

Promoted to Housewife



Julie Harris

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Promoted to Housewife

By Julie Harris

Chapter 1: Successful Businessman

My star was rising. I was a successful businessman consistently growing business for my company and moving up the corporate ladder. Profits were strong, we had just won a large government contract, and had just opened a new manufacturing facility. I recently received a promotion to a director-level role and was now hoping to secure the vice-presidency by the end of the year.

My personal life at home was not as good. To stay on top of things at work required my complete focus. That meant that sacrifices needed to be made at home. I missed an occasional social event with my wife or party while working late at the office. I wasn't worried, though, because Chloe and I had plenty of

time to make it up. We were both young and had a bright future ahead of us.

A normal workday meant that I worked long hours in the office, leaving home early in the morning before the sun came up and returning long into the evening. It was the sacrifice that I had to make to secure the promotion. It was a sacrifice that I convinced myself that Chloe and I needed to build a better life and a secure financial future.

My frequent out-of-town trips and late workdays forced Chloe to find other things to do with her time. She had a lot of girlfriends that she socialized with. One in particular was her best friend Michelle. She and Michelle would spend hours together each week, talking about everything in their lives. What I didn't know was that I was a sore topic in their frequent conversations. Chloe thought it was very selfish of me to spend all of my time at work and ignore our marriage. She also did not particularly like the fact that I was so obsessed with dressing up in women's clothing.

"Is Ray gay?" Michelle asked Chloe.

"Ray thinks of himself as a girl. So no, I don't think he identifies as being gay," replied Chloe. "He might think of himself more as a lesbian."

"Ray seems like a nice guy, with some strange hobbies," said Michelle. "We need to find a way to take advantage of his strong desires to become a girl."

"I agree," said Chloe. "I just don't know what to do at the moment."

"Let's keep talking on this topic. A good idea will come to us eventually," said Michelle with a grin.

My personal thoughts were that I was very fortunate in finding the perfect spouse. My wife Chloe seemed to be okay with me wearing her panties and fantasizing about dressing up as a girl. She didn't encourage it but she did let me enjoy my dress-up hobby. She understood my desire to dress in woman's clothing and seem to be okay with her husband being dressed as a girl.

As long as I can remember, I have always been fascinated with wearing girls' clothing. Girls had so many more choices to choose from. Their range of colors alone blew away anything a boy could wear. They had so many types of different shoes to choose from. They could put on makeup and fix up their hair in a number of different styles. They could accessorize with bracelets, rings, necklaces and earrings.

I always made it a point to wear panties. It was safe to wear both while at home and while at work. I can't even remember the last time when I wore boys' underwear.

I try to dress in women's clothing at home, in the safety of our bedroom. Over the years I have purchased an entire wardrobe of women's clothing online. Dresses, skirts, blouses, bras, panties, and shoes; I owned more women's clothing than men's clothing. I even had wigs and breast forms to make my appearance more realistic.

My days were filled with me fantasizing about what it would be like to be a girl. What it would be like if I could be myself and dress as a girl. Sometimes I would put on a dress or blouse/skirt outfit while at home in our bedroom. My play time was always short lived as I could not go out beyond the boundary of our home dressed as a girl for fear of being embarrassed or discovered by a neighbor.



While my wife Chloe would support my dress-up hobby, she would not actively participate. I tried different approaches in the hope that she would engage with me in my hobby. I tucked my private parts tightly between my legs and secured things with tight-fitting underwear. I would walk one foot in front of the other to give my hips movement from side to side. I'd wear lipstick when we got ready for bed, hoping that she would at least make a comment. I got nothing.

I'd wear heels while in the house walking around from room to room. She seemed to ignore that as well. I would sit down to pee every time. She never made a comment.

My hope was that one day she would actively participate in my dressing as a woman. It would be wonderful if we could go shopping as two girls and try on different clothes together. As it stood, I was always the one carrying the clothes for her as we went to the dressing rooms. Much of the time, I was the one who picks out her outfits. I helped match and select the perfect look for a given occasion. I always found it so much more exciting to play with women's clothing!

It would be great if Chloe could think of me when she is out shopping, and perhaps buy something for me like a dress or a skirt. Just thinking of me as a girl would have made me feel like she cared. Just a small gesture would go a long way to show that she was with me in my desire to be feminine.

I know that many of the nicer stores would not mind if a husband and wife were in the same dressing room. They would assume that the wife was trying on clothes for her husband. In reality, we could both be trying on clothing.

The harder I tried to get my wife's attention, the more I was ignored. Our life in the bedroom seemed to be getting colder as well. I would wear tight panties, tucking my little clitty away between my legs. I would take my clitty out only when my wife asked for it. I would make love to her with my penis only if she asked for it. I would try to service her orally, thinking that that's how another girl would pleasure her. Chloe usually rejected my offer, saying that she was "not clean down there."

During our lovemaking, Chloe did like to call me her "little slut." "Work hard for me, my little slut," she'd say as she rode me until orgasm. Chloe likes to be on top.

After a year of begging, I finally got Chloe to agree that I could take modeling lessons to become more feminine. At first, she did not like the idea of me trying to further my hobby of dressing like a girl. She eventually agreed to let me take private modeling lessons at John Robert Powers Modeling School. Classes included poise, etiquette, movement, fashion, and makeup. I would spend 2 hours each day in these classes for the next six months.

My skill at dressing as a girl got better. If nothing else, I had a lot more self-confidence in dressing up. I would still only dress when at home in our bedroom, but I did know how get into my female character quite quickly.

I was longing for a place to dress full-time as a girl, somewhere where I could reinvent myself and be in character a prolonged period of time.

We had a number of timeshare points building in our account. I asked Chloe what she thought about the idea of the two of us renting a private home for a week somewhere remote. I could dress up as a

woman full-time and she could talk on the phone with all her friends. I would do all the household chores; washing, cleaning, and cooking. She would just sit back and be pampered.

Chloe did not go for this idea. In fact, she thought it was a stupid idea that just wasted time.

I would fantasize about a week of time being a girl. What would our days be like?

Day 1: Morning: get dressed in casual girls' clothing – cook breakfast, clean up. Get dressed for work in a business dress or a blouse/skirt outfit, with pantyhose and heels. Make coffee, walk around the house a little. pretending to be going to other people's offices. Sitting in an office chair ,answering the phones and typing on my computer.

Lunchtime: make lunch for Chloe and me. Clean up the kitchen. Get dressed in exercise clothing. Do stretching and aerobic exercises for an hour. Take a shower. Get dressed in casual girls' clothing. Make dinner. Get dressed in evening wear – cocktail dress, heels, evening makeup and perfume. Eat dinner. Go for a walk outside around the house. Come back for some slow dancing by the fireplace. Sit and talk. Change into a teddy. Make passionate love as two girls would together. Take a shower together. Change into a sleep chamise. Go to sleep.

Day 2: repeat the schedule from day 1.

Day 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7: repeat.

This would go on for the entire week. I would never change back to boys clothing until it was time to go home after the week was over.

A tropical version of this would include laying around the pool in a two-pieced bikini. If on a beach, being able to walk on the beach in a bikini. Laying out and getting a nice suntan would be wonderful! If only we had a nice private backyard.

I wish I could have done this type of vacation all over the world in different locations. I would choose Sonoma wine country, Lake Arrowhead, Vancouver, London, Hawaii.

The more I fantasized about my perfect vacation, the more I was ignored.

Chapter 2: Pushing for More

I wanted more from my wife. I wanted my wife to encourage me to dress up more as a girl. I tried to talk to her about my desires. She listened, then did nothing. She continued to ignore me (or so I thought).

Her escape was going out to lunch and walking with her best friend Michelle. They would spend time together every Sunday. Michelle was an well-established lawyer for one of the big law firms in Los Angeles. She was very assertive, powerful, and attractive. If not with Michelle on Sundays, Chloe would spend hours with her on the phone, talking about who knows what. Girl things, I would imagine. It worked out fine as when I was away on business; she would have someone to talk to as much as she wanted.

I started making it more obvious that I wanted to dress like a girl. I started ordering more clothes online to be delivered to our house. Dresses, skirts, bras, panties, high heels would be shipped to our house. I would deliberately make sure that my wife

found the package so that she knew that I was purchasing more girl clothing. Chloe saw the packages but said nothing.

I would wear a bra each night before we went to bed. I would have my breast forms in my bra to give me a better feminine appearance. I would wear girls' pajamas each night. In the winter it would be a long-sleeved night shirt with a matching pair of flowery pants. In the summer it would be a spaghetti strapped top with short shorts. Chloe ignored me in my pajamas.

I would put on lipstick before I got into bed each night. I liked the feel of the creamy lipstick on my lips. I liked thinking how beautiful I looked with lipstick on, even though it was while I was sleeping. Once again, Chloe ignored me, even with my lipstick on.

I painted my toenails. I started with a nude color, then changed it up to a brick red color. I got no reaction from Chloe. It was as if it was no big deal that my nails were painted.

In the day, I started wearing girls' sandals around the house. I started switching it up using different girls' shoes throughout the day. Wedge sandals, strappy sandals, slingback heels, closed-toed heels, strappy high heels. It didn't matter. Chloe would ignore the fact that I had on high heels. When I asked her what she thought about my shoes, she would say "Oh, they're nice, honey".

When I took a shower, I took extra care to keep my male parts tightly tucked away between my legs. Other than washing and drying down there and using the bathroom, my penis was tightly tucked away.

When we were in bed and my wife would want to play with my penis, I would jokingly say “Honey, don’t be silly. I don’t have a penis anymore. I have a vagina just like you.” I would let her hands feel between my legs, showing her that my male parts were appropriately tucked away. There was nothing between my legs for her to grab on to.

“Honey, having you encourage me to be a girl gets me just as excited, or more, than when you are rubbing my penis,” I said to her while we were in bed. “I want you to pretend that I am a girl. The only way that a girl can satisfy you sexually is with her tongue and fingers. I would be honored for you to let me lick your beautiful pussy,” I said with confidence.

I would avoid having male-to-female intercourse. Instead, I would kiss her and proceed to pleasure her orally, between her legs. I ask her to play with and suck on my nipples. Chloe reached out and touched my nipples a few times, but lost interest very quickly. Our nights together were short as Chloe did not seem interested in me pretending to be a girl.

It was a Sunday. I got up and started cleaning like I did every weekend. Wash the clothes, clean the bathrooms, vacuum the house. I also had to go shopping to buy food for tonight’s dinner. Chloe went to have lunch with Michelle. She spent the whole day out with her and came back home around 6:00 pm. I had dinner waiting for her when she arrived home: BBQ chicken, corn on the cob, green beans, and mashed potatoes.

Chapter 3: Formulating a Plan

I thought that my wife was ignoring me. The more she ignored me, the harder I tried to get her atten-

tion. I tried to talk about how much I liked dressing in women's clothing when we were alone. I wore perfume to bed in the evenings, hoping that she would notice and be attracted to me. I tried to have intimate relations with her in bed, but she was always too tired. Chloe was not ignoring me. Unbeknownst to me, she was formulating a plan to change my life forever.

Chloe would meet with her best friend Michelle every Sunday. Chloe would spend a good part of her time with Michelle talking about her "wimpy" husband and how he would constantly want her to acknowledge that he was a girl. How he wanted her to pretend to like seeing him dressed up in drag. How he wanted her to pretend that he was a girl and treat him as such. How he wanted to try on her clothing and makeup. How he wanted to act like a girl in the bedroom.

"In the bedroom?" Michelle asked.

"Yes, he wants to pretend that he is a girl, and make love as two girls," replied Chloe. "He refuses to untuck his penis and keeps it tightly tucked away at all times. He practically begs me to let him lick my vagina. Of the little time that I do get to spend with him, he wants me to treat him as a girl.

"Enough with my problems. How are you doing?"

"Well, my dear friend, I have problems of my own," said Michelle. "Benjamin is one track-minded. All he thinks about is sex. He is always horny. "If you make him cum, he'll be begging for more in an hour. And every hour after that. It seemed like every subject we talk about ends up being about sex. I'm tired and sore from his constant thumping. My vagina is always stretched out and my jaw is tired of being open all day long. I constantly have to wear tampons to soak up all the semen from my husband."

“Too much of a good thing,” Chloe remarked with a laugh.

They had a good laugh about our problems as they hugged each other by the fireplace. It was getting close to dinner time now and Michelle had just finished the last glass of wine.

“I need to get home,” Chloe remarked. “Ray should have dinner ready by 6:00 pm.”

“I’ll see you soon my dear,” said Michelle as she kissed Chloe on the lips. They embraced for a moment, with some passionate kissing. “I have to order dinner as Benjamin is pretty useless when it comes to cooking. I’ll see you later.”

Chloe got home a little before 6:00 pm. Dinner was ready as usual. We had a nice dinner with minimal chit-chat and I began to clean up the dishes.

The phone rang. Chloe answered it. She seemed happy to hear that it was Michelle. They agreed to meet the next day for lunch. I overheard Chloe saying that she had a lot of ideas for their project.

The next day came too soon. Once again, I got up early and disappeared for work.

Chloe met Michelle for lunch and continued their conversation about their problems.

“Sometimes I just lay on the bed and tell my husband to hurry up and get it over with,” said a frustrated Michelle. Her husband’s libido was so high that he wanted sex all day long. “I am tired of being on my back or on my knees, staring at his dick,” said Michelle.



Chloe lit up and said that she had the perfect solution. “How about if we got Ray and Benjamin together? Only Ray would be dressed as a girl?” said Chloe with excitement.

Michelle too lit up as if an brilliant idea had dropped in her lap.

“What if instead of ignoring your husband’s calls to support his dress-up hobby, you instead encouraged it? What if you increase the pace to really see if he’s really serious? Perhaps he’ll lose interest when he finds out how much work it is to be a girl? I’ll help you train him,” said Michelle.

“Wouldn’t it be funny if we could train Ray to become a sexy girl to satisfy all of Benjamin’s sexual desires?” said Chloe with a smile. “Then we could be together and they could be together. It would be a win-win scenario!”

“Either way, it will give us a fun project to work on,” said Michelle. “By the time we are done, your husband will either be sick of spending time being a girl, or he will *be* a girl ready to serve you and anyone we choose.”

“Yes, we’ll make him do all the cooking, washing, and cleaning at home,” Chloe remarked. “We’ll make him dress in women’s clothing at all times. We’ll keep him on a strict diet to lose weight. I think he’d look great in a French Maid uniform. We’ll keep him on a rigorous schedule so that he won’t have time to think about anything else but being a girl.”

“Let’s get him to sign a contract,” said Michelle. “It will make things official. Plus it will tell us how serious Ray really is in regards to wanting to become a girl.”

“Yes, a contract that will obligate him to complete his training and add teeth to our proposal. If he doesn’t fulfill his contract, he loses the house and all of his assets, in the event that he and I separate or have a divorce.” said Chloe with a grin.

“And if he does complete his contract, well, my Benjamin will have a beautiful submissive housewife to fuck all day long!” remarked Michelle.

Both girls laughed at the possibility of creating the perfect sex toy for Benjamin. That would free the both of them up to finally be with each other. This plan was almost too good to be true. Benjamin would have someone to suck his cock every moment of the day as well as someone to fuck whenever he needed a release. Chloe and Michelle would be free to be together. I would be the obedient housewife cleaning and cooking for everyone. What a perfect scenario for Chloe, Michelle, and Benjamin...and perhaps me as well.

“But we need to find a way to get your husband Ray away from his work,” said Michelle. “He is always at the office, trying to impress his boss to get the next promotion. We’ll have to give this more thought.

A few weeks went by as the girls added more details to their plans. Unknown to me, Chloe was now on a mission to make this happen. She and Michelle met twice a week specifically to build up their plans for me. They wrote down all the details of my training as well as the things that I would have to do for them after becoming a girl. They created a special contract that they would force me to sign. Once signed, my fate to becoming a submissive girl as per their direction would be in full effect.

Chapter 4: The Making of a Housewife

A month later, I lost my job due to downsizing and a poor economy. I was offered a severance package that covered my salary for six months. I did not have any choice but to accept it. The alternative would have been far less of a severance package.

I was devastated but determined to find another position. I have good skills and a lot of energy. Surely that would count for something!

My wife Chloe was understanding. She asked that I take the six months off to spend more time with her and to help her more around the house. I could contribute more to the household chores to free up time for she and I to spend together. Chloe said that since she was still working, she expected that I pick up the slack at home. I was asked to start helping with all the household chores, including cooking the meals, washing and ironing clothes, cleaning the bathrooms, fixing the beds and sweeping and mopping the floors.

Chloe said that she would use her connections to get me another position that I would be better suited for. Being naïve, I agreed and started doing the housework. To numb the shame of not having a job, I immersed myself in my new tasks at hand. I found that I was actually quite good at cooking. The challenge was to shop for all the ingredients ahead of time and to give yourself extra time to cook dinner. Meal preparation is key.

As time progressed, my domestic skills got better. I was able to keep the house clean and have all the meals prepared on time. The beds were always fixed, and the clothes were always washed and folded.

Chloe asked me to come into the living room one night for a talk, after I had cleaned the kitchen. She wanted to share something with me.

Chloe seemed very excited to tell me that she understood my deep desire to dress as a girl. Her concern was that if I was just a guy dressed in girl clothing, I would look silly. Instead, if I wanted to dress like a girl, I would have to commit to my training and become a girl. I would have to be serious about learning everything necessary to complete my training.

Chloe said that she did not think that I had the conviction to follow through with any serious training.

I thought about it for a moment. Chloe has never taken interest in me dressing up. Now that she seemed to be interested, I most definitely should take advantage of the opportunity. “After all, how hard can it be to go through a few training lessons with her?” I thought to myself.

“Okay, I’ll let you train me,” I said with confidence.

“Not so fast, my dear hubby,” said Chloe. If you accept my help, then I need you to promise that you will do everything in your power to follow my instructions until I am through with your training. Is that clear?”

“Yes, yes, I agree,” I said hastily. “And thank you for supporting me!”

Chloe smiled. “Okay. my dear husband, I want you to sign a contract saying that you will commit to this training. Most of this is just legal mumbo-jumbo, just sign the last page,” said Chloe.

“A contract? What are you talking about?” I asked.

“It’s simple, my dear husband. I don’t want to waste my time. If you are serious about dressing as a girl, then I will help you. But before I do, you will have to commit to learning from me.

“Wait a minute. What is this here in the contract about me being a little girl, then a teenage girl, then a young woman, and then an adult woman?” I asked.

“Don’t worry about that part. It’s just a few steps in your development along the way. We’ll have lots of time for you to learn the new rules,” said Chloe.

“No way am I going to sign any stupid document. I don’t see why I need to. This is my house, and I can do as I please,” I said, trying to assert my dominance.

“Remember sweetie, I’m on the lease too. As the only one with a job, I can kick you out for not contributing to the mortgage. Would you like to be homeless, dear?” said Chloe as she stared me down.

I tried to maintain eye contact but she was too much for me. I finally put my head down. “You wouldn’t do that. I don’t need any stupid contract,” I said in defiance.

I knew that you did not have the courage to go through with this.

“You are just a little wimp that likes to dress up as a girl. No balls, just a pussy!” said Chloe angrily. “You figure out where you are going to live because as of next week, you’ll be out on the street, Mister.”

“Okay, okay I’ll sign the piece of paper if it will make you happy,” I said in defeat. I quickly signed the signature page and initialed in a few places that she pointed to.

“There. Are you happy now?” I said as I held my head down. “At least I’ll get to dress like a girl from now on,” I thought to myself.

“Yes dear,” said Chloe with a smile. “We start tomorrow morning. Please get a good night’s rest. Goodnight, dear.” She kissed me on the cheek and went up to bed.

I was excited and was looking forward to the next day.

Chapter 5: Starting as a Little Girl

Beep, beep, beep, beep. It was 5:00 am. It must be a mistake. Chloe turned the lights on and told me to get out of bed.

“Rise and shine. my little girl,” she said. “We have a lot to do today.”

“Get in the shower and shave off all of your hair from your neck down. That includes all the hair around your penis and butthole. I want you to squat down in the shower and reach down between your legs. Pull one of your butt cheeks to the side while you use the shaver to shave off all of the hair on the other side. Once done, reverse and do the other side. Don’t forget to shave off all the hair on your testicles too.”

After a long shower and something of a physical struggle, I was finally done.

“Great job shaving!” Chloe said with a smile. “Now it’s time to get you dressed.

“First and foremost, I want you to put on these panties and keep your little penis tightly tucked away between your legs,” instructed Chloe.

As I put on the panties, I noticed that they were way too tight. I struggled to pull them up to my waist. “These panties are the wrong size,” I remarked.

“The panties were made to be tight to hold things tightly in place,” said Chloe. “They are the perfect size for you.”

I struggled but finally managed to get my penis and testicles tucked in place tightly between my legs. Pulling that panty in place really locked things in place.

Chloe came around behind me. “I’m going to tell you this once, my dear. I expect you to get it right from now on.” Chloe grabbed hold of my panties from behind me and pulled them up with such force that I exhaled. There. “That is *much* better,” she said. “Your panties need to be wedgie tight. There should be no trace of your little dickie between your legs.

“When you pee, you sit down. Never ever pee while standing.

“One more thing. There will be no masturbating or orgasming for you, little girl. You will only be allowed to have sexual gratification with my permission.

There were so many new rules. “I can handle it,” I told myself. I was just happy that Chloe was now taking an interest in me dressing up like a girl.

“Next, we have a waist cincher or girdle. You will wear this at all times in the day and the night. There is a black and a nude-colored girdle.”

I had to squeeze into it. It kept my tummy area constricted.

“Next, you will wear these white sandals around the house. Don’t worry, they only have a 2-inch heel,” said Chloe.

“They look like little girl sandals,” I said.

“Yes, they are indeed little girly sandals for my little girl,” said Chloe. Now put them on before you get a demerit.”

“A demerit? What’s a demerit?” I asked.

“A demerit is a point against you every time you disobey an order or make a mistake,” said Chloe. “Each demerit takes away some of your privileges. The number of demerits will accumulate over time. Trust me, you don’t want any demerits. Punishment is not pleasant.

“It’s time to paint your toenails. Start with the fire engine red color. Since you already know how to paint your nails, you may pick a different color starting next week. I expect your toenails to be painted at all times. Is that clear, little girl?” Chloe asked with authority.

“I guess so,” I responded.

“You will address me as Ms. Chloe,” said my stern wife. The appropriate response is ‘Yes, Ms. Chloe.’ Is that clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe,” I responded. It was a bit formal, but okay, I could go along with it if it would make Chloe happy.

“You may also say ‘Thank you, Ms. Chloe.’ You must always have a happy and cheerful demeanor. Is that clear?”

“Yah, okay,” I responded.

“What did you say?” Chloe asked.

“I said okay,” I responded.

The proper response is ‘Yes, Ms. Chloe.’ It is a good thing that we are starting you off as a little girl in your training program. You can’t even get through the first few hours without earning yourself a demerit.

“You messed up the response twice so that is two demerits for you, little girl. That means for the next six days, three days per demerit, you will only be allowed to eat one vegetarian meal per day. You may, of course, drink as much water as you like.”

“I can handle this,” I thought to myself. She is just testing me. “I’ll show her that I can take it,” I said to myself.

“Ms. Chloe, why do you keep calling me a little girl?” I asked.

“Well, that is because that is what you are at this stage of the training. A little girl,” said Ms. Chloe.

“When can we get to the end?” I asked ignorantly.

“The end is called graduation. That is when I will consider you fully trained and a woman who can make her own decisions. We will have lots of time to talk about this later. Go to your room now and put on the clothes that I’ve laid out for you on the bed,” ordered Ms. Chloe. “After you are done, come downstairs for breakfast.”

I did as I was told and put on the short day dress on the bed. It was a baby blue sleeveless slim-fitting dress that tapered in at my waist and flared out to just above my knees with a nice skirt. The dress was outlined in white lace that gave it a particularly feminine appearance. I looked like a young girl in elementary school. After getting dressed, I came downstairs for breakfast.

“It’s breakfast-time. Eat up. Since you have two demerits, breakfast will be your only meal for the next six days,” said Ms. Chloe.

I looked on the table for my meal. All I saw was a hardboiled egg, a small bowl of oatmeal, a banana, and a glass of orange juice.

“Is that it? What else am I going to eat?” I asked.

“You can drink as much water as you want as well as eat carrots at any time during the day,” said Ms. Chloe. “You just need to be on a diet until you lose 10 pounds. Until then, you will be on a strict vegetarian diet or your one meal a day diet with demerits. Girls need to be thin and attractive. You will learn physical fitness as a girl and strive to keep yourself in shape. Having a slim figure is important for a girl’s self-development.”

While I did not agree with my new meal plan, I did not have the courage to argue with Ms. Chloe. I ate my breakfast in silence as I pondered on what was next in my training plan.

After breakfast, I cleaned up the kitchen, then waited patiently in the living room for Ms. Chloe to return with my training instructions.

“Next, we have posture training, my dear,” said Ms. Chloe. “You will need to learn how to walk like a

girl. Stand up straight. Shoulders back and chest out. When a girl walks, she leads with her hips. I want you to take small steps, keeping your thighs together as you walk,” said Ms. Chloe. “Place one foot in front of the other as you step.

Remember, take small steps and lead with your hips as you walk. Go ahead now and try it. Keep your head straight. Walk to the end of the room, turn around and come back. Let me see how you walk.

“Terrible! You walk like a sad puppy. Remember, take small steps. Keep your shoulders back and stick out your chest. Lead with your hips as you walk. Keep one foot in front of the other as you walk. Pretend that you are walking on a straight line. One foot in front of the other. Keep your head up straight. Don’t look at the ground.”

As if all these instructions weren’t hard enough to remember, I had to walk like this while I was in my sandals and while I had on those tight panties and waist cincher.

“Let’s try this again. One more time.”

We did this over and over for a couple of hours. By the end of this session, I was exhausted. My feet hurt. I felt deflated as it seemed like I could not do something as simple as walk to the other end of the room and back properly.

“I will give you one day to practice walking on your own. After that, you will receive demerits each time I see something being done incorrectly,” said a stern Ms. Chloe.

I spent the rest of the day cleaning the house. In between chores, I tried to walk as I was instructed. Shoulders back, chest out. Lead with my hips, one

foot in front of the other as if I were walking on a straight line. It was a lot to remember. I had to get this right or I would be getting demerits starting tomorrow. I had to focus.

As I finished washing and folding the clothes, Ms. Chloe came in and reminded me that I needed to start dinner. After cooking a nice spaghetti dinner for Ms. Chloe, I cleaned the kitchen while she ate her meal. Ms. Chloe reminded me that I could eat as many carrots and drink as much water as I wanted but I was not to have any other food until breakfast due to my demerits. It took a lot of concentration for me to not eat any food. I did, however, have a carrot for a snack as my tummy was growling with hunger. After Ms. Chloe was done with her dinner, I cleaned the dishes and got back to the rest of my chores.

After I finished vacuuming the floors, Ms. Chloe told me to practice walking for another hour and then start getting ready for bed. “Tomorrow will be another exciting day for you,” she said with a smile. “Please remember to sleep in the guest room tonight. That will be your room from now on, at least until your training is completed.”

I put on my pajamas and got ready for bed.

“Come down here and give me a kiss on the cheek before you go to bed, dear,” said Ms. Chloe.

I did as I was told.

“That’s my good little girl,” said Ms. Chloe as I kissed her cheek.

I slept well that night, drained from all the house cleaning chores.

Beep, beep, beep ... the alarm clock went off again at 5:00 am.

“Rise and shine. my little girl. Today we will be going to the clinic for special treatments,” said Ms. Chloe. “Get up, shower, and get dressed, we have a lot to do today.”

I took a shower and then got dressed. I wondered what we would be doing at the clinic today. It was exciting that Ms. Chloe was taking such an interest in me dressing up as a girl. I made sure that my panties were wedgie tight, pulling them up as tight as I could. I put on a T-shirt, pair of jeans and tennis shoes.

“Oh no,” said Ms. Chloe. “Remember what I said to you yesterday. You are only allowed to wear your sandals on your feet. Take off those shoes and put on your sandals, little girl.”

I held my head down took off my shoes and socks and put on my white sandals. There I stood in my black T-shirt, blue jeans, and white strappy sandals. Worse yet, my toenails were painted bright red! “Ms. Chloe, my red toenails will be showing if I wear these sandals,” I said with concern.

“Why of course they will, my dear. You should show off those pretty little toes,” said Ms. Chloe. “Don’t worry, I’m still letting you wear your T-shirt and jeans. It will be fine. No one will notice. Now hurry up, my little girl. We don’t want to be late.

“By the way, that is one more demerit for not remembering to wear your sandals and another additional demerit for questioning my orders. It looks like you will be losing the necessary weight quicker than we had planned. I didn’t count you being such a stupid little girl. Oh well, it will make my job easier to train you,” said Ms. Chloe with a smile.

I got in the car and unsure of what was to come.

After a good half-hour, we pulled up to a two-story medical office building. Ms. Chloe got out of the car and asked me to follow her.

As I got out of the car, Ms. Chloe looked at me with a glare. “I expect you to be on your best behavior, my little girl. That means smiling and being pleasant. Be proud of your pretty little toenails. That also means walking exactly as you were taught. Lead with your hips and walk with one foot in front of the other. Am I making myself clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe,” was my response.

I sheepishly followed, hoping that there would be no one to see me or my red toenails. As we approached the front lobby, I noticed that there were a number of women waiting near the reception desk. There was no way that I was going to be unnoticed as we entered the building.

“Hello there,” said the receptionist as we entered the lobby. “How may I help you?”

“Hi there,” replied Ms. Chloe. “My husband Rachel has a laser hair removal appointment at noon.”

“Yes, I see that he is scheduled for the deluxe treatment package. Please be seated. It will be just a moment,” said the receptionist as she looked at me with a grin.

I could feel all of the other ladies in the area looking at me from head to toe. I could only imagine what they were thinking. And why did Ms. Chloe say that her husband “Rachel” had an appointment. My name is Ray. I thought I would quietly ask Ms. Chloe why

she said that. Perhaps she made a mistake with the names.

“Ms. Chloe,” I asked in a quiet tone. “Why did you tell the receptionist that there was an appointment for Rachel? Was there a mistake with the names?” I was trying to not attract a lot of attention from the other ladies in the room.

“My little girl, Rachel will be your new name from now on,” Ms. Chloe said with conviction. “You were not much of a husband, so we will try something different.” All the other women in the room looked over to me. I was speechless. I put my head down in shame.

“You are no longer Ray. Your name will be Rachel from now on. Do you understand?” she said with a commanding voice.

I was so scared. Ms. Chloe was serious. I responded, “Yes, Ms. Chloe.”

“What did you say, little girl?” asked Ms. Chloe. “I couldn’t hear you.”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. My name is Rachel,” I responded.

Ms. Chloe got a lot of cheers from the crowd. Everyone complimented her on how well she had me trained. It was as if I wasn’t even there.

The side door opened. “Rachel?” the nurse called out.

I stood up. “Hi, I’m Rachel” I said in a whisper.

“Please follow me,” said the nurse.

We walked down the hallway to a room on the right. When we got there, the nurse asked me to take off all of my clothes and to put on the robe hanging on the door. I did as I was told as she and Ms. Chloe stood there and watched me disrobe.

Once naked, the nurse asked that I rub a special cream all over my body, including under my arms, over my face and over the private areas between my legs. Once again, I complied as Ms. Chloe and the nurse made sure that I covered every part of my body.

When I was done, I was told that I needed to sit there and relax for 15 minutes while the numbing cream started to work. Exactly 15 minutes later, the nurse came back in. I was asked to put on a special pair of darkened eyeglasses.

“Lay back and be still,” instructed the nurse. Buzzzzzzzz ... I heard her start up some sort of machine. “We will start with your legs. You will feel a snap, like being hit with a rubber band. Don’t worry, you will get used to this feeling very quickly. Hold still, here we go,” said the nurse.

Snap, snap, snap. I could feel the stinging of the laser as the nurse zapped each hair follicle away from my body. After a few minutes, I was asked to flip over. Snap, snap, snap. The process repeated itself on the back of my legs. The feeling was uncomfortable, but bearable. After about 30 minutes, my legs were done.

From there she proceeded to zap away the hair from the rest of my body. My face area was sensitive as she came close to my nose and mouth. Next was my arms – upper and lower. Next were my underarms, another sensitive area. There were a few stray hairs on my chest and back that were quickly dealt with.

The worse part was my groin area. Oh my God, did that hurt! The nurse started around my penis. After a few seconds. I started to tear up. It really hurt! Each zap was excruciating.

“Don’t worry, my little girl, you will be happy with the result. All girls make sacrifices for beauty,” said the nurse.

Ms. Chloe chimed in and said, “You wanted to be a girl. Now is your chance to prove it. Stay still while we remove all the ugly hair on your body.”

I started crying. It hurt so much. Each zap felt like it went through my entire body. Once the nurse was done with my penis, she started on my testicles. I’ve never felt such pain. I’ve never cried so hard in my life.

There was a brief pause. Finally, I thought it was done. I was wrong. I was asked to flip over.

It was now time to clean the hairs off my buttocks. While that was not as painful, it still hurt. A lot. Three long hours went by before it was done. It seemed like forever in that medical office being tortured.

I was an emotional mess. It hurt to put my clothes back on. Luckily for me, Ms. Chloe told me that I did not have to wear any underwear for the rest of the day. I put my T-shirt, jeans, and sandals back on, wiped away the tears, and tried to compose myself. I quietly walked back out to the car, following Ms. Chloe.

When we got home, I was drained from being tortured all day with that laser hair removal procedure. My groin was all red and hurt at the touch. I was

thankful that Ms. Chloe allowed me to spend some time on the sofa with an icepack between my legs.

“Don’t worry, sweetie, you did well today,” said Ms. Chloe. “After a few more treatments, you’ll be completely hairless. Four or five more times should do it.”

I was in such bad shape that I did not realize what she had just said. I would have to endure that torture four or five more times. I was too tired to fight back.

My time to recover was very short. After an hour, I was back on my feet cleaning the bedrooms and sweeping the floors.

My stomach started growling and making noises. I stopped and went to the kitchen to get some carrots. I wanted to protest but I did not want to take the chance of adding more demerits to my score. My break from housework was one of ice water and carrots, something that I would have to get used to as my main diet for the foreseeable future.

“Rachel, once you finish your chores, you need to start cooking dinner,” Ms. Chloe said from the living room.

“Yes, Ms. Chloe,” I responded.

The next few days were like the first. Wake up at 5:00 am in the morning, get myself ready, clean the house, wash the clothes, and cook the meals. In between chores, I would have to practice my walking, back and forth across the house. Ms. Chloe was getting more and more strict about how I would walk.

“Rachel, I want you to walk with one foot in front of the other. Each step should be in front of the other on the other side of an imaginary straight line.”

As I walked, my hips would naturally sway from side to side as I placed each foot in front of me.

During the course of the previous four days, I received six demerits for not walking perfectly. Not leading with my hips, or not swinging my hips when I walked, or not holding my shoulders back. I was on eggshells as I tried to master walking properly.

It was now my third week of training. I had gotten much better at knowing what to expect. Ms. Chloe was very strict. I had to be on my best behavior to avoid any demerits.

“Rachel, I have taken away your wallet and cell phone,” said Ms. Chloe. “In place of the wallet, I have gotten you something that I think you will appreciate. Here is your very own purse. Aren’t you excited, my dear?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. Thank you, Ms. Chloe,” I responded.

On the bed was a small dark brown handbag with a shoulder strap. In my new handbag was a small coin purse with a \$5.00 bill and a library card with my new name Rachel on it.

“I expect you to carry this purse with you at all times when we leave the house,” said Ms. Chloe. “As you get older, I will add things that you will be able to carry in your purse. You’ll have to earn the right to carry additional items by being a good girl.

“We have another appointment at the hair removal clinic today. I’ve laid out your clothes on the bed upstairs. Go get yourself dressed and let’s get going,” said Ms. Chloe.

I went upstairs and got dressed. On the bed was a white fitted girls T-shirt, a blue denim skirt and my white sandals. I wanted to protest but remembered how angry Ms. Chloe would get if I questioned her orders. I decided to get dressed as I was told.

I put on my white T-shirt. It was snug and short. In fact, it came down to just above my belly button. The shirt also had short sleeves that barely covered my shoulders. I put on the blue skirt but had to suck in my tummy to fasten the button. It, too, was very snug. I looked in the mirror and felt ridiculous. Here I was, a grown man wearing these little girl clothes. I put on my sandals, got my purse, and headed downstairs.

My fear of the pain that I would have to endure soon outweighed the embarrassment that I would face wearing the little girl outfit that Ms. Chloe made me wear. I was nervous and afraid to go back to the clinic. I remembered how much pain I was in during our last visit. I did not want to go back there. I tried to think of happier thoughts to distract me.

Before we entered the clinic, I was again reminded that I needed to walk like a girl and be pleasant to everyone. I should smile and present myself as a happy little girl.

“Hello,” said Chloe as we walked up to the receptionist. “My husband Rachel has an appointment to have his body hair removed.”

I wanted crawl into a box and hide. Everyone in the reception area was looking at me. I turned red with embarrassment.

“Yes, we have him right here,” said the receptionist. “Please take a seat. We are just about ready for him.”

Ms. Chloe turned around and said ,“Rachel, you stand there in the corner.”

I knew that it was a test. I had practiced how to properly stand for weeks now. Feet together. Weight on one leg. The other leg slightly bent inwards at the knee. Tummy sucked in. Hands dangling at my side. Elbows in next to my body. The palms of my hands facing outward delicately. Head up straight. Shoulders pulled back. Smile. Always smile. Say hello to people as they walk by. I stood there for a good ten minutes as Ms. Chloe sat and played with her cell phone.

Eventually, I was called into a room, asked to disrobe, put on the numbing cream, and lay there ready for my treatments. Ms. Nancy, the same nurse from my earlier visits, came in and started the treatments.

Once again, she worked on me from head to toe. Starting with my legs, then arms, then neckline and face. Those parts were not bad. Since my body was responding to the treatments, I had a lot less hair during this visit.

My private area had a lot less hair as well. But it still hurt like crazy! I teared up after the first zap on my testicles. It was torture to lay there with my legs spread open while Ms. Nancy systematically permanently removed my hair.

An hour and a half later, we were done. I was once again an emotional mess. Ms. Nancy had me sit with an ice pack over my groin area for a few minutes before we left the clinic.

“You are responding well to the laser hair removal treatments, Rachel,” said Ms. Nancy with a smile. “I think all that you’ll need is 2 or 3 more treatments before you can drop to the maintenance levels. Since

you are doing so well, I want you to start taking vitamin supplements to give your body the proper nutrients that it needs to become a beautiful young woman.” We’ll start by giving you two of each pill right now.

“Starting tomorrow, I want you to take one pill from each bottle every morning with breakfast. “Is that clear?” asked Ms. Nancy.

“Yes, Ms. Nancy,” I replied, too tired to question her.

There was no rest upon arriving home. I put on my apron and hurried to finish my chores before starting dinner. Tonight, Ms. Chloe wanted a steak, asparagus, and scalloped potatoes. I finished cooking dinner and set the table. The food smelled so good. I had to eat a carrot and drink a glass of water to control my tummy from growling.

“Rachel, normally you would be sitting at the table with me enjoying your salad for dinner.” said Ms. Chloe. “Unfortunately, with all the demerits that you’ve accumulated, that will not be happening for a long time. It is your own doing for not trying hard enough. You need to really focus on becoming a woman. “Do you understand, my little girl?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe,” I replied. “I will try harder to be a good girl.”

“I want you to say that 100 times right now. Say it like you really mean it.” Ms. Chloe stared right through me to make her point.

“I will try harder to be a good girl. I will try harder to be a good girl. I will try harder to be a good girl. I will try harder to be a good girl.” By the 100th time, I

was saying this phrase with conviction, believing with all my heart that I would be a good girl.

The next morning, I was woken up at 5:00 am again.

“Rise and shine, Rachel. Today is another day full of exciting things for my little girl!”

The day was full of housework and chores. In between, we did a lot of posture training. Walking with one leg in front of the other, taking small steps. Keeping my upper legs together when I walked. Leading with my hips, keeping my shoulders back and head up straight.

After a week, we headed back to the laser hair removal clinic. I really dreaded going back there. Once again, Ms. Nancy worked on me from head to toe. Luckily, it was a lot easier because of my past treatments as I did not have a lot of hair.

Chapter 6: Be careful what you wish for

When the nurse got to my groin area, however, it really hurt like the last time. Once again, I was in tears as they zapped all the hair away from my testicles, penis, and anus area. Laying there spread wide open with my private area showing would normally be incredibly humiliating. But given the fact that I was in so much pain, I didn't care. I just wanted the pain to stop. An hour or so later, we were done. Finally.

When we got home, I had to change back into my sundress outfit and apron and resume my household chores.

I was getting bored. I was starving and did not understand why I was not being allowed to dress up more in clothing more suited for an older girl. I wanted to wear dresses and skirts. All I had so far after 6 weeks was this silly sundress and a few other pieces of clothing. Yes, I was getting better at walking. Yes, I did lose a lot of weight. Yes, my body was nearly hairless now, even between my legs.

“Miss Chloe,” I asked, “When will I get to wear dresses and skirts? “When will I get to wear high heeled shoes? When will I get to wear makeup?”

“Well, my dear, you have made great progress in the past month. You are almost there now. You just have to lose a few more pounds. Don’t you worry your little head about the next steps. I will let you know when you are ready.”

I finished my chores and went to bed. All I could think about was how nice it would be when I could wear high heeled shoes and makeup.

The next day was Sunday. As she had done every Sunday, Ms. Chloe left to see her best friend Michelle. Ms. Chloe was usually gone from about 10:00 am in the morning until 6:00 pm in the evening. They spent a lot of time together at Michelle’s home on the hill in Palos Verdes.

Ms. Chloe and Michelle talked about my progress. Michelle was surprised that I was stupid enough to sign the contract forcing me to become an obedient feminized husband. They were both surprised that I let them zap all the hair off my body. “Soon he will have smooth skin like a girl,” Ms. Chloe said with a chuckle. “He will even have a bald pussy!”

“Oh, I’m sure we can figure out a way for *someone* to enjoy playing with his bald pussy,” laughed Michelle. “Think of all the possibilities!”

After a quick kiss, Michelle opened a second bottle of wine. They laughed at how they made my situation seem like they were doing me a favor by training me to be a girl.

Ms. Chloe told Michelle that I was trying so hard as a little girl. Soon she would graduate me to a “teen-aged girl.”

“That’s where the real fun begins!” said Michelle. “Have you started him on hormones yet? Just think, our little girl will soon be going through puberty. I’d love to see his breasts develop! Perhaps they’ll be bigger than ours. Wouldn’t that be exciting?”

“Yes, he has been on testosterone blockers and estrogen medication now for about a week,” said Ms. Chloe. “He thinks he is taking vitamin supplements to give his body nutrients. I can already tell that he is far less aggressive. He wants to challenge me but doesn’t have the courage to stand up for himself. With additional training, he will soon be a submissive sissy husband.”

“Or a submissive slutty wife,” said Michelle with a chuckle. “He will be the perfect match for Benjamin, always waiting and willing to please!

“Watching Rachel go through puberty will be so much fun. Corsets, makeup, piercings, and more! We’ll make sure that our little girl blossoms into a sexy woman.”

They continued to talk about how I was now taking powerful testosterone blocking medication along with a double dose of female hormones. My body

would soon be going through female puberty. The testosterone blockers would start to melt away my muscles. My body hair would stop growing. My skin would soften. My testicles would shrink with time until they just disappeared. My penis would be limp and flaccid. My nipples would get larger and my breasts would start to grow.

I would soon be at the point where there would be no turning back. I would be transformed into a girl physically and mentally. I would never be able to be a man again.

Ms. Chloe and Michelle finished the second bottle of wine and then retired into Michelle's bedroom.

I was scrambling around. I was a little behind schedule. Ms. Chloe said that I was to have dinner ready on the table at 6:00 pm every day, including Sunday. My baked salmon was just about ready. I paired that with some sautéed spinach and cheese ravioli. Lucky for me, Ms. Michelle was a little late returning home.

I heard her car drive up. I ran to the bathroom to check my appearance. I had my sundress on with my apron and white strappy sandals. I brushed my hair once more and added a little chapstick to my lips. I looked as I should, like a little girl.

The front door opened, and Ms. Chloe came in. I noticed that there was a second person with her. Before I could react, Ms. Chloe and Michelle entered the dining room.

"Hello Rachel," said Ms. Chloe. "I brought a friend home for dinner. I think you already know Ms. Michelle."

“Hello Ms. Michelle,” I said as my face blushed bright red. I tried to hold my composure standing there as I practiced, legs together, my weight being on one leg with the other leg bent inward slightly, arms to my side, elbows in, palms facing forward. Smiling and pleasant.

“Hello Rachel,” responded Ms. Michelle. “You look like a pretty little girl. Have you been a good girl with all your training?”

“Yes, Ms. Michelle. I’ve been trying my best to get my chores done on time and to practice my lessons every day.”

“Good girl,” said Ms. Michelle with a smile.

“Rachel, Ms. Michelle will be joining me for dinner tonight,” said Ms. Chloe. “You may serve us dinner now.”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. Right away,” I responded as I scurried back to the kitchen. It was a good thing that I made a little extra food. I had just enough to complete two plates for dinner.

After Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle ate their dinner, I cleaned up the dishes and started putting away things in the kitchen. Once all of my chores were completed, I asked Ms. Chloe if I could start getting ready for bed.

“Rachel, now that Ms. Michelle is here with me, you will follow all of her orders as if they came from me. I expect complete obedience. Is that clear?” asked Ms. Chloe.

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. I will be a good girl and follow Ms. Michelle’s orders,” I responded.

“Good girl!” said Ms. Chloe. “Come over here and give us a kiss before you go to bed.”

After a quick kiss on the cheek, I went up to my bedroom and changed into my pajamas.

5:00 am came too quickly. I got up, took a shower, and started to get dressed. Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle were standing in my bedroom when I returned from the shower.

Chapter 7: Becoming a Teenaged Girl

“Rachel dear, please have a seat on the bed,” said Ms. Chloe. “Both Ms. Michelle and I are very happy with your progress as a little girl. In just a few months, you have completed your laser hair removal treatments and have lost 12 pounds. You do a great job at keeping the house clean and are getting better at cooking. “Do you think you are ready to move on to the next level of your training?”

I smiled with excitement. “Yes, yes, I am ready to move on to the next step,” I said with glee. “Thank you so much for supporting my dress-up hobby.”

“Oh, this is much more than just a hobby,” replied Ms. Chloe. “If you want us to help you with the next step of your training, then you need to promise that you will follow every command that we give you. Questioning our orders will be dealt with severely through demerits. We expect you to try your best in every task that we give you. Do you think you can handle it?”

“Yes, most definitely,” I responded with confidence.

“Okay my little girl. We will now move you to the teenage girl stage of your training. Please go over to your dresser and put on your new corset.”

I happily skipped over to my dresser excited to see what types of new things I would get to try on as a teenaged girl. On the top of my dresser was a beautiful corset laid out across the top. I picked it up to admire it.

The corset looked very expensive. It was well-made with heavy materials. Ms. Michelle showed me how to put it on. Starting from the bottom, working your way up, you latch each of the metal hooks. When done, you reach around to the back to find the laces. Pulling the laces outward away from your body tightens the corset. As the laces tightened, I could feel the firm support that the corset provided around my torso. My waist in particular got a lot smaller with the support garment. Once satisfied, bring the laces around to your front and tie a bow to hold it in place.

Ms. Michelle made me take off the corset and put it back on several times until she was confident that I could do it myself.

When I finally had it on, I stood there in the mirror, admiring my slim figure.

“Rachel, now that you’ve put on your corset, we will show you how tight it must be,” said Ms. Michelle. “Come over here and lift up your hands above your head.”

I did as I was told. Ms. Michelle undid the laces and pulled tightly to tighten the corset even more. I nearly lost my breath. I could only take small breaths. Since I couldn’t take large breaths of air, I had to limit my movement taking small steps and not get too worked up. I noticed that I had to stand up

straight with my chest out and tummy tucked in. The corset made me always sit up straight. I could not slouch, even if I tried. Also, since my tummy was being constricted, I had a difficult time eating large meals. Instead, I had to take smaller portions and eat more frequently throughout the day.

As Ms. Michelle tied the corset laces, she told me that this was only the first level of corset training.

“You have two corsets,” said Ms. Chloe. “One nude color and one black color. You are expected to always wear your corset while awake. You may take off your corset only when in the shower and when sleeping. Every morning for the next week you will report to me after putting on your corset. I will tighten it to what is expected. After the week, you will be expected to have your corset on and tightened to the given level by yourself.

“Since you are a teenaged girl now, you have earned a number of new privileges and new rules that you must follow,” said Chloe with a smile.

“Until your hair grows out, you will wear a wig from now on. You may take the wig off when you are taking a bath or shower, or if you are sleeping.” Ms. Chloe took out a dark brown medium length wig that had slight curls to the hair style. She helped me put it on and showed me how to care for it. I was amazed at how feminine I looked in the mirror with my new hair. I loved it!

“Starting today, I expect your fingernails and toenails to be painted in matching colors at all times. You will change your nail colors once a week on Sundays.

“You are still too fat. Until you slim down, you will be on a vegetarian diet. Your goal is to lose another

20 pounds. The corset training will help you achieve this goal. I want you to drink a lot of water. Any time you are hungry, drink water and eat carrots.

“Remember that you are to wear your corset at all times. Your body will get used to the firmness and support that the corset provides. In time, you will be able to squeeze your waist down and have a nice hourglass figure.

“You have a new set of clothes. In your bedroom, you will find an assortment of panties, training bras, tops, skirts, and dresses. You also have four more pairs of shoes and sandals.”

I was so excited that I did not notice that Ms. Chloe had packed up all of my men’s clothing and donated it to the Salvation Army. She said that I would be getting a whole new wardrobe with brand new clothes.

“In addition to makeup foundation, powder, and blush, I’ve added three colors of lipstick on your dresser,” said Ms. Chloe. “You are expected to have lipstick and your foundation and powder on every day. You may choose any color of lipstick.

“Now hurry up and finish getting ready. Ms. Michelle and I are hungry. What are you cooking us for breakfast?” asked Ms. Chloe.

The rest of the morning was a blur. I cooked eggs, sausage, sautéed spinach, and toast for Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle. I ate most of my oatmeal for my breakfast, my hardboiled egg, but could not finish all my orange juice. I did remember however, to take my daily vitamins that Ms. Chloe had given to me. Taking my vitamins was more important than eating, I was told by Ms. Chloe. The corset simply did not allow for me to eat that much. When I was done clean-

ing the kitchen, Ms. Chloe asked me to join them in my room.

To my surprise, they had moved the exercise treadmill machine into my room. Painted down the middle of the treadmill was a white line.

“Chloe dear, from now on, your day uniform will be your corset and these new shoes, nothing else,” said Ms. Chloe. “Please take off the other parts of your clothing and put on your new high-heeled shoes.”

I looked over to the bed to see 4-inched heels. They were shiny black pumps.

“Oh, and one other thing dearie,” said Ms. Michelle. “Without your panties, you are expected to have your little clitty tightly tucked between your legs at all times. That means that you will have to keep your thighs together when you walk or bend down throughout the day. You are allowed to readjust your little clitty when needed. At no time ever during the day is your little clitty to be showing itself. When we look at you, we should just see a clean smooth-shaven pussy. Is that clear?” said Ms. Michelle.

“Yes, Ms. Michelle,” I responded. I took off my apron and unzipped my skirt. I carefully took off my panties, making sure that my little clitty stayed tightly tucked between my legs. I kicked off my sandals and slowly put on each of my new high-heeled shoes.

“It’s time for your new treadmill training,” said Ms. Chloe with excitement. “Please get on the treadmill. As you walk, we’d like you to place your left foot in front of you a little past the center line on the right side. Your next step will be with your right foot in front of you a little past the center line on the left

side. And so on. Keep your elbows tucked into your sides. Let the rest of your arms loosely dangling as you walk. Shoulders should be back. Lead each step with your hips. Here we go on the slowest setting.”

As the treadmill started, I tried to follow Ms. Chloe’s instructions. Left foot, right foot, lead with my hips. It was a challenge because I had these 4-inch heels on.

“Good, Rachel,” said Ms. Chloe. “That’s a good start. In time you’ll be able to run in those heels! I’m going to increase the speed on the treadmill just a little now. Be sure to keep up.”

As the treadmill pace quickened, I found that it was no problem for me to keep up. Walking in heels was not a problem. The difficult part was keeping my thighs together to keep my little clitty tightly tucked away. All I could do was take small dainty steps. Small quick dainty steps. Instead of full stride manly steps, I found myself taking two or three tiny little girly steps to make up the same distance. As my feet walked the straight line, I noticed that my hips would naturally sway from side to side.

“We will start off on a slow setting,” said Ms. Chloe. “In time we will increase the pace to give you practice walking as a girl with purpose.

“You will do an hour of treadmill training after each meal. Practice makes perfect. You will continue these lessons until we see that you naturally walk as a girl with your hips swaying from side to side, hands dangling delicately as you move.”

These lessons continued for days on end. At the end of each day, my feet throbbed from the treadmill walking and my hips burned from swaying them from side to side. A couple of weeks later, Ms. Chloe told

me that I would have to start wearing higher heeled shoes each day. My 4-inch heels were replaced with 5-inch heels. That one additional inch of height made a big difference. I had to really focus to stay on the treadmill. My hips seem to really sway from side to side with each step now.

Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle came in together a few days later and told me that they were increasing the treadmill speed to a fast-paced walk. I needed to keep up and master this level to complete my treadmill training.

The treadmill speed increased. I felt like I had to run to keep up. A thousand little girly steps, hips swinging from side to side, thighs together, little clitty tightly tucked away. They kept this grueling pace on for a few days. When we were done, I now had a genuine wiggle when I walked. I couldn't control it. My hips just naturally swayed from side to side anytime I walked.

With my constant practice, I could go about doing all my house chores and not have my little clitty pop out even once to embarrass me. Ms. Chloe was thrilled with my progress. She gave me permission to start wearing panties. Specifically, I was able to now wear thong panties. I found that my underwear drawer was filled with an assortment of colors and pretty styles. I was now able to wear a skirt and blouse with an apron over it while I did my housework. I would, of course, still have to wear my corset under my clothes along with my 5-inch heels throughout the day. Not having to walk hours on end on the treadmill made my chores a lot easier.

During the days when I was learning how to walk like a girl, they were also tightening my corset. I could easily put on my corset now as if it were a part of me. It felt reassuring to tighten the laces constricting my

waist and torso. I felt pretty as my figure slowly developed into a shapelier girl.

My waist got a lot thinner, as I could tighten my corset even more now with the extra laces having to go around my body twice before I tied it in a bow. I noticed that my arms and shoulders were not as muscular, not that I ever had a lot of muscles. My arms seemed to be slimmer as well. My hips got heavier with my butt becoming a little rounder. My skin felt a lot smoother.

My nipples really ached and were sensitive to the touch. Ms. Chloe sensed this. She and Ms. Michelle came in one morning to add a new exercise to my training.

“Rachel, dear,” said Ms. Michelle. “Girls receive a lot of pleasure through their breasts and nipples. You need to start appreciating your nipples.”

“I don’t understand, Ms. Michelle,” I said with a puzzled look. “My nipples are very sensitive. In fact, they almost hurt when you touch them. They seem to be getting bigger as well.”

“Rachel, this new exercise will help you,” said Ms. Michelle. “Stand up straight with your shoulders back. Look in the mirror at your nipples. See how they are large and pronounced. Take your fingers and very gently touch them. Slowly feel your nipples. Rub them very gently with your index finger.

Listen to this recording and follow along. She started playing it.

“You are becoming a beautiful woman. Think to yourself how you wish that you had larger nipples. How you wished that you had a nice set of breasts with big nipples. Feel the wonderful sensations that your



nipples are now providing you. Caress your nipples and think about how beautiful you would be if you had real breasts. So soft. So smooth. You are becoming a beautiful girl. You enjoy when your nipples are touched. You are becoming a beautiful girl. You want big breasts. You are becoming a beautiful girl."

The recording played for about 20 minutes.

"Rachel, I want you to listen to this recording every day in the morning, after lunch, and before bed all while you are caressing your nipples. Is that clear?" asked a commanding Ms. Michelle.

"Yes, Ms. Michelle," I responded.

Chapter 8: My First Training Bra

"Beep, beep, beep," the alarm clock went off. It was 5:00 am once again. Ms. Chloe came into my room. "Get up and hurry up with breakfast," she said. "After your morning chores we are going to run a few errands."

I had just finished cleaning the kitchen when Ms. Chloe came in and told me to go upstairs and change my clothes. Laying on the bed was a baby blue ruffled blouse with a light pink skirt and white 5-inch sandals. I quickly got dressed, made sure that I had on my foundation, blush and lipstick, checked my wig to make sure it was combed properly, got my purse, then hurried downstairs to meet Ms. Chloe by the front door.

"Rachel, I am adding to your girly privileges today," said Ms. Chloe. "I am sure that you'll be happy with what I have in store for you."

During our drive to the store, I thought it might be a good time to remind Ms. Chloe that I wanted to get back to work soon. Before I was let go, I was eligible for a promotion at my company. Getting a promotion would mean more money and a better lifestyle for my family.

“Rachel, don’t worry about getting that promotion,” responded Ms. Chloe. “I will help you secure a great new job and get that promotion that you have always wanted. You just have to focus on your training. Enjoy being a girl. Embrace your inner female personality and be your whole self.”

We arrived at the shopping mall and entered the Macy’s department store. I followed Ms. Chloe walking as I was trained, hips swinging from side to side with my hands loosely dangling. It felt weird and exciting to be dressed as a girl and walking in the shopping mall. I was a little scared that someone would notice that I was a guy. I did not want to make a scene and embarrass or humiliate myself. We walked through the store past the purse section and up the escalators. We walked through the dress section to the back of the second floor.

“Rachel, part of being a young lady is to have the proper undergarments,” said Ms. Chloe. “You are a teenaged girl now and should be wearing training bras. I want you to go up to the sales lady and ask her if she could help you purchase some training bras. Stand up straight, be confident and look her in the eye when you speak.”

I wanted to dig a hole and hide. How could I, a man, go up and ask the sales lady for a training bra? “There is no way that I am going to buy a bra from that sales lady,” I thought to myself. My reluctance did not go unnoticed. Ms. Chloe picked up my hesitation right away.

“Rachel, before you do anything that you will regret, let me remind you that you only have \$5.00 in your purse and a library card,” said an angry Ms. Chloe. If you don’t do exactly as you are told with a smile on your face, I will leave you to walk home on your own. I’m sure you will find a creative way to walk back 12 miles in your heels.”

Ms. Chloe knew me too well. She knew that I did not want to go through with this but at the same time I was too scared to disobey her orders. I put my head down in defeat and apologized.

With every ounce of courage, I walked up to the sales lady and started a conversation. “Hi there. I’m Rachel,” I said to the sales lady. “I would like some help in finding a training bra.”

“Hi, Rachel, I’m Susan,” relied the sales lady. “Will these training bras be for you or someone else?”

“The training bras will be for me,” I replied, trying to keep a smile on my face.

“Okay, let’s go to the fitting room to get you measured,” responded Susan as she motioned in the direction of the fitting rooms. As we got to the fitting rooms, Susan took out a measuring tape and proceeded to take my measurements. “I’ll be right back with a few selections for you to try on,” she said with a smile.

As I waited in the fitting room, Ms. Chloe came in to join me. Following her was Susan with an assortment of bras.

“Hi, I’m Susan,” said the sales lady to Ms. Chloe. “Are you Rachel’s friend?” asked Susan.

“No, I’m Rachel’s wife,” responded Ms. Chloe. “Rachel is my husband.”

I turned bright red and wanted to disappear. I was so embarrassed I just about peed in my panties.

“Well, well,” said Susan. “Rachel certainly is well trained. I’d be happy to help in any way that I can. Please let me know how I may be of assistance, Chloe.”

Susan laid out the many bras on the dressing room bench. There were so many colors and styles. “Any of these bras should fit you well,” said Susan. “It will be up to you and your wife to decide on which styles and colors you prefer. I will give you a few minutes to try them on. I will be right outside if you need me.”

I stood there for a moment calming myself down and regaining my composure.

“Hurry up Rachel,” said Ms. Chloe. “Take off your blouse and try on the bras. We don’t have all day.”

I tried on one of each style. I noticed how comfortable they were when I had them on. They protected my sensitive nipples. No longer would my blouses rub against my nipples, making them hurt. Instead, my training bras would shield that from happening.

Susan came back in and asked how things were going. Before I could answer, Ms. Chloe responded. “Rachel will take the T-shirt bra in nude, black, strawberry pattern, hearts pattern, and rose petal pattern. We will take two matching thong panties in each color as well.”

“Excellent choice,” responded the sales lady. “I will get them packaged up for you and meet you at the register.”

Ms. Chloe paid for my new underwear with her credit card. We left the store and headed back to the car. I was excited to get home to try on my new bras. Before leaving the mall, we stopped at a small jewelry store. I was unsure why we were in that store.

“Rachel dear, we are here to get you some earrings of your own,” said Ms. Chloe. “I’d like to get you a pair of gold and silver hooped earrings. Medium and large hoops. Also, we should get you those dangling pendant earrings and shiny stud earrings.”

“Ms. Chloe?” I asked. “I don’t have pierced ears.”

“Well, we are here to fix that Rachel,” Ms. Chloe responded.

It happened so fast. Before I could figure things out, I had two holes in each earlobe with two gold studs securely fastened in each ear.

“You’ll have to leave the studs in your ears for a few days until it heals,” said Ms. Chloe as we drove home. “After a couple of days, you’ll be able to wear your hooped earrings.”

We got home just in time for me to make dinner and finish up my chores. After things were settled, I proceeded to do my exercises before bed.

As Ms. Michelle instructed earlier, I proceeded with my nipple exercises. I stood up straight and made sure that my shoulders were held back. I looked into the mirror at my nipples. They are large and pronounced. I slowly started to touch them, ever

so gently. Slowly feeling my nipples. Rubbing them very gently with my index finger.

I listened to the recording and followed along in the trance.

“You are becoming a beautiful woman. Next rotate to your next finger. Caress your nipples. Move to your next finger, and so on. Think to yourself how you wish that you had larger nipples. How you wished that you had a nice set of breasts with big nipples. Feel the wonderful sensations that your nipples are providing you. Caress your nipples and think about how beautiful you would be if you had real breasts. So soft. So smooth. You are becoming a beautiful girl. You enjoy when your nipples are touched. You are becoming a beautiful girl. You want big breasts. You are becoming a beautiful girl.”

The 20-minute recording seemed to over in no time. I was relaxed and ready for bed.

Chapter 9: Habits are Forming Toward Becoming a Girl

My days at home seemed to be passing uneventfully. It was now been over 8 months since I started listening to Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle. Every day had a plan. I would get up, get dressed as a girl, do my exercises, then start my household chores. In between, I cook breakfast, lunch, and dinner for Ms. Chloe. I continued to take my vitamins to stay healthy.

I now had the posture of a properly trained lady. Wearing a corset everyday was now part of my normal routine. I welcomed the tight grip around my

waist. My dress size got down to a size 8, sometimes a size 6 on a good day! I could sit like a lady, stand like a lady and walk like a lady. With each step my hips would naturally swing from side to side. Walking in 5-inch heels became the norm. My feminine movements came naturally, without me having to put in any effort.

My nipples were large and erect. My budding breasts filled and A-cup and were growing toward a B-cup. I continued my nipple exercises three times a day hoping and wished for larger breasts to develop. Touching my nipples made me feel feminine and alive.

Having makeup and earrings on seemed natural. Having my fingernails and toenails painted seemed natural. My hair started to grow out; it was now long enough that I did not have to wear a wig. Ms. Chloe took me to a beauty salon to get my hair cut properly. She was also nice enough to have the beautician clean up my eyebrows making a thin arch around my eyes. It really made my eyes look a lot bigger and brighter.

Sunday came once again. Ms. Chloe left in the morning to be with her friend Ms. Michelle.

Ms. Michelle was frustrated. She had just spent Saturday being sexually abused by her husband. At one point, she just laid on the bed and told him to "get it over with." Four ejaculations later, he was done.

Ms. Michelle was happy to see Ms. Chloe.

"I'm so glad that my husband spends each Sunday golfing with his guy friends. It gives me a break to be with someone who I really care about. Let's talk about something happy," said Ms. Michelle.

“Rachel now fits into a size 8 dress and can practically run in 5-inch heels,” said Ms. Michelle.

“You have done a great job training your husband!”

“On top of that, he has tits now! They are small but getting larger by the day. And did you see the size of his nipples? They are growing in size too! Who would have ever imagined that we could pull this off?”

Ms. Chloe came over and kissed Ms. Michelle. “We did this together, you and me,” said Ms. Chloe with loving affection. “Soon we’ll have Rachel trained so that she can be a fuck toy for your husband. We will have Rachel trained to take care of all of Benjamin’s sexual needs. We’ll have Benjamin falling in love with Rachel as he’ll always follow his little head. You and I will be free to be together, at last. Speaking of which, how did that custom dildo turn out?” asked Ms. Chloe.

“Oh, the dildo turned out perfect! Hold on, let me show you.” said an excited Ms. Michelle. She ran into the other room and came back with a life-sized dildo. “It is exactly the same size as Benjamin’s erect penis on a good day and it is the same color as his big cock.”

“We’ll start training Rachel to suck on this cock all day and all night,” said Ms. Chloe. “Eventually, she won’t hesitate at all to shove that cock down her throat. It’ll be fun to see her try to swallow his massive load. She’ll be covered in cum!”

“I can’t wait until we start fucking her with this dildo as well,” said Ms. Michelle. “She’ll have to get used to being fucked six times a day, sometimes more. Benjamin is a dog in heat when he is in the bedroom. It will be fun to train her!”

“Don’t worry, we’ll start off slow and work our way up so that fucking and sucking is as natural as walking. Our dear Rachel will eventually be the perfect little fuck-slut for Benjamin,” said Ms. Chloe. “Instead of his penis, you’ll get to enjoy my pussy all night long.”

“I will start to give Benjamin the cold shoulder when he comes by for sex,” said Ms. Michelle. “Eventually he will be so horny that he will be begging Rachel to suck his cock.”

“I’ll make sure that Rachel is well-trained,” said Ms. Chloe. “I will make sure that Rachel thinks about Benjamin’s cock every day. When we are done with her training, she will be begging Benjamin to suck his cock.”

The ladies laughed. It’s was a win-win scenario. A man in desperate need of a sexual release and a girl in need of a mouthful of cum.

Swapping husbands, sort of. One husband will be turned into a girl and the other made to love the newly-made girl. Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle would be left to enjoy each other like any lesbian couple. The girls laughed at their soon-to-be victory as they sipped their wine and enjoyed each other’s company.

“Isn’t it time that we start introducing our teen-aged girl to her sex toys?” said Ms. Chloe. “After all, she does eventually turn out to be a sex-crazed girl.”

“Yes, we should start tonight. It will be fun,” said Ms. Michelle with a smile.

The girls exited to the bedroom for some under-the-sheets fun and came out smiling with a sense of purpose an hour later.

“Hi Rachel, I’m home,” said Ms. Chloe as she walked into the kitchen. “Ms. Michelle will be joining us for dinner tonight. Please hurry. I’d like to have an early dinner if possible.”

“Hello Ms. Chloe. Hello Ms. Michelle. Yes, I will serve dinner right away,” I responded. Luckily, I had prepared everything ahead of time. Tonight’s menu was a simple shrimp salad with dinner rolls and wine. I had things ready in no time.

My meal was of course smaller; only half a salad and half a dinner roll. My tummy could not take any more food. As I normally did, I ate in the kitchen after Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle finished their dinner. They enjoyed a cup of tea as I cleaned the dishes.

After dinner I cleaned the kitchen and proceeded upstairs to finish my nipple exercises.

“Rachel, today we have a special exercise that we’d like to introduce you to,” said Ms. Chloe. “Please go upstairs, take off all of your clothes and wait for us on your bed.”

“What an odd request,” I thought to myself. “But I’ll do as I am told.”

I took off my corset and removed my panties. I made sure to keep my little clitty tightly tucked between my legs. As I laid back on the bed, I could hear footsteps coming toward my bedroom.

Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle came into my bedroom and stood at the base of the bed. I could see that both of them were pleased at what they saw. I had the figure of a blossoming young girl. Budding breasts with large nipples, a thin waist, wide hips, and long, thin, lean legs. My fingernails were painted bright red, matching my toenails. To top it off, I had my own long

natural hair that flowed down to the top of my breasts.

“Rachel, you have done well as a little girl and now as a teenaged girl. It is time that you start to learn more about your feminized body. We will help you bring out your inner female self to enjoy your body and to harness those special feelings bring out a real female orgasm. Please relax and stay calm. We will do the rest.”

Ms. Chloe dimmed the lights and put on some soft background music. “Please sit up, Rachel,” said Ms. Chloe. “We got you a special gift. It is very expensive and very special so we expect that you will take good care of this gift.” Ms. Michelle brought over a black velvet bag. She reached in and pulled out a massive dildo. I was a little shocked.

“Rachel, I want you to meet Mr. Big,” said Michelle as she handed the dildo to me. “Please take a moment to feel Mr. Big.”

I held the dildo in my hands. It was heavy.

“Go ahead,” said Ms. Chloe. “Take hold of the dildo with both hands. Don’t be shy. It’s just us here in the room. That’s it, hold it tight. Good girl. Imagine that you have a big cock in your hand. Feel every groove of that cock. Doesn’t it feel exciting!” asked Ms. Chloe.

“Now give it a kiss. That’s it. Kiss it again. See, it’s a friendly cock!

“Now go ahead and lick it. Lick the head. Just like an ice cream cone, keep on licking. Start at the head and work your way down. Don’t forget to lick the balls.

“Good girl. This dildo will become your best friend in time.

“Now open your mouth and take in the head. Swirl your tongue around. Feel every part of that head. Pull out, kiss the head, then open your mouth and take in more of the cock. Keep doing this little by little until you’ve stuffed the cock down your throat.

“See, you really are good at sucking cock! Good girl!

“Keep sucking. Ms. Michelle and I are enjoying watching you do so well with your dildo. You are a natural at this.”

I sat there sucking on the dido for 15 minutes before they asked me to stop.

“Rachel, it is important for a girl to know how to give head. Sucking on a cock is a skill that you will have to master. From now on, every spare moment of the day, we expect you to be practicing with your dildo. This means in the morning when you wake up, after you brush your teeth, after each meal, and before you go to bed. Do I make myself clear?” asked Ms. Chloe.

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. I will practice sucking on my dildo as much as I can,” I replied, holding the dildo in my hands.

“Good girl,” said Ms. Chloe. “Now lay back on the bed, on the towel. We have additional training for you.

“Spread your legs open. Wide open as far apart as you can. Show Ms. Michelle your pussy-ass. Be proud of your nice pussy.

“Wow, you do have a smooth pussy! Very nice,” said Ms. Michelle. “And look at your tiny limp penis! It is so cute! By the looks of it, your flaccid penis must be a whole 3 inches in length.”

“He penis has shriveled down to about 3 inches,” chimed in Ms. Chloe. “With all the hormones that he’s on, it will stay that way and maybe get a little smaller. Soon it will be permanent.”

“And where are Rachel’s testicles?” Ms. Michelle asked. “What will become of them?”

“Well, his testicles have also shriveled up. Look closely. They are the size of a pea now. With the testosterone blocking medication, soon they will be gone for good,” added Ms. Chloe.

The girls poked and prodded at my private area. They giggled and whispered among themselves.

I thought to myself, æWait a minute. What hormones? Nobody asked me if I wanted to take any hormones. I don’t recall getting any unwanted injections. All I get is my weekly allergy shots to help keep my hay fever allergies under control. Why is my penis getting smaller? How can this be?”

Before I could give this much thought, I felt a chill between my legs. “Hold still,” said Ms. Michelle. I felt a soothing gel on my pussy. “This is to help keep things lubricated.”

I lay there on my back with my legs spread wide open for all to see. So embarrassing! I felt a cold gel spread over my pussy. Ms. Michelle had put on latex gloves and was holding a shiny gold vibrating toy.

“Rachel dear, please relax,” said Ms. Michelle. “This part of your training is all about enjoying your female body.”

I felt Ms. Michelle insert a finger into my pussy. She was gentle and slowly rubbed it around my pussy to get me comfortable. Soon she had inserted two fingers and was probing in and out. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the smooth massage of my new “pussy.” Before I knew it, Ms. Michelle had three fingers inserted. pushing in and out, in and out. It felt nice to be in an intimate position with Ms. Michelle.

“Rachel, just relax and enjoy yourself,” said Ms. Chloe.

Ms. Michelle pulled out her fingers and replaced it with the vibrator. The vibrator was about 2 inches in diameter, just a little smaller than the dildo.

Slowly, she skillfully inserted the vibrator into my pussy. Ms. Michelle gently pushed the vibrator all the way into my pussy, then slowly pulled it all the way out. She repeated this until I was comfortable having this object inserted into me. It felt secure to have something inside of me. I laid back, closed my eyes, and enjoyed the feeling of being penetrated.

Right when I was comfortable with the pace, Ms. Michelle turned the vibrator on. Buzzzzzzzz “Oh my god. It feels so good!”

I started to wiggle around ,hoping that I would get all of that vibrator shoved into me. In and out, in and out. Ms. Michelle would slowly move the vibrator in and out of my pussy, teasing me with each movement. The feelings of pleasure were unlike anything that I’ve ever experienced. I felt indescribable pleasure inside my body. Ms. Michelle kept up this pace to keep me in a state of euphoria.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any better, Ms. Chloe started to rub my breasts. She held each side and cupped them in her hands. She flicked my nipples and started to tenderly pinch them. I stuck my chest out hoping that she would grab my breasts and pinch my nipples harder. The feeling of having my nipples pinched combined with having the vibrator in my pussy sent me over the top! I ejaculated out of my tiny penis.

"Oh my, look what our little girl has done," said Ms. Chloe. "She's got some discharge from her little clitty."

"We certainly don't want to waste any precious cum," said Ms. Michelle. "Here, let me help her enjoy the spoils." Ms. Michelle scooped up the cum with her hand. She then told me to open my mouth and lick her glove clean.

While I did not want to eat my own cum, I had no choice. I did as I was told and licked her glove clean.

"From now on, we will repeat this training every night until you get used to being probed with a vibrator," said Ms. Chloe. "Don't worry my dear, it will only get better as you give in to your sexuality."

I got myself cleaned up and went to bed. So many thoughts raced through my mind. I had never experienced so much sexual pleasure before in my life. I wanted more and could not wait until tomorrow. I sucked on my dildo as I was told to do. After 15 minutes I fell asleep with my dildo in my hands.

In the morning when I woke up, I spent 15 minutes sucking on my dildo before I got out of bed. I continued my training sucking on my dildo and being penetrated with my vibrator for the rest of the week.

As the next Sunday came around, I was excited and hopeful that Ms. Chloe would tell me that I'd mastered sucking on the dildo.

Chapter 10: Embracing Female Sexuality

Once again, Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle both came over for Sunday dinner. I served them as I would every week, cleaned up the kitchen, and proceeded upstairs to get ready for bed.

Ms. Chloe stopped me and told me to get undressed and wait for them on the bed upstairs in my bedroom. They would be up soon to continue my training.

I was excited. What more pleasures could I expect?

Ms. Chloe came in and told me that tonight would be a big step in my development. She was expecting me to do my very best. A girl must know how to pleasure a man. Specifically, to suck on a cock and to be fucked like a girl.

As she finished talking, Ms. Michelle walked into the room. She had on a tight black halter top and a strap-on dildo. It was the same dildo I had been practicing with for the past few weeks.

“Well, don't just sit there,” barked Ms. Chloe. “Get over there and start sucking on Ms. Michelle's dildo.”

I jumped up off the bed and got on my knees. I took the dildo in my hands and started sucking on it, bobbing my head back and forth. Licking the dildo from the top down to the balls. Kissing it from top to bottom. My hours of practice made it feel natural to have that dildo in my mouth.

“Keep it up my dear. Show us that you really want to be fucked. You have to earn yourself a good fuck. Suck on that cock like you mean it! Make us believe that you want to be fucked.”

I shoved the cock all the way down my throat. Pulling it in and out of my mouth. Moaning and making sounds as I truly enjoyed each pass in and out.

“Good girl,” said Ms. Chloe. “Show me what a slut you can be. Show me how you love to give blowjobs. Suck on that cock. Remember to keep your eye contact.”

They kept up the pace for a while. My mouth jaw felt stretched out. I kept on going as I did not want to disappoint them. Finally, after 20 minutes, they stopped.

“Get on the bed and spread your legs, bitch,” commanded Ms. Michelle.

I jumped on the bed and spread my legs open. I felt a cold gel being spread over the opening to my pussy. I knew what was coming next.

Ms. Michelle took out a condom and rolled it over the strap-on dildo. Ms. Chloe got on the bed and held my legs back spreading them further apart.

“Please don’t do this,” I said to Ms. Michelle. “That dildo is way too big. It will hurt me.” I closed my eyes and hoped it would go away.

“You’re so cute. All girls say the same thing during their first time,” said Ms. Michelle. “You are no different. Don’t worry, I will be gentle and go slowly.”

Ms. Michelle and Ms. Chloe chuckled as they said I looked so precious laying there with my legs wide

open. They took a number of pictures as I lay there helpless and vulnerable.

Ms. Michelle got on the bed and proceeded to mount me. She entered me slowly with her strap-on, then pulled out. She did this for a few times to tease me. Ms. Chloe started to caress my breasts, then she started to pinch my nipples. There was a tingling sensation up and down my spine. I instantly got excited all over. My entire body wanted sex. As Ms. Chloe pinched my nipples, Ms. Michelle poked at my pussy with the strap-on. Eventually, I could not hold back anymore.

I started begging for Ms. Michelle to enter me with her strap-on. I started begging for Ms. Chloe to pinch my nipples even harder.

“What? I can’t hear you,” said Ms. Michelle. “You want my cock and you want me to fuck you? Beg for it, bitch!

“Please, please,” I said. “Please fuck me. Please fuck me with your strap-on,” I begged. My body ached for release. My pussy was itchy and wanted something to rub against it.

“Will you be a good little bitch? Will you be a good little slut for us?” asked Ms. Chloe as she teased me by flicking my nipples. By this time, my nipples were erect and excited. They wanted to be pinched and sucked on.

“Yes, yes. I will be a good little slut. I will be a good little bitch,” I responded as I begged for her cock. My breasts were heaving as I arched my back raising my chest upward. I was so longing for stimulation. My legs were wide apart. My pussy was also wide open, ready to be taken.

“Very well then, you’ll get your wish,” said Ms. Chloe. “Ms. Michelle, go ahead and fuck the little bitch.”

“With pleasure!” said Ms. Michelle. “Open wide, Rachel.” Ms. Michelle moved forward with a strong thrust. The dildo was quickly buried inside of me.

“Oh.” I let out a gasp of air, as I was pinned to the bed by this large dildo. Just as quickly as it went in, she pulled it out. “Oh.” I again let out a gasp of air. The dildo was shoved in once again and then quickly pulled out. In and out, in and out. Ms. Michelle fucked me with force as if I was a toy. My body bounced up and down with each thrust. My breathing matched each thrust as I inhaled and exhaled in unison. I lost track of time. I was in such a blissful state. Wonderful feelings filled every inch of my body, physically and emotionally.

At some point I must have orgasmed. Ms. Michelle pulled out and stood up. She wiped the discharge off my belly from my clitty and brought it to my mouth for me to enjoy. I licked her fingers clean and thanked her for a wonderful experience.

After we got cleaned up, Ms. Michelle came back to my room to give me my dildo. “I want to see you sucking on that dildo as much as possible, Rachel. Is that clear?” she asked.

“Yes, Ms. Michelle,” I responded. “I will suck on my dildo as much as I can in the night and in the day.”

A few weeks went by and I was getting quite good at fucking and sucking my dildo. I no longer was afraid. Instead, I looked forward to my intimate sessions with Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle. They would take turns with me, sometimes having sex with me two or three times in the day.

My role would be the same. I'd start off on my knees sucking their strap-on dildo. I learned that eye contact is very important when sucking on a cock. Guys like it when a girl is looking at them while giving them a blowjob.

I would have to beg them to fuck me. I would eventually get my wish and end up pinned on the bed, being fucked over and over again.

I was pleasantly surprised when Ms. Chloe told me that I was ready to move up to the next level of my training. It had been over a year now since I started my training.

Chapter 11: Becoming a Young Lady

“Rachel, you are ready now to move to the next level of training,” said Ms. Chloe with a smile. “You will now be moved to the Young Lady level of training.

“You have done well in your development. Your breasts have blossomed with your chest now being a full C-cup in size. Your curves have grown out in all the right places, giving you the perfect hourglass figure. Your mannerisms and movements are all female now, with no trace of you ever being a guy. You walk naturally with 5-inch heels. I'm excited to see you so cute and feminine,” said Chloe affectionately.

“You will find that your desk upstairs is now full of makeup. You should be properly made-up every day. Your makeup routine should include foundation, blush, powder, lipliner, lipstick, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and eyebrow liner. You should wear perfume at all times. As I showed you earlier, a dab of perfume on your wrists, on your thighs, on your neck

and in your cleavage goes a long way. There are several scents to choose from on your dresser.

“I expect you to have on earrings at all times. Your hair should be brushed out and styled at all times. You will be allowed to go the beauty salon once a month to touch up your hair and get your nails done.

I was excited! I’ve always wanted to wear makeup and get all dressed up. And the perfume Mmmm, it made me smell yummy! I found that keeping myself presentable as a girl was no problem at all. I was good at dressing up.

“You have done well, Rachel,” said Ms. Chloe. “Since you’ve started training you have lost a total of 35 pounds. You now fit into a size 8 dress, and sometimes a size 6 dress. You will no longer need to wear a corset as long as you continue to fit into your pretty skirts. Tomorrow we will go shopping for more clothes.”

I was so happy that my hard work was paying off. Ms. Chloe was happy at my progress and she was now going to buy me more girl clothing.

The next day came quickly and I found myself walking around the shopping mall with Ms. Chloe. We stopped in the same jewelry shop where I got my ears pierced. Ms. Chloe wanted me to get a piercing on my bellybutton. It actually looked pretty good! I ended up leaving the shop with a gold stud on my navel.

We walked past a lot of nice shops where I was hoping she would stop. Instead, we ended up going to the economy side of the mall. We shopped at a number of stores that I never heard of before today. I had to try on a ton of different outfits. Most of them were tight-fitting and accentuated my slim figure.

At the end of the day, I had four large bags full of new clothes. My clothes included halter tops, tube tops, bikini tops, crop tops and a few tight-fitting blouses. Most of my tops barely covered my breasts. In fact, with a sudden move, my boobs would pop out. Ms. Chloe seemed to really like these outfits on me. She said that they were perfect for me in this stage of my development. In addition to the tops, I also purchased a number of dresses, again. They were all very short, low-cut, and tight fitting. I also purchased a lot of miniskirts, thong panties, and high-heeled shoes.

As we walked to the car, I felt like a lucky girl to have my wife take so much interest in me. I loved that we could finally go shopping together and walk around as two girls.

When we got home, Ms. Chloe told me to cut the tags off my new clothes, fold them, and put them in my dresser upstairs. I cut off the tags, removed any sizing labels, folded them, and proceeded to put them in my dresser.

I opened the middle drawer. It was empty. My shorts, briefs and socks were usually in that drawer. I opened the bottom drawer. It too was empty. That was where my T-shirts and polo shirts were kept.

I put my new clothes away as I was instructed just as Ms. Chloe came into my room.

“Ms. Chloe,” I asked. “Where are all of my men’s clothing? They were supposed to be in these drawers. Did you put them with the rest of my clothes in the garage?”

“Rachel, we’ve been over this already,” said Ms. Chloe. “As a young lady, there is no need for you to have any men’s clothing. All of your men’s clothing

including your shoes were donated to the Salvation Army months ago. You now have room to build your new wardrobe of girl clothes.”

I felt pale. I was supposed to go back to work soon and get the promotion. How could I do this with no clothes of my own. With no *guy* clothes? I started to tear up there in front of Ms. Chloe.

“There, there, I know these changes are coming on quickly but you know it is what you’ve always wanted,” said Ms. Chloe. “Look in the mirror, dear. There is no longer a shred of a man left in you. You are 100% all girl. Well, except for that tiny thing between your legs.

“Now, about your new attire during the day. You are allowed to wear any of the items that we purchased today. You must be in heels that are at least 4 inches. Here is a diamond stud for your navel piercing. You are a sexy young lady who should be proud of her appearance,” said Ms. Chloe with a smile.

I chose a pink crop top, white miniskirt, and white pumps for my outfit today. Not needing to wear a corset enabled me to move quicker and get more things done. I got through my household chores quickly and spent much of the day practicing sucking on my dildo.

Chapter 12: A Cock is Better than a Dildo

It was Sunday again, and Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle were together walking along the beach.

“I can’t wait until we can be together full-time,” said Ms. Michelle.

“We are almost there, my dear,” said Ms. Chloe. “Have you been preparing your husband?”

“Yes, I think he is ready,” said Ms. Michelle. “I told Benjamin that your husband Ray has been going through a lot of changes. In particular, I told him that since Ray had lost his job, he has slowly transformed himself into a girl. I told Benjamin that as you are my best friend, we have to support Ray in his transformation. At first Benjamin did not like the idea of one of his guy friends turning into a girl. But over time, I’ve been able to convince Benjamin that Ray has some psychological challenges and that he should be thankful that he is a healthy man.

“It’s so funny how men can be so easily persuaded,” said Ms. Chloe. “Look where it got Ray!” They both laughed and embraced.

“In addition to telling Benjamin about Ray’s condition, I have also started working on Benjamin’s sex drive,” said Ms. Michelle. “If Benjamin could have his way, he would be fucking me all day long. I would be on my knees sucking his cock or on the bed with my legs up in the air. I’ve started to cut back on having sex with Benjamin. He is down to once or twice a week at the most. In addition, I’ve been giving Benjamin Viagra in his food. I know that he will do anything to get that sexual release!”

“I think we should set a date to get our husbands together,” said Ms. Chloe. “This will be a night to remember! Let’s set this up for next Saturday.”

“Done,” said Ms. Michelle with a smile.

After a few days, Ms. Chloe said to me that I should make a little extra for dinner Saturday, because Ms. Michelle would be stopping by for dinner. She wanted me to look extra special so she laid out my outfit on my bed upstairs. I was a little shocked to see what she had selected. What was on the bed was a red tube top, a black miniskirt, and red pumps. I was already accustomed to wearing clothing that showed off my assets so the prospect of wearing them did not bother me.

Saturday night came. I had made beef stew, mashed potatoes, and steamed green beans. I had set the table for two.

I was not aware that Ms. Chloe had invited both Ms. Michelle and her husband Benjamin over for dinner.

Ms. Chloe arrived home and went upstairs to freshen up. I continued to finish preparing dinner. I had the table set for three people. I was excited that Ms. Chloe would finally let me sit at the dinner table as an adult, rather than just a servant as in the past.

Ms. Chloe came into the kitchen. "Rachel, please follow me out to the living room. There is someone who I'd like you to reacquaint yourself with."

"Who could it be?" I thought to myself. I already know Ms. Michelle. I followed Ms. Chloe into the living room, swinging my hips as I was taught to walk.

"Benjamin," said Ms. Chloe. "I believe you know my husband Ray. Well, he now likes to be called Rachel."

I wanted to die with embarrassment. There in the living room was Ms. Michelle and Benjamin sitting on the sofa. Ms. Michelle had Benjamin's pants pulled

down and her hands around his fully erect penis. By the looks of it, it looked like Benjamin was enjoying his massage.

Benjamin was just as surprised. “Holy shit! Is that you Ray?” I could feel him looking over my entire body. With the outfit that Ms. Chloe asked me to wear, there was not much of me that was left uncovered. My breasts just about popped out of my red tube top. My nipples were showing through the thin material, erect at attention. My skirt barely covered my butt. Benjamin could clearly see that my stature was now that of a young girl. Tall and slender with my hair styled as a young woman.

Ms. Chloe jumped in quickly. “He, I mean she, likes to be called Rachel now.”

Ms. Michelle also jumped in, adding, “Remember Benjamin, you said that you would like to help Rachel get better. She needs your support now more than ever.”

“Rachel, don’t be rude,” said Ms. Chloe. “You can clearly see that Benjamin has an erection. It is obvious that he is excited to see you. Go over to your friend and ask him if you can finish sucking on his cock.” Ms. Chloe’s comment was more of a command rather than a suggestion.

There was a lot of tension in the air. For a brief moment, there was silence. I could tell that Benjamin was still shocked at what he saw. My training and the hormones transformed me into a girl with a thin waist, a nice set of breasts and big hips. I know that Benjamin was staring at my boobs. I would have as well if I were him.

After a brief moment I came to my senses. I had no choice. I was trained to do this. I slowly walked over

to Benjamin and got on my knees. "Benjamin, may I please suck on your cock?" I asked as I looked into his eyes.

"Well, I guess so," responded Benjamin as he continued to stare at my cleavage.

I could tell that my perfume was getting Benjamin even more excited. I reached out and slowly put my hands around his growing cock. It was warm and alive. It was soft and hard. It was perfect. It was exciting!

I kissed the top and started licking it as I had practiced with my dildo. Those countless hours of sucking on my dildo paid off. Having a real cock in my hands was so much more exciting than my rubber dildo. I continued to suck on his cock moving more and more into my mouth.

Benjamin sat there and put his hand over my head to guide me further onto his swollen member. "What am I doing?" Benjamin said out loud. "I'm not gay."

Ms. Michelle responded, "Of course you're not gay. Look at Rachel. She is a girl sucking on your cock. Do you want her to stop?"

"Oh, no," replied Benjamin. "Keep going. This is great!" Benjamin closed his eyes and pulled me in further on his cock.

"This is weird," he thought to himself. Ray was one of my best buddies from high school. "Now he is sucking on my cock. Now he wants me to call him Rachel. I must be dreaming."

My skills at giving a blowjob were validated when, all of a sudden, Benjamin held my head with both hands as he gave one big trust upward. I tried to pull

back but wasn't strong enough to break Benjamin's hold.

Benjamin exploded into my mouth and down my throat. I swallowed as quickly as I could to avoid choking on his cum. Some of his cum came spewing out of my mouth onto my face. The taste of a salty musky manly flavor was all over me. I finished licking the extra cum up and sat on the floor.

I don't know what came over me but I looked up at Benjamin and thanked him for a wonderful time. I kissed him on the cheek and thanked him for helping me become the girl that I am.

Benjamin was still enjoying his state of bliss. He had not cum for over a week now as Ms. Michelle had been saving his mojo for this special occasion.

I got up and walked to the kitchen to serve dinner. Ms. Chloe followed me into the kitchen.

"Well done, Rachel," she said with a smile. You were a natural out there, giving Benjamin a blowjob. "Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, it was very satisfying to suck on his cock," I replied. "Having a real cock in your mouth is much more exciting than sucking on a rubber dildo. I'd take the cock any day over the dildo," I said jokingly.

"Well dearie, that can be arranged," Ms. Chloe said with a grin. "Now hurry up and get dinner served. We still have a lot to discuss."

I finished preparing the dinner salads and took out the wine glasses.

In the living room, Ms. Michelle and Benjamin were together talking about what had just happened.

“Benjamin, you were so loving to help your friend during his time of need,” said Ms. Michelle. “Rachel is in a fragile stage of her development and really needs the support and love of those around her.”

“Well,” said Benjamin. I guess that wasn’t all that bad. Ray, I mean, Rachel has really changed. I do want to be there to help him. He would do the same for me, I’m sure,” said Benjamin.

“So, are you willing to help your friend out during this transitional time in his life?” asked Ms. Michelle. “If you are, you need to be committed to really helping him with his development.”

“Yes, I will help him. Tell me what I need to do, and I will do it,” said Benjamin.

Ms. Michelle smiled. “Well, for starters, you need to start treating your friend as a girl. You need to call her by her new name, Rachel. You should compliment her on her looks and how well her body is developing. Rachel is starting to explore her sexuality. Having her practice giving you blowjobs is a good place to start.”

Dinner was uneventful. I started with an appetizer, followed by the main course, then dessert. As in the past, I did not sit at the table. I nibbled on my carrots in the kitchen and came out only when summoned.

At the end of the evening, I was asked once more to come out and join them in the living room.

“Rachel, we have good news,” said Ms. Michelle. “Benjamin has agreed to help with your training. He will be coming over when he can to help you. Since he is taking time out of his busy schedule, we expect



that you will be efficient and thankful for such an opportunity.”

“What am I supposed to do with Benjamin?” I asked sheepishly.

“Why it is very simple, my dear,” said Ms. Michelle. “When Benjamin comes over, you are to suck his cock. You are to swallow all of his cum and beg him for more.”

Ms. Chloe jumped in, “Didn’t you tell me in the kitchen that you enjoyed sucking on Benjamin’s cock?”

I blushed with embarrassment. “Yes,” I said. “Benjamin was wonderful.”

Ms. Michelle smiled and said that she could tell that Benjamin liked looking at Rachel’s sexy figure. In fact, Benjamin had a bulge in his pants.

“Rachel, get on your knees and ask Benjamin if you could suck on his cock,” ordered Ms. Chloe.

I did as I was told and asked to suck on my friend’s swollen cock. There we were standing in the living room. Me on my knees with Benjamin’s cock in my mouth. Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle filming the whole incident with their iPhones. We were there for about 10 minutes with Benjamin rocking back and forth forcing himself deeper into my mouth. When he finally came, I was prepared for the large load of cum that was deposited down my throat. I licked him clean and thanked him again for a wonderful time.

That night was the start of me giving blowjobs to Benjamin on a regular basis. Benjamin would come over in the mornings before work and in the afternoons after work. I would suck him off at least twice

each day. I got used to being held tightly by a strong man. Somehow, I felt secure in his arms, even if his cock was in my mouth.

The weekend was coming up. Ms. Chloe told me that Benjamin wanted to take me out on a date. She had agreed and thought that a little fresh air would be good for me.

As Saturday approached, I was given the talk that all little girls get from their mothers. “Rachel,” said Ms. Chloe. “Benjamin has been very kind to help you with your training. When you are with him, I want you to treat him well. Pleasure him as only a woman can. I want you to be back by tomorrow at noon. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Chloe, I understand.”

“I have laid out what I want you to wear when you are with Benjamin,” said Ms. Chloe. “Be sure to put on your perfume. I hear that he loves the smell of it on you.”

Ms. Michelle had a similar talk with Benjamin before our date.

“Benjamin, you and Rachel seem to be getting along well,” said Ms. Michelle. “I think it is time that you take things up another notch. Rachel is longing to be made love to as a woman. She told Ms. Chloe that she is very hot for you. I know that you are just the man to do the job! I have arranged for you to spend some time with Rachel at our home. I will spend the night at Chloe’s house and you will have our house all to yourself, with Rachel. Rachel doesn’t need to be back home until tomorrow at noon.”

Benjamin was now completely fixated on Rachel. He thought that not only was she incredibly beautiful

but she wanted sex as much as he did. He counted down the hours each time between seeing her. He wanted to spend as much time with her as he could.

Saturday came quickly.

Benjamin arrived early to pick up Rachel. Flowers in hand, he rang the doorbell with anticipation. After a few moments, Rachel answered the door with a big smile.

Benjamin was in awe at her outfit. Rachel had on a pink halter top that barely covered her breasts. Her nipples were on display as if they were badges of honor. Her white miniskirt was very skimpy and tight emphasizing her round backside and sexy hips. Her knee-high black leather boots had a 5-inch heel on them. Her hair was long with large curls flowing to the middle of her back. Her makeup was prominent, bringing out her big eyes, pouty lips, and high cheek bones. Her perfume was heavenly, triggering all of Benjamin's senses. He wanted so much to just jump her right there in the entryway. Rachel's outfit made her look like a high-class prostitute. Her "fuck me" outfit screamed out that she wanted sex.

Benjamin thought to himself, "Wow, I hit the jackpot!" He knew exactly what he wanted to do with Rachel for the next 18 hours.

I followed Benjamin out to the car and waved goodbye to Ms. Chloe. I was excited as I had never been on a date before. Were we going to a movie? Were we going out to a restaurant for dinner? The car turned off the freeway and headed North. I recognized the neighborhood.

"Did you forget something at home?" I asked Benjamin.

“Nope,” replied Benjamin. “That is where we are going for our date. By the way, you look amazing, Rachel.”

I smiled and enjoyed the compliment coming from a man. Being told that you are beautiful by a man is different from the same comment coming from a woman. From a man, there is usually a hidden meaning that he is attracted to you. He may want to take you home and have sex with you. From a woman, she probably likes your outfit.

“I can’t wait until we get home and I can help you continue your training!” remarked Benjamin. “I can’t stop thinking about how beautiful you are. I just want to be with you all the time.”

Chapter 13: The Day I Became a Woman

It suddenly occurred to me. I wasn’t being taken on a date. I was being taken to Benjamin’s home to have sex with him. I remembered what Ms. Chloe had told me regarding me having to be thankful to Benjamin for supporting me becoming a girl. I used the remaining time in our drive to psyche myself up for what was to come.

We arrived at Benjamin’s house before dark. It was just as I remembered. A Spanish-style home along the ridge of the hill overlooking the Pacific Ocean. It was beautifully landscaped. We drove up the driveway to the entryway. Benjamin was a perfect gentleman as he opened my door and helped me out of the car. We walked hand-in-hand to the front door.

I could tell that Benjamin was excited. He seemed like a little boy about to open his Christmas presents.

We walked in the house and sat in the living room for a moment. Benjamin then asked me if I wanted a tour of the house. I accepted his offer as I had never been in a home as extravagant as this one. It was a large home with five bedrooms and seven bathrooms. Each room was designed as a master bedroom suite.

I lost track of where I was in the house. Somehow, we ended up in the master bedroom. Benjamin asked me to sit on the bed while he turned on the fireplace and some music. The room was elegant with stylish wallpaper and crown molding around the ceiling. The lights were dimmed down as Benjamin returned with two glasses of wine.

We sat and talked for a while. I found out that Benjamin was a sensitive person. Kindhearted,, very loving, and caring for other people. He shared his feelings and told me things that he never would have if I were a guy. I felt closer to him.

He asked me why I wanted to be a girl. I told him that I have always wanted to be a girl as far back as I could remember. Society did not treat boys who want to be a girl well. It was dangerous as a boy to show that you had feminine thoughts. I was scared as I have seen others get beaten, lose their jobs, or killed. It wasn't until Ms. Chloe offered to help me transform myself that I started to dress full-time as a girl. Ms. Michelle also was a great help in working with me to develop my inner self-confidence. I told Benjamin that I was still scared at what the world may think of me.

I was very emotional as we continued to talk. Benjamin must have sensed my concern and seen my tears.

“I want you to be happy, my dear Rachel,” Benjamin said as he held my hand. “I don’t want you to do anything that you don’t want to.”

I looked up at Benjamin with tears in my eyes.

“I think that I’ve fallen for you, Rachel,” said Benjamin. “I think about you every day. Not only have you been my best friend for most of our lifetime, but you are sweet and incredibly sexy! Just looking at you right now drives me crazy with desire. Your boobs, I can’t take my eyes off of them as they giggle and bounce with every movement you take. Your ass... Oh my god, you look so delicious! Your flat tummy tells me that you are in perfect shape. You are perfect as a girl.”

I leaned forward and kissed Benjamin.

“Benjamin, I’ve always thought that you were special as well,” I said to him with a smile. “I’ve enjoyed our time together these past few weeks and have really fallen for you as well. Please make love to me tonight as if I were yours.”

It didn’t take long before we were both naked. I started to take Benjamin’s clothes off and he seemed to have no problem taking my clothes off. I felt his large penis as it was now throbbing for release. Having become an expert as blowjobs, I quickly went to work to satisfy my man. Within minutes after I started, Benjamin erupted down my throat. I kissed and licked his shrinking member gently while we laid there quietly.

After a few minutes, could feel Benjamin rubbing my breasts. He was quite good with his hands. I arched my back and stuck out my chest hoping that he would grab them with a firm grip. Benjamin knew how to make a girl excited. He started pinching my

nipples. After a while, he began to suck on my nipples. It was like a sudden shock of pleasure rushing through my body. The more he sucked on my nipples, the more I wanted to have this man inside of me.

Between his strong hands massaging my breasts and his talented mouth sucking on my nipples, I just remember spreading my legs wide open and begging him to fuck me.

“Please, my dearest Benjamin, I want to feel you inside of me,” I begged as I was now breathing heavily.

Benjamin did not disappoint. He smiled at me as he got out the lubrication. He put a dab on my backside. As he spread the gel on himself, I could see that his penis was hard as a rock and ready to go.

Benjamin climbed on top of me, pushed my legs back, and slowly entered my virgin pussy. Slowly going in and slowly going out. He was a gentle lover. Each time he would go further and further in. I couldn't believe that I could take his entire cock inside of me. His cock felt warm and wonderful. I wanted him in me.

“Rachel, my dear, are you okay?” asked Benjamin, as he pumped in and out.

“Yes, Benjamin, I am more than okay,” I responded. “I think I'm in love with you.”

“I love you too, Rachel,” said Benjamin.

We made love for about 30 minutes until Benjamin filled me with his seed.

I felt so womanly. I had just been fucked like a girl. I had just made love like a girl. "I am a girl," I thought to myself.

We both got into the shower and helped to clean one another. Benjamin was such a caring guy. Ms. Michelle is so lucky to have such a wonderful husband.

We got out of the shower and ordered some take-out food for delivery.

After dinner, we ended up in the bedroom. This time Benjamin had me in a different position, bent over the dresser. I loved being filled with his manhood. It felt safe and secure to be close to him.

We made love about 8 times that night, each time in a different position. It was a good thing that I had practiced sucking on my dildo. My jaw was accustomed to being wide open. It was also good that I had so much practice with Ms. Chloe and the strap-on dildo. I could handle the constant fucking from Benjamin.

My date night with Benjamin was an amazing night to remember. Benjamin got me home before noon the next day. Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle were both there when I returned home. We sat and had tea while I gave a detailed recap of the night's activities.

"I noticed that you are walking a little funny today, Rachel," said Ms. Chloe.

"It's Benjamin's massive cock. It will do that to you until you get used to it." chimed in Ms. Michelle. How many times did he fuck you last night?

"Eight wonderful times?" I replied with a smile.

“Benjamin must really like you. That’s more times than he would fuck me,” said Ms. Michelle with a grin.

“Rachel, do you like spending time with Benjamin?” asked Ms. Chloe.

“Yes. Yes, I really like him,” I replied.

“Well, Ms. Michelle said that you can borrow her husband for a few hours each day, provided you act like a girl and take care of his manly needs. Would you like that, Rachel?”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. They would let me spend time with Benjamin, Ms. Michelle’s husband, each day so that I could practice being a better girl. Score! “How did I get so lucky!” I thought to myself.

“Yes, Ms. Chloe. I won’t let you down. Thank you,” was my response.

Chapter 14: Promoted to Housewife

I started making dinner every night for Benjamin, Ms. Michelle, and Ms. Chloe. After dinner, I would go back to Benjamin’s place to spend the night with him. I would have to be back the next day by noon to do my household chores.

Benjamin helped me move some of my clothes into his house. I even had part of his walk-in closet to keep my things.

We quickly fell into a routine. On workdays, after we got back to Benjamin’s home, I would strip off my clothes as soon as we got into the bedroom. I would

give Benjamin a blowjob and swallow his first load. We'd take a shower together. When we got out of the shower, he would pin me on the bed in the missionary position. After making a deposit, we would rest for a few minutes, then move on to another position. We averaged about 3 times on weeknights.

They say that practice makes perfect. As the days passed in my new lifestyle, I got better at controlling my sphincter muscles. When Benjamin was in me, I could squeeze his penis with my muscles and get him even more excited. When I constricted, I could make him cum faster.

On weekends, we would go all night long. I think Benjamin's all-time record was 14 times in a 24-hour period. We fucked in every room of the house, even in the cars in his garage. We were the perfect match. He liked sex and I liked to be fucked.

I got home each morning and did my chores cheerfully. I made sure that our home was in tip-top condition for Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle. I made sure that their laundry was done every day, the house was cleaned, and the kitchen well stocked. I took pride in my work as I knew that it was a privilege that they were letting me train with Benjamin.

I spent the days cleaning and cooking at Ms. Chloe's house. I got very good at my domestic duties. Cleaning, washing clothes, and cooking were no problem. I had everything completed by dinner time.

After dinner, I spent time with Benjamin. Cleaning and washing his clothes were no problem as I did those chores early in the mornings. Most of my evenings were spent in bed sucking Benjamin's cock or with my legs spread wide open for him to pound away at my pussy. I'd become flexible enough to do the splits or to wrap my legs around Benjamin if needed.

There are quite a few sexual positions among our favorites.

Back at my house, or my former house, Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle had been enjoying each other's company over the past few months and were ready to make the arrangements permanent. "It's time we started making plans for our little Rachel to take her final steps as a housewife," said Ms. Michelle. "She has done so well over the past year and is more than capable of pleasing Benjamin sexually. In fact, I think Benjamin prefers being with Rachel now as he can get as much sex as he can handle at any time of the day."

Both women laughed as they sipped their wine.

"You were so right about dressing Rachel as a whore for Benjamin," said Ms. Chloe. "Having Rachel in skimpy outfits subconsciously reinforces the notion that she is a sex toy for Benjamin. The 5-inch heels really scream out that she wants sex. Plus, it gets Benjamin so hard the instant he sees Rachel."

"I liked how you also insisted that Rachel were perfume at all times," giggled Ms. Michelle. Benjamin goes crazy over the smell of her perfume. It just makes him want to fuck her more. The combination of provocative outfits combined with a strong female scent has Benjamin hooked. Now it is time for Rachel to graduate from her training. "I will have the proper legal papers completed by the end of the week," stated Ms. Michelle.

"Let's go over the process," said Ms. Chloe.

"Ray and I will get a divorce. All assets including the home, rental properties, and cars will go to me. Ray will be allowed to keep his new girl wardrobe.

“You and Benjamin will get a divorce. All assets, including the home, rental properties and cars will go to you. Benjamin will be allowed to keep his personal items and his own car.

“Rachel will have all her identification changed to read ‘female’.”

“You and I will be married as a lesbian couple and move into a new home.

“Benjamin will marry Rachel and live in one of our homes. They, of course, will have to pay rent to us. Benjamin is a prominent businessman so he should be fine.

“Rachel will become a housewife to Benjamin. For a few hours each day, she will come over to our house to clean as a maid. We will get her a cute French maid outfit for her work. All of her earnings will go directly to Benjamin.

“Neither Rachel nor Benjamin will argue with us over this plan. We have far too many compromising photos and videos of the two of them together. Rachel’s wedding will also be her graduation. She will finally get that promotion that she always wanted, only this one will be a promotion to a housewife.”

Everything went as they had planned. I got divorced from my former wife Chloe. Michelle and Benjamin got a divorce. My identification was changed to say that I was now female. My legal name was changed to Rachel.

Ms. Chloe and Ms. Michelle were married in a small ceremony at City Hall. They did not want to make a big deal out of things.

Benjamin and I were married in a ceremony that included many of my former coworkers. I was dressed in white, although not as most brides. I had on a white corset that slimed my waist down to a small 26 inches. My breasts were pushed up and fully exposed. Ms. Chloe gave me a white chocker necklace that looked more like a white dog collar. I had on white thong sheer panties that barely covered anything. I had on white, thigh-high stockings with a white garter belt on my right leg. To complete my outfit, I was asked to wear these 6-inch heels. My makeup and hair were done up so that I looked like a supermodel. It was my special day.

I knew that I looked like a sex toy but I didn't care. I had sacrificed too much to turn back. I had no regrets. I would soon be married and living the life that I always wanted. Benjamin and I would be happily married. All I had to do was be the sexy girl that I always wanted to be.

After all my hard work, it is ironic that the promotion that I ended up getting was becoming a housewife. It was a win-win situation for my ex-wife Chloe and me. Chloe was now married to her longtime partner Michelle. I was now a submissive housewife married to my dear husband Benjamin. I was finally where I needed to be. I had a purpose.

The End