



Reluctant Press presents:

From Jamie W/Love 3

Jamie



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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FROM JAMIE WITH LOVE

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By Jamie

JANE CALLS THE SHOTS

The closet on the second floor had no windows, and it was tucked into the slope of the roof. The door swung into the little room and against the straight wall. The sloping roof side of this space held a very long clothes hanger rod, which was used to store the off-season clothes.

The closet door at one time must have been an outside house door; it had a small window. A single pane of glass, which had at some time been replaced. The workmanship was so poor that the wood trim pieces holding the glass in place were only held by a few nails. The glass was loose and rattled when you closed and latched the door.

The closet light was controlled by a switch just outside that door. The door knob assembly, seriously needed its screws tightened, like so many other things around this place which Don and Jane called "Home Sweet Home."

Don had just recently retired. They had his Social Security check and a small retirement to live on. Don was retired and in his estimation, that meant rest, relaxation, golf, bowling, beer, cigarettes, TV sports, and sex most nights.

Jane was nearing retirement and had hoped that Don would apply his spare time to fixing up things around the house, like the garage door, which was stuck half way open so that you couldn't put the car inside any more. There was a loose board on the steps down

from the back porch. The front panel was off from the washing machine because Don replaced the belt six months ago. He wanted to be sure it was working right before he put that panel back on again.

You get the idea, he was “retired.” Enough said.

Don was about five feet eleven inches tall, with a slim athletic body, a guy who wouldn't take guff from anyone.

Jane was a neat and trim five feet five inches, tall weighing about one hundred and fifteen pounds. She was clever and industrious enough to know that she had to use her brain and feminine wiles to get Don to vary his retirement schedule, even just long enough to put out the trash barrels for pick-up. She was very troubled by the unkempt lawn, the half-open garage door, and afraid that someone would get hurt with that loose step board.

This Saturday morning she was involved in transferring the summer and winter clothes to and from that seldom used closet on the second floor. Don was resting after an exciting golf competition on TV.

Jane came into the living room, perched on the arm of the sofa, and asked Don if he would carry up some of the clothes to be stored away for the winter. Knowing that it would only take a couple of minutes, he sprung into action.

Jane gave him a good armful, and followed him with a few more. As they approached that closet, with its door standing open, she told Don to hang the clothes he was carrying on the space she had cleared at the inner end of that long closet rod.

Jane had purposely crossed up the hanger hooks so that Don would have to hang each piece of clothing one at a time. Jane slipped her small bunch on the near end of the hanger rod, reached over, pulled the door closed, and shut off the light.

Don shouted at Jane, “Hey, cut the horse play, and turn that light back on again” Jane flipped the switch back on and watched Don finish his task and head towards the door. She had removed the loose piece of glass from the door window and set it aside so that it wouldn't get broken.

When Don found that the door had no inside knob, he hollered for Jane to open the door for him.

Jane, standing near the door said, “No, Don, not until you agree to follow my orders. I can't take you on in a show of strength, but right now you are my prisoner. That door is strong, and it is the only way out of that closet.

“You can be out of there in about thirty minutes if you follow my instructions, or you can use the bucket for your toilet and sleep on the floor, until you comply with my wishes.”

Don hammered with his fists on that heavy old door. He shouted that he had to meet his buddies in half-an-hour, at the local watering hole.

Jane said, “I guess you better hurry and respond to my demands, so that you can go meet your buddies. What do you think, Don?”

“Well, what is it you want?” Don asked.

"I want a promise that you will devote half of each day to repairing and fixing up this house before it falls in on top of us." Jane answered.

"Half of every day! Come on, Jane, I have lots of things that I need to do. How about every Sunday morning for four hours?"

Jane said, "You can't do that because it will interfere with church."

"What do you mean, church?" Don asked.

"We are joining the church tomorrow morning, if you are out of that closet by then." Jane answered.

"Cut the crap, Jane and open this door. You've had your fun. You have the upper hand right now, but wait until I land my hand on your fanny. Then we'll see who yells Uncle. Open this damn door now!" Don shouted.

"You do as you are told, right now, or I'm going downstairs and have lunch, while you consider following orders. You have nothing to read, so you won't need the light." She shut it off and stood just out of sight.

Don got his hands into the little window opening and began to shake the door to see if he could destroy the latch or the wood around it. He didn't know that she had her brother bolt a steel bar to the door which, when turned to a horizontal position, bridged the opening between the door casings and barred that heavy door.

Several minutes of shaking didn't produce freedom, so Don had to resort to threats. When they went totally unanswered, he began to plead for freedom.

Jane sat quietly near by reading a book.

Finally after about three-quarters of an hour, Don stuck his face close to that hole in the door and shouted, "OK, you win, what do I have to do to get out of this closet?" His question went unanswered, so he tried again, louder.

Jane answered, "Are you ready to do as you are told, without a lot of macho bull? You have been compromised and you are subject to my wishes, if you value your freedom. Here are a pair of handcuffs, put them on, with your hands behind your back, but first, remove all of your clothes."

"Hey now, wait one damn minute. This don't seem like any sort of freedom to me," Don stated.

Jane said, "You want out of that closet, then do as you have been told. Now I am going down stairs and have some lunch."

"Wait, Jane. I'll do it to get out of this closet," Don said.

"Hurry it up, Don, I'm getting hungry," Jane ordered.

There was a lot of scuffling inside the closet, then silence, followed by the ratcheting sound of handcuffs being closed. Then Don said, "OK Jane, now you can let me out."

Jane turned the closet light on and stood on her tip toes to look down into that small room. She found a nude husband facing the door; he looked like a whipped puppy. "Turn around so that I can see your wrists and the handcuffs."

Don turned around. Jane told him to step a little further into the closet so that she could see better. Sure enough, he had followed her orders.

Jane swung the heavy steel bar to a vertical position. She stuck the knob into the door, released the latch, and swung the door open.

Don rushed to get out of his little prison before Jane could change her mind. Jane ushered her nude husband downstairs, into the living room. She told him to sit on the hassock, as it would be easier than trying to get in and out of his recliner chair with his hands cuffed behind him.

Jane sat in the recliner, after getting herself a ham and cheese sandwich and a soda out of the fridge.

"Well well, Don, you seem to be in a pickle. We are going to do quite a bit of bargaining right now. Oh, would you like half of this sandwich? I can get you a soda to go with it."

"OK, you've made your point. I'm quite helpless at the moment, so lets not drag this out. Spell out your demands or conditions, and we can begin to get things worked out. It is obvious that you are upset with the condition of the house, and have decided that I must rectify all of these problems," Don stated.

Jane said, "Let's start with the Thou Shalts.

"Thou Shalt stop smoking.

Thou Shalt stop drinking.

Thou Shalt never leave the toilet seat up.

Thou Shalt lose your pot belly.

Thou Shalt fix the garage door.

Thou Shalt mow the lawn.

Thou Shalt fix that loose step board.

Thou Shalt go to church every Sunday.

Thou Shalt meet my expectations and pleasantly or

Thou Shalt become your own twin sister and then follow my orders.

Thou Shalt not fall asleep in this house if you fail to follow orders, or

Thou Shalt spend lots of time in your little closet upstairs.

That is the starter list," said Jane.

"My God, Jane, is this some sort of a prank?" Don asked.

"I have all of these orders typed out in bold type, and I can post it for your inspection if you wish. Please remember that this place was given to me by my Dad and you are just my guest here, so if you wish, you can consider divorce. But as you do, realize that I have just had your pension check changed over to direct deposit to my bank account.

"You have had things very much your way, but that has just come to a screeching halt. From here on out, Jane is in charge.

"Now, as soon as I finish my lunch, we will get you dressed. Then you can get yourself something to eat," Jane said.

"Give me the key, so I can get dressed. I'm getting hungry watching you eat." Don said.

"Not so fast, Don. We will dress your lower half first, but not until I finish my lunch. Why don't you go out for a walk for about fifteen minutes. In that time, I will finish with my lunch," Jane suggested.

Don said, "I may be your prisoner now, but that doesn't make me dumb enough to go outside in the nude."

"You are not nude, you are wearing handcuffs," Jane countered.

Going to the sofa, she opened a large box. She lifted out a pair of white nylon panties, and held them up for Don to approve.

Don reacted with an emphatic NO, so Jane hung the panties over the edge of the large box on the sofa and went out to the kitchen. She returned shortly with a slice of apple pie with a scoop of ice cream on top. She sat in the recliner chair to enjoy her desert.

Don's face was a bright red. He was angry, he was embarrassed, he was nude, he was helpless. He was afraid someone would come to the door and find him in this situation.

Jane had finished half of her pie when Don said, "OK, you win again. Please get me dressed, let me have some lunch, and lock both the doors before someone comes walking in."

Jane set her desert aside, locked the doors then picked up the panties again. Don's face turned red again, and he assisted Jane as she put that very pretty pair of panties on him. She had him stand so that she could fit them snugly around his lower torso.

She went back to her large gift box, picked out a pair of pantyhose and displayed them for Don's approval.

Don's face colored even more. He didn't say a word but did just as Jane instructed. Soon his lower half was completely covered in beige pantyhose.

The gift box surrendered a pair of black three-inch high-heeled shoes with ankle straps. They soon adorned Don's nylon-clad feet.

Next to appear from that container was a white nylon half-slip. It fit Don to perfection.

"Now," Don thought, "she has to release my wrists. This will be my time to take charge, and stop this damn conversion."

Unfortunately for Don, that gift box held a chain and three padlocks. When in place, Don's ankles were very close together. His knees were touching each other, because of the chain wrapped around his legs just above his knees.

Jane had him standing, and he was teetering as he tried to keep his balance with his feet so close together, standing in those high heels.

Jane let him stand there while she finished her apple pie, and waited for Don to start demanding attention. She knew it would come because of his frustration and humiliation.

She was just finishing the last bite of pie when he boiled over and yelled at her to get him out of this situation.

Jane said very calmly, "That brings up one more rule. Thou Shalt learn to be patient, polite, and respectful of your leader, She is human, and can be mentally disturbed by violence. Who knows what the mentally disturbed can and will do."

Jane fished into her bra, extracted the handcuff key, held it up for Don's inspection, then tossed it onto the seat of the recliner chair.

Don shuffled over to the chair; although he could see the key, there was no way for him to reach for it. After trying to figure out a way to get that key, he finally had to swallow his pride again and ask Jane to hand it to him. This was another bitter pill to swallow.

Don soon had his hands free. He was hoping to convince Jane to cease this effort to feminize him, release him. Then they could negotiate some of her conditions.

"Jane, release me. Let's sit and discuss your demands so we can settle on a reasonable compromise," Don asked.

Jane answered, "For years I have had to play second fiddle to your desires and whims. That is over now, you were warned about what was coming at least five times. Well, now it is payback time, and you will be making all of the payments.

"Let's continue with this makeover of Don to Dawn. We need to complete this conversion in order to observe the results obtained from taming a nearly wild horse and turning him into a docile filly.

"Our new filly could be quite helpful around the house. Because she is quite strong and knowledgeable, we can find her some clothes suitable for lawn care and carpenter work as well.

"Don, you are going to be Dawn, D-a-w-n.

"Dawn is all female, she wears dresses and nightgowns twenty-four seven. Joining the church will have to wait until I feel that my husband can be trusted to go with me to church.

"Let's see what else is inside this box of tricks, Wow, look at this lacy bra. Here you go Dawn. This will help you create a very noticeable profile, once we place breast forms in these two lacy cups," Jane concluded.

Don had no choice but to put that emasculating garment on and to slip in the two falsies that Jane handed to him from her box of magic tricks. Jane was generous enough to close the hooks on the back of Dawn's lovely bra, while Don stood, trying to keep his balance on those damn shoes.

Jane said, "Well, look at what I just found in the hall closet. I wonder if it might be the right size for the new lady of our home." It was a low-cut, long-sleeved, short-skirted, vivid pink dress. When it was positioned properly, Jane closed the back zipper.

Reaching into her magic box again, Jane came up with a brunette wig with shoulder-length sides and back and bangs for over the forehead. Placing it on top of Don's crew cut, she instantly changed this person into Dawn.

Jane did a real careful job with makeup, then released the hobble and ankle chain and had Dawn sit at the kitchen table to shape and paint her fingernails.

"Now you are free of all bonds, and if you can assure me that you will remain dressed as you are right now, you are free to get yourself some lunch. I will let you have a few hours of freedom to become accustomed to wearing ladies clothing. There will be nothing standing in your way; you can get undressed, you can pack up and move Don out, to try your luck at living alone, maybe in a small rented apartment.

"Or you can try your luck at getting even with your suddenly very demanding wife, but please remember two things. There is a restraining order in the police station, just waiting for my password to activate it. The second thing is that I have an equalizer, like a pepper spray or a pellet gun, which can be very helpful in keeping you from getting upset and beat on me."

"A well-behaved, ladylike, industrious female should have little trouble adjusting to this rather drastic lifestyle change. There can still be some time for golf and bowling, as Don or Dawn, but free time will have to be earned by your attitude and by the progress at our fix-up projects.

"I am placing a lot of trust in you, and I hope that you will respect our marriage and also my right to implement all of these changes, to grant me a few years of peace and relaxation, which you have been robbing from me throughout our marriage.

"When we go back upstairs, I want you to tidy up that closet, and give me your cell phone. You won't be needing it for a while. When you have proven yourself as a well-behaved lady, maybe I'll let you carry it in your purse," Jane said.

"Wow, I must say that you certainly have covered all of the bases. Now that you have demonstrated your determination to change this marriage, at least long enough to salvage it, I can begin to see just how unfair things have been for you," said Don.

Jane said, "I am pleased that you can actually see the reasons for these major changes, and that you have expressed your intent to be cooperative with my plan to salvage our marriage. Now shut up and go make yourself some lunch."

Jane went upstairs, retrieved her book, and returned to the kitchen to read, and observe her lovely female trainee. It was amazing just how adept and efficient that person could be, especially when compared to her husband who appeared to have two left hands when it came to chores around the house.

This delightful looking female creation came to sit at the kitchen table with her glass of soda and a ham and cheese sandwich. The picture of a refined lady was seriously fractured, however, when Dawn took three huge bites of that sandwich before beginning to chew it. Jane shouted, "Stop Dawn, do you have any idea what you have just done?"

Dawn asked, "What did I do to get you so upset?"

"My God, Dawn, you have almost half your lunch in your mouth with your first three bites," Jane answered.

"You never found fault with my way of eating before. Why now?" Dawn asked.

“You were wolfing that food like a starving animal. You are now trying to personify a sophisticated lady, even though you may do some challenging carpentry and plumbing. I will get you some ladies overalls, ones that will protect your body and delicate lingerie, but still show off your fake bust line. It is amazing just how creative clothing designers can be, providing protection while still projecting sensuality.

“Finish eating your lunch in a more conservative manner, then we can clean up the kitchen together. My, what a remarkable change that will be, actually having help with domestic chores, I could really learn to love having Dawn living here.

“When we are through in the kitchen, we can go into the living room and make up a list of repairs that are needed, an estimate of material costs, and a budget which includes all of our monthly bills, and allows for repair materials,” Jane said.

“Once we have that completed, you can enter all of our data on the computer. We will be able to print off monthly guides to keep our work and expenses in line. Oh, we will have to factor in clothing for Dawn because we are completely different sizes,” Jane stated.

Don/Dawn was quite surprised that he/she was not seriously upset at being forced into this situation. There were moments when he/she was fascinated by the total change in looks, and the excitement and humility of being forced to become a lady.

How would Dawn feel a month from now? Would she wish to rip off these girl clothes and get back to being Don?

Jane had Dawn cut a hole in the center of the seat of an old chair from the garage loft, and place that chair in what Jane was now calling Dawn's closet. Jane also had Dawn help secure a wide nylon strap crosswise at the center of the mattress in the guest room. Dawn's inquisitive look drew this reply: “Yours is not to reason why, yours is just to do or die. Maybe you will never have to find out.”

That Sunday, Dawn had removed her dress and half slip, put on a blouse, and her sexy overalls, and spent three hours repairing the stuck garage door. She was instructed to park Don's sports car inside the garage and bring the keys in to Jane.

That night, dressed in her bra, panties and nylon nightgown, she tried to pressure Jane into a sexual interlude, but Jane led Dawn to the guest room, pulled the covers down, had Dawn lie in the center of the bed, bound her wrists to that nylon strap wrapped crosswise on the mattress with rawhide boot lacings, covered her up, and said good night to her.

“You have done quite well these past two days, but I am still too uptight to relax enough to enjoy sex, so you are not going to enjoy any either, not even the do-it-yourself variety. You have just emptied your bladder, so you should be able to hold until you are released in the morning.” Jane put out the light and shut the guest room door.

Being bound to the bed created a bulge in the nylon panties and the nightgown that covered them, but Dawn couldn't do anything to relieve that pressure, or to release the pent-up sex drive. Monday morning, Dawn was anxious to get into the bathroom.

After a shower and back into the delicate lingerie, blouse and overalls, Dawn had her breakfast, then was sent out to mow the lawn and trim the hedges.

Later back in the house, sweaty and tired, she snapped at Jane, when she asked her to wash up and make some French toast.



Jane didn't get upset, she just handed Dawn the handcuffs and said, "In front."

Dawn was led upstairs to the closet. Jane unhooked the overall straps and pulled them down and had Dawn step out of them. She had Dawn sit down on that old chair, locked a piece of chain to the links between the handcuffs, dropped the chain through the hole in the chair seat, wrapped it around Dawn's ankles and secured it with another padlock. Jane walked out of the closet, shut the door, turned the steel bar into its locked position and shut off the light.

Dawn heard Jane descend the stairs, and go out the front door. Then Jane's car started and it left the yard.

Dawn was left alone, bound to an old chair in a locked closet in the dark. Suddenly she was scared.

What if the house catches fire? What if Jane gets into an accident and ends up in the hospital? Dawn began to sweat, and began to pray. Don wasn't at all interested in church, but all of a sudden he needed someone to watch over him.

It seemed like days went by before Jane's car returned. He expected her to rush up to see if Dawn was alright, but it seemed like several hours went by before he heard her on the stairs. Dawn was seated with her back to the door. The light came on briefly, then went off again. Then there was just silence, not a sound of Jane moving.

Dawn was holding her breath, trying to detect any movement, hoping that Jane would release her from this cramped position. She didn't want to cry for help, she didn't want to have to stay this way any longer. She didn't want to get Jane upset enough to lock her up like this ever again.

Jane had certainly demonstrated her ability to control a man with twice her strength.

It seemed like forever before Dawn was released from that old chair. The chain was removed from her ankles but she was led downstairs by the chain still attached to the handcuffs. In the kitchen. Dawn was seated on one of the tall stools at the breakfast bar. Jane pulled that chain tight, sliding Dawn's arms way out in front of her, then she heard a padlock snap down near the floor. Her feet didn't reach the floor so she was stranded on that high stool until her hands were released.

Jane asked, "Are you comfortable? Can you remain there for a full hour without uttering a sound?"

Dawn answered, "Yes I can, but not much more because I will need to go to the bathroom."

Jane said, "I'm introducing you to some of the forms of control for your unwanted actions. Now here is a deal for you. One hour and a half with not a sound, and I'll allow you, as Don, my husband, to join me in the master bedroom for the night. It is now two-thirty, so at four, if you are still silent, I'll keep my promise."

Jane sat on the living room sofa and read her book. Dawn sat on that stool and agonized about how slow the kitchen clock was moving.

The clock was approaching three-fifty-five. Just five minutes more. What a long hour and a half that was. Much more and Jane would have had Dawn crying from frustration.

At exactly four o'clock, Jane came to stand right in front of Dawn, with the padlock key in her hand. She just there, not moving, not saying a word. Dawn was about to scream when Jane said, "How about five minutes more, Dawn?"

Dawn was shocked, and almost shouted NO. Then she realized that was what Jane wanted her to do, so she just nodded her head.

Jane fished a little black plastic thing out of her purse, held it in the palm of her left hand, and pushed a little button on it. Dawn's nipples were on fire. Dawn screamed, tried to reach up to where her fake boobs were, but her wrists were cuffed and held out in front of her.

Jane said, "You missed by two and one half minutes. Sorry, nice try."

Dawn didn't say a word, but tears were running down her cheeks.

Jane said, "Dawn, you have been a good sport. You were quiet for the whole night while you were bound in bed. You did snap at me this noon, but that could have been a mixture of being very tired from that strenuous labor of mowing and trimming, and from the futility of being being helpless in bed all night. You were totally quiet for six hours in your chair in your closet, and you spent nearly two hours perched on that high stool without a sound.

"I'm sorry about making you scream, but I had to demonstrate all the forms of punishment available; those electric shocks were the final one. I had to leave this afternoon because one of the batteries went dead. I had trouble finding a replacement. The new one came out of one of those invisible fence collars. I could actually use one of those collars if there was a way to lock it around your neck.

"Your demonstrations of patience today are a far cry from the explosive, impatient behavior of even three days ago. My compliments. Well done. Keep up the good work.

"I'll release you. You can put on your slip, remove your blouse, get into a dress and we can work together to prepare dinner."

Jane was observant and critical as Dawn ate her dinner. "Small bites, small spoonfuls, small forkfuls, chew completely and slowly. Your stomach will thank you."

Cleanup was fast and easy, and the rest of their evening was up for grabs. Jane had Dawn work on her makeup to help her understand what she was trying to accomplish.

"You study your freshly-washed face. You make mental notes of what should be changed or covered up. Don't hide your pretty points. Accent them as you work on the areas which need enhancement.

"When every glance in the mirror reveals a look of total beauty, then you have mastered the art of makeup."

Jane asked, "Why don't we change to our nightgowns and robes and watch a movie? There is one on Channel 22 at 8 PM. We can retire at the end of the movie at ten o'clock. Oh yes, why not remove your panties along with your other lingerie?"

Dawn asked, "Why not watch the movie from our nice big bed?"

"We can if you accept being handcuffed. I want to watch this movie," Jane answered.

"No thanks. I have had enough bodily restrictions for one day," Dawn said.

Dawn was anxious to get Jane into bed once the movie was over. There was only a short session of foreplay, before the insistent male hunger began to demand fulfillment.

The training of Dawn progressed as did the repairs and maintenance of Jane's cute little house, with its neat little garage, lawn, shrubs, and flower beds. As a couple, they began to do more things to please each other.

Jane selected some male nylon pajamas and allowed Don to join her in bed more frequently.

They reviewed the Thou Shalt rules frequently, and found areas needing adjustment and polish. Dawn automatically got dressed each morning, and if needed, would trade her dress and slip for a blouse and overalls, to take care of a repair or fix-up.

They finally joined the church, and attended as two females. Everyone in the congregation knew that they were a married couple and that Jane was training her husband to understand and appreciate both genders.

What started out as a marriage with an upset and angry wife evolved into a harmonious, considerate and loving relationship in a cute and cozy little house by the side of the road.

##

John's Retirement By Jamie

"John, training begins on the very first day of your retirement, and is based on educating you in the lifestyle of the typical female around the turn of the century. The reason for this training is to allow you to experience first hand almost all of the life-span of the female of the last century.

"Each day will attempt to replicate a week in the life of a girl or woman. You will be required to travel through this sixty-day scenario. Hopefully when you emerge, two months from now, your experiences will have instilled in you a little respect for females. It is expected that you will show that respect during the remainder of your life.

"There will be evaluation periods, and further training if it is needed. As your wife, I have suffered, being more your servant and whore than your mate. That is now over. You are going to live and work with an Amish family for the next sixty days. You will be one of their daughters and experience every facet of female life including pregnancy and childbirth, childcare, and nursing.

"You will do all of the work and chores that their three real daughters do. If you decide to rebel and run away, their style of dress and mode of transportation won't get you very far. You will be recognized and returned home, and an additional thirty days will be added to your training time.

"Do you understand all of this, John?" his wife asked.

"Yes, I understand what you have just explained, but that doesn't mean that I would consider letting it happen. Are you out of your mind? Why would you expect me to accept a crazy plan like the one you just presented?" John asked.

Anita said, "Here is your wallet, credit card, and drivers license, and there is the door. Accept my mandate or these three things are your only possessions. My lawyer has drawn up the papers, and your signature places all of our common property and assets in my name, thus making you an unemployed poverty case.

"You signed that agreement two weeks ago when you believed that you were signing a pool maintenance contract. If you wish to retain your half of our total valuation, you will begin this very afternoon.

"The police have a signed order which places this property off limits to you for at least the next sixty days. What will it be, sixty days in jail and poverty thereafter, or sixty days in training to accept and understand the female side of life?"

"How in hell can you discard me like an old shoe? I'll get a lawyer. We'll see just how far you get," John said.

"How are you going to pay for your legal expenses? All of the assets of the Brown Estate are now in my name alone, and will only be returned to joint ownership when your training session is over," Anita answered.

"You can leave now. Maybe you'll survive and amass another nest egg, but it would be much more sensible, and practical to accept my plan and three months from now have a quarter of a million dollars."

"How in the devil did you manage to pull this off?" John asked.

"You remember a few months ago when I fell on the ice and bruised my side, my forehead, and sprained my left shoulder? You told me that I wasn't paying attention to the weather conditions. The doctor called the police and they sent a female officer to his office to view the 'wife-beating bruises.' From there to here was a breeze. As of midnight tonight, you are persona non grata at this residence.

"Any more questions? Will it be two months in Intercourse, Pennsylvania or poverty?"

"Your fishing trip is already scheduled; there is no real big hurry in starting your training. It can wait until your deep sea adventure is over. I would suggest that you be extra careful and not fall overboard. Remember that I now own everything outright. We wouldn't even have to hold a memorial service, so that expense would be spared.

"You may be wondering just where I acquired the legal advice, which made this all possible. As you know, Cathy our oldest daughter is a practicing attorney.

"Your stuff is all packed for your trip, I'll drive you down to meet the limo. Then your Mercedes will come back home and be safe in the garage while you are riding the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Are you convinced yet? Is my plan the smartest way to begin your retirement?" Anita asked.

"There doesn't appear to be a better option at the moment, so I guess that I will have to accept," John answered. Then he added, "You have definitely insured your retirement. If this will open one small door allowing me to avoid poverty. I accept."

"Well done, Mr. Brown. We'll send you off to Pennsylvania right after your fishing trip," Anita said.

They got into John's Mercedes 600, and headed into town, to the bus station. The limo was ready, the driver helped John into the back seat and put all of his fishing gear in the trunk. The driver got in, Anita waved goodbye through the limo window, then walked ahead towards John's car.

As the limo driver was shutting his door, John thought that he heard two doors shut at almost the same time, but he wasn't sure because of the music playing on the speaker system. He half-listened to the music, and half-worried about his mandated course of action.

He was tired and stressed out, so he tried to relax and enjoy the ride and the music. They were supposed to pick up his brother in Hartford at a nearly abandoned truck terminal. They would be there in about an hour. Then they would continue on to New Britain, and the fishing vessel.

The limo pulled off the highway. John saw the large truck terminal building; they stopped near a small walk-in door. The driver came back and opened the rear door. John suggested that they use the toilet facilities while they waited for his brother.

A matching limo pulled in and parked beside the first one. John assumed that his brother had just arrived.

As John and his driver approached the restrooms, the driver veered away from the men's room door, and removed his cap. He shook out the long hair which had been carefully tucked up under the cap and entered the ladies room. John couldn't see her face, but her figure was quite appealing. "Christ, I never even thought it was a female driver. I must be getting old."

As John was wiping his hands, the men's room door opened. A uniformed limo driver came in and went into a toilet stall, then a second one did the same. As he was about to exit the men's room, Anita walked in, towing one of those rolling luggage cases.

"What in hell are you doing here? How did you get here?" John asked.

"I rode up front with Cathy, your limo driver," Anita answered.

"Bullshit, Cathy is a lawyer," John countered.

"Same thing I'm doing here," Karen answered as she came out of one of the stalls.

"Karen, what is going on here?"

Anita answered, "The three of us are here to help you become Jane Brown. Then the three of us will personally escort you to Intercourse, Pennsylvania. The second limo has already left, and we can enjoy a sort of family reunion, something that we haven't enjoyed since these ladies were young girls. They wanted to be here to help you embark on your first retirement adventure.

"This is a family project. Your daughter, the lawyer, drew up all of the legal paperwork concerning our estate and its distribution. Your daughter, the psychologist, suggested and planned the special training program.

"My specific part has been formulating this plan of action for you. John, with or without your cooperation, we are going to transform you into Plain Jane and transport you to your temporary residence, while you train to be an obedient daughter, much like you insisted that Cathy and Karen be," Anita stated.

Karen opened the luggage case, and began to unfold and sort female clothing items. Cathy and Anita began to remove John's sports outfit. John was dazed by all he had just learned about himself. He realized that they felt he had done them many injustices. They were not forgiving, they were determined to see that he got a good taste of mandatory obedience, with the hope that Anita and John's retirement years would be enjoyable ones for Anita.

The three ladies, all dressed for an evening of a leisurely dinner and a nice movie, all in pretty dresses with pantyhose and heels, quickly stripped and redressed the shocked and embarrassed male family member. They created a very realistic Amish lady, seemingly in her mid-twenties. They packed up all of John's clothing, and ushered "Plain Jane" out to the waiting limo. All four ladies sat in the back, Anita and "Jane" facing forward, with Karen and Cathy seated backwards and facing their parents.

They had dressed John in a simple shift-type dress. It was of a very dull brown material, made to be utilitarian, wear-resistant, and not exhibit a hint of sexuality.

The humiliation of being dressed as a young woman, in such plain clothing, and having to sit and listen to these three ladies describe the rude, crude, and inconsiderate ways he had treated them, opened the flood gates to his tear ducts.

When they had managed to get "Plain Jane" calmed down, they were arriving at her new home. She was ushered into the humble abode of the Amish family, and introduced to the husband and wife and their three girl children.

The oldest of the girls commented that Jane looked quite presentable in the dress she had provided for Jane to wear. The mother warned Jane that the clothes that she was wearing were on loan. Jane would have to spend her evenings and rainy days making all of her own clothes. In the meantime, she would have to wash this outfit at bedtime and hope that everything was dry enough to put back on in the morning.

Diedra, the eldest daughter, was going to loan "Jane" a night-gown. "Mrs. Brown has given me money to buy the cloth you will need," the mother said.

The man spoke up, saying, "You four girls head for bed. Five AM comes early and there are chores to do. Jane, you will share Diedra's bed; the two younger ones already bunk together. God, I wish you three were boys. You would be much better workers, especially without those dresses always getting in the way."

"Jed, your three daughters, with Jane's help, can make this farm a success. Jane will have to carry her weight up until she begins to get clumsy with the child she will be carrying. Off to bed, you four younguns.

"Jane, you wait just a few moments, I need to talk to you. You are representing a young lady, and will be sharing a bed with our oldest daughter. You will wear this specially-made girdle. You will lock the waistband in front of me at bedtime. I will hold the key. Anytime you need to remove that garment, you come to me, understand?"



Jane said, "Yes, ma'am, I understand."

"Now, off to bed," Ma ordered.

John/Jane looked forlornly at his wife Anita and their two daughters, and asked, almost in tears again, "This is some sort of a practical joke isn't it? You really aren't going to go home and leave me here, are you?"

Anita said, "Say good night to Jane, girls. We had better be on our way to Hazleton. Goodnight, Jane. I'll see you in a couple of months. Make this family proud of you. Show them that you can carry your part of the load."

They all thanked Ma and Pa, then left. Jane was crying again.

Ma said, "Jane, come put this girdle on and lock the padlock, then head up to Diedra's bedroom."

Jane was crying so hard that she couldn't even attempt to remove her bloomers to pull the girdle on. *What is the matter with me?* John thought. *I haven't cried in years, and now I can't stop. Are these clothes doing this to me, or am I just totally exhausted and running on empty?*

Jane was finally secured inside that special girdle, and was sent into Diedra's bedroom. Diedra handed her a nightgown. With her back to Jane, she disrobed, slipped a nightgown over her head, and got into her side of the bed.

Diedra said, "You will get no special treatment, until you reach the point where your pregnancy is a seriously limiting factor.

"Your daughter Karen submitted a detailed weight and size progression chart. Mom has agreed to see that your body shape and weight graduate to match the chart. You will have to alter your dress patterns to accommodate your expanding abdomen.

"Please be advised that I am strong enough to subdue you and tie your hands to the top of this headboard or to the padlock on the waistband of your girdle. Look but don't touch, and we will get along well as sisters. Goodnight, Jane," Diedra said.

"Goodnight, Diedra," Jane responded.

John's was asleep much sooner than he had expected to be. Some time around two AM, he became aware of Diedra lying on her side. She was pressing her front side against his back. He became excited by her warmth, the feeling of her breasts pressing against his back, and her arm hanging down across his side and chest. He was in agony; he wanted to turn over, and caress and enjoy the pleasures available right here in his bed, but he didn't dare move. If he did move, it might disturb her sleep, because she was accustomed to sleeping alone. He wanted to satisfy his need for sexual relief, he wanted to be free of that damned girdle. he wanted to go on his deep sea fishing trip, to enjoy the fact that he no longer had to go to work.

He was suddenly angry. He would put a stop to this absolute foolishness, he would assert his male strength, he would show Anita, Cathy and Karen that he was a fighter, a man's man, the boss in his home. Then he realized he had no home unless he could win his way back into Anita's good graces.

A restraining order which was now in effect; if the police observed John near their property, he would end up in jail. He had a clean record, and he wished to keep it that

way, so he would have to do exactly as he was told by his wife, by his daughters and by this family he was living with.

He laid there motionless for over an hour before Diedra slowly shifted to another position, which, thankfully, eliminated all bodily contact. He suffered for another half-hour, waiting for the pressure to subside in his crotch, then he finally went back to sleep.

What seemed like only moments later, Pa was shaking Jane to wake her up. Diedra was almost completely dressed when Jane looked over toward her side of the bed.

Pa said, "Jane, you had better get a move on. The first thing would be to get Ma to unlock that padlock. Ann will be your guide and teacher for today, so take your turn in the outhouse, then get dressed. Ma will have some breakfast ready for you in the kitchen. Both of you girls had better hurry, we need to be using all of our daylight hours."

Jane put on a pair of Diedra's slippers and went to the kitchen, where Ma unlocked the padlock. Jane found Ann who showed Jane where the outhouse was. Back in the bedroom, Jane was alone; she rushed to get back into the clothes which Anita and their two girls had dressed John in the day before. When Jane was fully dressed, she rushed back to the kitchen for her breakfast. Ma made her lift up her dress and petticoats to show that she had snapped the padlock shut, then she urged Jane to sit and butter her toast.

Ma set a plate in front of Jane. It had scrambled eggs, hash brown potatoes, and three strips of bacon. This was followed by a large glass of fresh cold milk.

The days were very busy and seemed never-ending. Diedra was a good seamstress, and was quick to catch all of Jane's mistakes. It would be a great help to have been able to do the sewing on a machine, but these people avoided all forms of modern improvements.

Diedra showed Jane the weight and size chart Karen had included in the instructions for Jane's pregnancy progression program. Someone had worked out weekly body changes and designed a corset that allowed for the addition of strips of weighted metal links that went in the belly area first, then in increasing lengths, widths and weights to resemble a pregnant woman's expansion, only over a thirty-six day span rather than a normal term of pregnancy.

Ma was to be in charge of the bodily changes.

John couldn't imagine just how desperate he would be for sexual relief, after being celibate for over two months. What would this special garment be like? Would he be able to patronize the outhouse without needing to have Ma unlock access to his genitals? Every single time he needed to pee, he had to politely ask Ma to go with him to the outhouse. She would stand outside and when he was done, he had to lift up his dress and petticoats and display the locked girdle waistband.

Ma and Pa went into town one day, and Ma left Diedra in charge of the padlock key. Diedra made a big deal out of dropping that key into the cavity between her prominent breasts. She was quite the prankster, and Jane was worried about how much pleading and begging she would have to endure in order to get Diedra to unlock that girdle's waistband. When Jane needed to be unlocked, the key custodian was nowhere to be found. When she couldn't find the keeper of the key, she became desperate and went searching everywhere for Diedra.