



Reluctant Press presents:

The Rack

JAMIE



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE RACK

By Jamie

Getting dressed after a refreshing shower, and Dick knows if he plays his cards right, he will get to see, and most likely enjoy, disrobing her, as part of his foreplay. Every piece of clothing must be new or appear to be new. Her choices must be of lingerie which would build a fire in Dick's loins. She must approach this as a very careful sequence, thus avoiding an early climax. Unfortunately, this leaves her hot and stressed with no possibility of a climax for herself.

Jean examines the selections of basic undergarments, bras at one end of that long drawer, and her panty collection at the other. No self-respecting lady would be caught with mismatched colors in her choice of her basic lingerie, so of course she has a pair of panties to match each of the colors in her bra collection. Pink is a very feminine color; she has three very vivid pink bras. The front hook one would certainly be easily removable, if Dick decides that a slow undressing would whet his appetite tonight. She hopes that Dick's very masculine bedroom will be their destination for the sex play portion of this evening's rendezvous.

That large, almost rustic, bed he so carefully built for himself, has been the theme of many dreams for her.

That front hook bra has cups which are more like shelves than mere breast supports. Those almost exposed breasts would be quite a sexual turn on. If she wears a camisole top and half slip, that may control Dick's excitement long enough for her to feel that her preparation was worth all of her effort and planning.

Males get turned on by nylons and garters. Her new matching pink garter belt would be a great choice for tonight. Of course she would have to wear the pink panties; they provide her with that "Come Hither" look but also cover her up just enough to cause him to desire to see what those panties are covering.

Her selection of a half slip must be the same shade of pink as the rest of her lingerie. That narrows the choice to just the one with all that frothy white lace trimming at the hem. She has been planning on wearing that figure-hugging white nylon dress with the very low-cut bodice, but she must be sure that the deep plunge of her bra will still be covered by the front of that dress. This delightful little number is lightly lined with a material which will hide the fact that her undies are all such a vivid pink color.

Jean has quite a wide selection of shoes, but because she has no idea whether or not she will be doing a lot of walking or dancing, she selects a pair with only three-inch heels. They have a patent shine which allows you to see everything up her dress reflected in their tops. By mid-week she will have to lock the playground gate, and bring out her special supplies.

Dick is due to arrive home about six, after dropping his trailer load of potatoes at the Wal-Mart distribution center over in the next town. Jean agreed to go directly to his home, and set the table for two. Dick had showed her where he hid his house key just in case he might be running a little late.

When she parked her Mercedes in the driveway, she made sure to lock it. Her bra, \$69.00, was made out of one of the finest nylon threads she had ever seen, Her car and this bra and panty set were courtesy of her bonus for last year. She had worn that bra at least one hundred times and it still looked brand new each time she put it on. The garter belt was \$45.00; her nylon panties cost \$18.00; the figure-flattering pink nylon half slip set her back \$35.00. Her patent leather pumps had a price of \$80.00, but she had gotten 10 % off. Her nylons were \$8.00. \$192.00 made for quite an expensive proposition to get even one little climax in return.

Life is not fair, especially for women. Most likely, Dick will arrive home in a pair of jeans, which he has most worn for two or three days. His work shirt, T-shirt, jockey shorts and socks complete his ensemble. His boots were inexpensive at \$49.00. At most his whole outfit cost him \$70.00. He would throw all but the boots in the washer and dryer, and wear them again on Monday, when he takes off again for Maine and another load of spuds. Of course, he would have absolutely NO concern about color coordination.

By contrast, if none of her outfit was damaged by rough handling due to male impatience, she could launder her whole outfit but the dress. It would cost about \$28.00 to have it dry-cleaned.

Dick's house was large, and the grounds were quite neat, but inside it was quite dark. While she was getting used to the dark, fishing for a light switch, someone grabbed her right arm, twisted it up behind her, and walked her on her tip toes into another dark room. Still being held prisoner with that arm bent up behind her, a pillowcase or laundry bag was lowered down over her head, and her hands were shoved into what felt like boxing gloves. The light was turned on, and she was shoved down onto a bed. The boxing gloves were tied securely to her wrists, then pulled together and secured to something that stretched her arms above her head. Then someone tied that pillow case or laundry bag around her neck, so that she couldn't get it off to identify her attacker.

She ended up lying on her back, worrying about where her dress and slip were now located. Was she covered, or was her carefully selected underwear exposed for her attacker to observe and enjoy?

She was sure that her attacker was a male because of the strength used to subdue her and render her helpless. It couldn't be Dick, because he was always so much a gentleman. They had dated twice, and she had only let him kiss her. They went out to dinner, and to a comedy movie, then he took her home. He did hold her close on her doorstep, and their goodnight kiss was close smoldering hot, but she said goodnight, went inside, and locked her door.

Dick's house was located in the center of a large field area. Screaming for help would be futile; the bag or pillow case over her head would muffle most of her scream. The house, and the open space around it would absorb what little noise there was left. No one would know that there was a lady in distress within that house.

Where was Dick? He should be arriving quite soon. What will he do to whoever had subdued her? Was there more than one? If so, could Dick manage to handle both of them and rescue her?

Something was buckled tightly around her left ankle, then the same was done to her right one. Her legs were spread wide apart. Something began to pull on her right leg, then her left. This kept up until she felt that she was going to be pulled apart. Her wrists were anchored above her head. The pulling seemed to be trying to remove her arms and her legs. No effort was made to violate her body, but the helplessness, stretching, and exposure were of major concern, as can be understood.

The binding around her neck was released. Some sort of hollow shell was lowered into place. It touched her body right at her armpits and rested on her chest just above her boobs. The pillowcase was removed; all that she could see was that thin tall shell blocking her vision of all but the ceiling.

A man's disguised voice informed her that she would not be hurt or molested, if she would just recite the combination to the vault in the bank she worked at. Her first reaction was to be stubborn and hope that Dick would soon rescue her. Her response was to laugh at that request. The retaliation came in the form of more tension of whatever was trying to tear her in half. The pulling was on one leg, then the other. There was absolutely no freedom now. She most likely could not tolerate any additional stretching. Her shoulders were hurting, her wrists were ready to pull apart, her legs were spread so far apart that she was sure she was exposed clear to her waist.

Again she was asked for that combination. Again she refused to answer. Again the tension was increased on each of her legs. This time she screamed in pain, but being faithful to her bank and her job, she would not give out that information. One more pull on each leg did the trick. She loudly recited the vault combination; when asked to repeat it, she did so quickly.

The pull on her body was reduced to an almost comfortable level. She was told that after the vault was emptied, if she was still not free, he would return to release her. He then reached for the waist band of her panties, pulling them down onto her thighs. He gave her

private part a kiss, stuck something up inside of her, put out the light, and left her helpless and exposed on the bed.

Now alone and in the dark, with her panties down on her thighs, with something intruding into her, she was determined to get free. She was fighting mad because she had been forced to surrender the combination to that bank vault. She needed to get free and alert the police of an impending robbery. She needed to get free and get herself put back together. There was no longer any stretching going on; her arms and legs were still seriously secured to the head and the foot of the bed, and she had absolutely no freedom of movement.

Why had Dick built such a sturdy bed frame? Why couldn't this have been the cheap bargain store-type, which she might have been able to bang or shake until it fell apart? How could she get free? How long before Dick might arrive and release her from her prison? Would he release her, or because of her helpless condition, would he take the liberty to use her to satisfy his sexual needs, then bargain with her concerning her freedom? She didn't know him to be that kind of person, but truth be told, she couldn't swear that he wouldn't do something like that, either.

At last she thought that she heard someone at the door, fussing with the lock. The kitchen light came on and there was the sound of someone putting something in the fridge. Jean called, "Is that you, Dick? Help me! I'm on your bed." The bedroom light came on, but because of her impaired vision, she could not see who it was.

Dick asked, "Is that you Jean? What has happened here?" He pulled off the vision barrier. Jean told about being tortured and forced to reveal the bank vault combination. Dick rushed to the phone and called 911. They kept him on the phone for what seemed like an eternity. That prevented him from reaching the bed to help Jean get free. When he could finally hang up the phone, he found Jean struggling desperately to get free. He said, "The police are on the way over to interview you. They insist that I not disturb any evidence, so I can't release you."

"You have got to be kidding! I can't stay like this. Won't you remove whatever he stuck up inside me and pull my panties back up in place?" Jean pleaded. "How long before someone can get here?"

"Well, they have notified the Chief. He should be able to get here in about an hour." Dick answered. "I can't handle or destroy any of the evidence. Besides, the view from here at the foot of the bed is just fantastic, with your dress and slip up above your waist."

"Dick, please at least cover me with a sheet," Jean asked.

"I can't. They are all in the laundry. Oops, my business phone in my office is ringing. I must answer that," Dick stated.

"Dick, please. At least tell me that the Chief is female," Jean almost sobbed.

As he disappeared into his office, he answered over his shoulder, "Nope, he's a dead ringer for John Wayne."

To Jean, it seemed that Dick would never get off from that phone and return to cover or release her. When he finally returned to the bedroom, Dick stated that he had brought some fast food for their dinner. He would be glad to reheat some and feed it to her. By this

time Jean was so angry that she was ready to commit murder. She was hardly in the mood to have reheated food fed to her while she was held prisoner, and her most private area was completely exposed for everyone to inspect. Dick could find something, a towel, a coat, a bathrobe, or at least work her dress and slip down to provide her with a semblance of cover. But no, he seemed to enjoy her helpless condition, and to enjoy observing what that she was forced to display.

Jean was boiling inside. She was frustrated and angry enough to have the strength to force Dick into this very same situation. It occurred to her, though, that he might have a masochistic streak, and enjoy being subdued; that would negate all of her efforts to get even.

I promise you, Dick, I will get even, to the extent that you will become a lady in distress. Maybe after you have begged long enough for your release, I'll take you about five miles from home, after dark, leave you in all your feminine finery to walk home, back to your male clothing.

She might have to start by convincing him to let her place him in that same stretching rack situation, and see if he can show her how to get free. When he conceded defeat, she would dress him in an outfit much like she was wearing, then drop him off five miles from home, after dark, so that he can experience some of the fear in a lady's mind when out alone after dark. Jean would pay Dick back for not releasing her before calling 911. She didn't care how long it would take, she would have her revenge.

It seemed like the Chief would never get there. That's the trouble with a small community, the officials are kept busy. A potential bank robbery was certainly more important than a lady tied to a bed. They would just have to let her wait. It might take till the wee hours of the morning to catch the robber and the person who tortured that lady. The robber might be watching, which would mean that he knew that the lady bank employee was no longer alone. He would have to strike tonight or abandon the whole project, because tomorrow the bank officers would change that safe's combination.

Dick had arrived at six P.M. and the chief didn't get there until nine-thirty. By that time, Jean was fighting the need to drain her bladder. She was also fighting the desire to emasculate each and every male who didn't lift a hand to help her out of this stressful situation.

Dick could have covered her, if only with his hankie, but he chose to continue to leer down at her exposed body parts. She had the feeling twice that he was prepared to take advantage of her perilous situation, but both times, the possibility of the Chief arriving held him off.

Never fear, Dick. Jean never forgets and never forgives.

The Chief had his (male) photographer take pictures of Jean in her helpless, exposed condition, then he let Dick release her from her long spell of bondage. Jean nearly ran to the bathroom. Dick had released her ankles and removed the leather buckled cuffs, before he began to release her arms. He didn't get to remove the wrist cuffs before she was off of the bed and on her way to the bathroom, with her panties still pulled down on her thighs.

There was a very belated fast food dinner, followed by an early departure of Jean from that house. She felt that Dick had received more than his full measure of female nudity for one day, Understandably, she was no longer anxious for any more of his company. She

needed another shower. Her clothes were quite soiled from her sweat, generated while she was being stretched and from all of the emotional frustration from all of that time lying there helpless and exposed.

Jean didn't go directly to bed; it seemed as if she had just gotten out of bed. She sat in her recliner chair, and began to make notes on possible scenarios on what to do to pay Dick back for his inconsiderate actions while she was held prisoner.

Dick was a small man; her being large for a female, most any of her clothes would fit him. She would roll up socks to fill out the cups on her bra and locate a feminine wig to cover his crew cut. He would fit into that pair of black heels which were too loose on her feet. Those shoes had straps that buckled around the ankles, so he couldn't just kick them off; he would have to work on unbuckling them first.

The bank didn't get robbed, the combination did get changed, and Jean and Dick did have their belated date. Both of them did achieve pleasing results. That tryst was not in that rugged bed of Dick's, but in Jean's bed in her apartment.

They made a tentative date for another get together in two weeks, when Dick expected to arrive home from Oklahoma. He expected to be able to take several days off. If Jean could get free for a few days, they could go somewhere in her Mercedes; that was Dick's idea. Jean's idea was for them to spend a couple of days together, and a couple of nights in Dick's big rugged bed. There would be one evening when Dick got all that he desired, then one where he would get a lot more than he bargained for.

By this time, Jean had all of the supplies that she would need, stored in a suitcase in the trunk of her Mercedes. Dick had a set of boxing gloves, so she had a harness maker create a set of ankle and wrist cuffs, from some of his strongest leather.

Dick had an exercise bar, similar to that which the mystery man had used to torture her, which he used to tilt his weight lifting bench. On the bed's footboard, it would make a great method of applying a stretching type of torture.

Jean used the ruse that for her own protection, she needed to learn escape methods which would help her avoid a future capture and torturing.

She needed to learn ways to fight off an attacker, or if unsuccessful, to learn ways to get free. She claimed that when she felt well-trained, she was going to find the guy who had tortured her and return the favor before turning him over to the police. When she was through with him, he would welcome the arrival of the police. She had suffered pain and embarrassment once and she was determined not to let it happen ever again.

She had a few extra props in that suitcase, like a Taser, a roll of duct tape, a lock-in-place head cover, an old-fashioned lace-up corset and fake boobs.

*Never fear, Dick, Jean never forgets and **never** forgives.*

Their first evening was spent eating and talking. They ended up in Dick's bed, and it was a very satisfying session for both of them. Dick expected her to sleep over, but Jean left to sleep in her own bed. Dick had the next three days free of any trucking jobs. Jean had mentally designated this as "Get Even Time."

Dick prepared a very decent meal, and they ate their supper at five. Jean helped with the clean-up, during which she steered the conversation to the subject of how to better pro-

tect herself. She stated that she never wanted to be subjected to the rack treatment again. She needed instruction in how to break a hold where the attacker was more powerful than she was. Jean suggested that she attack Dick, for him to show her how to defend.

They tried many different holds; because of his strength, he always broke free. After about a dozen different holds, Jean had her Taser ready. When he began to struggle his way free, she hit him with that powerful shocking charge.

It stopped him cold; while he was recovering, she slipped the head cover in place and locked it. She needed nothing else; his arms and legs were free but he was blinded, and nearly deaf. The front would open so that he could drink and talk, slots on the sides could be opened so that he could hear quite well, but she was not going to allow both at the same time.

Opening one ear slot, she stated that she was about embark on a vendetta.

"Dick, you are now nearly helpless, with no sight, controlled hearing and only liquid intake. You claim to have the next three days free of any work, and we are about to use every bit of that time. You certainly got a cheap thrill out of observing my helpless and embarrassingly exposed body. That let the Chief and his male helper have considerable time to view my uncomfortable exposure as well.

"You seemed to show very little compassion for my bound condition, but lots of interest in what was openly exposed. When these three days are over, we may never see or speak to each other again after I set you free. You will have learned just how deeply you injured my pride. Things will go quite easily for you, *if* you follow my orders. Balk and it will hurt. The more frequently you balk, the more frequently you will hurt.

You will get nutrition drinks, and you will sleep when I say you can sleep. Your first silent time will be for eight hours, which you can best use for sleeping. These silent times will continue to get shorter as the days go by, and your tasks will become more difficult. Your first session will begin as soon as you are dressed for the part, so you might as well start removing your clothes right now."

Jean closed his hearing slot, and got out her cell phone. She could speak to him through the head covering's built-in speaker system, but he could not respond. He seemed to be hesitant to comply with her order to strip, so she spoke to him sternly through her cell phone. Unable to see and intimidated by her tone and his helplessness, his clothes began to come off in a hurry.

One of Jean's primary goals was to discover just who had tortured her on that rack, to return that favor in spades, leave him helplessly confined, then turn him over to the police department, along with a written and signed complaint of his attack, abuse, and humiliation.

She had compiled a list of clues which should assist her in determining just who had done those painful and despicable things to her. His disguised voice, his body smells, his knowledge of the interior of Dick's house, his knowledge of the bank and surrounding buildings, were all help in identifying that beast. When he was stretched out as much as he had stretched her, who knew just what else she might learn. Maybe he had other money stashed which he might tell her about as a bargaining chip to win his freedom.

Let the lessons begin. Dick now attempted to demonstrate his ability to protect himself. She observed a stark naked male standing and anxiously waiting his next set of orders. Jean picked up the lovely corset, and slipped the shoulder straps over his arms. She pulled it together and hooked it all of the way down the front. Dick began to realize just what this garment might be, and began to make a serious effort to try to remove it. A slight shock on a bare thigh seemed sufficient to convince him not to resist her efforts to get him dressed. She lead him to the bed, and helped him lie down on his belly. Sitting on his thighs, she began the process of adjusting that restricting corset.

While working to adjust the shaping of Dick's body with that great invention known as the corset, Jean opened one of the hearing slots. She asked Dick if he would like to talk while she worked her magic on his torso. He nodded his head cover in response. Jean explained that what she was doing was an effort to pay him back for the inconsiderate attitude he displayed while she was exposed and held prisoner.

He had told her that all of his sheets were in the laundry, but she found six new ones in a bag on the top shelf of his linen closet; there was a thin layer of dust on the bag that they were in. To add to that there were four large bath towels, big enough to be used to spread on the sand at the beach. So why did she have to lie there for over three hours, showing off her female parts to three grown men?

"I'll tell you why, Dick. Because you enjoyed the fact that I was uncovered, and didn't care one bit if I was embarrassed by being unable to cover myself up. Another thing, I don't believe that the 911 operator told you not to touch anything which might be evidence. She would have insisted that you cover my bare parts, or release me so that I could do so myself.

"Well, my friend, we are going to see that you suffer that same type of indignity in the next few days. This corset will do wonders at providing you with a simulated female shape, and the clothes which I have selected for you to wear will add convincingly to that. I think that we will have to address you as 'Dolly'."

Dick started to complain about the amount of restriction Jean was introducing him to. Jean warned him not to comment on subjects with which he had no experience. She said, "I don't tell you how to drive your big truck. If you wish to continue our talk, I suggest that you stick to subjects that you actually know about something about."

With the corset now tightly laced, and the strings tied securely, Dick was helped to stand. Those fake boobs were inserted into the corset's bra cups. He, or rather Dolly, was seated on the bed. Jean put a pair of nylon stockings on her prisoner's feet and legs, and secured all six of the corset's garters to the stocking tops. Just to be provocative, she pulled way out on the left back garter, and then let it snap back against the flesh of his bare thigh. The reaction from Dolly was quite amusing to her. While Dolly was still seated, Jean put the three-inch high-heeled pumps on her male conversion and fastened the ankle straps securely.

The panties were made of white nylon; they did a fair job of covering the male anatomy, and also of flattening things to help create that desired female front. Although most females no longer wore slips, Jean had selected a lavishly lace-trimmed white nylon one to go on over Dolly's corset.