

Auntie's Sissy Cross Dressed Maid



Book Two
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Gemini



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Auntie's Sissy Cross Dressed Maid Book II

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

A story of forced cross dressing feminization and servitude in which a loving wife and her aunt with some additional assistance turn a sissy husband into an obedient cross dressed feminized maid and finally in the next part into an obedient cross dressed feminized companion... with little hope of escape.

Chapter VI: Serving Auntie & the Wife

I had spent the day under the tutelage of Aunties maid who despite my initial rebellion had quickly dominated me, and had in earnest started to feminize me while having me learn housekeeping. My wife had

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left me there in her charge with Auntie's approval and with the instructions to her to do just that. When left I had been dressed in Auntie's clothing from the skin out; two pairs of satin panties, satin padding around my maleness to hide it, a tight old fashioned satin paneled girdle, stockings, a bra with pads, a camisole and as outer clothing a pair of Aunties stretch jeans and a peasant blouse. And on my feet I had worn a pair of her pumps.

After a day of work and a shower I was wearing the same lingerie, washed. And for outer wear I was wearing figure revealing spandex gym leggings and spandex top. However, unlike the jeans the leggings stopped at my calves and showed that I was wearing nylon-lycra stockings and it was form fitting so it really showed off my girdle uplifted butt. And worse was the shirt which fit snugly and showed my size "B" breasts, which had been created from my loose chest tissue under the influence of the bra and the satin covered jell pads that had been inserted into each cup of my bra. And I was again wearing a pair of pumps which added to the feminized look of my legs and butt.

And my hair style had been changed to a feminine style. Maria had brushed it into a feminine pony tail with bangs in the front. And added jell to keep it all in place. The pink nail polish with which Maria had coated my nails remained as did my feminine manicure, and she had me refresh my lipstick which I had been wearing and refreshing all day.

And to top of my outfit, I wore an apron, a full cut apron, with a nicely tied bow. I was the picture of femininity.

My instructions from Maria for the evening were to be an obedient, feminine, girlish boy maid and that it would NOT go well for me if I acted any other way. She had been given instructions about my training and had to show those instructions had been followed, and I was not to get her into trouble, or again, I would be in trouble. And I knew that was no idle threat and so I would behave as such...a sissy feminine obedient male maid.

The front door was opening and Maria told me to greet Auntie as she had instructed me and as I had been training to do. Auntie was in the vestibule when I got there. Maria was in the distance observing to make sure I would do as I had been instructed and trained. When Auntie turned around and saw me I curtsayed and told her, "Welcome home ma'am. May I take your coat?" And for me the courtesy just felt wonderful, the affect it had on the way the girdle, panties and nylon covering felt on me was just wonderful, I could not help but smile.

And for Auntie, I think the curtsy said it all. She knew for a guy to be dressed the way I was dressed, looking so feminine, and then presenting such an obedient demeanor and with a curtsy, that Maria had affected some major changes in me and I was totally under her control. What Maria had done to gain such control Auntie really didn't much care. In any case she was finding the obedience and the feminization of her niece's husband to be a real turn on for her, and she was happy, and a bit excited by it all and curious and happy to see more. And the fact that when I curtsayed I smiled, which I just could not help, as I said the effect of the curtsy on the feeling from the lingerie I was wearing, it just felt so nice; she also found strangely

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empowering. To have a man, so dressed, so subservient and smiling she found to be a wonderful turn on.

However, Auntie was obviously flabbergasted and tried not to show it. She took a look at the somewhat additionally feminized me and obviously could not get over it. She gave up her coat, I helped her off with it, and then I hung it up. She was just waiting there staring at me. I curtsied again, which I was finding so delightful, and asked her if there was anything else. She told me no. And then I asked if I could get her a drink. She gave me her order. I curtsied again and told her I would bring it to her in the living room, if that was okay with her. She told me it was. And I curtsied again, and told her "Yes ma'am and left to make and fetch her drink. I was dying from shame and embarrassment, and needed no rouge to redden my cheeks. However, strangely enough the wonderful feel of my lingerie, especially when I curtsied, despite it all, kept me excited.

Maria told me I had done wonderfully and that auntie would actually be very happy with me once she understood and accepted how well I had actually done with my training. And in any case my wife should really be happy with me... and thus with the her, if I kept this up and so I had better; at least Maria told me so, I don't know if she really thought so, or was just teasing me or playing mind games with me.

I made the drink for Auntie but before I could bring it to her, she showed up in the kitchen. Her first exclamation was how wonderful dinner smelled. Maria looked at me and I knew what I had to do, and I curtsied and thanked her. And as I said, curtsying I was finding a real pleasure, so under the strain and embar-

rassment of all I was going through I needed no excuse to do a curtsy, despite the humiliation of it all.

Auntie looked at me and was about to ask something when she started looking around the kitchen. Then she exclaimed that she had never seen it so clean....or smelling so delicious.

Maria smiled and told Auntie that she could thank me for it all. Auntie seemed surprised and Maria told her, "No ma'am as natural as he was cleaning the lingerie, he was also that good cleaning the kitchen and preparing dinner. Of course, I had to tell him what had to be done. But he is just a natural maid and cook....I mean housekeeper. He just cleans so well and is so meticulous. Why if I had him for a few more days the house would be spick and span from the top to the bottom, all the clothes would be just spotless and pressed and you would really have some enjoyable meals. This is just such a large house and so much work it is hard for one girl to take care of it all. It is almost a shame his wife is going to take him home before I could complete his training. She is such a lucky woman to have a fellow like this. And it would be such a help to have him around for another day or so....and it would only another day or so and we could really have the house so clean."

Auntie seemed to think about that and then told us that all that was nice, but why was I looking more like a female than like a guy. She told us, "I know when I left this morning he had been wearing my clothes, but he looked like a guy in them and now he looks more like a woman." And she paused for a moment as if to think and then continued. "Not that it is an issue. He looks rather cute. And I actually find it nice. And if it is okay with him I certainly won't object."

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And so Maria explained. She laughed and told auntie that it wasn't planned but just turned out that way. Starting out she told auntie and me for that matter, "Why his lips were so dry and he didn't have his chap stick, which he told me he uses constantly, so I leant him a moisturizing lipstick. And he seemed to like it and had no issue using it, despite the color."

She was not telling the truth I thought...but didn't say a word to contradict her then or during her entire explanation. Maria by that time had a hold on me and I just wanted to get that evening over and get home with the wife and away from Maria...and now Auntie. With Maria I thought that if I did as I was told she would be more reasonable, despite the games she had played with me earlier, and I was hoping would not continue to blackmail me once I was no longer there. Or so I thought. By that time any thought of Auntie getting me a full-time job was no longer my top priority. I just wanted out.

And Maria continued, "Then his hands were taking such a beating that I introduced him to moisturizer and he like that and then sort of jokingly I suggested we do his nails and he did not have an issue with that and in fact seemed to think it a good idea. The lightest color I had was the pink. As with the lipstick I didn't have a clear. He didn't seem to mind and told me he actually likes the pink and was happy it would match his outfit. And then not thinking.....I rounded his nails and gave him a lady's manicure."

"I did his hair for him when it was getting all matted when we were working. I just without thinking put in up in a girl's type ponytail instead of a man's type which got it off his neck so that worked and I left it that way and then cut the bangs so he could see well,

I wasn't even thinking that would look feminine and he didn't mind at all. Anyway, he didn't seem to object. He told me it was nice to get the hair off of his neck while working. He really is just so agreeable and so innately feminine. I am surprised he has apparently been able to hide his true nature from his wife. But with me, once I accepted it he has really just flowered."

And she continued, "I washed his clothes and the lingerie dried in time but the pants and blouse did not. So as it turned out I had this pair of stretch leggings and matching stretch shirt that were just too big on me and they seemed like they would fit him and so he agreed to try them on and they fit and despite the way his feminized figure appears, I mean with the padded breasts and his lifted butt we thought that with the apron covering him we thought it would be okay. We didn't think he would look so....well....girlish. I guess he is just naturally girlish. Some guys are that way. And again he doesn't seem to mind at all. In fact he seems to like his new look."

And listening to all of this, I wanted to deny it all and explain how I had been forced into it all, but I remained silent knowing the consequences of contradicting Maria.

Auntie took her drink from me and sipped it and told me that I made a nice drink. Then she had me turn around. Of course I told her yes ma'am and curtsied and then did as I was told. She told us, "I can't believe this. He does look sort of cute in that outfit and the way you made him up, knowing he is a guy and my niece's husband at that he still just looks so girlie and is wearing girl's lingerie....panties and a girdle and a bra....it is really a kick. And he is really just so obedient. Who would have thought? Maria you must be a

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miracle worker. I think if he was slovenly or less obedient it would take the fun away. But he seems to have adopted a feminine persona so well and is so accepting of it that he makes the whole thing fun."

And Maria told her, "Yes ma'am. He is just one of those....let's say agreeable guys. He seems happy to take orders and once he accepted that I would be the one giving them he was just wonderful to work with and, let's say obedient. And as I said he seems to be a natural at housekeeping and seems to enjoy it. Just one of those house husbands I imagine."

Auntie took that in and then told us, "And he really does have nice legs and for a guy... and such a shapely butt....at least in that girdle....which seems to fit him absolutely wonderfully. But the leggings show off his girdle and his garters and his stockings from the calves down where the leggings end. And the shaved part of his legs through the stocking, those areas that are showing look absolutely girlish....at least shaved."

Then auntie told me, "Darling I don't mean to embarrass you. You have been absolutely wonderful getting this kitchen so clean and making a dinner which smells so wonderful, and letting Maria dress you in her leggings after letting your wife put you in my stretch jeans. I just can't get over it. You have been such a good sport about all of this. I wouldn't have imagined it. But really enough is enough. Let me get you a pair of my stretch dungarees and a manlier cut shirt that is not so tight. I am sure I can find another pair and a shirt to fit you. In that outfit with the apron you really just look like you are wearing a dress. I am not sure your wife despite all she has put you through today would want to see you in a dress."

And she continued, "Now don't get me wrong, your outfit is fine with me. I actually find you rather....let's say cute in it. However I am afraid, the shock would be too much for your wife and she would forbid the continuation of this game....your training that is."

I told her a pair of pants and a shirt would be just wonderful and auntie left with her drink to find me those clothes. I was at ease for a moment. But then the bell rang. I looked at Maria who checked on the camera and she told me, "Charlotte, it is your wife. Don't keep her waiting."

I tried to beg out of it, to wait for the pants, but Maria was adamant. She told me as Auntie had seen me so dressed the wife also needed to see me dressed and looking as I was and if it were to be a shock we would deal with it. So I had no choice. She had so much on film. I curtsayed and told her I would do it and did so. I just once again felt so terribly embarrassed; but also a bit turned on to be seen by my wife so dressed. It was crazy.

I opened the door and the wife at first must have not recognized me and looked past me and came in. Maria was again watching. So I stayed in character. I curtsayed, which again just felt wonderful, and welcomed the wife home and told her I hoped she had a nice day, and then offered to take her coat.

Hearing my voice she realized it was me. Then she stepped back to get a good look. She asked in surprise, "Honey is that you?!"

With Maria watching as much as I wanted to cry and tell her it was me and tell her all that had been done to me as a result of the game she had played on

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me and to beg her to get me out of there, I could not. I simply curtseyed and told her that of course it was indeed me.

It then played through exactly as it had played through with Auntie. And when Auntie returned with a pair of pants and the shirt, the wife was enjoying her drink had admired how clean I had gotten the kitchen and how wonderful dinner smelled and had been told the story, Maria's version, of how I wound up dressed, wearing some makeup, a new hair style and looking so female.

Auntie told my wife how amazing she found it all and how happy she was with the job I had done cleaning and cooking and then offered me the pants and the shirt. I was about to take them when the wife told auntie that it wasn't necessary.

She told auntie, "You know he looks really cute like this....with the nylons showing and wearing heels that aren't covered by pants legs, and with the garters and girdle showing through his leggings and the well-defined butt showing and the chest that looks like he has breast in that tight shirt. Why he is just adorable. I would think that he is embarrassed, but this is fun. And you know I will never have him dressed up like this again. I just don't have Maria's way with him. With me he is so manly....or at least based on what I am now seeing, pretends to be so."

And then she exclaimed, "...and lipstick and nail polish and that pony tail. Why he is just adorable. Let me enjoy my time with him like this. I mean despite the lingerie thing I really have not been able to get him to help much around the house. Maria is a miracle worker. If dressing up like a maid or at least so girlish is what it takes to get him to help around the house,

then let's keep him this way until after dinner. I am pressed for time, but dinner smells so delicious, I must have a taste, and if I am staying I prefer to keep Charles the way he is dressed. If he is a good boy he can have the pants and shirt to wear home."

And I could tell just by looking at my wife how much all of this was turning her on. She had enjoyed putting me in lingerie at home and then dressing me in Auntie's things in front of Auntie and the maid, and so seeing what the maid had done to me she was finding strangely enough to be even more of a turn on for her. She was realizing she wanted to keep me that way, as feminine looking and acting as possible.

And the wife looked at me and Maria, having guessed somewhat what must have transpired that day, and asked or told me, "I am sure that remaining dressed as you are is okay with you dear... isn't it? I am sure you want to get dinner served and get to bed. You must have had a busy day today. I mean your first day as a maid.....I mean an assistant maid.....no, I am sorry....I mean a househusband." And it seemed she just loved and got off by teasing me so.

And there was nothing much to be done about it. I of course told her that is was fine with me and that I would like to get dinner served so that I could get home and get to bed ...or so I thought. And so it was settled. I stayed dressed as I was dressed. It was humiliating. But I was by then getting used to being humiliated. And unfortunately the lingerie was still feeling wonderful. And not surprising by the wife and Auntie's reaction to all of this it would get worse for me.

The ladies retired to the living room with their drinks and my pants and shirt and Maria and I set the

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table and I got ready to serve dinner. And the wife and aunt sat down at the dining room table and I did serve. And I was walking around swishing and serving like a female would serve and sitting where a wife would sit when serving company, and returning to the kitchen to get whatever the ladies needed. And smiling all the time, as if I was enjoying it all or at least agreeable about it, or Maria would give me the look.

Then auntie was complementing me on the diner when my wife exclaimed, "I finally figured it out. Why you not only look female; but you are also moving like a female. Why dear you are moving like a woman and serving as if you are actually the wife here... or a maid, and acting as if you are the housewife here. You walk and sit like a female, you dip the trays like a waitress or a maid and you sit where my mom would sit when we had dinner guests. Gosh you are doing all this just like a woman...the wifeor a maid...would do it."

I went to say something....I don't know what, when Maria interjected, "But ma'am you told me you wanted your husband to learn a bit of cleaning, a bit of cooking, and a bit of serving; and didn't mind if he was feminized a bit while doing it. All those actions, the walk, the swish, the sitting by the kitchen are all part of serving....femininely....like a woman. I showed him some cleaning, and some cooking and some serving. And I thought you did ask me to work on his masculine edge a bit. And what you see here is the result....Did I do something you did not instruct me to door did I do something wrong with him?"

I expected the wife to express some anger. I mean she had her fun dressing me up in lingerie and then tricking me into wearing more of her aunt's clothing and lingerie and then forcing me into a situation

where I had to spend the day cleaning and cooking. But I was sure she had no intention for Maria to have me moving around like a female and wearing makeup and a new feminine hair style; though she did seem to have enjoyed it all...and a bit more than one would think would be normal.

But whatever her initial intentions, I had either misunderstood or they had changed. The wife answered much to my chagrin. "Maria, I don't think this is what I intended. I merely meant for him to learn how to set a table correctly and bring out the food properly in order to learn what we females do and go through. But all in all I never expected you would have him doing so while moving like a female....even if we had him wearing pumps for the day. I mean he is walking like a woman, sitting like a woman, and even holding himself like a woman; and holding himself in the ready waiting to get whatever his guests need. I can't believe you did all this for him in a day....an afternoon! I would not have thought it was possible. It was unnecessary.."

And I was thinking....hurray this is where Maria finally gets a dressing down for all she had done to me and for all the feminization. But that did not happen. The wife continued with, "... but I just love it. I just find it delightful. He is a real doll. I never thought he could be ... well....made to be so helpful. And if wearing a bit of makeup and having a feminine hairdo and moving femininely is what it takes to give him that mindset.....then so be it."

"I just can't believe you were able to do all this all in a day. I would really like to leave him with you for a week....or at least have you come to our house to work with him for a week. It would take a big load off me if

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he could really take care of all the housekeeping as well as he has done with what you have taught him here today. That is unless he can finally get himself a full time job. But even then it would be nice to know that with a bit more training, hopefully by you, he could learn more about homemaking and so we could sort of split the housekeeping. I mean I have tried so to teach him, but with little success. I just don't seem to have your way with him. Perhaps my husband is not at ease taking such training from me....or perhaps he just is more at ease taking such training from you?"

Maria refused to take all the credit. She had to thoroughly embarrass and bury me. She told the wife...and Auntie... "Ma'am it is not just me. As I told your aunt, your husband is a natural.....a natural maid as odd as that may sound. He just learned to quickly. He seemed to know it all and just needed someone to bring it out of him. I hate to say it. And I hate to embarrass him. But he is very naturally feminine and even seems to enjoy being feminine and doing all this housekeeping type work...And even seems to enjoy....even get a thrill out of wearing woman's clothing. Or at least he is very comfortable wearing woman's clothing. And it does seem to put him in the right mind set for all of this."

And I thought like heck she did and like heck I did, but where was all this going. But I was too afraid of Maria and what she had on film in the cloud to object.

So Maria just continued and for emphasis told us all again, "He is not just a natural househusband....he is really very feminine... though he has been apparently trying to hide it. And he takes orders well....and seems to enjoy taking orders and directions from a woman....and so is really just naturally very obedient



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and feminine. And he has had no real issue wearing woman's clothing. He seems to really like the lingerie which he can theoretically hide. I am not too sure about wearing the outer clothing. But he doesn't really object...too strongly. He likes the feel of makeup and doesn't seem to mind wearing it. He had tried to hide his feminine side from me, but I have a brother like this, and can recognize it; though he may have been able to hide it from you as he is just too embarrassed to admit it to his wife. Most men like this cannot admit their feminine side to their wives."

The wife seemed a bit taken back or pretended to be, while Auntie seemed to just be taking it all in... in good stride and enjoying it all...especially my obvious embarrassment with the revelations.

So Maria continued, "So it was really very easy to teach him what he learned today about cooking, cleaning, makeup, serving and moving femininely. As I said, moving femininely seemed natural to him once he had accepted that he would do it. I apologize if that was not what you intended by your directions."

The wife told her, and Auntie and me, "Maria I think everything worked out wonderfully. This should really be a lesson to him. And if not a life lesson at least a wonderful lesson in housekeeping. I think if he is really so feminine, and was embarrassed by it and you brought it out of him and into the open, then that is wonderful. I am sure we can deal with it. And if this is what it takes to get him to get our house clean...all the better...Thank you."

And the wife looked at me and I knew what that was signaling and I was just so afraid at that point by the way things were going and I forced a smile and

told Maria, "Yes Maria...thank you so much. This has been a wonderful experience for me."

And in my mind I was saying, no, no, no, and all I wanted to do was get the heck out of there and end it. As much as I liked the feel of the nylon and the makeup and even taking the orders, I wanted to end it. It was just too embarrassing going through that all in front of my wife and her aunt and of course Maria.

And of course Maria told me, "Oh it was my pleasure. You were wonderful. I just loved your company. We make a wonderful team. The kitchen is so clean. The dinner is so wonderful. It is almost a shame you are not a real maid. I think you might actually enjoy it. I know that I would just love having you here working with me. I could teach you everything you would need to know. Why you could have a full time job. You could be a maid full time. It would be wonderful for you. It might be difficult at first, but you seem to love the work, and once you accepted that you enjoy being a maid I am sure you would be very happy."

There was no coming back from that. I just found myself blushing and excused myself to get dessert. There was just no getting around the fact that the wife was really so pleased or seemed to be so pleased with what Maria had done with me... as was Auntie.

Then I served the dessert and they tasted the dessert and couldn't get over how well it had turned out and again Maria gave me the credit. And they were talking about that and about me and what a wonderful dessert I had made for them.

Auntie smiled and told the wife, "Oh my yes, I have to agree with you dear. And if this is what Maria can do with him in a day...just let's imagine what she could do with him in a few days or a week for that mat-

ter. But seriously, while he has been a good sport about this maid thing and you and Maria dressing him up, I wouldn't think he would want to spend his days so femininely. But regardless, I find that I do sort of enjoy his company...as a maid; and if he has the time, then I don't see why I can't let Maria work with him for a while to teach him to be the perfect house husband for you....if that is what you want."

At that point I did not like where the conversation was going and I interrupted on a chance I could end it all. I told auntie, that I was really looking for a full time job and was hoping in that vein she could assist me. I got a look from Maria and then just put my hands in my lap and looked down and did not continue. I was still afraid of her. And then I was thinking then thank goodness I was getting out of there that night. Or so I thought.

My wife just smiled and told us, "Well auntie that brings me to my dilemma, the job situation for him aside." And then I had a bad feeling.

And auntie asked what dilemma and the wife continued with, "Well, I had a last minute change of plans. For work I have to be across the country by tomorrow morning and so I have to leave shortly. I should have left already, but as I had said I did not want to miss this dinner, one that my husband cooked and worked so hard on, and I did not want to miss seeing if he had learned anything about cooking and cleaning. I never thought about the serving aspect, and his new demeanor which is just amazing. I wouldn't have missed this for the world. However, as I said I had not really intended to have stayed I was really just returning to take Charles home and now I really do have to make a plane and I was wondering what to do with him."

And she continued, "I could ask you to bring him home or put him in a cab, but I am afraid of the way he is dressed... I forgot his clothes at work....and if he has an issue getting into the house. It is all alarmed, and I had reset the password this morning as there was an issue with it, and can't recall it offhand and it is in my brief case which has already been sent to the airport. I have it written down and will most likely find it once at the hotel and can telephone it to him....But for the time being, tonight and tomorrow, I just don't know what I can do with him...unless you will let him stay for the evening. Though I don't know what he can wear. I mean he does look cute as can be dressed as a girl, but I am sure he must be getting a bit uncomfortable. Despite his apparent attachment to your soft lingerie, I wouldn't think wearing the girdle is as much of a pleasure for him."

I couldn't help but wondering what was happening to me. But I was pretty sure auntie, despite her earlier statement, wasn't having me without the wife. The wife would just have to delay her trip and get me home.

But to my surprise true to her earlier word Auntie was having me, and for me in the worst way. Auntie told the wife, "Oh not to worry dear. I think he can stay with me for a bit longer....that is under the current circumstances... and his current attire, as I have little else for him to wear, for the evening and part of tomorrow. I find that I just love his cooking and the desserts that he makes and the drinks that he makes. If he stays around for another day....or so.....and helps Maria...I don't see it being an issue. That is if it is not an issue with Maria. She would have to keep an eye on him. And perhaps if he proves himself I can do some-

thing about getting him a full time job in the industry. That is if his staying here under such circumstances, so dressed and so well behaved, is okay with you. I am sure you had some fun with him with all of this, but I wouldn't know if you would want him to continue like this...Though it would be just for a day...or so...until we could get him home."

The wife asked Auntie exactly what she meant, she asked her under what circumstances and Auntie told her, "Well he can stay here with me as long as he not acting all manly. You know I really don't like that. It is why I avoid those relationships. If he is willing to continue to work with Maria, and clean and cook and make those wonderful desserts and drinks for me, and if while doing so he continues to dress.....well in the clothing that I provide... and to not act manly....that is he continues to act as femininely as he has behaved to-night....I don't have an issue with him staying here for a day or so..., though longer than that I would need to re-think the arrangement. But of course we are only talking about a day...or at the most a couple of days. I would think he would have some difficulty putting up with his current situation longer than a few days."

I was telling the wife no as best as I could non-verbally. She got it. She asked Auntie to excuse us for a moment as she thought it best if we discussed my situation in private as I might find my true feelings on the matter a bit embarrassing and she did not want to embarrass me and she took her coat and me and took me outside to speak to me. On the way out I noticed Maria did not seem at all happy. Once outside, thinking I was out of ear shot from Maria I gave the wife a better idea of what had really happened that day. Of course I left

out the touchy feely with Maria. And I begged the wife to get me out of there.

The wife's reaction was not what I had expected. Despite her recent penchant to dress me in lingerie and be the dominant one in our sexual relationship I thought it was all about teaching me a lesson about dealing with her aunt, despite the fact that she did seem to get a lot of enjoyment from dressing me and bedding me and then had wanted me to help more with the housework... which I was not doing.

The wife smiled when I had finished my story of horror. She told me, "Dear, I think you are for one exaggerating. I just can't believe that some maid could have done all of this to a "macho" husband without him having gone somewhat along with it. And for two, in any case, I hate to say it, but you are sort of stuck and you just might as well get this over with. Maria still has whatever she has on video and I think unless you make your peace with her you are going to be terribly embarrassed. She has said she enjoyed working with you and would like to continue to do so and so I think now that you have shared the background information with me that I think you are stuck. You want to leave here as her friend and her student, not fleeing from her. I hate to tell you this, but I think you need to actually convince Maria that all this is fine with you and that you enjoy it and that you may actually want to wear woman's things and be feminine and be her friend...her 'girl-friend.' Or at least stay here long enough to get her phone and the black mail materials she has on you."

She let that sink in and I thought I got the logic and then was worrying she was right and I was stuck. The wife told me. Let's leave it up to Maria. I will say it

would be convenient to leave you here for a day....or so, like Auntie offered and under the circumstances which auntie described. And I will add that we don't want to impose on Maria and so I will only leave you here if it is also okay with Maria. Think about it. She has pretty much feminized you. How much more could she do in one more day...or so. You'll stay here. She will have another day of fun with you. I will call in the new code. Auntie will be tired of you. She will send you home. And that should be the end of it. Just do whatever Maria needs you to do or has you do for that one day. Then you should be free of it. And we could stay away from Auntie like I had originally warned you to do... And in any case it would be very difficult for me to get you home tonight. I might just wind up losing my job and then where would we be?"

And so I agreed that we would leave it up to Maria; hoping that Maria had her full of me and working with me and feminizing me and had really just done so because she had thought that was what the wife had wanted and what Auntie had instructed her to do to me.

And so we returned. The wife told Auntie that it would be most convenient if we could take her up on her offer, I had no issues with it, and could put my macho bravado away for a day....or so....and help out Maria. But she did not want me to impose myself on Maria and would not leave me there unless it was not only okay with Auntie but was also really okay with Maria.

The glare left Maria's brow and I then knew that the wife had been correct and that I would have to put up with another day of this woman's work and

feminization in order to leave service on good terms with Maria.

Maria just smiled and she came over and gave me a hug. She told the wife that she would just love to have me around for another day or so or even longer and to work with me, to continue my cleaning and cooking lessons. It would remind her of her brother who was also so feminine.

The only problem which she had with it as she explained it to the wife was, "I am only afraid that I may just tend to feminize him even more. I really just do it without thinking and cannot help myself. It is fun and he does not seem to mind it. You know that some men do like that."

Again once in front of Maria I could not antagonize her by vehemently denying that being feminized by her was a pleasure...something I enjoyed. I mean I could not help myself but to enjoy the lingerie, but not all that came with it. And so I was depending on the wife to forbid it. But she did not. She merely told Maria, "You have him for a day or so. If my husband is so readily feminized I can't object and won't be around to prevent it. It is really just up to you and him. If Auntie doesn't object too it while it is going on than I don't think it will be that awful. And I even find his new found femininity a bit cute. So it is just for a day...or so..., I am sure he won't object. I certainly don't have an issue with it. The whole thing seems rather fun. And it serves him right. And if he really is a sissy, I think I need to know and he needs to know. And it would explain his apparent lingerie fetish."

Then the wife laughed and told Maria, "You know I don't really think my husband is that naturally feminine. I think he just likes you...or just likes the work

and to work with you and wants to please you. You know what. He'll be here for a day or so....so as long as you are showing him how to take care of the house you can feminize him as much as you like." And the wife laughed again and told her, "Do your worst. It is only for a day or so....I would like to find out if he is really naturally feminine. It would explain a lot. And if he is hiding that part of himself I really need to know. So you can bring it out in him. I don't mind it. I really do love him regardless. I just think that I really need to know."

And I couldn't strongly object in front of Maria. I did try, "But dear, you don't really want to come back and find me even more girly." And the wife laughed and she told me, "Only as girly as Maria can make you in the time she has left to work with you."

And so my wife after giving Maria permission, in front of her aunt, to continue with my feminization...for the day or so I was supposed to have been there... she gave me a kiss and bid me good bye and whispered to me, "Enjoy the time in your feminine finery. I know you will. And you can become as girly as you like dear....but just remember that I still expect one manly duty from you. And you know that that is." And her hand without notice patted my crotch.

And I just kept telling myself it will only be a day....it will only be a day.....you can take it. Little did I know how long it would be and what I would have to take and where it would take me.

And so it was settled and the wife was leaving. We were walking to the door and my wife had forgotten something and asked me to fetch it as she wanted to

start the car. I left her, Auntie stayed at the door, and Maria accompanied her outside.

The wife handed Maria cash and told her. "Maria, I can't believe it, but I really love this. He is so cute and obedient and feminine and helping around the house. I want you to continue training my husband as long as he is here, as long as Auntie will put up with him. I will try to extend his time here if Auntie allows that. I would like a husband who will and can take care of the house and will be obedient and even feminine in his manors, but at least not masculine at all. You have my permission to feminize my husband in anyway and every way possible. I am sure that would break his stubborn streak...his masculine pride. When I get him back I would like an obedient sissy househusband maid who will cater to my every whim and is as feminine as can be and makes the perfect obedient maid....oh yes, and is comfortable in woman's clothing. And there is more money for you if you can do that. And I will send it to you as he progresses. You can update me with photos. And kindly send me the ones you have already taken."

Maria, had no issues with that and told her she would have me in dresses dressed from the skin out as a female and looking and passing as a female without objection if given the time to transform me. Hearing that, the wife found herself getting wet and just gave Maria a smile. And so my fate was sealed.

When I returned with the wife's purse she was in the car and it was running. She gave me a kiss and told me, "Now be a good girl dear and do as you are told. You don't want to anger Maria. And you should only be here a day or so..." and she drove away to catch her plane, leaving me to my fate.

Chapter VII: Left with Auntie and the Maid for Feminization:

I watched as my wife drove away and was sort of in a trance with worry about my position and my wife having left me, telling me to be a good girl. What could she have meant by that? I was thinking how my wife could have left me here like this, with Auntie and her maid and me dressed in woman's clothing and taking orders from a maid. What could the wife have been thinking? Auntie, let me take it all in and I guess realize my position ...my vulnerability. I was trapped. And the only way I was getting out of there without a long embarrassing walk to nowhere in whatever female clothing I was to wear was to do as I was told and hope that Auntie would take me back to my home after the wife called with the code. And I was thinking, why wouldn't she. She would have had some fun at my expense, and then she could get rid of me. I figured another day and I would be home. I would just have to deal with all of this.

Auntie awoke me from my thoughts, "Wake up Charles... dear." And then she laughed and told me, "I am sorry Charles, but I just can't think of you as a Charles dressed the way you are and looking as you do. You really do look like a tom-boy of sorts...not like a man at all. I mean I don't ever think you were very manly anyway. But that is neither here nor there. So I am really just going to have to keep calling you Charlotte. And anyway I like that name so much better than Charles. And I actually think Charlotte sort of suits you. So I won't hear a word about it. While I am putting up with you I will be calling you Charlotte and I expect you NOT to be rude and to answer to that

name; after all this is somewhat of an imposition on me."

She let that sink in. And it certainly put me in my place. She looked at me waiting for an answer. I knew what I had to do not to anger Auntie and to ensure my stay there and I just almost by reflex, from the training of that day, I curtsied and then I told her, "Yes ma'am. Charlotte is fine. I realize this is an imposition on you and I will try to help out around here so as not to be an imposition. And hopefully my wife will call with the pass code and you can take me home and the imposition will be over for you." And then to ingratiate myself as much as possible....or so I thought, I told her, "Dressed this way I do sort of feel like a Charlotte. It would be silly to call me Charles."

Auntie told me, "Well how sensible of you dear. You see dear, you really are a Charlotte. I think you agreed to wear my clothes just too easily for you to be all man. I think your wife is realizing that. But we don't have to tell her. Just behave yourself and do as you are told and help out Maria tomorrow and have a wonderful dinner for me and we'll see what we can do to get you home... that is once my niece gets us the code."

And I knew that I would be stuck there with Auntie and her maid - as a maid - for at least the rest of the evening and the next day and was not going to make an issue. I was pretty much stuck. I could have walked out but that would have been terribly embarrassing and Maria really had too much on me to just walk off and leave. I had to leave on good terms with her, and with Auntie for that matter. And I was sure that meant another day working with her and playing the trainee maid.

And so Auntie told me that, "You don't have time to day dream. You need to finish up and get some sleep; for tomorrow will be a busy day for you. You will find that the life of a maid or a house husband for that matter is not easy." Auntie told me that I needed to help Maria clean up and then I needed to get to bed as I had a busy day and I would need my rest, for tomorrow I should be having another busy work day as I would be continuing with my instruction under Maria and she was sure Maria would have much planned for me to learn and for me to do. And Auntie wanted me to be at my best as she was looking forward to coming home to a really clean house and a delicious dinner.

Auntie told us, "Maria, you and Charlotte can clean up and I will look for some sleep wear for Charlotte. Then I think a nice warm bubble bath should relax our new maid so he...she that is can get a good night sleep. I'll see if I have a pill or something for her so she won't be worrying about things. I am sure this has been a lot for her to take in. It must be a major change going from king of the roost to working as a maid."

And she told me, "And yes dear, if we are to call you Charlotte I just can't bring myself to confuse things by referring to you as 'him'. So I apologize but to make things easier for me I do need you to respond to feminine pronouns and whatever. Things will just get too confusing for me if you do not. Now not to be embarrassed... I know that you are a male... but it makes things to confusing. So I will just have to think of you or at least address you as a sort of female. At least for the day or so you are with us and learning to be a maid of sorts or a househusband... whatever it is that your wife calls you."

And she looked at me and of course I curtsied again and told her "Yes, ma'am," and she seemed very pleased; though I didn't like the day... or so. It was supposed to be just another day. I didn't want her to want me to stay longer than that. But there was nothing to be done. I had to be nice and obedient for I feared the worse, exposure, if I was not. And then finding a job would really get difficult, let alone the embarrassment of it all.

Finally she told us, "Now we need something for you to sleep in and I am out of pajama sets, so it will have to be some sort of a night gown... or perhaps a long baby doll of sorts. I think I may have some night gowns or old adult baby doll sleep sets, from when I was heavier."

I was in a difficult situation. I didn't want either. However it was clear Auntie didn't want me sleeping in underwear or nothing. I couldn't choose. Then Maria chimed in and sort of came to my rescue. She told Auntie, "Ma'am I would think the longish baby doll would be perfect. Not a dress like a short or long nightgown. Sort of like sleep pants and a shirt...but a feminine version. I am sure that Charlotte. And I would think a baby doll sleep set with the added support of sleep panties and a sleep bra would be perfect. Nothing could show and it would be close to what Charlotte is used to sleeping in."

Auntie looked at me and I told her the baby doll would be fine, but told her I didn't think I would need the extra underwear. She smiled and told me, "Nonsense dear. Your wife has already told us you are used to sleeping in panties with support panties and a sleep bra, so there is no need to be coy about it." And then in an exaggerating tone she told me, "We do have to

worry about that sensitive skin of yours...now don't we?So I will get together for you a complete sleep outfit. So go help Maria clean up and....."

With that Maria interrupted. She suggested that as it was getting late she would prefer to put me in a bath and then she would clean up and return with the sleepwear and make sure I got to bed. Auntie agreed but told her, that once I was dressed in the baby doll she wanted a call as she wanted to see how that night wear fit me and how it looked on me. She was curious. And so it was settled, what I would be wearing to sleep, and that Maria would put me in a bath while she cleaned up, and what I would be wearing that night...nothing masculine.

Maria brought me back to the Maid's quarters and had me run an oil bath and undress. I was hesitant to undress, until Maria told me, "We are really all girls here and I've seen everything you got and it is not that much. You are not much of a man to have let all this be done to you and you are really just not much of a man...more of a sissy. I just think of you as a girl with a long clitoris and I have no issues with seeing you without clothes. So you just think of yourself as a girl and all will be fine. Just keep telling yourself that you are now a girl and that should relax you with all that is happening to you right now."

And I had little choice so once again I undressed in front of Maria. I wasn't thinking of myself as a girl, at least not yet at that time, so it was still embarrassing, however, something about which I had little choice. She escorted me to the bathroom to the waiting oil bath. As I stood in the bath I was pretty shriveled, what with having worn that tight girdle all day, and leaking all day. Maria looked and smiled and told me,

“Yes, no reason for you to be embarrassed, there is not much of a man there, just a long clitoris, more girl than boy, a nice soft behind and small breasts from wearing a sleep bra for so long. I would think with a change in diet, some phytoestrogens from food and you would really flower, and develop a nice soft feminine figure, perhaps even real breasts; you probably have the genes for it. I will have to let your wife know. That is if she is really interested in feminizing you to that degree. But then you would really have to be a stay at home househusband.”

Maria had me thinking and I was a bit frightened of what she may have had planned for me, but I was thinking I would only be there for a day or so and she was just having her fun with me and playing mind games, and I didn't really respond.

Now don't just stand there without your clothes, you are girlish; but not yet girlish enough to be standing around in front of a woman undressed. Get into your bath and relax.”

And so I did that. And it did feel so wonderful that I let out a sigh of relaxation.

Maria then told me, “Yes you are feminine and you do like the feminine things in life. You really do seem to enjoy a girlish hot oil bath. So relax and listen.”

Then Maria continued, “Good....I am glad not to hear from you any phony protests. So dear, you really need to also think of yourself that way and you will be more comfortable with your feminization. You are stuck here for tomorrow and who knows how long, despite your wife telling you it would only be for a day. And my job is to make you into the perfect househusband and to feminize you. And I take that in earnest. I like you and I like your company so it will be

fun to have you around. So don't make this harder than it has to be. You won't like the consequences of that."

And I realized I really didn't have much choice in the matter I would have to play along until I got out of there and on friendly terms with Maria and I just seemed to agree, or let her think so.

And then she continued, " And more important than cooperating with me and your feminization is that the more feminine you act and dress the more comfortable Auntie will be with you. She really does not like masculine men. She finds them arrogant. And she can have a temper. I am surprise she is getting along with you and allowing you to stay. You must have struck some cord in her. We will just have to see. So if you don't want her to snap and turn you out on the street dressed as you are or will be dressed than you had just better give into all of this and act feminine and act grateful for whatever Auntie gives you to wear or does for you or has me do for you. So best to start thinking of yourself as a boy or man who is comfortable as a girl or at least a happy sissy and I would think all will go easier for you."

And she finished with, "Now just relax in the bath, close your eyes and relax and keep telling yourself, I am a sissy boy girl and enjoy being a girl... and say it out loud like you believe it. I want to hear it when I return and if I don't, there will be a price to pay. And remember all I do is just for your own good. I really do like you and your company ...and your help."

And so there was nothing to be done, and so while relaxed in the bath I closed my eyes and I started saying out loud to myself, and anyone who was listening,

"I am a sissy boy girl and enjoy being a girl....I am a sissy boy girl and enjoy being a girl."

And then Maria told me, "Not with your male voice. Bring it higher and talk like a sissy."

And I did. I made my voice as feminine as I could and in a relaxed meditation state kept telling myself, "I am a sissy boy girl and enjoy being a girl."

And Maria left me to get my sleep wear and I was afraid to stop, that she would come back and find me not chanting my mantra and so I continued. It was sort of relaxing and after a while a bit convincing. I wanted to stop chanting, but as I said I was afraid of displeasing Maria. So it was very relaxing to sit in that warm bath and tell myself that I was a sissy and that I enjoyed being a sissy. Almost like some sort of self-hypnotism.

Maria had a plan. And that was to make me a maid and cook, a cross dressed obedient and very functional maid and cook; despite whatever my desires were in that matter. She had found that she still enjoyed feminizing a guy, me. She found it fun. She had done so to her brother who hadn't been all that feminine until she made him so. So, now she again had her fun feminizing a guy, but this time it was me. And this time she had been offered cash to do what she had done for fun. So now she would really have her fun and turn me into a real sissy husband, almost a girl, that my wife was paying her to turn me into.

And it worked into her plans, so she had no plans to return me to my wife. Maria needed to take some time off but was afraid of losing her job. She figured if I worked as her replacement for a while she could take the time off and not have to worry about me replacing

her for a long term. And she was pretty sure she knew how to get that done... regardless.

You see Maria was not just a simple maid. She had been a teacher in her old country and had to emigrate but just wasn't that good with the language and had wound up a maid. However, she had found for the time being that such a job for a rich woman who did not like men worked for her; and so she did not want to lose the job to a replacement if she took off for a while which she needed to do. However, if I was her replacement she was sure she could return at any time, help me leave or escape, and she would have her job back. She just had to make sure I was properly trained, which she thought she could do; and convince Auntie to keep me around for a while, which she thought she could do. She was sure left alone, just me and Auntie that I would get a bit difficult and that Auntie would tire of the game and let me go whenever she returned.

So off she was to pick up my sleep wear and continue with her plan. Auntie showed her the sleepwear; a satin shortie nightgown, a sleep bra and panties and support panties to wear under the looser panties with flounces for the shortie nightgown, which might have gone better with a baby doll nightie but Auntie had none the less chosen to go with the shortie nightgown, and a short satin robe and slippers.

Auntie asked Maria if she thought she could get me to wear the outfit and then return to her, to her room, to show it off. Auntie really wanted to see me wearing it; though she wasn't sure why or that I would do so. Maria smiled and told her, I think he will just love the outfit and I am sure that I can get him to wear it. There is a way to deal with these sissy men and I learned it from having my sissy brother around. He may pretend

to be difficult, but I really think it likes wearing your gifts. And I think that his wife finds him cute so dressed up. And after all I will tell him Auntie already sent you over all of her pajama sets, so be glad she has this for you to wear, or you could be sleeping in a pair of panties and a short slip, since you have to wear something."

And then Auntie continued, "I really think he would just look so cute in this outfit. I don't know why but I think I would just love to see him in it, and acting all feminine instead of like a brute male. And it would only be for tonight. I guess by tomorrow afternoon or the next day at the latest we will have to get him home."

Then the maid took her chance. She told Auntie, "But why send him home so early. Why let him go without some more fun. He can certainly be a help around here for a while. You seem to enjoy him here all dressed up and wearing your old clothing and helping. And he is a help. And your niece could really use him trained. I mean, she is the bread winner and from what I understand he doesn't really help or help much. Why look what we did with him in a day. And his wife was so pleased. Why in a week or so I could have him trained and helping out with everything, the cleaning, the washing, the cooking, and he would be the perfect house husband. I think your niece would just love that and would be so grateful. After all she did tell me to feminize him all I could. Wouldn't she be surprised, and most likely happily so, if she returned to find her husband the perfect feminized maid – househusband? I would think she would be very happy. And she can always let up on the feminization aspect of it all – and even some of the housekeeping

once we have him so trained and obedient. I bet you niece would just be so grateful. We can feminize him as much as we like, have our fun, and then his wife can let up on it...if she so pleases. But for us, with the time we may have left with him, I see no need to hold back. Whatever you find amusing; let's have our fun with him. And I really think he enjoys it. So we might as well."

Auntie thought about it and told her, "It is fun to dress him up in girl's clothing and to feminize him. I seem to enjoy that. And I do like it so when you and him cook together. And the house is really much cleaner with the two of you working together. I don't think I would mind having him around for a while longer, more than two days anyway, that is as long as he is obedient and sort of subservient and I can dress him up in my surplus clothing and even perhaps buy him some of his own female clothing. Yes, I would even buy him things, as long as they were female things. Every time I give him into a new outfit, it is so much fun and the more feminine the more fun. You know I am imagining seeing in one of your uniforms...in his size of course... and acting just like a maid...as if he were a female. Perhaps with a feminine hair do and some makeup that he puts on himself."

"I just loved finding him here with nail polish and lipstick. It was a delight to think of a man having that done to him and having done it to himself. It is just so feminizing. I loved it. Yes to see him in a maid's uniform, and looking like a female and working here as a maid that would be just so amusing. And you know I would just love his wife to see him like that...and all obedient and just being a maid. And perhaps if that worked out, if his wife let us, we could keep him here

for a while...as a maid...your assistant, almost against his will. Yes, I think that would be fun. I don't know why, but it does seem to amuse me. I just don't know if we can. He does seem to want to go home."

And Maria told Auntie, "Yes ma'am let's do that. Why not keep him here as long as we need to... as long as you like... as long as you find Charlotte amusing and useful. As long as she is fun to have around. I am sure we can work something out so that Charlotte doesn't get the entry code until you have had your fun with him. I am sure he is a sissy, despite his protests, and that he is controllable and can be turned into a maid, fully dressed and deporting himself as a maid and fully made up as a female. It can't be done all at once, but if we have him here, so that he cannot leave, for a week or two we will know for sure. And if we know for sure, then you can keep him here as long as you like and he will be in your control to feminize as you like. I also think it would be so much fun. And again, I think he would really enjoy it, though he might be too embarrassed to admit it. But it would be a fine thing for him to find out his true nature, even if he needs to be forced to admit to himself his true nature."

Auntie smiled thinking about me as a maid. She told Maria, "I tell you, that if you can get him back here in this nightie and lingerie and have him thank me for the clothing, then I will believe that he is truly the sissy you say he is and that you can control him and we can feminize him and dress him up and play this game... which I think will be just so much fun. So give it a try. I will wait up; I know it may take a while."

Maria paused, and thought, and then laughed. She told Auntie, I will have him here in that outfit with

some hot cocoa for you on and tray and thanking you for lending him the night clothes.”

Auntie told her, “Well that I think I would really enjoy. And if you can do that, forget the hot cocoa, but just get him here in this baby doll, thanking me for letting him wear it and I will do what I can do to keep him here and under our tutelage.”

And so Maria left with that clothing sure she would have me in it and wearing it to serve Auntie her hot cocoa. And then she would have me there for at least a week to work on. And by that time she would have me as long as she needed me, as Auntie, she was sure, just loved the game and would love it even more as I would become more obedient and wore whatever they gave me to wear and as I would become less and less of a man and more and more feminine under their and really Maria’s control.

Chapter VIII – Auntie Enjoys the Feminized Me & Expect Me to Stay Charlotte

When Maria returned I was still relaxing in the warm oily-soapy bath and reciting my mantra, “I am a sissy boy-girl and enjoy being a girl...” in a voice that had gotten more and more feminine as I relaxed; as I had been afraid to stop, and risk Maria returning and finding I had disobeyed her orders. I was that afraid of her revealing those photos. I was blackmailed under her control.

Maria came in and told me I had been a good boy-girl to do what I had been told to do and to have

kept up my mantra, in my new feminine voice... which we would work on, but was fine for a start.

Then she told me that she had a lovely sleep outfit for me and that it was time to get out of the bath, receive my reward and then get dressed, and she told me, "I am sure you are going to love this new outfit. Auntie has the same panties and support panties and sleep bra that you have so loved to wear. And you now have the cutest satin baby doll style nightgown with the cutest panties imaginable. You are going to look so sweet in them, I could die."

The talk of panties had against my will gotten me stiff. It had been a long day in panties without relief. I hesitated to get up out of the bath, but Maria insisted and told me, "Not to worry dear, I can guess the talk of you wearing satin panties has gotten you all excited and we are going to fix that little issue right now, not to give your secret passion away to Auntie. Who knows what she might do or do to you if she really knew how much you loved the clothing she provides?"

I protested. I told her that the feel of nylon may have become a turn on for me, but I really had no interest in the clothes themselves. Maria, just laughed and told me, "Dear, it is not so easy to give up on that satiny feel once it is a turn on...and if you aren't turned on by woman's satiny clothes now...have no fear, you will be. From satin lover to cross dresser is not that big a jump; especially when you are being helped along. So this will be useless for you to fight. If nothing else you will find that you won't be happy and relaxed unless you are wearing woman's lingerie...and the rest will follow...full woman's clothing, then makeup and then a female deportment...and you will become the perfect feminized househusband. And sweetheart, once

you accept your passion you will just love dressing up all the time in lingerie and being feminine as you can be...and eventually, I am sure, just passing as a female. And this can be a private thing or we can share the photos of you with the world. So no more protests, and do as you are told, and with a smile and be pleasant about it."

And there was nothing to say, and I stood up and Maria let the water start to drain, and she took some nylon panty and started to play with me. I just said "Oh gosh" it felt so good. Maria told me, "Not that dear, recite your sissy mantra and tell me how much you want to be a girl, and in your girly voice."

And so I started again, "I am a sissy boy-girl and enjoy being a girl." And she played with me as I recited, and then she told me, "And now tell me that you want to be a girl, and keep repeating it." And I did. I told her, "I want to be a girl...I want to be a girl," and kept going until I spurted and she cleaned me out and off.

And Maria told me, "And just remember dear that you really do want to be a girl and a sissy maid so you can stay dressed in panties and satin and just feel all girlie...or else I will just have to prove it, and you know what that means."

And she then let me shower off, and dry off and then she had my new outfit for me to wear, and I could have died when I saw it. But what choice did I have, but to wear it.

She gave me the sleep panties and the support panties and I stepped into them. They felt really wonderful and if not recently released I am sure I would have gotten very stiff. Then came the sleep bra and I slipped into that. It also felt nice. She then gave me the breast pads to insert and I did that. Finally she showed me

the nightie. I could have died. It was a relative short nightie, all black satin, with puff sleeves, and empire waist and plenty of ruffles, and a satin liner, like a slip which was part of the skirt portion of the nightie. It was the epitome of femininity. I couldn't believe Auntie expected me to sleep in it...to wear it.

I hesitated and told Maria, "Please, a pair of lady's pajamas....not a nighty....and not a nighty like this one...please." Maria told me, "Ms. Charlotte, this is what Auntie has found for you to wear. It is the only sleep wear she has in your size. And she doesn't want you sleeping in just underwear. You already have all her pajama sets... at your home. There aren't any more here. So this is what she has for you to wear and you will wear it or she will be very unhappy and that will make me very unhappy, and that will make you very unhappy. Think of this as a test... And if you pass you get to stay here and keep your passion a secret from the world and learn all sorts of new things that will make your wife very happy, and you will get to wear all the silks and satins you could ever imagine; and if you fail you just might find yourself out on the street in lingerie and your spandex gym outfit and walking around town in a pair of lady's pumps....and who knows what part of town."

Maria let that sink in and then she continued, "Auntie needs to be assured you, a male, will do as you are told...no matter how embarrassing that would be for, let's say...a normal male....and will do so with a smile...and she will be very happy to have you stay with her. And then you can safely wait here until your wife provides the code for the alarm system so you can go home. And think it should only be a dayor so.

Not too long to suffer such an embarrassment in private.”

And nothing more had to be said I took the nighty that Maria held out and slipped it on. It really felt just wonderful. But I couldn't tell her that. Then if I thought the nighty was embarrassing for a guy to wear she handed me the panties that went with the set. It was a full cut pair of panties all covered with in ruffles. I mean it was something a “can-can” girl might wear. It was totally embarrassing for a man to appear in them. I hesitated but Maria gave me a look. And so I took the panties from her and stepped into them. Finally she provided a pair of soft satin slippers and I slipped them on.

She looked and told me, “Ms. Charlotte that outfit does look lovely on you... So of course I will need a photograph.” And there was really nothing to be said or to do to stop that from happening. And if that wasn't bad enough, she told me, “Now dear, I need a pose from you. Sort of a practice pose for when we go up to Auntie's room and you thank her for lending you this lovely outfit, which you will tell her how much you like and though surprising to yourself you find that you just love to wear. And you will ask her if you can keep it.”

And she had me bend forward at the waist, stick my rear out, and pick up the back of the nighty where it covered my rear to expose my ruffle covered panty behind. And then she told me, When you show off your outfit to Auntie you are to tell Auntie how much you appreciate her lending you, a male, her own nighty and how feminine they make you feel and how Auntie giving you such an outfit, that was hers, makes you



feel wanted and loved, and you hope you can repay her kindness.”

Feel loved I had to tell her... I thought...no puke is what I wanted to do, despite the fact that the outfit did feel so nice on me, I just could not imagine that me a guy would be showing it off to a woman the way Maria had told me to do. I knew I would just die of embarrassment. But in any case, I knew I could not tell the puke part to Auntie.

And as if reading my mind, Maria continued, “I am sure Auntie will mention something about you a male being embarrassed to wear such an outfit and in front of ladies, which if it happens, your response will be, that nothing she gives you to wear out of the goodness of her heart could embarrass you. And you will tell her you think the outfit looks nice and you will drop the short robe, which I will give you in a moment, that you will be wearing, and sort of model the nighty, and at some point strike this poise to show off your panties....And that is what you will do.”

And after that horrible order sank in she continued, “And I am telling you that it is for your own good. You will melt her heart and she will treat you well. She may continue to dress you in her clothes, and things may get worse for you as far as the dressing goes. But in the long run she will treat you well and things will eventually work out for you. You have lost your status as a male here, and that might be a good thing; but in any case, you need to get used to it. Be nice, be obedient, and seem grateful for anything Auntie gives or does for you, no matter how feminizing and no matter how humiliating you may find it...or things will get a lot more publicly humiliating for you.”

So Maria's plan was to use Auntie to help feminize me, to earn the money my wife had promised her. And she was sort of testing the waters to find out how far Auntie might let her go in feminizing me. And she was thinking it would be so much fun to just take me to the limit, have me passing as a female, for her own fun and just to see my wife's face when she returned a fully feminized husband to his wife; and much more feminized than Maria thought the wife really expected.

And there was nothing for me to say, but, "Yes Maria, and so the scenario played out exactly as Maria had said it would and should and Auntie loved the hot chocolate I had made for her. And she loved when I posed for her, pushing out my rear and exposing my panties. She laughed and she told me, "Why you just have the most feminine motions, I can't believe it; and it is so much fun to watch you, knowing you are a guy. I never thought it would be so entertaining and so much fun to see a fellow model woman's clothing. You are a real doll....and so much fun."

And then she patted the bed and told me, "Charlotte, come sit down next to me on the bed and let's talk." And she told Maria, "Maria, would you bring another cup, I would like Charlotte to have some of the chocolate while we talk a bit."

We were talking small talk, girl talk, and I was playing my part and Maria returned and brought me a cup and poured the chocolate, and then Auntie actually dismissed her and told her not to wait up as she was sure I could find my way back to my room, after we had finished the chocolate and the conversation. I could tell that Maria was not happy, she did not like

me out of her sight, but she had little choice in the matter.

Auntie, then told me, "Dear I can't tell you to my surprise how much I am enjoying all this, that is seeing what I thought was a masculine man wearing my clothes, my underwear, my lingerie, my clothes, traipsing around effeminately and helping out with the cooking and the housecleaning. And I really do enjoy your cooking and appreciate your cleaning. I don't know how much of all this voluntary and how much is forced; though I can't figure out how your wife and Maria could force you to wear woman's clothing, my clothing, if there wasn't some element of your liking it. But let's not discuss that right now. And though I realize there is some element of you being forced into all of this, the fact is you haven't refused and you seemingly do enjoy wearing woman's lingerie and clothing and engaging in woman's type work....So I have to ask are you really such a sissy or so feminine and do you really enjoy all of this as much as you seem to enjoy it?"

I had to answer; however, I could not tell the absolute truth, but I could not tell Auntie that despite the wonderful feel of her lingerie and except for the feel of the lingerie I really wanted out. I didn't know what her reaction would be if I shattered her illusion, but I knew it would not bode well for me. So I had to walk a fine line between what was my like for silks and satins that is being turned on wearing them and my unhappiness at being so feminized; the specifics of which I will leave out.

I wasn't too sure how much Auntie actually followed my rational as to how I still was a man, but liked wearing woman's clothing....so some degree; however, it wasn't my fault or something I really liked. I

think the fact that I did not protest my situation was what she was looking for and she had gotten that. And so, Auntie told me, "We'll that is nice dear. Then I really don't have to feel guilty lending you, and in fact I think giving you my clothes, no matter how feminine, and having you wear them; and letting me see, a man...you, dressed in woman's clothing, my clothing."

And she continued, "But what about this cooking and cleaning and acting so feminine. I mean, I just can't get over the way you just modeled this sleep outfit I provided for you. You really modelled it just as if you were a girl. And it was just so cute. I can't get over it, but I just loved it."

I told her, that I didn't mind the cooking and the cleaning and helping out around the house; and if I needed to learn that to make my wife happy that as long as I had to impose on her hospitality and only had her clothes to wear I would do my best to learn to help around the house, which I would do until I could get a full time job.

And I continued, "But it was Maria who was having me act so feminine while doing so." But I knew I couldn't tell Auntie that I didn't want to be at all feminine and so I had to hedge and so I continued with, "...I mean I do find that I am...I hate to admit it...let's say...more feminine in nature than I thought, and am naturally acting femininely. I guess the wearing of the lingerie brought that out." And then I continued, "But I think Maria is pushing me to the extreme. She thinks that is what my wife wants, but I don't think the wife was totally serious when she asked Maria to feminize me, and my wife must have thought I would be home by now and the feminization

thing for a day would have just learned me to help around the house a bit more. She thought it was just for that afternoon."

Auntie did not agree. I don't think she wanted to agree. And she corrected me, and emphatically so, and so I knew there was no way out of the feminization.

She told me, "No Charlotte. I heard your wife tell Maria she should feminize you as much as she could. And I am not getting involved in that. And Charles you are an adult male and regardless of how or why your wife got you to wear my lingerie and regardless of if you really enjoy wearing woman's lingerie, to me it is highly unlikely that a woman you don't know, my maid, could force you to act as femininely as you have been acting if deep down inside you did not want to do so and did not get some sort of happiness by being so feminine."

And she let that sink in and then told me, "Charles....Charlotte dear, in any case, you will be here only another day before we get the code and I can get you home and you will just have to put up with it. And it really does seem to come so naturally to you, to act feminine, so somewhere deep down, just like the wearing of lingerie, you must like it, even more than you suspect. And much to my surprise I have to say it really suits you. And besides I found it rather nice seeing you act so much like a woman....and I may only have you here for another day. So no I don't think I should intervene with that part of your training. I believe Maria knows what is best for you. Better than I or even you. She seems to understand this compulsion of yours to wear woman's clothing and act like a woman....after all she had a brother with the same issues. You just seem so happy the more femininely you

act. We will just have to see where all of this takes you."

Then she told me, "Charlotte, look at yourself. You are a male, or supposedly, and you are wearing panties and a bra, a lovely satin nightgown and satin robe, with the cutest flounced panties and you seem to love wearing all of this, absolutely woman's night wear. And you came in with a smile on your face, as happy as can be and modeled it all so femininely and was so thankful to me for having provided such female sleepwear to you.....Let me ask you, Are you really not happy with the outfit....to wear it. Is it some sort of charade?"

And what was I to say. I had to tell her that though I couldn't explain it that I just "loved" the outfit and was thankful she had given it to me and when wearing it I did feel and want to act femininely.

So Auntie told me, "Well I think that says it all dear. And actions speak louder than words. You obviously have a feminine streak to your personality and Maria seems to be able to help you let that come out. I think as the expression goes, your lips say no ... no, in order to save face, while everything else says yes...yes, because there is a feminine side to you that needs to be satisfied and which you apparently have kept hidden. And I think we need to allow Maria to bring all that out so we can deal with it.

And Auntie really didn't care what instructions my wife had given Maria or if I was innately feminine and needed to find out for myself how feminine I was. Auntie found that she innately herself seemed to like a feminized male, watching him become so and his...my company. And the fact that it might not have been entirely voluntary seemed to add to her enjoy-

ment. She was wetting her panties. And if that male was her nieces husband....well so be it. Auntie was not ready to give up this new found thrill.

And so that was the end of that. There would be no rescue. Then while I sat on her bed she had me play cards with her for a while to relax her, and we did. I made sure not to win more than a few hands. We made small girl talk, which I had picked up from all the reading or woman's magazines that the wife had made me do and all the girlie shows that the wife had made me watch, and then finally Auntie was ready to go to bed.

She had me take a vial of pills and told me to take one telling me it was a sleeping pill and the taking of which would ensure I got some sleep under the circumstances. I tried to cheek it, but she made me drink a glass of water and it went down. She then told me it was quick acting and told me I should leave the cup and what not and get to my bed before the pill took effect. I took her at her word and got to bed. And once in bed, sleeping on my stomach, the nightgown felt so wonderful. As I moved the inner slip moved against the outer slip and or visa-versa, and against my panties, and whatever. It was the most wonderful feeling. I think after a while I would have released but I shortly fell asleep, the effects of the sleeping pill, and then slept through the night. So even if I had wanted to take off, to have gotten out of there, regardless of my dress, that wasn't happening.

Maria woke me up and had me wash up and then took me downstairs in my nightie and short robe over which she had me put on my apron. Auntie came down and made a comment. Maria told her, "His wife wants him feminized and this is just part of pushing him in that direction. He does love his lingerie so; I just

have to get him used to wearing it in front of others, as not to be too embarrassed by his compulsions. That way it will be easier to feminize him as his wife directed me to do. I'll have him back in your under things and jeans once we get started on the real clean up. That is unless you feel this is not proper or not what his wife wants for him."

And I was hoping Auntie would cut me a break. But that was not to be. She told Maria, "You know what his wife asked, and I heard her ask it and so I am not going to get involved with this aspect of his training. She did say she wanted him feminized. How much and how I don't know. But I will leave that up to you. He looks cute coming down to breakfast in his nighty and I don't mind at all. You seem to know how to do it. I mean he is already just so girlie. So I leave this up to you. And after all he'll be home by tomorrow, I would think, so he won't be getting much more of your help on this project.

And so under Maria's direction I made Auntie her breakfast and she seemed to enjoy watching me work in the nightie and apron; and enjoyed her breakfast.

Chapter IX – Charlotte Will Stay for More Than a Few Days:

After breakfast was done and Auntie left and left the house Maria had me once again dressed in Auntie's lingerie, the panties, with the folded slip, the girdle and, bra with the pads, the camisole, and the stockings, over which I wore the stretch jeans and the peasant blouse, and on my feet a pair of pumps. It all felt so wonderful that I was hard again. I couldn't believe how the lingerie turned me on and how good the

girdle felt on me, and how I enjoyed the feel of moving around in tight stretch jeans.

Maria worked me the entire day. We cleaned and started dinner, and she made me move around femininely. It was a replay of the day before. And if I balked at all she got tough and made things worse for me. When Auntie got home it was a rerun of the day before. And she was pleased with everything.

The wife had not called the house with the code and though I hadn't thought about it during the day after serving dinner it was the only thing on my mind and with Maria in the kitchen I asked Auntie if the wife had called and if not, then I would like to telephone her, so perhaps she, Auntie, could take me home after she had her dessert.

Auntie told me, that she had meant to tell me about that, but had forgotten, she was so impressed with how clean the room was that I had cleaned with Maria that day and how wonderful again was her martini and then her dinner. She told me that my wife had called and there had been some sort of issue with getting the code, she was just so busy, and she had not yet gotten it, but should have it shortly. She had asked Auntie if I might stay another day or so until she had gotten the code, and Auntie told her it would not be an issue as long as I behaved myself. But I could give my wife a call and find out if anything had changed.

I placed the call, but the wife wasn't picking up and all I could do was leave a message.

Auntie told, "Not to worry dear. I would really like to keep you here long enough for you to help Maria to get the house as clean as the rooms you have already help to clean. I told your wife that it would take you at least a week to really get the entire house that clean, all

spick and span, and that I just loved having you here to help Maria and to cook for me, until you girls can finish up with that. And I told her that I was sure I could find clothing for you to wear for a few more days, my old clothing, so it wouldn't be an expense for me. And she told me, that If you really needed a change and there was nothing I had for you, that I should just go out and purchase some new clothes for you and she would foot the bill."

And I thought to myself thank goodness, assuming Auntie was beginning to like me and would ease up on me dressing and behaving as a female and it would be men's clothing she was going to buy for me. But that was not her plan. She told me, "But I told her not to worry, that I should have enough clothing to get you thought the week if need be, and that it was okay with us, Maria and myself, if you stayed another week....or so; and that Maria would continue with your training, and I was sure that you would continue to help Maria, as not to be a burden."

And I told her, "You mean the house keeping training?"

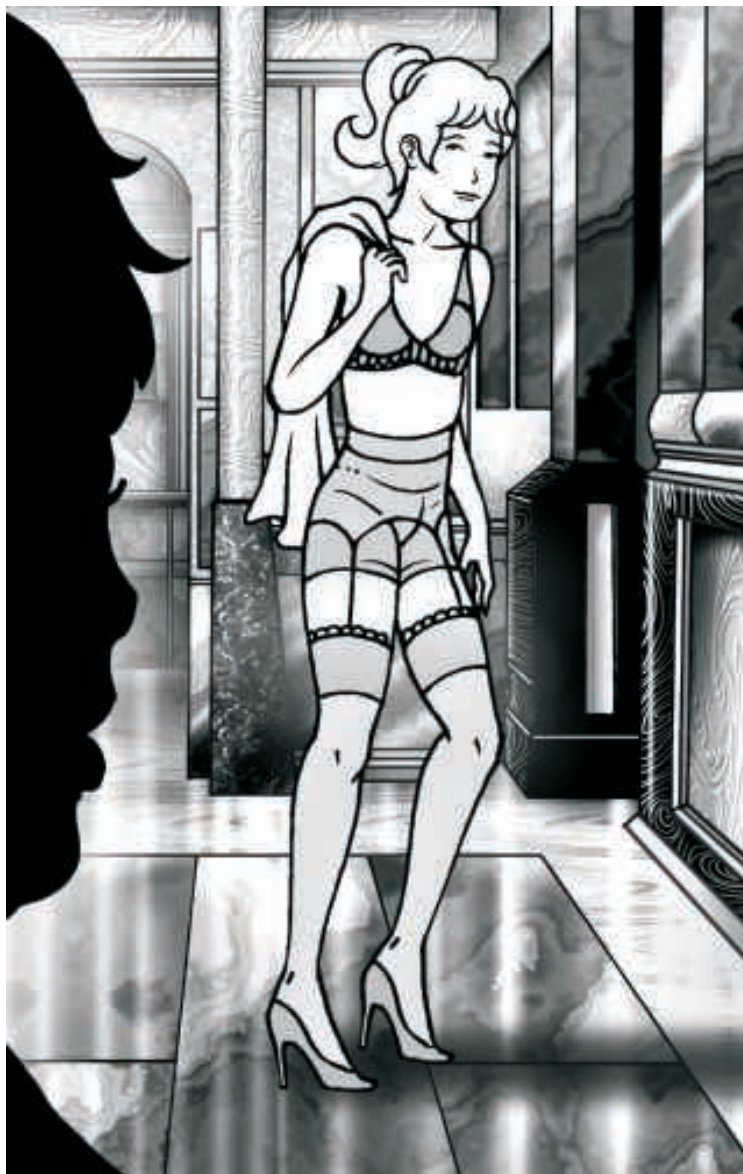
And Auntie told me, "Yes dear, of course I mean the housekeeping training....." And I felt some relief, until she finished with, "...and also of course the feminization training, as your wife had asked. I don't want to countermand you your wife."

I couldn't believe it. I was stuck there a few more days and Maria could do with me what she would. I told Auntie, "But my wife didn't know I might be here...." And I had wanted to say "stuck here" but did not... "for more than the one day I have already been here. I really need you to have a talk with Maria, and explain that to her. You can't let Maria feminize me

even more. She has me looking and behaving more and more like a female and she will soon have me looking and behaving as a maid. My wife had thought that it would only be one day more."

Auntie did look sympathetic. But Auntie just laughed and told me, "No dear. Your wife told you that she had planned to leave you here for only a day...or so; and now we are in the 'so' part of it. She said Maria could have her way feminizing you for as long as you were under her care, which you may have assumed would be a day, but we don't really know what your wife intended. And the one day does not appear to be the case. And it appears that you are to be here for a few more days. And as such she has left you under Maria's care. I cannot interfere with that, and she did not ask me to countermand those instructions when I spoke with her. And if you should really be manly enough to deal with the situation you are in and recover from it." And she sought of smiled and added, "And if not then what will be... will be!"

And then the truth came out as she continued, "And besides, as long as it is okay with your wife, I shouldn't interfere in this. Besides I am enjoying the feminine you too much. You are really a doll. And I do enjoy watching you change and becoming more and more feminine. And as we have already discussed....If I believed you were really upset by all of this I might interfere....well a bit. But it really seems you protest to save face. The fact that you are letting this all be done to you by my maid, by force, is just too much to believe. I think you like it, and I won't ruin it for you by responding to your stage protests. It is up to you to stop it....and if you can't then you most likely...let's



just say a real sissy and all this is just turning out to be the best for you."

"And besides, I am enjoying it all too much. I really enjoy all of this and your.... Let's say....new found femininity. Though I believe it was there all the time. And it just took your wife to bring it out and Maria to cultivate it. Any way your wife will get the code soon enough and I will bring you home and all this will be over. And I am sure you will have a few days at home to reintroduce yourself to manliness, before your wife gets back. Until then I intend to enjoy your predicament...and perhaps to keep you dressed in lingerie and my old clothing....and perhaps to even assist Maria in your feminine schooling. So not another word of complaint, I know it is simply for show and it is getting boring; or perhaps I will have to ask you to leave."

So there was nothing to be done. I was stuck. Even if I walked out there was no place for me to go. I was afraid of what could happen to me on the street dressed the way I was dressed and with the pink nail polish still on my fingers and toes. I would have to wait till the evening and then take my chances without the makeup on and the lady's pants and a lady's shirt. I could probably get by dressed in woman's version of men's clothing.

Auntie gave me a look and I could see she wanted an answer. She was a bit angry with me, as I had showed some backbone....and manliness. I had to break that image. And so I did the only thing I could. I told her, "Ma'am, I would prefer to stay here and learn my trade. And with that I gave a nice slow and feminine curtsy."

I think Auntie almost had an orgasm. I could tell she was happy with my answer and my show of submission. She came over and gave me a hug. And she told me, "Now that wasn't so hard now was it dear. I think this is the real you. A nice docile feminine male who likes enjoys silks and satins and just wearing woman's lingerie and woman's clothing and doing woman's work and learning to be feminine and taking his... or her orders from his wife or the maid or his Auntie."

And she told me, "And you will be here just a few more days and we won't waste them. Maria will continue with your training both as a house husband and maid and with your feminine schooling and I think we can add to that obedience training so you desist with all these silly objections of yours. And dear it is only a few more days. She can't turn you into a real maid... that is unless that is what you want and you let her. And so no more complaints about Maria as I just want you two to get along. I just love the way you two work together. And I am enjoying seeing a male, especially a sweet one like you; just leave the male prerogatives behind and learned to live like a female. You are really just the cutest thing. And I am happy we will have you here for a few days more. I almost wish it could be longer."

Maria eventually returned from the kitchen. So I had to stop with my begging. She said something about Auntie taking me home and Auntie told her, "No Maria, we have Charlotte here for a few more days. There is some sort of problem with the code and so we can't get Charlotte into her house, and so Charlotte will stay with us a few more days, while my niece is away."

And Auntie continued, "And so you have Charlotte's assistance a few more days. So she can help you really get this house clean and in order. And there isn't any reason to stop her training. I think you can continue with Charlotte's feminine schooling. My niece didn't mention anything about stopping it. And the changes you have evoked are just wonderful."

"For now you and Charlotte can finish up here and then you can both relax. I have some things to do. But later, like last night, bring Charlotte around to my room, with the hot cocoa, and I will see if we can find something additional for Charlotte to wear. I think she....yes....she....needs a working outfit and a serving outfit....and perhaps another nightgown in case she dirties the one she is wearing. And then another game of cards would suit me. Last night was so much fun and so relaxing I didn't even need a sleeping pill. It was a wonderful way to end the day...."

And then looking at me she told me, "You know you can be fun to have around...as long as you are feminine and help out."

And so I started to clean up, under Maria's watchful eye. She had been empowered even more. She had overheard some of my conversation with Auntie. She confronted me about my request to be freed from her feminization of me and wasn't happy about that. I had to deny I meant it. And so I told her that I didn't really mean it; I just didn't want Auntie to find out and tell my wife how much I enjoyed being taught to cook and clean and to find my feminine side and what a sissy I really must be.

Maria told me that was fine, and she believed me, or at least pretended too; and to help me find my true sissy self that she had something for me, from the

Spanish store to help. It was a medicine that would decrease the effect of my male hormones, to give a chance for the female hormones that I must have, as all sissies had female hormones in excess, to take more of an effect and allow my true sissy personality to emerge. That way I could be more accepting of my sissy self and not worry about it so much. And she told me not to worry about the effects as my wife must have realized I was such a sissy or she wouldn't have asked her to feminize me as much as she could. My wife just probably really wanted me to realize how much of a sissy I was and was just using the feminization to show me how much of a sissy I was.

Well there was nothing to argue with Maria as far as my status as a sissy. I was her sissy to feminize as she liked. She had too much on me. I was stuck. I would have to play that game and let her do her worst as far as my feminization was concerned. But taking some medicine, most likely female hormones was not happening...or so I thought.

I told her that I did not want female hormones. She told me I was not in a position to give orders or refuse her orders, sissies did as they were told to do; but the medication was not female hormones but one that just blocked my male hormones, and that I would be more at ease once those male hormones were not affecting me emotionally and I let my female hormones have their full affects with me.

She told me, "All this aside, you are really a real sissy; whether you admit to it or not...though I am sure you realize it by now. You are so because you are partially female. That is a result of a male... in this case you....over producing female hormones along with the low production of male hormones. This medica-

tion by stopping your minimal male hormones from taking affect will allow your dominant female hormones to take their full affect. It will just be allow your true femaleness to come out which wants to come out. And that should prove to you that you are really more female than male, despite your present appearance and allow you to become more comfortable with your current life style and mode of dress."

So we googled the tablets and that is what it was, a medicine that blocked male hormones from working. And then she told me, "So here is the thing. If you take the pills without argument and I am wrong and you do not have excessive estrogens for a male, then little should happen. And if that occurs I will ease up on your feminization. If I am right and you do have female levels of estrogen than we should notice some changes in you....some feminization of your body...and you will accept the notion that you are more female than male and will continue to take your medication without argument as well as cooperate with you feminization."

And of course I did not believe her and I agreed. Little did I realize that whatever estrogen I naturally lacked to make those physical changes in me she would supply and that my body would feminize. So she gave me two pills and I took them and it was one pill twice a day afterwards. She explained again, that the pills themselves would do nothing to me, or so she said; and that it would be my own female hormones that would just take over and allow my feminine side to emerge, both mentally and physically. Without my male hormones bombarding my feminine brain I would just relax and come into my own femaleness and stop worrying about it. And whatever the deal

was that she presented it didn't matter. I realized I was going to and did take the pills. I could only hope the wife would get me the code or get me and I would be out of Maria's control, but still remain in her good graces.

That being done, having taken the pills, Maria told me, "Now that wasn't so hard now...was it? I just don't know what all the fuss was about. You'll see, once your female hormones are allowed their sway you will become much more comfortable with your new femininity."

And with that, she sent me to soak in a hot oil bath which I did. Then she finished up. A while later she was there and had me up and covered all over below my neck with depilatory and whatever little hair I had re-emerging was gone once again. Then she did my neck and face, just leaving my eyebrows and eye-lashes. Then it was a quick rinse and I was back in my three panties, sleep bra, satin nightie and satin robe. Once so dressed I again felt just wonderful. I loved the feel of the panties. And with this second day in the nightie, the embarrassment was lessening and the feel of the satin against my skin was even more delightful. I just loved it. And the outfit did make me feel feminine and turned on. I hated it, but I could not stop those feelings. The hypnotic suggestion and my natural inclinations were just too difficult to overcome.

We brought the hot chocolate up to Auntie, with two cups. Auntie was in her nightgown and there was clothing or outfits spread out on a loveseat she had in her room. Auntie dismissed Maria, who gave me a look, and I knew I had better behave and no complaints. I knew Maria couldn't listen in at that time, but the initial request to be out from under Maria's femi-

nine training had been useless and had only irritated Auntie and Maria had found out, so I knew that was not an avenue to pursue.

Auntie told me that I looked; "sweet" and of course I thanked her and then she told me that she had found some outfits for me to wear, for the next week...or so, until things got straightened out. There were two pink outfits, a red outfit, and a black outfit; stretch jeans, a blouse, and pumps with the underpinning of each outfit the lingerie... the female underwear, for me to wear.

She told me, for each color there were two pairs of boy cut panties, and then a high waist girdle with garters, pantyhose and stockings, a long line front closure bra and a satin camisole; and a half slip which I could use as she understood from Maria to give myself a flat front as to appear more "lady like" in the outfits. I was not sure if Auntie knew the real purpose, but regardless I was happy she had provided the slips.

As instructed by Auntie, I went to the small closet dressing room to disrobe and then put on sufficient garments of the pink outfit for modesty, the regular panties and then the support panties and then I padded myself out with the slip, and I was already a bit stiff. Then I put on the panty hose and then the girdle. The panties, felt wonderful as did the padding and the pantyhose and even the girdle. It was a real old fashioned girdle with satin panels and a smooth material and was really designed to hold a girl in and shape her. And the support over the panties and panty hose just felt wonderful. I hated that it did, but it did. It was like being addicted to a drug and the wife had done it to me, with a combination of my own secret or perhaps not so secret fetish and her hypnotism of me.

But I had little time to think about that. Auntie called me asking if I needed help, which was too embarrassing to even think about, and so then I returned to the main bedroom in the lingerie I had put on, the panties, pantyhose and girdle and continued to dress in front of Auntie. She smiled when she saw me and seemed to really enjoy seeing me wearing her girdle. It was embarrassing to be seen so dressed by her, but she had seen my in a nightie, so this was no worse...or so I rationalized. Between Maria seeing me with no clothes and Auntie seeing me in her lingerie I had pretty much lost any sense of embarrassment in front of those women.

And so in front of Auntie I rolled a pink lycra stocking up each leg, smoothing each as I went and then gartering each stocking to my pink girdle and then fastening on my pink stretch satin long line bra, and then I slipped on my pink satin camisole. It all felt wonderful and I was so ashamed that it did feel so nice.

Auntie seemed to be breathing a bit harder as she watched me roll each stocking up my leg and smooth each one and then garter each one to my girdle and then watch me put on and fasten my bra. I knew she liked it, watching me a guy wear and dress in her lingerie. Some woman do and she did and does. It was sensual and gave her a sense of power over me. There I was a man forced to wear her lingerie and dressing in front of her. She found that wonderful. It was her revenge on all "male-kind" and more than that, and she was enjoying it.

As if to rub it all in she told me, "You know dear, you put your stockings on very nicely. You seem to understand how to roll them up and smooth then over and attach them to your garters as no man should re-

ally know. And it seems so natural to you. I am so glad we can help you find your feminine side. I really hope you can stay with us for a while and we can together explore this part of your personality. It is really so interesting.”

And what was I to say. I just smiled. Then by her look I realized I had to say something. I told her, “Thank you ma’am. It is so nice of you to take an interest in me.”

She smiled and seemed happy. And then as instructed I slipped on the pink pumps and modeled the outfit, the lingerie, walking around the room as femininely as I could, trying to remember my feminine deportment lessons...and smiling as if I enjoyed it, which at least with the feel of the clothes I did. Auntie just loved it. Then as instructed I removed my pumps and I pulled on the woman’s pink stretch dungarees and zipped them up the back, stepped back into my pumps and slipped into a pink empire waist short sleeve blouse that matched the outfit; and then modeled the completed outfit.

The pants fit well enough around the waist, though were a bit loose in the seat and hips and that was because they were fully a woman’s style for a woman. Forgetting myself, I was sort of surprised the pants zipped up the back. Auntie saw me trying to figure out the zipper and told me, “No silly girl, which she seemed to really enjoy saying, “those pants zipper up the back. They aren’t a man’s styled woman’s jeans. They are a real pair of woman’s jeans, meant for a woman, however, I don’t have any more of the man’s cut woman’s jeans and anyway, I think you are now ready for these. I think they should add to your femi-

nine feelings. And I think that under the circumstances they are more appropriate for you to wear.”

After I had modeled my new outfit, Auntie was sitting on the bed and motioned me to sit down next to her. I did, and she held my hands in hers very affectionately and told me, “Charlotte you look very nice in that outfit and I am so happy it fits you well enough. It is like I saved these things as to have them here for you to wear. So I have to know if I am making you uncomfortable with all of this. I know your wife had you dressed in my lingerie and then my clothes and had you dressed in my clothes in front of me and then left you here to learn housekeeping. But I have to know if you, a male, really likes wearing woman’s.....my...lingerie and clothing and helping out with the house work and learning feminine deportment and what not...or at least that you are not really fighting all of this....for real. Sometimes you seem happy with all of this, which seems to make me happy, and sometimes you do not. If you are really unhappy with all of this I am not too sure as to what I should do.”

I had to think about that, as to admit under the circumstances that I liked wearing female clothing, including: panties, and a girdle and even a bra, and those stretch jeans, was utterly damning and utterly embarrassing. However, I was between the preverbal rock and the hard place, between what my wife had done to me, what Maria was doing to me and what Auntie seemed to want to do to me; and there didn’t appear an easy way out. I was really in too deep to get out gracefully without angering Auntie and Maria and without my abrupt leaving resulting in my public humiliation.

Until I could make a consensual escape in my own clothes or at least the more masculine of my feminine wardrobe I did not have much of a choice. I could be embarrassed by Auntie and the Maid in the privacy of Auntie's estate or I could take a chance of being tossed and have to live down a more public exposure, and how public with the photos Maria had I could only fear.

And so I told the half-truth, admitting to my then beyond my control current attraction to woman's clothing and lingerie, fibbing that I did not mind being seen wearing the lingerie and pretending that I was okay and even liked or was getting to like all the other things that were coming with that, the housework, the cooking and the schooling in the feminine. And then more than that I realized I deserved all that was happening to me and needed to come out of it all with a sense of humiliation and the ability to help my wife around the house. And if that meant, wearing woman's clothing...even from the skin out, learning housekeeping, and some feminization than I was okay with it...at least for a limited time...Just time enough to teach me a well-deserved lesson.

And so I told Auntie, "No, all this is not that awful. I sort of enjoy some aspects of wearing woman's clothing though not all and I don't mind the housekeeping training nor the feminization training...too much. But in any case I feel I deserve it all...kind of a punishment deserved...and as the wife seems to want all of this for me, and I want to please my wife and make-up for my prior selfishness, I think I deserve this as a sort of...let's say training or punishment and need to just work my way through it for the next couple of days. And if all of this works for you and my wife then it

works for me. And whatever makes you and my wife happy makes me happy...or at least I can live with it...for a few days."

Auntie seemed convinced and really pleased. She told me, "Okay dear. So I don't have to feel bad or regret about all of this...dressing a man up in my clothes and supervising his training as a maid...or house husband and his feminization...I mean softening. This makes me very happy. I am enjoying your company and helping you, let's say find yourself. So not to worry...we will get you back home when we can."

By which she really meant she was going to try to keep me there as long as she was having fun with all of this and me....which would turn out to be much longer than she had initially thought. "But for now you are stuck here. So let's all make the best of the situation. I think we both know that deep down you are enjoying all of this, regardless of why. It may be bad....or at least uncomfortable for you perhaps, but not bad for me or Maria...or perhaps your wife, depending on what she is trying to achieve here."

"Your wife left you here in my clothes, telling us you enjoy wearing them and left you here for house-keeping training and for feminization, for what was supposed to be a day. As now as it turns out, due to circumstances beyond everyone's control you are stuck here for a few more days, and we are sort of stuck with you; and you with the clothing you have to wear, better here than somewhere else. So since you do enjoy all of this, whether or not by choice, and it seems to work for me and for Maria, and it should only be for a few more days, the least complicated thing is to stay the course, until your wife gets you home. And so let's just keep up with the program until you find you do

not enjoy it, regardless of why you do enjoy it and so you, so we, can find out how.....let's say affected you are by all of this. I am really curious as to what extent you can accept all of this. And I am sure your wife will rescue you shortly....one way or another, before we all become too bored with this game; which for now is still fun."

And she finished with, "And as it turns out, I am very happy that I am going to get know you so much better, the husband of my favorite niece, a relationship which I had neglected. Now as long as you are staying here the current program for you is what works for me and I am happy that it seems to work for you. It makes everything easier. So you will continue to dress in what we have for you to wear as I do not want to go looking for guy's type clothing at this time. You will continue to help out Maria with the cooking and cleaning. And you will continue to let Maria, fulfill her promise to your wife, which concerns her, and to teach you to be more feminine. None of this will harm you, though it may be embarrassing. It is after all what your wife charged us to do. And I did not misunderstand and all of this is okay with you?"

And as I didn't have much of a choice, I had to tell her that it did work for me. And with that she gave my hands a hug and I could tell that she was pleased, and that I would have no choice but to put up with all of this until I could make an escape or until the wife could or would return to get me. And Auntie told me, "So then it is all settled and let's have no more discussions about this. It is settled you can stay here for the time being, and just continue in my clothing, and helping Maria and learning the feminine aspects of

life....that is until you wife can facilitate your return home."

And there was nothing for me to say, but, "Yes Auntie, that will work for me." That was because it had to work for me. I really had no choice.

And then Auntie continued. She was happy with the pink outfit, and told me that was mine. She told me to try on the black lingerie and she would provide some additional outer clothing to go with that. And so as before I went to the dressing room and changed into the black satin panties, black lycra pantyhose and the black satin girdle. I came out and Auntie watched as I finished putting on my lingerie, the stockings and the camisole and then a pair of black pumps. And then I modeled. Everything fit well enough and she was pleased.

Then she gave me to try on a pair of black satin pants and a black satin blouse. The pants were dress type pants, tight around the waist and a bit tighter at the hips and the butt as I zippered up the side zipper, however loose in the legs; and the blouse of black satin which buttoned up the back. I put on the satin pants and satin blouse which just felt wonderful and modeled them.

Auntie again seemed turned on watching me in the lingerie and pleased with the fit of the pants and blouse. She told me, "Charlotte, the jean outfits are for work during the day. The nicer pants and blouse outfit is for evening work. You can wear it with an apron for serving dinner and then without the apron for the rest of the evening. I would like you to shower before dinner, for obvious reasons and then change into some fresh clothes, this outfit for now, that you did not spend the day working in. I might want your company

after dinner. Last evening was so nice having someone to play cards with and discuss things. Your knowledge of certain things is more female than male, and talking with you is like talking to another woman. And I am finding I do enjoy the company of a feminine male."

Then she told me to take the two outfits I tried on and the others we could save for another day, and that I could change back into my nightgown and have some hot chocolate and then we should play some cards before I went to bed. She explained the card playing seemed to relax her and it was just then easier for her to fall asleep. And I did all of that and Auntie seemed to have a nice time playing cards and with our conversation. After a while she got tired and let me take my leave, after having made me take another sleeping pill, and that was that. I knew there would be no escape that night.

Then just before I left she had another garment for me. She told me, "You know dear we really should try to do something about your waist. It is a bit thick. The girdles help during the day, but you do need some waist training for my nicer pants outfits to fit you. So I may have something for you to help control your waist. Let's find out how it fits."

And she brought me back to the dressing room and had me lift the skirt part of my nightgown. And then she wrapped something around my waist. It felt nice and satiny. It was some sort of satin waist cincher or corset. And she fastened it on me tightly and it took at least two inches off my waist. She had me turn around and model it a bit. She was pleased. She told me, "Very nice dear, it gives you a nice waist and should help with your figure training, so my nice clothes will fit you better. I do so want to share some of my nicer

clothes with you. This waist cincher you are wearing now does look nice on you....surprising as that may seem and if we can nip your waist down by two inches or so I have even nicer clothing for you to wear. So let's try this waist cincher on you for a while and find out how it works for you."

Then she knotted the laces. She told me, "Now you try sleeping in this. It is what we used to call a sleep corset...and all the girls in my day wore them to sleep for waist training. I want you to give it a try and we'll see how you feel sleeping in it. Maria can untie it in the morning after breakfast when you change into your work clothes."

And I told her it was really worse than the girdles. And she told me, "Now dear I know you like wearing my girdles, so no more complaining. I am sure that once you get used to it you will like wearing my sleep corset. It is very feminine. You just need a night or so to get used to it and the idea of wearing one. We can discuss it again in the morning, I like the look of it on you and I am really too tired to discuss it right now, so just trust my judgment. If you like wearing the girdles during the day you will like wearing a sleep corset at night. It just takes a bit more of getting used to. So you need to give it a try. It will make me happy. It is another garment of mine that won't go to waste, but will go to your waist." And she thought that was very funny. And there was not much I could do about it.

I told her, "Yes Auntie. And she seemed to like that. I took the two outfits and returned to my room. I tried to release the knots, but could not and was afraid to cut the strings and then be found to have disobeyed Auntie. Grasping what had past, before falling asleep, I realized Auntie was happy with the situation and

was not going to facilitate my return home, at least not for the present. I would have to telephone the wife and get her to get me out of there. I didn't think she realized the predicament she had gotten me into. And before I could come to a solution for the corset I had fallen asleep, the effect of the sleeping pills.

Chapter X – Next a Chastity Device – But Just for Sleeping

The next few days went by, with Auntie telling me the wife was still having difficulty with the alarm company and with her not answering her cell phone when I called. The only messages that I was getting from her and to her then were filtered through Auntie. So I was sure my wife was not getting the real horror of my situation.

The next few days that day passed were much like those first two days. I wore my nighty and sleep corset to sleep and then to breakfast, and with an apron over it I made Auntie her breakfast. She would tell me how nice I was looking and complement the breakfast. Then she would leave for the day, leaving me under Maria's direction. I would make us breakfast, a real one for Maria, and I would make myself oatmeal with fruit and soy milk. Maria would take her time with her breakfast, and I would clean up, and then return to my room to get dressed for the day.

I was still wearing the panties and pantyhose, and a girdle and nylons, a bra with pads, a camisole, and the stretch jeans and a blouse, and a pair of pumps on my feet. I had two sets all in pink, and one would be in the wash and one would be for me to wear. And as that first week went along I was given other outfits, similar

but different colors. And I would still get turned on dressing in the panties and the girdle with the stockings, the feel against my skin was a delight as was the smoothness of the materials. And I found I was also turned on by the bra and pads and camisole rubbing against me. And zipping up the pants and feeling the stretchiness against my body as the zipper closed was just wonderful. The camisole was also nice. The blouse was no big deal. But everything else was just a delight. It was awful.

Maria would then give me a lesson in feminine deportment to get me on the right track for the day. And I would then spend the morning and early afternoon cleaning, with me doing most of it under her direction, but she would help out. She wanted me to learn how to do it and so I would do it.

Then in the afternoon there would be a break. I would make Maria lunch, a real lunch, and she would make me lunch, a shake with of some sort with soy milk, which was full of everything healthy, including a variety of phytoestrogens. I did not know it at the time. And without my own androgens functioning, because of the medication Maria was making me take, the phytoestrogens worked to feminize my body and to feminize my mind.

After lunch we'd start dinner; always fresh and everything from scratch and well-seasoned, for which I seemed to have a knack.

Once dinner was cooking or ready to cook we would continue with the cleaning, and then laundry, including ironing and mending.

At some point Maria would send me to my room to wash up and change into the clothing Auntie wanted me to wear in the evenings, the same lingerie, but in

black, with the nicer satin slacks and satin blouse, and black pumps with higher heels than my working pumps.

I would put on an apron and meet Auntie at the door with a curtsy and take her coat and ask her politely how her day had been. She would tell me, and I would make her a drink, and she would come into the kitchen to get it and watch us finish with dinner. Then we would serve her in the dining room. Maria and I would eat dinner with her and Maria would tell her about my day and my training and how well I was doing. And Auntie might tell me about her day.

After dinner I would help clean up. Then I would join Auntie in the living room. Maria might or might not, depending. I would watch television with Auntie, typically a girlie flick. And we would talk about it, like we were two women; or we might just read and whatever Auntie was reading, a book or a magazine, she would have a copy for me and I would also read and then we might talk about what we had read.

At some point Auntie would go to her room to wash up and I would go to my room to change into my nightgown. And then I would make the hot chocolate which I would bring to Auntie when she called. Once in her room for the first few times there were outfits for me to try on. Always similar to my work outfits but in different colors; and other night gowns.

After I modeled the outfit, and then changed back to my nightgown we'd play cards and talk a bit, until Auntie got tired. Then she would give me her sleeping pill to take, and I would; and then I would bring the dishes to the kitchen. I would return to my room, and lace myself into my sleep corset which I had learned to do as I had to be wearing it in the morning when Maria

awoke me. And then I would get into bed so to be in bed before the sleeping pill would take effect. There was no chance of escape. Try as I could I could not avoid swallowing the sleeping pill; though it was taking a bit longer for it to take effect.

However, I was getting a bit testy. I found out it had to do with the wet dreams I was having. It may have had something to do with the sleeping pills or the constant sexual tension I was under from the sensuality I found wearing nylon and satin all day. Anyway I was having these wet dreams and then the next day I wasn't finding all that femininity a turn on or at least as much of a turn on till later in the day. It wasn't like when Maria did me with the panties, the feeling the next day was just different. And I was getting a bit testy let's say, and Auntie and Maria were picking up on it, and neither was happy, especially Auntie.

So after the third day of that Maria met me in the kitchen that night, when I was cleaning the cups from the coco, after I had another less than nice episode with Auntie that morning, though by the evening it was all a turn on again and I had calm down. Maria told me, "You are not cooperating with your training the way you were before and I am not happy with you and Auntie is getting unhappy with you at least at breakfast. That went back and forth and Maria just told me, "You are having night time accidents, I can tell by your sheets, and I am sure that is having a bad effect on you. You think you are a man again instead of a sissy and I am going to put a stop to that here and now....Get the large bag of frozen peas from the freezer and come with me."

Maria took me up to my room, and the sleeping pill was taking affect and I was out of it. She had a bag with

her and she had me pull down my panties, pull up my nightie and sit down on the bed and spread my legs exposing myself. I asked her what she was going to do. She told me never mind. "Not to worry dear. I am not removing anything, though I should, I am just going to stop those night time emissions. You are not a teenage boy. You are a sissy. The emissions are not good for you. If you think you are a man you will not be happy with your training. You were so cooperative before and so happy realizing your sissy self. I will fix it so you will be that way again, and we will all be happy again."

She took out some plastic ring and clipped on me behind my sack and then a few more until I imagine she found one that fit. Then she took it off and put glue on it and glued it to my skin behind my sack and let the glue cure and it was stuck to me for good. Then she took the frozen bag of peas and held it against my groin. I thought I would die. I resisted but it did not good. She threatened and I gave in and I sat there. Eventually she took it off and I could see I had shrunken down to nothing. Maria saw that also and told me, "Now hold still and this won't hurt. If you move around you just might lose something."

Well it was a bluff, but I was so sleepy by then I was forcing myself to stay awake to see what was being done to me. I figured if I fell asleep it would be done anyway. She rubbed some lubricant on my thing until it was really slippery, then she put the ice back on and then after removing it slipped something over my penis which then locked to the ring glued to my skin. Then she stepped back to admire her handy work and let me take a look at it.



I was wearing a pink plastic chastity case. I would not be able to get an erection while I wore it, so most likely no night time emissions. I couldn't believe it. It was the ultimate humiliation, to have this maid put me in a chastity device, and a pink one at that, that would keep my ice shrunk manhood as small as a prepubescent boy. It was even more humiliating then wearing the woman's clothing. And with it locked in plastic, what joy I would get from wearing the woman's lingerie was gone or at least diminished. It would be total embarrassment with no pleasure.

Maria was reading my mind and she told me, "Not to worry dear. If you are a good sissy, it comes off in the morning. If you are difficult I will jam the lock and you will have some real issues. It is plastic, but very strong and to break it off you will hurt yourself."

I was falling asleep. Maria pulled up my panties and down my nightie and got me into bed and covered me and gave me a kiss on the forehead. I was barely awake. She told me, "Now dear, when you wake up tomorrow you will not have had any night time emission and you will be nice and turned-on and your silks and satins will feel wonderful, and you will feel nice and feminine and you will be obedient and nice. You will have no issues. You will be happy dressing in silks and satins and you can wet you undies as much as you like, but you will only have a full emission when I allow it. You are a sissy. And you can't be having full emissions all the time; it is not healthy for you."

She left me there and turned off the light and told me, "Now remember if you need to pee, you have to sit....just like the girls and the sissies do, because you are a sissy....Good night."

And that first night in the chastity devise I did wake up a couple of times. I was getting erections and the confine made them painful, which I imagined had woken me. And then I would have to pee. And then I would have to look at my shrunken manhood in that pink chastity devise and I would have a terror that Maria would not keep her promise and take it off in the morning, and I would be stuck in it. And that was then the final reason I wasn't going anywhere until my wife got me out of there.

Maria got me up the next day and checked my sheets and my panties and they were dry. She told me, "Now I am going to unlock you from the device so you can enjoy the feel of your nice things. And we will see how you behave today. If you are again pleasant and nice and feminine and seem to enjoy your clothes and station then the chastity device stays off during the day. However, if you are disagreeable and don't act feminine and don't seem to be enjoying yourself then I lock it back on you and break the lock and you will be stuck in it and you will still have to wear Auntie's clothing without getting to enjoy the feel, and you will most likely anger Auntie who will send you out dressed as you are. So let's hope for all our sakes this works. And if it does, you will wear the cage every night from now on, but will not have to wear it during the day. And you will learn to put it on yourself like you do your sleep corset. So when you come down to breakfast you will be wearing it and when I check your bed if the sheets will be dry I will remove it."

And it had worked. I did not feel at all rebellious or masculine when I was preparing breakfast and I was much more pleasant in my subservient role. And Auntie even noticed it. She mentioned, "Well Char-

lotte you've really turned a corner here, so much more pleasant than the last three mornings. It is almost as if you were having your period and now it is over. I am so gland."

And I could only smile and thank Auntie, and tell her I was having headaches in the mornings. And Maria interrupted, "But we found out that Midol works very well for Charlotte...so there shouldn't be any more PSM problems for her, will there be?"

And I had to tell her, "No Maria, that Midol really works wonders. Thank you."

So that was the end of that and I was wearing the sleep corset and the chastity device each night. And I had to put then on myself which was terribly humiliating. But if I did not have them on in the morning I knew there would be a terrible price. I did feel wearing the chastity device while making breakfast reminded me what it would be like all the time if I did not get it off after breakfast. And I guess not having the emission at night kept me in a feminine mood so once the chastity device was off I felt just wonderful, and the slow emissions all day from the nylon and satin was such a turn on, but no matter how wet I got I never felt done. And the more feminine I acted and moved the nicer the nylons and satins felt and I was trapped.

Chapter XI - Quickly Pass the Next Weeks and My Masculinity:

And that was the first few days. The week then went by with much of the same as did the following week. I was waiting for the wife to rescue me, but that wasn't happening. By the end of it I noticed my nipples had thickened a bit and became very sensitive. My nipples looked more female than male, and the area around them was darkening...looking more areola like. The satin pads I was wearing in my bra was feeling very nice against my newly sensitive chest. I spoke to Maria about it, and she told me, it was just from wearing the bra and the constant rubbing and it would go away if and when I stopped wearing a bra. And then she told me, "Don't worry yourself about that Charlotte. You are wearing a bra, so what does it matter if you nipples thicken up a bit." And there was really nothing I could say or do.

The wife wasn't getting back to me, and Auntie just conveyed the message that the code was still an issue. I tried to get her to do something, and told her that she must be getting tired of having me around and that I did not want to be an imposition any longer....But she did not agree with that. She told me, she was enjoying my company. That the wife was really troubled she had left me there, believing I might be a burden and was doing her best to get the code, but had not been successful. Her work hours and the difference in time zones were the issue. And Auntie told me she could probably put up with me for another week....or so. And I just did not know what to do. There was no angering Auntie...or Maria....for all I was going through....they were putting me

through....getting nasty on my part would have only been counterproductive. So I could only thank Auntie. And that was that.

So after a week I found my resistance had pretty much melted; which was most likely a result of my male hormones having been blocked. I found I was really into wearing the panties and girdle and nylon stockings. I just loved the feel of the material. And after putting on the panties or the girdle I would run my hands over my front and my thighs and my butt and just enjoy the feel of the material. And I found I just loved smoothing on my nylon stockings. My stiffness wasn't as strong, but I still loved the feel of the nylon. And I found that I was very comfortable wearing the stretch jeans, and really wanted to keep wearing them and the satin clothes as well.

Also the deportment lessons that Maria had given me were really taking a hold. I found that I was having to think less about talking and moving femininely and the wearing of the pumps was not an issue. I found myself naturally speaking in the higher voice and moving around with a swish and just moving femininely and holding myself femininely without having to really think about it. I don't know why I caved so quickly, but I was afraid Maria would reveal the photos so I was really trying.

And I found that I wanted out of that house but not necessarily out of my new lingerie, especially the nightie. But Auntie was not letting me go or the wife wanted to keep me there and so then I was stuck there another week and things got worse for me.

During week two I continued with all that I had done during my first week as what I would describe as an assistant housekeeper in training and a ladies com-

panion, with a little less emphasis on the cleaning and clothes washing and cooking and a bit more emphasis on the feminization of my demeanor and me.

And so Maria worked on my voice and choice of words, how I talked; and had my pitch, and spoken cadence, and choice of words all sounding more and more like a female. And Maria worked on my posture, and walk and how I sat and got up and how I held my body until she was satisfied my motions were all feminine. Then she started to teach me a bit about makeup. So I was doing my own manicures and pedicures and polishing my nails; and she had me using lipstick, and some power, over a base. And of course, she had me using creams all over my body and as often as I had time to apply them.

Meanwhile, with my male hormones blocked and Maria feeding me the natural female hormones in my breakfast oatmeal and my lunchtime shakes, my body was slowly changing, not a lot in those two weeks, but enough, so I just didn't come off as a guy anymore. Quickly enough my hips butt and breast were all developing; so that my shape was changing. Nothing was fully developed, but my hips and butt were just too soft and a bit too wide and big for a guy, and I was filling out the shape of the jeans more and more. And combined with the way I walked, I just did not look like a guy when observed from the back. And with my softening penis and shrinking testes the girdle kept me so flat that I did not look like a guy should look in such jeans, I looked flat like a girl. And as I had feared I had nipples and areolas, mounted on small "AA" size breasts, and my chest was sensitive...to say the least. And my face was also putting on fatty tissue, so it was rounding out and I was losing the sharp lines of a male

face as the newly placed fatty tissue softened my features, hid sharp lines and rounded out my face and even filled out my lips.

I mentioned the changes to Maria, and she smiled and told me, "Not to worry dear, it is just the feminine you coming out without those awful male hormones stopping your female side from expressing itself. I already explained to you that if you didn't have such a strong female side this would not be happening to you. I don't think there is anything for you to worry about. Your wife told me to do my best...or my worst in bringing out the feminine you and this is all part of it. Once she takes you home it will be her...and perhaps your decision if she wants you off of the protective medicine that inhibits the action of those male hormones. For now, just relax, it is not too bad and you are looking prettier and prettier. I think your wife will be pleased with you and your new look and that should make you happy."

I tried to convince Maria otherwise, that my wife did not want me so feminized, or physically changed, but Maria told me, she knew what her instructions had been and I still looked male enough to her for me not to worry. And anyway it would all be over in a few days as there was a limit as to how long Auntie would let me stay before getting tired of my company and the imposition and then my wife would have to do something about taking me or getting me home. And that would be that and that was that.

So Maria had me half convinced that things weren't so bad for me, which was until towards the end of the second week Auntie made a comment about the changes. She was watching me and asked me and

Maria, "Is it my imagination or is our Charlotte...let me say blossoming?"

Maria asked her what she had meant, and Auntie told us, "Why I am finding that Charlotte is a bit on the curvy side for a guy. She seems to be filling out those pants more like a woman than a man. She is very flat in front, and has the beginning of hips and a nice 'ass', at least for a guy, and even for a young girl and her face is femininely softening."

Maria told her, "Yes, Charlotte and I were just discussing that. It must be the results of her medicine which blocks the actions of her male hormones and lets her natural female hormones take effect. This is what I was trying to find out and to show Charlotte, that there is a strong female aspect to her and she needs to give into it a bit. So, though she doesn't quite know what to do about it, she can see that she is more female than she thought and so we decided to let this just run its course until her wife comes to get her, which should be shortly. Then Charlotte can see how all this feels in the privacy of her home...how she feels about all of this, and how her wife feels about it. And it should reverse itself once she is off the anti-androgen medication. That is if she wants to stop taking it."

And I didn't know what to say. But I knew I could not have a fall out with Maria. I tried to let Auntie know that I was not happy as it was all so new to me, too quick for me and just so embarrassing, in order to get her to intervene, but it became apparent she rather liked the new shapely me.

I told her that I thought it was not so much any hormone imbalance but my diet and the sleep corset, and perhaps that I should stop wearing it. I did so want to get out of that corset; though it did not feel so uncom-

fortable any more. I told Auntie, that I was gaining fat and that the corset was so shaped and tight that I could not pack the fat on my waist which was where a guy would pack on fat, but was packing it on my hips and butt and chest and face instead, and if I could stop wearing the corset I would probably regain my old shape. And that stopping the medication might also be a good idea.

Auntie told me, "You know dear that is an interesting theory. And yes dear, I did notice that your chest seemed a bit on the flabby side for guy, but I know there is some medical term for that, and it does happen, though I did not want to mention that. But if all that you are saying is true this might be worth some money and bring back corseting. In fact I was thinking that your waist has come down such that it is actually time to put you in a tighter corset, not the time for you to stop wearing a sleep corset. And if what you say is true, we may have found a way to help woman with those unwanted bellies and small hips and small butts. I tell you what. Let's just keep up the corseting and your medication and your diet and I will start to take measurements. And if this really does feminize your figure we might come up with a marketing plan for it and we could make some money off of it. It is not like anyone other than Maria and I are going to see you, so this would be the perfect time to experiment."

Auntie then continued and again instead of putting a stop to it all she made it sound as if the feminization was what I really wanted and she did not have an issue giving me the opportunity to find my feminine self, as she was finding out she liked the new even more feminine me even more. She told me, "Not to worry dear. Do not be afraid of all this....of the new feminine you.

We are not judgmental here. You are really just so naturally feminine for this to not be the real you. And you seem to enjoy it all, the new you. After all, you are talking like a female, and you moving like a female and you are acting like a female. And you do so seem to enjoy wearing female clothing, and you do so seem to enjoy wearing makeup. And it seems all so natural to you. I know Maria has been helping you with your deportment and what not, but this is really too great a change not to be sort of natural for you. I know you don't want to admit it. However, I am sure you are really quite at ease with all of this."

And she sort of let me think about that. And it wasn't true....at least for the most part. I did after all find I liked and was turned on by wearing her clothing, but that was the limit to it. But there was really nothing more I could say without creating a worse situation for myself.

And Auntie continued, "There is no need to be embarrassed. I am thinking that we should just let this run its course while you are here. You are safe with us. There really isn't any better place for you to experiment with all of this and find your true self. And when you wife gets here or she gets us the code you can return home knowing you gave the new you enough time to find out if you want to remain the new you or not. So not to worry dear, I was just commenting on your changes. And you do look lovely. So there isn't any reason on your part to be embarrassed or feel you need to be any less feminine, ether emotionally or physically. Just stay here and enjoy your newly discovered feminine self and I am sure Maria will continue to help you in your trip of discovery."

And of course Maria then also told me not to worry, that my increased femininity was not an issue with her. And she told me, "Why Charlotte I already think of you as another woman so how feminine you become or want to become is not an issue with me. I think you are just looking lovelier and lovelier and you seem to be happier and happier the more feminine you become. I really think you need to stop worrying what others may think about you and just embrace and enjoy the new feminine you, the real you. Face it dear. This is what your wife saw in you and wanted me to help you deal with it. She would not be happy if you stopped... this experiment. You most likely will not get another chance."

And Auntie then told me, "You see dear there is nothing to worry about. You can be "all" the girl your mind and your body lets you be. It is okay with Maria and with me. We will have to see what your wife thinks about all of this. But as Maria thinks, I think your wife knew all the time how girlie you really were or needed to be. That is why she told Maria she could feminize you as much as she could. She knew that was what you really wanted and that was what you really needed; a bit of time with your feminine side. So do not worry about these changes. You look really cute. And you are safe here. And any time you like dear, just let me know and I can share my estrogens with you... that might just speed up this whole experience for you. Just let me know."

And with the mention of sharing Auntie's estrogen pills I realized not to press the issue, as things could get worse for me.

Chapter XII: Finally Speak with My Wife and NO Help -

And that was that and I finished the day knowing I was not getting out of this until my wife got me out of it.

So that night from the kitchen on my way back to my room I telephoned the wife again....and surprising enough I got through. The sleeping pills were taking a bit longer to take effect and I could actually fight the sleep off a bit and so I was able to make the call. She seemed surprised that it was me so I am not sure what was going on, that is if she was expecting someone else and answered me in error.

Anyway, I told her that she had to get me out of there, the two women, Maria and her Aunt were taking her directions to feminize me way to serious and if she didn't get me out of there she wouldn't have much of a husband but would have more of a wife... Or she had to pull back on her directions to Maria to feminize me, and let Auntie know so she would have Maria pull back...and so she too would pull back. Maria had taken the suggestion much too serious and was doing too good a job. She'd have me passing for a female, perhaps a bit on the butch side, but a female none-the-less, if my wife didn't put a stop to it. Maria and Auntie weren't listening to me, that she didn't really want me so feminized and all had gone far beyond what she had intended and that it had gotten to extreme and Auntie seemed to actually enjoy it.

First the wife apologized for not calling. She said she had not wanted to bother me during the day, as she did not want to interrupt my training with Maria, and then at night she had been just too tired and had

fallen asleep. She had one or two quick calls with Auntie to make sure I was okay and been told all was wonderful and there were not any issues. And she had been so happy I had been getting along with her Aunt that she had no thought of any need to get me home, as she thought the training...the housekeeping training was just wonderful for me.....and for her.

Then the wife said I had to be exaggerating. She told me she was sorry but, "Honey I can't get you into the house without me returning to get you in. There is an issue with the alarm company and I can't return right now, there is too much at stake with my job. I explained all that to Auntie. And Auntie tells me that you are a doll and a wonderful help and initially that a few more days was not an issue with her and then as things here got more complicated that a few more weeks wouldn't be an issue with her."

"And she told me that Maria really enjoys your company and has taken you under her wing and is teaching you everything about housekeeping and that you have a knack for it and also that you seem to enjoy it; and would make me a wonderful housekeeper husband when I got back. And she is so comfortable with you, even though you are a man, that she may even have a full time job for you once Maria let's her know your training is completed."

I told her, "Honey the housekeeping training is fine. The problem is they go me wearing nothing but your Aunt's hand me downs, only woman's clothing. And at night I sleep in a night gown.....and with a sleep corset. And it is taking inches off my waste. And I am looking like a girl!"

That didn't faze the wife. She told me, "Dear, a while in woman's clothing won't do you any harm.

You brought that on yourself and perhaps this will teach you a lesson about listening to me, when I warn you about something. Though, I can hardly believe you are really wearing a sleep corset every night, I think you exaggerate. But if you really are and if the corset shapes your waist it isn't permanent. Let my Aunt have her fun. You know you like wearing her clothing; the satin panties and the girdles, and so you just have to take the sensual clothes with the not so sensual clothes. I am sure if you give it a try for a while the sleep corset will be just fine. I think it will be best for you to keep wearing her clothes until you have your full of wearing woman's clothing. I just don't understand your fascination with my Aunt's clothing, but it is what it is and it seems harmless enough. And Auntie certainly is having her fun with this; though at your expense, she seems to enjoy it. At least she hasn't complained to me about you."

I couldn't believe she was making sound like I was the one who had wanted to wear her Aunt's gifts, the panties and the sleepwear. I tried putting the blame back on her, but she turned it around like it was all my idea and I had loved wearing the lingerie from the beginning. She told me, "Now stop that dear. I saw the reaction you had wearing panties and a girdle. It is really just so cute. And there is nothing I could have done to you to make that happen if it wasn't already there. Suggestion can't make you do something you would not have done. It just made it easier for you to do. You know you like wearing lingerie and I won't get into that discussion with you over the phone. And anyway I find you sort of cute in panties and a girdle and more so all dressed up in Auntie's things. You looked adorable. So I don't want to hear any more denials... no more of that. I don't have an issue with it.

And I think it serves you right for not having helped out more around the house.”

And I knew my old panty fetish had been the foot in the door for much of what had occurred so there was no real arguing about that, I could not make a denial sound real and besides I realized it would do no good. The wife was intent to shift the blame away from whatever she had done to me, to make it sound like it had been mostly my idea, for whatever reason, she was playing that game. And besides I needed to get her help quickly as the sleeping pill was taking affect and I was getting real sleepy.

And so I had to tell her more of the horrible truth, more of what was being done to me. And I told her, “But dear they are changing my figure, with more than the clothing. Maria got some sort of drug from a Spanish Store, that stops my male hormones from working and allows any female hormones I have to take effect, and my body has been changing. I am looking real feminine. You’ve got to get me out of here.”

And the wife asked what was happening to my body and I told her it was just too embarrassing and she told me she couldn’t help me if she did not know exactly what was happening and if I could not be honest with her.

And so I told her that I was packing on fat in all the places a woman has fat and a man does not and that I meant all the places. And then she made me elaborate and so I had to tell her I had developed hips and a larger butt and...and breasts. Again it did not seem a big deal to her. She told me that I had to be exaggerating and perhaps I was putting on some fatty tissue in places to feminize my figure, but there was no way it could be happening so quickly as to dramatically

change my figure. And besides, I could always just loose the weight; but I could not always get the type of training that Maria was giving me and the type of room and board that Auntie had provided for me while I could not get into our house.

And so finally I had to tell her about the nipple and areola development. And again that did not seem to bother her so much. She told me that it was probably more in my imagination making a minor change more dramatic that it was in actuality, due to my apprehension. I told her, "Honey you don't seem to understand. I have real nipples and areolas. I can't go around without a shirt or cover. I look like a woman there. It is embarrassing." And I told her again, "May be you didn't hear me the first time. And I also have hips and a nice butt and my face is rounding out and my lips are filling out."

She told me, "Well that areola thing can't be too good." And then she seemed to think about it, and asked, "Are you nipples sensitive." I hesitated but had to admit that they were. And then Instead of the wife being upset she thought it was wonderful. She told me, "Dear, I think this is all just adorable, I don't want you to change a thing about yourself until I get home and get to see the new you. I love you. And I am so intrigued. I really just want to come home as soon as possible and see the new you and bed you down and see what happens when I play with your nipples. You know perhaps my attraction to feminine men is a sublimation of being a bit into girls, so this should really be fun for me. We should at least give it a try. It just might be fun and put a kick in our sex lives."

And so no matter what I told her, and that was the worst of it; she didn't have issues with any of it, told

me it might just be fun and thought it would all do me good; and just wanted to get home as soon as she could to bed the new girlie me down. The fact that she didn't seem to think my physical changes were an issue was disturbing, however, that was not worth pursuing with her as it seemed to be a reason she would return home as soon as possible. And so I had figured I had accomplished at least part of what I had intended to accomplish.

Well the sleeping pill was by then really taking affect and I was having trouble staying awake, and I told her so. She told me, "Not to worry dear. You get yourself to bed, before you fall asleep in the kitchen on the telephone. Not to worry about this as it is all fine with me. I think you will look cute with small breasts. And I am not worried about you on the beach. And we can always bind them in a tight bra so they won't show. After all you are by this time use to wearing bras and I think you might like that... I mean having to wear a bra under your male clothes. Then I could keep you in panties and the girdle and a bra under your male clothes. That is if you want to go back to wearing male clothes. You seem to like wearing Auntie's clothes."

And she seemed to think about that and continued with, "Perhaps we need to get you your own female clothes. Perhaps that is the real issue here. You don't like wearing Auntie's things, they are too old fashioned and just want your own woman's clothing. But we can figure that all out when I get back. But if you are worried I'll ask Auntie discretely how you are doing and see if I can get all of this out of her and then at least I can get an impartial view of these changes and put the brakes on all of this if it really is as bad as you think. Give me a few days before I call her, in case she

picks up on your phone call to me. I don't need her angry at you. Though if I get the feeling she won't want you to stay if I get too insistent, then I will have to pull back on that aspect; otherwise you'll be out on the street, and dressed in whatever you are wearing when she loses it. You haven't seen it, but she can have a temper."

She gave me a kiss and told me to get to bed and I didn't have much of a choice. And I was happy she had implied she was returning soon to get me out of there. But I didn't realize it was intentionally implied as she had no intention of returning early. My wife liked the idea of a thoroughly feminized me, a thoroughly feminized husband, a husband with breasts and wearing only woman's clothing; and if anything after that conversation she was going to delay her return to give Maria and Auntie even more time to fully feminize me and allow for the figure changes that would make things more permanent or at least more difficult for me to reverse.

Well the feminization of Charlotte just has to continue and can be enjoyed in book III. Charlotte meets Auntie's friends, when she/he becomes Auntie's tennis partner, filling in for her injured partner, and playing in a lovely pink tennis outfit. Charlotte is then befriended by Auntie's business associate Marge and Charlotte helps out Marge by filling in as her maid, and as her tennis partner to be; whom Marge feels for that plot to work requires some further feminization at one of her spas. And that is where Charlotte finds her/himself even further feminized and how much

feminization will be surprising. Afterwards, he winds up as Marge's maid in dresses, and her tennis partner. Upon the wife's return instead of rescue he finds she is happy with his transformation and beds him down as her she-male lover. Finally Marge enrolls him at the local two years girl's college learning a trade which allows him to become Auntie's maid, secretary, and companion with leeway that allows him to be with his wife to meet her needs. And Charlotte just has to make the best of it, as there is absolutely no chance for an escape. Charles will be Charlotte for the foreseeable future.

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