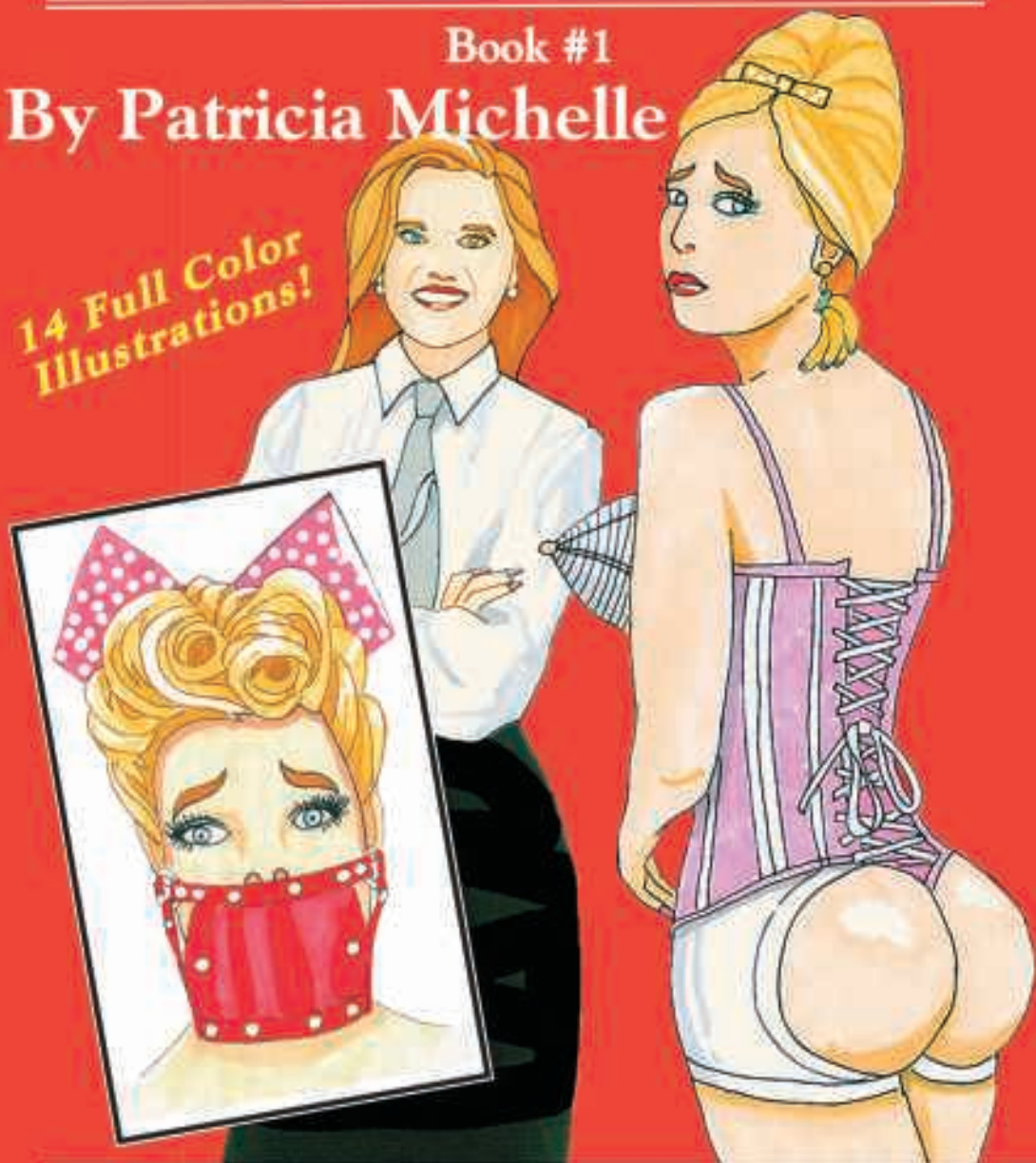


The Perfect Wife

Book #1

By Patricia Michelle

14 Full Color
Illustrations!





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The Perfect Wife

Book One

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter -1 A proposal he couldn't resist.

Unfortunately, I learned of my husband's secret fantasy after we were married. What he finally confessed was that when I was away on business he loved dressing up as a woman. I was flabbergasted and angry.

Discussing it with best friend, Pam, she said, "Give him a real fill of it. Insist that if he wanted to dress and act like a woman he had to do it full time."

Well, I thought about it and frankly didn't know what to do, really. But an invitation to neighbors down the street to a dinner party gave me an idea. Bob and Betsy Sue had the type of marriage I couldn't ever conceive of having. They

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were strict fundamentalists. Meaning the husband was the lord and master in all things. Betsy Sue was expected to be totally submissive and subservient to him. He made all the decisions large and small down to telling her what she was to do each day and what she was to wear. He expected her to be perfectly made up and immaculately dressed in the frilliest of clothes that I wouldn't be caught dead wearing.

I hated the way she blindly obeyed him and how he referred to her as, "The little woman."

In front of guests he was always criticizing her and all she would do was to hang her head, curtsy, of all things, and say, "Yes Dearest, you're right."

When we got home I sat John down and said, "This addiction you have for dressing up we have to confront. When I'm gone you dress up like a woman, then when I come home you're back dressing as a man. So what I've decided is to give you an opportunity to fulfill your fantasy. I'm going to give you the opportunity to live and dress full time like a woman for the next year. What do you say?" I asked.

"R-Really, I can't believe how understanding you're being. Of course, I'd love to," He said, really excited. Well, I thought, hopefully that wouldn't last long.

Lying through my teeth I said, "I've always admired the marriage Bob and Betsy Sue have. Don't you love how she dresses, always so feminine, her hair and makeup always so perfect."

"Well yes I think she dresses very nice and her makeup and hair always does look perfect," he agreed.

"So here's your opportunity to dress just like her, want to take it?" I asked.

"For a whole year I'll be like your wife and you'd be the husband? Sure I'd love to give it a try," He said, trying to hide his excitement.

"Just a word of caution. They're religious and are strictly fundamentalist. They believe the husband is the lord and master of the house in all things. He makes all the decisions however minor and it's Betsy Sue's duty to be submissive and totally obedient to Bob. Whatever he decides she must agree with as the husband always knows best. Betsy Sue is never expected to question, con-

tradict or debate any decision he makes. Which will be my role as your husband. Yours will be to devote yourself completely to your husband and to his wishes. I will decide what you will do, how you will act and even how you will dress. I will expect you to conduct yourself in a totally feminine manner at all times. To be impeccably made up and immaculately dressed from morning till night. I just want to be clear on these points,” I declared, setting the ground rules as a test.

“You’ll decide what I’m going to wear?” was all he was concerned about. I couldn’t believe it.

Chapter -2 No time like right now.

“When do we, ah, start?” He asked, not able to hide his excitement.

“We’ll start right now. Here’s some boxes. I want you to put every stitch of men’s clothing, shoes, socks, underwear in them. After which you’ll dress in what I lay out for you. Then seal them and I’ll take them to storage. You won’t need them for the next year,” I said, curious to see if he’d actually do it. I hoped he won’t, but he did, putting all the boxes in my SUV.

Although he was obviously self-conscious being seen outside wearing a pair of my old pink jeans, which he couldn’t zip up, a white tank top with ‘Princess’ in pink sequins on the front, that was much too small for him, and white, open toed sandals with three inch heels, that he walked all too naturally in, well, that I grinned to myself, was about to change.

When he complained that the jeans and top were too small I said, “Not to worry, you’ll be going on a strict diet and figure training until you look like the woman you’re going to become.”

“Now this will be a test of your commitment. These are papers for you to sign. Then put all the money you have in my name. All our joint accounts you’ll transfer to me, and you’re going to cancel all your credit cards. I had a long talk with Bob about their marriage. In it all the finances are in his name. If Betsy Sue needs money Bob provides it, but only if he agrees with why she needs it.

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She also gets a weekly allowance and a budget for household needs and grocery shopping,” I said, again hoping this would be a stopper for him.

I couldn’t believe it but he actually signed all the papers, albeit with a noticeable gulp. He was now virtually penniless.

“Now then you’ll need a women’s name, of course. Do you have one in mind?” I asked.

“Well, I always thought of myself as a, “Melissa,” He said.

“Oh my no, that’s hardly feminine enough. The name I’ve picked for you is Sophie Jane Johnson, my mother’s maiden name. Do you like it?” I asked.

“Sorta, I-I’m sure I’ll get used to it,” He said uncertainly.

“Excellent. So all you need to do is sign this legal name change,” I said, surely he wouldn’t sign that I thought.

“Y-You want me to legally change my name? Why do I need to do that?” He asked.

“So that you can get a driver’s license dummy. Unless you’d like to go a whole year stuck in the house. At the end of the year we’ll simply change it back,” I said, smirking as he signed.

“Now what do we do?”

“Tomorrow you have an appointment with Janet, my beautician, for a total make over. Body wax, make up, hair, pierced ears, glamour nail. And don’t worry I’ve told her all about our experiment and she’s very understanding. When she finishes she promises you’ll fool even your best friends,” I said, giggling to myself. If he only knew.

“It, It sounds exciting,” He said, barely able to contain himself.

“She’s really going to make me up like a real woman?” He asked.

“Oh absolutely. Janet promises a complete make over head to toe,” I assured him, chuckling to myself, I couldn’t wait to get him in Janet’s hands.

Chapter -3 Head to toe.

When we arrived the next day Janet had “her” disrobe and put on the frilliest, shortest, little smock sans panties and sit in her chair.

She winked at me and said, “Sophie Jane will be here all day for her complete make over. Why don’t you come by around four and we’ll attach her final item?”

When Sophie Jane a bit nervously asked what all Janet was going to do, she said, “We’ll start with an avocado mudpack which will have a mild defoliant to help retard your facial hair. While that’s working Jill will be giving you an ears to toes body waxing. After which Diane will be doing your nails and toes. Monica will be piercing your ears and Marie will be doing your hair, then I’ll do your make-up and then we’ll put your breasts on.”

“P-Put my breasts on?”

“Of course. You’re going to be a woman so naturally you’ll need breasts. You’ll fall in love with the ones Grace has picked out, you’ll see,” She said, barely able to hold back a chuckle.

Sophie Jane spent hours in the chair being worked on having no idea what she’d end up looking like.

Janet took special pleasure gluing on her overly large d-cup breasts. Rather than mellon shaped hey were quite firm jutting up and out. Sophie Jane with her head back had no idea what her new breasts looked like.

Chapter -4 All made up, head to toe.

Hours later when she was finally turned to a mirror and saw herself she couldn’t believe she was actually looking at herself. Her brown hair, with extensions permanently weaved in now came down to her shoulders, was now a luscious, honey blonde styled in a dated 50’s styled flip pageboy with a pink bow on top. Her bushy brows had been dramatically thinned and arched. Huge, curled eyelashes had been added as well as eyeliner, heavy mascara and bright,

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blue eyeshadow. Her lips had been made much fuller and pouty with the shiniest red lips. That matched her toes and nails which now extended by three-quarters of an inch past her finger tips.

"I-I look so different," was all she could say staring at her new self.

"Of course, you're the woman you always dreamed of, well almost," Janet said, giggling to herself.

"My breasts a-and nipples are awfully large," She commented.

"Yes, Grace thought they'd really make you feel all woman," She said, which was about when I arrived and gushed about how fabulous she looked.

Chapter -5 One last thing to make you all woman.

"Just one last thing. Put your feet into these stirrups, Sophie Jane," Janet said, and when she did strapped her feet in and spreading her legs out as far as they would go.

"Now the final addition to make you all woman, a pussy," I proclaimed.

"What? How can you give me a pussy?" she asked in alarm.

"All women have a pussy. And as you'll be my wife you'll have a pretend pussy and as your husband I'll have a pretend cock," I stated.

What I had found on the internet was something called an Instant Pussy. What a lot of female impersonators wore, some more or less all the time. It took a bit of figuring out to get it on Sophie Jane. First we inserted her dick into a tube fixed to the inside. The entire tube was lined with stiff, rubber nubs. Next we peeled off the adhesive backing and pressed it on, hard. The instructions said that the harder and longer you pressed the longer it would stay on. It warned not to press more than two minutes as it would be almost impossible to get off. So we pressed for five minutes. Once on, with the curly blonde bush, it looked absolutely real.

Chapter -6 Now let's get you dressed.

"Well, Sophie Jane you now have a pussy. Now let's get you dressed, starting with a corset," I said.

"A c-corset, you want me to wear a corset? She asked, obviously not liking the thought.

"You hardly have a womanly figure. This at least will start to give you one," I stated as Janet and I gleefully started tightening the laces on the hour glass corset. Eventually getting her twenty-nine inch waist laced down four inches.

"It-It's really awfully tight," She gasped.

"Don't be such a baby. Of course it fits tightly, a corset is meant to. Even with this modest tightening you hardly have a girlish figure and you look way too overweight. Which is why you'll immediately start on a diet. Now your bra, which I'm sure you know how to put on," I said, as Janet and I giggled silently to each other. For her bra was an old fashioned, fiftie's stiffly underwired bra forcing her tits up and out dramatically exaggerating them.

Chapter -7 All dressed up

The dress we put her in had an all too tight, pink sleeveless top that really made her torpedo tits stick out. The wide, white patent leather belt showed off her barely girlish figure. The just over her knees, swirling, taffeta skirt was floral patterned which we made even more ridiculous by adding no less than three petticoats, all hemmed four inches below the skirt's hem.

On her feet we put pink, four inch high heeled, sling backs with flowers on each toe.

An inch higher than I know she'd ever worn before.

For finishing touches we added pearl, dew drop, dangling earrings, a pearl necklace, tight elbow length white gloves and gold bracelets on each wrist.

She couldn't help admiring herself totally unaware of just how ridiculously out of fashion she looked. A perfect throwback to the 50's. Actually she almost looked just like Betsy Sue.

Chapter -8 Out to dinner.

Standing side by side there couldn't be a greater difference. When I'd returned it was obvious Sophie Jane was surprised by my new look. Naturally as the husband I wore pants with a smartly tailored black suit and I'd had my hair cut short in an almost mannish bob. The only concession were the four inch heels I wore. At five-foot-nine inches and in heels I towered over Sophie Jane.

"Well, let's go," I said and when she asked where I told her we were going out to dinner to celebrate.

"Out? I-I've never been out in public before," She said nervously.

"Trust me, nobody will ever think that you don't look all woman," I said, hiding my giggle.

As we walked thru the elegant restaurant I was aware of all the stares we were getting, or rather that Sophie Jane was getting. From the women gasps and titters at how out of fashioned she looked. From the men, well they couldn't take their eyes off her thrust out tits.

During dinner I kept up a constant stream of kindly criticism. Starting with ordering, which she tried to do.

"Now, now Sophie Jane the husband always orders for the wife," I said, ordering a steak for me and a salad for her.

"Let's keep your knees together Sophie Jane, you won't want to be showing all the men your panties, do you, do try to keep your ankles daintily crossed and for goodness sake stop slouching, shoulder back and sit up straight in your seat," I instructed, ensuring that her tits stood straight out.

"You need to speak more softly and raise your voice, more like a girlish squeak. And as you've finished your salad it's time to check your makeup. Pow-

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der your nose, freshen your lipstick, and check your hair. All things women do all the time,” I told her.

“This is more nerve wracking than I imagined. A lot to remember,” She admitted.

“Now don’t worry I’ve signed you up for a class that will teach you precisely how to act and look at all times. Bob had Betsy Sue take it and he highly recommends it for newly married brides which you’ll pretend to be. In a sense you are a new bride, aren’t you?” I said, gloating to myself.

Chapter -9 Poor Sophie Jane she had no idea what she was in for.

Bob had been much more descriptive in referring to the class taught by Anita Morgan. “She trains them in their expected behavior towards their husbands. Training new wives precisely how to stand, sit and walk. Conditions them to be submissive at all times. Structures their daily lives and activities. Teaches them what they are allowed to do and most importantly what they’re not allowed to do. Here’s her number, your friend might give her a call,” He said, referring to a non-existent male friend I said was getting married.

So using my most masculine voice I called the woman. Explaining that my new wife would like to join her class in the morning. When she asked if I had any particular concerns I said, “ Well, I’m afraid Sophie Jane is a bit overweight, I prefer my women more on the dainty side with a very alluring figure. I have her in a corset but it’s not much improvement. Also, and I hate to sound vulgar, but there’s nothing I like better on a woman than a nice ass, and I’m afraid she’s sadly lacking in that area.”

“Yes, many husbands do prefer a fine ass or a well endowed set of tits.”

“Oh Sophie Jane’s tits are quite ample,” I said, grinning to myself.

Chapter -10 Sophie Jane's first night as a woman.

When we got home I presented her with the shortest, see thru. pink nightie that didn't even cover her matching panties and a pair of pink mules with four inch heels and powder puffs on each toe.

I was dressed in a white man's t-shirt and boxer shorts.

Once in bed I'm afraid I shocked her when I said, "It's time to do your wifely duties and suck my dick, Sophie Jane."

"S-Suck y-y-your dick, b-but you don't have one," She protested.

"You have a pretend pussy, my pussy is now a pretend cock. So start licking and sucking my dick unless you want to suck and lick a real one," I threatened in a suddenly stern voice that obviously left her wondering if I was serious or not.

Going down on me had never been one of his favorite things which is why I so enjoyed her efforts. So I decided to add an incentive. I started stroking her pussy. She gasped in total surprise. In less than a minute I had her moaning and wriggling, urging my fingers on when I suddenly stopped.

"You're forgetting your wifely duties, if you want me to play with your pussy you'd better try harder to please me." I said.

Well that did it, she redoubled her efforts and in turn I rewarded her with a thundering orgasm.

"Did you enjoy your first orgasm?" I asked.

Still gasping she said, "Oh God, I don't believe it, but y-yes."

"Well, you'd better get a lot better pleasing your husband if you want another," I warned.

Chapter -11 Boot camp for new wives and Ms. Morgan.

Early the next morning I drove her to Ms. Morgan's class for new brides. I was surprised that it was only two blocks from Janet's salon. At the top of a

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steep set of stairs we entered a large, mostly bare room with just a desk and four chairs. There were two other nervous looking new brides there. And turning to where they were looking I understood their nervousness.

Anita Morgan was a most intimidating sight. Well over six feet in her heels she was dressed most severely with a stern, forbidding look on her face. But I'm sure it was the wicked looking wooden cane she held in one hand that their eyes were fixed on.

I introduced myself as a friend of Sophie Jane's pretend husband. Saying that he was out of town on business and I had agreed to bring her as she didn't know how to drive.

"Get over to the other girls and line up," She ordered Sophie Jane.

Chapter -12 Close inspection.

"My name is Ms. Morgan. You have been sent here by your husbands to become model wives for them. I will train and condition you to be two things. Totally submissive to your husbands and instantly obedient to anything he tells you or tells you to do.

"Now strip down to your panties and bras so that my assistant, Ms. Green, and I can inspect you. Now!" she shouted, slapping the cane with a crack on the desk.

In no time she had three terrified new brides standing in only their bras and panties.

"Hands at your sides. Don't move as we inspect you. Look straight ahead," She ordered.

Too scared to move a muscle they were pinched and prodded with her assistant taking notes on each new bride's deficiencies and assets.

When she got to Sophie Jane she said, "Well this one's face is moderately attractive, nice lips and eyes although to bring them out put down longer lashes, more mascara and eyeshadow. Hair is acceptable. On the plus side are her tits.

On the negative side she's grossly overweight. How tall are you girl and what do you weigh?" She asked.

"I-I'm five foot four inches, a-and I weigh 136, M-Ms. Morgan," She stammered.

"Diane, consult your chart, what should she weigh?"

"According to my chart she shouldn't weigh more than 106." She assistant said.

"You will inform your husband that you're to lose thirty pounds as fast as possible so you don't embarrass him by presenting a chubby wife to his friends," She demanded.

"T-Thirty pounds?" Sophie Jane couldn't help blurting out in shock. And received another when her ear was sharply pinched by Ms. Morgan's sharp claws.

"Are you questioning me girl?" She shouted.

"Ouch, ouch, n-no Ms. Morgan," she swore.

"Then if I say you won't lose thirty pounds but thirty-two what do you say?" She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes Ms. Morgan, I'll lose thirty-two pounds."

"Say your name when you answer," She ordered.

"Yes, Ms. Morgan, Sophie Jane will lose thirty-two pounds."

"Diane when we dress them put this one in a special weight loss corset. Now what does your husband have you corseted to?" she wanted to know.

"F-four inches, Ms. Morgan," Sophie Jane answered.

"When you corset her lace her down five inches. You have the most pathetic excuse for a figure I swear I've ever seen. Diane, what does the chart say her figure should be?" she asked.

"For her weight and frame no more than twenty-one inches."

"T-Twenty-one..."

"Yes, Sophie Jane, were you about to protest?" Ms. Morgan asked.

"Oh no, Ms. Morgan," She replied fearfully.

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“Well then, there’s the matter of your ass. This,” She said, pinching it in several places, “has to be the sorriest excuse for a woman’s ass I swear I’ve ever seen. Diane put this one in a cheek enhancer.”

Addressing them all she said, “My assistant will take you one at a time and dress you as a proper wife should be for her husband. Start with this one, what’s your name girl?”

“It, It’s Nancy Ann, Ms. Morgan.”

“You’re first,” She ordered, then turning to me said, “First thing put her hair in a more appropriate style. How she has it is not a style suitable for a perfect wife.

Chapter -13 OMG this is more suitable?

So I was taken to a room that looked like a miniature beauty salon. Put in a chair I had a cape wrapped around my neck. She then proceeded to put dozens of curlers of all sizes in my hair, rolled so tightly my head hurt. Then some evil smelling solution was poured over my hair and I was put under a dryer. Forty minutes later she spent the longest time brushing and pinning it, then used a heavy dose of hairspray on it.

Before she let me see myself she picked up a set of earrings that I missed seeing and put them on my ears.

“Perfectly suitable for your new hairdo,” She said, chuckling to herself.

Then she turned me to the mirror.

I froze, horrified. Oh my God my hair was in the most outdated beehive hairdo that women hadn’t been seen wearing since the 50’s, if even then. Almost as bad were the bright yellow, banana earrings that dangled down nearly to my shoulders.

With a smirk she said, “Now this is a style more appropriate for a perfect wife, isn’t it, Sophie Jane?” She asked.

How could I possibly agree? If I ever went out in public with my hair in a beehive every woman would take one look at me and laugh themselves silly.



“I said don’t you agree this is the perfect style for a perfect wife, Sophie Jane? She demanded to know.

“Oh, y-yes, Ms. Green,” I said quickly.

“I’m so glad as tomorrow you’ll learn how to do it yourself,” She said.

There I was with a vintage beehive hairdo while her hair was in a stylish bob.

I was sure from the chuckle in her voice that she had to be laughing at me and my ridiculous hairdo.

Chapter -14 Sophie Jane’s new corset and cheek enhancer.

When it came time for Sophie Jane the first thing her assistant did was to remove her corset, and then everything else.

“We’ll start with your cheek enhancer,” She said, producing what at first appeared to be a skin colored, crotchless panty with cutouts in back. It stretched to a certain degree, but not much. Sophie Jane gasped at it’s tightness as it was worked up her legs.

“Now reach behind you, grasp both cheeks and push them as high up and as apart as you can. No higher and further apart. Yes, now hold them there,” She ordered, snapping the garment in place. When she let go her cheeks stayed exactly where they were.

“Congratulations, your ass just got three inches bigger. Your cheek expander is made of breathable spandex so there’s no need for it to ever be removed. In any case it would take two people to remove it,” Diane grinned at Sophie Jane’s look of disbelief.

“Now for your corset,” She said, which I really wasn’t looking forward to. However this one didn’t look any different from the one I’d been wearing. Boy, was I wrong.

Ordered to grab hold of a ring high above me on a post she said, “This is a special weight reducing corset for chubby wives. It’s made of heaviest rubber to help you shed your baby fat. Being rubber once laced into it can be worn for



three, sometimes four days without having to remove it. It also has steel stays to help improve your poor posture.”

I felt it tighten to about where my previous one had been laced. But to my alarm she kept tightening it.

Not able to help myself I desperately said, “Oh please Ms. Green it’s, it’s too tight!”

In response I felt my ear painfully twisted.

“Are you arguing with me?” she demanded to know.

“Oh no, Ms. Green.”

“I have instructions to tighten your laces to five inches, and even then you’ll hardly have an attractive figure, well don’t you agree?”

“Y-Yes Ms. Green, I agree my figure (gasp, gasp) is not very attractive,” I was forced to agree.

“Apparently you’re not very bright. The correct response is, ‘Yes, Ms. Green, Sophie Jane agrees her figure isn’t attractive, it’s deplorable,’ now repeat it,” She demanded. Which I did, although I found it humiliating to be made to refer to myself in the third person. As if I was some no class person, like a maid.

“I’ve tied a special know in back. If you’re caught tampering with it your corset will be tightened two inches,” She warned, then triumphantly said, “There your corset has added another inch to your ass. You’ve gone from an almost flat, mannish thirty-two inch ass to a barely acceptable thirty-six inch ass. Even at that I’m sure your husband will be disappointed.”

I wanted to protest and shout, “That’s because I’m a man for god’s sake,” but, of course, I couldn’t.

After that came the most horrible bra. She called it a torpedo or bullet bra. It made my breasts stick out in the most exaggerated display. And my nipples as well as the tips were cut out so that they poked through.

She then led me, dressed only in the God awful too tight corset, cheek enhancer, torpedo bra, stockings and heels, to what she called The Wardrobe Room, where Ms. Morgan and a lady that looked more like a battle axe observed me distastefully.

Chapter -15 Sophie Jane all dressed up.

Under her direction I was made to dress myself. First came the tightest panties that barely covered half my ass. Then I had to roll up seamed stockings and attach them to the four suspenders dangling from each leg. "Make certain each suspender is the exact length and that your seams are, at all times, perfectly straight. We will instruct your husband to check them throughout the day," She warned.

Then came a mound of three, ultra full petticoats falling just below the knees, followed by a sleeveless, halter style, floral dress that put my tits brazenly thrust forward on display. Around the waist went the frilliest apron I'd ever seen and ordered to tie a perfect bow in back with her warning that my husband was to, throughout the day, check to ensure that it remained perfectly tied and knotted.

After that came my shoes, and one look at them and I almost but thankfully, didn't utter a word of protest as I forced my feet not into the already too high four inch heels, but into shoes with five inch heels! Across the instep were ribbons that I was told to tie into perfect bow. Then she handed me a large silver jingle bell and told me to attach it to the tip of my heels.

"You'll put bells on all your shoes. It'll help your husband know where you are at all times and if you're doing your chores of slacking off," She informed me.

Then I wobbled fearful of not just walking, but even just standing in them over to a vanity table. As I did, in disbelief, she said, "It'll take you a bit to get accustomed to a low heel."

Low heels, she considered these low heels! Surely she was kidding.

What I hated, almost more humiliating than everything else was every time I took a step the bells of my shoes jingled.

Chapter -16 What the hell is a Naughty Wife mark?

Gratefully I sat on the bench, that is until I felt the crushing effects of the corset, but at least I was off my feet.

The girl then instructed me in how to put my hair up in a high ponytail secured again with a demanded perfectly tied bow. She demanded I brush my hair to the point where it hurt until not a single hair was out of place.

Warning, of course, “Your husband will inspect your hair and if a single hair is out of place you’ll be given a Naughty Wife mark for poor appearance.

What the hell was a Naughty Wife mark, I wanted to ask, but I was quickly learning that asking questions could garner painful consequences.

I should have been thrilled at how I looked and was dressed. So feminine, just like Betsy Sue. But I was anything but. The corset took the breath out of me so I could only take little, gasping breaths. The pointed toed, five inch heels crushed my poor toes and each fearful step I took left me fearful of tripping stumbling or even falling and breaking an ankle.

Chapter -17 Learning to curtsy.

After putting my hair in a ridiculously outdated style that belonged in the 50’s I wobbled out to where the other two new brides stood dressed identically to me.

“First, you will how to stand. Toes and heels together, hands folded in front of you, heads bowed, eyes fixed on the tips of your shoes like proper submissive wives. Now you’ll learn how to curtsy. Grasp your skirts daintily using only your thumbs and forefingers. As you curtsy you will place your left foot precisely behind the right. As you curtsy you will raise your skirts up till the tops of your stockings are visible so your husband and his guests can admire your legs. As you raise your skirts you will also raise your left heel until it is precisely perpendicular to the floor with your right leg bent at a forty-five degree angle. At all times keeping your head bowed. You will now practice,” She instructed.



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So we practiced and practiced until my legs felt like jelly. But that wasn't the worst of it. Singling me out she asked, "You, with the big tits. When you curtsy I want you to lean forward as if presenting your tits to whoever you're curtsying to."

That was something I didn't want to do. How humiliating, but I did as I was told.

What she said next was just as bad. "When you speak to your husband you will curtsy before and after you speak. You will curtsy whenever your husband tells you to do anything. You will curtsy before you enter and before you leave any room your husband or guests are in. You will curtsy to your husband or his guests any time he, or they, enters or leaves a room you are in. You will also stop and curtsy to your husband whenever you walk past him."

My god, how humiliating. I couldn't imagine any woman, except Betsy Sue who curtsied seemingly all the time, which I thought rather odd. Now I knew why.

Chapter -18 Learning how to sit & bend?

"Now then when you sit you will do so demurely on the edge of your seats, shoulders back so your tits are thrust forward, hands folded in your lap with ankles crossed under your seat. Head bowed, eyes fixed on your lap, skirts and petticoats neatly and evenly arranged about you," She barked. So we sat and sat and sat until she was satisfied we knew how to sit.

"Now you'll learn how to bend," She declared. Bend, any idiot knows how to bend, or so I thought.

"Heels together, now bend only from your waist. Notice as you bend over your petticoats will stick nearly straight up. You'll keep them heavily starched for just that reason. So that when you bend over your husband will get an inviting view of your asses and legs. Which you will endeavor to display for your husband's pleasure at every opportunity," She stated. Apparently I didn't know how to bend.

So now I was sitting sticking out my breasts and bending to show off my ass and legs, Christ, what next?

Chapter -19 Learning the difference between being disciplined and punished.

“Now before you learn how a perfect wife walks properly I want to hear from each of you how your husband disciplines and punishes you,” She said, which so shocked me that I was certain it had to be a trick question.

“We’ll start with you Nancy Ann. What instrument and position does your husband use when he finds it necessary to discipline you?” She asked.

“When I’ve been a naughty wife and I need to be disciplined I must bend over, pull my panties down and hold onto my ankles. Then he spansks me with a yardstick or sometimes his shoe,” She said.

“And when he’s forced to punish you?” She asked.

“When I’ve been a bad wife I must bend over a chair with my panties down. Then I’m spanked with a paddle,” She said, which I still couldn’t believe. What woman would ever voluntarily let her husband do that in this day and age.

“And after you’ve been disciplined or punished what must you do?” She asked.

“I must remain in position and as sincerely as possible apologize for being a naughty or bad wife and truthfully admit that I deserved to be disciplined or punished and state why,” She said.

When she turned to Pamela Lynn she said her husband used a hairbrush to discipline her and a cane to punish her.

Then she came to me.

“I-I haven’t been, ah, disciplined or punished yet, Ms. Morgan,” I said honestly.

“You haven’t? Oh yes, you’ve just been married two weeks and most of that time your husband has been out of town. Well, I’ll discuss it with the woman he’s left in charge of you. Very well, let’s go on to your walk.”

Chapter -20 How a perfect wife walks.

“All of you walk across the room and back until I tell you to stop,” She ordered.

“Well Pamela Lynn that wasn’t too bad, at least you have some gracefulness to you. But you two, Nancy Ann you walk like a cow, and you,” She said, pointing to me, “the clumsiest, most ungraceful walk I think I’ve ever seen. Look at you wobble even in low heels, I swear you walk more like a man in heels.”

Well, no shit dick Tracy, that’s because I am a man.

Turning to her assistant she said, “These two will need to be hobbled. Put gait trainers on both of them.”

I had no idea what she was talking about, but I stood as ordered. Bewildered I watched as she wrapped slim, steel cuff around one ankle and heard a click. Then she slid one foot forward until using a ruler my feet were four inches apart. She adjusted a cable to that length that was attached to the cuff around my one leg to that length and then fastened another steel cuff around my other ankle and then heard another click.

“Your gait trainers will teach you to take dainty, mincing steps that all perfect wives learn to. Once you’ve adjusted your gait trainers will be shortened to three inches, then to two inches. Which we’ve determined is the proper wifely gait you will eventually be trained to,” She declared.

Two inches! I was to be trained to take steps no longer than two inches, that’s totally preposterous, or so I thought until she added, “To ensure that you are quickly trained your gait trainers are locked on. Not to be taken off until you’ve been trained to a proper gait. Until then my assistant will hold the keys,” We were told. What was she saying, that I’d be wearing these damn things 24/7? No wonder Betsy Sue walked took such mincing, feminine steps. I thought it had been the towering heels she always wore.



Chapter -21 Practice makes perfect.

“Now when you walk you are to hold you arms straight out at precise forty-five degree angle. Fingers together and parallel to the floor. Shoulders back, tits thrust forward,” she ordered, then led up over to three boards that ran the length of the room that we were ordered to stand on.

“You’ll start your training on these two by fours. As you walk you will place one foot exactly in front of the other. Once you’ve learned to walk on these they’ll be replaced with ones that will be three inches wide and then to two inches. Books on their head now, please Diane,” She instructed, and to my disbelief two of the heaviest books were placed on top of my head.

“When I tell you to start walking you will do so five times up and back. Each time your arms are not precisely angled, your shoulders are not back or I see your tits are not thrust forward as much as I know you could you’ll receive a naughty wife mark. Each time you stumble, trip or hesitate between steps you’ll receive two naughty wife marks. Each time a foot carelessly falls off your board you’ll receive three naughty wife marks and four each time you allow a book to fall. Very well, start walking,” She demanded.

I tried to remember everything she’d ordered us to do, but it was just impossible. I stumbled, tripped, one foot and then the other falling off the board and the books just kept falling. The hardest was remembering to take tiny steps. Every time I forgot my feet were yanked. All this in heels higher than I’d ever worn.

When we finally had made the required five trips I was a nervous wreck.

Ms. Morgan had her assistant tally up our mistakes and naturally I was the worst, I’d made thirty-five.

“You will now do it again, but with an incentive to improve. The one with the most mistakes will be disciplined by my assistant by being spanked that many times,” She declared.

Well I concentrated as hard as I could, but in the end I still had the most marks, twenty-seven.

Chapter –22 Sophie Jane's first spanking.

“Hold your hands straight out, palms up,” She ordered.

“This is for not keeping your arms at the right angles,” She said, spanking my hands as hard as she could. Oh, my poor hands, it really hurt!

“And these are for not keeping your fingers together and your palms parallel to the floor,” She said, spanking them even more.

“Now bend over, and grab your ankles,” She barked.

“These are for allowing your book to fall,” She said, giving my bottom, I don't know, at least fifteen spanks. Each hurt more than the previous one.

Oh my God, please tell me it's over!

“And these are for not keeping your feet on the board,” She declared, but rather than spanking my poor behind she spanked the backs of my legs. I think those actually hurt worse, but, sadly I was mistaken. For next she spanked the backs of my calves for not putting each foot precisely in front of the other.

Thankfully it was finally over. But not really.

For she said, “So you'll do it again only with a refinement putting a chair at each end that you'll sit on for ten seconds. Remember to curtsy to the chair before you sit and after you stand. Make sure you're only sitting on the very edge of the chairs. Shoulders back, elbows in, hands folded in your laps, ankles crossed, your tits thrust forward, heads bowed, skirts perfectly even on either side.”

I couldn't believe we were actually expected to curtsy and sit without letting the books on our head to fall. But that's exactly what she expected. And once again I was the worst. Not only was my already hurting bottom spanked, but I was spanked for my poor curtsies, and even for not sitting with my shoulders back and for not having my tits thrust forward enough, and even for not perfectly arranging my skirts.

God I hated her, I really did.

Chapter -23 The Golden Rules.

After that horrible and painful experience we were led into a classroom and ordered to sit at three old fashioned school desks. Which I did grateful to be off my poor feet.

“On your desks you’ll see a notebook titled, ‘A Perfect Wife’s Golden Rules.’ When I tell you a rule you will write it down following the script alphabet in front of you. You will use a pink pen. All ‘i’s’ will be dotted with a red pen by drawing a heart. You’ll end each sentence by drawing a red star as a period. When you have written a rule raise your hand, stand, curtsy, say your name and then say, ‘Ms. Morgan, say your name, then repeat the rule you have just learned. Then curtsy and sit. Oh yes, the one with the worst handwriting will have their hands spanked,” She said.

“Golden Rule Number one. ‘As a perfect wife I must devote myself solely to the needs and wants of my husband, never my own.”

“Golden Rule Number Two. ‘A perfect wife is an obedient wife. She immediately does as she’s told without the slightest hesitation.”

“Golden Rule Number Three. ‘Whatever my husband says he is always right. He is never wrong. If he says the moon is green then you will agree that the moon is indeed green.”

“Golden Rule Number Four. ‘As a perfect wife I will never dare argue with, contradict or question anything my husband says or tells me to do.”

“Golden Rule Number Five. ‘When I have been a naughty or bad wife I expect my husband to discipline or punish me in any manner he chooses.”

This, I thought, is getting down right sadistic.

“Golden Rule Number Six. ‘A perfect wife must at all times appear perfectly groomed, made up and dressed at all times.”

“Those are your Golden Rules. For homework you will write each twenty=five times and have them memorized word for word. Tomorrow you’ll be tested. The one who gets the most words wrong will be spanked five times for each incorrect word and any word left out,” She instructed.

Chapter -24 Speech for the Perfect Wife.

“Turn the page and at the top write, ‘Speech for the Perfect Wife and when she is allowed to speak,’ she ordered.

She had to be kidding. When I’m allowed to speak?

“Now write Rule Number 1. ‘I will always address my husband as, ‘dearest.’”

“Rule Number Two. “When only my husband is present I may speak freely as long as I preface my speaking by curtsying and saying, ‘Please dearest may I say...”

“Rule Number Three. ‘When in the presence of guests I may not speak to men, unless they speak to me first.”

“Rule Number Four. ‘I may speak freely to other wives.”

“Rule Number Five. ‘If a man asks my opinion on any subject I will defer to my husband as his is the only opinion that matters.”

“ Now regarding your tone of voice.”

“Rule Number One. ‘I will always speak in a submissive tone of voice, barely above a whisper.”

“Rule Number Two. ‘I will never allow my voice to sound angry, upset, annoyed, sullen or pouty.”

“Rule Number Three. ‘I will smile at all times and appear excited with anything my husband says or tells me to do.”

“Rule Number Four. ‘I will never raise my voice at any time.”

“You will write all the rules twenty-five times and have them memorized word for word by tomorrow. The one who does the worst will have their mouths soaped and perfumed,” She dictated.

Surely she didn’t mean to have our mouths washed out like children had when they were bad.

Chapter -25 The Perfect Wife is a ‘Stay In Home’ wife.

“Now turning to the next page title it, ‘The Perfect Wife is a Stay In Home Wife.’ Which I will explain. Many wives consider themselves, ‘Stay at Home Wives.’ As your days will be consumed with household chores, home making and cooking there’s really no reason for you to be outside unless absolutely necessary. You may ask your husband for permission to go outside by stating why find it necessary to go outside, where you are going and how long you will be gone. Write down these instances in which you are permitted to be out of the house.

As a Perfect Wife I am allowed out of the house;

To get the mail

To take out the trash

To hang clothes to dry on wash and ironing day

To do my once a week grocery shopping

To mow the lawn, wash the window, trim the shrubs, wash and wax my husbands car and mine, if my husband has permitted me to have one.”

This is truly absurd. I have to ask permission to leave the house. Crazy. On the other hand, thinking back, I’ve really never seen Betsy Sue outside their house, not even on the veranda.

Chapter -26 The Perfect Wife always looks Perfect.

“Let me explain in more detail Golden Rule Number Six. ‘A perfect wife must always appear perfectly groomed, made up and dressed at all times.’ You must take pride to look perfect at all times for your husband and his guests. I will ask him to inspect your appearance at certain times during the day. He’ll inspect your appearance the first thing before he leaves for work, when he returns, when you change your attire and hair style as well as unexpectedly throughout the day.

You will receive a naughty wife mark for each strand of hair out of place, for not having enough eyeliner, mascara, rouge, powder, lipstick or lip gloss on. You'll receive a naughty wife mark for each wrinkle in your dress, for each scuff mark or dirt on your shoes, including the soles, and on your gloves and for bows loosely tied and for uneven bows. You'll also receive a naughty wife mark for seams that aren't perfectly straight and suspenders that are uneven in length. At the end of the day your husband will count up the number of naughty wife marks. The following day if you have more than the previous day you'll be spanked five times for each naughty wife mark. You will then spend fifteen minutes for each spank standing in a corner reflecting on your poor appearance. To avoid being spanked all you need do is have less naughty wife marks than the previous day.

To help you my assistant is going to give you purses. In them you'll find a compact with mirror and powder, lipstick, lip gloss, mascara, eyeliner, eye shadow and rouge. For your shoes will be an assortment of shoe polish and nail polish for your nails. Your purse is to be carried with you at all times.

Every hour on the hour you'll stop whatever you're doing and check your appearance.

So, if you're careless regarding your appearance and you have to be spanked you have no one to blame but yourself, don't you," She asked.

"No Ms. Morgan," We all replied.

What struck me as utterly ridiculous was that we were to even keep the soles of our shoes clean. How the hell were we expected to do that? Crazy.

Chapter -27 The difference between being disciplined and being punished.

"Now let's discuss the difference between being disciplined and being punished. When your husband is forced to discipline you it's because you've been a naughty wife such as not looking perfect at all times. However another important area your husband may be forced to discipline is what we refer to as, 'being

unladylike.’ This mainly deals with your posture and how you carry yourself. Your husband could give you naughty wife marks, for example, for not walking in a ladylike manner. Catching you not putting each foot precisely in front of the other, for not keeping your arms and hands properly poised, for not keeping your shoulders back, for not sitting on the very edge of your seat, hands not folded correctly, knees and ankles not tightly together or for not standing exactly as you’ve been taught.

You are also being unladylike if your head isn’t bowed enough and you are not looking directly down at the tips of your shoes. Fidgeting is also unladylike, can anyone tell me why?” she asked.

Meekly Pamela Lynn raised her hand. “Wives should not fidget when they are sitting or standing Ms. Morgan because others find it annoying, distracting and draws unwanted attention to them.”

“Very good. Fidgeting is described as the slightest movement of a foot, finger, hand or head, as is the slightest shifting while seated,” She lectured.

What she was describing sounded more like we were to be nothing more than statues for Christ sake!

“Now, just a warning. If you are caught being unladylike in front of company it escalates to being punished immediately after the guests leave,” She added.

Chapter -28 The Perfect Wife’s chores are all done to perfection.

“Now we’ll deal with inspecting the daily chores your husband will assign you. He will grade each chore as Perfect, Excellent, Good, Fair or Poor. You must strive for a Perfect or at least an Excellent. A grade of Good and you’ll wear reminder attire the following day, and trust me you won’t like it. If he judges it only Fairly well done you’ll wear it for two days and all week if he judges any chore as Poor.

Chapter -29 What offenses merit being punished for.

“If you dare question or contradict your husband you will be immediately punished. As you will if you ever raise your voice to him, or hesitate, even momentarily to do as you’re told. You will never speak these words to him. ‘Can’t and ‘But’ as they signify you are questioning his authority. You’ll also be punished if you sound angry, annoyed or sullen,” She declared.

My God, this is draconian. Thank God I won’t have to put up with any of this nonsense when I get home.

Chapter -30 The Perfect Wife’s Vocabulary.

“And now we will adjourn for lunch at which time you’ll learn a perfect wife’s vocabulary and how to speak,” We were informed.

A perfect wife’s vocabulary? What the hell, I already knew how to speak.

Entering the dining room she said, “Sit as you’ve been taught, no fidgeting. My assistant will observe and correct you if you do. If she corrects you for the same fault twice you obviously weren’t concentrating and you’ll be disciplined. Now in front of you is a list of adjectives you are to study and memorize. When you speak you are to use at least two adjectives in front of each noun,” She dictated.

Reading over the words I swear I wanted to gag. The card was filled with words like, “divine, darling, adorable, precious, dainty, delicate, sweetest, cutest, ever so, enchanted, envious, most, positively, thrilled, utterly, and heavenly.”

“Let’s practice shall me? Nancy Ann please tell Sophie Jane how much you admire her dainty, petite feet and how high heels look on her feet,” she instructed.

I didn’t have dainty, petite feet, did I? But looking at their feet I realized my feet actually were the smallest. Imagine me a guy had smaller feet than they did.

After consulting her card she breathlessly and excitedly said, "Oh Sophie Jane darling I am ever so envious of your dainty, petite, little feet, they look positively glamorous in your divinely gorgeous high heels."

"Very good. Now Sophie Jane you'll thank Nancy Ann for her compliment and tell her how you can't wait to wear even higher heels."

Really wanting to gag I finally said, "Oh Nancy Ann thank you ever so much for complimenting me on my dainty and petite, little feet. I simply can't wait to wear even higher, more glamorous high heels."

Which is the last thing I wanted to do, but at least Ms. Morgan seemed satisfied.

Finally lunch arrived. I hadn't realized how hungry I was as the plates of chicken, vegetables and potatoes were put in front of everyone. All except me. I looked down in dismay at a plain, lettuce salad with no dressing.

See my look she said, "You're the fatty of the class and your diet starts now."

As I ate my minuscule meal the assistant sharply said, "Sophie Jane, I just saw your left toe move. If it moves again the bottoms of your feet will be spanked."

Christ, I've been sitting here for nearly an hour as still as possible, I desperately wanted to just shift even a little in my seat, but now I didn't dare. I wasn't even aware that I'd actually moved my toe. But then she actually demanded that I apologize to everyone for moving my toe. This was outrageous.

But burning with rage I contritely said, "Sophie Jane is ever so sorry for moving her toe." God I hated referring to myself in the third person. It was as if I was more an object than a real person. It was dehumanizing.

Ms. Morgan went around to each of us asking what our favorite hobby was. When she got to me I said, "Oh Sophie Jane enjoys most drawing and sketching."

"Put down that she can draw and sketch when she's really pleased her husband as a special reward," She said.

What I wasn't allowed to draw or sketch except as a reward for pleasing my supposed husband? Well, when I get home all this garbage goes out the window, I decided.

Chapter -31 The Promenade.

Thankfully lunch was finally over. But, believe it or not, it only got worse. Ms. Morgan then declared it was promenade time, whatever the hell that was. Naturally I quickly found out.

“You will walk following me around the house to see if you’ve remembered how to walk, sit, bend and curtsy. My assistant will walk behind you and correct even the slightest mistake. As we enter a room you will stop and curtsy before entering it. When you leave the room you will stop at the doorway, turn and curtsy to the room you are leaving. You will do this from now on whether the room is occupied or not,” She declared.

Well, fat chance, who’s going to check whether I curtsy to a fucking empty room or not?

“When I point you to a chair you will curtsy to it and then sit precisely as you’ve been taught. When I snap my fingers you’ll stand, curtsy to the chair and follow me,” She instructed.

The following hour was not only nerve wracking, but a painful one. For if I didn’t place one foot precisely in front of the other the assistant wacked the backs of my legs. If I didn’t keep my shoulders back and my tits thrust forward as much as I could I had to bend over, grab my ankles and get wacked again as my ass. As I did if I raised or lowered my arms, even my fingers, a fraction. If I didn’t curtsy gracefully enough, didn’t raise my skirts high enough or didn’t raise my left foot exactly perpendicular to the floor I got it again only on my ankles.

The absolute worst was the staircase we were made to go up and down on. In the towering, at least to me, high heels it was scary especially since we weren’t allowed to touch the bannister.

“My god, you can’t even walk up a flight of stairs with anything that resembles being graceful. What are you going to do when you’re put in real heels?

Ms. Morgan snorted. Well lady, I don’t intend to wear high heels and these come off as soon as I get home.

Chapter -32 Getting fitted for a Perfect Wife's wardrobe.

I nearly collapsed when the hour of ridiculous promenading around the house was over. Just about every part of me had been painfully "corrected" over and over. I prayed that whatever came next at least wasn't any worse. Thankfully it wasn't, it was simply about as humiliating as it could get.

We were brought into a huge wardrobe room with hangers of all manner of fashion. In the room was a woman who Ms. Morgan referred to as her Wardrobe Mistress who assisted her in selecting a wardrobe for each of us.

When it came my turn I was undressed down to only my panties, stockings and heels.

"Well, Mrs. Jeffrys, what do you think of this one?" Ms. Morgan asked.

Looking me over critically she said, "She has possibly the most atrocious figure I think I've ever seen. What do you have her corseted to?" She asked.

"Five inches, it's as much as Diane could get her down to. Even at twenty-five inches her figure is still deplorable." Ms. Morgan stated.

"I would agree, you may have to go to lacing her six inches before you see even a slight improvement," She ventured.

Six inches? She couldn't possibly be serious. I felt like I was already being crushed to death!

"She should be ashamed of herself to say nothing of obviously being grossly over weight. And I certainly hope her husband isn't an ass man because even with the check enhancer you have her in her ass is barely noticeable."

"I see her best assets, and they aren't many, are her rather shapely legs, although all this muscle tone has to go," she said, pinching my thighs and calves.

"However there's her quite small feet, a definite asset. Which I'd really highlight training them to no less than eight inch heels," she stated firmly.

And now I knew she really couldn't possibly be serious. I could barely put one foot in front of the other in five inch heels without praying I wouldn't trip and break an ankle.

"But her best assets obviously are her tits," the woman said.



“I would agree, so whatever bras you select should highlight and exaggerate their size including the quite prominent extended nipples,” Ms. Morgan remarked.

“Quite correct, and I have just the bra. A stiffly underwired open nipple bullet bra. It will thrust her tits up and out in an exaggerated manner so that they appear even larger and will nicely show off her nipples giving her that torpedo tits look,” the woman said.

I couldn’t see the bra I was put into, but I could feel it pushing my tits up and out and then my nipples being pulled through tight opening.

When I was turned to a mirror I gasped in utter dismay. My tits, as she’d promised, were thrust dramatically up and out making them actually appear even larger. Worse were my nipples that were so lewdly, I thought, on display. Oh God, being seen in public with my beehive hair would be humiliating enough, but to be seen in public with my breast and nipples so on display in a style of bra giving me that torpedo tit look that hadn’t been worn since the 50’s made me absolutely cringe.

“So, whatever wardrobe you select for her should do everything to put her tits prominently on display,” She instructed.

After the horrible bra came the panties I was put into designed to show off each cheek. They were more like half panties. And then they got to what they considered appropriate dresses for me.

As to colors they both agreed that my favorite color would be passion pink. Yuck! And my other favorite colors would be peachy peach and luscious lavender. All mostly dated 50s style flowery prints and patterns. They started with what they called every day dresses. One for each day of the week with matching shoes, stockings, gloves, jewelry and purses. Each with three petticoats.

Then came five dressy dresses, these had not three but four petticoats. After that three evening gowns with long gloves and strappy sandals to wear when my husband took me out. And every damn one of them put my tits front and center. Regardless of what they dressed me in they were the first thing you saw.

Chapter -33 My what, my “Hard On” outfits?

And then three outfits that I truly hated and mentally put down my foot that I would never wear. Ms. Morgan called them my sexy, slut attire to wear when my husband came home, say, after being gone for several days.

“Whatever outfits you put her in make sure you alter them so her tits and nipples are prominently on display. Hopefully her husband will forget about her flat ass. Christ it’s more like a man’s ass, isn’t it,” The woman remarked disgustedly.

One she called my Tramp outfit. Hot pink with an off the shoulders top that came down to my nipples. A skirt so short it didn’t even cover all my ass. Black fishnet stockings and shoes I was positive I’d never be able to walk in. Pink, patent leather with three inch rocker soles and eight inch heels. Nobody could actually walk in these, certainly not me.

Then there was the one she called my Pretty Woman outfit. All pink, of course, and featured a cheap plastic skirt absolutely molded to my ass and thigh high pink, patent leather boots with, naturally, five inch heels and sharply pointed toes.

Followed by what she called my dumb, sexy, bimbo outfit. Polk-a dotted red with a top that barely contained my tits, a skirt with half the back cut out and matching pok-a-dotted shoes.

Next they outfitted me with attire I’d wear outside. Starting with pink hot pants that were more like mini hot pants as my cheeks stuck out from them. No self-respecting woman would be caught dead in them. Maybe a hooker, but not me!

Then came stretch capris so tight it was a struggle getting me into them. Matching shoes, of course, a pair of wedge heels that had two inch platform soles and seven inch heels with ribbons tied in bows behind my ankles. Then a big floppy hat tied under my chin.

To my disbelief I hear her say, “This will make the perfect outfit to mow the lawn in.” That wouldn’t last long after I broke my damn ankle!

Chapter -34 Every Perfect Wife needs several maid's outfits.

Yet they weren't finished. What came next were two maid's outfits. The first was an unflattering grey one with a long skirt and three petticoats, grey stockings and five inch oxfords heels. "You'll wear this whenever your husband goes out and needs someone to carry things," She said, as if I was some king of beast of burden.

The second one they dressed me in I swore was yet another outfit I'd never be caught dead in. Especially when she outlined what occasions I was to wear it. "You'll wear this when he wants to show you off to all his buddies when he has them over for poker or to watch football," She declared.

It was every man's fantasy, a French Maid's uniform. Only much worse. It was black satin with no less than five petticoats that, I swear, stood straight out only half covering my black, polk-a-dotted, transparent panties. I knew if I bent over even slightly my entire ass would be on display for all his friends to feast on, for Christ sake! Slutty, fishnet stockings came next with no less than six suspenders to each leg. All plainly visible. Long, fingerless gloves came next with black, patent leather heels with pink, floppy bow on each toe and fastened to the top of each bow two jingling bells.

Strangely they didn't put a bra on me, and I quickly found out why. Told to walk back and forth I was alarmed that my tits bounced and giggled uncontrollably with each step. I was mortified. Obviously any tit man would be salivating at the sight. Well, there was no way I'd degrade myself wearing this in front of any man, including my supposed husband.

Chapter -35 Your punishment uniform, My what?

When I was back down to my panties, corset and heels the woman asked, "As long as she's undressed now would be a good time to measure her for her punishment outfits."

Without thinking I blurted out, "P-Punishment uniform?"

In response Ms. Morgan slapped my face, not once, but twice.

"Don't ever interrupt your betters, girl, and you never raise your voice, do you?" she growled. With another slap.

"N-No Ms. Morgan," I fearfully replied.

"We'll need to tighten her corset so I can get an accurate measurement," The woman said.

Oh god, I was miserable in the damn thing tight as it already was. Fortunately for me I just managed not to blurt out anything.

They took the laces in just another half inch but it felt like I was being held in an unbearable vice.

"Unfortunately we're short on time, so I've just lay out what I'm sure will fit her," She said.

What the woman laid out, while all black, didn't look like anything to be punished in, although they were all made of a dull material I hadn't seen before.

"Your entire punishment uniform is made of heavy weight rubber, or latex. The panties, bra and stockings. As are the four mid-calf petticoats, as well as the dress, apron, even your maid's cap. The collar, sleeves and bodice will be altered to fit skin tight. Once you're put in it, it will be zipped up the back and down the sleeves. Then padlocked to prevent any attempt at removal. All told it weighs twenty-five pounds. Imagine being in it all day. In an hour you'll be miserable you'll regret whatever the reason you're being made to wear it," she said, then held up a pair of black mid-calf boots that laced up the front.

"You can barely walk in just five inch heels, your punishment boots are five-and-a-half inches high. Once on they'll be padlocked on your feet," She said, and now I knew there was no way I was ever going to wear that. As soon as I got home I'd throw the hateful thing in the trash.

Chapter -36 What the hell is a Scold's Bridal?

"You appear much too outspoken and belligerent. Interrupting me, raising your voice, sounding indignant. That's is absolutely not acceptable. Well there's a cure for that. Put the scold's bridal on her," She ordered.

The other woman approached me holding a set of what looked like leather straps.

"Bend over, raise your head, mouth open," She demanded. She first inserted something which felt sort of like flimsy in my mouth. Then using straps that went around my head with a larger piece over my mouth, that also went under my chin, she began tightening all the straps. She then proceeded to buckle each strap as tightly as she could until when she was finished I was so gagged it was impossible to utter anything except for my panicked sounds. Attaching padlocks she locked it on me.

Oh my God, this is horrible, was all I could think. But the worst was to come. For she screwed a tube into the front of the gag. At the end of it was a bulb which she started pumping on. As she did the flimsy thing in my mouth started to expand, widening and lengthening until I started to gag.

She could see the panic on my face but simply ignored it saying, "This is called a scold's bridal. Years ago it was actually used on disobedient and troublesome wives by their husbands. Thankfully it's still being made. This one we'll give to your husband to employ for any reason he feels necessary. How would you like to wear it all day?" She asked.

I quickly shock my head, still gagging.

Making no move to remove it I was redressed and followed her back to the classroom where the other two wives waited staring in shock at what I was wearing.



Chapter -37 Chunky and Tubby to the weight reduction room.

“Now, let’s get chunky and tubby here to the weight reduction room and work some of that blubber off them will you, Diane,” She instructed, pointing to me.

Led to a small changing room she ordered us to strip down to our corsets. When we had we were handed a pair of rubber, or latex tights to put on. They were so tight it was a real struggle to get on. Then we were handed a long sleeved garment much like a leotard with a high neck we had to step into then we were zipped up the back. It was ungodly tight.

Ordered to sit I couldn’t believe the pair of mid-calf boots she ordered us to put on and lace up. Frankly they were terrifying. They had a two inch rocker sole and the heels had to be seven inches. Once laced we buckled a wide strap at the tops.

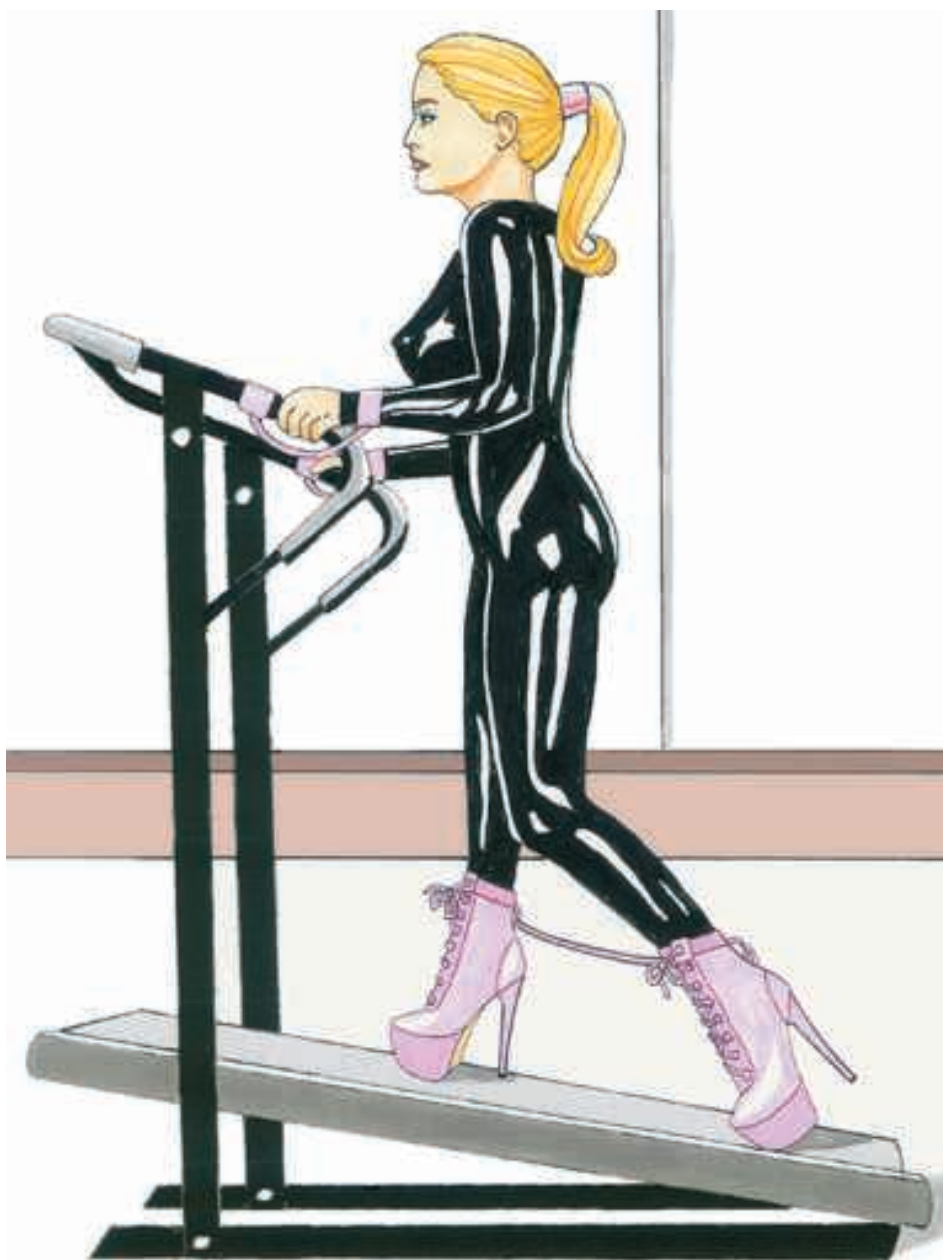
Terrifying just to look at they were even more so when I took my first hobbled steps limited by the gait trainers. To my shock I found that the rocker sole was weighted, five pounds she informed us.

Stumbling in them we were taken into another room occupied by treadmills. The room was not only hot but extremely humid. Ordered to get on a treadmill we were told to put on hands into straps high up on either side and then turned the machines on.

“You’ll do twenty minutes,” She told Nancy Ann and to me added, “And as you’re the fattest you’ll do forty minutes.”

Even before she started them I was perspiring. Thankfully they started at a slow walk. But even so with the weights, the rocker soles and towering heels and limited to tiny steps I had to totally concentrate with each step not to stumble or trip.

I had just gained an uncertain rhythm when it not only picked up the pace but elevated somewhat. It seemed just minutes later that it did it again and yet again till I was close to frantically jogging. Which was when I tripped and was saved by the straps which wouldn’t allow me to actually fall.



Just when I thought I couldn't put another foot in front of the other, gratefully, it gradually slowed back to where it started. I swear I was near my limit when she came back and took Nancy Ann off her treadmill. Oh my god, that was only twenty minutes? And I have another twenty to go!

By the time I'd finally done forty minutes on the torture machine sweat was pouring down me, my legs were jelly and I was exhausted beyond measure.

I was utterly dismayed when, with a smirk, she said, "You'll do forty minutes every day until we've worked all that blubber off you."

What came next was pure heaven. A perfumed bubble bath that I was allowed to soak in for an all too short twenty minutes.

Chapter -38 All dressed up for my husband.

Gathered in the dressing room Ms. Morgan said, "Shortly your husbands will be coming to pick you up. When he returns home from work you will always be dressed very sexy for him. In front of you is what you'll greet him wearing when he arrives. Get dressed as fast as you can, then you'll learn a new hair style to go with your attire.:

When I was finally dressed and looked at myself in a mirror I couldn't help cringing. For the skirts and four stiff petticoats fell just below my knees. The top had to be at least two sizes too small yet after pulling with all the strength I had I finally got it on. With the torpedo bra, to me obscenely sticking out, my tits and nipples looked positively huge. Around my waist was a wide, patent leather belt to accent my figure. On my feet peep toed heels with double bows on each toe. Handed a large clip on bell I couldn't believe I was to attach it to the tops of the bows. Every step I took, I realized, the bells would jingle. For some reason I was humiliated by the bells. Then I remembered often hearing that same jingling sound when Betsy Sue walked around.

Chapter -39 Greeting our husbands.

Once we were dressed each of us sat at a vanity table to learn how to put our hair, of all things, in a beehive. Good God, straight out of the 50s. No woman today would be caught dead with her hair in a beehive, except us, of course.

When we were dressed, I looked like a 50s pinup and with my hair in the ridiculous beehive Ms. Morgan gave us our instructions.

“Undoubtedly your husband will ask you how you enjoyed your first day here. Here is what you will say, ‘Oh dearest, say your name, I ever so much enjoyed my first day at Ms. Morgan’s. I learned ever so much, just can’t wait to come back tomorrow.’ You will sound as excited to return as you can. Now practice,” She ordered.

Which I did, hating what I was going to have to say to my pretend wife.

Finally she said, “Once your name is called go thru that door where I will give your husband my evaluation of you.”

I was the last one called. As she led me in she sternly said, “You will conduct yourself as the most obedient, submissive wife or you won’t leave here until your ass is cherry red.”

When we entered there was a pedestal in the center.

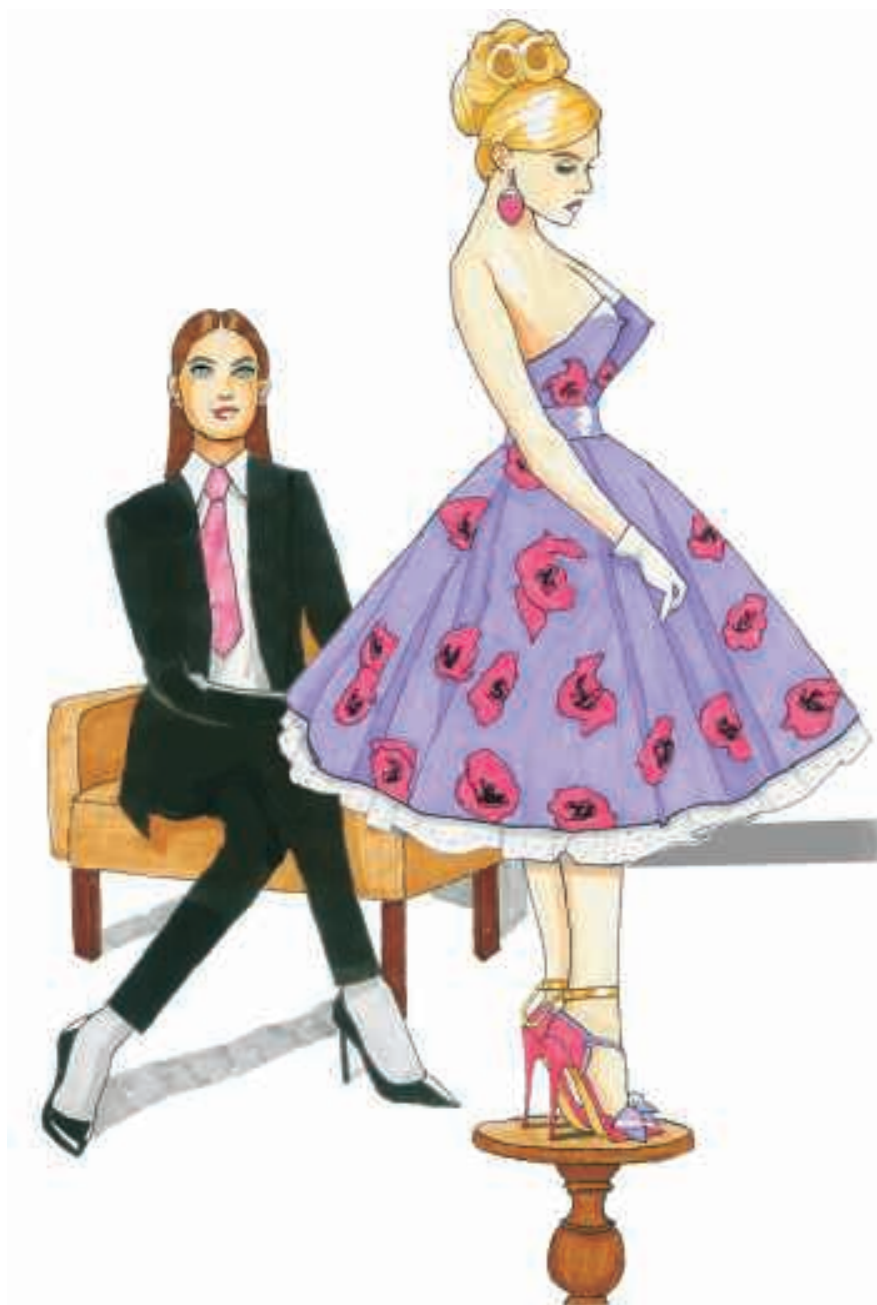
“Stand on the pedestal as you were taught, no fidgeting,” She ordered.

As I stood Lorin asked how I’d enjoyed my first day. Hating myself I gave my memorized response.

“Really, really you enjoyed yourself?” She asked, rather disbelieving.

“Oh yes, Ms. Monroe, Sophie Jane ever so much enjoyed her first day,” I forced myself to say.

“So, her, ah, husband is anxious to learn your opinion of her,” Lorin said.



Chapter -40 Evaluating Sophie Jane.

“Well, between you and me, frankly I don’t know what he sees in her. First she appears much too uppity and headstrong which can’t be tolerated. Unlike the other two she doesn’t seem naturally submissive. Which we’ll just have to beat into her,” She said.

“Do whatever you have to, that was her husband’s instruction,” I heard Lorin say, which shortly I would set her straight.

“Perhaps she fucks like a mink in heat. Or sucks his dick like there’s no tomorrow. We’ll find out if that’s what he sees in her,” She said disgustedly.

“Of course, I’ll certainly ask,” Lorin assured her.

“Other than that physically I have no idea what could possibly attract him to her. Her face is somewhat attractive, as is her hair. But she’s grossly overweight.”

“Oh, by how much?” Lorin asked.

“Currently she weighs a fat 140 pounds, which, for her height and build needs to be down to 108-110 at the most. Which we’ll work off her until she’s down to that,” She stated.

“Well, I’m sure her husband would want you to get her down to what you consider she ideal weight,” Lorin said. Fat chance, no why I intend to lose thirty pounds. And just wait till I tell her about the damn torture treadmill.

“Then there’s her figure. Her best assets are her tits and quite prominent nipples. Both of which should always be kept on display because her ass, well look at this,” She said, sternly ordering me bend over and grab my ankles. “That is the sorriest excuse for an ass I think I’ve ever seen. Teenage boys have bigger asses than she does. Even putting a cheek enhancer on her only got it up to thirty-five inches. However it can be solved, if her husband is an ass man, with a simple buttocks augmentation procedure, which I feel sure could enlarge it to at least forty, perhaps forty-two inches. It’s not all that expensive however it would be permanent. And there are several options available. But I favor the cheek giggler. First they cut some of her muscles then they slightly weigh each cheek with three pound inserts. They’ll force her ass to bounce and

giggle like pistons when she walks. Her husband and his buddies will love it," She said.

"I see, well I'll have to ask her, ah, husband before I can authorize that," Lorin said, and she actually sounded serious.

Then ordered to stand again Ms. Morgan disgustedly remarked, "But perhaps even worse that her flat ass is her atrocious figure."

"Well it does appear rather improved," Lorin said.

"Only because of the corset we had to put on her. Right now we have her waist down to an unacceptable twenty-five inches," Ms. Morgan stated.

"And what should it be?" Lorin asked.

"For her build and height absolutely no more than twenty-one inches. Although her tits and ass would be more on display with the wasp waist look of say twenty inches," She advised.

"My goodness, even twenty-one inches seems unrealistic," Lorin stated, and I had to agree.

"Not really. The hard way is as she loses weight we simply keep tightening her corsets and replacing them with smaller ones. Gradually we can get her laced down; at least six inches," she said. My God, I can hardly breathe in this one laced four inches!

"Or, at the same clinic you take her to have her buttocks enhanced as they also do liposuction. They could easily take five, even six inches off her. I'm sure they'd give her husband a discount if he decides to do both."

"Again, that would be something I'd have to discuss with her husband," Lorin said.

"Now hen as o her legs and feet. The legs would actually look attractive if it weren't for the dreadful muscles and muscle tone," she said, actually pinching them

"They, along with all muscle tone need to be completely eliminated. When you pinch them they should feel more like jelly. Whoever heard of a wife with muscular legs," She declared.

Well, except if you're a runner, like me, I thought.

“Obviously growing up she was a much too active tomboy. However her feet are nicely formed and quite petite and would look quite sexy in much high heels than the low, five inch one’s we’ve started her out in,” She remarked.

“Five inch heels are low?” Lorin asked in disbelief.

“”Absolutely. She won’t graduate until she can walk naturally in seven inch heels. But her feet really scream out for no less than eight inch heels,” She flatly stated.

“Oh my, can she be trained to actually walk in eight inch heels, they seem, well, quite extreme,” Lorin commented, and I had to agree, she was nuts if she thought I could even stand in six inch heels, eight inches was positively ridiculous.

“Yes, of course. Her feet will gradually be trained to adapt to them. Every few months you simply raise them, say, another half inch,” She said.

Chapter -41 Oh yes, a wife expects to be spanked.

Looking at my ankles Lorin curiously asked, “What do you have around her ankles connected by that short cable?”

“Those are what we call gait trainers. We observed that Sophie Jane walks more like a bull in a china shop. Her stride is much too quick and long. While a perfect wife takes the shortest, daintiest, mincing steps always placing one foot precisely in front of the other all of which she seems unable to do. So she’ll wear the gait trainers until she learns to walk properly. Right now they only limit her step to four inches. But we’ll gradually reduce that to what we consider the perfect wife’s step of no more than two inches,” She stated.

“You’re going to train her to walk with each step no more than just two inches?” Lorin asked in disbelief.

“Yes, we call it the perfect wife’s mince. However her gait is only one problem she has as she walks,” She commented, then to me sternly said, “Show Ms. Masters how you walk, girl. Walk to the end of the room, curtsy then continue until I tell you to stop.”

Which is what I did, trying as best I could to remember everything I'd been told to do while walking, which I found just impossible.

As I walked she handed Lorin a notepad. "This is her Naughty Wife/Bad Wife performance report which I'll ask you to fill out each day each time you notice her not putting one foot precisely in front of the other you'll put down a Naughty Wife mark. If she stumbles or trips you put down five marks. Notice she isn't holding her shoulders back so her breasts as much I know she can. That's another mark. Now she should have both arms out at a 45 degree angle and she isn't keeping her finger together and straight, another mark," She noted.

"And so what happens when you review my notes?" Lorin asked.

"To help the three new wife's improve the one with the most Naughty Wife marks will be spanked and will wear her punishment uniform all day," she said.

"You actually spank them?" Lorin asked, not nearly as shocked as I expect she'd be.

I didn't know that Bob had told her that he regularly spanked Betsy Sue.

"Oh yes, a perfect wife expects to be disciplined or punished when they don't act as their husband expects them to, don't they Sophie Jane?" she asked.

Trapped I could only give one acceptable answer.

"Yes Ms. Morgan, they do."

"Spanking is a commonly accepted practice among husbands. Does her husband have a paddle?" She asked.

"I'm not sure, although I do have an old sorority paddle," Lorin answered.

"Yes, they're excellent for minor discipline when she's being a naughty wife. Although a long handled, wooden hairbrush with stiff bristles works just as well. However he'll also need a cane for when she's been a bad wife," She commented.

"I'm pretty sure he doesn't have one," Lorin said. Thank God, I thought in relief. Which didn't last long.

"No problem, you can take one of mine, I have several," She offered. I really, really hated that woman.

“Now let’s take notice of her curtsy,”

“Yes, I did notice that she curtsied before and after she spoke,”Lorin commented.

“Yes, that’s correct. It’s the perfect gesture that symbolizes her complete submissiveness and obedience to her husband. Here’s her list of curtsy rules, please make a note whenever she fails to adhere to them. Also check the manner in which she curtsies. In short skirts they should be raised until her panties, front and back, show. There, you see, she’s failed to put her left foot precisely behind the right and didn’t raise it till only the tip of the toe is touching. And that curtsy is much too fast. A perfect curtsy is exactly four seconds. One down, hold for two seconds, and one second up,” She said.

“Now the other area you need to keep checking is her appearance. As a perfect wife naturally she’s expected to look perfect at all times. She’s been told to inspect her appearance once every hour. When you, or her husband, inspects her she receives a Naughty Wife mark for every single strand of hair out of place. For the slightest wrinkle and mark on her shoes and gloves. Come over here girl and lift your skirts,” she suddenly ordered.

When I did, picking up a ruler she measured the four suspenders of each leg.

“All suspenders should be precisely the same length. You see this one is an eighth of an inch too long, as is this one. This one is a quarter of an inch too short, and this one three-sixteenths also too short. That’s four Naughty Wife marks. Now you check to see if her seams are exactly straight. You see, at the knee, it’s crooked by nearly half an inch, and a quarter at this ankle. This leg’s seams are even worse. That would be another five Naughty Wife marks,” She detailed.

“However the area she’s having the worst problems with is her make up. Notice how uneven the eye shadow is. The eyeliner is not evenly applied and both eyelashes have too little mascara. Nor is the lipstick sufficient. It must be more heavily applied plus she hasn’t used enough lip gloss,” She pointed out.

“Oh my, she really is having problems with her make up, isn’t she?” Lorin commented.

“Obviously she’s not used to wearing make up so I suggest having her permanently made up,” She said. What the hell was she talking about, I wondered, but quickly found out.

“I’m not sure I understand permanent make up,” Lorin admitted.

“Many husband have their wives permanently made up. Think of all the time it saves. There’s a salon that specializes in it. I’ll give you their card. They’ll permanently pluck the eyebrows, then permanently dye in her eye shadow and eyeliner. Then unbreakable titanium eyelashes are adhered. Then there’s her lips which they’ll tattoo to make them much fuller then dye the lips whatever color her husband prefers. I’d recommend flame red and three coats of lip gloss,” She advised.

“Well, that would solve her make up problem, and, as you said, save a lot of time,” Lorin commented. I had to hand it to her she was really faking her interest in all this, I thought.

It was then that she asked about the bells on my shoes.

“They’re quite utilitarian in that her husband will always know where she is. So all her shoes will be belled. Plus most husbands find their constant tinkling sound quite pleasant,” She said. I don’t know why but I think I actually found the bells on my shoes the most humiliating.

Chapter -42 Inspecting her chores.

“Now once we have her trained and conditioned in the basics we’ll begin teaching her the chores that a perfect wife does on a daily and weekly basis. Her husband, and you until he returns, will then begin inspecting her efforts grading each chore as Excellent, Very Good, Fair or Poor. Every Very Good earns her one Naughty Wife mark, five Naughty Wife marks for Fair and ten for Poor.

“I see, then what happens?” Lorin asked.

“Each morning her husband, and you until he returns, will total up her Naughty Wife marks. If she has more than the previous day she gets spanked

ten times for each mark over the previous day. The same goes for make up, grooming, attire and unladylike behavior meaning walking, sitting, bending and gestures as well as her curtsy.

“So she could end up being spanked for each area she hasn’t improved on from the previous day?” Lorin asked.

“Correct, however all she has to do to avoid being spanked is to have one less fault, in each area, than the preceding day. We’ve found it to be an excellent incentive to help wives constantly improve in all areas,” She said, which I heard Lorin agree with.

Chapter -43 What constitutes a Bad Wife and the appropriate punishment.

“Now that covers the lesser disciplines of a Naughty Wife. However we also need to cover the much more serious punishment when she’s been a bad wife. She merits being more harshly punished if she ever dares question, argues with or contradicts her husband, or you. Hesitating to obey her husband indicates that she’s thinking about whether to obey or not. These instances simply cannot be tolerated and must be immediately dealt with on the spot by ten strokes with your cane. However by the time she receives her diploma she will be obedience trained and conditioned so the thought of hesitating even a fraction of a second will never cross her mind. The same punishment goes for if she’s told to do anything and she hesitates for even a fraction of a second to do so. Nor can raising her voice, sounding angry or acting sullen be tolerated.

The other indicator that she is actually thinking about obeying or not are two very important words that she will erase from her vocabulary. The words, ‘can’t’ and ‘but.’”

Chapter 44 Corrective behavior.

“Undoubtedly you’ll notice recurring faults in how she’s expected to act. Fortunately there are a number of excellent corrective methods and devices you can employ to correct almost any recurring fault. Here are a few devices you can utilize that I have extras of that you can take with you,” She said, indicating a table with several things I didn’t recognize and one I dreaded ever wearing again.

“Here, for example, is a very effective means of correcting her step. As we’ve both noticed she has a real problem remembering to place one foot precisely in front of the other as she walks. Sophie Jane come here,” She ordered.

When I did she took out a key and removed my gait trainers.

“They’re locked on?” Lorin asked.

“Unfortunately some husband have reported that their wife’s take them off, especially when he leaves the house. So we’ve had to employ gait trainer that lock,” She explained.

“These, even if worn for just a day, meaning until the same time the following day, will be a quite sharp reminder,” She declared, and not only couldn’t I help gasping, but Lorin did as well. For the insides were lined with mean looking spikes.

“They’re dulled just enough so that any incorrect step will obviously be a painful reminder, but not sharp enough to break the skin,” She said, as she put them on me.

“Now I’ll just shorten the cable one inch,” When she did she ordered me to start walking.

With the cable shortened with my first step brought a surprisingly painful reminder, and continued to jab at my ankles until I gradually corrected each step.

“You see, most effective. Now if the same problem occurs twice in a day you put them on her for two days, and if it occurs three times you simply leave them on all week,” She said heartlessly.

“One of the recurring problems we’re having with her is her suddenly blurt-ing out something without asking permission to talk,” She said.

“She has to ask permission to talk, really?” Lorin asked.

“Of course, all she has to do is raise her hand to ask, whatever it is she wants to ask, which she keeps forgetting to do. However when there are guests she knows she’s not to initiate any conversation unless she’s asked a direct question, however she is allowed to speak, in a whisper, if there are other wives there. Come here, girl,” She ordered.

Honest to God it was the last thing I wanted to do, knowing what was to come. In just a minute or so I was again most horribly gagged.

“You can utilize this for a number of reasons. For acting angry, annoyed or sullen. For raising her voice, for not sounding submissive enough, for not smiling or for saying ‘but’ or ‘can’t. Which many wives initially have a problem with. It’s called a scold’s bridal and years ago husbands used it to curb their wives outspokenness. You pump just until she starts gagging, “ She instructed dispassionately.

I fully expected Lorin to be outraged, but to my disbelief I heard her say, “So, if kept on all day, or for say a couple days she’d miss several meals.”

“True, but then it would be her own fault, wouldn’t it girl?” She demanded to know.

Miserably I could only nod my head.

Ordered to commence walking again I could only hear bits and pieces of their conversation which didn’t concern me all that much as once I got home this would most definitely come to an end.

“She’ll need a treadmill,” I heard. “Which she’ll work out on daily until she works off all that blubber and gets down to a reasonable weight.

“Oh well, I already have one,” Lorin said.

“Then you’ll just need a set of straps, which I’ll explain.

“Here, I’ll show you how it works, we record all their classes. Here she is on the treadmill,” she said, clicking on her iPad.

I expected Lorin to be shocked and outraged seeing me struggling on the damn torture machine.

Instead all she said was, “It looks a bit strenuous. Is that like a rubber suit, and those shoes seem awfully difficult to walk in.”

“Yes, her exercise suit is made of heavy gauge rubber. As you can deduct it promotes excessive sweating. As to her exercise shoes they’re purposefully difficult, as you can imagine, to walk in, plus each sole is weighted five pounds. Causing her to struggle to match the speed and incline. Forcing her, as planned, to exert herself all the more to keep up. The safety straps are employed to keep her from falling. Her program lasts forty minutes and I would guess, just today, she’s already lost two to three pounds,” She commented.

“I see, well with the safety straps it seems relatively harmless and obviously it’s effective,” Lorin said in a detached manner that I couldn’t believe.

Chapter -45 A word of caution.

“Now when you get her home she has homework to do. Writing and memorizing her Perfect Wife’s golden rules and her curtsy rules. Then you’ll supervise her until she does twenty-five perfect curtsies using a stop watch. And, of course, do take notes on all her Naughty Wife and Bad Wife faults, however minor. Just a word of caution. When you get a new wife back after their first class they’ll have a tendency to relax. So what I strongly suggest...” She said, although I couldn’t hear what she said as she whispered it to Lorin.

“As her husband will be gone for the next few weeks I’d like you to pretend to take his place,” She said, and turning to me sternly added, “Until your husband gets back you will her as ‘dearest.’ Understood?”

“Yes, Ms. Morgan, Sophie Jane understands,” I curtsied to her for the last time. God, what a sadistic bitch!

As soon as we got in the car I said, “Thank heavens that’s over. You can’t imagine what that woman put me through. I can’t wait to get of this corset and these fucking heels they’re killing me.”

Surprisingly Lorin didn’t comment, just kept driving.

Chapter -46 Reality strikes home, and setting things straight.

As soon as we got home I said, "Take this damn corset off me, will you? God, I'm starving to death. I never want to see the inside of that place ever again.

To my relief I felt her unzipping the back of my dress and loosening the corset.

"Oh God, that feels so good. Hey, what are you doing," I cried out as I felt her retightening it, and, in alarm tightening it even more than it was before.

"Ms. Morgan advised me that the first thing you would want when I got you home is to loosen your corset and take off your shoes. She said a perfect wife never complains and if you did I should tighten it another inch. And another inch if you kept complaining," She said.

I almost did, it felt like I was in a steel vice, but stopped short knowing another inch would be the death of me.

"I can't believe you're actually serious about that woman making me into some image of a perfect wife," I said, although I regretted it.

"That does it," She said angrily, and before I knew it I was being dragged by the ear over to a high backed chair.

"Bend over the chair," She ordered and not wanting to make her any madder I did, not having the faintest idea why. From the box Ms. Morgan had given her she took two straps and before I knew it my wrists were strapped to the front legs.

"Ms. Morgan suggested using a paddle on you, but I think this will do the trick," She said, holding the cane she'd been given.

"Hey, you can't sue...yeooow!" I screamed, as my cheeks bruned.

"You were the one who wanted (slash) to live out your fantasy playing the frilly girly housewife (slash). You wanted to be just like Betsy Sue (slash) didn't you?" She demanded to know.

"Y-Yes, p-please stop Lorin,? I begged.

“You didn’t address me as ‘Dearest.’ That be another two. You are going back to Ms. Morgan (slash, slash) where you will be taught (slash) to be a Perfect Wife, just like Betsy Sue, aren’t you?”

“Yes, yes I will, please stop Lo...Dearest,” I pleaded.

“Oh, I haven’t even started on you. After each slash you’ll say, ‘Sophie Jane is sorry she’s been a bad wife. Please cane me again,’” She ordered, and praying she’d stop I did until I was begging her to stop. I swear I’d say anything.

“You’ll try your hardest to become the Perfect Wife to me, your husband, well?”

“Yes, yes I swear I will,” I sobbed.

“We’ll see. After I let you up you’ll go and make my favorite chicken alfredo and don’t you dare let me see you sampling it, you’re on a diet,” She declared.

I was desperately hungry, but I had to idea what she’d do if she caught me. When I was ready I heaped my plate up and took both into the dining room.

I was perplexed when she picked up my plate and took it back to the kitchen. When she came back with it there was just one small piece of chicken on it.

Chapter -47 That does it.

“That’s it? Jesus Lorin, I’m starving,” I complained.

“Well, that didn’t last long,” she said, and to my real alarm took that horrible gag out of the box.

“Open wide Sophie Jane,” She ordered. When I clamped my mouth shut she stomped on one of my feet. I opened my mouth to holler and she had the gag on my and locked in seconds. Then she started pumping up the ball to the point where I started to gag, but she gave it one more squeeze, and now I was really gagging.

Taking out a card Ms. Morgan had given her I heard her dial. “Yes, I’d like to make an appointment, tomorrow if possible, for a liposuction treatment. Ms. Morgan says you can take off five inches, but can you do six? Yes, six then. Plus

a buttocks augmentation and could you add not two but three inches, then snip some muscles so her cheeks really wobble. Yes, I think her husband would really enjoy seeing her ass really bouncing and giggling.”

Then she dialed another number. “Hello, Ms. Morgan said you did permanent make up. Is it possible to schedule an appointment for, say, 11:30 tomorrow? Great, permanent eyebrow shaping, tattooed eyeliner, brightest blue. The lips? What choices do I have? Oh, they’re called, ‘passion, red cock sucking lips’ that sounds perfect. I’m sure her husband will really appreciate those,” She said, looking at me vindictively. And by that determined look I knew she was absolutely dead serious.

As she ate her dinner she made me walk back and forth, curtsying each time I turned. I tried as hard as I could to do everything right knowing the foul mood she was in. Then when she finished her dinner she ordered me to sit and write all my Golden Rules and Curtsy rules. Well, at least I was off my feet.

Chapter -48 One last chance.

When I finally finished she ordered me to follow her down the hallway to a door that she opened and said, “This is now your room.”

“My room” was the frilliest little girl’s room left over from the previous owners, who had a thirteen year old daughter. It was done all in pinks with the daintiest furniture, decorated everywhere in ruffles, lace, ribbons and bows. In the center was a canopied little girl’s bed that apparently was now my bed. Yuck!!

Gratefully she ungagged me then curtly said, “You’ll be up at five thirty, by six o’clock you will be perfectly made up, not a hair out of place and dressed and in the kitchen fixing my breakfast. You may have a half cup of coffee and one piece of unbuttered toast. I’ll be checking the video camera to insure you don’t touch a morsel of food,” She warned. Damn I’d forgotten all about those inside cameras we’d installed when we’d been broken into a couple months ago.

In the morning when she came into the kitchen she made me stand in the center as she inspected me using a ruler to measure not only the length of my suspenders, but my seams. Then inspected my shoes for any marks, my dress for any wrinkles, then my bows to see that they were all evenly tied. She gave me eleven naughty wife marks, three for strands of my hair that were loose.

When she finished her breakfast she ordered me to go out and sit in her car. Obviously I couldn't drive as I had no driver's license.

After driving for a while we came to an intersection.

"If I take a right you go to your liposuction, buttocks augmentation appointment, and then to have you permanently made up. If I take a left you go to Ms. Morgan's. Decide," She said with a note of finality.

"M-Ms. Morgan's," I said, there really was no choice.

Chapter -49 Naughty Wife, Bad Wife

Dropping me off at Ms. Morgan's Lorin tersely said, "Give this envelope to Ms. Morgan." I knew what was in it, dreading walking into her classroom.

Once there we all handed our envelopes to Ms. Morgan.

"Sophie Jane bend over this desk. Diane lift her skirts up. As you have the most naughty wife marks with thirty-two you'll be paddled thirty-two times. Ms. Green give Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn each a paddle. They will each paddle Sophie Jane sixteen times. After each spank you will say as sincerely and contritely as you can, 'Sophie Jane is sorry she's been a naughty wife.'"

To Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn she warned, "Do not spare the paddle or you'll take her place."

Well, they didn't and I was quickly sobbing and crying out what a naughty wife I was. You couldn't believe my relief when they finished.

"Stay where you are," She ordered, then to her assistant said, "Give Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn each a cane. As Sophie Jane also has the most bad wife marks, twelve, you'll each cane her six times. Four on her bottom, two to the



back of her legs. After each you'll say, 'Sophie Jane is sorry she's been a bad wife.'

Just two with the cane had me yelling at the top of my lungs what a bad wife I was. When they finally finished my bottom and the back of my legs were on fire.

Chapter -50 Sealed and locked in the dreaded punishment dress.

"As Sophie Jane has the most combined naughty and bad marks you'll dress her in her punishment dress for the rest of the day," She ordered.

I didn't think anything could be worse than being paddled and then caned, but after I was put in what they called my punishment dress I had the feeling all in it could be just as bad if not worse.

First came the rubber hose, then the four rubber petticoats to below the knees. The dress itself had a high, chokingly tight collar, the sleeves to the wrists just as tight. Each sleeve had a zipper which she closed and then secured with a tiny padlock. When she zipped up the back I heard another ominous click and knew I was virtually locked in the dress. Then came the black, patent, leather mid-calf boots that she also locked on.

Even before I got back to the classroom my worst fears were confirmed. Wearing the punishment dress was gastly. It was unbelievably heavy and I was already perspiring.

Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn had a horrified look on their faces that quickly turned to relief that they weren't wearing it.

Chapter -51 A shocking way to learn.

We started our classes the same as the previous day, practicing out walk. Clearly Ms. Morgan was upset with my efforts and to a lesser extent Nancy Ann's. To her assistant she said, "Put the wrist monitors on them both, but add

the elbow monitors to Sophie Jane. She appears incapable of showing off her tits and nipples as she's expected to."

Her assistant positioned my arms exactly how she wanted them, then attached a tight wristband to each and pressed a button on each. Then pulling my shoulders back as far as they would go so that my breasts and nipples were lewdly, I thought, thrust as far forward as they possibly could be and then attached bands just above each elbow and pressed a button. I had no idea what their purpose was but I quickly found out when ordered to continue walking.

As I did I must have lowered my right arm just slightly. When I did I got shocked. I quickly found out that if I lowered or raised either arm past the exact height she's placed them I got shocked. And again, if they wandered, even slightly, left or right. When I relaxed my shoulders just a little I got shocked yet again. I felt like I was a puppet on invisible strings. If I didn't hold my arms and shoulders precisely as she'd set them I got shocked over and over. I couldn't believe what she'd done but I had to concentrate as hard as I could or else.

Nor did my ungainly walk get past her notice. I, all too quickly, found the spiked hobbles on my ankles forcing me to take daintier and daintier steps. It was so unfair, I'd never worn five inch heels before, damnit.

By the time she'd finished walking us around the house I was a nervous, painful wreck. In the wretched punishment dress I was sweating like a pig and every few seconds, it seemed, if I moved either arm even slightly or didn't keep my shoulders back and my tits out as far as they would go I got shocked.

Chapter -52 Learning how to do tinkles and poopies.

"Your lesson for today is how a perfect wife does her tinkles and poopies. When your husband isn't home you will have designated times you may visit the toilet. When he's home, of course, you'll ask his permission to go to the bathroom to do your tinkles or poopies," She declared.

This was nuts, I'm supposed to ask Lorin for permission to take a leak or a crap? Oh no, I'll go when I feel like it.

However she wasn't finished. "When given permission when you enter the bathroom you will first curtsy to the toilet. Then after you've pulled your panties down to your ankles you'll raise your skirts carefully and evenly around you, keeping your ankles and knees together at all times. After you do your tinkles you'll dab your pussy using two sheets of toilet paper. If you do poopies you're allowed four sheets. When finished stand, curtsy to the toilet. So that you don't waste time you're allowed three minutes for tinkles and five for poopies," She stated, and then were made to practice. Which I did knowing there was no way I was going to curtsy to a damn toilet.

What she said next left me in misery. "You can put Nancy Ann and Sophie Jane on their treadmills now."

The only slight salvation was she removed my punishment uniform in favor of the body suit. Doesn't sound like much but it felt so much lighter than the horrible punishment uniform. Still at the end of forty minutes I staggered off the machine beyond exhausted. She allowed me a five minute shower then put me back in the damn punishment uniform.

Chapter -53 Learning to dust.

After a meager lunch Ms. Morgan led us into the living room filled with furniture.

"Each day you'll learn how to do a different chore. Today you will learn how to dust," She declared.

How stupid, how many different ways do you dust? You just run the duster back and forth and that's it, right? Ah but we found out that's not the way a perfect wife dusts.

"When you approach the piece of furniture you are to dust you first curtsy to it. Then, with your feet together, and holding the duster with just three fingers you dust left to right, then right to left. After you've dusted it you curtsy to it and go on to the next piece of furniture. Pamela Lynn we'll start with you," She instructed.

Curtsy to a piece of furniture, how ridiculous. But when it came my turn I did exactly that. We spent the next hour learning to dust like perfect wives.

After which we sat and did our makeup over and over, until we all looked like over made 50's pinup models. Then we were taught how to do our hair in a new hairstyle. Just as outdated as the absurdly dated beehives.

Chapter -54 Graceful swans.

After that I had no idea what she had planned to torment or humiliate, mainly me, next. I couldn't believe what came next. Our first ballet class. Ballet, good grief.

According to Ms. Morgan we were to become graceful swans.

Fat chance, how can she turn a guy into a graceful swan? There was one good thing about it. Gratefully, I was gotten out of the miserable punishment uniform and into tights, leotards, tutus that stood straight out, toe shoes and of all things a tiara pinned on top of our heads. The toe shoes, at best, were awkward to stand in, even more difficult to walk on.

"Every Tuesday and Thursdays you will have ballet which will improve your gracefulness. Your goal is to learn a five minute ballet routine which you'll perform for your husband and his guests entertainment. Mondays and Wednesdays you'll learn a ap dance routine to help your balance. Now who has had ballet?" She asked.

Both Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn raised their hands. "Very well, let's see you walk en pointe across the room," She ordered.

I had no idea what she was talking about until I saw them actually walking just on their toes. I tried but I couldn't even stand on my toes for even a second before flopping down.

Pointing to me she said, "You'll have to put this one in training boots and fastened to a suspension bar."

Ordered to sit and extend my feet her assistant removed my toe shoes and brought over a pair of truly bizarre looking mid-calf boots. As she forced one

foot into one of them it made my foot arch straight down. Then she did the other. There was no way I could ever walk in them let alone stand in them, or so I thought.

I was puzzled when she pushed a button to a bar that descended from the ceiling that had straps on either end of it. To each cuff she strapped a wrist. Then pushed a different button, raising it, until I was perched just on my toes with only the narrow heel providing little support. She put a leash, I guess you'd call it, to the center of the bar.

Pulling on it I was forced to walk on my toes across the room and back, over and over. At times making me turn around. Other times she'd lead me over to a barre that I held onto as she ordered me to raise first one leg and then the other out as far as I could standing on just one toe. Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn made walking on their toes look easy, but for me it was painfully tortuous. And she kept it up for a full hour.

I was never so relieved when the horrible boots were finally taken off. It was no solace when she said, "The first time in your training boots is the most difficult, but in just a few weeks we'll have you walking just like a graceful swan on your toes just like the others."

Oh my god, weeks she said! Fat chance, wait until I tell Lorin, she'll see how ridiculous it is, having a guy doing ballet.

And then, to my dismay, I was back in the damn punishment uniform. I couldn't believe Lorin was going to see me in it.

Chapter -55 Sophie Jane's resolve melts.

But she did, and didn't appear at all sympathetic.

"So this is what she wear when she's the worst wife. It doesn't look very comfortable,; She remarked.

"Yes, this is her punishment uniform. And, yes it's not meant to be at all comfortable, is it Sophie Jane?? She asked.

"No, Ms. Morgan," I said miserably.

"It's up to you whether you want to keep her in it the rest of the day," She said to Lorin.

When we got home she said, "Do you want out of your punishment dress, Sophie Jane?"

"Oh yes, please dearest," I begged.

"Well then, down on your knees and suck my dick, If you show substantial improvement I may let you out of it," she said.

Well I sucked her dick, lapping, kissing and tonguing for all I was worth.

"Much better," She gasped, "although you still didn't get my dick off, but I'll let you take your dress off."

Oh Heaven!

Chapter -56 Hell week at Ms. Morgan's, learning to vacuum.

I don't know how I made it thru my first week under the sadistic tutelage of Ms. Morgan and her assistant. Whatever resolve I had never to endure another humiliation disappeared as, unbelievably, Lorin dispassionately endorsed her training methods.

Each day we learned a new chore. First it was learning how to dust, on Wednesday it was learning how a perfect wife vacuumed. Which was stupid, everyone knew how to vacuum. The simplest thing in the world. But not for a perfect wife. We were each given an old fashioned Hoover vacuum. Clumsy to navigate and heavy to push about.

"You will always vacuum in a clockwise direction holding the vacuum only with your left hand. Push the vacuum taking three steps then stop, another three, push, then stop and so on. When you want to vacuum in a different direction you stop, curtsy turn, curtsy and being vacuuming in that direction." She instructed.

My god, this was as ridiculous as dusting, I thought, as I did exactly as dictated.

After we learned how to vacuum it was time for lunch. My mouth watered over

Pamela Lynn's full plate and even Nancy Ann's half full plate as what I got was a plain, no dressing, salad and two bites of chicken. I was sure I was being starved to death.

Chapter -57 We learn, of all things, to tap dance.

After dinner we were dressed for our first lesson in tap dancing. What I ended up in made me cringe. A one piece, halter style, sailor's outfit that made my torpedo tits stand out like headlights. The red, sequin bottom resembled sailor shorts with a flap fastened with eight white buttons. It fit skin tight and only covered, I swear, half my ass. On my head was a sailor's hat with a red bow fixed in front. Short, white gloves on each hand, but the worst part were the red, sequin, five inch heels with heel and toe taps. How the hell could anyone tap dance in five inch heels? Certainly not me.

"We'll start out with the basics. Tap, tap, brush, tap, tap and repeat," she instructed. It was obvious Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann had had tap dancing lessons. Me, one tap and I fell flat on my ass.

"It looks like you'll have to put a trainer belt on this one," She told her assistant.

What she put around my waist was a wide leather belt. In the back was a large ring to which she connected a cable that descended from the ceiling. I tried tapping again and again fell, but the belt prevented me from falling completely to the floor.

Very gingerly I began slowly tapping and not falling. But then the steps became more complicated. First came the, "crossover" step, then the "back toe tap." But the absolute most impossible, at least for me, was the "high kick."

"When I say 'kick' you'll kick your right leg up, keeping it perfectly straight, right toe pointed to the ceiling and even with your nose with only the toe of your left foot touching the floor," She instructed.

It sounded impossible and it was. At my first attempt I could barely get my leg above my waist. I was sure I'd be corrected, but to my surprise her assistant stood in front of me and asked me, surprisingly nicely, to give her my right foot.

"The high kick is difficult if you haven't practiced it before, but I'm sure I can help you, you simply need some stretching, which I'll help you with," She said, to which I was naively grateful.

Extending my right leg straight out, as she asked, she buckled a cuff tightly around my ankle and then attached it to a dangling rope. Then she did the same with the other leg. It was a puzzle what she was doing until she began pulling on the other end of the rope. Swiftly she raised my leg up and up and up. When it got to chest high I couldn't help raising my left foot to relieve the strain. I swear I couldn't raise my leg any higher, or so I thought.

"P-Please, Sophie Jane can't raise her leg any higher, honest," I pleaded.

"Of course you can, we just need to stretch your muscles," She heartlessly insisted and simply continued tortuously raising my leg until the tip of my toe was actually level with my nose. She held it there for several seconds and then, slowly lowered it, to my great relief. Which was all too short lived as she, oh no, as she started raising my other leg. She kept this up alternating one leg and then the other, ignoring the pained expression on my face until I had done twenty with each leg.

"There, eventually, after a few weeks, you'll be able to do this on your own. Friday you'll do twenty-five," She declared. Oh my God, I prayed Friday would never come.

Chapter -58 Learning to do laundry and iron.

With my legs quivering like jelly we were taken to the laundry room, where, in front of each of us were two mounds of clothing to be washed.

"Place the clothes from the first pile in the washer, making sure to curtsy to it first. The second selection of clothes you'll learn how to iron. As you pick up each article curtsy to it. Once you place it on the ironing board curtsy to it, then

stand with feet together on the small pedestal. Iron right to left. When finished curtsy and pick up the next article,” She said.

She then instructed us in how to precisely iron each article. Blouses, skirts, tops, pants pillows and bed sheets. Each had to be ironed differently. The hardest were the blouses with pleated sleeves, multiple, tiny buttons and ruffled cuffs. But the absolute hardest was the long pleated skirt. It must have had at least fifty pleats and each had to be ironed separately.

When the wash was finished we took it outside to hang on clothes lines. Even then we were told precisely what to do. “Carry the basket on your left side. When you pick up a garment curtsy to it, stand with your legs tightly together and pin the garment left to right,” We were told.

The grass was uneven and I had trouble keeping my feet together.

“Keep those feet together Sophie Jane,” the girl barked, spanking the backs of my legs.

How unfair!

The rest of the afternoon we practiced our caked on, retro make up until we looked like pinup dolls. Then learned how to style our hair in another ridiculously dated 50’s style.

Once home I had to describe in excited, glowing terms what I’d learned that day to Lorin.

Chapter -59 How a perfect wife scrubs floors.

It was Thursday, thank god only one more day and the week with Ms. Morgan would be over.

The morning was a repeat of the previous ones. Walking, sitting, standing, bending. Then the promenade and the fucking treadmill followed by ballet. Glad that was over I dreaded what was to come next. I soon found out.

“Today you’ll learn how a perfect wife scrubs floors,” Ms. Morgan announced. Fine, I was a busboy once and I mopped floors, piece of cake. I should have known better.

“My assistant will change you into the attire you’ll wear so you don’t ruin your good clothes,” She said.

Oh my God, not another rubber uniform! But it was, it just wasn’t as bad as the wretched punishment uniform.

This one was much lighter. Lighter weight rubber stockings, followed by an equally light weight, black maid’s dress with skirts and apron to the knees. On my feet were pink, knee high, plastic boots with, as always, five inch heels. On my head a pink, rubber maid’s cap and on my hands nearly elbow length, pink, rubber gloves.

Taken to a long, wooden hallway she said, “You’ll scrub the floor to the end of the hall, naturally you scrub floors on your hands and knees. Now in front of you is a bucket with detergent. Using the wooden brush you’ll scrub with your left hand, one, two, three and you’ll mop with your right, four, five, six. Both in a counter-clockwise motion. After which you’ll stand, curtsy to the bucket, slid it forward and begin again. The first one to the end of the hall can rest as a reward. The one who comes in second will do half the hall again, and the one who is last will rescrub the entire floor. You can begin,” She ordered.

So I started at a leisurely pace, humiliated by being down on my hands and knees scrubbing the damn floor. Then being made to stand and curtsy to a fucking bucket. My leisurely pace didn’t last long as I noticed Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann getting the jump on me. So it became a real race. And the faster and harder I scrubbed the more exhausted I became. Scrubbing a floor, I quickly learned, was hard work. I won, sorta. I came in second.

The rest of the day was a repeat of all the others. From the absolute preciseness of how we were to do every little thing I felt more like a combination puppet on strings and robot. Every minor error was immediately corrected, if it occurred twice we got spanked.

Thank god there was only one day left!

Chapter -60 Friday, at last!

Once again put into our rubber uniforms we learned that today we were to be taught how a perfect wife washed windows. Which, of course, was no less degrading, at least to me, as scrubbing floors, dusting, vacuuming or ironing. Disgustingly I saw that Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann appeared to accept it all as just learning how to be a perfect wife.

We were given window cleaner and a roll of towels for drying, and a six foot ladder.

“As you approach each window you’ll curtsy to it, climb the ladder to start at the top and work your way down. You’ll each have eight windows to clean. The one who comes in first can rest, the one who’s second will do four more windows and the one who’s last will do another eight windows.” She proclaimed.

I tried to go as fast as possible, I just couldn’t. Climbing the ladder in five inch, high heeled boots with pencil then heels was terrifying. I had to concentrate taking each step as carefully as I could just to keep my balance and keep from falling off it.

Nor did her assistant cut me any slack.

“You left several streaks Sophie Jane, do it again and do it right, or else,” She barked, and holding her cane I knew what she meant by, “or else.”

Still barely able to navigate in five inch heels with the gait trainers hobbling each step up I ended up doing eight windows.

Exhausting as it was there was no rest for our next class was tap dancing. I swore I could never do twenty-five high kicks, but, of course, the girl saw to it that I did.

Another make up session and new hair style followed. But then the routine changed.

Chapter -61 Weighed and measured.

“This being Friday you’ll be weighed and measured to determine what progress you’ve made.” She said.

I felt like a horse being weighed and measured as I stood the scale.

“Not as much as I’d hoped, Sophie Jane, six pounds, but not bad. Now, let’s see you lift this chair up as high as you can,” She ordered.

The chair was a fairly heavy one, but straining, I managed to lift it nearly up to my chest.

Smugly I saw that Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann could barely get it off the floor.

“Perfect wives are dainty, fragile, delicate creatures who should barely be able to lift a chair off the floor,” she said, looking at me disapprovingly.

“Diane, please put the strength limiters on Sophie Jane,” She directed.

Ordered to hold my arms straight out the girl clipped metal bands, about four inches wide, around each bicep.

“Now lift the chair up again,” She instructed. But with the arm bands so constricting my biceps I could barely get it to my waist.

“A bit tighter,” She ordered her assistant who, using a ratchet tightened them down quite a bit more.

Told once again to lift the chair this time I could barely get it more than a couple inches, straining, off the floor.

“Much better. As I said perfect wives are dainty, fragile, delicate creatures Sophie Jane, not muscle bound apes. Keep the strength limiters on her until that’s all the higher she can lift the chair without them,” She ordered.

What? Until I had no strength left! No, that’s definitely not what I want to become, not like Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann. Already not able to lift the chair barely above the floor! But what the hell could I do about it, it was obvious I couldn’t remove the damn bands myself. God, I truly did hated her. What a sadistic bitch, I thought, thankfully to myself.

Chapter -62 Sophie Jane's weekly evaluation.

"Please dress them for their weekly evaluation with their husbands," she told her assistant.

Weekly evaluation, what the hell was that, I wondered, as I was dressed in another dated, frilly 50's outfit and ridiculous hair do that no modern woman would be caught dead in.

Entering Ms. Morgan's study both she and Lorin were seated in easy chairs sipping drinks.

"Stand on the display pedestal Sophie Jane while I review your weekly progress and lack of it," she ordered.

I felt truly on display standing there on a pedestal while my supposed husband and Ms. Morgan sat relaxed having drinks.

"Now on the plus side she learned her domestic chores reasonably well, and should make her husband an excellent domestic. Her make up and hair styling is coming along

as well as can be expected with her obvious tomboy background. However, on the negative she is truly the most awkward, clumsy, ungainly and ungraceful new bride I think I've ever had. Her ballet and tap dancing are atrocious. She had to have grown up on a farm, she can barely walk in even low heels, and frankly she walks like a cow. She doesn't sit, stand, bend or curtsy with anything resembling gracefulness. So, tomorrow, which we reserve for what we call corrective training she'll have additional classes in ballet and tap and my assistant will take her on a more lengthy promenade," She declared.

Oh crap, I'd prayed for the week to end, it did for Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann, but apparently not for me.

"Now are you having any problems with her that you've noticed once you get her home," She asked Lorin.

Please Lorin, I silently begged, remember I'm really your husband. But apparently she didn't remember.

"The biggest problem I've noted is that she frequently frowns, pouts, or looks displeased when I ask her to do something, and isn't she always sup-

posed to smile?” She asked. Oh God, how could she mention those? Always expecting me to act so girly and submissive, I hated it.

“Oh my, we can’t have that, can’t have that, can we Sophie Jane,” Ms. Morgan asked disapprovingly.

“No Ms. Morgan,” I said, what else could I say?

“What does a perfect wife always do?” She asked sternly.

“A perfect wife always smiles, s-so she doesn’t upset her husband,” I was forced to say, gritting my teeth but I couldn’t help acting upset, and looking sullen when she told me to do something I hated doing.

“Here, try this on her the next time you see her frowning, looking sullen, displeased or you catch her not smiling. It’s a remedy a husband suggested. You can read his comments on this website,” Ms. Morgan said writing down the name of the website and handing her a small box. I had no idea what was in it but didn’t expect it was anything I was going to like.

Lorin, however wasn’t quite finished. “The other thing I’ve noticed, at times, when I tell her to do something is that I catch her hesitating.”

“Well, we definitely can’t tolerate that, can we Sophie Jane,” She asked, angrily.

“N-No Ms. Morgan,” I replied, thinking I’m really in for it now, and I was.

“As soon as she gets you home you will contritely admit that you’ve been a bad wife and ask her to, ‘pretty please’ take the cane to you ten times. Then you’ll stand in the corner with your hands on your head for one hour. On Saturday, first thing, you’ll ask her to please cane you eleven times and stand in the corner for one-and-a-half hours. Then on Sunday you’ll ask her to please cane you twelve times and you’ll stand in the corner for two hours, Am I clear?” She thundered.

“Y-Yes Ms. Morgan,” I quaked, terrified, in my heels.

I then watched as she spent several minutes writing on a notepad, finally handing it to Lorin.

“Here are a few obedience tests you’ll give her as soon as her time in the corner is up. The slightest hesitation on her part and you’ll give her a good smacking with the cane. Now was there anything else you noted,” She asked.

“Well, isn’t she supposed to curtsy to the toilet before she uses it. Fortunately there’s a security camera in the bathroom, so I was able to catch it,” Lorin said. Oh fuck, I forgot all about that camera.

“Obviously that can’t be tolerated. As soon as you get her home she’s to curtsy to the toilet fifty times and apologize to it. Specifically she’s to say, ‘Sophie Jane is ever so sorry she didn’t curtsy to you.’ After each curtsy she will kiss the toilet,” She instructed.

Driving home I was too horrified at what I had to do as soon as we get home to utter a word

Chapter -63 Oh God, we’re home!

I knew what I had to do, would Lorin actually cane me. I prayed she wouldn’t I was her husband after all. Oh Christ I keep forgetting I’m now the wife. So fearfully I said, “Sophie Jane has been a bad wife, please would you cane her.”

Well my prayers weren’t answered as she sternly said, “Over the chair, you bad wife.”

Damn it really hurt! And each one after that hurt even more. When she finally put the cane down she marched me by the ear over to a corner

“Hands on your head, don’t you dare touch your bottom,” She threatened.

I wanted so bad to rub my inflamed ass, but I didn’t dare.

Chapter -64 Would she really make me kiss the toilet?

It didn’t take long to find out. Led by the ear again, like an errant child, she half dragged me into the bathroom.

“Well, you know what to do. Curtsy to the toilet then apologize to the toilet, then kneel and kiss the toilet, and I want to see you kissing that toilet lovingly, a nice long five second kiss ending with a big smack,” She ordered.



Oh God, how degrading, I pleaded with my eyes, but she was unmoved. How serious was she?

“That will now be fifty-five, want to try for sixty?” She asked warned.

So I curtsied to the fucking toilet, apologized to it, and then kissed it, fifty-five times!

Chapter -65 Degrading as kissing the toilet what came next was worse!

Back in the living room I watched nervously as she took out the notes Ms. Morgan had written down.

“I’m going to order you to do some things you’re purposefully not going to like doing. However the slightest hesitation and you’ll be caned six times. Do you understand me, Sophie Jane?” She asked threateningly.

“Y-Yes dearest,” I answered fearfully.

“Kiss my left shoe,” She ordered suddenly. What, kiss her shoe?

“Over the chair,” she demanded giving my ass six with the cane.

“Kiss my left shoe,” She ordered again.

This time I didn’t hesitate.

“Now the right, and left and right again,” She demanded. With my ass on fire I started kissing as fast as I could.

“Now lick my right shoe, then the left and repeat until I tell you to stop,” She ordered and without thinking of how degrading an act I was performing I licked back and forth until my poor tongue was at it’s limit.

“You forgot the soles, left them up and lick them clean,” She said.

I was learning, no thinking just do as she demanded. And it was horrible. It had rained and there was actually mud on them, but I cleaned both, leaving some bits of mud scattered on the floor.

“Look at all that mud you’ve gotten on the floor, lick it up,” She demanded. So there I was licking and swallowing the bits of mud on the floor. It was disgusting!

“We’ll repeat this each day, maybe by the time you return to Ms. Morgan you will have learned that a perfect wife never, ever hesitates when told to do anything, regardless of what it is. Well, what do you think?” She asked.

“Yes, dearest, I’m sure Sophie Jane will have learned,” I replied miserably.

Chapter –66 Corrective training.

After that any thought that Lorin would remember that I was really her husband evaporated.

I’d thought Friday was the end of the week. Well it was for Pamela Lynn and Nancy Ann, but not for me.

Tortured in those ballet training shoes I endured an hour of ballet followed by an agonizing hour of tap dancing and not twenty but twenty-five high kicks. Then the assistant had me promenade around the house for another hour, smacking me for the slightest fault. A foot not placed precisely in front of the other, an arm a fraction too high or too low, a curtsy that didn’t last exactly four seconds, or if I wasn’t sticking my tits out as far as she thought I could stick them.

I should have been relieved when it was finally over but I had no idea what awaited me once I got home.

Chapter -67 Another obedience test, only it’s worse.

Oh no, she wouldn’t, I prayed, as I saw her knee high, black patent leather boots on the floor. She’d obviously found a mud puddle and rolled them in it, let them dry and placed them on the floor.



“Kiss each toe four times each then lick them clean, until they sparkle, not forgetting the soles, then lick up any mud you left on the floor. Now put your arms behind you,” She ordered, actually tying them so I couldn’t use them.

You have twenty minutes o clean them. For every minute over your bottom gets caned twice, start,” She ordered.

This was so much worse than yesterday, bit I didn’t dare hesitate, I only had twenty minutes.

Unfortunately and painfully it took me twenty-four minutes before they were sparkling clean.

“Well, you appear to be learning, but we’ll see what tomorrow brings,” She stated.

Chapter 68 Ten times around the pool?

I was puzzled and relieved when she unexpectedly removed not only my gait trainers but my shoes.

“Ms. Morgan’s assistant informed me you are not doing well in you promenade.

Still too clumsy walking and totally lacking in gracefulness. So she suggested extra practice over the weekend,” She informed me as she ordered me to get undressed. Looking at the outfit she’d laid out for me there was no way I wanted to put it on, but, of course I did. I had to struggle breathlessly to get the ungodly tight capri pants on. The strapless, yellow, polk-a-dotted top was at least two sizes too small, barely covering my tits. The wide, white, plastic belt made me look like a trashy, 50’s bimbo, pin-up girl Christ, what next? Of course the shoes came next.

“These will be your at home practice shoes. Not five inch heels, but five-and-a half inch heels with two inch platform soles and eight-and-a-half inch heels.” She said, as she buckled them on my feet and then put the spiked gait trainers back on my ankles, shortening the chain from four inches to three inches.

“Arms in position,” She ordered, putting the damn monitors on my wrists and elbows.

“Now, ten times around the pool,” She dictated, as she sat down on a chaise lounge with a book and a drink.

And so I began my torturous trip around the pool. It wasn’t a big pool, but I had to concentrate on so many things all at the same time. First I had to make sure I didn’t lose my balance and actually fall in the pool trying to walk on impossibly high heels. Then I had to remember to take even shorter, mincing steps so the spiked gait trainers didn’t jab my ankles. Then I had to keep my arms and fingers in precise positions otherwise I’d get a shock. Which was hard to do because the bands they’d put on my biceps robbed me, on purpose mind you, of virtually all my strength. At the same time I had to remember to keep my breasts thrust forward as much as I could or get another shock.

As I minced painfully around the pool getting shock after shock and getting my ankles jabbed I couldn’t help but be resentful of Lorin sitting lounging totally relaxed. When I finally made it around the pool ten times, a nervous and painful wreck I informed Lorin. Who said, “If you can do another two I’ll let you lay down by me and relax.”

Well that did it, I staggered around the pool two more times. All I could think of was lying down and blissfully going to sleep.

But Lorin had other ideas. “Very good Sophie Jane, you can lay down on the chaise lounge next to me for two hours. I’d let you relax more but Ms. Morgan strongly advised against any more than two hours of what she called, ‘free time’ for a perfect wife. Stating that idle hands are the devil’s hands.”

God, I truly hated that woman! Except for her I could have relaxed all day, or at least more than two hours. But it was better than nothing.

It turned out I wasn’t even going to be able to lie there and relax.

“Here you can spend your time reading the latest issue of *Woman’s Day*. If you can answer ten questions about what you’ve read I’ll let you share my meal later, steak and a loaded baked potato,” She said.

Well the last thing I wanted to do for the next two hours was read a damn woman's magazine. But I did, as thoroughly as I could, as my imagination was already drooling over what she offered to share.

I managed to answer nine out of ten, but to my gratitude she declared that close enough, although what I got was a miniscule portion of each. Still it was the first real food I think I'd had in weeks.

Chapter -69 We learn how to serve,

"Today you will learn how to serve and begin your beautician skills. If your husband allows you to eat with him you dress in your sexiest, frilliest attire. As you serve his meal you will curtsy to him before serving his meal. Then wait for permission to sit and then wait until he gives you permission to eat," She dictated.

This was so humiliating, like everything else. I'm supposed to wait for permission to sit and then eat? This is getting just totally insane!

But she wasn't finished. "However if he says nothing, or he has male guests, you immediately change into your French Maid's uniform. As he, or they, partake in dining you'll stand to one side, hands in your lap, head bowed, without fidgeting to respond to any order he gives you."

God, I hated that fucking uniform. It wasn't revealing, it was indecent.

Chapter -70 Our first beautician skills lessons and another ridiculous hair do!

The first skill we learned was how to give our husband's a manicure and pedicure making us practice on each other over and over.

Then we learned a new hair do. Unbelievably it was even more out of style than the beehive one. There must have been three dozen rollers of all sizes, that we were made to roll so tight it felt it really I thought my hair was being pulled



out of my head. When she was satisfied with our efforts we had to spray it with this sickening sweet spray until it was virtually cemented in place.

Chapter -71 Humiliated in front of strangers.

Just before lunch we were told to change into the hated French Maids uniforms and told we were going to practice our serving skills during lunch.

When we entered the dining room there was Ms. Morgan, her assistant, but to my alarm there were two other women there. From the way they were elegantly dressed both were very wealthy. The very last thing I wanted was for strangers to see me dressed so revealingly. My cheeks were already burning with shame.

“So, this is your latest batch of new brides you’re turning into perfect wives for their husbands,” One woman disdainfully asked.

“Yes, all to be turned into perfect wives for their husbands,” Ms. Morgan replied, demanding that we introduce ourselves.

When it was my turn I said, “The maid’s name is Sophie Jane, Ma’am.” I hated referring to myself in the third person as if I wasn’t on the same social level.

“Well, I imagine her husband gets his jollies off seeing her dressed like, at best, a shameless tart. My god, her tits are practically ready to fall out,” She remarked disgustedly.

“True, but except for her feet, her tits are really her best assets so she’s always to put them on display as much as possible. Fortunately her husband isn’t an ass man as this one’s is just about flat as a pancake,” Ms. Morgan said.

“Honestly if my husband even hinted at turning me into one of these perfect wives

I think I’d cut his balls off. Why do you do it?” the first asked.

“Actually it’s quite lucrative. You can’t believe what their husbands pay me to turn their new bride into completely submissive, sexy, air-headed bimbos and most of all an obedient wife.”



“But how did you get started in this, you have to admit it’s rather a bizarre way to make a living,” the second asked.

“Oh, I had lots of experience, starting with my husband,” She said.

“Your husband, do tell.”

“He tried to turn me into one of those happy homemakers who lives to fawn over his every command. So I turned the tables on him and turned him into the perfect wife, for me. The maid who answered the door was him, or her, now her name is Prissy. While she slaves away in the kitchen and keeps the house spotless as my stay at home maid, I have a corral of young studs to entertain me,” Ms. Morgan stated.

Wow, that sexy maid who always escorted us in was actually a he! She obviously did a real number on him, well her.

“I can’t imagine any man voluntarily, or not, letting his wife turn him into her wife, just like these three here. Can you imagine how degrading that’d be,” She sniffed, disgustedly.

Yea, I could, me. I wanted to be a frilly, sexy thing just like Betsy Sue. I dreamed about how great it would be. Now I’m trapped in this nightmare of my own making. Being turned into a mindless, submissive, bimbo, perfect wife for my pretend husband who offered me not one shred of sympathy. Now, here I was showing off my tits, ass and legs, feet strapped into insanely towering heels that any normal woman wouldn’t be caught dead wearing. To say nothing of the humiliating bells on the toes that announced my coming and going. God, I hated them! And the fucking garter straps. Can you believe eight to each leg, and each had to be perfectly even. So there I was l

ewdly on display to two women who had nothing but scorn for what they thought I was voluntarily submitting to.

Along with Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn we served them lunch with my tits nearly falling out and my ass exposed every time I bent over even slightly.

“I really love the bells they have on their toes. Do they serve any purpose besides the delightful tinkling sound as they walk, the first woman asked.

“The jingling of their bells tells their husband’s where they are, and if they’ve been given a task and he doesn’t hear their bells it’s a good indication

that they're not as hard at work as they should be. However many husband's keep their wives belled simply because of the tinkling sound you remarked on," Ms. Morgan explained.

I think, putting aside the shamelessly revealing way I displayed myself in front of them, I truly hated those fucking bells almost as much."

Chapter -72 Pleasing our husbands, Lesson One, Feet.

Well, I made it through another week of Ms. Morgan's sadistic boot camp. Lorin was delighted at my manicure and pedicure skills.

When I was measured and weighed I found I'd lost another eight pounds and two more over the weekend. So now I was down to 121.

On Monday Ms. Morgan asked her assistant what my waist had measured on Friday. "She's making some progress, she's down from twenty seven to twenty five."

"Well then, next corset down," She ordered.

Minutes later I was being laced into a new, smaller corset.

"Aren't you so pleased, your figure is now down to an almost acceptable twenty three inches?" the assistant asked me.

"Oh yes Sophie Jane is ever so pleased," I gasped, trying to take a breath, but I really couldn't. I wondered if I'd actually pass out.

"In your third week you'll begin to learn all the necessary skills for pleasing your husbands, today we'll start with his feet. Now in front of you are very life-like mannequins dressed as your husband would be when he comes home from the office. Kneel in front of your mannequin and remove his shoes and socks. Now reverently lift one foot to your mouth and lick all the sweat from it. Making sure you tongue between each toe, then his soles up to his ankles," She instructed.

Nancy Ann and Pamela Lynn started right in. As if they weren't feeling the least bit degraded or humiliated licking a man's sweaty feet for god's sake. Well, this was going way too far. No way was I going to lick some guys sweaty

feet even is was just a mannequin. Which instantly changed when Ms. Morgan dug her sharp nails into the back of my head.

“What are you waiting for?’ She demanded to know, forcing my head down to the mannequin’s feet.

“Get started now, or else,” She demanded, holding my head while I removed it’s shoes and socks and bent to the degrading task of licking the all too life-like foot.

“Do it again, and this time really get that tongue between each toe,” she ordered.

What choice did I have? I licked first one then the other foot, then did it over again not once but half a dozen times. It was disgusting.

“Now, step two. Go to the kitchen, get a warm bowl of water, hand lotion and a soft scrub brush and bring them back,” She ordered.

When we had she said, “When you have both feet licked clean and all his toes well sucked you’ll wash, scrub and then dry them.”

Which, of course, I did. I hoped that was it, but naturally it wasn’t.

“Step three. Learning to massage your husband’s feet. Which he’ll quite enjoy after a long day at the office. Start with massaging each toe, then the instep, the soles and then the ankles,” She instructed.

So, under her threatening glare, I did as directed. Massaging the toes was almost as disgusting as sucking them.

Naturally Lorin was delighted as I knelt, licked her sweaty feet, bathed and then massaged them.

“Oh, that feels so great. From now on it’s the first thing I’ll want when I get home from the office, out shopping or coming back from playing tennis, what do you think?” She declared, oblivious to how degrading it was to me.

“Oh yes, Sophie Jane c-can’t wait to lick, bathe and massage your feet.” I wanted to scream, “don’t you realize how degrading this is!” But, of course, I didn’t. what a spineless wimp I was turning into.

“I know, before you take my shoes off it would be great if you licked any dust or dirt off them, don’t you think?” she asked.

Excitedly as I could I agreed, but inside I felt just the opposite. Licking her shoes clean every time she came home was just about as degrading as licking and sucking her toes. And she couldn't stop heaping more humiliation, unintended as it was, saying, "That's really great. So that will be your ritual every time I come home. Ms. Morgan says it's important to start establishing different ritual for you so you don't have to actually think. As you know the philosophy of being a perfect wife is that your husband does all your thinking for you, isn't that right?"

"Y-Yes dearest," I replied. What could I say, with all my heart I wanted to shout 'Enough!' but after all that was the philosophy much as I now hated it.

End Of Book One.

Look for the continuing story of poor Sophie Jane as she's trapped, of her own doing, into the life of a brainless, sexy, bimbo perfect wife.