



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Party Twins

Jamie



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# PARTY TWINS

**By Jamie**

Babs decided that she and I should attend the annual New Year's Eve Masquerade Party, then she further decided that we should go as identical girl twins. She never even considered consulting with me.

Babs and her classmate Jan had discussed this plan, selected the wardrobe for these 'twins' to wear, and actually ordered me to show up for a dress rehearsal on the Saturday before the party.

I, Jeff, had fought against her costume choices, complained about losing part of one of my days off from college classes, by being ordered to show up for this dress rehearsal. It even seemed like it might be time to tell Babs just where to go, but after her evening at the party, because I had promised faithfully to go with her.

Her father constantly kept vigil over me when I would arrive to pick her up for a date, and he used to comment that the only boy that could be trusted to date his daughter would be wearing handcuffs.

Babs was always coaxing me to let her find a pair of handcuffs, hand them to her dad, have him lock my wrists behind me; then she could be responsible to wait on me for our evening's date. I was afraid I might need to go to the bathroom, and worried about controlling my excitement, if she had to officiate at that elimination procedure.

Babs was a daredevil, always wanting to try special foods, erotic clothing, and even nude midnight bathing at the oceanfront.

My parents were always strict with my brother, sister and myself, insistent that we obey all social rules, school rules and parental rules as well. There was an unlimited list of "Thou Shalt" rules. Mom would frequently suggest that my brother and I respect her's and my sister's right to feminine privacy, and she would include the insistence that I totally respect the privacy of any and all of my female classmates and dates.

Babs didn't need to try her outfit on, she knew that it was fine, so she was wearing a pair of jeans and a jersey. Her bust profile in her full-length mirror, was a match for the one inside the top she had put on me.

She insisted that I strip, bathe, shave my legs and underarms, put on a pair of the new slimming pants, then a pair of green leotard tights.

Babs gave me a bra. When it was properly positioned, she filled out the cups with C-sized liquid-filled false breasts.

That was when they made the bust profile comparison, with Babs and I positioned in the same full-length mirror reflection, to be sure that our shape and size were the same.

I had really been intrigued by Babs' big boobs; that was one of the magnets that drew me into dating her. She was quite proud of her profile, but also very protective, I had managed to fondle her breasts a few times, but only in the dark. Only on that nude midnight swim had I been able to actually see them, and then only by moonlight. It was heartbreaking to stand in the moonlight and watch her put on her bra, then her halter top, and not to have a chance to enjoy those delightfully feminine globes firsthand, or firsthands. I would have been willing to suffocate with my face buried in between those delightful parts of my girlfriend's body.

But let's get back to the story, before I have a heart attack from all of my desire for more close and especially upfront association with Babs' beautiful big boobs.

Jan helped me get into a green body stocking/leopard, which matched the color of the tights I was already wearing. She fussed to be sure that all three hooks of the crotch flap closure were properly hooked. Of course this created way too much attention in the male anatomy and made things uncomfortable for quite a while.

Then came a petticoat with lots of lace ruffles, which I was told would create a real feminine flare to the skirt hem. The skirt was another extremely feminine fashion. It made me blush when they taught me how to twirl my body to get the skirt and petticoat to flare out and raise up to waist level, then slowly settle

back to a position of about halfway flared out flat, with tons of petticoat froth showing all the way around the hem of that skirt.

The skirt was a very light pink color, apparently meant to remind me that because I was wearing it, I must be female and that I must certainly act accordingly.

Jan followed this with a matching material cami-sole-style top, which looked like a lady's slip top. That just barely covered up the bumps created by the bra and those big, heavy falsies. The face makeup was next; Jan was fast and perfect with her applications of makeup and lipstick.

This was Saturday, and "Dress Rehearsal" was coming to completion. Babs' classmate Jan was concentrating on plucking my eyebrows when Babs showed me a matching set of pink bracelets which would match the color of the top and skirt they had put on me. She asked me to extend my arms out behind me so that she could put the bracelets on me without disturbing Jan and her project. My male watch with the wide leather band was in the way, so it was removed. Then I felt Babs putting the bracelets on my wrists.

When I was sure that Babs was through fussing with the bracelets, I tried to retract my arms to a more comfortable position. I discovered that they were connected to each other. Shocked by this fact, I upset Jan's eyebrow work in an effort to try to get free. My complaints to the two girls just drew lots of laughter, because they now had a boy dressed as girl twin, who was also helpless because of a set of handcuffs.

Babs officiated at the "Crowning Glory," a wig which matched her hair color and style to perfection.

So here it was just after one on a Saturday afternoon, Jeff was all dolled up as a lady in her late teens, wearing a set of strapped-on high-heeled shoes, clip earrings, and a pair of handcuffs securing his hands behind his back. Jeff was gone and a young lady named Trudy had taken his place.

Babs said goodbye to Jan as she was leaving, then she suggested that we should go show her Mom and Dad her handiwork. She picked up the handcuff key and carefully and purposefully she slipped it into the cleavage between my fake boobs. Damn her, she was tormenting me. I could look down into the bra which I was wearing and see the key that would release my hands and arms from where they were secured behind my back. I couldn't reach it with my hands, and as hard as I strained, I couldn't get my teeth low enough to grasp the tip of that protruding key where it rested in my cleavage. I was the keeper of my only means of freedom, but helpless to release my confined arms.

Babs' Mom was quite shaken by the restricting handcuffs, but otherwise quite complimentary with the result of turning a male into such a beautiful lady. Mom asked how long I would be confined, since New Year wasn't until the next Friday. Babs answered, "Trudy is dressed, ready, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of her twin sister, Judy, on Friday afternoon. At that point, one of Trudy's wrists will be freed, and the open cuff will be locked around Judy's wrist, for the whole masquerade party."

I was now in a panic, how could Babs manage to care for all of my needs for almost a full week? How could she expect me to personify the twin Trudy 24/7 for such a long period of time? How could I lay down to sleep with the handcuffs securing my arms behind

my back? How could I go bathless for almost a week? I couldn't even manipulate a telephone to call for help. I was just now realizing how totally helpless I really was.

Babs escorted Trudy back up to the bedroom. She had Trudy sit on the edge of the bed, and began to outline the activities of Trudy's next week. Trudy was to be Babs' guest until the New Year's Party was over. Since Jeff didn't have to return to college for his classes until Jan. 7th, Trudy would have seven more days to enjoy her experience of dressing in feminine fashions. That would be a total of twelve days and nights

There was no way that Trudy could remain with her wrists cuffed behind her back so tomorrow, Sunday, Babs would go and get the special male genital locking device from her Aunt Karen. Karen's mother, Bab's grandmother, Anita, had a locksmith create it. She had locked it on Babs' grandfather John for nearly a year. Trudy could wear that and have her hands and arms released.

The clothing requirements would be relaxed slightly, but Trudy would still work at being very feminine. 'She' would go and get her books so she could work on Jeff's anticipated classroom assignments, take care of Babs' room and laundry chores, let her nails grow, fashion well-shaped nail tips, and wear high-heeled footwear to train her feet and legs in being feminine to match the rest of that lovely appearing lady.

This special locking device would prevent any male genital excitement, prevent standing urination, forcing the male to sit on the toilet for relief, to rinse off with water, and remain seated until completely drip dried, before restoring his lingerie to its proper place.



There was no way to forcibly remove this special device; there would be lots of pain if one tried to, and also if an erection occurred while wearing this chastity control.

Karen had a machinist fit a stainless steel loop into the web of stainless watch band links, and she had padlocked a handcuff chain link to this control, thus locking Babs' father's hands securely to his crotch, rendering him completely helpless, but still able to care for most of his bathroom needs.

This man was a compulsive food junky and this one loop, when used correctly, eliminated any unauthorized fridge raids and eating binges. He was soon down to a very slim and trim male shape. He was even small enough to wear his wife's clothing, which Karen began to insist on.

Babs' grandfather had suffered through a long No Sex Order which lasted almost a year, with his wife Anita only unlocking the device three times, specifically for her need for sexual relief. The first two of these sessions were failures because John tripped his 'ejaculate button' way too soon, but the third time proved to be worth the wait for Anita.

Anita allowed removal of the device about a week after she began to allow Jane to resume some activities as John and to begin to return to sleeping in the master bedroom.

The device was loaned to Karen, Babs' aunt, who had a steady boyfriend. He was hot after Karen's services and being obnoxiously insistent. This man learned to curb his excitement because of the pain involved when he got excited.

Babs wanted Jeff to learn first-hand just what the ladies in this family had to effectively control their male suitors. Jeff had never forced Babs, but she wanted him to spend enough time handicapped by the device to develop a reverent respect for its control, and to file away memories which would be quite helpful in controlling a male's sexual appetite. She had a goal of marrying as a virgin, and this dependable device and its control could be invaluable in achieving that.

Dressing this male, or for that matter, any male, in such ultra-feminine style could set trigger some very erotic dreams and desires; Babs wanted protection in case Jeff began to develop a runaway libido. The dressing was intended to assist Trudy in her emulation of a lady.

Putting all of this feminine finery on a male certainly did not instantly transform his usual slovenly male actions into convincing female actions. Babs had prepared a list of actions and exercises to be done in conjunction with videos which should, if followed faithfully, train a male to gracefully act and walk like a lady. The first thing on the list was to safely revise the restraints to allow for sleeping comfort, and to permit Trudy to go to the bathroom on her own.

Trudy was seated on the master bed with a rope secured to each wrist and to each bed post. The ropes were tied tightly to each wrist, then carried back about two feet and tied again. That meant that these ends must be untied before there was any slack to work with to untie the wrist knots. There was no way for Trudy to get both hands out two feet beyond her extended arms to free the ends of the confining bonds.

It was still three hours before time for dinner, so Babs was in no hurry to finish moving of the handcuffs to the front of Trudy's body.

Babs was busy placing Jeff's clothing into a suitcase, which she took down stairs somewhere. When she returned, she retrieved the handcuff key and unlocked the left cuff, then told Trudy to move her wrist to the front of her body and re-lock the handcuff on her left wrist.

Trudy tried to slip the rope loop off from that free wrist, but it didn't want to slide along her wrist let alone slide over her hand, so that attempt was unsuccessful.

Babs asked if she expected to be served any dinner; if so, she should be able to eat it when it was delivered. She pointed out that she could pull the ropes tight and tie them again. Trudy would be sitting there with her arms out straight to either side, and would not be able to eat at all.

With the handcuffs in front, Trudy would have the freedom to eat and go to the bathroom. Trudy surrendered and locked that open cuff around her left wrist again. Babs made a big production out of finding a safe place to store the key. First she put it back into Trudy's cleavage, then she reached down her back and slid the key under the clasp of the bra band. She pressed in the middle of Trudy's back and received a painful yelp in response so she moved the key over so that it was under the left shoulder strap, still between the bra band and Trudy's back. Trudy was still custodian of her own handcuff key, but still unable to use it.

Babs came up with a sheet of paper which contained orders and instructions. She duplicated Jeff's

mother's style by using the starting phrase, "Thou Shalt":

Thou Shalt always shave twice a day or more if needed .

Thou Shalt always wear high-heeled shoes.

Thou Shalt always change your slimming pants daily.

Thou Shalt always change your pantyhose daily.

Thou Shalt always wear deodorant.

Thou Shalt always wear makeup except to bed.

Thou Shalt always wear lipstick and reapply it frequently.

Thou Shalt always wear perfume, behind ears, on wrists, and in the cleavage.

Thou Shalt always wear nail polish.

Thou Shalt always wear your petticoats every day.

Thou Shalt always wear a skirt over your petticoat.

Thou Shalt never let your petticoat show excessively.

Thou Shalt always wear your bra and false boobs.

Thou Shalt always wear your handcuffs.

Thou Shalt always make your bed.

Thou Shalt always wear your wig when not in bed.

A length of chain was locked to the foot of the bed, and to Trudy's right ankle. Babs carefully inserted the key for it behind Trudy's right bra shoulder strap, between Trudy's back and the bra band. She went downstairs and was gone for about five minutes. She returned carrying an antique chamber pot, which her

family displayed on their back porch. She commented that she was worried about Trudy wandering off in the dark, maybe even getting lost or kidnapped, so the chain leash would control her travel, and the pot would act as her toilet. Since Trudy was already parked, she might as well stay that way until morning, when releasing her would allow her to do as many chores as she could handle while wearing the handcuffs.

Trudy was swamped with orders, confined to the bedroom, and sentenced to at least eleven more days like this.

Why was Babs being so possessive? Jeff never flirted with other young ladies. True, he would not have remained in her parents' house, and definitely not in Bab's damn clothes, but he had done his very best to perform as one of the girl twins.

How could Trudy get free? She couldn't get out of the clothes she was wearing without a pair of scissors. She couldn't get to the handcuffs' key presently cutting into her back under the band of the bra she was wearing. She couldn't get free of the bed, which she was chained to. Did she have any options, or had Babs covered all of the bases? Could Trudy fake an anxiety attack? She had witnessed an epileptic seizure once; could she stage a fake one?

There was just no avenue she could locate that would cause Babs to panic and release Trudy. The best possibility was to continue to search for a weak link in her plan, and be ready to grab the ball and run with it. Could she get Babs close enough to drop her cuffed hands over her head and haul her in against Trudy's body long enough to force her to retrieve those keys from under the back of the bra?

The problems with trying to go to the bathroom on that antique piece of china or even on the toilet, were numerous with the handcuffs restricting arm movements. Holding up the skirt and petticoat, while trying



to lower the pantyhose and the slimming pants, trying to be sure to be seated properly on that chamber pot was almost too much to dare to attempt but Mother Nature seemed to force the issue. Trudy had no choice because Babs had gone to her Aunt Karen's for that special locking device, and wouldn't be back for about two more hours.

Trudy got her chance to capture Babs when she was working on Trudy's wig while it was in place. The wig had received some serious mussing when Trudy was trying to get to the keys under her bra band.

Babs bent down to pick up the pretty green ribbon she had dropped as she was about to tie it to a lock of hair just above Trudy's left ear. As Babs straightened to stand up, Trudy's arms dropped over Babs' head and drew Babs in severely against Trudy's body, until she was beginning to struggle for breath against those large fake boobs.

Trudy couldn't lower her grip because then Babs would not have the freedom to reach for those desired keys. Babs was a fighter, and a dirty one at that. She only had Trudy's body to fight against but she managed to turn just enough in Trudy's headlock to get her left arm free. She began to beat Trudy in the crotch, with very painful blows. Babs' face was shoved into Trudy's bust and she was close to suffocating, but she was beating unmercifully on the family jewels in Trudy's crotch.

Trudy tightened the pressure around Babs' neck, trying to cut off her air supply, but the hammering on the male vitals was just too painful. Babs finally won that standoff, and Trudy never even got a minute of freedom. The keys were not even disturbed, but Trudy did get punished.

The ankle chain was unlocked from the ankle, the pantyhose were lowered all the way down to her ankles. Then a heavily insulated pair of winter mittens were shaped to fit Trudy's ankles, on the inside of her calves. The pantyhose was carefully worked up over these mittens and all of the way up to Trudy's waist. The chain was wrapped around both ankles, then once around and between Trudy's ankles. The end was padlocked back to itself. The key was then returned to its place under Trudy's bra's left strap, behind the bra band.

Babs was busy tongue lashing Trudy for her escape attempt. She had Trudy stand and promised her the handcuff key if she could travel the ten feet to where Babs was standing in less than five minutes.

Trudy was desperate and fighting mad by this time. She literally hopped to Babs, nearly falling down when she stopped against her.

Babs was so surprised that Trudy had successfully challenged her offer that she retrieved the key and placed it in Trudy's hand. The cuffs were quickly unlocked and the cuffs were tossed onto the bed. Trudy asked for assistance to get back across the room and to sit on the bed. Trudy knew that she could now reach the ankle chain key also stashed in the back of her bra, but she wanted to wait until after Babs left the room.

Babs picked up the handcuffs, removed their key, and placed them in unlocked condition on top of the bureau. She carefully inserted their key into her cleavage, leaving the top of the key showing just a little bit. Then she opened her left hand to display a second key, picked it up with her right fingers, turned it for effect, then slipped it in beside the handcuff key. With her



right index finger, she tucked them down and out of sight.

Trudy began to struggle to reach the spot on her back where she was sure Babs had placed the padlock key. After a thorough finger search, she realized that Babs had just gone through the motions of storing the key back behind the bra band.

Trudy's hands were free, but she was still chained to the bed, not just one ankle but both chained together. She would most likely fall over when trying to sit on that old chamber pot. Maybe she could move it close to the bed and be able to use the edge of the mattress to help steady her body, as she tried to lower herself onto the top of that thunder jug.

Babs had seated herself on the only chair in the room, and was amused by all of the facial expressions Trudy was making. She offered to allow Trudy to lock the handcuffs once again, then release the ankle chain from one ankle.

Trudy asked for an explanation of the long and severe bondage. Was this really just for a costume party?

Babs explained that, starting Monday morning, Trudy was going to begin training seriously to become a female in looks, actions, clothing, and even voice if there was time enough. There would be no time to return to the male world. That might happen the week after the costume party, if Trudy was truly feminine until the party was over. Learning to walk, act, speak, and personify Babs' twin would be Trudy's one goal. Progress would be rewarded, mistakes punished severely. The goal was to remove the male brain and replace it with a female brain, but they only had a few days for recovery.

“Why didn’t you get Jan to take the part?” Trudy asked.

“She is way too tall and big-boned, with very small boobs. She and her boyfriend are going as Antony and Cleopatra. She will be Anthony, so she is busy coaching Cleopatra. Cleo is dressed and carrying a pedometer in her bra, wearing high-heeled shoes, with her hands cuffed behind her back with a matching pair of handcuffs. Antony left here to go assist Cleopatra with a potty stop,” Babs said.

“Fortune has smiled on you, Trudy. Having the semester break has enabled you to devote full time to converting this your male self into a ravishing beauty. Having the unrestricted freedom of dressing femininely is the most effective way to train a man to become familiar with the actions of a lady. The fact that you can spend all of your time as a lady, anticipating your class assignments, and being able to study for them, will certainly be a plus.

“Hiding away and wearing dresses will be so much more beneficial than any male vacation activity. The thrill of wearing such a feminine wardrobe should far surpass the thrills of sports. If you tire of any specific outfit, my closet can offer you lots of selections for creating a different female image. Get in lots of time learning to comfortably accept your high-heeled shoes, and to become an expert at wearing them,” Babs said.

“Well, my walking training is certainly on hold the way my feet are secured. My books are still home in my bedroom. The handcuffs and chained ankles cancel any wardrobe changes. The handcuffs won’t allow for makeup experimentation, so maybe a nap will be beneficial training, unless you have a VCR on voice training,” Trudy stated.

“You are quite inconvenienced to be sure, so I guess that it’s time to add to that and install the chastity device. Then we can begin to remove some of your other restraints. Lie back on the bed and try to position yourself close to this side, where I can reach you easily.”

Babs removed Trudy’s pantyhose, the ankle chain, her slimming pants, and locked the chastity control in place. She returned the slimming pants and pantyhose to their proper places, then strapped on the high-heeled shoes.

“You can put in an hour of walking. Then you should rest and work with makeup until dinner, and walk for another hour. We will remove your handcuffs, remove your skirt and petticoat, and you can put on a half-slip and a street acceptable skirt, then we can go and get your backpack, and stop for an ice cream. When we return, you can strip down for a shower or bath, put on a clean bra and your fake boobs, clean slimming pants, your nightgown, and your precious handcuffs. Your evening can be spent studying, watching TV, or you and I can cuddle and smooch until bedtime.

How would Trudy you handle Babs taking her to Jeff’s parents home, for his college back pack. What will Jeff’s parents say and do? What kind of reactions would be forthcoming from Jeff’s brother and sister? How was Trudy going to explain the way she would be dressed? Would Babs relent and return at least Jeff’s outer clothes, and let Trudy fade out for an hour or so?

Trudy asked to be allowed to wear Jeff’s outer clothes. Babs answered that when in training for a sports event, you must pour a total effort into your attempt for success, and that goes for training to be a lady as well. So again Trudy was voted down and the

agony and embarrassment of going to his home, and out for an ice cream was still going to occur.

Could Trudy send Babs while Trudy stayed here to continue her training? Babs could bring home a package of ice cream for them to enjoy there.

Trudy asked if Babs would consider that suggestion. Again, Trudy was shot down.

There just didn't seem to be any way to ease the pain of public and family confrontation while being ordered to learn about being female. Why couldn't Babs be reasonable, ease up a bit in her desire to expose her female impersonator in training, and preserve the surprise of the appearance of the identical twins for the costume party on Friday night?

When they were getting ready to leave to go for the college books and the ice cream, Babs made up a purse for Trudy to carry. It included Jeff's wallet, house and car keys, plus the usual ladies necessities, like makeup, lipstick, comb, brush, mirror, sanitary items, and a purse pack of Kleenex.

When they arrived at Jeff's home, the house was in darkness. Trudy was elated. She rushed in and upstairs to Jeff's room for the back pack, and was just starting back downstairs when the front door opened. Two men entered, and they were wearing face masks.

They produced guns and demanded the lady's jewels and any cash that might be available. Trudy had never been robbed before; being scared because of their guns and because she was quite convincingly disguised as a lady in her late teens, she had no idea just what to do. She took them to Jeff's mother's bedroom and pointed out the jewelry case. Then because they insisted, they were shown to Jeff's sister's room on the

second floor, where they grabbed her jewelry box which they assumed belonged to Trudy.

As they approached the top of the stairs, Trudy gave the man in the lead a push and he went head first down the stairs. Trudy swung back towards the second robber with the backpack in full swing. The poor guy was caught beside the head and he crashed into the hallway wall.

Trudy grabbed up the gun near her left high-heeled shoe and pointed it at the stunned man. Babs came rushing into the house because of all of the commotion. She had a chair ready to swing at the guy who dove head first down the front stairs, but he wasn't even stirring.

Babs and Trudy decided to call 911 to request police assistance, and that Trudy should hurry into Jeff's room, shed the telltale female outfit, and dress quickly in Jeff's regular clothing. The clothing switch was quickly completed, but with all of Trudy's lingerie still in place when the front door opened and the parents entered with two policemen right behind them.

Both men needed medical attention; an EMT team came and carted them away. The police asked for a description of the confrontation. Jeff explained what he had done and how Babs had been brave enough to enter the house just after the robbers and help hold them until the police came. Jeff's mother had wandered into Jeff's room and found ladies clothes hidden under the bed spread. After the police left, she took Jeff aside and asked about them.

Jeff looked at Babs; they quickly decided to tell it the way it happened before matters could get out of hand. At first Mom appeared to be shocked, but then she began to be proud of what her son had accom-

plished against two armed robbers. She agreed that Trudy and Babs had made the right decisions. Mom would stand behind Jeff's story, and help hide the fact that a man dressed as a lady had foiled the robbery.

One of the facts that needed to be addressed was that the robbers were off their guard because their hostage was a female, and because of her cooperation in the beginning. Trudy was quite concerned that they might possibly take her hostage when they left because she might prove to be a nice source of sexual entertainment when they were safely away from the robbery scene.

Babs and Jeff returned to her home, with Jeff carrying Trudy's clothes. Babs insisted that Jeff leave immediately, and Trudy reappear. Babs complimented Trudy on her ability to drop both of the robbers in their tracks, but she wished to be complimented for insisting that Trudy be the person going to retrieve that book pack. In her opinion, it was the extremely feminine appearance of Trudy that threw the men off guard. She claimed that if they had encountered Jeff, they most likely would have shot him to avoid any type of battle with him, but Trudy probably was saved with the hope of pleasures later in the evening.

There was no further training that evening; both of them were too wound-up for any serious concentration. They sat together on the sofa, talked a little, and held each other. Finally, Babs achieved the result she was hoping for, when the 'equipment' guarded by that special chastity device began to respond to the closeness of a sexy female. It was obvious that Trudy was becoming very uncomfortable.

Babs ordered Trudy to take a cold shower, drip dry her crotch area, dress for bedtime in her bra, falsies,

slimming pants, nightgown, and handcuffs, then get into bed in the guest room. Babs would be in to cover her up.

When Babs arrived, she uncovered her female trainee, pulled up the front of Trudy's nightgown, removed the slimming pants, locked the ankle chain and the center link of the short handcuff chain to the protruding link on the chastity device, then pulled the nighty back down on either side of that security connection. The other end of the ankle chain was locked to the corner post at the foot of the bed. Babs carefully covered Trudy up for the night, kissed her goodnight, and put out the light. That left Trudy safely tucked into bed, and definitely prevented from wandering off during the night. That damn chamber pot was still ready and waiting for any donations which might be forthcoming from the occupant of the bed during the night.

This became the time for Trudy to review her dilemmas:

Of being held prisoner.

Of being dressed as a lady prepared for bed.

Of being required to personify a sexy female twin for a costume party.

Of being informed that this control would last even beyond the party.

Of being prevented from getting sexually excited for this whole semester break.

Of being required to dress as a lady each day for this whole time.

Of being so totally helpless, for as long as Babs chose to insist on it.

What choices did Jeff/Trudy have? Were there any? Were there any weak links in Babs' control? Trudy would constantly be controlled by that stainless steel chastity device. At night, she would be handcuffed and locked to that device, which was also locked to the bed frame. Trudy was here to stay for as long as Babs desired. No way to get out of this room, no way to get any food or drink. no way to study or experiment with makeup techniques, no way to watch TV or any instructional videos. No way out. There was no way for Trudy to rescue Babs, or even call for help, or to even know where in the house she might be. What if she fell down stairs, and was lying unconscious at the bottom? What if she had a heart attack or a stroke? Not too likely at her age, but still a serious concern if you were dependent on her for food and water and for release in the morning. Sleep finally claimed Trudy's thoughts, and arrived long before any solutions were discovered for this situation.

There was a small clock on the bureau in that guest room. When it got to seven in the morning, Trudy was beginning to become anxious to hear any sounds of activity in the house.

Babs had closed the bedroom door. That would certainly muffle any noises that Babs might be making.

At eight, Trudy was ready to start screaming for attention, but she decided that silence was her best weapon, Babs would have to come and open that door in order to check to be sure that her prisoner was still OK.

At nine, there still was not a single sound getting into the bedroom. Trudy was up and sitting on the edge of the bed, listening intently for any sounds of movement in the house. She kept catching herself hold-



ing her breath, trying not to miss a single hint of activity anywhere in the building.

At ten, Trudy was becoming desperate, thirsty, hungry, needing to patronize the damned old thunder jug again, and fighting to keep from crying out for help.

At eleven, Trudy began to get scared. Something must have happened to Babs. How could Trudy find out? How could Trudy get free? How could Trudy help Babs if she was in trouble right now? How far would that security chain let her go towards the bedroom door? Where did Babs secrete the handcuff and padlock keys last night? Trudy didn't see Babs slip them into her bra. What happened to them?

Trudy began a thorough search; she was sure that Babs was up to another of her sneaky tricks. There was no time last night when Babs was even close to Trudy's bra, so that was ruled out as a hiding place. Babs had dropped the removed slimming pants on the top of the bureau. By pulling the bed about two feet, Trudy could reach the bureau. By leaning way over, she could grasp the pants in her teeth, and pull them off onto the floor. There was the handcuff key lying on the bare bureau top, just out of reach, If she could reach her arms out, she could get them. If the bed would move some more that might be enough, but the carpet was wrinkled up, stopping the bed from sliding. Finally by stepping over the chain and letting it trail back between her legs, Trudy could stand on one leg, reach out with the other one and drag the key over to the front edge of the bureau top, and off onto the floor. From there, it took about five minutes of constant brushing with her toes to move the key close to the bed.