



*Reluctant Press presents:*

**Birthday Week**

**#25**

*And More...*

**Jamie**



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# **BIRTHDAY WEEK # 25**

**By JAMIE**

Frank and Beverly Mason were blessed with a set of triplets. Frank was also a member of such a delivery.

In this young and suddenly big family, Mom and Dad were almost overwhelmed with care burdens. Dad, being a farmer, could schedule time for assisting Beverly with the almost constant need for care of one their new family members.

They had no warning to expect a multiple delivery, and only had one baby crib. Frank cut plywood panels

and divided the crib into three sections, and the babies slept crossways for their early life.

Beverly kept after Frank to go for an operation to prevent any more such deliveries in the future, but he kept putting it off. This meant that Beverly had to remember to take her birth control pill.

The three babies, two girls and a boy, were quite healthy, grew quite fast, and were very dedicated to each other.

At the age of ten, their birthday celebration included Frank reading a story from the book, "The Decameron" He had to be quite selective, because some of the tales were a bit much for ten-year-olds. As the years passed, these triplets maintained that birth date as almost sacred. By the time they were fifteen, they had transitioned into celebrating Birthday Week.

Their graduation from High School fell in the beginning of Birthday Week. Dad still read a tale from that special book, as tradition. The triplets flew to Las Vegas for the last three days of their special week. Almost immediately after arriving, Daniel hit it big from a dollar slot machine. That payoff was for over fifty thousand dollars.

There was no more gambling for the rest of that day. Their concentration was on investing that bundle. They decided to wait to talk to Aunt Fran, one of Frank's fellow triplets. She was quite into investing, and most likely could help them manage this sudden good fortune.

They would save twenty-five thousand for their nest egg, split the balance three ways and enjoy their Las Vegas fling. Dana and Donna each wanted some

special outfits to remember their great stroke of luck. They dragged Daniel along to help them choose.

Daniel was getting cheated. The two girls stood in a changing room, dressed in their pretty nylon lingerie. It suddenly dawned on them that Dan wasn't sharing in their fun.

Donna said, "Dana, we can't do this. Go out and select a complete set of lingerie for Dan, and we will convert him into Danielle." Soon there were three girls standing in their slips, and a sales lady was running to select dresses for them to try on.

Dan was now into a element of femininity quite new to him. He has been dressed in his sisters' clothes numerous times before but had never been involved in the selection phase. He fell in love with a conservative style of dress, got the sales lady to find it in his favorite color, and had help putting it on. He convinced Dana and Donna to select it in their colors. Suddenly, there they were, The Three Musketeers all in the same dress, each in her favorite color.

Shopping was now over for that day; now it was time to concentrate of completing the conversion of Daniel to Danielle.

Aunt Frances was an wizard, sharp as a tack and well-versed in investment strategies . Over the next five years, she managed that account. Even with them tapping it for their now annual Birthday Week in Vegas, she more than tripled their nest egg.

"It takes money to earn money. Now is the time for you three to learn how to do so," she told them.

At twenty years of age, they each had just over thirty thousand dollars in investments. On their twenty-fifth celebration, they each took a thousand dol-

lars and attacked the dollar slots all over the Strip. Dana hit a five-thousand dollar jackpot, and Donna got one for seven grand. This was split three ways.

In Vegas, Dad was absent, so each of them would tell a tale on the night of their birth. These would be recorded; maybe later in life they could combine them into a modern-day book like "The Decameron."

There was really no embarrassment among these three, they had bathed together until the girls began to develop busts. Mom separated them at that point, having Daniel bathe separately and setting him up with a separate bedroom.

Most every morning, all three would wake up in the girls' big bed. The girls began to insist that Dan wear a nightgown to sleep with them. That became a game to dress Dan up and call him Danielle. They played house often, and of course Danielle had to be included. Mom and Dad both knew what the girls were doing, and were not the least bit alarmed.

Dan was a natural at math, whereas Dana had a tough time with it, so on two occasions, Dana became Dan and Dan became Dana. "She" aced her math exam. Dan was stuck in Dana's dress for that whole school day.

On their twenty-fifth Birthday Week, as tradition dictated, it came time for their stories.

## **THE AYES HAVE IT**

**by Dana Mason**

In the little out-of-the-way town called Promise, the population having been decreased considerably by

men being killed in the military, logging and DWI accidents, the ladies decided that it was time for them to take charge. The Ladies Social Circle held a meeting.

The agenda was short, with only ten items to be discussed and voted on. The discussions were brief and to the point. Just as the moderator asked "Is there any other business to come before this meeting?" Nancy Jones stood up. The moderator recognized her, and asked for her statement or motion.

Nancy said, "I wish to make a motion that all persons living and working in our town dress in dresses as proper ladies at all times." Susan Brown jumped to her feet and quickly seconded, then asked if she could speak to that motion.

The astonished Moderator granted her request. Sue began to describe the unfair situation, where just a few men were allowed to run their town to their standards. The Ladies Social Circle was fed up with the sloppy manner of dressing on the part of almost every male, and were now ready to correct this fault. No one would appear on this town's public streets or in the businesses unless they appear in proper ladies apparel.

Those engaged in laborers duties would have to obtain ladies coveralls, and every male would have to wear an approved style of ladies lingerie underneath. The approved style of lingerie would be ladies winter long johns, covering from above the knee to shoulder and elbow. A summer version made of much cooler nylon material would be worn during hot weather. These garments do not allow for toilet access except in the seated position.

There would be a three-day grace period for the acquisition of the required clothing. That means that

starting on Sunday next, wearing men's overalls or any other male garb would result in an arrest.

The motion on the floor was clearly stated, and discussed. Every female in attendance responded in favor. The men voted against that motion, but there were seven more ladies present than men. The motion was carried.

The Sheriff stood and called for reconsideration. There was a vote to reconsider, and the motion was lost by one vote.

The Moderator stated that since all business was now complete, he needed a vote to adjourn. That motion was proposed and duly passed in the affirmative. "I declare this Town Meeting closed by the vote of those present."

There were only three days for the town's males to change over to wearing ladies' formal or street clothing. They had better not be seen in public within the town's limits in male clothing.

The ladies had won. They would establish their own police force to insure that the law was followed, if necessary. They would have a well-dressed main street, and business district. Their Police Department would start business on Sunday morning, wearing law-women's attire, to enforce the new town ordinance.

No more sloppy overalls or blue jeans on their streets; male workers would have to purchase and wear respectable-looking ladies' coveralls over the approved lingerie.

The Sheriff nearly resigned. No way was he going to dress as a lady. There probably wasn't a dress or



skirt of the right color available for him in any case. Wearing size twelve men's shoes, he would never find a set of heels to fit his feet. Or so he thought.

Susan already had three pairs for him to try on and four official lady Sheriff's dresses ready for fitting. She owned the Ladies Fashion Shop, and she had carefully estimated dress and shoe sizes for every male in town. The orders had been arriving for almost a week now. A room next to the fitting room was filled with racks of ladies wear ordered on consignment. She had charge slips made out for every male to sign. Each charge slip already had a lady's name at the top.

Frank would become Francine. Tom would become Tess. Carl would be Carla, But what about William? How about Billie? Sheriff John could become Sheriff Joan. Police Chief George could be Chief Georgia. Officer Reginald, dear little Reggie. Susan ordered a pair of size two police-style dresses for "Reggie" and size four two and one half-inch heels to match.

The women had spent over a month working out the logistics of this female takeover. Three ladies had outright refused to go along with this radical change; Nancy and Susan worked for over a week to convince them to picture their pretty little town center, with all residents dressed as ladies.

Several men listed their property for sale, but three days later with no sale in sight, they had to go to Susan for her choice of dresses to wear, to comply with this first-of-its-kind situation.

There would be quite a few males who would try to buck or defy that order, but Sheriff Joan had several cells, and Police Chief Georgia had six more. Officer Reggie would have to escort those nonconforming males to the local lockups.

Susan had almost ordered some four inch heels for Reggie to give her more stature but conceded that the lower ones were safer for her, at least while she was in training. Farmer Don, soon to become Farmer Donna, felt he could defy the new ordinance. Who would ever bother to check on him way out where his farm was? He would just send his wife in to town for supplies.

She returned with everything he had ordered and then some. At Susan's Fashion Shop, she got a new apron, and some unmentionables. Susan had talked her into forcing Don to become Donna.

This little town would become a No Man's Land. Town meeting must always have a majority of females, to insure that their vote for dresses stayed in effect.

All of the store windows displayed ladies fashions and were decorated with lovely curtains. With everyone wearing dresses, the town was becoming a real showplace.

That first week, seven men were jailed for disregarding that new ordinance. Chief Georgia and Sheriff Joan had complied by purchasing the required dress, heels, and lingerie, to comply with that law so they had no reservation about jailing any man who thought he could get away with not wearing a dress.

Judge Carla decided that these early arrests were a first offense and ordered the men to serve four days in jail in dresses and two days working in Susan's store. In addition, they would receive instructions on how to properly wear dresses and whatever else was needed to be good citizens.

The newspapers were having a field day with Promise now becoming a No Man's Land. A photographer was jailed for four days and had to work with Su-

san and Nancy for two additional days, all while wearing dresses.

Tourists began flocking into town to see it first hand. Many visiting males paid a stiff fine to avoid the six days of punishment en femme.

Sightseeing busses began showing up by the dozens to see the pretty little town where all residents were required to wear dresses. Every structure around the town's center circle was now well-cared for. There were plant boxes with pretty flowers in bloom everywhere.

The amusement park took a serious hit, because visiting males not properly attired would get jailed. The park purchased dresses to rent to these men, and the local law people made sure that the males wore them or they would go to jail or pay the heavy fine.

The police actions netted the town enough income to cancel the need for any local tax for the coming year.

There seems to be a tendency for humans to push the envelope just a bit too far. In the town of Promise, where women now ruled, that tendency was quite strong. In response, the two ladies who had proposed and seconded that Town Meeting motion, seeing what was happening, now became overly considerate of the males.

These ladies were now toying with a motion which would allow the use of male attire but strictly control the neatness and cleanliness of all appearing within the town's business district.

Another faction, having achieved power, was now determined to increase female control until eventually all of the local men were retained in a holding facility, to be rented out.

All business and financial control would be handled by those of the female gender. This of course would spell doom to the little town, stop all growth, and discourage heterosexual couples from moving in because the man would be quickly carried away to that lockup.

The town was showing an increase of females and a continuing decrease of males. This means a need to revise the dress code to encourage a closer balance of gender counts.

The present requirement for dresses, heels, and approved long johns had totally eliminated all standing urination. The conversion to ladies undergarments with no front closure was a brilliant move. Now all urination required disrobing by lifting the dress and assuming a seated position.

One discussion centered around a way to lock up every penis, allowing only married ladies to possess a key, thus eliminating all concerns about single ladies getting sexually attacked, while forcing all males to accept supervised elimination functions.

The ladies differed radically on the locking methods. Some thought a wire cage seemed best. Others wanted some sort of chastity garment.

Most of the town's ladies were in love with their clean and neat males, even if it took ladies wear to make it happen. They had no desire to release their grip on the reins of power. So with a sixty-nine percent female majority, they prepared for the next Town Meeting. Their express purpose was to return the pants to their males. Their motion would include a neatness clause. Any man who violated it would be returned to wearing dresses.

After the vote was taken the Moderator once again stated, "The Ayes have it." Nearly one hundred percent of those present voting in the affirmative. There were five "No" votes from ladies insistent that they must retain the ordinance for males to wear dresses. They delighted in being able to force their men to pose as ladies; it was an extremely effective method of control. Walking outside in a wind was a challenging action, and many males wore slips to help reduce the up drafts.

Judge George established a two-month return to dresses for any male arrested for not being properly dressed. Sheriff John arrested and jailed men on their second offense. .

## **LUCKY LOIS**

**by Danielle Mason**

Lois was a young single lady with lots of muscle mass, lots of personal protection training, lots of powerful defense moves, and a special look which said, "Don't mess with me." No wonder she had no qualms dressing as she liked and going where she liked.

Her convertible was parked and locked over in back of the huge gym parking lot which was nearly empty, near the dumpster. At this time of night, ten minutes to ten on a Friday evening, that was to be expected.

Unlocking the driver's door, Lois tossed her gym bag across to the passenger side of her front seat. To be sure that her skirt didn't get bunched up and wrinkled,

she made that very feminine movement of brushing her arms across her fanny to smooth out the fabric before sitting on it. Then she slid in behind the steering wheel.

The work week over, Lois had spent an hour on the machines inside the gym, working up quite a sweat. Then she showered and got dressed in her attention getting outfit, with its wide flaring skirt and petticoat. She was wearing an uplift bra which nearly had her boobs in orbit. She had only minutes to meet Lance.

He was to meet her at their late-night eating place in about ten minutes; she was trying to be presentable and desirable upon her arrival. Her left hand reached out for the door, to shut it, and her right one was reaching to insert the key in the ignition lock. Suddenly, her lights went out.

Someone dropped something over her head, then pulled it tight around her throat. The distinct snap of a padlock was heard.

She couldn't see, couldn't call for help; the bag over her head was made of some sort of tough cloth which she was not able to tear. Someone was in her car, right behind her.

What now? She couldn't run, because she couldn't see. She quickly confirmed that the snap she had heard was a padlock, snapped through a leather belt, securing this unit around her neck.

She must stay calm, and wait to be able to use her great strength and combat expertise against this mystery attacker. The car rocked slightly as her attacker exited the back seat, opening the passenger side door. Lois sat quietly, waiting for the next move, which she hoped would let break some of his fingers or poke her

fingers into his eyes and blind him. But a rope was dropped over her head, and she was pulled over to the passenger side window. Her head was pulled out and the window was cranked up to pinch tightly on her neck, nearly choking her.

“My God, where is my skirt right now? How much am I exposing? How can I get my head out of this door window? Where has my attacker gone now?” she thought wildly.

The door closed, the engine started, and the vehicle was in motion, at what seemed like a very conservative rate of speed.

While her hands were still free, she had better try to get that window lowered to get her head back inside, where she might be able to find a way to get free. She must ignore what she might be exposing for now. Her attacker must have sensed that he couldn't control her, that by blinding her, he would gain a tremendous advantage, because she would be nearly helpless.

Why had she parked so far back in the lot, so far from the gym door? There was a huge truck in the way, and men were unloading large cartons.

She was forced to park in one of the only vacant spaces, way over in the back.

She remembered one of the men, climbing down from his truck cab, checked out every square inch of her as she walked by on her way into the gym. Now he had control of every square inch; she had damn well better begin to fight back.

“Think, Lois! He is driving, concentrating mostly on the road, so use your right hand and lower that window slowly until your head is clear. You know just where he is seated. Clasp your hands, spin around,

drop your arms around his neck, and squeeze for all you are worth. We may crash, but you just might choke him enough to make the car stop. If you have a good enough hold, you may be able to force him to unlock that blinding head cover. Whoever is doing this will be in deep shit when I finish with him.”

Lowering the window slowly was almost torture. She kept shuffling her fanny and feet to try to keep the driver’s attention away from what was happening to the window. Then suddenly, Lois spun around on her knees, dropped her clasped hands over the driver’s head and began to cut off his air supply. Her head was up against his right ear and both her hands were clamped around his throat. She must overpower this Bastard while still blinded.

Her car came to an abrupt stop. Her pressure on this person’s throat never let up. His fingers dug at her right wrist and fingers in an effort to breathe. There was a gasping sound as his air ran short, the attempt to remove her choke hold became quite feeble, finally stopping completely. She maintained the choke hold for about two more minutes, then began to relax her pressure gradually.

She must find that padlock key, and fast. This person may just be unconscious, not dead. Lois tipped him towards her, and searched his left side pockets. Finding no key, she flipped him back upright, then examined the right pockets. She determined that her captor was a male, because there was no evidence of a right breast or bra. His hair was in a man’s cut.

What to do now? Someone was stopping a car. Help was there. Her passenger door was pulled open and she tried to ask for help, but her right arm was severely twisted, and she was dragged out of her car. A rope



was tied to her right wrist, the rope passed between her legs, pulling her skirt and petticoat way up. The rope was tied again, this time to her left wrist.

She was lead to a running car. She was roughly shoved into the back seat, her legs and skirts were shoved in and the door was slammed behind her. The vehicle took off at a terrifying speed.

Lois still couldn't see, and now her wrists were bound through her crotch; she couldn't even sit up without sitting on one of her hands. Someone had her as their prisoner, and was rapidly heading for parts unknown.

Being quite limber from all of her gym training, she managed to bend her body over enough sideways to reach one of the knots which securing her wrists. She worked at the knots until she had to stop because of a cramp in her side. She straightened up for a bit, before going back at it again. One knot began to loosen, and finally her hands were free. Straightening out that piece of rope, she quickly fashioned a noose. She moved carefully over to where the driver's head should be, she applied a choke hold on the driver. She increased the pressure gradually. The car slowed and finally stopped. The driver struggled to breathe, but to no avail. Soon the driver was still. Lois secured the rope to be sure that this person couldn't get free and attack her again. She began to try to get rid of the thing blinding her.

The leather of the strap around her throat was very resilient, and her fingernails couldn't cut it away. The car key was a lousy saw; it just slid across the leather. After what seemed like hours, her fingers were getting raw from trying to force the key to cut through the leather strap locked around her neck.

She didn't dare to get out and walk. She was just about to throw down the key and cry when a vehicle stopped.

A man spoke, "It looks like you're in a tough situation. What say we strike a deal? Get in my van. We will get away from the strangled driver, park somewhere and take care of my desires. Then I'll return you to your home, cut almost all the way through that leather neck band, and leave you to finish removing that head cover.

Lois was now ready to boil over, Her anger knew no bounds, but she nodded her head to indicate that she would cooperate with this man's plan. He selected a secluded place to stop, then helped Lois into the back of the van, which happened to have a mattress on the floor. The guy helped her remove her skirt, then removed most of his own clothing. He reached up to grasp the waist band of her panties with both of his hands. Lois clamped her legs around his neck and began to squeeze until he was screaming.

She pointed to that padlocked leather strap, and indicated that he cut it. He said that his knife was in his pants pocket. She motioned for him to get it; he said that he couldn't reach. Lois grasped his left hand, spread his fingers until he cried out in pain, then motioned for him to retrieve his knife and pass it to her. She reestablished her leg squeeze on his neck, used her hands to open the knife and sawed through the leather strap. Still holding him securely, she removed her pantyhose, put on her skirt, then tied the man's hands securely. She demanded directions from him, and drove his van out of the woods and safely home.

Lois partially untied the man, then went in her house and quickly locked the doors. Shortly, she heard

the van leave her yard. She expected to be dragged out of bed by the police for two murders. The police never even contacted her about abandoning her convertible. She had no serious cuts or bruises. She was hungry, but she had been priming herself for a real hot sexual interlude and was hoping that it could happen even before she and Lance got to eat.

There was a cute little motel right beside the pizza place; Lois was going to suggest that Lance rent one of the cabins. Glancing at the clock and noticing that it was almost one in the morning, she was convinced that Lance had given up, ordered himself some supper and gone home without getting any relief for his built-up lust. It must be tough to concentrate on driving with a full blown erection fighting for freedom. Lois knew that she was presently at the high point in her monthly cycle; if she had been raped, she would have had to find some of those "Morning After" pills. With that bag over her head, she wouldn't have been able to tell if the guy used a condom.

She wanted what Lance would have to offer; there was a serious need for their anticipated meeting. She had no serious thoughts of spending the rest of her life with this man, but tonight his attention would be most welcome.

Her sort-of steady guy was a truck driver who was often out on the road. Many a night, Lois had to make-do with some random male at some fast food place or beer joint. She didn't sell her wares, but a live male was often more desirable than her vibrator.

She loved to be cuddled and petted. She hoped to find the man who could love her before they began to disrobe.

Maybe she should start a school aimed at teaching males to respect the slower response of the female, and train them in how to really set a lady on fire, before they reached the point of penetration.

What an idea, How could she get started? Who would she consult for suggestions of attracting clients, and where should she consider setting up any such school? Would it really work or would the male students get so turned on that the females doing the teaching would always be in danger of being attacked?

Could garments be designed which would protect the ladies, allow freedom to the male, but protect the teacher? She laughed to herself that the safest approach would be to place the males in the class in straight jackets, and have the class be conducted strictly by video lectures with absolutely no actual contacts between students and teachers.

“Leave it alone, Lois,” she thought, “you are treading on thin ice. Maybe you had best look for a lover who is employed locally, and dump your over-the-road guy. You could be well-advised to hold out for Mr. Right even if you end up settling for your vibrator for a few months until you strike pay dirt.”

After that close call, Lois was always extremely careful about being a single female out at night and alone. She might not get a second chance.

## **OUT OF STEP by Dawn Mason**

Steve had gotten into trouble with some men who ran the local rackets. He needed to find a way to leave town...quickly.

He and his girl friend were both musicians. She was presently packing to go on a four-month tour in a bus

caravan called "Take The Music To The People." The female organizers decided to make this an All-Girl tour. There would be three busses filled with just girls. That would make nighttime stops much simpler.

Steve asked Sue to help him join that tour, thus getting him out of town with no trouble from the Mafia. If he could just get out of California, he could soon return to being a boy and have a fighting chance for survival.

Sue agreed, but only on her conditions. Steve must truly pass as a female, none of this halfway stuff. Every hair would have to be in place, every whisker must be removed, and he would have only lingerie and dresses to wear.

Sue packed a rolling luggage case for "Sandy" and one for herself. Steve packed one with all male clothing. The larger case was left for the truck hauling the large musical instruments. It was Steve's case of male clothes that went onto that truck. The busses traveled the first day until ten at night, then stopped at a building normally used as a disaster shelter. There were rows of cot mattresses lined up side-by-side, and end-to-end across the whole floor. There were just sheets for covers, with narrow walkways between the rows of mattresses

This being an all-girl situation, there was little need for privacy. Strip, slip into your PJ's or nightgown, and get into bed. Steve got an eyeful of bare or near-bare female bodies on every side.

Sue's and Steve's girl clothes were there, but not his male ones; that truck was delayed with tire trouble. Sue laughed at the thought of her boyfriend being stuck with only her clothes to wear, and secretly hoped that it could continue for several more days. It would serve

a man right, to have to pose as a female in order to survive.



“Sandy” said, “We are away from those Mafia guys. If only I had my boy clothes, I could soon be on my way. All of my important papers are packed in that case, and here I am, stuck in Girlie Mode.”

Sue said, “I guess that you are going to play at being a Girl for at least one more day. You’re lucky that we braided your hair into your wig, that will hold it in place while you get your beauty sleep. I wish that they had allowed men’s shirts, jeans, and sneakers for us to travel in, but our director had the theory that we would be much more presentable if everyone were wearing pretty dresses. What a privilege for you to dress up as a very presentable lady, pantyhose and all.” She laughed at the face he made at that comment.

Sue began to lecture Steve about having to carefully shave three times a day. She reminded him to constantly monitor the length of his leg hair.

The chances of Steve being discovered were very slim. If “Sandy” could maintain a passable feminine persona, keep her clothing neat and clean at all times, then as soon as the truck with the spare instruments arrived, “she” would have to be ready to perform to pay her way.

The group was scheduled for four gigs in Oregon, seven in Washington. The troupe would then go east, then south into the mountain country of Colorado, head further south, then turn west, over the mountains for jobs in southern California. Finally, after four months, they would return home to northern California.

Would four months hiding out as a female be enough to get those men off Steve’s back? Would Steve have to continue to pose as Sandy in order to be safe? Should Sandy abandon this tour group, strike out on

her own, maybe permanently adopt this female persona to insure personal safety and peace of mind?

What could Sandy do for work? How could she support herself? Waitress? Hairdresser? Nurse? Or should "she" go back to Steve's line of work, truck driver? Perhaps she could drive as a lady dressed in jeans, jacket, and cowboy boots.

A trumpet could create many different sounds, depending on the comfort, and mental state of the person playing the instrument. For some odd reason, Steve's distress at having to dress and live temporarily as a woman caused him to play better than he ever had before. One afternoon soon after he started touring with the group, he was sitting on his cot, practicing on the trumpet with Sue accompanying him on her flute. Donna, the group's musical director, heard them and walked toward them. They were the only three people in the room; the "other" girls had all gone on a shopping trip into town. Intent on their playing and with their backs turned to her, Steve and Sue didn't hear Donna approach.

Donna walked up and tapped Steve on the shoulder. Startled, Steve turned quickly, causing his hair piece to fall off. It was immediately apparent that "Sandy" was actually a male. Steve and Sue had no choice but to come clean about the situation and beg for Donna's understanding and help.

Donna was shocked to learn that a male in drag was included in her tour. She was close to ordering Sandy to get her things and vacate pronto, but she had just heard the most beautiful music coming from Sandy's trumpet, supplemented by Sue on her flute. She needed time to figure out a way to add this unusual sound into their concerts.



So Sandy, beautiful Sandy, was actually a male, So Sandy had somehow displeased some Mafia thugs. Sandy hadn't disturbed any of the other ladies on this tour. She had blended into this tour for over a week. With special handling, Donna just might be able to retain Sandy, but one wrong might make Steve slip away in the dark of night.

Sue and Sandy held a very private conference covering many varied topics. What should they do now that a third person knew about Steve's switch? Should Steve vacate the country completely. If so, where would be a safe haven. Could there be a easier solution to the problem? How long could "Sandy" remain Steve's public image? Should efforts begin at once to convert Steve into Sandy, and to what extent? Should Steve have surgery to alter all visible male signs to female, or just get more minor changes to his beard, body hair, breasts and voice?

These tour ladies were a very close knit group. Should they be told the truth about "Sandy?" What type of reaction could be expected? Would Sandy be thrown from one of the speeding busses? Could this musical tour group really do battle with the Mafia and come out the victor?

They selected several to handle the logistics and got each lady and Steve special secure phones. The lady most skilled with computers would have to become a member of the cleaning staff at the Mafia headquarters to search out the passwords for all of their accounts and contacts.

After the tour group returned to northern California and disbanded, they could hold planning meetings, ostensibly for their next tour. Their contact names would be Walt Disney characters.

All the ladies pitched in with help to maintain Sandy's disguise. Sandy was always with at least three other females whenever "she" was out in public, "public" included when Sandy was in the ladies room.

The mob's computer listed a major meeting of the Mafia bosses for the very next Friday evening. The caterers were called, and six new ladies were put on as wait staff.

On the afternoon of that meeting, many of the large rolled in food storage units were filled with armed ladies ready to do battle. The ladies were all posing as men in suits, with no visible sign of weapons.

Four of them had even gotten men's haircuts, and put on long line bras backwards in order to pass as men.

The rolling food containers, when emptied of their female warriors, would be refilled with the attendants of this major mafia meeting and delivered directly to the local police station.

Just what to do with the bundles of money in mob's computer accounts would be decided at a meeting of the Musical Tour Ladies. One thing was certain: the men herded into those lockable food containers would not be able to use it to buy their way out of their arrest warrants.

Director Donna had a complete listing of all of the mob's bank accounts and all of the passwords to them. She had one of her wizards develop a fast and efficient transfer of all funds to end up in the local police department accounts.

When the meeting was called to order, an invisible sleeping gas was released into the vents. In five minutes, all the mobsters were asleep.