



*Reluctant Press presents:*

## Challenges



---

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# **CHALLENGES: A Real Snarl**

**By Jamie**

As happens with many marriages, Diane and Sam's had become stale. Simply put, the magic was gone. Something needed to be done, but what? After considerable thought, Diane came up with the answer. She would have to put some excitement back into it. But how? She decided that it was time to challenge her husband. She would present him with a series of obstacles to surmount. If he could, things would be back on an even keel once again. If not, well then maybe it would be time for the two of them to call it quits. Diane hoped for the former, of course.

Sam would have to “Beat the Clock” in order to be able to make love with Diane. Yes, she was setting up a kind of surreal game show for Sam to be the contestant in, the prize being Diane.

The message was that there would be challenges lined up, and as soon as Sam’s mastered one, there would be another to confront him. Now if he desired a little loving, he needed to “Beat The Clock.” His masterful male symbol had been secured by tape, bent back toward his fanny and securely taped in that position. On or before three that afternoon, Diane would remove that binding so that they could play for a while. Being late would mean a full week of seated potty stops, until he could finally “Beat the Clock” to the prize. An initial first failure would cost him a week. Miss the next one, and there would be another week added before the next trial.

Time delays would add up; Sam could miss a deadline by just minutes, but that one minute will cost him a whole week of seated eliminations as well as sponge baths or the wearing of plastic panties in the shower to protect that tape on his crotch for an additional week of abstinence. After already going nearly three weeks with no sexual release, even Diane hoped that did not happen.

With Sam seated in their new recliner with its light colored fabric, the worst thing that could happen would be to soil that cloth with some sort of a spill. Also, with Sam dressed in a nice white dress, the chair could also get ruined by the huge volume of cranberry juice in that dispenser awaiting him. By drinking all of it, he would be able to dispense with that container with no damage, and swing it away to reveal his next trial.

He could then tackle the task of freeing himself from that recliner. Time figured into this trial because Sam would now have well over an extra quart of liquid in his system. Until he could get free of that recliner, there would be no relief in sight. It would likely become quite urgent to make a potty stop, and soon, to avoid converting his new recliner chair into a potty chair.

Draining that container of cranberry juice made it possible to turn the container away enough to uncover his next task. That revealed a round air vent screen with the ends of telephone wire leads knotted to the screen's mesh.

Now with Sam being right handed, and with that wrist handcuffed to his right ankle, it seemed that his left hand must be pressed into service at least long enough to untie about twenty-four or twenty-five wire knots.

A note explained that the cuffs' key was secured by tape to the back of Sam's right shoulder, held there by the strap of the bra he was wearing. It could only be accessed by lowering the dress' back zipper, and ripping off the tape with his left hand.

Sammy realized that the turns of wire wrapped around and around the recliner and his body also seriously restricted the movement of his left arm. This meant that he would have to be hasty in working his way to freedom to avoid fatigue. Those wire knots had been pulled quite snug; having sat that way for quite some time they would be very difficult to untie with just Sam's left hand. An added problem was that his left thumb had been placed in that palm with the hand taped securely from the second knuckles clear to the wrist. This left the remaining four finger tips with the

task of untying about twenty-five small wire knots. No easy feat to be sure.

Diane was certain that Sam, now converted into 'Sammy,' was determined enough to win any prize that she had offered. Sammy knew that there would be many more instructions to follow, but at present they were not in sight from this recliner in its flat position.

Sammy wondered just how Diane had knocked Sam out long enough to dress 'her' up as a fashionable lady, get her into that recliner, and secure her so completely wrapped up in telephone wire. Those tasks could not have been completed in just a few minutes.

Sammy's right hand was cuffed to his/her right ankle, and therefore of no help with the problem at hand. Sammy, now so full of liquid that he/she sloshed, would have to get busy and get his/her self free of the recliner to make the first of what might be multiple potty runs.

Have you ever tried to untie knots in insulated wire with just four fingers and no thumb? There had to be at least twenty-four knots tied to that piece of screen and each one had to be completely released from where it was secured. Then there would be the equally daunting task of trying to unwrap all of the turns around that recliner and Sammy's body.

Diane was quite thorough; she had even thought to provide a large clock with a sweep second hand to assist with Sammy's timekeeping schedule. The fact that Sam was a small male, and that Diane had a large frame for a female made it easy for her to loan her husband some of her female clothing. Her rather large bosom closely resembled that area of Dolly Parton's body. Sammy was now blessed with "D" sized fake boobs in order to properly fill out Diane's dresses.

In trying to reach to untie all of those knots, Sammy had to surmount those mounds to gain access to the wire. It took nearly an hour to untie all of those blasted little knots. Now came the task of unwrapping the many turns of the stiff wire wrapped around Sammy's body and the recliner chair. Those knots were spread far apart, and it was a struggle to pull the knotted wire through or under any part of that chair. At one point, the end got tangled with what was being fed through, and came quite close to being tied in a new knot where Sammy was unable to reach. Dealing with that, the whole unsnarling task ground temporarily to a halt. Fortunately, after some prolonged struggle, there were just enough coils unwrapped for Sammy's left arm to reach, and release that forming knot.

There were over forty complete wraps, a terribly long length of telephone line to untangle before Sammy was free of 'her' recliner prison.

Diane had taken the time to create several random knots along the length of wire; frequently one of them would catch and be difficult to pull through. Sammy twice caught herself tightening the line by pulling on the wrong wrap. This was secured by Diane having started the wraps somewhere behind Sammy's upper back. This starting point must be released before there was any effort expended to unzip the dress' back zipper to access the handcuff key taped behind her right shoulder. It was quite important to release her right wrist from her ankle in anticipation of challenges forthcoming. She also needed her right hand to remove all of the tape wraps binding the movements of her left hand.

After almost two hours, she was finally free of her reclining prison. Her first stop (after rubbing her very

sore wrists) would going to the bathroom. This revealed one more problem: Sammy was wearing pantyhose. Getting them and her panties lowered was a difficult task with just the fingers of her left hand. Long overdue for liquid elimination, the clothing got slightly abused, and Sammy quickly got seated on the toilet.

Sammy's 'drain hose' was not of any immediate use. It was bent and securely taped back between her legs, with many layers of tape that started up on her tummy and ran down from there to attach to the whole length of 'her' appendage. Multiple strips run from there up along each fanny cheeks; more layers were securing all three of those verticals by wrapping round and round the body just below the waistline.

A note on the inside of the bathroom door instructed Sammy to NOT remove any of that body tape. Sammy should just make believe that 'she' was a girl and pee just like any other girls must do. Time, along with a very full bladder, stepped in to enforce that sit-down order.

Getting from the TV room to the bathroom had quite difficult with that set of cuffs locked to right wrist and ankle. Relocating the panties and pantyhose was another difficult, lengthy, task.

The note on that bathroom door ordered Sammy to read the reverse side as well. Here she learned that if she were to call Diane's work number, she would be told the secret about that handcuff key. As it turned out, that key was not taped to her right shoulder as she had been led to believe, it was taped to the back section of her panties crotch's cotton pad.

Goddamn it, Sammy had just managed to get those garments back up where they were somewhat comfortable, and now she must lower them once more. One



bright spot was that she could now stand up straight once again.

The note also instructed her to open the root cellar door for her next set of instructions. Getting down there was quite a challenge because her high-heeled shoes were chained to her ankles, incorporating an ankle hobble that was too short to allow for stepping down from one step to the next in normal fashion. Sammy had to sit down, move both feet down one step, then move her fanny down one step. She had to do this twelve times to reach the cellar floor. Once she reached the bottom of the stairs, she stood up. Then because of her closely hobbled ankles, it took what seemed like forever to get across the wide cellar floor, finally reach the root cellar's door.

A tiny typed note there stated that the key to that door was in the same place as the handcuff key was found. Was it really a different key, or did both locks use the same key? Sammy was once again lowering her pantyhose and panties, and carefully fishing in case that was where that other key was secured. Not finding one, she remembered the drawer full of panties in Diane's bureau.

Sammy went back across that cellar floor, sat down on the third step on the stairs, pulled up both feet, then hoisted her fanny up to the fourth step and raised her feet once again. This action was repeated all of the way up to the top and to the house's main floor.

Next Sammy had to traverse the whole length of the house to the master bedroom, to reach Diane's bureau to hopefully locate that very important key. She carefully checked every pair of panties and found no key. Then a light went on in Sammy's mind. Damn, that stupid key was retained by the tape securing Sam's boy

parts. For the third time, the pantyhose and panties were lowered. This time a thorough search turned up a key stuck to 'her' male appendage.

The panties and pantyhose were raised back up to where they belonged, and it was time to return across the bedroom floor, down the stairs once more, and all of the way back across that cellar floor. After such an intensely exhausting struggle, Sammy was happy to find that the key did unlock that padlock, and she could finally open the root cellar door. She was quite anxious to learn the next step to eventually gaining permission to have sex With Diane.

The very limiting time allocated for Sammy's challenges meant that if she was even one minute late, it would cost her another week of seated potty stops, plus a whole new challenge to deal with. To an uninformed observer it would have seemed quite strange to observe a lovely lady trying to look up into her crotch area, but that was the apparent scene down in that cellar.

The stairs back down to the basement were murder with hobbled ankles. Sammy had to sit, put both feet down, slip her fanny down one step, move her feet down one more and over and over for twelve cellar stair steps. Then the disguised man had to take baby steps all the way across that wide cellar to that locked root cellar door.

The lock snapped open and Sammy swung the door open only to discover that there was a rugged nylon webbing material anchored to both the door and the jamb, with about two dozen screws holding that material to the door and the jamb.

A small screwdriver hung from a stiff cord close by the doorway. When each screw was halfway out,

Sammy had to stop and allow the cord to unwind before removing the screw completely. There were twenty-six screws to take out in order to release that nylon web from the door jamb, allowing Sammy to finally get inside the root cellar and get access to the next set of orders.

Halfway done removing the jamb, Sammy was struck with the urgent need to drain more cranberry juice. Back across that cellar floor, and all of the way back up the stair steps she went. Much time was lost because of all of the cranberry juice she had been forced to drink before she could move on to the next order. Sammy had no choice. She really did not want to pee all over her new recliner, or her wife's nice white dress.

Relocating her panties and pantyhose, Sammy could once again make that slow and exacting trip down the cellar stairs. Then came the long shuffle to get back to the unscrewing project to finally learn about her next assignment. Another eight screws removed, and out fell a small piece of paper, which Sammy nearly missed among all of the removed screws now under her feet.

Picking up that scrap of paper, she unfolded it to read, "Changed my mind, orders up in the attic."

The words spilling out of Sammy's mouth could melt the paint right off a truck's cab. This angry man was dressed in a beautifully shaped white cotton dress and heels, but the sexy feminine outfit did not deter Sammy's ability to swear even one iota.

And to think that she had nearly missed that piece of paper, in her rush to get that damned door open. If only she had started at the bottom, she could have saved well over an hour, and at least one trip up and

down those cellar stairs. Now she must go back up again, not just one flight, but two this time, to get to her next set of orders.

Sammy could quit completely, but Diane would insist on starting over the next time she had the time and desire to assemble a totally new challenge. That could be next Saturday, or even a full month later. Until then, would have to continue to contend with seated potty stops.

Sam was getting quite anxious to be able to put his male appendage through its paces. No way in Hell did he want it trapped by all of that tape. He couldn't even bathe or shower, because it could destroy Diane's masterpiece of handicapping. All body bathing would have to be done by the sponge bath method, an arduous task.

Arriving at the attic door, two flights of stairs up, Sammy found a knife and a note. "Cut the screwdriver loose from the cellar, and remove the line of screws securing this door shut." Confound that wife of his/hers, Sammy would get another tool from the kitchen.

Well, there just was not another correct screwdriver on the premises. Back down two flights of stairs, back and forth across that wide cellar floor, and once again up two flights of stairs, using the sit-and-raise-the-legs method.

There were long screws all over those attic stairs, but Sammy did finally manage to get that door open. The attic room had no windows and just a single light socket for lighting the whole long room, but there was no bulb in it.

After retrieving the kitchen flashlight, almost immediately the batteries went dead on her. Once more she

struggled down the flight of stairs. From there, Sammy went out onto the back porch, feet and fanny down the cement stairs to the garage level, only to discover that the always unlocked garage door was locked. Back up the stairs to the house level Sammy went. He/she found his/her keys and after some more struggle, managed to unlock the garage door.

Sam had a flashlight in his car's glove compartment; he found that those batteries were also dead. Remembering the supplies stored for serious emergencies, he searched them. Two new batteries were found for the kitchen flashlight, also a bulb for the attic light socket.

At the far end of the attic room, Sammy found the next set of instructions. "Your next instructions are in your car's trunk." Another difficult struggle down those cement stairs ensued. In a few minutes, Sammy retrieved a note sending her to the mud room to find the key to the ankle hobble inside Sam's winter boots.

There was no note in his winter boots. Now what? Hmm, what about his winter hiking boots back on the corner? Yes, there was a piece of white paper behind all of the triple-tied rawhide lacing.

That note held the key desperately needed to finally free that ankle hobble. To hell with worrying about harming the pantyhose; Sammy also parted with those damned high heeled shoes right there on the mud room floor.

This note said, "Wow Sammy, you made it. Check and see if you also made it on time. If it is still before three P.M. you are in like Flynn. If not, then better luck next weekend." The TV room clock lying on its face displayed 3:05.

Where had the time gone? All of those damn trips up and down stairs, all of that wire, all those long screws, all those times raising and lowering that ladies lingerie.

Sammy was heartbroken. She went to the fridge for a cold beer. There was only one. Twisting off the cap, she stepped on the pedal to open the trash receptacle. Inside it there was one more note. "The cell phone will have the correct time, Sammy." Wow, it was only 2:45. She had made it on time. Now where was Diane? What should Sammy do now?

Sammy had been in every room but the guest room. Rushing to that closed door, she found the knob was missing, Trying to use her little finger to turn that small square didn't work, but Sammy was determined. She tried a slight push and turn, she tried a slight pull on it, she even tried pushing the middle of the door. With that, she succeeded, and the door swung open.

There on that guest room bed lay a delightful lady wrapped up like a gift in her nylon nightgown, with a pretty bow tied directly over 'Ground Zero.' The wall clock read 3:01. Diane said, "Sorry Sammy, better luck next weekend."

Removing that pretty big bow, she placed it at Sammy's waist, ran both of the loose ends back around Sammy, and tied the bow snugly to her waist. Diane then pulled Sammy's hands back and securely tied the wrists together. She then shoved Sammy back against the footboard of the bed and commanded, "Sit and stay." Sammy was stunned by this sudden turn of events and sat silently, staring blankly at Diane.

"Your dress needs to be hand-laundered, but because your hands are out of service for now, the laundering can wait a while longer. We must begin

negotiations for our first vacation week. So Sammy, make your first request."

"May I have a drink of water, please?" Sammy politely requested. She would have preferred that Diane go first, to get a hint of what direction these negotiations were to head in. Sammy was very confused by everything that was happening and tired from his/her exertions of the past several hours.

Diane quickly gave Sammy a drink of water then stated that it was now her turn to make a request. In view of how lovely Sammy looked compared to her twin, Sam, Diane requested Sammy stay in female dress full-time right up when Sammy finally wins the cherished prize for her twin brother to enjoy (assuming she did, of course.)

Sammy was shaken up by Diane's demand. She said, "Hey, wait just one damn minute here, lady. You just laid claim to the whole of next week! What is left for me to choose from?"

"What you eat. When you eat. What you wear. Where you sleep. And if we we extend your sentence to the very last evening of our three weeks of vacation."

"Jesus," was Sammy's succinct comment to Diane's summation.

"Well, I left you lots of things to choose from. What's wrong now, Sammy?"

Sam wanted to go fishing, boating, bowling, and to the casino for part of a day, he/she explained, trying to sound calm.

"That's fine. I have enough outfits for both of us ladies to wear for those activities. With your maleness so securely tucked away, maybe we should discuss

proper deportment and selection of ladies wear for Sammy. Once Sammy completes a challenge on time, and we allow Sam some playtime, I think living and behaving like a female for the rest of the time is quite fair. Don't you agree, pretty Sammy?"

"Come on, why would I want to learn to be a female?" Sammy asked.

"How else can a male really begin to appreciate the thrills of wearing the exotic and stimulating articles and materials as are found in women's choices of clothing? Just think about the privilege you are being offered. How many other men ever get offered these wonderful clothes to wear, not to just try on, but to wear exclusively for at least a whole week? Do you really appreciate the fantastic opportunity you are being given?" Diane asked, a smile on her face.

"Why should I even want those things that you describe, I have a good job, nice clothes, a pretty lady who is quite interested in sex. Why would I want to change any of it? Just to be able to also look like a girl?" Sammy asked.

"I love Sam, I love to play with Sam and have sex with Sam, but I want us to be much closer, like both of us being girls, and able to even dress alike. I think it would be wonderful to share so as much as possible of the feminine side of life. Look Sammy, we have three weeks to share together. How about you be a girl for just one week, then we can talk it over and decide if you should continue as Sammy. Or you could try a couple of days and nights as Sam. No serious pressure, just the permission to test femininity on a seriously level. How does that sound?" Diane asked.

"Well, since you put it that way, perhaps I had better give in and try things your way, but just for this



coming week," Sammy said, half-suspecting that he was walking into a trap.

Diane had just gotten exactly what she wanted.

Diane hustled Sammy out of her soiled and sweaty clothes, gave her a sponge bath and powdered her all over, then gave her a clean bra and panty set, and a sexy pink gown to match the one that Diane was wearing. Next came the high-heeled shoes and a dressing gown, following which they watched a special DVD designed to cause any male to come close to climax at seeing beautiful women in sexy feminine garments. About a half-hour into the program, Sammy asked for permission to release his imprisoned male appendage. It was beginning to be quite painful to look at all of those near-nude ladies in such daring and delightful lingerie.

Diane suggested watching the remainder on the bedroom set, while they were lying close together in their bed. Sammy was lying with Diane close behind her, casually fondling Sammy's fake boobs through the gown and the bra cups, alternately massaging Sammy's neck and shoulders. In almost no time, Sammy's very trying day caught up with her and ushered her off to Dreamland. Off went the TV and the bedside lamp. Diane had once again, at least temporarily, tamed Sam's persistent male sex drive.

That TV show had stimulated Diane to such a level that she was almost screaming for male attention. It took her about three hours to calm down enough to fall asleep.

An hour later, she was once again in a serious sweat. She was flat on her back beside a female-looking person in a matching gown and bra and panties, with 'her' luscious fake boobs nearly exposed. Diane nearly

lost her determination at that point. She lost about three more hours trying to calm down enough to get back to sleep once again. Just being aware of that pretty 'lady' lying beside her in their bed had her on the verge of climax.



She was ready to rescue Sam's equipment. She needed it—badly. Doing so would mess up her master plan of converting Sam into a permanent Sammy. Could she hold out at least until next Saturday? Could she manage to create at least one more major challenge for Sammy to have to endure? Should she create one that Sammy could win so that she could have her sexual release while saving face?

Perhaps she should rescue Sammy's pleasure rod right now, enjoy its magic powers, convince Sam to be Sammy for the whole three weeks, and then force sammy to endure the challenges of one more of her challenges.

Maybe Diane should purchase a double-ended dildo to wear and train Sammy the fake female to accept her as the fake male, and totally abandon any use of Sammy's real male appendage. Dear God, did she ever need some special attention right now.

Her excitement was certainly keeping her awake to-night. She found her way to the guest room bed and to her special toy. Soon, she found the relief she had been searching for, and was then able to get some sleep. In the early morning, she awoke and began to worry about whether the use of her vibrator might be a form of cheating on her marriage partner. She got up. Ignoring her robe and slippers, she got out her machine and sewing stuff, and began to make Sammy a costume.

In about an hour, she produced a one-piece outfit with no facial opening, shaped much like a baby bunting. It had no lower half opening, just a zipper potty flap and a horizontal mouth opening zipper. At the top of the headpiece was a carefully stitched-in nylon window screen opening for air intake.