



Reluctant Press presents:

Bill or Beth?

Jamie



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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BILL or BETH or *BOTH*

part # 1

By Jamie

My name is William; it gets shortened to Bill by every one I come in contact with.

I came home one Friday night and wanted to have sex with the little woman, but she said that she had a headache. She sent me to retrieve the drinks she had prepared and stored in the fridge. She had prepared our favorites, in our special cocktail glasses. Going for them, I had thoughts about drink altering her mood, and the possibility that it might make her interested in sex.

The drink she had prepared for me was absolutely superb. I didn't sip, it was so good that it was gone soon. I asked if I could have seconds, and she said, "Just lie back while I go mix you another one."

I stripped to my jockey shorts, and got into bed to wait for that next cocktail. My lights went out. I had worked hard all day then went to help a friend move a piano. By the time I got home, I was quite tired. That plus the great highball, was just too much. I never heard or felt her get into bed beside me. I was gone to Dreamland.

Waking up some time later, because of extreme bladder pressure, I tried to get out of bed, only to find that I couldn't move. I was spread-eagled on top of the bed, and there was some sort of a gag in my mouth. I was silenced beyond a growl or a groan.

What in hell was going on here? Why was I being held prisoner? Friday was the last day of work before my three-week vacation started. I was planning on a week in our hunt-

ing and fishing lodge, up near the Canadian border, plus a few days at the casinos in Connecticut.

The wife had hinted at a tour of Newport and a couple plays in New York City, but she knew that she would have to go alone, because this was MY vacation. I wanted to do "Man" things. I certainly did not want to go to some high-brow stage performances.

Waking up and discovering I was being held hostage was a bad omen. Being gagged meant things were serious. It meant I was intended to lie still and be quiet until someone wished to alter my situation. The straps around my wrists and ankles didn't allow for any freedom of movement. I couldn't force the gag out of my mouth. I was at someone's mercy, and I tried to relax.

The full bladder wouldn't allow any relaxation, however, and I was desperate to relieve that pressure. Finally I couldn't hold back any longer. I relaxed the muscles controlling the urine flow, expecting to get soaked. I was quite surprised when I didn't even get wet.

What the hell was going on? Where did it run to? With no answers forthcoming, I drifted off to sleep again.

After what seemed like only minutes later, I woke to find the sun shining in the window. I found myself on the bed in the guest room, secured to the head and foot board of that brass bed. Ann was sitting beside the bed, enjoying her breakfast from a snack tray. The aroma of the eggs, bacon, toast and coffee was overwhelming. Ann offered me a slice of bacon. I couldn't reach for it, or even get it into my mouth.

Ann said, "Well fancy finding you so helpless like this. Are you hungry? Want some coffee or juice?" I was nodding my head and trying to talk, but to no avail.

Ann said, "Let's talk about our vacation plans. What is it that you wanted to do? I notice that you can't talk or write so I'll write down your nods and shakes until we finally agree on a plan. You are in a very restricted situation, and only the correct answers will spell your release.

"For the past seven years, our vacations have all been your choices. Let me guess what your plans are for the next three weeks. You plan to devote most, if not all, of it to activities your loving wife would enjoy. After all, she takes good care of our home, and still manages to bring in a good salary from her part-time job.

"How about a week of hunting and fishing up in our Pittsburg hunting lodge?"

"How about deep-sea fishing for three days? Wow, another yes. How about the rest of that week at the casino in Connecticut? Another yes.

"Well, that blows two weeks. What about the third one, any suggestions? How about a tour of Newport and a few shows in New York City?

"A negative for Newport. What about NYC? Another no?"

"I guess that I'll have some more toast, bacon and coffee while you work out a plan for our third week of vacation. What about painting the bedroom and den?"

"Does this food ever smell delightful! Let's see, we were discussing our vacation plans. Mine would include cleaning lake trout and roasting wild turkey. I just can't *wait* to head

out for Pittsburg, NH. Did you give any more consideration to Newport? That is a no, too? Want some more bacon? That's a yes.

"Let's try one more time. Remember, I was a nurse before I became an administrator. I can care for a severely handicapped patient, even one severely paralyzed. I imagine being totally immobilized can be quite boring. That ball gag certainly keeps you very quiet. It has a hole in it and the stopper can be removed in order to serve a noisy patient with liquid meals. I can also handle a bedpan quite successfully as well.

"Last chance, Bill. Newport, that is a yes.

"Pittsburg, that's a no

"NYC or deep sea fishing? NYC is a yes.

"Fishing? That's a no.

"Painting or hunting? Painting? That's a yes.

"Hunting? That's a no.

"Well, we are off to a good start, so lets try phase two.

"Who will accompany your dear devoted wife for the next three weeks? My husband Bill, or his almost identical twin sister Beth?

"Bill? That's a yes.

"That is a no. Wrong answer Bill. I want positive assurance that you will be with me and do as I desire, or there is no vacation at all. It'll be three weeks helpless in that bed where you are right now. In the next three weeks, you may just get very very frustrated, from inactivity, You may even have to learn to walk all over again. No one will miss you, I'll just shut this guest room door and tell every one that you are up in Pittsburg.

"Last chance at freedom, Beth. That is a yes! Well Beth, welcome to the world of the active! Now that is more like it. Just relax for a short time while I remove all of Bill's clothes, his wallet and credit cards, then we will see about getting Beth dressed for breakfast."

It seemed like it was forever, waiting for Ann to return and release Bill from his totally helpless position, bound to that brass bed.

When she finally returned, she said, "Now my dear sister-in-law, your training to be a lady will become top priority. The more that you assist, the closer we will be to serving Beth some breakfast. You may resist, if you wish, but you could also exist on liquids poured in through the hole in that ball gag."

Ann released Bill's ankles, had him slide over to the side of the bed and fastened each ankle to a bed post. He was seriously twisted at that point, and remained so, until she released his wrist from the far side of the bed. When he was sitting straighter on the edge of the bed, she snuggled up on the ropes tied to his ankles. Then she released his other wrist.

Dressing Beth was easy and simple. The first phase involved a padded bra, a lounging pajama top and a robe. Two fake boobs were inserted in the bra; Ann adjusted the shoulder straps after reaching down into each of the cups and forcing up what flab was available to help create a semblance of cleavage.

The pajama top was almost transparent, and the whole bra was visible through it. Ann said, "The gag stays until you sit down for breakfast. To be sure, put your wrists behind your back, while I dress your lower half. If you promise to cooperate, I'll hobble them in front. Either way, I am not going to accept any resistance while I am getting you dressed."

She slipped a rope loop over Beth's head, through a ring attached to the ceiling, over to the closet door, and tied it tightly to the doorknob. Beth's wrists were secured in front and Ann removed a piece of plastic tube which had been taped to Bill's maleness.

Bill thought, "Oh, so *that* is why I didn't get drowned earlier when I had to empty my bladder." Then he noticed the office chair with its casters, from the den where the computer was set up, and he knew how she had moved him here from the master bedroom. He thought, "This lady means business. I had better assist for a day or so, until this fad wears off, then I can revert to being Bill again. This is like one of those fad diets; when she wants sex, she will be glad to have Bill back in the saddle again."

Beth was now standing up straight, because of the loop pulling up on her neck. Ann untied Beth's ankles and had her step into a pair of pink nylon panties with lace. Then a very tight panty girdle was put on and pulled up into place.

The lounging pajama bottoms were put on and pulled up to Beth's waist, then she strapped on a pair of high-heeled slippers.

She asked, "Are you ready for breakfast, Beth?"

Beth nodded her head very briskly.

Ann removed the rope loop from around Beth's neck, then said, "Now, you walk very carefully until you get the hang of walking in heels. Be careful on the stairs, and I'll go ahead and get your breakfast ready. Don't start looking for male clothing, because every stitch of your stuff is in that big closet up in the attic. There are two padlocks on the door, and I have both of the keys." She patted her left boob to indicate the location of the keys.

The trip along the upstairs hall and down the stairs to the kitchen seemed to take hours, but the journey from the bottom of the stairs to the breakfast nook went quite smooth. Beth was starving; she wanted to remove that damn ball gag, but because her wrists were still bound, and because of the threat of three weeks secured to that brass bed, she tried to be patient.

When she was seated on one of the stools, Ann slipped another rope loop around her neck, and through another ring up on the ceiling. Then she went over and tied it to the cellar doorknob.

"Now Beth, you see that I mean business, and that I can find ways to overcome your much greater strength and retain control over your actions. There are still two secret weapons which will have calm you down if you decide to fight your feminization, but let's hope that you don't find out what they are.

"Your meals will be hearty, but dietary, to get rid of your pot belly. I notice that the panty girdle helps to erase some of your pot belly and flatten some of the bulge in your crotch, so your pj's, shorts and slacks will fit better.

"Now I will remove the gag. You can eat what I serve you, right after you promise to do your very best to become Beth for a whole week."

"Wow," Bill thought, "only a week, I was afraid that it was going to be Beth for the whole vacation. This won't be too bad; maybe I can still get in a little hunting and gambling after all. I'll try to do everything right, even play it a little too feminine. She may get scared and want to get rid of Beth even earlier."

"Ann, I promise to do the best job I can to become an acceptable Beth.

"Hey Ann, these clothes are nice. Is this my Saturday outfit?" Beth asked.

"No, Beth, those were supposed to be your night clothes, but you chose to sleep in your undershorts." Ann answered.

"My jaw hurts from that damn ball shoved in there for so long." Beth said.

"There will be no complaining and absolutely no swearing. Ladies don't swear. Ladies don't have five o'clock shadow, Ladies don't have a crotch bulge, even if wearing a maxi pad. Ladies always sit with their legs together or crossed. I said 'always' which means now too," Ann stated.

Beth closed the gap between her knees, and said, "I'm sorry, Ann."

Ann set breakfast in front of Beth, and she began to wolf it down. Ann stopped her and said, "You will treat each piece or spoonful of food with reverence. You will eat to enjoy the taste, aroma and flavor of each small amount which you place in your mouth. Bill usually consumes a breakfast such as you have in front of you in less than two minutes. Beth will take at least ten minutes to do so. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Ann. I'm sorry. I am starved, and this food is delicious," Beth answered.

"When you are finished, you will put on the apron in the broom closet, along with the gloves in the apron pocket, and clean up from breakfast," Ann ordered.

Beth answered, "I don't need aprons and gloves."

"That was refusal number one. Don't let it get to five. You may regret it. Do as you are told, when you are told, without objecting to the instructions," Ann warned, "You can still spend most of your vacation totally helpless and silent in the guest room. Your waking hours will be totally devoted to creating the lovely, feminine creature named Beth, or you had better not fall asleep in this house again any time soon."

Beth followed the instructions, and did a top-notch job of cleaning up from breakfast. Ann sent her into the bathroom to shave. She followed her in, a few minutes later. She started filling the bathtub and dumped in some stuff that made the whole room smell like strong perfume.

When Beth was clean-shaven, Ann asked her to remove her pajamas and slippers; she began to coat Beth's skin with some smelly cream. It stung and Beth began to bitch. Ann said, "That is number two." Beth shut her mouth right away.

When Ann was nearly finished, she asked Beth to remove her bra and panties. Ann coated the crotch, being quite careful around the pubic area.

Beth was sent into the shower to cleanse off all of the creamy stuff. Then she was told to soak and scrub well in the tub for at least a half-hour.

"When you are through, be sure that you clean both the shower and the tub. Then, wrap this big towel around you, covering your bust area and everything below it, then come into the my bedroom," Ann said.

"You heard right, I said *my* bedroom. I only allow my husband to sleep in the same bed with me. Since he has disappeared for now, you, Beth, will sleep in the guest room," Ann ordered.

"Today, you will need help with your clothes and makeup. Monday, we will purchase a vanity for the guest room, then you will be able to prepare for the day all by yourself." Ann added.

"Tuesday, we will drive down to Newport, find a luxury hotel and bask in the finer ways of living. We will share the same hotel room, but in separate beds," Ann stated matter-of-factly.

"There is an advantage to your sleeping in the guest room here at home. It will be easier to handicap you, because you will be in the right bed. Behave, obey and don't complain, or you will become quite familiar with the three walls and ceiling you will look at for a good part of your three-week vacation," Ann added.

"Now, get into that tub and remove the smell from that Nair that took off all your body hair. Be sure to use the special soap I set out for you," Ann ordered.

In the master bedroom, Ann had laid out an ensemble for Beth to wear on her first day as a lady. She told Beth to get dressed, but not to put on the dress, until after her makeup was completed. Ann carefully placed the items of clothing in order, then she sat on the vanity bench to watch her new creation take shape.

The panty girdle was first. Was it ever tight! The pot belly nearly disappeared, but there wasn't even a trace of bulge in the crotch. When the bra and fake boobs were in place, all signs of Bill were erased. The lingerie and hairless body were that of a female. The face and hair were still Bill, but not for long. When the pantyhose, slip and heels were on, Ann began to coach Beth in the art of makeup.

Ann said, "I could do a real quick makeup job, but there will be times when you will have to do your own, so it is best for us to start out that way. First, you want to remember, before you dress, use your deodorant. Be careful not to get any of it on your bra or slip. Your mirror will be like your right arm when it comes to creating feminine beauty."

"The stubby container that looks something like a lipstick is your foundation. Apply it to your whole face and neck, like you have seen ladies apply lipstick. Take your finger and spread it evenly and stroke it into your hairline. That little powder box has a powder puff in it, and you dust your foundation to set it. This morning, we will not work on your eye makeup. That can wait until we get ready for dinner this evening.

"You will be required to wear lipstick, it must be kept handy all of the time. You will be careful to wear it all the time, and properly. You will freshen your lips as often as you check to see that your slip doesn't show.

"There, that will do for a starter. When you have your wig on properly, you can check to see if your lipstick needs to be redone."

Ann spent quite a while teaching Beth about the care and grooming of her wig. When the session was completed and the lips touched up again, Bill was completely gone. Beth was very pretty. Some time was spent trying to select jewelry to go with the one pair of clip earrings Ann could find for Beth to wear.

Last were Beth's nails. For this morning, Beth would clean and shape Bill nails, then apply some bright red polish. If they were presentable, maybe they could wait until Sunday evening to paste on the extensions and paint them.

While Beth worked on her nails, Ann selected a purse which matched the color of Beth's dress and shoes. She placed lipstick, comb, mirror, foundation, powder, and eye makeup in it. She also added a Kotex and Tampax as added proof of gender.

"Well Beth, that is a basic female makeup routine. You will *always* complete this routine before appearing in public. For more sophisticated public appearances, you will learn to do your eye makeup, and how to emphasize the impact of your jewelry and makeup for special effects. Your clothing selections will vary with the impression you wish to create." Ann said.

"In Newport, you will have to be extra careful, because every lady will be competition and you must learn to surpass their beauty efforts. Now it is close to one o'clock, so we must think about lunch. We will go down to the Pizza place, for Beth's first exposure to the public. Slip into your dress and I'll zip up the back. Take a good look in the full-length mirror and say good by to Bill and hello to Beth.

"Now, a few warnings. Ladies wear slips to help their skirts and dresses hang properly, to tantalize males by letting the lace peek out from under their dress hem, and also to act as a see-through barrier if the dress or skirt is sheer. In your case, you are in finishing school, and if your slip shows, your list of offenses grows. At five, you will have to pay up. There are several ways available to you to redeem yourself, but I warn you, they are designed to create a lasting reminder of your disregard for a proper feminine image.

"I'll give you a sample, now that you are fully dressed. You can picture what will happen when your offenses total five, and the effect of the punishment is elevated."

Ann pulled a palm-sized unit out of her purse, and said, "Sit down on the vanity bench, but don't wrinkle your dress."

Beth sat on the bench, but was anything but ladylike.

Ann said, "There's infractions 3 and 4. Your legs are spread apart. and your slip is showing. One more infraction and we punish you for real. This demonstration is only just sample of what will happen for real.

You are wearing a dress with a closed bodice, there is no access to the delights which usually cause those twin mounds. Remember, if a bra or slip strap wanders off your shoulder, it is publicly acceptable for you to reach inside and return the offender to its proper place on your shoulder. If a lady has a problem with a boob of a bust pad, they do not correct it in public. That's the equivalent of a man making adjustments to his genitals in public. It's a no no. Understand?"

"Yes Ann, I understand."

"Well, here is a sample of punishment at a mild setting." Ann pressed a button on that little gadget in her hand and Beth's boobs were hit with a series of shocks. Beth screamed and reached up to try to stop the shocks. She was holding a boob in each hand and still screaming.

Ann let go of the button and the shocks stopped. Beth still held on to the protrusions on the front of her dress, and sobbed.

Ann said, "You can't stop those shocks by fondling your fake breasts. Remember, that hit was at reduced power. Want to try one at full power? If not, then stop playing with your tits. One of the other ones will stimulate your penis to full erection, and that could be quite painful while wearing a long-leg panty girdle. Keep in mind what kind of pain can come from payback, and begin to think and act like a lady at all times.

"It's warm enough to go out for pizza without a coat or sweater, so let's go, Beth," Ann said. "You drive. You will have to get used to walking in high-heels, you might as well get used to driving while wearing them, too."

Bill was scared. Wearing these clothes inside the house was one thing, but venturing outside opened up a whole new world. The pretty lady, who returned his stare into the mirror, would be on display to everyone they came in contact with. Their small town was peaceful and quiet, but everyone knew everyone else's secrets. Ann would be recognized, Bill's pickup or Ann's pretty sports car would be recognized. "Beth," being with Ann in one of the vehicles would also be recognized. How in Hell could they eat in the pizza joint?

Ann saw the worried look on Beth's face and said, "This is Beth, Bill's twin sister from Kansas. She is here for a short visit to see if she would like to move back closer to home. Her luggage got lost, so I have loaned her one of my dresses for now. We hope that her stuff will show up before we leave for Newport on Tuesday. Is that convincing enough to get us some lunch? Now stop worrying, and let's rustle our pretty butts to town for lunch.

"Leaving the protection of your own safe and secure home is never a concern for a male. A lady, however, must always be aware of her actions, her destination, where she parks her car, and of just how sexually attractive she is dressed. A man dressed as a lady must be just as cautious and careful, must try to duplicate the actions of a female."

Ann had Beth drive Bill's nearly new pickup, and was amused as Beth struggled to drive a five-speed stick shift in high-heeled shoes. They went to the shopping center, and Ann cautioned Beth to select a parking space visible from the Pizza place. That way there was less chance of getting assaulted or abducted. Beth was also warned to be sure that she could easily locate the vehicle, and not have to wander around trying to find it. When exiting a store, she should walk directly to that visible vehicle, quickly get inside and lock the doors.

By the time Beth had parked the two-year-old Chevy S-10, she had been exposed to a whole new world of fear, fear Bill had never been aware of or exposed to.

Ann said, "I'm starved, let's eat!"

"I've lost my appetite from all of the danger you have just exposed me to," Beth answered.

"Relax, there is safety in numbers. Very seldom will a man accost two females, besides you are parked close to the door," Ann responded.

They went inside and were seated right away. Their orders were taken, and Ann suggested that Beth try her first visit to a ladies room.

Beth said, "No way, Jose .I ain't about to get arrested for going into a ladies bathroom."

Ann asked, "Is that a refusal to follow orders?"

"You can damn well bet it is. If Bill got caught in a ladies room, the law would come down real hard on him. If *you* went into the men's room, the men wouldn't panic and scream, they would consider it intriguing that girl dared to use a men's room. I could end up with a permanent police record as a sex offender for being dressed as a female. Yes Ann, I refuse." Beth said.

"Well, we will deal with that at home. Meanwhile, get your pantied ass out of that booth. We are going to the ladies room together, or I will pull off your wig right here in this pizza joint, and leave with it swinging from my hand. Let's move, Beth!"

They entered the busy ladies room, and Ann sent Beth into an empty stall. She cautioned her to be sure to sit down, and to be sure to get her clothes back down in place.

"Don't get your dress hem caught inside your panty girdle or pantyhose waist bands. Reach around behind your legs and make sure that your dress and slip are hanging properly. Then also make sure that you wash your hands, touch up your hair and your lipstick; only then can you feel secure that you were not read as a man in a ladies room. Oh yes, don't stop and stare at what any of the other ladies are doing, or what they might be exposing. Remember that you are supposed to have all of the components of female anatomy and clothing, and not have any interest in what any other lady is doing or showing."

The cubicle door was shut and latched, and Beth was alone. She was so nervous that she really had to go. That meant altering the position of enough clothing to sit on the toilet and pee.

It is a scary feeling, to be hiding inside all of these female clothes, wig, and makeup and, to make matters worse, to have to disrobe in "No-Man's-Land" is he final straw. Beth's heart was pounding. Her blood pressure was sky high. She managed to get herself seated on the toilet, but the fear seemed to shut off the flow. She tried to relax, to think herself through this bathroom experience, and to the end of this long, long week as Beth.

Maybe it would be a lot easier to be secured to that brass bed in the guest room back at home. Maybe there won't be any more scary situations like this one. Maybe if I can relax and go, get dressed again, and get out of here safely, things may begin to smooth out. Maybe when Beth gets back home again, Ann will tie Bill to the bed, and at the end of the week, this nightmare will be over.

After what seemed like hours, Beth completed her elimination, and began to get her clothes back in place again. She followed Ann's instructions carefully and was soon out of the Ladies room, and headed back to the booth and the pizza.

Ann wasn't there, but there was a folded note with Beth's name on it. It read, "I didn't have to pee, so instead I have gone home. See you when you get home. Eat your lunch pay for the order, then buy one bra, two pairs of nylon panties, and three pairs of pantyhose, if you hope to get back into the house when you return."

She could eat, go down to Victoria's Secret and buy the damn lingerie, and be home in about an hour. The pizza was there along with the guest check. She reached for her left rear jean pocket, for her wallet, only to find a smooth and slippery nylon-covered lady's fanny. She looked in her small purse, and there was no wallet. There didn't seem to be any money either.

Pawing through the purse in a panic, stalling, hoping for a miracle, she found Bill's credit card. Now if she used it, they *might* guess that Beth was actually Bill. If she took it to the cashier whom Bill had never met, she might just process it and not pay very much attention.

Maybe I can go just when she has a line of customers, and she will rush to get everyone through. The pizza was great but it was now cold, but watching the cash register line kept Beth from being concerned about what she was eating. When there were four customers at the register, she dropped the half-eaten slice into the box, grabbed the box and rushed up to the line. She had forgotten her purse, and had to return to the booth to get it.

When she got back to the register, there was only one person in the line. Paying the bill was easy; two more people joined the line right behind her. She signed the charge slip with the correct legal name, William James.

She made another mistake, arriving at the pickup, and not having the key ready to unlock the truck door. She had to search through her purse to find the key, and finally unlock that damn door.

Placing the pizza box on the passenger side of the seat, she sat for a minute, to study the area. She had to determine if she should leave the truck where it was and walk to Victoria's Secret, which was all of the way down at the other end of the shopping plaza, or drive down there and hope for a close place to park.

She opted for moving the pickup truck, and drove over near the other end of the strip mall. Luck was with her as this young blonde chick in a Chrysler convertible was just backing out. Beth parked her truck right out front, facing the storefront.

She went inside and picked out a three-pack of beige pantyhose; the chart showed that they were the correct size for Bill's weight and height.

There was a huge bin full of nylon panties, all marked for sale, so all that she had to do was hold them up to her front, and guess if they might be her size. No way did she want to have to come back and try to exchange them for a different size. That would mean talking to a sales girl and her voice would get her in trouble for sure. That trouble could be nearly as bad as being discovered as a cross-dressed male inside a ladies room. Much better to suffer a little more embarrassment, being seen sizing up a pair of panties in front of all of the females presently shopping in Victoria's Secret.

There wasn't one male inside that whole store, but there were three sitting separately out in the hallway of the mall, on benches, facing the windows of the ladies fashion wear shop. She finally found two pair of white nylon panties which were size five, then she went to the almost endless display of bras, and ran into a very serious problem.

What size bra do I wear? There is a size tag near the clasp on all of Ann's bras, so there must be one on the one that I am wearing. All I have to do is get a look at it. It will tell the band length and

the cup size, and then it will be simple to select one like I am wearing or like one of Ann's bras, and I can head for home.

There is no way I can get out of this dress by myself, I can't ask for help from a salesperson. I know that Ann wears thirty-four B size, and my chest is larger. I can wear her jerseys, but they are quite snug, so that means that I would need at least a size thirty-six. The boobs in the front of this dress are just about a size larger than Ann's so I'll take a chance and get thirty-six C.

Finally finding that size in a style similar to what Ann wore, and close to what she remembered putting on that morning, she headed for the checkout counter. She had left her purse hanging by its shoulder strap off the end of the bra display rack. She had to go find it and return to the checkout counter. The counter girl was fast and impersonal, thanked her for her business and wished her a nice day. Finally, Beth was free to head for home. She remembered to fish out the S-10 key. With the bag of new lingerie in her hands, she started to leave the store, but the clerk called her back. She slowly turned and went back to the counter.

She was sure that the male signature was the problem, but the clerk smiled and said, "Your sister-in law asked me to give you this car key case. She was in here just before you entered, described you to me. She said that she would be taking the pickup truck to be detailed. She has left the rental car for you to drive home. She said that the lock/unlock button would help you find the vehicle. The lot was quite full and she had to hurry, so she wasn't sure just where she parked the rental."

Beth accepted the key case and in a very soft and whispery voice said, "Oh thank you, I would have been alarmed when the pickup truck was missing."

Leaving the protection of the ladies wear store with the key to a mystery car created a situation much like Ann had described. She would have to wander through the lot clicking that remote lock, until some car responded. That certainly wasn't a safe way to go. There was one positive thing going for Beth that most ladies didn't have. She would drop her purse and the bag of lingerie and pound the daylight out of any guy that tried to accost her. He would soon wish that he had messed with a real female.

It took almost half an hour to find that rental car. By that time, Beth's feet and legs were hurting big time. She put that damn rental car through its paces and soon arrived back home.

As she was driving home, she thought over some of her trials of today. Why can't ladies clothes be much simpler? Why do they have to be so difficult to properly select? Why in Hell does Ann insist on me being Beth for a whole week? Why did she insist on Beth buying more girls underwear?

Well, maybe if I bought the wrong size of something, we can come back together and exchange it. She can say that her husband was nervous once he was inside the store and forgot the sizes she told him.

Beth was ready to tear Ann apart for her sneaky way of forcing Beth to search for that rental car. She stormed into the house, forgetting the bag of new lingerie, which she had been ordered to buy as an admittance requirement.