



Reluctant Press presents:

A Price To Pay

Sally Wild



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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A Price To Pay

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Jack Turner whistled cheerfully as he entered the empty elevator. Life was good. He had been recently promoted to VP of Sales at Ralston Enterprises, he was married to a beautiful, loving wife and he had just spent the weekend having the most fantastic sex with another woman.

How many is that now? he mused as the elevator rapidly ascended to his office on the seventh floor. *Ten, at least ten! And I've only been married five years. It's lucky that Abigail doesn't suspect a thing. She would probably blow a gasket if she knew that I've been having affairs for the last four and a half years. She's a lovely woman but I just need variety to make life worthwhile.*

If I haven't learned anything else here at Ralston Enterprises, and I certainly have, it's that my boss Don Ralston has the right idea about enjoying life to the full, particularly when it comes to pretty girls. There's no doubt that he has been my mentor in more ways than one.

The elevator's heavy doors slid open with a quiet hiss as Jack strolled out with a large smile on his face. Don was really going to enjoy hearing about his latest conquest. It was still early so there would be nobody else around for at least another thirty minutes, allowing the pair time to trade succulent details about their latest exploits before the office began to ramp up for another busy day.

In spite of being kindred spirits in their approach to both life and business, Jack and Don were quite different in appearance. Jack was ten years younger, slight of build, blond with a fair complexion and only an inch or so taller than his wife's five foot six. Don was in his mid-forties, almost six feet tall, dark-haired with a ruddy complexion and stocky.

Reaching the closed door of Don's office, Jack grinned in anticipation as he reached out to give it a firm rap. These regular early morning get-togethers had allowed him to build an excellent rapport with his boss and greased the skids for his rapid ascent in the company. And it wasn't only a chance to discuss their latest extramarital affairs that made the meetings so enjoyable; usually it was straight business and time most profitably spent. It was amazing how much more productive the day was after spending thirty minutes brainstorming ideas before the rest of the employees even arrived.

Jack frowned as his hard tap on the closed door failed to elicit the usual hearty bellow to enter from Don. *That's strange*, he thought, *this is the first time that happened. I hope that nothing is wrong. I'll try again in case he didn't hear me.*

When his second, even harder, knock on the door still failed to garner a response, Jack grunted in exasperation before trying to open the door to see if Don was even in the office. Visions of his boss lying comatose on the floor flashed through his mind as he grabbed the doorknob only to find that the door was securely locked. Instant relief flooded through him as he realized that Don wasn't in yet.

Disappointed at not being able to share his weekend experience with the one person he felt he could trust with details of his latest infidelity, he turned and trudged dejectedly back to his own corner office. It was only as he slumped behind his desk that he thought to question his boss' absence. He hadn't mentioned not coming in at the usual time when they last met just before the close of business on Friday. In fact he had given Jack a large wink while telling him that they would have to get together first thing Monday so that they could discuss their weekend escapades.

Damn, I hope everything is all right, Jack mused. *Maybe he's sick or been called away on urgent business. I can't get too excited yet. After all he is the big cheese around here and he can certainly change the schedule without consulting me or anyone else for that matter. Still, I was looking forward to swapping some great stories this morning.*

Tearing his mind away from idle speculation, Jack turned his attention to more pressing matters and soon lost himself in trying to wade through the stack of paperwork he had so blithely left on his desk on Friday afternoon. The noise of the other company workers arriving, including his own secretary, hardly penetrated his fierce concentration as he rapidly but efficiently dealt with the myriad of problems each piece of paper represented.

His efforts were finally interrupted by his secretary bringing in his usual morning coffee. He glanced at his watch and saw that she was dead on time – ten o'clock exactly. *Damn, where was the morning going?* he thought as he gave her a smile of appreciation.

"Thanks, Linda. I lost track of the time. Can you clear all this stuff in my out basket, please?"

"Certainly Mr. Turner," Linda chirped cheerfully as she placed his coffee on the desk and picked up the pile of paperwork he had indicated.

“Any sign of Mr. Ralston this morning? I didn’t see him earlier,” Jack asked casually as he picked up his coffee and took an appreciative sip.

“I haven’t seen him but I could check with his secretary if you like,” Linda volunteered enthusiastically. She, and many of the other younger secretaries working at the firm, had a crush on Jack and were always vying to gain his attention.

“That would be great,” Jack replied as another ripple of disquiet ran through him. It just wasn’t like Don not to make his presence known once he was in the office. And he would never be this late unless he was away on out-of-town business.

“I’ll do it right away,” Linda called over her shoulder as she sashayed back to her desk just outside of his door.

Jack gazed longingly at her plump ass encased in a short black skirt and her long, slim legs enclosed in glistening black nylon as she exited his office. *Nice, very nice*, he thought although Don had long ago drummed home the fact that office affairs were strictly forbidden. *Never dip your pen in the company inkwell, my boy*, had been his stern advice. *I don’t and nor will you as it never leads to anything but trouble and discontent.*

Jack, although he had been tempted to ignore this warning on more than one occasion, had never strayed from this dictate. His affairs had always been with women who didn’t work for Ralston Enterprises. Still, he could look and fantasize about sweet, young things like Linda.

His ruminations were abruptly brought to an end when Linda called out that Mr. Ralston was not in yet. Snapping back to a heightened state of tension, Jack asked her to find out when he could be expected.

After a few more moments of a muted conversation, Linda reappeared at the office door and stated, “His secretary can only tell me that Mrs. Ralston called early this morning and stated that the boss wouldn’t be in as he isn’t feeling well. She wasn’t sure but it could be at least a few days before he is out of bed and she will keep us informed about the situation.”

“Thanks, Linda,” Jack muttered with a distracted air as he pondered the ramifications of this latest news. It was entirely possible that Don was indeed sick with something like the flu but he had appeared just fine on Friday afternoon. But why would his wife, Mary, phone in some weird story about his being sick if it wasn’t the case? Still, he had a niggling sense that the whole thing was not quite right. Nothing definite that he could put his finger on but more of an intuition that something was amiss.

With an exasperated sigh, Jack turned back to the papers still sitting on his desk. He had nothing concrete to go on and he could hardly run to Mary and demand an explanation for Don’s absence when she had already provided a perfectly plausible one. No, it was better to wait and see what developed rather than going off half cocked. In a couple of days, he and Don would probably be sharing a laugh over the whole thing.

In minutes, Jack was totally immersed in his job once again. He had a workload that appeared to balloon with no ongoing guidance from the boss and as a result he was going at full speed throughout the rest of the day. There wasn't even time for lunch.

Five o'clock signaled the end of the workday for most of the company staff but Jack struggled on for another hour before admitting defeat in finishing off all the tasks he had set himself. *Hell, he rationalized, I've got all the priority jobs done and the few that are left can be done tomorrow. I sure hope that Don will be back soon.*

Thirty minutes later he pulled into his condominium's parking lot and ran up the stairs to his seventh floor apartment. There just hadn't been time for a proper workout these last few weeks so he had to grab whatever exercise he could when the opportunity presented itself.

"Hi honey, I'm home," he called as he unlocked the door and sniffed appreciatively at the mouthwatering aromas that were wafting from the kitchen. One of Abigail's many talents was cooking and he never tired of the delicious meals that she prepared.

"Hi to you too, sweetie," she called back. "You're late tonight so dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes. Why don't you pour us a glass of wine once you get rid of that awful tie and suit."

"Consider it done, my love," Jack replied as he dropped his briefcase just inside the entrance door and headed down the hall to the master bedroom. Pulling his tie loose as he walked, he quickly shed his suit in the bedroom and pulled on a casual pair of slacks and a comfortable shirt. Abigail was right about his dislike of more formal business attire. It was always a great pleasure to put it in the closet at the end of the working day.

As always, dinner was a quiet but pleasant interlude that allowed Jack to unwind and relax after working hard at the office. Abigail not only presented him with a superb meal but affectionate and entertaining conversation that took his mind off any business problems. *Damn, I'm lucky to have this lady as my wife,* he thought for the thousandth time as he cast an appreciative eye over her trim, curvaceous body. *But I sure need my other love interests as well. Isn't it fortunate that I can indulge in both?*

Chapter 2

Jack's feeling of unease grew for the next two days as Don failed to show up at the office. Only the increased workload kept him from falling into a debilitating state of extreme anxiety. There just wasn't time to question the fact that his boss and best friend were suffering from a temporary illness. Something that had never happened before but still plausible even if it was darn inconvenient to say the least. He had never realized how much he enjoyed and depended on those early morning chats.

On Thursday morning the situation took a definite turn for the worse. He had just settled into a long morning of reviewing sales statistics when Linda burst into his office to excitedly announce that Mrs. Ralston had arrived ten minutes ago and was calling a meeting for all the staff in the conference room at ten o'clock.

Jack glanced at his watch and saw that the meeting would be in less than thirty minutes. "Is she having a meeting with the VPs first? Or is it everyone all at the same time," he queried.

"No mention of anything but a general meeting," Linda replied with an expectant smile.

"Odd, really odd," Jack muttered as he gestured for her to return to her own desk. *What the hell was going on?* he wondered as he stared unseeingly at the spreadsheets on his desk. A growing knot of tension began to churn in his stomach as he contemplated the meaning of this unusual departure from protocol.

By ten o'clock the conference room was packed with the twenty-five full-time staff of Ralston Enterprises' head office. Jack felt decidedly out of place as he isolated himself from the growing rumble of speculation about the meaning of the meeting.

A rumble that abruptly ended when Don's wife, Mary, swept regally into the room. Her auburn locks framed her fine-featured face and her voluptuous body filled out her expensive business suit consisting of a femininely cut dark jacket and skirt. Striding to the chair normally reserved for her husband at the end of the long, gleaming table, she motioned everyone to take a seat as she did so herself.

Once the inevitable jostling and noise died down, she smiled broadly at her expectant audience. "Good day, everyone. As I worked here until last year, I don't think that I need to introduce myself as I see no new faces around the table."

Yeah, Jack thought to himself. You worked here until Don felt you were a little too close to our extracurricular activities. You might have been good at your job but it was the best move he ever made to convince you to leave.

"As you all know, I'm very knowledgeable about the working of Ralston Enterprises," Mary continued. "Not only have I worked in just about every department at one time or another but Don has kept me fully apprised of the company's latest endeavors. Therefore it should come as no surprise when I tell you that I will be taking his place at the head of the company."

A collective gasp of astonishment was clearly audible when Mary finished making her bold announcement. She calmly waited until silence prevailed once again.

"I'm sorry to have sprung the news on you so quickly. Unfortunately, Don will not be able to return to his duties for the foreseeable future and he thought it best that I take over the helm at least for the interim. I also apologize to the VPs for not giving them any advance notice but I wanted to make sure that you all heard my news first hand and at the same time.

“I also recognize the everyone’s continued cooperation will be essential and that I will be heavily dependent on your expertise. In recognition of that fact, my first act will be to give all of you an immediate ten-percent increase in salary.”

A loud round of excited applause followed Mary’s final statement. Only Jack didn’t join in the boisterous reaction to the promise of an unprecedented across the board salary increase. *Just what the hell is really going on?* he thought. *Something isn’t right here.*

Before he could second-guess himself he took advantage of a momentary lull in the noise to call out, “Mary, that’s very generous but does Don know that you are making this offer?”

Mary who had been basking in the obvious approval of the office employees shot him a cold look. “Yes, Jack, he does but even if he didn’t he has made it quite clear to me that I will be in full charge while he is unable to come in to work. Do you have a problem with that?”

Jack was well aware of the sudden silence that had descended on the crowded room as everyone turned their eyes toward him to see what answer he would give to Mary’s direct response to his potential challenge to her new authority. Most of them were plainly annoyed that he would endanger in any way the promised raise to their pay.

“No, Mary, of course not,” he replied after taking a deep breath to calm his nerves. “As you haven’t discussed any of this with your VPs, it only seemed prudent to find out how we will be proceeding until Don can return.”

Mary gave him a rueful smile of conciliation as she said, “I know that my approach has been rather unconventional, Jack. Now that everyone is aware of the situation, it is my intention to meet with all the VPs. My secretary will be contacting you with the times.”

As Jack nodded in recognition of her comment, Mary switched her gaze from him and looked around the room. “Does anyone else have any questions or comments of a general nature? I can only reiterate that I will be in charge until Don can return to his duties and there is no way that I can give you a specific date when this will happen. I would caution you though that we must be prepared for the worst as it could be a very long time.”

Mary continued to slowly peruse the occupants of the room until it became obvious that there was not going to be any further questions.

“Very well, thank you for your attention. I’ll be coming around to see you all over the next few days, so feel free to talk to me then. Now, I’d like you to return to your respective desks and start earning that new pay raise.”

With these final words, Mary got to her feet and left the conference room as her employees quickly stood for her departure.

As the others milled about loudly expressing their opinions on the apparent change in regime and the resulting pay raise, Jack took the opportunity to slip back to his office. He needed time to think about what had just happened. He knew that something wasn’t on the up and up about Don’s sudden abdication of

power. Could he really be so sick, without any prior warning that he couldn't continue to preside over the company? And would he hand over absolute power to his wife to run things as she saw fit? Surely there must have been a more rational succession plan than that. How could he broach these subjects with Mary without antagonizing her any more than he had already done by speaking up so rashly in the conference room?

These and a hundred other thoughts rattled around Jack's head as he sat at his desk and morosely pushed around the scattered sale spreadsheets on his desk. His train of thought was only broken when Linda stuck her head through the door and informed him that Mrs. Ralston would see him in her office in twenty minutes.

Jack couldn't help but grimace as he noted his secretary already referring to Don's office as belonging to his wife. It was apparent that he wouldn't have much support from most of his compatriots if he decided to take a stand against Mary's sudden takeover of the company. And he was going to be one of the first VPs, if not the first, that she was going to speak to this morning. Was that a good sign or a bad one?

"Please go right in, Mr. Turner," Don's secretary smiled as he approached her desk.

"Thanks, Marsha," he mumbled, his mind still preoccupied with mulling over what lay ahead.

"Come in Jack, and please close the door," Mary called from behind the desk as he tentatively entered the office. "Make yourself comfortable and we can get on with our initial discussion. I consider Sales the most important department in the company so I wanted to talk to you first."

In spite of his misgivings about the situation surrounding her assumption of control, Jack felt an initial burst of relief as she gave the reason she was consulting with him first. An emotion that grew as it rapidly became apparent that she had a firm grasp of the company's affairs. It was obvious that she had been well-briefed by Don on current projects.

"Well, that seems to have covered all the salient points," Mary declared after an intensive half-hour discussion. "Do you have anything you want to ask me?"

"Job-wise, no," Jack replied as he looked at her with a new appreciation for her business acumen. "However, I really would like to know if there is anything else that you can tell me about Don?"

"I thought you might be a little more persistent than the others in following up on Don's problems," Mary observed wryly. "I can't really tell you much more than the others at this point. I know you were both very close and shared many interests. All I can say is that his problems all stem from carrying out one of those mutually shared interests once too often. Tragically this has led to his present condition, one that will undoubtedly change him both physically and mentally forever. Something that I didn't want to pass on to the others as it was distressing enough for them to be told that Don wouldn't be back in the foreseeable future."

“Hell, it sounds as if it is worse than I thought. Will I be able to see him?” Jack blurted as he listened in horror to her words.

“I’m afraid that’s impossible at the moment,” Mary replied with a cool look in her green eyes. “He would be terribly embarrassed if you saw him in his present state and has made it quite clear to me that he will not welcome any visitors. The best advice to you is to ensure that you don’t catch what he has contracted through any extracurricular activities.

“Thank you for your time, Jack. I’m afraid my next appointment is in a few minutes and I need to get ready. I’ll be in contact with you shortly although I don’t imagine we will be sharing those intimate early morning chats you and Don so enjoyed. Please leave the door open as you leave.”

Stunned by her words, Jack could only nod in acquiescence and rush back to his own office. He had to sit down and try and work out exactly what he had been told. She hadn’t said it in so many words but it was obvious that Mary was referring to the extramarital activities that he and Don had been engaging in.

What does she know? What could have made Don so seriously ill that he was unwilling to see any visitors? Mary had insinuated that it had been caused by one of his affairs. Maybe some kind of sexually transmitted disease, god knows there were enough of them out there. But Don had always been so careful, as Jack had been. These thoughts and a hundred just like them pounded through Jack’s brain as he sat at his desk.

His preoccupation with the dilemma Mary’s words had presented him with were only brought to an abrupt end when Linda called in to tell him she was heading out for lunch with a few of the other secretaries.

The interruption caused him to change his line of thinking. *Mary made it quite clear that we wouldn’t be continuing a special working relationship so I’d better get off my butt and make sure that there is nothing wrong with my work performance. If she really suspects that I was engaged in extramarital affairs as well there is a good chance that she won’t cut me much slack. Particularly if she starts to believe that Don’s illness was somehow caused by my involvement in, how did she put it, mutually shared interests.*

With a sigh of irritable discontent on the new uncertainty in his life, Jack returned his attention back to the spreadsheets on his desk. *Should I drop my latest fling?* he thought briefly as he did so. *No, probably not. She’s a real cute thing. I’ll just have to be even more careful.*

Chapter 3

The weeks rapidly turned into months as Jack continued to toil away at Ralston Enterprises. He never flagged from his grim determination to make himself

indispensable to Mary as she consolidated her grip on the company. Nor did he cease worrying about Don's sudden disappearance or the fact that his new boss might turn on him at any minute for his extramarital affairs. However he couldn't bring himself to stop doing the latter and no one else in the office seemed in the least bit interested in the former. In spite of these concerns, he still managed to prove himself an invaluable member of the team as Mary herself mentioned on more than one occasion.

Everything fell apart one Monday evening when he returned from yet another hard day at the office. He had been engaged for the third weekend in a row with his latest conquest and the sleepless nights were starting to make the first work-day of the week particularly difficult. In addition, Abigail had been a little cool toward him for the last few weeks but he had put this new attitude down to the fact that he hadn't spent any of the last three weekends with her. Something he would have to rectify soon. It wasn't that he didn't love his wife but at the moment he felt a burning desire to be with that cute, little blonde from the firm that provided Ralston Enterprises with occasional public relations support.

"Hi honey, I'm home," he called as he walked through the apartment door while loosening his tie.

"I'm in here, Jack," Abigail replied from the living room.

"Hell, what a day, I'm worn right..." Jack announced as he entered the room only to suddenly break off his statement as he saw Mary Ralston sitting beside his wife.

"Why hello, Mary," he stammered as he wondered what she was doing in his home. He didn't even think that she and Abigail were more than casual acquaintances as both he and Don had made sure that they only meet infrequently. *Better to keep them apart as much as possible, my boy*, Don had advised. *It's a good idea that they don't compare notes too often.*

And now this sudden confrontation gave Jack a sudden but clear premonition that he was in trouble, big trouble. A feeling soon confirmed by Abigail's trembling words as she angrily tossed her long chestnut brown hair back from her contorted face.

"Jack, you bastard, how could you? All those affairs while telling me that you only loved me!"

"What are you talking about? I don't..." Jack stammered until he was silenced by Mary's angry intervention.

"Enough bullshit, Jack. We have plenty of evidence. Look at these pictures," she interjected as she opened an envelope and shoved several compromising photographs into his trembling hands.

One glance was enough to convince Jack that his original premonition had been correct. He was in big trouble.

"How could you, Jack? If you really loved me you wouldn't have done this," Abigail wailed.

“But Abigail, I only love you. The others are pure lust. I’m so sorry to have hurt you but I can’t help myself. You have to believe me,” Jack cried in anguish as he saw the agony etched on his wife’s normally pretty face.

“That had better be true, Jack,” Mary cut in curtly. “If it isn’t, you are going to be one sorry man. Divorced and without a job. But if you mean it, if you are prepared to save your marriage by agreeing to what Abigail and I have to offer, then there is some hope for you after all.”

“Yes, Jack. If you want to ensure that we stay together and that you continue to have a job, you will have to agree to everything,” Abigail chimed in with a fierce look of determination in her normally placid brown eyes.

Still reeling from this nightmare of discovery about his infidelity, Jack could only shift his gaze from one vindictive figure to the other and mutter, “Agree to what?”

Mary stood, drawing herself up to her full five foot ten inch height. Jack couldn’t help letting his eyes be drawn to her long, slim legs highlighted by sheer black nylons as she did so. Her three-inch high heels only added more glamour to her already impressive stature.

“Sit down, Jack,” she ordered as she glared down at him. “And shut up while I explain what is going to happen.”

Jack meekly complied by sinking into a nearby armchair. He knew that his cozy, little world had just shattered into a million pieces. There was nothing to do but maximize damage control if he wanted to salvage anything. Between them, Mary and Abigail were holding all the cards.

Once Jack had taken a seat, Mary turned to Abigail and asked sympathetically, “Are you all right, dear? I know you’ve been under a tremendous strain over the last few weeks. It was difficult for you to disguise the fact that you knew about your husband’s infidelity and still carry on as if everything was normal. But tonight you will see that the wait will have been worth it.”

“Oh, yes,” Abigail replied with a weak smile. “You have been a great help to me, Mary. I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t taken things in hand. Please proceed.”

“Very well,” Mary answered with an enigmatic smile as she turned her attention back to Jack.

“It’s obvious that you have a problem, Jack. You are a great worker so I would hate to lose you at the office but there is no way that you will be allowed to get away with infidelity, so I will replace you if you don’t cooperate. Clear so far?”

“Yes, Mary,” Jack mumbled miserably as he continued to try and figure a way out of this predicament.

“It’s also obvious that you can’t control yourself when it comes to having sex with other women,” Mary continued. “You love your wife but that isn’t enough. You have to screw anything in a skirt. Do you agree with that assessment?”

“I do love my wife and I have to admit that I want variety in my sex life but I won’t admit to needing to make love to anything in a skirt,” Jack answered vehemently.

“Let’s not split hairs here, Jack,” Mary sighed in exasperation. “We’ve established that you can’t control your sexual urges even though you love your wife. Isn’t that true?”

“Yes, but I can do better, I know I can do better,” Jack pleaded with a contrite look on his flushed face. “Please, Abigail. Just give me another chance.”

“So, you are willing to make your marriage work and to keep your job, are you, Jack? That’s good but now we need to know just how far you are willing to go to earn that right,” Mary interceded with a knowing look on her face. “If I was you, I would be prepared to go a very long way indeed. The alternative will be an expensive divorce and my firing you effective immediately.”

Jack cringed back into his seat at the thought of being taken to the cleaners in the courts and losing his lucrative job. He would literally end up on the streets destitute.

Swallowing a large chunk of his masculine pride he looked at Mary and stated, “I’m willing to do just about anything to save my marriage and keep my job. What conditions do you have in mind - counseling, a curfew to be home by, telling Abigail where I will be every minute of the day? I’ll gladly do any of those things if she will just give me another chance.

“I bet you would, Jack,” Mary drawled with a sinister smile. “But what we are going to expect from you will be a much greater challenge to your manhood than that. You are going to have to submit to every order that Abigail or I give you. You are going to have to obey our wishes without hesitation. In return, your position in the company and the community will be protected. What we ask of you will be humiliating but it won’t be made known to the general public.”

“But what is it that you want me to do?” Jack wailed in frustrated anxiety.

“I’ve just told you everything that you need to know at this stage, Jack,” Mary replied with some asperity. “Your love for Abigail will be tested by your willingness to do exactly as you are told. In return, your privacy will be protected and in the public eye you will continue to live exactly as you have been, less your sleazy affairs, of course. Will you do it or not? If you don’t say yes here and now, then there is divorce and joblessness in your immediate future. And I’ll make sure you stay unemployed for a long time!”

“I want to say yes but you are asking me to make a decision blind,” Jack cried in desperation.

“Yes we are, Jack,” Mary snapped. “You have to take a leap of faith if you want to save your marriage and job. Now do it or the deal is off and you are history!”

Struggling to retain a shred of pride and some sense of control, Jack turned to Abigail and asked plaintively, “Do you want me to do this, Abigail? Is there still some hope for us as a couple?”

His wife looked at him with a mixture of grim determination and compassion. "Yes, Jack. There is still hope for us as a loving couple, but it will have to be on my terms now. You have blown your chance to be number one in this relationship."

Well aware that it was their way or the highway, Jack succumbed to the inevitable and manfully conceded to their demands with as much dignity as he could bring to bear. "If it means we can still save our marriage, I agree."

"Be quite clear what your agreement means, Jack," Mary stated emphatically. "You are agreeing to doing exactly what Abigail and I tell you to do. No exceptions will be granted and no excuses will be accepted. In return, you will be protected from any public knowledge of what is happening."

"I understand and still accept your conditions," Jack replied with as much confidence as he could muster. "However, I would like to ask one question if I may?"

"I think we can afford to allow you one question, Jack," Mary answered with a tight smile. "But there is no guarantee that you will like what you hear."

"I just want to know if there is any time limit to my having to jump every time you tell me to do so," Jack asked with more than a tinge of nervousness in his voice.

"A fair question," Mary laughed as she noted his growing apprehension. "Abigail and I have discussed this very point and agreed that you will only be under our immediate supervision until you can prove that you can control yourself when it comes to your overactive libido. Unfortunately for you it will be up to us to make that determination while your only job will be to make us believe you have sincerely changed."

Jack's face grew even paler as he absorbed the idea that he was going to be completely dominated by Mary and his wife until they decided otherwise. It really wasn't a very good option but being penniless on the streets wasn't a great idea either. It really looked as if he was in a no-win situation no matter which way he turned. *Better the devil you know than the unknown*, he decided. *I'll go along with this charade until I can think of a way out of this damn predicament.*

Abigail and Mary exchanged a smug smile as they watched Jack twisting on the horns of the dilemma that he had created for himself. Abigail still felt absolutely sick that her husband had been cheating on her but knew that the plan Mary had presented to her was indeed a way to save her marriage. Even better it would be a marriage in which she would have the upper hand. She still loved Jack and even believed that he still loved her but it was obvious that he was unstable emotionally and it would be far better for both of them if she took control.

"Now that your question has been answered, do you still agree to the terms, Jack? If you do, we have much to accomplish tonight, so this is your last chance to change your mind," Mary stated firmly.

"I...I agree," Jack stuttered with growing foreboding as he took a leap of faith and made his decision irrevocable. Just what in the hell did these two crazy women have in mind for him? Nothing he was going to enjoy that was for sure but

what other choice did he have until he could come up with some counter to all the aces they held? At the moment he didn't have a damn thing in his own hand and there was no doubt that he was going to be royally screwed as a result.

Chapter 4

Mary smiled as Jack agreed to the arrangement that she had just brokered. There was no doubt that he was getting exactly what he deserved but she had been truthful when stating that Jack was an excellent worker for the firm. If everything continued to go according to plan, he would get his just reward and she would get to keep his expertise working for Ralston Enterprises.

"Abigail why don't you get those drinks we were talking about earlier? Now that Jack has finally seen that there are no other viable alternatives to our plan I think a celebratory libation is in order."

"Right," Abigail replied brightly as she jumped up and skipped off to the kitchen with a joyful look.

"I...I'm not sure that I want a drink," Jack mumbled abjectly as he continued to sit dejectedly in the armchair and tried to absorb what had just been happening to him.

"Shut up, Jack," Mary retorted firmly. "Get used to the idea that you will do what you are told and not question our orders. And if I'm not badly mistaken, a strong drink will be most beneficial for you even if you aren't particularly in the mood to celebrate what is going on."

Jack wisely slunk back further into his chair without saying another word. *She's right*, he thought wistfully, *I certainly could do with a strong drink, maybe more than one. What a hell of an evening this has been and I've a strong suspicion that it's going to get a lot worse.*

Abigail returned with three drinks on a tray and handed one to Mary with a conspiratorial smile before thrusting one of the glasses angrily into Jack's hand.

"Let's have a toast," Mary declared with an ingenious smile towards Jack still squirming uncomfortably in his chair. "To a new beginning."

"To a new beginning," Abigail and Jack replied dutifully as they held their glasses up before taking a drink. Abigail took hers with a satisfied look and her husband had a more pained expression on his face as they thought about Mary's words.

Oh yes, things are going to be so much better around here, Abigail thought with a sigh of appreciation while Jack wondered if there was any possibility that the rather benign words signified that things wouldn't be quite as bad as he originally imagined.

Even as he took a second large gulp to follow the first, he began to feel less anxious about his situation, in fact he started to feel quite relaxed. Tilting the

glass back as far as he could he slurped up the dregs of his drink with a silly giggle as the room began to go in and out of focus. *Hell, that was good; everything was cool, man. No worries here*, he thought as he stared around the room with a stupid smile plastered on his face.

“I think we can get started now, Abigail,” Mary stated laughingly as she watched Jack peering bemusedly at his surroundings. “That drug you put in his drink will make sure he cooperates for the next few hours. Get started while I go and get the camera.”

Abigail responded with an anticipatory giggle of her own as she stood and dragged an unresisting Jack from the chair as the glass fell from his nerveless hand. Although he swayed gently on his feet, once upright there was no problem in getting him to follow her to the bathroom located beside the guest bedroom.

“Out of your clothes, you conniving bastard,” she muttered with a steely look of determination in her teary eyes. “Why did you have to be so stupid? Wasn’t I good enough for you? Thank goodness, Mary has shown me how to sort this whole mess out. You’ll rue the day that you decided that you needed so much variety in your sex life, buster.”

As she threatened Jack in a quiet but sinister tone, Abigail continued to strip off Jack’s clothes while he quietly stood, swaying back and forth with an idiotic grin on his face. *What’s she making all the fuss about?* he wondered as she ranted on about his behavior. *Is there something wrong?*

In less than a minute, Jack was completely nude and his wife slathered a thick layer of white lotion over his body from the neck down.

“There you go, dearest,” she said in mock sincerity. “The first small step in your rehabilitation, but certainly not the last. Stay here and don’t move until I get back.”

Ten minutes later, Jack was still standing in the same position and staring fixedly at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Something was wrong but he just couldn’t put his finger on what was bothering him. It was probably better to do what Abigail told him to do and wait until she returned.

“Very nice,” Mary cried in delight as she took several pictures of Jack’s white encrusted body as he stood there passively. “Better get him into the shower, Abigail, so that we can get on with the next step.”

“Yes, it’s time,” Abigail agreed. “Into the shower with you, Jack. We don’t want to leave that lotion on too long.”

Still in a mental fog, Jack allowed himself to be placed in the shower and watched with detached interest as all his body hair disappeared down the drain as the hot water coursed over his itchy body. *That feels better*, he thought as the lotion was sluiced away. *Gosh, I certainly look different. I wonder what Mary and Abigail are trying to do to me.*

“Come on, girlie, time to get out and dry off,” Abigail ordered as he continued to stand under the forceful jets of water in a dazed stupor. “On second thoughts, use a bit of soap and wash yourself off thoroughly.”

Jack did as she commanded without a second thought having already forgotten the fact that all his manly body hair had just disappeared down the drain. Luxuriating in the feel of his hands running over his smooth skin, he became totally immersed in the joys of the slippery caresses generating a whole new range of feelings he had never experienced before.

“Enough already,” Abigail yelled through the glass shower door. “Rinse off and out you come.”

Still working on automatic, Jack reluctantly did as she said and stepped out of the shower with a wistful smile on his face. Never had he had such an inspiring wash.

Throwing him a towel, a scowling Abigail snapped, “Stop acting like the cat that got the cream, you silly tart. Now dry yourself off and make sure you pat and not rub that moisture off your body. You are going to have to start learning a few rudimentary facts about feminine hygiene.”

Jack once again did as he was told while wondering vaguely why she was treating him like a girl. What was all this talk about feminine hygiene anyway?

“Good, girl,” Abigail intoned as Mary continued to take pictures of Jack doing his ablutions. “Now that you are dry, it’s time to put some of this lovely scented lotion all over your newly-shaved skin. It should take away any itchiness that you might still be suffering from after that depilatory we used.”

Jack couldn’t help moaning in appreciation as Abigail gently rubbed the floral-scented lotion over his now hairless body. It felt even better than his earlier exploratory caresses in the shower.

“I think you’re enjoying this too much, girlie,” Abigail hissed as she gave his erect penis a hard swat. Jack groaned in pain and frustration as it deflated as quickly as it had risen.

Taking advantage of its flaccid state, Abigail stretched his cock by pulling it out as far as she could before quickly snapping a stainless steel tube tightly around its thinned length. The narrow tube completely enclosed his tool in a crushing grip, denying it the possibility of becoming engorged. Several holes perforated the tube near the head of his entrapped penis while a short chain dangled from its end.

Abigail used a small key to lock the tube in place before pushing Jack’s shriveled testicles up into the small cavities in his pelvic bone from which they had originally descended. Holding them deftly in place, she pulled the chain between his legs so that his encased penis could apply enough pressure to continue their enforced banishment from view.

Mary, putting down the digital camera for a moment, placed a wide, flexible stainless steel band around Jack’s waist. It was fairly short so she had to struggle to make the ends meet and to latch them together in the small of his back.

Once she had done so, Abigail jerked on the chain between Jack’s legs, causing him to bleat in agony while she secured it to the band’s latch. Once it was in place, she used a small padlock to lock everything together.

“There you go, wench,” she crowed. “A nice flat crotch so that you won’t ruin the lines of the nice skirts you will be wearing. And more importantly, you won’t be having any more affairs with everything locked away. Your prick is now only for my use, as it should be. I’ll only unlock it when I want some action. Don’t worry though, you can still pee. Unfortunately, you’ll have to do it sitting down from now on. Just make sure you wipe everything clean when you’re finished. Any questions?”

Jack who had listened to her tirade in bemused amazement could only shake his head and wonder what all the fuss was about. Was Abigail really upset with him for a few lousy extramarital affairs and what did she mean with that line about skirts? This whole evening just wasn’t making any sense.

Mary, who had resumed taking pictures, paused and laughingly told Abigail, “I don’t think much of this is sinking in for our poor little sissy at the moment. Why don’t we get on with things and accept the fact that we will have to repeat everything to the poor girl once the drugs wear off?”

Abigail gave a resigned shrug and a rueful grin as she agreed to Mary’s suggestion. “Makes sense now that you mention it. I guess we’ll save the mother-to-daughter chat for later. It will be even more fun to see him squirm impotently when he really understands what is going on. Right now, I might as well be talking to a brick wall for all the reaction I’m getting. Are you getting enough pictures?”

“Certainly am,” Mary replied with a giggle. “These digital cameras can hold a large number so there is no need to be stingy in recording your husband’s transformation. Won’t it be nice to look at them later and reminisce about this time? And of course, Jack will want to do anything necessary to make sure that nobody else ever gets to see them.”

Jack shook his head in bewilderment as the two women bantered back and forth. Other than a couple of painful moments the remaining events of the evening weren’t making much of an impression on him. At a very basic level, he knew that he was in a lot of trouble but he couldn’t seem to muster enough concern to do anything about it.

“Let’s get you dressed, girlie,” Abigail stated with a wolfish grin. “I’ve been looking forward to that part all evening. Just think of all the great pictures Mary will be able to get of you in your pretty lingerie!”

“Sounds good to me,” Mary chuckled in anticipation. “Jack will make a lovely blonde, don’t you think.”

“Let’s find out,” Abigail shrieked with glee. “Get your butt into the bedroom, wench. There are some lovely clothes laid out on the bed for you.”

Jack stumbled out of the bathroom and into the bedroom as his two tormentors dragged him forward. Once again, he found it impossible to resist or even to truly comprehend what was happening to him.

Abigail left him in Mary’s tender clutches and ran to the bed to savor the sight of the red, lacy lingerie lying on the bed. Red was such an appropriate color for an

adulterer. Snatching up a pair of full-cut satin panties with an abundance of lace to decorate its smooth decadence, she turned to the gently swaying Jack who Mary had left parked a few feet from the bed.

“These are for you, girlie. Just lift up your left foot and I’ll give you a hand in putting them on properly. It’s appropriate that I panty you for the first time but, of course, you’ll have to do it for yourself in future. Mary, you make sure you get lots of pictures of our little slut getting dressed up in her red finery.”

Mary chuckled, “Don’t worry about that, dear. This camera will be working overtime!”

Abigail pulled the cool, slippery material of the panties up Jack’s hairless legs and smoothed the garment in place around his crotch and waist. “There you go, girl. Don’t they fit well? You’re so nice and flat that they fit perfectly.”

“They certainly do,” Mary agreed as she snapped several pictures of Jack standing meekly in his panties with a bewildered smile on his face. “Let’s get that corset on her.”

“My pleasure,” Abigail grinned as she picked up the formidable foundation garment off the bed. “Mind you, our little slut here might not find it so enjoyable. This baby allows some serious tightening to take place.”

As instructed, Jack held out his arms so that his wife could slide the corset’s shoulder straps into place and begin the tightening process of encasing his torso securely in the grip of the red compression device. Hauling the strings ever tighter, Abigail managed to slowly pull the rear edges of the corset closer together while her husband took shorter and shallower gasps of air in an effort to compensate for the growing restriction around his chest.

Finally with a grunt of triumph, Abigail managed to force the two edges of the foundation garment together and to tie off the sturdy strings that had allowed her to accomplish this feat. Jack was feeling distinctly light-headed by this time but managed to remain swaying in an upright position as Mary took several more pictures of his increasingly feminized body.

“My, doesn’t that give her a much more feminine form,” Abigail enthused as she stepped back to appraise the effects of her efforts. “Let me just slip these silicone breast forms into the cups to finish the job. There we go.”

Jack couldn’t help seeing his reflection in the full-length mirror on the bedroom closet’s sliding doors. He gasped in bewildered surprise at the gleaming red corset’s effect on his torso. Full thrusting breasts, at least a C-cup in size, tapering to a slim waist before flaring out to full hips made him look like a well-formed female, at least from the neck down. All of it was an illusion created by the foundation garment that extended from the cups around his faux breasts down to the juncture created by his upper thighs.

Mary snapped another picture and voiced her approval, “Very nice, girlie. Keep this up, Abigail, and we will have a real looker on our hands.”

“Yes, we will,” Abigail giggled as she clapped her hands with delight. “Where are those stockings? They will make her legs look even better.”

Retrieving the gossamer black nylons from the diminishing pile on the bed, she rolled up one of the stockings and had Jack point his left foot so that it could be pulled and smoothed into place up his leg. Three garter straps from the corset held it snugly in place as she adjusted their length to make sure the sheer hose was properly taut.

Jack's right leg was similarly encased in less than a minute and he was once again left gaping dully at his mirror-captured image. His normally sharp mind struggled through a drug induced fog to understand the significance of what was happening but he couldn't get past the superficial thought that his hairless legs looked really good in black nylons.

The camera's flash lit up the room yet again as Mary continued to record Jack's escalating feminization. She chuckled quietly to herself as she saw the normally reticent Abigail become more and more dominant as her husband slowly sank beneath a barrage of emasculating actions.

"Now for the pumps," Abigail laughed almost wildly. "Jack always likes women to wear high heels. Let's see how he makes out wearing some that will add three inches to his height."

In thirty seconds, Jack was swaying in an effort to stay upright with his feet encased in red pumps with the promised three-inch heels. In his befuddled state, he didn't even realize that they fit perfectly. Abigail had made sure of that by going out and buying a pair in his size the day before.

"Very nice," Mary crooned as the camera's flash lit up the bedroom one more time. "Her legs look really good in black stockings and the heels give them a much more defined shape."

Abigail picked up a lavishly laced full satin slip from the bed and commanded Jack to hold up his arms so that she could let it slither sleekly down his feminized body until its red hem danced sensually a few inches above his nylon-encased knees. She smoothed the slinky material into place while taking the opportunity to steal a caress or two on his lingerie-covered body.

Her covert gropes barely penetrated Jack's befuddled mind as he passively regarded his progressively more feminine body. Alarm bells were jangling discordantly in the far reaches of his foggy brain but he just couldn't seem to find the energy or wherewithal to protest, let alone counter, the actions that were slowly stripping him of his masculinity.

Mary's features twisted in a feral grin as she continued to take picture after picture of Jack's emerging female persona. This was going so well and soon she and Abigail would have this pompous little bastard exactly where they wanted him. Doing exactly as he was told and never again getting the chance to cheat on his wife.

"Almost finished, at least with the dressing, dearest," Abigail chortled as she picked up a red silk dress from the bed. "Arms up again and I'll pull this lovely outfit down into place before zipping up the back. There we go, don't you think it's just divine?"