

# TWO BIRDS ON A WISHBONE

By *DARLETTE DAVIS*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## **"TWO BIRDS ON ONE WISHBONE"**

**By DARLETTE DAVIS**

Seated in the depths of the comfortable reclining chair in Dr. Angela Gianelli's quiet office, I opened my eyes to observe her seated in front of me, her short, blond hair and large-framed form making her look like some handsome, beautifully made-up man.

"How do you feel?" she asked with a smile.

"Great as usual, coming out," I rejoined, referring to my return from the hypnotic state. "Say, I like that dress you have on, it's super attractive." (*When had I ever complimented someone's dress? I thought, vaguely puzzled.*)

"Thank you, Bill, would you like to try it on?"

"Yes, please." (*Could this be me talking? The compliment was one thing, but to answer her question with anything but an off-putting laugh wasn't my style.*) Then I dimly recalled that while in the trance, Angela had made this a post-hypnotic suggestion.

She was waiting for my answer, her large brown eyes staring straight into mine.

I slowly nodded my head, wondering whether I was reflecting my choice or her will.

"Fine," she resumed, "drop your pants and take off your shirt.

While you struggle into this, I'll make us a drink," she added, unzipping her floral print dress and lifting it over her head.

When Angela returned, I was dutifully wearing her dress and seated on her small couch where she joined me. Putting her arm around me, she handed me my drink, saying, "For now, Bill, dear, don't ask me why you have my dress on. Just tell me, do you want to smoke?"

"I don't feel that I do. All I feel is funny wearing your dress and agreeing to wear it in the first place. Look, I've got to be going," I said with abrupt resolve.

I quickly finished my drink and rose to lift the dress back over my head, then scrambled back in to my clothing. Continuing, I explained, "It's nine-thirty and Caroline will be furious with me for not being back by nine."

"Oh, Bill, dear, I wanted so for us to relax a little. Can't you plan to stay awhile after these final sessions so we can make the most of your remaining time?"

"Not at the price of Caroline's locking me out," I said ruefully. "If it's OK with you, maybe next time I can come a half hour early and be able to spend some time with you afterwards. Thanks for the drink."

As I turned to leave, Angela rose to her feet, standing as tall as I, even in her flats, and took my face between her hands to give me a kiss that caused my arms to go

around her and let my lips linger on hers until she pulled away. I must not let that happen again, I thought as I closed her door behind me.

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A week later and the posthypnotic scene started in a similar manner.

In answer to her question, I said, "Yes, I feel fine," and I heard myself adding, "You know, Angela, I've been looking forward to putting on that dress that you wore last week, but I think it might be more comfortable if I could don some of your lingerie first. Will you help me?"

Once again, I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but that same faint recollection returned of having been instructed to ask this strange favor as a reward for not smoking.

"Certainly, darling, you'll find your dress, a pair of panties, a bra and a panty girdle over the arm of that chair along with some nylons. If you have any trouble with the snaps, I can help you. And if you're shy about taking off your undies, you may turn your back while you get ready."

I quickly disrobed, boldly facing her to offset a slipping sense of my own independence. But this bit of bravado was quickly dashed when, demurely pulling on the soft, frilly garments, I experienced the humiliation of an erection that even the dress I hurriedly pulled down about me was unable to hide.

"I can see that you're enjoying yourself," offered Angela, her red mouth a wide gash of triumphal amusement. "And I can take care of that naughty little boy, if you like, dear."

Anguished, I muttered something about how that would mean the end of Caroline and me, at which she giggled, inexplicably adding, "That would be nice. In the meantime, let me get us some drinks, and as the evening is still young, let's talk."

When she returned, I couldn't wait to speak my mind.

"If I can make a point, Angela, that we ought to keep in mind before we have any more sessions. Caroline is important to me. What I haven't told you is that she thought I had spent enough time on treating my smoking with your methods almost a month ago. I got her to go along with these five more sessions, at your apartment rather than at your office, so you could charge me less, but we've had two of the five and I don't see that we're getting anywhere, unless it's into an emotional entanglement with you."

Ignoring my rude complaint, but stung and speaking abruptly, Angela responded, "Aside from your fear of Caroline's resentment, have you been displeased with meeting me in my apartment? No, you say, OK, how do you feel right now? Good, you say, all right. Then, let me now ask you about the main object of your being here that you seem to be forgetting, do you want a cigarette?"

“I haven't been thinking about it. No, I guess,” I admitted sheepishly.

What I had been thinking about was how embarrassing it was that my hard-on showed no signs of relaxing while simultaneously I was almost overcome with the ridiculous thrill of having this exotic-looking woman's clothing on; something I didn't have to say; something she obviously damn well knew.

“Have you ever been able to say that after any of your office treatments?”

“No, come to think of it.”

“OK, now I can tell you, now that you've passed the critical, initial test, letting us find you're susceptible to being subjected to a crossdressing fetish. Whether you'll accept it or not, we've yet to determine. What you should know at this point is that what we're experimenting with is a mildly controversial treatment. Even I can't pronounce the name of it. In layman's terms, it might be called obsession transference.

“When I found the straightforward negative approach was not working, I decided to find something just as forbidden and just as enticing as smoking that you might like to do, so we can use it, such as Charles Atlas did playing one muscle against another in his body-building courses. If I could provide you with this kind of pivotal internal help in your lonely fight against your constant chain-smoking, it might be all you needed to finally achieve your goal.

“I chose to try you out with crossdressing for a good many reasons, some of which I'll go into later on, depending on results. But, for your information, at this point, there's a case on record from way back where a man was cured of a crossdressing habit that was ruining his marriage by getting him to take up smoking as a counter-obsession, of all the crazy ideas, but then, they wouldn't have known that in those days.

Then there was the historic ad campaign, 'Reach for a smoke instead of a sweet;' almost as nutty an idea, in retrospect. But that, we are told, worked with thousands of people. Well, I thought I might take the crossdressing case and stand it on its head to serve your situation. Also, I thought that with your cute looks, you couldn't help but have had it pass through your mind, as a fantasy, that it would be interesting to see what you would have looked like as a woman.

“Let's be honest now. Even though you feel foolish, don't you think there's a remote connection between the forbidden pleasure you're experiencing in my clothes and your temporary disinterest in smoking?”

“OK, so say you're right,” I replied, seeing through the fog a little truth in her speculation, “I have to be dressed as a woman and I won't want to smoke. Big deal. Whenever I'm alone with you, I don't smoke. The other million hours a week, I'm lighting up like a steam engine.”

“We're exploring, Bill, dear.”

She reached over to kiss my cheek and pat my hand.

“By the time of our last session, we'll have a good idea of how to use this useful tool, which can be adopted by you to some extent that you can best live with. Maybe you might have to do it only as an occasional treat, or maybe it's only a matter of

wearing hidden panties to work or slipping into a satin nightie when you go to bed, or get by with just reading one of those weird crossdressing books once in a while.

What's more, whatever you select, maybe you will need it only as a temporary crutch until you get past the worse of the withdrawal symptoms. Who knows, right now? But when we finish, there will be an acceptable way, I assure you."

Angela smiled at me, knowing,

I'm sure, that she had me, and all I could do was smile back, quietly sip my drink, eventually commenting softly, "I'm glad I came to you with my problem, Doctor."

When I finally stood to announce my departure with my standard concern about being too late for Caroline, Angela rushed to her feet, flinging her arms about me and kissing me hard.

"That's what I've been waiting to hear, darling," she said.

My hardness, which had begun to ebb, returned for a little curtain call, and I determined that I'd better leave in a hurry.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Angela's slow count of five, I opened my eyes to look at her with some surprise.

"Angela, how did you get to be a redhead? How cute! Oh, it's a wig. Please, may I try it on?" My reflexes told me this time I didn't have to disbelieve what I was hearing. I'd been fully programmed once again.

"You may indeed, and let me help you. Stay right where you are," and she got up to come over next to me, shaking out her own blonde bob as she pulled the wig from her head. "You're going to love the way you look in this, Bill. Now, let me sit you up straighter. There you go. Here, I'm going to brush it out for you. It'll take just a few minutes. Now, before you get up, let me slip these pumps on you."

Prior to being hypnotized this evening, I had already donned the lingerie and dress from last time, so my nylon-clad feet slipped easily into the dainty low-heeled patent leather shoes.

"Now, come on into my bedroom so you can admire yourself in the mirror. But first, let me get my purse so we can add a touch of lipstick and blusher so you don't see yourself too clearly behind your get-up."

Following her and standing in front of the full-length mirror, I was ready to be surprised, but not as acutely as when I looked at the figure of the young woman standing in front of me, someone that if I were to meet her at a party, I would immediately think I might want to date.

"Pretty, aren't you, Bill? I think maybe the good Lord wouldn't have done half bad if he'd endowed you with a tight vagina instead of the huge male bags you're carrying around now."

I turned to smile at my tormentor, saying, "Ah, c'mon, you're putting me on."

What I was thinking instead was how uncomfortably frightened I was in realizing how femininely cute I appeared.

“You know, Angela, you've totally confused me. You've made me think I don't really know who I am.” A bit of honesty out of my mouth, for a change.

“I'm glad to hear that, and don't worry about it. You're still Bill inside, so let's go back to the living room, have a drink, and review where we've been and where we're going.”

When she returned, I was seated, self-consciously, on her couch and spoke out on my greatest concern of the moment, “I came tonight mainly to see if we should go any further with this. In a nutshell, although this dressing bit does away with my craving for a smoke, there's no question about it, I have had only token success at work, saying, 'No,' to myself maybe half the time and never, if I'm in the slightest stressful situation.

“On top of that, I had felt so upbeat about your so-called cure, that in a moment of friendly relaxation with Caroline, when she asked me how things were going with you, I told her I thought I was seeing the light at the end of the tunnel.

“She was all ears, wanting to know what the formula was that had turned me from my usual pessimism, and before I knew it, I was telling her that you were working with me on maybe wearing one or more articles of female clothing for a short period until I got through withdrawal.

“Taking her wide-eyed silence for sympathetic interest, I had to go on to tell her it might involve actually dressing fairly fully in private, just around her, and then, she nearly went through the ceiling!

After a lot of argument, telling me you were turning me into a pervert, she calmed down, an icy calm though, and we went to bed separately on her parting words that I'd better give it a lot of thought to whether I wanted to be a closet sissy or continue to live with her as a man.

'That's your choice, plain and simple,' were her final words.

“Since then, Angela, I've been getting the silent treatment, and it's not been fun.”

“I'm sorry that you told her, Bill, and I should have foreseen this and warned you against it until we had completed our program. So, now that you have, we've got to accelerate what we've been about. I have two suggestions which you must follow if I'm to continue with you.

“First, to get Caroline off your neck and have her let you return to her good graces, I want you to lie to her. You don't need her hostility at this critical point, so I want you to tell her that, on your insistence, we are discontinuing the crossdressing program to seek a more acceptable alternative.

“Next, I want you to stop in here every morning and evening on your way to and from work for maybe ten or fifteen minutes in the morning and five more on the way home. Here, you will dress yourself in every item of female underclothing I can think of that will be undetected by your coworkers so that during the day you can feel as cross-dressed as possible without anyone being the wiser. We've got to find out if you

have a chance for losing the craving for smoking other than when you're with me. Is it worth a try?"

I took time to evaluate her proposal, finding my agitation finally settling, saying, "What have I got to lose? I'll probably have a good time tonight telling Caroline that she won, and if I don't try your experiment for work at the office, I'll always wonder if I should have continued with you. If I find I can handle the office hours, especially the stressful ones, I can handle any time of day. Plus, we don't live that far away and you're right on my route as it is. Can I stop by starting tomorrow? Say, at seven-thirty or so?"

"That'll be fine, dear, now tell me, as I always ask, do you want a cigarette and how do you feel?"

"That's easy; right now I could care less if I ever had another coffin nail and I feel so good it absolutely scares the pants off me."

"Panties, not pants, darling, now hurry home to the forgiving girl friend."

Now I didn't know what frightened me the most; my thrill in being dressed or being caressed by this handsome woman who looked like she could get away with cross-dressing herself, only as a man!

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I was elated as I drove to work the next morning.

Last night, after getting home from Angela's, I made my peace with Caroline and her forgiveness took the form of a carefree, happy mood and the best loving I'd had in three months!

Then, this morning, it had gone perfectly at Angela's, exchanging my jockey shorts for some feminine undergarments. As I drove along, conscious of the tight feel of the unfilled training bra, the nylon pantyhose with its built-in tummy flattener and the firm panty girdle, they indeed seemed enough to keep the tobacco craving at arms length indefinitely.

My thoughts turned for the first time in weeks to another more minor but growing frustration, my progress at work.

I was a little cog in a very large insurance company, had been ever since being hired out of college for a job as interviewer in its personnel department. At first, I had loved the work, still did, as a matter of fact, but my lack of advancement opportunity had during the past year begun to pall on me. There were just a few places a man could go in life insurance to earn big bucks. He could make it in sales, that's for sure, but hard-sell techniques repelled me and I was not gated to the difficult math work required of highly-rated statisticians and actuaries where men also seemed to dominate.

I liked the company, the town, the location, the people, but I had slowly come to where I realized I might have to change to another line of work. But what company and what job and, more importantly, where? Jumping to get away from something,



rather than do something, was not the way to resign, something I'd picked up watching the comings and goings of other male employees from my special vantage point in Personnel.

Hal, the Personnel Manager, had taken a liking to me from the start and we often talked informally at work, many times after hours, and I had let it all hang out with him. But, because he personally liked me a lot and I had the best record of any interviewer in the department for successful hires, his encouragement of me to be patient was not exactly unbiased.

“Look, Bill,” he'd said on more than one occasion, “there's no question in my mind you'll have my position some day, and there's always the possibility of the company opening up another kind of operation where you could see your way clear to grow in.”

I had no doubt he was sincere about his own succession, but Hal was only 42, which was a long way from retirement, and he, like I, seemed to be made for personnel work, period.

Once at the office, I easily fell into my usual routine, forgetting occasionally about my underthings, at other times, painfully aware of them, especially when I had to go to the toilet and found it difficult each time to have to sit down and worry about holding my pantyhose, girdle and pants around my knees, just to take a pee.

Twice, I felt real grief when I had to beg cigarettes from coworkers, once when I had to deal with an angry supervisor who told me my latest selection for his department was a total loss, the other time when I had to conduct an exit interview with an irate woman who insisted she should not have been fired for insubordination, and of course, threatening the usual lawsuit on the basis of illegal discrimination.

Driving back to Angela's apartment to retrieve my shorts, I wondered what she would have to say.

Her upbeat reaction was typical.

“I think you did marvelously, Bill, only having two when you've usually done two packs by that time of day. I saw something at noon today that I'm going to have for you, plus a couple of other little things when you come in to change tomorrow. I think they may help you make it a perfect day. See you then, honey.”

This, of course, was followed by the usual unprofessional kiss which I at least couldn't help but return in an enthusiastic manner.

Could I be in love with two women at once? They were so different, with Caroline my own age, and Angela who, I was sure, had to be forty.

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Making ready with Angela the next morning included an unpleasant surprise, one of the new items of apparel, but my mentor insisted I wear it, “at least for one day,” to see if its effect would provide a forceful enough reminder to help me avoid my weedy

nemesis altogether. It made me think of the famous hair shirt inclusion in ancient monastic attire that supposedly helped monks withstand all fleshly temptation.

The culprit consisted of what Angela called a “darling little French corselette,” which she had me don to overlap my bra, panties and garter belt. It came up to cover my bra and its frilly lace bottom reached to just above my genitals. It looked disarmingly skimpy and very small, but the scary part was that I would be incapable of either fastening it or taking it off by myself. This was due to having all its fasteners at my back which Angela laboriously had to close, one at a time, after getting me to expel my breath and suck in my gut to effect the snap of each of the two dozen closures.

Having completed her chore and come around to face me, she exclaimed, “Oh, Bill, there you go again! We'll never get done if you're going to behave like that.”

Walking quickly to and from her bedroom, she returned with a large, lacy silk handkerchief. Then, having me lay back on the couch, she pulled off my panties, drew up a chair and then, grabbing my erection firmly, she pumped vigorously until I surged into her hanky.

As soon as she felt my sudden surge, she removed her hand to replace it with mine, crisply remarking, “Here, honey, I've got better things to do. When you're through, wipe yourself off and do me the favor of going into the bathroom to rinse out the hanky and hang it on one of the racks. That's a good boy.”

In anguish, I realized I'd just concluded the humiliating high-point of what was looking to be a constantly uncomfortable day.

Several minutes later when Angela returned, I had pulled the panties back on, tucking them under the corselette, then rolled on my nylons, attaching the latter both fore and aft to the fittings on my garter belt.

Her previously promised “extras” included two wide, ruffled, tight-fitting garters which she had me pull up to just over my knees and a thin, expandable inch-wide metal choker, studded with what looked like tiny rhinestones that she had to stretch to clasp around my neck.

She suggested the choker might feel like an uncomfortably tight shirt collar but that I shouldn't worry because, “it won't show at all.”

“I thought of ankle bracelets too,” she commented, “but then they could be seen while you're sitting on the john. Also, I was going to plug your anus with a tampon, but I think this first day you'll have enough without making believe you're having your period too. Oh, I love the way the top of your corselette pushes you up a little so you look like you have mini tits under your bra. But,” she added with intended reassurance, “under your shirt and jacket, nobody will notice. That's it, dear boy. OK to put your own things back on and good luck.”

As I carefully stood up, I weakly muttered, “Now I know you're going to cure me of smoking, by killing me, that is!”

“Oh, c'mon now, dearie,” she retorted. “I told you, if this doesn't do the trick, it'll be for the one day only. In the meantime, call me for an appointment if you can't stand the pressure.”