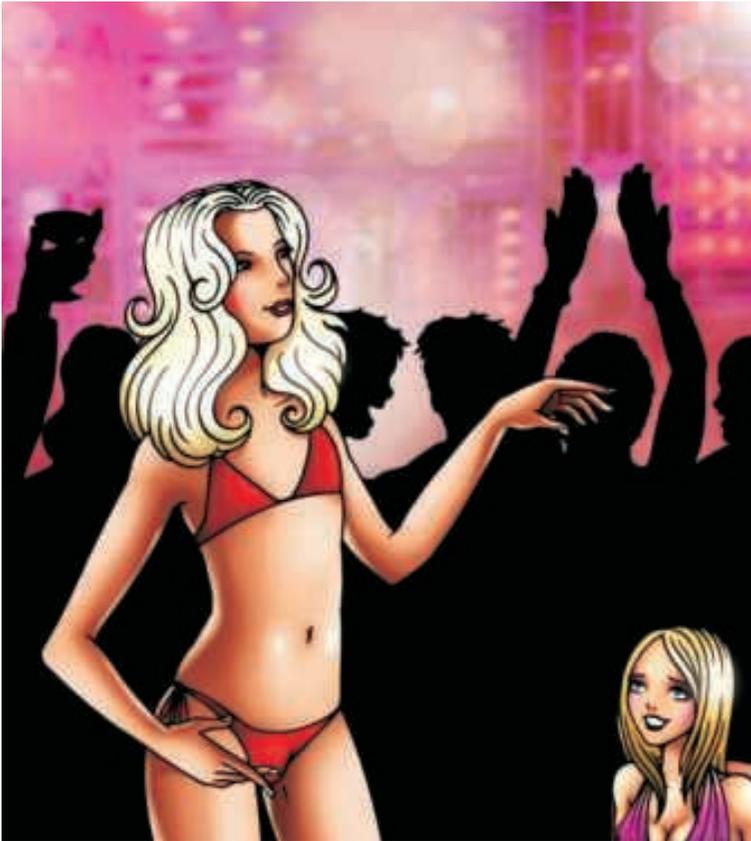




Reluctant Press presents:

Female Safety School

Jamie



A 'Her TV' E-BOOK

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Female Safety School

By Jamie

My name is Sandy.

Dan and I had driven north along the California coast; at noon we attacked a fast food place for burgers, fries and sodas. His tow-along camper gave us a place to switch to swim wear, and we were soon lying on a blanket close to the incoming tide.

The water was very active, with surf rolling in and it nearly reaching our selected sun bathing area. It was as warm as bath water, and when it struck my bare feet, I pulled up the edge of our beach blanket.

My present swim wear was four triangles of material, connected by a short length of string, two strings tied in a bow behind my back, and two more secured at the back of my neck. The bottom half was just two triangles joined at the crotch and tied with bows at my hips.

The wind blew up a bunch of clouds, and I felt cold. Dan said he would get me his sweater to wear until the clouds passed over. His sweater would look absurd on me because my arms are so much shorter than his, but who cares?

When he arrived with the sweater, he asked me to sit up and raise my arms over my head. He pulled the sleeves down over my arms, and the rest clear down to my waist. My hands never reached the cuffs of the sleeves; he pulled them behind me and tied them together.

Then I noticed that the garment had a hood. It was lying on my upper chest, and I joked that he couldn't get it on me properly. He raised the hood and zipped it closed over my hair.

I felt a tug on my suit top behind my back, and again at the back of my neck. Dan reached up under the front of the sweater and removed my suit's top. I tried to get my hands free, but the sweater was made from a close-knit nylon yarn and not very forgiving. Dan secured my wrists in the sweater's sleeves, and deftly released the bows at my hips. Now if I moved at all, I would lose the bikini bottom. If I struggled, the sweater's hem would rise and display my lower assets.

Dan lowered the blinding hood, and since we were totally alone, removed his boxer type swim trunks, put on my bikini bottom and tied the strings at his hips. The top he tied around his waist; turning it around his

body, he worked it onto his chest area. Taking the other strings, he tied them behind his neck.

By this time the tide was rising, nearly reaching my waist. When it flowed back out, Dan used the lower half of the blanket to wrap my legs up like a mummy, and tied the corners together.

His next move was to walk out into the surf, stop and fill the bikini's cups with wet beach sand, then enjoy frolicking in the surf in my skimpy bright red suit.

The tide was coming in quite fast now; I had to sit up straight to keep my head above water. Suddenly I noticed that Dan was gone. He had disappeared. He just wasn't there any more.

The highest waves were up to my neck. I was helpless to move myself further up the beach. Dan wasn't there to help. Three times I had to close my eyes and hold my breath, as the waves went over my head. I tried frantically to move myself further up the beach.

I found that, when a wave struck, if I pushed with my feet, I could use the water to help move me higher. I was finally high enough to keep my head above the waves, but I was still securely bound and horribly exposed. The hem of the sweater was pasted to my chest above my bust line.

Two teen boys appeared down the beach, walking towards me. I was fully exposed and helpless to do anything about it. Where was Dan? What happened to him? Did he drown? Did he get dragged out to sea?

The car and camper were parked about three hundred feet away from where I was sitting, just on the edge of the beach sand. The boys wandered up to look at Dan's camper. One called the other and pointed into

the car. The second boy closed the camper door. Then they got into the car and drove away.

Now there I sat secured to a soaked blanket, my arms tied behind my back, with a soggy sweater pasted to my upper chest, with every thing that should be covered showing.

Where was Dan? I didn't mind being tied, in fact I was thrilled by it, even getting sexually excited by it, but right then it was starting to thunder and I saw lightning in the distance.

I would have liked to be inside where it was safe. A jogger was coming along the beach, heading right towards me. Would he help? Would he just take advantage of my nudity and helpless condition, then continue on his way?

What could I do? Could I trade favors for release? How could I fight him off? Maybe he would just stop and admire me, then continue on his way, but I didn't think so.

An SUV stopped and parked in the same space where the car and camper had been, but nobody got out. It was there for about twenty minutes, then a man got out. He opened the door on the back and took out a fishing pole. Then he noticed me, just a short way from the back of his vehicle. He searched the beach and saw no one else anywhere around. He picked me up, carried me to his open vehicle, and drove off in a real big hurry.

What should I do now? Dan was gone. His car and camper were stolen, and I was being kidnapped. The ride was fast and quite brief. Darkness came early because of the storm clouds. I was relieved of my blanket, which had bound my legs. The sweater was pulled

down to cover my boobs, but not before my captor had a lengthy feel of each of my breasts. A towel was tied around my waist, and a bag or pillowcase was dropped over my head.

I was lead along a paved walk, into a building and down a long set of stairs. I was seated in a chair, and my ankles were tied to the front legs. There was a lot of noise, maybe of people passing by, dishes being moved, and other people passing close by.

My chair was lifted and carried through a door. The chair was set back down, and the door was closed. The bag was removed, my ankles were untied, and I was settled on a toilet. After I completed my much needed draining, that area was wiped, the toilet flushed. The sweater was unzipped, and my hands were pushed down past my fanny and my legs to place them in front of me. Scissors were used to chop away the sweater, but my hands remained tied together.

I was placed in a bathtub, blindfolded, and scrubbed from top to bottom. I was stood up and rinsed with a moveable shower head, then dried by two towels at once. I was given a generous dusting of my favorite body powder and dressed in a bra and panties. I could tell it was two females because of the efficiency of their dressing ability. Men would have been much too intimate. The bra was strapless in order to get it on without releasing the bound wrists.

Wow, did I feel better to now have my private parts covered. The pantyhose went on in a jiffy, which a male couldn't have done nearly as efficiently or gently. Even Dan could never put on my pantyhose as slickly as it was just done. Dan was fast at pantyhose removal but he never damaged them with his urgent manner.

The dress was sleeveless, back zipped; the top front was carefully fitted over my bra and tied behind my neck like my bikini top had been. The shoes were tall heels and felt like they belonged to me.

My hair care was done by two sets of hands, both obviously experienced hair care persons.

My blindfold was traded for two separate eye patches, and my face was carefully made up. The patches were removed but an extremely bright light was blinding me now and I couldn't see anything at all. A cloth was draped carefully over my head, and my nails were done, again by two people.

I could see down enough to tell that the dress was a brilliant pink and had very feminine appointments around the bust area. It must have cost someone a lot of money. The very abundant bust area was so carefully shaped that it appeared that my breasts were ready to jump ship. I was lead along a hallway into a room with an echo and seated in a chair with arms. My wrists were released, but then tied to the chair's arms.

The lights were turned off and the blinding cover removed from my head. There was only silence and darkness, for a long period, then the lights came back on. I was in a large room. There were no sounds that would indicate that any other people were around.

Suddenly there was music, lively music, then people with ski masks entered, carrying party items and gifts. They kept coming until the room was filled. Then a banner appeared. It read "HAPPY FIRST ANNIVERSARY SANDY !!!"

I was still bound to my chair; everyone brought me food, drinks and gifts, which they had to feed to me or open for me, but no one would untie me. Where was

Dan? He must have drowned. Someone stole his car and camper. Was anyone searching for him? Someone should call and report the auto theft and the missing person. Would someone please help me? Would someone please release my arms so I could call for help?

The music changed. A blonde began to enter, dancing backwards. She was wearing four-inch heels and a red bikini. Finally she turned to face me; it was my husband Dan in my swimsuit.

I began to cry, I had been so worried, my makeup was ruined, it dripped on the exposed parts of my boobs. Finally someone released the bows confining my wrists and gave me some tissues so I could dry off my wet areas.

Dan lifted me from my chair and sat with me in his lap. "Dan, someone stole your car and camper," I said.

"Nope, one of those boys was me," Dan answered.

"Someone kidnapped me in an SUV," I said.

"Nope, that was your hubby to the rescue," Dan answered.

"Someone took me to the bathroom, let me use the toilet, then bathed and dressed me," I stated.

"Yes, that was your mother and I," Dan answered.

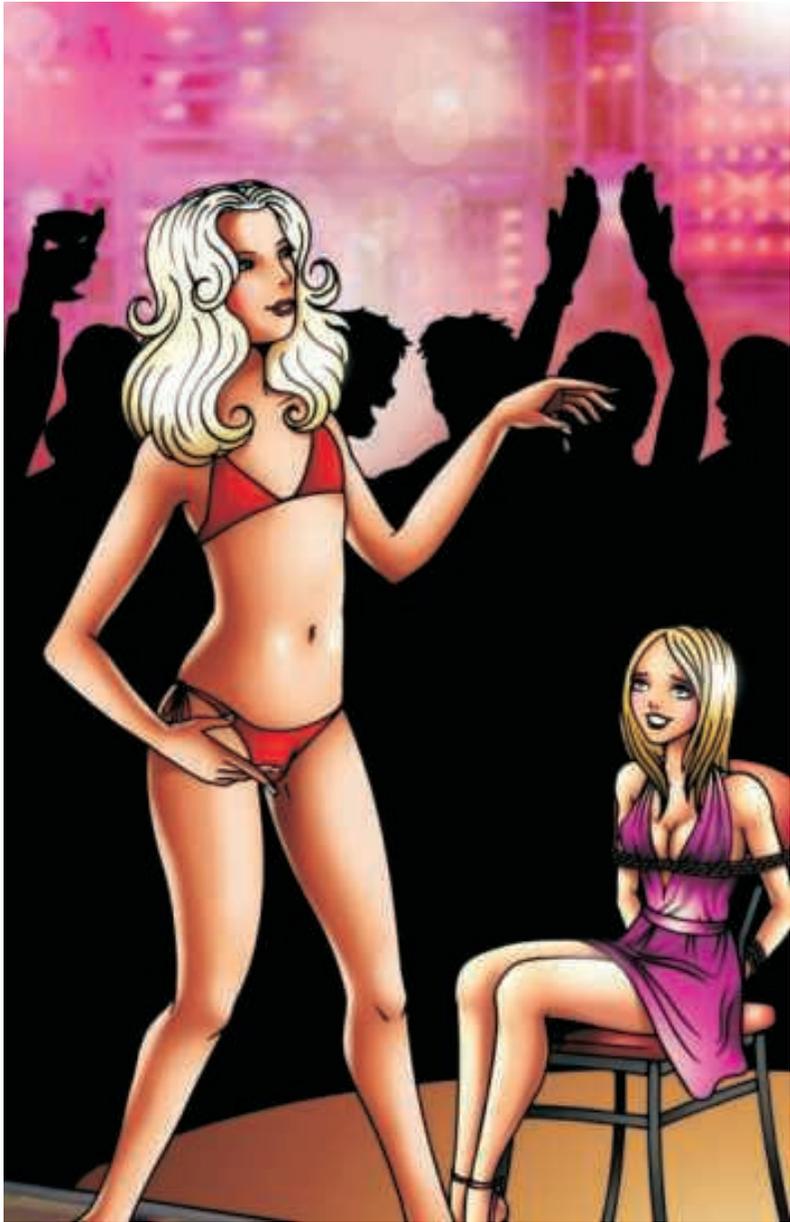
"How did you vanish from the ocean?"

"I swam under water until I was out of your sight," he answered.

"Dan, promise me that you will never do that again."

Dan said, "I promise to never do that again."

"How can I be sure?" I asked.



“You will never have another first anniversary party while married to me,” Dan answered. “Now help me cover up this bikini, I’m getting cold.”

“Where did you find those big fake boobs?” I asked.

“Two grapefruit with lots of makeup. Your sister did a great job of making them look real,” Dan answered. “Whoops, my T-shirt wont go down past them. Will you remove them for me dear?” Dan asked.

“Anything for you dear hubby.” Sandy pulled out the bow behind his neck, and the two grapefruits fell out into Dan’s lap.

To get even with Dan, she wrapped one shoulder string around his wrists and hastily tied it. Reaching behind his back, she released the bikini top’s back string, made several more wraps around his wrists and tied them securely.

“Now, unless someone releases you, you are mine until work on Monday, and this is only Friday night.”

Finding the masking tape that had been used to hold the paper table covers in place, Sandy made a dozen more turns over the ties of her suit’s top.

“Dan, you are mine lock, stock, and barrel until Monday morning. You are still stuck in my bikini bottom, so that means no bedtime anniversary celebrating.”

When the party was winding down, one of Dan’s buddies offered to babysit for him until Sunday night, but Sandy said no because Dan would persuade the buddy to let him go early. Sandy had plans to convert him into a girl first, then a helpless girl, finally an extremely excited male dressed up as a helpless girl.

Sandy decided that she would keep records on how many times “Dawn” needed her attention, and a list of her mistakes made by doing things not as a lady should.

Dawn was going to have to wear a full nylon slip and the skirt with the waist tie string. The waist string would come untied about a half a mile from the car, and she would have to use both hands to hold it in place for all of that distance.

The tall heeled green pumps that strapped on had a loose left heel. Sandy hoped that it would break loose way out in the parking lot, so Dawn would have to limp all the way to the shoe store.

Men could urinate behind a tree or wherever they needed to. How would Dawn manage when "it" was trapped inside a pair of pantyhose and a long leg panty girdle?

"Well Jim, you had your fun at my expense, so now it will cost you at least three consecutive nights of celibacy. Until Monday morning, you will not even fondle that salami between your legs," Sandy thought.

"I never even called out for help of any kind, but I know that you are going to plead and bargain for assistance, and is it going to cost you, my dear husband," Sandy smiled to herself.

As the last of the guests were leaving, Dan was asking for help in the bathroom. Of course, Sandy was pleased to be able to assist.

With his drain hose pulled out from where it had been trapped inside her bikini bottom, Dan was seated on the toilet. When they got home, Dan was seated on a kitchen chair, his high-heeled dancing pumps were removed, and his big toes were hobbled with only six inches of manila twine for slack.

When he finally arrived in their bedroom, he was asking for this bondage to cease. He learned that it

would end on Monday morning if he behaved himself well, or continue to the following Monday.

“Sandy, how can you be so mean? All I did was secure your hands and feet, and steal your swim suit,” Dan asked.

“You left me bound and exposed on that beach for well over three hours. Now it is payback time. You are much stronger than I am, so now that I’ve managed to gain control, I must make the most of it. Let’s start by improving that control. Come over here to the closet door with me.”

She pulled off the bikini bottom that he was still wearing, formed a slip knot in the end of a piece of clothesline rope, slipped it over Dan’s genitals. She pushed the knot up tight against his scrotum, slipped it between his legs and tossed it over the open door and secured it snugly to the inside door knob. Then she shut the door with his bare fanny pulled up tight to the bedroom side.

Dan was standing on his tip-toes because the rope was so tight. “Dan, I am going to release your wrists. You will very carefully turn your body, face that door, and put your hands together behind your back. Do you understand?” Sandy asked.

“Yes Sandy” Dan replied.

Sandy tied his wrists with more rope, ran it up and under his left arm, over that shoulder, around his neck, down the front of his right shoulder, and back to secure to the ropes around his wrists. It formed a loop along his bare back. Using his office desk ruler, she began to twist the strands of rope together and shorten the distance from his wrists to his shoulders, until he began to complain.

“OK Dan, are you ready to become Dawn for the whole weekend?” Sandy asked.

“No way!” Dan answered.

Sandy took two more turns on her improvised rack, asked again and got the same answer. Opening the closet door, she threw the loose end of the rope tied to the inner knob over the door and tied it to the short piece extending out of the slip knot, securing Don to the front side of the door. She used a table knife to twist those vertical ropes as a second rack.

“What about now for at least three days?” Sandy asked.

“No!” Don answered.

“OK, here goes, five more turns on each rack.”

Three turns on the one attached to Don’s family jewels, and Don was beginning to sob.

“Say ‘uncle,’” Sandy ordered.

“Go to hell,” Don said.

Sandy took three more turns on each rack, and Don screamed, “Uncle!”

“Now tell me, Don, who is in charge for the next three days? You know what? For being so stubborn, let’s make it the next week and three days?”

“You are in charge, Sandy,” Don answered.

“What will your name be for that time?”

“Dawn, DAWN,” Don answered.

“I’ll slip a set of high-heeled shoes on your feet to help you stand the pressure of that rack, then we will dress the top half of your body. Will you assist or should I twist that rope some more? Be aware that if

you don't cooperate, you can stand there like that until you beg for me to dress and release you," Sandy said.

"I'll help as much as I can," Don answered.

The rope was removed from Don's wrists, shoulders and neck. He spent time massaging his wrists and the back of his neck, while Sandy was preparing to install the first article of lingerie. It was a long-line bra with ten hooks up the middle of the back. It would adequately contain the grapefruit fake breasts. This bra had wide shoulder straps to reduce the discomfort of supporting heavy breasts. Dawn was going to welcome those wide pads if she spent a lot of time wearing those grapefruit as bra cup fillers.

Sandy slipped the straps over Don's arms, carefully located it on his chest, then attached the first two hooks at the top of the closure.

"Now Dawn, it is time for you to learn to dress yourself, and that includes fastening your bra closures. This is a long-line bra, and has ten sets of hooks and eyes. I have secured the two top ones, so now you must work at finishing that operation. "Your experience at reaching up to the middle of your back is limited. Your arm muscles will object and force you to stop and rest. As you grow more familiar with your new style of dressing, you should become more adept at putting on your bras.

"As you reach up there now, set a goal of two hooks followed by rest. Then go for the next two, maybe three, but be patient. There is no way to use a mirror for observational aid, so just tackle the task, learn what it feels like, and quickly close the back of your lovely new bra. You will be working strictly by feel, not aided by sight. Check out which side has the hooks, pull them over and insert them in the corresponding eye,

and you'll be home free. You know what they look like because you have unhooked a lot of mine, now you must learn how to hook them on your own back."

Dawn managed to get one of the hooks that Sandy had closed released before she had to rest. Her feet and legs were beginning to cause pain, and she was anxious to be released from that second rack. Sandy did relax the tension by unwinding the twist a few turns.

"Your arms are not accustomed reaching so high behind your back, so take frequent rests. Aim for two hooks and a rest with each try. Before you realize it, you will be able to casually reach back and hook all ten at once, with almost no muscle pain.

"Dawn, you are aware that I helped by doing the first two, so express your gratitude for my generosity," Sandy ordered.

"Sandy, thank you for hooking the first two bra hooks for me," Dawn said.

"Whoa Dawn, what bra hooks are you referring to?" Sandy asked.

"Sandy, thank You for hooking the first two hooks on *my* bra for me," Dawn said.

"That's better. Now get with it or we will be up all night just getting you ready for bed," Sandy ordered.

The next two attempts, Dawn only managed to secure the hook he accidentally released.

"Think in terms of doing it in reverse. It's like looking into a mirror. That way you can close the gap, connect the hooks and eyes, and be done with the pain of reaching up so high behind your back," Sandy instructed.

“There you got one that time. Now rest those strained muscles. Gather up more determination, and go for two this time,” Sandy encouraged.

It took almost a half an hour to connect all eight hooks, and it was obvious that Dawn was tiring rapidly.

“We will place your luggage in those two empty racks, then you can put on your lovely pink nylon nightgown. Girls seldom wear bras to bed, but you, Dawn, need help filling out the front of your nightie, so you must improvise,” Sandy stated.

“Slip into your night gown, then I have a long strip of duct tape for your wrists while we dress your lower half for bed time.”

That tape was wrapped four times around the wrists; it migrated out to cover about two-thirds of the fingers with a double layer of tape. The rope attaching the genitals to the closet door was removed, and Dawn was seated on the vanity bench.

She was shown a long leg panty-girdle, and she asked for a toilet break first.

“Go ahead but remember, ladies must always be seated,” Sandy instructed, then added, “And do not close the bathroom door tonight.”

That girdle was stubborn but was pulled up tight in the crotch; the waist band covered the lower two inches of the long-line bra. Sandy released the lower three hooks of the bra closure, the girdle waistband was smoothed out, and the bra hooked once more.

“Now Dawn, you are nearly ready for bed. We just need to complete your security. I will fasten this wide belt around your thighs, over your nightgown, and secure each wrist to the belt at the side of your thigh.

Then you can sleep either on your back or your belly. How's that, my dear?" Sandy asked.

"Lovely. Thank you for being so generous and thoughtful, Sandy," Dawn answered.

She was put to bed and covered with a sheet and blanket. Then it was time for Sandy to go to bed. She reached up behind her back and lowered the zipper, untied the strings behind her neck, then removed her dress. She quickly removed her pantyhose, reached up behind her back and released the three hooks on her strapless bra closure, and carefully laid it right under Dawn's nose. She picked up a bottle of lotion and smoothed it all over her now exposed breasts.

Her nightgown was an exact duplicate of the one Dawn was wearing. It slid easily over her head, and down to where it hit two large snags on her chest. It took quite a bit of coaxing to get the gown down past that point. When it was in place, Sandy raised the back of the gown and slid her panties down and off her body. Dawn got an extended look at her bare lower body before the gown was allowed to drop back down in place.

The bra was laid across Dawn's eyes, and the panties were folded and placed under her nose. Sandy slipped into her side of the bed and began to reprimand Dawn for sniffing soiled lingerie. Dawn vigorously shook her head and managed to dislodge the panties, but the bra overlapped too much and rode out the storm to stay resting across Dawn's face and eyes.

Sandy began massaging Dawn's boobs and tummy; she knew that Dawn soon would be in pain. Dawn managed to keep silent until Sandy began to work on the girdle over her upper thighs. When Sandy moved

her stroking and rubbing up to the crotch area, Dawn began to say “uncle” over and over.

Prior to the installation of that girdle, Dawn was ordered to put on a condom. No way was Sandy going to let her husband relax until that condom was filled.

Saturday was going to be a full day of training and public display. Sandy needed her sleep, so the teasing continued. Sandy’s body was against Dawn’s body, her breasts were in Dawn’s face, her hand was massaging his large crotch bulge. Finally Dawn let out a loud groan, and the bulge began to pulse. Sandy said, “Good night, my dear. Pleasant dreams about being a lady.”

Half an hour later, Sandy was at it again. It took longer this time, she had to be more aggressive, but Dawn climaxed a second time, so now Sandy could sleep the sleep of success.

She was awakened at five, because her bed-mate needed a potty stop. Sandy had to help her out of bed, wait while she hobbled to the bathroom, lift up her nightgown, unbuckle the wrist anchor belt from around her thighs, pull her girdle out from under her bra band, and slide it down on to her thighs. The full-tipped condom was removed, and Dawn was seated on the toilet where she only released about a cup full of urine. Sandy had to wash off that sad excuse for a penis, put all of the clothes back in place once again, and tuck her back into bed.

Sandy asked, “Can you see that clock? DO NOT wake me till nine. Do you understand, you piddling pup? We will dress and go to Dunkin Donuts for breakfast about ten-thirty.