

Betty was standing behind me when I felt her reaching around my chest where she secured a strapless black laced Wonder Bra. The bra compressed my chest forming a slight amount of cleavage. Going to her dresser drawer she pulled out a pair of rubber falsies that looked like real breasts.

“I haven’t worn these since high school,” she laughed, “I am glad that I saved them.”

She pulled the bra down and inserted the breast into each cup. Under the breast was a small piece of double stick tape. After securing the breast she lifted each of the bra cups into place. Stepping back Betty was admiring her work before returning with a black waist cincher, which she encompassed around my middle. Having me take a deep breath, she fastened all the snaps. The boned siding reduced my waist about two inches. The stuffed bra and waist nipper created the curves that Betty was hoping for.

“I want you to slip on these shoes and walk around the room so you can get accustomed to wearing these high heels,” she said while giving me a pair of three inch black patent pumps with thin heels. “You practice while I get dressed.” For the next half an hour I walked around the bedroom practicing walking, sitting and standing. All the time I was aware of the feel of the hose against my legs and the restrictions from the bra and panty brief.

Betty came into the bedroom wearing a lacy lavender nylon slip with matching bra and panties. She had completed her makeup and had put on her jewelry, consisting of white pearl earrings, watch and a single strand pearl necklace.

“Now it is time for your makeup,” she said taking me to the vanity table. She watched as I sat down on the stool making sure that my feet were together in a feminine fashion. Beginning with a moisturizer, she spread the liquid carefully with her fingertips all over my face rubbing gently until she was satisfied. Taking a cotton pad she took all the excessive liquid off before starting with a foundation. This was applied to the face with a sponge that she worked and blended until she had made sure all areas were completely covered. This was followed by a setting powder, which was applied with a puff, then blended using a brush.

My eye brows were lined with a pencil in dark brown, followed by black eye liner above and below each set of lashes. Several shades of eye shadow were blended into my eyelids before applying mascara to the upper and lower lashes. She took a sable brush to apply blush to each cheek. With a lip pencil she outlined my lips and then filled them in with a creamy bright red lipstick followed by a wax sealer. She had me blot my lips on a tissue explaining why we do this. Checking my mouth, she took the tissue to remove a little lipstick that had gotten on the teeth. My back was turned from the mirror at the vanity so I could not see what was happening.

Betty went into her closet and returned with an Auburn wig that she owned and just had it restyled at the hairdressers for this evening. She fitted the wig on

my head, made a few adjustments before pinning the wig into my own hair. She took her hairbrush to complete the styling before using hair spray. When finished, she took her bottle of perfume and applied it behind my ears, nape of the neck, on each wrist and a long squirt between the cleavage into the bra. At her request I opened my legs open so she could spray perfume on both knees.

Long rhinestone earrings were clipped to my ears as well as a rhinestone necklace, which was fastened around my neck. I could feel the coolness of the necklace as it lay to rest on my bare chest. A bracelet completed the jewelry.

"All right my girl, you may get up and see how you look. What do you think?" she asked. Turning to the mirror I was dumbfounded. I did not recognize myself. I looked every inch a female. I said in amazement, "What have you done to me?"

"I want you be the prettiest of the three new girls at tonight's dinner party. Do you like the image you are projecting?" she asked.

"Yes, it is wonderful," I replied.

Betty continued, "I do not think your own mother would recognize you. You look fantastic. I never believed you would look so pretty as a girl." With that she gave me a hug. "Let's finish getting you dressed." Taking my hand we walked into the bedroom.

From her closet, Betty brought out a full black and white petticoat. As I took off the heels, she pulled the petticoat into place with the elastic resting at my waist. Next came a short black cocktail dress reaching just below my knees with a halter-top neck. Betty held the dress at the floor as I stepped into the opening of the skirt. She pulled the dress into place fastening the hooks at the top of the neck, then closing the back zipper in the gown. The halter was decorated with silver threads running throughout as well as to the waistline of the dress. Going to the edge of the bed, Betty slipped the heels over my nylon covered feet.

"Stand up and walk around like we practiced this afternoon while I finish putting on my outfit," she said. Doing as she had suggested I practiced. In the meantime Betty slipped into a tailored dark blue silk suit without a blouse. As she had pulled up her skirt to her waist, she turned to me and said, "Cherie, be a dear and zip up the back of my skirt. Since you are dressed this way, it would not be proper to call you Charlie."

As we were ready to leave, Betty handed me a small black evening purse, "This contains your lipstick, a vial of perfume and some powder for your nose as well as tissue. Here put on my black evening sweater over your shoulders for warmth."

Taking my hand we walked to the car where she opened the door watching and instructing me how to enter the car properly in a feminine manner.