Damsel in Distress: Sometimes all a guy needs is a push from someone who cares...

Francine opened the front door to her apartment, wheeled her suitcase over the threshold, and just about tripped over it when she saw the strange girl tied up in her living room. Her jaw fell and she moved closer. The first thing she noticed was that the skirt and blouse worn by the stranger actually belonged to her; that, or the two of them had the same taste in business casual. The second thing she noticed was that the stranger wasn’t a girl at all—it was her boyfriend, Patrick.

A smirk crept across her lips. “Well, well, well… what have we here? A little self-bondage session gone awry?” She stepped around the chair as the girl struggled with the ropes around her wrists.

“I suppose it was easy to tie your legs together and strap on that gag,” Francine said, “but your hands were a different story, weren’t they? I see how you managed to loop the rope around your wrists… probably slid your hands through while it was still loose, then pulled the loops tight by hooking the knot over a doorknob or something.” She laughed. “Kind of outsmarted yourself there, didn’t ya? That isn’t the kind of knot that unties easily, especially when you can’t reach it.”

Patrick shook his head. “Mmmpppphhhh…”

Francine dropped onto the couch, exhausted after her long trip. “How long have you been trying to get free? Hours? Stumbling around the house on those heels, looking for a knife sharp enough to cut the rope. Too bad about all those child-proof latches, huh? I bet you didn’t think this would happen when you installed the darn things, a few months back. Funny how stuff works out.”

Patrick twisted his body to bring his hands into view. “Mmpmph?”

“Tell me about it. What I find awfully interesting is that my boyfriend was able to turn himself into such a lovely young woman. Now I see why you let your hair get so long. It really is gorgeous, by the way—it really suits the new you.”

She leaned back, willing her body to relax. “I recognize your outfit, of course; seems like we’re pretty near the same size. Kind of handy, that.” She cast a critical eye on the bound girl. “The makeup isn’t overdone—just enough to look totally natural. That’s impressive. You’ve been practicing, haven’t you?” She tapped the arm of the couch with a forefinger. “I bet you’ve been doing this for quite some time—dressing up as a girl while I’m out of town. My mom had to leave for her cruise earlier than we figured, by the way, which is why I came home a day early…” She waved her hands. “Surprise!”

“Mmpph.” Patrick sagged in his chair, looking very fetching but utterly defeated.
Francine nodded thoughtfully. “Yes… I can see how serious you are about your cross-dressing. Shaved legs… nice firm boobage… and those aren’t just a pair of balled-up socks either. I bet you went out and bought some fancy-ass breast forms, didn’t you? And they’re probably glued to your chest, aren’t they?” She waved her finger at the girl. “Don’t play dumb with me, young lady—that’s exactly what you did. And while you were at it, I bet you got yourself a little something in flesh-toned latex to hide that little thingy between your legs.” She clucked her tongue. “I wonder how long a guy would have to feel around in there to figure out it wasn’t a real va-jay-jay?”

She leaned forward. “No siree, bob—as cross-dressers go, you’re top of the pops. But when it comes to bondage, you got a lot to learn.” She stood up and began pacing. “Maybe this was a spur-of-the-moment thing, eh? Did you figure it would be fun to tie yourself up and pretend to be the damsel in distress for awhile? Well, mission accomplished on that score, sweetheart.”

She retrieved her purse. “But the question you should be asking yourself is this: who’s gonna rescue you? Or will it be… a big strong policeman, responding to the 911 call I’m about to make? After all, this does look an awful lot like a burglary.” She smiled. “It’s your choice.”

Francine aimed the phone at her boyfriend. “Let me just snag a few pics for evidence…” She clicked once, stepped back and did it again, then rotated the phone and snapped a third photo. “Now I’ll just upload these to Instagram…”

“Mmpphh!” Patrick wriggled in the chair. He tried and failed to stand up.

“Marked private, of course.” Francine poked at her phone. “Your secret is safe with me. At least for now.” Then she pulled up a footstool and sat down. “I’m not a monster, you know,” she said, her voice softening. “I only wanna help. I’m not into this bondage stuff myself, but I’ll make the effort. I’m sure there’s all sorts of tutorials and videos online that’ll show us how to tie you up the way you want. We’ll have fun with it.”

She rested her hand on his stocking-clad knee, rubbing it gently. “As for your cross-dressing… you obviously don’t need help there. You make as good a woman as I do. But I’ve heard guys like you are so terribly afraid of being ‘read’ that you stay inside most of the time, and if you do go out it’s only at night or maybe just driving around in your car. See, you just need a push to make you get out and embrace life as a woman.

So here… is what I’m going to do,” Francine whispered. “I’m going to give you a push.”

She stood up. “My friend Trish needs someone to service her clientele while she recovers from that C-section she’s so looking forward to—so guess what? You get to be the local Avon Lady for a few months. Dream come true, huh?”

“Mmpphh…” Patrick shook his head.

“Oh, sure it is. Guys like you—you dig all that girly stuff. Wearing makeup, mincing around in a tight skirt and high heels… If you could, I bet you’d wear a dress practically all the time. Real women aren’t like that, but you guys have to go way over the top—just to prove you’ve got the chops to hang with us real chicks.”

“Mmpphh?” Patrick’s eyes were wide.

“You’ll have to be ‘en femme’ 24/7, of course. But hey, it’s not like you have a job or anything, right?” She guffawed. “For the duration, you won’t be my boyfriend. We’ll share the place as a couple of single gals; split the rent and all that. You’ll have to do most of the housework, ‘cause I work more hours. Girls don’t mind doing that stuff ‘cause we have higher standards than guys do. On the other hand,” she added, “if you don’t play along, I can switch those pics to public just like that.” She snapped her fingers. “Capiche?”

Patrick simply nodded, his eyes bright.