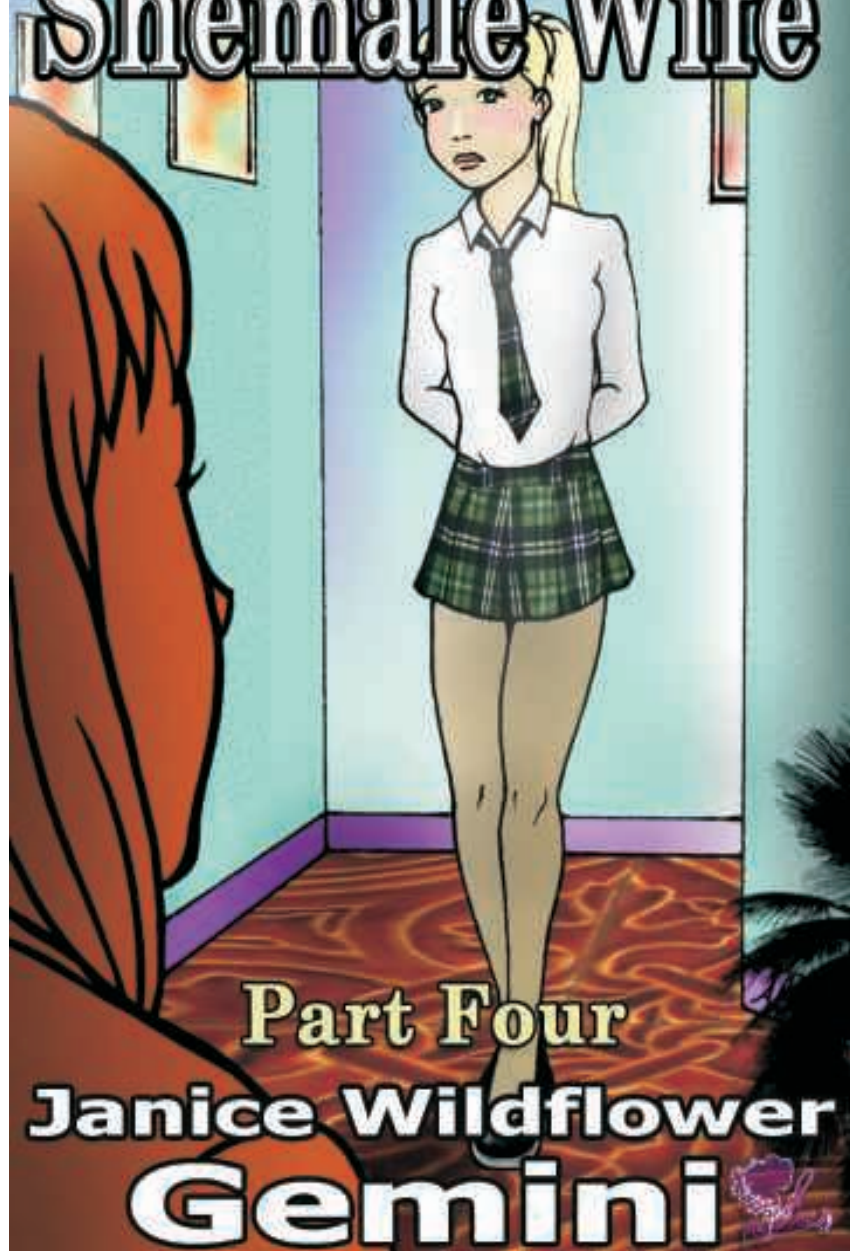


She Made Me Her Shemale Wife



Part Four

Janice Wildflower

Gemini



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SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE WIFE - IV

Introduction:

So now I am a girlfriend, and a daughter and a wife....and a mother. All of which is strange as I am a guy named Tim, but now I am called Tammy. And I am always all dressed up from the skin out like a girl, and always naturally acting like a girl and always wearing makeup and jewelry like a girl and constantly engaged in activities for a girl. And I really look like a girl, thanks to some feminizing plastic surgery that left me looking more like a girl than a guy....everywhere; though nothing was cut off.

And if it all hadn't become so pleasant and such a turn on I don't know what I would do for I see no res-

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cue from all of this and I think I will be living as a girl for a long - long time.

And to think this all happened because I avoided a prison term from the fear of winding up as some tough guy's girlfriend...And instead wound up under the control of a number of females who all seemed to want nothing less of me than to turn me into a cross dressing feminized sissy boy and they all succeeded. Each had her own reason to feminize me, and each worked it independently of the other, but all together I was overpowered and feminized. I had been a real practical joker and had ticked off just about everyone in town; and now the joke is on me.

I had barely escaped a stint in the state prison, where a guy like me would have really suffered, but thanks to a good lawyer instead I was placed under house arrest on the estate of a wealthy but cheap friend of my mother; a friend who I had always called my aunt, where I would have to work in exchange for my room and board and expenses that I would generate. And that was whatever work I was deemed fit to do. And I would be stuck there for some time.

The Judge, a female, who had an old grudge to settle with me was not happy about me having escaped prison and was just looking for an excuse to send me to prison. She convinced everyone involved that I would have to be neutered sexually for my stint at the estate and I had to agree to it, or it was prison. And so under the care of the state appointed doctor, another female with a grudge against me, I was injected with anti-androgens, which should have been enough to neuter me, but then also estrogens were added.

The Judge's idea was to endow me with a nice set of size "B" hooters before I was able to get out from under my sentence. That was going to be her joke on me!

Anyway the estrogens did the job and I had developed small breasts, a shapely butt, nice feminine hips, soft sensitive skin, thick hair, and lost my male aggressive nature. However, my former girlfriend, the daughter of my benefactress had fooled with the anti-androgen, and so despite my feminine transformation I was still “horny” and somehow she could get me to perform, using me for her own sexual purposes.

And she tortured me. She insisted I call my shrinking penis, “my clitoris” as it was too small to be anything but... and she inserted my testicles into my body to complete the feminization of my groin. And so I was not reminded I was a male when I walked and my female clothing I was forced to wear fit me that much better.

So with a feminized figure and a cheap boss who wanted to avoid buying me new clothes that would fit I found myself wearing her old castoffs, woman’s underwear and a woman’s slacks and blouse. The underwear, an old girdle and sanitary panties also served the purpose of a chastity devise. The daughter had convinced the mom she could never be too sure or too safe.

While this was going on the daughter had been blackmailing me so that I let her mom dress me up so, and the daughter also had me read about everything female until I became an expert and she had the mom and the cook, also a female, believing that as I knew so much about girl things that I should have been a girl and wanting to help me to become one.

The next twist was that for me to get released I would need a job and the only job I could get looking and acting so femininely was as a swish. And so I had to learn even more about being a female to learn to

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pass as a swish. That meant I had to learn about makeup and female deportment. And auntie happily taught me.

Then working on female deportment was not going well and Cookie with whom I worked in the kitchen volunteered a pair of her working high heels for me to wear which were sure to make me deport myself like a female. Only I would need nylon stockings.

Well Cookie was able to supply the stockings and an entire set of lingerie in satin, the panties, a girdle, a brassiere and a camisole in addition to the stockings, all female clothing designed to be worn by a guy. Cookie who knew I was already wearing panties had gone to buy me panties as a gift and had wound up buying an entire set of lingerie, special lingerie designed for male sissies dressing up as girls, and then had been too embarrassed to give it to me until the feminine deportment thing came up.

Anyway then I had to try on all the lovely lingerie and finding out that it felt just wonderful on my feminized body and so much more comfortable than auntie's lingerie that I had been forced to wear. And then I had to model it for Cookie and Ms. M. It was awful. But I was stuck. I couldn't run away, not the way I looked and not the way I was dressed. I was stuck there in lingerie and having to do what the woman would have me do.

And then the final embarrassment was my makeover at the beauty parlor... a complete makeover including the piercing of my ears. And I had to return to the estate really looking like a female!

When my mom surprised me and found the feminized me she pretended to be sympathetic, but really wanted me as her daughter. I was wearing dresses and she had at least gotten some masculine woman's

clothes to wear and some real men's clothes which she would not yet let me have. First we had a meeting with one of the woman who was feminizing me and I needed to dress appropriately. But I never got my men's clothing. After the meeting everything mom did to help me just further feminized me.

Chapter XX - Mother gets Convinced I want to become a Woman and it is okay with her:

So we were off to meet Ms. M. at one of the local diners. I was happy to be wearing pants and a shirt again, even if it were lady's pants and a blouse, as in my mind it was better than the dresses I had been forced to wear. Of course underneath it all I was still wearing female lingerie, but my figure was less feminine than when I had on my prosthetic padding. And then I was wearing high heel boots, but the footwear was boots and not pumps. And I was wearing jewelry, but it was western jewelry. So I was feeling as masculine as I had felt in a while, despite the fact that my hair was permed and I was in full makeup and I automatically held myself and moved like a female. And none the less I was happy as I was thinking about the set of men's clothing I had convinced my mother to buy for me, that was waiting for me at her home and which I believed was my ticket out of this situation. Regardless of how I now looked, I felt dressed as a guy I would have been more comfortable escaping.

Ms. M. was waiting for us at the dinner sitting at a table; and next to her was Cookie...and I knew I was in for it. Ms. M. looked pleased to see me with my mother. Cookie on the other had did not look so pleased and gave me a look that told me I was in for it.

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Ms. M. was drinking a vodka martini while Cookie was drinking a scotch on the rocks. Ms. M., had taken the liberty to order drinks for mother and me, a vodka martini for my mother and some sweet white wine for me. I would have preferred a scotch myself, but I was happy I hadn't been stuck with something like a Shirley-Temple.

Then after greeting my mom and some small talk and over drinks, Mrs. M. told me, "You know Tammy you do look very nice in that outfit, but you also know you are not supposed to be wearing pants...even lady's slacks. Didn't you tell your mother about the agreement that you are restricted to dresses and skirts and blouses, and you are to act feminine at all times. You know that you agreed to pass yourself off as a female and as a maid in order to get gainful employment and thereby shorten your confinement. And if you backslide I just don't know how long you will be staying at the estate and remaining on those crazy medications."

I didn't really know how to reply...that is what my mother would support, and I was afraid of what would happen to me if I got Ms. M. angry with me and she sent me to prison, and so I had to watch myself...and Cookie was there and I was a bit afraid of her, I could not bear another of her spankings, though I had no plan on returning to the estate.

And so I kept a civil tongue as I did not want to aggravate Ms. M. or Cookie, that is until I knew how my mother was going to react once she was really confronted with my situation. But I was thinking of making a run for it. I was comfortable enough in my masculine female clothing and I knew I had real male clothing back at home, and all sort of schemes ran through my mind.

And so I had to literally apologize to Ms. M. for wearing slacks....even though lady's slacks. And I explained that it was a slip...I just was afraid to have to tell my mother of the agreement I had made and then I sort of wanted to find out how it felt to get back into slacks again. I did not tell her about the men's clothing I had waiting for me once I got back to my mom's place.

Mom seemed taken with my contrition. It was something with which she was not familiar. She smiled and told Ms. M. and Cookie, "Well whatever that medication has done to him and whatever you've done for to him he has certainly developed some manners. This is a bit of a shock. I tell you perhaps the side effects of those hormones and this dressing and acting like a maid has done my son some good. Tell me more about what has happened to him. I don't think Tim has been totally honest with me at any of our meetings nor has been totally honest with me now!" And she gave me a look, the intensity of which was a bit unnerving.

Dinner was ordered and over drinks Ms. M. explained my situation, as she saw it, to my mother. She explained the side effects of the drugs, my changing figure, my changing personality, my seeming entrancement with all things feminine, my training to be feminine and girlish and how well I did with that and how I seemed to enjoy it so, my slow transition to being more of a girl than a boy, the tucking away of my male parts, my wearing of female lingerie, than female outer clothes, than dresses as my only outer clothing, and my agreement to become a maid so that I could obtain a full time job.

My mother seemed entranced and she asked questions over dinner. She had already seen me as a maid and acting subservient so seeing was believing and so there was not a lot of convincing that had to be done.

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The overriding question in her mind at the time was how much of all of this I actually accepted; though perhaps she did not really care as the thought of keeping me a girl had definitely established itself in her thoughts.

Ms. M. introduced Cookie as my mentor around the estate who along with her daughter had taught me all about cooking and cleaning and keeping house. She explained she had brought Cookie along as I always seemed more comfortable in my role as a female and a maid when Cookie was present, and a little more honest about my thoughts on such matters.

Then Cookie told her how fond she was of me and what a wonderful maid I had become and what a wonderful help I was in the kitchen and around the house...just like a girl, and better than some girls. And she told mom, "And it is amazing but he really seems very content and happy as a woman and engaged in woman's work. When he arrived at the estate he already knew so much about woman's issues and things it really wasn't natural. So sort of becoming a woman seems to be a logical step for him. And he is so naturally feminine. One would have never thought."

Mom seemed pleased but a bit confused. She asked me if I had really freely agreed to wear dresses and skirts and if so why I had asked for the men's clothing. Then she completely changed the subject and let out about my desire to spend the night and the fact that she had in fact purchased some men's clothing for me. At that point I was going to confess to my mom that I wanted out and for her to take me home and get her lawyers involved, so that I could get out of there and make my escape; but before I could Ms. M. came over.

As she got up she told us, "Oh I almost forgot. Fortunately this talk of a sleep over with your mom re-

minded me. I had promised the judge to give this to you just in case you did want to spend some time with your mother....sort of girl to girl time so your mom could get used to having a son who is more of a daughter, before we took you back to the estate. And per the judge this is really not open for discussion if you are spending the night with your mom. And it is such a lovely chocker anyway."

And she continued, "But let me explain. When I told the judge about this incident with your mother calling me, the judge thought you might be asking to spend the night so that your mom could get used to the new you. But, for that you would have to wear a tracking device. And fortunate for you as you need to wear one when you start working as a maid the judge already had one specially made for you. And since you are a special case she had it made to look like a chocker. It is in the shape of a lovely chocker so not to embarrass you and the authorities will know exactly where you are at all times so you can have a bit of freedom. And of course dear no leaving town as the chocker gives off a nasty shock if you do....oh...and also if you try to take it off."

I couldn't believe it...but I had to believe it. She had slipped it on me before I knew what it was or could stop her and I was stuck. There was not use. I could not run away. My words just changed in my mouth. What was I to say? There was no escaping. I could not get difficult with Ms. M and Cookie. I could not upset either of them. I could no longer escape. And I did not want Ms. M to send me to prison. And with escape seemingly impossible, once back at the estate I did not want a spanking from Cookie.

So I had to tell my mom that I had agreed to only wear dresses and skirts for the duration. But I told them all that I had just been too embarrassed to admit

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that to my mom. And so I had asked for men's clothing not to embarrass myself any more than I was already embarrassed having my mother find me dressed as a maid; and to not embarrass my mother by having her think that her son preferred to wear dresses or skirts rather than pants and that he preferred to work as a maid.

And then Cookie looked at me and asked or said, "But Tammy dear haven't you found that you actually prefer lingerie and dresses and working as a maid to your former pants and life in trouble? Or were you not being completely honest with me when you told me how happy you were helping me and Janice out around the house and keeping house for Ms. M. and dressing and behaving as a maid. I thought you told me you found it relaxed you and calmed you down and was actually in that sense enjoyable?"

Mom looked at me and asked or said, "Is it Tammy now?" And Cookie gave me a look.

There wasn't much I could do. I was wearing a tracking device. I could not escape. I would eventually be going back to the estate. Cookie would have me under her control. I was afraid of what she might do. I knew what she had already done to me when I had angered her and denied my femininity. And if I now made an issue of all this with my mother, now that there was no immediate escape, Ms. M. might just have me carted right off to prison. I was really trapped and afraid of the consequences of any rebellion or perceived rebellion.

And so I had to lie and pretend to admit to my own mother, much to my shame, "Yes mom. I did not want to admit it to you, but I find that I am more comfortable dressing up completely as a maid and working as

a maid....then....then...." ...and I wanted to die, but there was no getting out of it... "then as a man."

And I wanted to die, but continued, "It is my only way of dealing with the side effects of those awful medications. I think that once I am off those darn drugs things will be different. But for now I just feel so girlish and I do really feel more comfortable in lingerie and dresses and makeup, and acting the role of a maid and working as a maid."

And I continued with, "I just find it very calming." I did not tell her what a turn on it had become for me... one that I did not like but could not control.

I expected my mother to go through the ceiling, but no. She actually seemed to accept the situation. I think she was thinking along the lines that she had lost a son but she had gained a daughter, and not just a daughter but also a maid...and a wonderful obedient maid at that.

She told me, "Well dear... as you say I am sure it is just the side effects of those drugs you have agreed to take to stay out of jail. But for now you are stuck with those medications and with all of this an all it entails so I imagine it is better for everyone that you are accepting your situation as I don't think there is any easy way of getting you out of it."

And then to my horror she laughed and I wanted to die, as she told me, "And heaven knows dear that you do make a wonderful maid. And heaven only knows how long you will have to remain on those drugs if you don't get some sort of job. And you seem perfectly suited for the job as a maid...so you might as well work as a maid. Those drugs and the work as a maid appear to have done you some good I would think. You have certainly calmed down, have learned a trade and can now work to support yourself. And you actu-

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ally look sort of pretty as a girl....Who would have guessed."

And she continued, "And then am I correct to assume that your request for men's clothes was just bravado....and that you would prefer a dress or skirt and blouse to this slacks outfit I purchased for you?"

I didn't know what to say, but my mother was waiting and Cookie and Ms. M. were there, and I wasn't leaving town and so I had to tell my mom, "Yes mom....it was just that I did not want you to know.....that I prefer woman's clothing....and that I agreed to wear only dresses and skirts. I mean with my changed figure the men's clothing doesn't really fit me well and I find the men's underwear too rough on my skin. .., and I've lost a lot of my strength and so real men's work is difficult for me..."

Then Ms. M. chimed in, "It's a bit complicated but as I explained earlier, perhaps too briefly, it is just that after the side effects of the drugs the only job we could find him required him to pass as a sissy. And so we gave him some training to pass as a sissy. You know sissy deportment lessons and sissy makeup lessons, and all the while he had become such a darling and was helping out around the house and learning how to cook and clean and so and just about doing everything a female would do."

" And before we knew it, what with the effects of the medications, he looked more like a girl than a boy and was acting more like a girl than a boy, And then after his makeover at the beauty parlor...sort of a joke gone bad...with his permanent and pierced ears and professional makeup....Why he really looked more like a girl than a guy. Then the idea of the job as a maid came up and he sort of accepted become a girl and working as a maid."

And she finished with the most damning and what my mom had already seen, "And I mean even without clothes on he looks like a girl! His body has become so soft and feminine. And with the affixed prosthetics there is no male thing showing. And he had the cutest breasts and hips. And with his other prosthetics he has a nice shapely figure. He really can't be going around as a guy anymore. He would just look silly or like some sort of female trying to pass as a male. "

Mom after absorbing all of this again seemed surprisingly calm. She looked at me and asked, "Then you have agreed to all of this? I mean becoming a girl so to speak, dressing only in girl's clothing, wearing makeup, deporting yourself as a female, wearing jewelry, going to the beauty parlor, living with the changes the drugs have made to your body and working as a maid?"

I tried to explain the situation with the hormones, without revealing what I could not at the time reveal, that is how Janice and Cookie had forced me, but mom was having none of it. She told me she wanted not a reason...not an excuse...but an answer to her question.

There was no getting out of it, I was dying from shame but I had to tell her, "Yes mom...I have agreed to work as a maid and to pass as a female maid until my incarceration time is over....and I hope to end it early by taking the job as a maid. It is the only job I can get."

But mom would not end it there, she told me, "But you seem to enjoy your work as a maid and being subservient...I guess not making decisions; and passing as girl and wearing girl's clothing and makeup...despite your ploy about the men's clothing. Do you now

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find that you prefer all of this...the lingerie and the makeup and the dresses and doing woman's work?"

I tried to defer the answer. I told her I thought it was the side effects of the medications but she wouldn't let it go. She told me, "Dear, I am not asking what caused it. Once you are out of this situation and off of those awful drugs we can deal with that and we can see if we can get you back to normal...that is if you want to be a male again. We can't be sure as to what permanent affects all this is going to have on you. But for now I ask are you happy living as a girl...and being a maid? And are you at least comfortable with you new life style and willing to remain a girl and a maid until you have earned your release? "

The truth in this case would not have set me free...it would have gotten me sent to a real prison which in my condition at the time really would have been torture for me. And so there was no choice I had to admit what was a half-truth that I liked being a girl and was willing to remain a girl for the time being. That was despite the fact that despite my attraction to my lingerie and makeup and sex with Janice I did not really want to remain in my feminized condition; or at least at that time I did not want to remain so feminine.

I had to tell my mother, "Yes mom. I am sort of content with my lot under the circumstances. I find that I am uncomfortable in men's clothing and I am more comfortable in my lingerie and dresses and working as a maid and I am willing to remain dressed in lingerie and dresses and working as a maid until my sentence is over."

And she thought a moment and then finally asked again, "So then are you comfortable and content living as a female and passing as a female, with all that entails, and then working as a female, as a maid?"

There was nothing to be done. She had cornered me and I had to tell her, "Yes mom I am comfortable and content living and passing as a female, with all that entails, and working as a maid." And I wanted to die. Ms. M. and Cookie on the other hand both seemed happy with that answer. Ms. M. was hoping to hear it and Cookie was expecting to hear it.

And then to my shock I found out that my mother was also happy with that answer. She smiled at me and told me, "Well then I just guess I will have to get used to having you as a daughter, and apparently an obedient daughter; and perhaps as a sometimes maid, and definitely as an obedient maid."

"I think this may be fun. You are definitely easier to deal with as a girl than you were as a boy and as a maid rather than as a son. I guess as long as nothing is removed you can be as feminine and girly as you need to be. You do look rather lovely all dressed up as a girl and make a convincing female. You sort of remind me of myself when I was a young woman. You do look like you could be my daughter. Yes this will be fun. At least I shouldn't have to worry about you making trouble around town. Hopefully this will teach you a lesson and when it is all over you will be a better person for it."

And it did not bode well for me that she used the term better person instead of a better man.

And then she told me, "And now that I understand all of this you don't have to pretend there is anything male left about you. And we really do need to go shopping to get you out of this slacks outfit, as nice as it does look on you. I can save it for when you are paroled. You will need some transition outfits. That is if you decide to return to pants. But for now if we are doing a "sleep over" before I take you back to the estate

we need to go shopping and get you a nice skirt and blouse outfit. I think I want to dress you on the young side. You do now look so much younger than your actual age. It must be the medications. Any way no more pants for you my dear! I don't want a boyish daughter!"

And with that I realized my mom was happy with her new daughter and I was trapped as a girl and as a maid!

Chapter XXI – Shopping with mom for a skirt and blouse and padding

And I asked myself if this exposure to my mom could get any more humiliating and I was hoping it would not, but I sort of knew that it would.

Of course Cookie suggested the specialty store and explained the store specialized in dressing boy up as girls and was the source of my cover-ups and my padding and that the women there were very accepting in helping boys find their girl selves, and seemed to enjoy doing so. Mom for some inexplicable reason to me couldn't wait to see the place and we were off. There was nothing I could think of within the realm of possibilities that could have prevented that shopping trip. I could have feigned some sort of illness but a trip to the hospital or an emergency center would have been even worse than the planned shopping trip.

When we arrived at the specialty store, which appeared to be nothing more or less than a lingerie boutique, with some clothing and shoes; Cookie introduced us all to the sales staff. She introduced me as her co-worker, the boy-girl Tammy; for whom she had made all her purchases; and introduced my mother who she explained had just found out about my secret

self; and introduced Ms. M. under whose charge I was held.

The saleswoman gave me a girly hug and kiss which I of course replied to in like fashion by reflex and under any circumstances knowing that I was expected to have done so. Then she looked at me with a sort of look expressing I had been naughty and asked, "And why dear Tammy are you wearing slacks? My understanding is that you are undergoing maid training and, slacks...even lady's slacks, and even so becoming on you, are contrary to maid training, even for sissy males like yourself with a passion for such work and training. And neither do you seem to be wearing your padding which I imagine just gives you the nicest of girlish figures so appropriate for you new status in life.

So much to my embarrassment, Cookie explained and mother confirmed, "Well, it seems that our Tammy was just a bit embarrassed to admit to his mother that he prefers being a "she" of sorts and much prefers wearing dresses to pants, and lingerie to underwear, and just loves woman's work, and excels at it so."

"So when mommy discovered her son in his maid's uniform he feigned a desire for slacks. But now he has admitted to his mother his desires to dress in lingerie and dresses and engage in domestic work and so we thought it best to get him back into skirts and his figure enhancement as soon as possible...and so here we are. Tammy needs to be appropriately dressed for a nice mother daughter evening with his mom so she can get to know her feminized son better and a trip here for a change of clothing was easier than returning to the estate. And we thought mom should learn what services are available here for Tammie, for her future use; as it

does not seem that Tammy really would ever again want to live as a male."

And Cookie continued, "Tammy's mom thought she would like to see him in a short pleated skirt and white blouse....sort of like a school uniform. Tammy now looks so young that mom would like to see what she missed not having sent Tammy to one of those strict all girl schools."

The saleslady smiled and told mom, "You know it may not be too late to enroll Tammy in such a school. There are some special schools for "girls" like Tammy. Though most of the training such schools provide I understand Tammy has already gotten. And Tammy, from what I've been told, seems to love being a female and so I am not so sure additional schooling of such a strict nature is needed. But it is a thought. It is something to think about if this maid training and work does not straighten out your son and keep him out of trouble."

"Such schooling is wonderful for boy-girls and not as dangerous as prison for him. And unlike prison, once enrolled you can keep him there and a girl for as long as necessary to change his bad boy behavior if it returns. And there are certain procedures offered in the extreme cases to really make sure the boy girl remains in girl status. But knowing Tammy's story such extreme measures hardly seem needed. From what I understand, Tammy is finding himself as a girl and a maid and seems very happy with his lot."

And she continued, "Anyway, why don't you speak with my partner and she can tell you all about sissy boy girls and how to keep them out of trouble, while you pick out a nice skirt and blouse and perhaps a pair of pumps for our Tammy. And I will get Tammy

some proper padding and lingerie for a skirt and blouse.”

Mother apparently thought about what she was being told and smiled at the thought of picking out a skirt and blouse for her son and of course agreed. Then the saleslady marched me off to be fitted for the feminizing prosthetics I had gotten rid of earlier. I was mortified. I was going to resist. Or so I thought. But Cookie came along and that put end to that.

I stalled as much as I could, which turned out to be a mistake. It gave my mother time to pick out my skirt and blouse and have a nice conversation with the saleslady about sissy boys and then get to the dressing room to witness and be a part of my embarrassment.

And so despite anything I could do I was relieved of my boots and pants and shirt and cotton underwear and stood there in the dressing room naked in front of the women. By that time; mother had returned with the skirt and blouse she had picked out and was engaged in conversation with the second saleslady with mixed looks of surprise, pleasure and humor on her face.

The first saleslady looked at me and much to my embarrassment told me and my mother, “You can see that your son makes a very nice looking sissy boy girl and certainly does not look like a male any longer and should not pretend to be one. Left in public trying to pass as a real male he would soon be discovered and typically would get hurt. It is safer for him just to pass as the girl he really wants to be...at least for the time being. Yes he should not be let out to try to pass as a male. It would only go badly for him.”

“We work with these sissy boys all the time and I can tell you that your son obviously has some underlying feminine traits that under the side effect or the in-

fluence of the prison drugs are now expressing themselves and that he is now more female than male. We've seen this before. There is nothing for him to be embarrassed about. Typically sissy boys are born more girl than boy, but look like boys and it causes them problems. They hide their feminine tendencies and desires. It was most likely his inability to express his feminine side that made him so angry and difficult to deal with. But lucky for him the drugs seem to have changed all of that. The feminizing side effects of the medications have allowed the boy to realize he is really more feminine than masculine, more girl than boy."

"So now he can fulfill his...or actually her feminine desires. And as typical for these sissy boys I am sure she and you will be happier and your son, actually your daughter, will be a nicer person for it. And not to worry....for here at La Fem Boutique we are very understanding of girl-boys and their pent up desires and needs and we have everything a sissy girl boy like your son needs to become the girl that she so needs to be. And I can tell you from experience that living as a girl is the only thing that will truly make your son happy and productive and no longer a problem. He is very lucky he found such understanding woman to mentor him through his transition. He would never have been happy living as a male."

And this was insane I thought, but I was afraid to get uppity about it. Cookie was there. But I did make a mild objection about my gender preferences. The woman told me, "Nonsense Tammy. We have dealt with boy girls like you. I know it is hard to admit. But you obviously want to be a girl and have always wanted to be a girl. It is a shame you had to find out like this. But all this should make you very happy. You really don't have to worry about pretending to be a

tough male any longer. When all this is over....the effect of the medications on you....and with our help you won't look like a male and you won't feel like a male and you will be very happy as a girl....as a maid....or even a secretary. And that will keep you out of trouble. And after all that is what you really want."

I wanted to scream no...no...no and explain how all of this had been forced on me, but with Cookie there and the threat of prison....or for that matter that special "girl's school" I could only make some mild objections. The saleslady again just told me nonsense. "No dear...Don't be silly. Of course you need to pretend that you want to be a boy to save face but it is obvious you want to be a girl or at least are more comfortable as a girl than as a boy. So stop pretending. And not to worry as all this has now been explained to your mother. And she will also be taught how to deal with petulant sissy boy girls. So you don't have to worry about pretending with her that you don't love all of this and don't love all of your feminine finery. And there is nothing more to say. And you can stop putting up a front as it only makes the inevitable, your new life living as a girl and a maid, difficult for us... and let me warn you... especially for you."

And so there was nothing for me to object to any longer. It wasn't going to work. My mother seemed to accept it all and was not going to rescue me. And so a new set of feminizing prosthetics were attached to me and I once again I had breasts and hips and a nice butt. I was then fastened into a waist cincher and inches once again removed from my waist and a brassiere that properly supported my prosthetic enhanced breasts. Finally I was given an old fashioned carter belt, the girdle type, and panties and nylon stockings to put on; all of which I knew how to put on and I did so. Mother looking on seemed pleased with my obvi-

ous knowledge of female clothing and with my feminine skills; while I was dying from the humiliation of it all. Looking at myself in the mirror in the changing room I looked like a girl... with a nice figure. It was humiliating.

Cookie was smiling. She told me, "Why you do look like a shapely girl once again, and very nice in your lingerie...very 50's. I would think if you are going to be working on your freedom by working as a maid that you really need to get used to wearing your figure enhancers and should wear them all the time....that is unless your own figure continues to fill out."

I did not get a chance to reply before my mom told us, "Oh my gosh. Tim.....I mean Tammy...in that underwear, the old fashioned garter belt, panties and stockings, and that bra why you look just like I did as a school girl. I can't get over it. We do look so much alike now that your features have been softened....er feminized. I just can't wait to see how you look in this skirt and blouse I have picked out for you."

And there was nothing to say. Mother handed me a short slip that went with the outfit and I slipped it on. And as always the nylon just felt wonderful. I felt myself stirring. But trapped as it was, nothing showed. Then I stepped into the skirt and zipped it up the back. And then I put on the blouse and started to button it up the back. I was having a bit of trouble and mother came over and helped out.

She just seemed so happy. As she stood behind me and buttoned up the middle buttons on the blouse she told me, "This is really enjoyable. I can now see what I missed by brining you up as a boy. What a mistake that might have been." And the saleswoman smiled. And I did not know what to say. And I thought I was a

boy so how else could mother have brought me up. What was she thinking? Luckily I did not know!

Anyway, next came a pair of matching pumps with about a two inch heel. And I actually felt relieved to get into those high heeled shoes. My legs were beginning to pain from having been walking around flat footed. Gosh I thought...even if I run away, it will be in high heels. I can hardly any longer walk in flats.

The salesladies had me turn around and walk around and model my outfit in front of them all, but especially for my mother. Mom's hands went up to her mouth. She couldn't believe it. She told me, "Tammy you look just like me when I was in college. I can't get over it. You've become the daughter I've always wanted....always needed. I don't know what I am going to do. I know this is just a side effect of those drugs and when you have finished your sentence this will all end, but for now I just want some sort of mother daughter time with you while I still have you like this...if that is okay with the judge ...and with you that is!?...I am sure it is wrong. But I can't help myself. You do make such a convincing girl. And you do look so much like me. I really don't know what to do about all of this! But I know that I love it and love seeing you this way."

The saleslady smiling told my mother, "Not to worry ma'am. Tammy is a sissy boy and is happier as a girl,... as your daughter. That is what he has always wanted and now under the influence of the medications what he wants even more...to be a girl and to be his mother's daughter. Tammy may not admit it at first but Tammy will find he is most happy in the role a daughter. It was just he needed the medications to allow him to express his feminine self and his feminine desires. We see this all the time."

Now he can be a teenage daughter or he can be a little girl. That is your choice. He will love being either. And we have these charming little girl dresses and outfits and flounced panties for sissy boys who want to be little girls; and all in Tammy's size. So if he would rather be a little girl rather than a teenage girl we can dress Tammy up right now in the cutest little girl dress and Maryjane shoes. And the saleslady pointed one out that was hung in the dressing room, almost as if she had prepared."

Mother again just smiled, I imagine envisioning me in the cute little girl outfit. And she told them, "Well I would like to have it just in case." And a shudder went through me." And she continued. "I just can't imagine a cuter punishment outfit for Tammie if she proves to be a difficult daughter....But how would I get her to wear it?"

The saleslady told her, "Oh sissy boy girls are very easy to discipline, especially those like Tammy who appear to want to be girls and fill jobs typically performed by females. My associate will explain how it is done. No need to embarrass Tammy about it. And in any case, most likely you would want to and should give Tammy a nice spanking once you get her home. He has been such a misbehaving child. It should settle her down and allow her to accept her desires to be your daughter if he is allowed to feel that this new feminine role is being forced on him... that is her. And you should take along the little girl outfit and hang it in Tammy's room so she understands if she acts like a little girl she will be dressed like a little girl....and perhaps shown off as a little girl. Typically bringing a sissy around town so dressed and showing him off really teaches them a lesson!"

Mother told us, "I really shouldn't....but I think I will. Tammy really has been such a misbehaving child.

Yes I will think about giving her a well-deserved spanking if she proves to be difficult in her new role as a well behaved young lady...my daughter."

And with that things were settled and Ms. M. left me in the temporary care of my mother... who would return me to the estate....my prison....on Monday.

And so there I was dressed from the skin out as an older school girl and physically looking like one, what with my changed figure and feminizing prosthetics and seemingly under my mother's complete control and I didn't know if I was to expect a spanking...or how bad or how humiliating a spanking when she got me home. And after what ever happened there I was to shortly be returned to my confinement and continued feminization all with my mother's knowledge and now apparent approval. I never would have thought my mother would have approved of me, her son's feminization.

With those horrifying thoughts in mind I made a decision that once home I was going to put an end to all of this. I was going to get out of this school girl outfit. I was going to cut of the tacking device. I was going to get the prosthetics off. I was going to get my men's clothing. I was going to escape.

And little did I realize how wrong I was and that I was not escaping. I was going to stay a sissy boy girl....a girl and a daughter, and a girlfriend, and a maid and a serving girl for some time. There was no chance of an immediate escape. Mother would have her daughter. Cookie would have her assistant. Ms. M. would have her serving girl. And Janice would have a wife. And little did I realize at that time that I would also become a mother!

Chapter XXII - At Home with Mother & Forced to Want to Be her Daughter:

Cookie brought me to my mom's car while mom had some further discussion with the salesladies the context of which I was sure was not meant for me to hear. Cookie got me into the passenger seat and then fastened my safety belt attaching something to it.

She then gave me a kiss on the cheek, a nice one showing affection, and then told me, "Now you be a good girl dear and make your mother happy with her new daughter. She will only have you for a day, and then it will be back to being a maid. You are sort of in a difficult position here. I would think if you don't make your momma happy with you as a daughter she might just leave you to your new life as a servant and a maid. And if she is really miffed she could hire you as well as anyone else. At least if she is happy with you as her daughter she might hire you as a maid and then let you just be a part time maid and a part time daughter. Think about it."

Then she told me, "You make a lovely girl and a wonderful maid....so stop fighting it. You will only make it worse for yourself. After all you were never a real man. Accept your new life as a girl and just forget you were ever a boy. It will be easier for you."

And with that she walked away. I had had it and panicked and I was going to take off regardless of everything. I wasn't thinking clearly. But the seat belt would not release and try as I would I could not get out of it. It was the attachment that Cookie had added. And eventually my mom showed and with packages and got into the car, apologized for taking so long and keeping me waiting and we took off heading home to spend the night.

Our conversation did not bode well for my future. Mom was very bubbly. And she kept up a conversation around how surprised she was to find out that her son really just wanted to play dress up as a girl or to be a girl; and how I should have told her and avoided all the trouble I had gotten myself into, trying for panty punishment. Well I of course kept denying it all and blaming everything on the side effects of the drugs and the woman on the estate misreading my condition and just pushing me further and further along the direction of becoming so effeminate. Mom wouldn't have it. She just kept referring to my obvious comfort in my feminized state and what the salesladies had told her about guys with my condition and what Cookie had specifically told her about me.

Finally I think she had it with my denials. Of course I could not tell her the entire truth fearing the consequences if Cookie found out and knowing I would be returning to the estate. So mom told me, "I think the car is really not the place to discuss all of this as you don't seem to want to confide in me. So let's just wait until we get home. I've been told what has to be done to get the truth out of you and I guess that is what I will have to do; as much as it goes against my views on parenting."

And so I knew I was in for it when we got home, but how in for it I was to find out. We brought the packages up to my room. And she showed me the little girl outfit she had purchased for me...a pink satin outfit, with a pink satin corset, short pink socks, and pink patent leather Maryjane shoes with matching pink satin lingerie and a pair of beige cheerleader panty hose. I was horrified and it must have showed. Mom had me hang the outfit up on the outside of my closet door so it would be in plain sight and then explained why.

Mom told me, "Now sweetheart not to worry. This is only just in case you can't admit to me, your mother, what you have already admitted to or at least indicated to all the other girls and woman with which you are now associated, that you are naturally effeminate and like wearing nice satiny lingerie and that you like wearing makeup, and that you even like wearing dresses, and that you especially like to do woman's work; and that you are more comfortable living or at least working as a woman. Wearing it is part of regression training. I have been told that if we regress you to the little girl you wanted to be you should be able to tell your mother the truth."

I am telling my mom, "No...No....No!" and that "It is all the effects of the drugs and those woman!" And I am almost in tears; when she comes over...I think to comfort me; but before I realize it she is sitting down with me over her knee and once realizing that, despite my struggling she has me under her control. Like with Cookie it was through a combination of surprise by loss of muscle, the quickness of the actions and then having me trapped.

And my mom doesn't say a word. To my humiliation she just pulls up my skirt and then gives me a hard and painful spank on my rear. That got my attention and then she told me, "Look Tammy dear. It is pretty obvious that you like dressing up as a girl and like doing girl's work... perhaps living as a girl. And the new you is so well behaved andwell likeable, that it must be the true you...and if not it should be the true you."

And she continued, "The ladies told me the only way to get the truth of this out of you is to show you that I am in control and that you can be the little girl with me and it is okay. So I am going to show you that I am in control over the new you, the girl you. And if

that is not enough we can dress you up as a little girl in the cute pink outfit and I will take you around to all the people you've pranked all these years. And they can meet the new nicer you....the little girl you. And perhaps we'll keep you well behaved and emotionally satisfied."

And mom began with the spanking across my parted butt and kept it up until she had me in tears. I just could not help it. Under the influence of those hormones I was just too emotional and not too manly. And once I had started to cry it was if the flood gate had been opened. And I cried and I kicked and I cried and I begged my mother to stop.

She eventually did and then she told me. "I am going to stop dear. But I expect you to be a good and obedient little girl. I expect you to walk over to the corner and stand in the corner until I release you. And you will stand in the corner and hold up the back of your skirt so I can see your panties. And you will show me what a sissy you are and you will tell me what a sissy you are. And you need to admit to me, your mother, that you are really just a sissy and that you do want to dress up as a girl and do girl things and that you will be a sweet and obedient girl from now on."

She let me up and I thought of running but there was no place to run. And if or should I say when I got caught, it was the little girl dress and public humiliation even more humiliating than what I had gone through or was going to immediately go through. And so I did as I was told and I stood in the corner holding up the back of my skirt and telling her, "It's true. I am a sissy. I am a girlish sissy. I want to wear lingerie. I want to wear dresses. I want to use makeup. I want to be girlish. I want to clean houses, and cook, and do laundry and mend and do all the things a good maid does for her mistress. And I want to be obedient.

Mommy please let me be a girl!" And after having been forced to say all of that I just wanted to die.

Mother sat there and just clapped her hands. She loved it. And she told me, "This is absolutely wonderful. The ladies were right. My son is a sissy. You do want to be girlie; a sweet obedient girl. This must just be wonderful for you. I am so glad I believed the ladies."

And she continued; "Now dear, you need to stay in that corner holding up your skirt and showing off your panties while I get myself something to drink. And you are not to stop. If you do I will have you in that little girl's outfit and you know the rest. This is very important that you understand that you really deep down inside want to be girlie and I and all the ladies are going to help bring out all of your feminine side and make you all the girl you can be so you can be happy. There isn't any reason to be embarrassed. I can deal with the fact my son is a sissy and likes dressing up as a girl. At least it explains the trickster side of you. And you need to stop fighting it. You need to accept your feminine side and your sissy desires. It is okay."

And mother left me and I kept up my repetition and even I was believing it. That was just awful. When mom returned I was still repeating I was a sissy and wanted to dress up as a girl. Mother turned me around and let me drop my lifted skirt and gave me a hug and wiped away my tears and she told me, "Not to worry dear. You do make a cute girl. I am not happy that you have been hiding all of this from me. I think I can deal with this and even find you are sort of cute as a girl and this is a bit of fun. So I think I can deal with you dressing up as a girl until we get this thing settled. Meanwhile now that we know where we stand with this problem of yours, for tonight let's just play at being mother and daughter and have some dessert and

watch a nice romantic movie; and not a word about you being anything but a real girl! And tomorrow we have an appointment with a doctor so we can get another opinion on all of this...how much is the effect of the hormones and how much is you!"

And so I figured okay. That night I would be the girl. I mean what choice did I have in the matter? My mom...a woman...had actually overpowered me. Where had all my strength and will power gone? I figured when I would speak with the shrink....the doctortomorrow he will surely explain to my mother how all of this was a mistake...or so I thought at the time.

So we went downstairs, and I made us some specialty decaf coffee and some dessert and served it and mom and I watched the girlie type movie. Mom couldn't stop telling me what a wonderful daughter I made; and how wonderful the coffee was and how delicious the dessert was and how nice she found me serving her was rather than the way it was with her always waiting on me and how I had missed my calling as a cook.

We watched the movie and we sort of cuddled with her arm around me and eventually with me lying down with my head in her lap as she ran her hands along me and told me, "I can't believe this; but you do actually feel like a daughter. I am almost glad you kept all this from me for I would have stopped it before it had gone this far and missed learning what it means to have a well behaved daughter rather than a rascal of a son. I almost hope you really do want to be a girl and stay this way...though I did want a grandchild. Though the way you lived your life as a guy I had pretty much given up any hope of that anyway."

Then at bedtime mom had a baby doll night gown for me to wear. She brought me over to her room and

watched me remove my makeup and shower and get ready for bed. It wasn't an issue as nothing male was showing on me. As she was watching she would comment, "You know you really do that just like a girl. I just can't get over this. You must be naturally endowed with some underlying feminine traits that I never picked-up on or if this really must have been going on for some time you kept it well hidden." And there was really nothing for me to say. I had learned that denial meant a painful and embarrassing punishment which I could no longer take.

She brought me back to my room and the little girl outfit hanging on my closet door made me cringe. Mother could see me staring at it. She tucked me into bed and gave me a motherly kiss on the forehead. She seemed to enjoy the situation.

She told me, "Now dear, I expect you to cooperate and be here tomorrow as we have an appointment with a doctor who can advise us about this situation. If I have to have the judge send out a posy for you, then you will find yourself dressed up in that little girl pink party dress outfit and making the rounds dressed and acting as a little girl. And I think at this stage of this situation that is a possibility and it would make just the cutest face book page for you. I am sure from what I have been told about your situation that the judge would just love to see that happen to you. So if you are still planning on making a run for it you need to keep that in mind. And with that in mind I am putting you on your honor."

And with that she gave me another kiss and left, telling me, Nighty night sweetheart. You do make a wonderful daughter...at least for a while. So don't ruin this for me."

And so, though I wanted to run and my mother's car might have been available, it was just too much of a chance. As embarrassing as all of this had been, too have then been paraded around in that pink little girl outfit would have been something I could never have lived down. And so I remained the obedient daughter....though it tortured me.

Chapter XXIII – The Visit to the Doctor – And it just gets Worse for Me

That morning dressed as a girl in my new baby doll nightgown covered by a short robe which was part of the outfit and walking in high heel slippers I made my mother breakfast and she just loved it. Once again she could not get over it; how skilled I was and how obedient I had become.

She told me, "Tammy dear I know it is just awful of me, but you do seem to make such a convincing and wonderful daughter that I just hope I can enjoy your company as my daughter a bit before this is all over. You really do look so cute in that outfit. You move and talk just like a well brought up feminine girl. And you are a wonderful cook. This is crazy. How did this happen to you?"

Then again after giving me a bit of privacy she watched me get dressed and apply my make-up, which she insisted I wear, and fix my hair. She was once again impressed and told me, "Why Tammy you do that just like a girl and so well...better than many a girl. This is just unbelievable."

And of course all of this was just terribly embarrassing for me and I was blushing and found that I almost wanted to cry, the effect of the hormones on my emotions, and the effect of finding out my mother instead

of having been horrified by the fact that her son was being trained to be a maid and pass as a female my mother was fascinated by it all and was apparently enjoying having me, her son, passing as a girl and serving her as if I was a well behaved daughter. But there was little to be done about it. I had become powerless to stop any of it. I couldn't fight it anymore. Not the feminization and not the pleasures I was deriving from it. I just thought I would have to and could wait it all out until it was over and I was free.

We got to the doctor and I had to fill out a bunch of papers. Once past the basic medical questions there were a lot of questions about gender issues, how I wanted to be perceived, and how I wanted to dress and a lot of embarrassing gender issue questions. As I was a bit flustered mother helped me and we filled out the papers together with her filling in what she knew and asking me questions about what she didn't know and then filling in that information. Not good for me was that a lot of what she thought she knew was what I had been forced to say in front of Ms. M and Cookie and was not true; but my mother just assumed all that was true and answered questions based on our earlier conversations and only asked me about what she did not think she knew. And then I signed where she showed me.

And I did not read what I had signed. That turned out to have been a major mistake. I was to learn later that one of the papers I signed not only made her in some part responsible for payment of my medical bills but also gave her some power of attorney which gave her under some circumstances the authority to direct my medical care.

The examination came next A nurse of some sort assisted me. She treated me as if I was a real female. I am not sure how much she knew about my situation. I had

to completely disrobe and was given a pink examination gown to wear. She took blood and urine and then brought me to the examination room.

The doctor was a female....and seemed understanding of my situation, or the situation as it had been explained to her; which again was not totally true in regards to my wishes and thoughts on my gender. She introduced herself and then for the most part spoke with my mother. The doctor had already been apprised of my mother's concerns and of my condition and after my mother discussed her concerns again the doctor said she understood and did specialize in mixed gender issues and explained that tests were being run on my blood and urine to test for various hormone levels.

She had me drop my robe so she could look at my body and felt my breasts and especially my nipples; which embarrassingly enough became hard under her touch... which was actually more of caresses. Then she ran her hands along the rest of my body checking out my musculature and fat deposits. Then she had me on the examination table with my feet in the stirrup and examined my groin area, feeling around. She covered my groin with some sort of solvent, the odor gave it away, and then she placed a rag over it.

At that point she told us, "I would think there is apparently some sort of hormone imbalance here... some sort of excess of female hormones. Why your son, a male, would have let this go on so long I can't understand, that is unless he is transgender or for whatever reason enjoys all of this or wants to become or live as a female. I mean based upon the clothing he wore today, and his look, his long hair and makeup; one would think that he does want to appear as a female. However, you have told me that he sometimes says that he does not want to look like or dress like or act like a fe-

male...thought that remains to be seen. I have dealt with such denials in the past."

"We do have boys who get hold of female hormones and transition on their own, while all the time denying their gender problems. Then there are boys who simply are genetically part female and something kick starts the female hormones and they transition and just love it as the female part of their brain and body takes over; while all the time denying it. But we will have to see."

I tried to interject but the doctor continued. She told us, "Your son's body is now quite female like. And such feminization would have to be the effect of a hormone imbalance or female hormones introduced into his body. And this must have been ongoing for some time. And so then depending on his genetic makeup his thought processes may have also already been feminized. That depends on his genetics and it would explain why he not only allowed all of these physical changes without have complained to you about it but also seems to have adopted a female persona, acting and dressing and behaving like a female, while after the fact protesting it is against his will. Though it is highly unlikely he could have become so feminine and adapt at so many feminine activates without wanting to be a girl...either consciously or unconsciously. But we can discuss this further later."

Again I wanted to get into the conversation, but was stopped. Mother gave me a look and treating me like a young daughter told me, "Not yet dear. I need to hear what the doctor has to say. I have already heard your explanations for all of this."

And the doctor continued, "In any case this has all gone very far. If he did not like the changes he should have come to a doctor much earlier. This is all rather

late in the game. He has developed female breasts. He has female type breast tissue, with areolas and nipples, and nipples which are quite sensitive, just as if he were a female. His fat deposits are all female in nature, concentrated around his hips and butt and breasts and rounding out his face. He does not have any male belly fat. His musculature, if he had male musculature, which most males who are affected like this by female hormones do not have, is mostly gone. He is about as strong as a teenage girl who does not go to the gym. His pores are small like a female. His hair is thick like a female."

" He has experienced some real dramatic changes and it is unlikely as he had not complained to you earlier, that he is unhappy with these changes and does not feel some deep desire, whether genetic based or now hormone based, to be a girl."

Mom seemed unfazed by all we were being told and I though I knew most of what the doctor was saying about the changes to my body I was still beside myself to actually hear it from a doctor. My brain was on fire. The physical changes I was terribly aware of. However, the concept of the mental changes the doctor was telling my mother about was something new and frightening. I knewor at least I did not think that I really wanted to become a female, regardless of how sensual I was finding the clothing and the experience. I knew Janice had programmed me to get turned on by the feminine and I knew...or I thought....once I was off those damn hormones I would change back to a real male. But why did the doctor think that I wanted to be a girl and why was the doctor telling my mother I most likely wanted to be a girl."

I finally got in a word edgewise and the doctor just smiled and told me or asked, "Then why did you allow your groin to be covered so that you look more

like a female down there than you look like a male. It is a classic symptom of male gender dysphonia. The male does not want to see his male groin area. Some of the guys actually disfigure themselves. This was rather ingenious and sort of cute...allowing it to be covered up."

She let that sink in. I was going to answer, but she told me she needed to continue and that she would know a bit more when she got a look at my groin; which she then examined. The solvent had done its work on the cover and the bindings beneath the cover and the doctor removed the cover and the bindings and freed my male parts. I was able to see them, that they were still there, which was a relief, but also a shock as they had shrunk to pre-puberty size and it was frightening to me and terribly embarrassing.

The doctor, wearing rubber gloves, played with me a bit and I did get the beginning of an erection before she stopped.

Then she did the unthinkable; and in front of my mother. She told me, now dear I need to check your prostate to find out if things still work and if so to get a sample to save and I am sure you know what that means so prepare yourself. I need to talk to your mother for a moment. I wanted to flee, but I looked at my mother and my mother looked at me and gave me such a look that I stayed on the examination table.

The doctor shortly returned without my mother and so I cooperated fully as I just wanted to get the embarrassing exam over before my mother returned. The doctor told me to relax and she inserted her finger. Fortunately or unfortunately I was relaxed having held a butt plug up there I had learned how to resist and how to relax it. The doctor moving her finger around to get the feel of the opening and told me, "I

see or should I say that I can feel that this is not the first time you are experiencing insertion. We can keep this our little secret. I am not sure if this is indicative of your girl side or other issues. But let's not discuss that now. I am sure you would like to get this over before your mother returns."

So I made no objections to her assertions or insertion and I cooperated and she shortly found my prostate and began the message. After a while it was just delightful. I was full not having worn the butt plug for some time and the message against my full prostate felt wonderful and I totally relaxed and let out some uncontrolled moans of pleasure of which the doctor took note. As with the butt plug prostate messages I never got really hard but eventually she did trigger some sort of internal orgasm and I let out an expression of pleasure, despite trying not to, while the doctor collected the flood of drippings."

She told me again, "My...my you do seem to like this. I wonder what that means for you. But anyway fortunately you've provided and adequate sample for testing and for saving, if all tests well. Anyway for now go clean yourself off and get dressed. I have left a surgical girdle with your clothing. You need to wear that until we decide if you need to be enclosed again."

When I returned dressed, the surgical girdle was over my panties pressing my male parts uncomfortable tight to my body, making me almost wish for the former covering be put in place again; mother was in conversation with the doctor.

Mother escorted me out and we went to lunch. She told me we would return after giving the doctor some time to have the tests run and to speak with the prison doctor about what had been done to me and perhaps with Ms. M. about how I was adapting to a feminine

life style. Return for what I wanted to know but did not bother to ask...I assumed it would just be some sort of report on my condition.

We spent the afternoon together, first lunching and then shopping; acting like a mother and daughter and keeping company which seemed to make my mother very happy. Later after mother getting the telephone call we returned to the doctor's office.

We met the doctor in her office. She had the results of all the tests. She had spoken with the state physician and with Ms. M. She told us of her findings. It was the beginning of another nightmare for me.

She told us, that I had a very high level of the female hormone in my body despite that according to the state physician that I was on a low dose of it; and though I was also on a low dose of the anti-androgen the effect of those estrogens should not have been so dramatic.

The typical explanation in these cases was that my own body was making the estrogens. The doctor explained that all males have some estrogen making capabilities and that some males, with strong female chemistry have the ability to make as much estrogens as a female. I was probably one of those males and the low doses of estrogen had turned on my estrogen making capabilities and my body was slowly turning female under the influence of those female hormones. And the anti-androgens I had been taking were not helping. Those estrogens were overpowering my male hormones and if it kept up I would in about a year or so look and feel like a female and most likely lose any desire to be a male. I would most likely just become very comfortable as a woman and want to remain a female, regardless of my real desires without the influence of those hormones.

She continued with, "However, fortunately your sperm are still functional and we have collected enough to ensure with artificial insemination your mother can have a grandchild. That is if you do decide to become a woman."

The doctor let that sink in. Mother did not seem so upset. I was at my wits end. Despite my acquired love of silk and satins I did not want to spend the rest of my life under the effect of female hormones and worse live as a female.

"The good news, that is if you do not want to become a female, that there is a chance to shut off the estrogen making cells, short of some sort of major operation; which is very complicated, very expensive, and could leave you impotent."

I of course asked her how, as mother did not seem that interested and she told us, "With a large and continuous dose of estrogen and progesterone for about six months those outside hormones circulating in your system will indicate to whatever system or cells is making all the estrogens that there are enough estrogens in your body and the system will shut down, and usually once it does it stays shut down. The trick is to use a really high dose of the estrogens and add progesterone to it, which is another female hormone. But the downside is that things will get worse for you before they get better. You will become even more feminine before you return to your masculine state. But it is typically the only hope in these cases."

I was stunned and I was thinking. It made some sense to me, as I knew the Judge had ordered the drugs I was on decreased or stopped and so I thought that any estrogens or estrogenic effects were no longer coming from those drugs. So the explanation offered by the doctor made sense. I did not know that Cookie

had kept me on estrogens wanting to keep me girlish, if not a girl.

And before I could say anything mother chimed in, "Well as I understand it and as it stands and you can correct me if I am wrong, my son is stuck with this quasi female body for at least six months to a year." And not waiting she continued, and looking at me she said or asked, "And you are stuck working as a female for six months to a year, because you look so much like a female and most likely can't pass as a male any longer. And if you don't get outside work you are stuck on the estate working as a maid anyway or it is back to the prison."

And she continued with the horror, "So it would seem to me that if this is the simplest cure then now is the time to give it a try. After all you need to maintain a feminine persona anyway for half a year to a year, so the female hormones will help with that. And you do seem stuck having to appear as a female anyway...so why not?! I will cover the cost so we don't have to get involved with the State due to your legal status. It will be less embarrassing for all of us."

Then to make things worse for me the doctor chimed in with, "Not to worry about the costs. Tammy as a prisoner is a ward of the state and has no income. So I can treat Tammy as gender dysphoric and a sex change candidate and enroll him in a clinic with which I am associated, and under such circumstances the state covers all of his...or her medical costs. He just needs to sign some papers and I can provide the hormone implants at no cost and I can fit him with a nicer and more comfortable prosthetic for hiding his male attributes also at little or no cost."

And before I could object to being covered again the doctor told us, "And Ms. M is insistent that to stay on

the estate and not to go to prison that since his groin was covered it stay covered. She has accepted him as a female and does not want to be reminded that he is not a she."

This went back and forth but after hearing what the costs would otherwise be mother was hesitant or pretended to be and wanted me to sign I was gender dysphoric. And I was afraid of being stuck with the hormone problems and being sent to the prison. And so I signed the papers indicating I felt I was really a girl and that I was thinking about gender re-assignment therapy. And that was that. I was enrolled in the clinic for the gender dysphoric under a state health plan for prisoners of the state.

The doctor gave me the two implants, one estrogen and one progesterone, one in each thigh. Then she had mother leave. I supposed to save me some embarrassment and so I would not be difficult as she got ready to fit me with a new female prosthetic to cover my groin.

Before I could make a fuss it had become too late as she had covered my male parts with a sticky fluid and told me not to move as she had to work fast before the adhesive set or there would be real problems. She inserted my testicles back inside me. Then she placed a mesh devise over the base of my penis. Finally she pushed on the prosthetic. My penis fit into it and part of my scrotum was attached to it and covered it. Then she held everything in place while a light came on that helped set the adhesive.

Once it set and then I was stuck, no pun intended, with the prosthetic. It wasn't coming off on its own. And I was told there was a complicated procedure to get it off. I looked down and once again I looked like a female down there, and even more so than before. The skin of my scrotum was somehow forced through and

or over the prosthetic and looked like lips of female labia. Everything looked pretty real; not like a mature woman, but female enough.

The doctor told me, "This is our best prosthetic. It looks and feels real. You will sit to urinate just like a real girl. And the really nice thing for you is you have the equivalent of a working clitoris. Your penis, when you are excited will elongate through the mesh around it, pointing down, but will not get erect. It will be very sensitive just like a clitoris and sort of function like one for you. You will really feel more like a girl than a guy when excited."

She let that sink in and I was horrified. Things had just got even worse for me. And then she continued, "It is meant to test if a guy really wants to function as a girl. A transitional guy needs to wear it for a year to make sure he wants his genitalia surgically feminized. This way we will find out if you are truly gender dysphoric and truly want to be a girl and should undergo gender reassignment surgery or if just want to dress like a girl and act like a girl and that you should not get the surgery but should just live as if you are a real girl."

And I am thinking this is crazy and how did this happen to me. I don't want to be a girl. I just developed some sort of panty and lingerie fetish. I came here to hopefully get out of this situation. How did it just get worse for me?

She let that sink in and then told me, "And once the female hormones really start to take affect you will find that you will really find that having a clitoris rather than an entrapped penis to be very nice. The only drawback is that at least in the beginning, for now, you do have to wear a prostate stimulator to relieve the build up there or you will suffer very painful

back pain. So we will take care of that shortly. And of course since you will be dripping a bit you will need to wear the appropriate sanitary pads so you don't soil or embarrass yourself. But again it should be temporary. Once you learn how to masturbate as a girl would you may be okay without the stimulator. I will see you next month and I am sure by then when you have become sufficiently feminine that we can go over such techniques and then you can stop with the stimulator."

I was horrified. The doctor was talking to me as if I did actually want to be a girl. I told the doctor, "But I don't really want to be a girl. I thought this was all about me not becoming a girl...about reversing all of this."

The doctor smiled and just gave me a crazy answer, "Not to worry dear. We are not cutting anything off. It is just whether you want to be a girl or not may still be a question in your mind. But since you are now enrolled in the program for boys who do want to be girls I will have to treat you as a boy who wants to be a girl, at least for the time being."

Then she did the dirty deed. She told me, "I know your size, so let me slip it in before your mother returns to get a good look at her new daughter. I am sure she doesn't have to know about it."

And there was nothing for me to say. The doctor just slid it inside of me and once again I would be walking around with a stimulator up my butt. Only this one was a bit nicer than the one Janice had me wearing. It was softer and designed to stay in on its own. But it was awful. That is until I got walking around with it inside of me and then of course it was the same old turn on. And then after I got re-use to it the stimulation just felt wonderful and made me feel

so feminine and happy being feminine. And I knew I would have to continue to wear a pad.

Anyway mother came back to take a look at me. She was overwhelmed with my new look. She told us, "Oh my gosh. Tammy you really look like a girl down there. I can't get over it. And I won't ask where everything went or how this thing works. But it is really kind of wonderful that you now really look like a girl. I guess I have my daughter...at least for the time being.

The doctor told her, "Well for all practical purposes you do now have a daughter. Tammy under the protocol of her current treatment...her free treatment... can be registered as a girl and can receive new identification papers as a female. Though that can wait as we find out if Tammy does want to become or at least live as a female after her internment is over."

I was horrified but it was just too late. I was stuck.

Unlike the prosthetics Janice and Cookie had supplied this thing was not coming off....at least not easily.

The doctor told mother she needed to speak to her while I dressed and that I should meet them in her office. And mother and the doctor left.

I got dressed, putting on the pad first. The pad had a silken finish to it and felt wonderful. As I walked and the prostate stimulator did its job I could feel myself getting excited and my penis...my clitoris...would emerge and rub against the silken modes pads and it all felt just wonderful. It was crazy. Once again I was really enjoying being a girl. I was horrified. But here was little I could do. And I was wondering how I would be acting and thinking after six months of the estrogens and the progesterone in my body and with the constant excitation caused by the stimulator. And it really felt so nice in me as I moved like a female I was

falling back on my runway walk as it made me feel so nice.

When I finally got to the doctor's office there wasn't much to be said to me. Mother seemed pleased. The doctor seemed pleased. I was given a package, which I knew contained another stimulator and the special modes pads. I was given an appointment for my next visit. And the doctor told me if there were any problems I should have my mother call.

And then she gave me a prescription for a sedative and one for Midol.

She explained that gender dysphoric boys under hormone therapy sometimes get a run of adrenalin and then experience panic attacks....a sudden unhappiness and rebelliousness; and if that occurred I was to be given the sedative. It would calm me down until the rush had passed the female hormones take over again.

The Midol was for my back. She explained if the "device" didn't help then I could take the Midol, like any girl, for my back issues. And she thoroughly embarrassed me, by telling me, "Those issues are very similar to the discomfort associated with the bloating associated with a period and so the Midol should help... And... oh yes...since you are now on progesterone, you might experience a monthly cycle. Some boys transitioning do and some don't. So if you find you are getting morning sickness or bloating let me know right away. And the Midol and the sedative taken together should help with that."

I tried to tell the doctor and my mother that this transsexual thing was going too far if it was just for the reason to save money. The doctor told me, "Not to worry dear. Most likely you are a transsexual and will want to become a woman once you accept your real self. You do seem to want to live as a girl...as a maid.

And from what I have gathered it might just be an unconscious desire that you will not accept. Anyway it would seem you are at the stage of the game with this game that you are stuck for at least six months to a year living and working as a female, as a maid. So why don't we all just go along with this. Six months from now and having been under the influence of the estrogens and the progesterone, and having lived and worked as a girl, and after having most likely developed a real feminine figure and real breasts we can re-evaluate. I am sure based upon what I am being told that by then you will fully accept your desire to become a woman."

I was become terrified realizing what I had just gotten into and what my mother had allowed me to get into, in fact had brought me to. I was thinking, did the doctor really think I wanted to become a woman and was treating me as if I did want to become a woman. I was horrified. I started to object further about the doctor assuming...telling me that I was probably a transsexual and should just go along with transitioning to a more female body but the doctor got tough and just continued, "In any case dear. You are stuck as a girl. You are stuck on hormones. The changes will occur regardless, and would have occurred regardless due to your apparent hormone imbalance."

And then she read me the preverbal riot act. She told me, "This way you can test your desire to be a girl and not fear getting stuck as a girl. Everyone around you believes you want to be a girl and will make a wonderful woman and wants to help you transition. And so we should just leave you listed with the state, the prison system, as gender dysphoric, as wanting to be a girl or you might just become pretty much of a laughing stock if it was thought all this had been forced upon you. So if you don't really want to be a girl

and a maid I suggest that you just play along until the hormone issue is solved. You are pretty much stuck with it."

And then she got even tougher and told me, "And just think if you make too much of a fuss, Ms. M, who is so happy that you seem to like living as a female and working for her as a maid, might get angry enough with you to send you back to prison. And the things that happen to a boy like you, who is just about half girl, in a prison, I don't even want to tell you. It would be too upsetting."

And I realized to my horror that I was really stuck for the time being living as if I was transgendered when she told me, "So if actually asked, my suggestion is that you just admit that you like being a girl, that you like working as a maid, and that you are thinking about surgery. After all you do have a year to decide, if you want to accept your obvious desires. And there isn't any rush. When you are released and on probation you will still have medical coverage under the state program. And there are allowances for those in the program that live as a female for at least one year and decide it is not for them. The program will help pay for transitioning back to a male...which can be expensive."

Mother just smiled and told me, "Not to worry dear. It is all just part of thinking about being a girl. You will get used to it. If I can accept it you should be able to accept it. And you really seem so naturally female it would be a shame to waste all the effort the ladies put into helping you find yourself"

And we left the office and I could not help but think if this had all been really meant to help me or what? And I was to find out what! But in any case I was certainly feeling more and more like a girl again. And I

hated it and I loved it and I wondered. What was I to do!?

Chapter: XXIV- Working as a Serving Girl and a Maid – And Recognized:

Mom took me home and had me change back into my maid's uniform. I was almost happy. Dressed as a maid or as a teenage girl I was still dressed as a female...and I did so like the feel of my uniform, the nylon slip and the nylon dress against my skin. And I assumed it meant I was returning to the privacy of the estate and would no longer be taken around in public dressed and having to act as a female.

My mother told me, "Though I do find that strangely enough I do enjoy our mother daughter relationship and if you were to stay with me, while still on those hormones and looking the way you do I would continue to dress you as a girl...my daughter; but that does not seem to be the situation. You are stuck at the estate and at the estate you have become...you are a maid ...and seem to like dressing and acting that part. So for now I have to return you to the estate and so you should get back into your uniform. I don't want to antagonize the judge. After all it looks like you are now stuck as a maid for at least a year. So you might as well stay comfortable in your new role."

And so I got back into my uniform. And mother looking at me added as if as a second thought, "And dear don't look so glum. You look very nice in your maid's uniform. You certainly pass as a female, at least as a maid. And you do make a wonderful maid. I am surprised, but I do have to admit you are an absolutely wonderful maid. Perhaps you have found yourself and all this, despite the embarrassment for us all, has

been for the best. I think we are all better off with you as a maid...and a good maid at that... then as the difficult person you had become. Perhaps you were not meant to be a man with a man's responsibilities and obligations. Perhaps you are really just more comfortable just helping out around the house and following directions. Anyway it is time to get you back to the estate."

Back at the estate Ms. M. was happy to see me and even happier to see mother had returned me dressed in my maid's uniform. And she gave me a hug, and she told mother, "I am so happy to have Tammy back. I find I do miss her. I have gotten so used to him as her and helping him make that transition and having him as a her helping out around the house as our maid that it feels a bit strange without her here. While I helped Tammie find his feminine self it was just like having a daughter...a girlie daughter. And he was only supposed to have learned how to appear effeminate. But he was such a natural as a female that he just seemed to naturally transition into a girl rather than into an effeminate boy. And now that she is back as our maid I imagine we can have that party."

She handed me back over to Cookie, telling her with what seemed to be genuine pleasure on her part to have me back, "Cookie, you can stop sulking, you've got your lovely trainee back. You see she does like being a girl and working as a maid. She didn't run away and hide. Here she is back again and in uniform."

And I thought that is exactly what I wanted to do and only because of the necklace, the collar, with the tracking device that I had not done so. But I wasn't going to bring that up. And I started thinking perhaps the tracking device talk was a bluff and I started thinking once again about making my escape regardless of my physical appearance and the hormone imbalance.

Mother told them, "If that is your worry about this situation then you can stop worrying. I had him examined this morning and according to his doctor, my errant son it would appear is stuck as a girl for at least a year. As so I would imagine he will be a maid and most likely here for at least a year. And it would seem that he will be getting more girlish....not less girlish for at least the next six months...if not a bit longer. I intend to discuss the entire issue with the Judge. It really has gone too far. But for now and for the next 6 months, Tammy will stay Tammy and is stuck as a girl and may become even more girlish."

Ms. M. (and Cookie) looked delighted. Ms. M. asked mother to explain and invited her for dinner, asking Cookie to have me to make them some coffee and inviting my mother to sit down there in the kitchen to let her (and Cookie) know what had occurred with the doctor and if that was the reason for mother's statement.

Mother almost seemed happy explaining my condition. She told her, "In the simplest terms, for all practicality Tim is now Tammy, at least for the time being, and so we can stop treating her as if she is a boy dressing up as a girl and just treat her as a girl...I would think it makes everything a lot less complicated for everyone, including Tammy. He...or she...can just think of herself as a girl for the time being...until this all gets straightened out... Again I must talk to the judge about this probation thing."

At that point Janice who must have over heard it all walked in looking like a boy, dressed in my male clothes, altered a bit to fit her, after having been out assisting Pops: doing what had been my job before my forced transition.

Janice greeted everyone, and sat down like a man and treating me like the maid I had become. She addressed me as Tammy and asked to be served a cup of coffee. By reflex I curtsied and told her, "Yes Ms. Janice," as had been drilled into me. Mother could not help but take notice. I could have killed myself. Janice seemed smug and satisfied with my reaction and with my embarrassment.

Mother looking at Janice seemed to suddenly realize she was wearing my clothes. And as I like a good maid served them all coffee she asked about the clothes.

Janice explained, "Tammy didn't seem to have much use for her boy clothes and I did. And it is funny, but I sort of like wearing Tammy's old clothes. It reminds me of when we dated. He was sort of sweet. I guess that was his feminine side coming out."

"Anyway, you know while on the estate she was to have helped Pops. But she has become such a girl that she can no longer help out Pops. And she really did not seem to like that sort of work anymore. She really seems to like domestic chores, the cooking and the cleaning and working with Cookie. And then again it really got crazy, helping Pops she was afraid she'd break a nail or muss up her hair or makeup. Tammy has really become such a girl. And so Tammie took over my chores and I took over her responsibilities on the estate."

"But I needed some rough and tumble clothes and didn't have any. And since Tammie didn't seem to want her boy clothes anymore, with her changed figure they didn't much fit her anymore and I guess it reminded her she had been a boy, and she seemed to like dressing up as a girl, as a maid, more than wearing her boy clothes. So she gave me her clothes. And so

mother gave her a bunch of her old clothes that fit Tammy. So I now wear Tim's clothes which Tammy didn't seem to want to wear anymore anyway."

"And everyone was happy and it didn't cost mother anything but some of her old clothes that really look very nice on your daughter. And mother really likes the fact that Tammy is wearing her old clothes. Mother and I aren't the same size and so she could not hand them down to me. And besides, Tammy is more into fashion and girl's clothing than I am."

That of course was all nonsense. I wanted to scream, "No...No...No!" All of this had been force upon me by Janice and then by Cookie and aided by Ms. M. But Cookie was giving me the look. And there I was all dressed up from the skin out as a maid, and looking like a maid, and acting like a maid. What was I too say in front of Ms. M. that would not annoy her and might just get me sent to the prison. She did think that I sort of liked being a girl...even though she knew it had sort of been forced on me. And she didn't much care anyway. She liked me as a girl and she liked teaching me to be a girl.

Then regardless of the danger I was about to object, but diplomatically, when Janice finished with, "Yes, Tammie seems to really be so happy as a girl she really does not need any of her old boy clothes and most likely will never need them again. I am sure she is just so happy as a girl. Anyone can tell that. And I know he probably does not want to admit to it. But you should see how happy he looked when dressed as a bridesmaid and then as a bride. And he made such a lovely happy bride he must really have always wanted to be a girl."

Mom just asked, forgetting she was not going to refer to me as a he any longer, and much to my embarrassment... "He was dressed as a bride?"

Ms. M. then chimed in, "Oh yes. We wanted to give Tammy the full feminine experience as a test of his desire to really dress as a girl, and he...or should I now say she.... made a lovely bride. I was thinking of having to send him back to the jail if he had been playing with me about his feminine ways and desires. But he seemed to love it, getting all dressed up as a bride and the wearing the bridal lingerie and the bridal makeup. And he did make a lovely bride. We did take photographs for her."

And she had Janice get the photographs of me dressed as a bride and as a bridesmaid for my mother to get a look at."

Again I wanted to scream, "NO...No...No!" But the mention that Ms. M. had been thinking of sending me back to the jail if I had been putting her on about my feminine tendencies was enough to stop that. I knew I was really stuck. Gosh I wanted to die....that is of embarrassment. But there was a will in me to survive all of this horror and get back to being a boy and then giving it to Janice. And so I said nothing...admitted to nothing...and just went back to making dinner.

Janice retrieved the embarrassing photographs and my mother could not get over them. "Oh my word, Tammy you make a lovely bride. I can't get over it. You look lovely in white satin! I think I would pay for the wedding to be able to show you off like that. You make an absolutely lovely bride. And you will be even lovelier once all the hormones really take effect. We will have to talk about this. It would be fun. A small make believe wedding with my Tammy as the bride."

I assumed mother was kidding. I just blushed. I continued with my chores helping Cookie make dinner.

Mother continued to look through the photographs. She came across the photo of Janice in her tucks looking like an androgynous Marlina Detrick. Mother laughed and told us, "Oh my, I think we have the groom right here...if that is Janice....or should I say Jan."

Ms. M. then smiling told us, "Now that might actually be a fine wedding. We could join our two families, with Tammy as the bride and Jan as the groom. I think my real daughter might actually like that. She doesn't seem to want to be feminine at all."

And Ms. M told my mother, "I am almost grateful for your Tammy. He's become sort of the daughter I lost. I almost hate the thought of him as a maid. But that seems to be what he likes to do. And it is such fun having him here as a girl that if he wants to be our maid that is fine with me. Though, the wedding idea does strike a chord with me. It might be fun."

Janice or Jan then interjected, "Absolutely no way I am marrying this sissy. I tell you what. Take a look at his bridesmaid pictures. They are also in the pile. And Tammy makes a lovely bridesmaid. I would be happy when I do marry...a real man...for Tammy to be my bridesmaid...even my maid of honor. I would love to have him at my wedding all dressed and made up as a lovely bridesmaid in front of all our friends and relatives. That would be just wonderful.

And then looking at me she asked, "Now Tammy wouldn't you love to be my bridesmaid. If you are nice I just might ask you. And then you will get to parade around in front of everyone in a lovely satin bridesmaid or maid of honor dress. And you can dance with

the best man...a real man...not a pretend man like me. Oh yes that would just be wonderful to have you on the dance floor as my maid of honor."

Mother and Ms. M., actually seemed to like the idea. I was horrified. I told Janice and also for the information of mother and Ms. M., "Not a chance. I have no desire to be a bridesmaid...not at your wedding and not at any wedding."

Janice just smiled and continued, "I know that you are very happy just being a maid, but I think once you get more acclimated to your life as a girl you will want to do more and more girlish things. You won't be able to help yourself. You are really so girlish and your hormone problems will turn you into the girl you were meant to be. So I won't pressure you now. But I am sure before this is all done you will be happy to be my maid of honor or one of my bridesmaids."

By that time I was serving dinner. The ladies stayed and ate in the kitchen. My mother had by then viewed my photographs as a bridesmaid. She thought I looked lovely and told me so. She exclaimed, "Why Tammy you do make a lovely bridesmaid. It would be a shame not to have you as one of Janice's bridesmaids...if she will have you. But again that is just something to think about. But I would love to see you as either a bride or as a bridesmaid."

And fortunately she did not have the time that night to play dress up or I am sure Ms. M. would have had me in her bridal gown and her maid of honor gown. But mother did tell me that I was a wonderful cook, that she loved my dinner.

Then she continued with the explanation of my condition. She told the woman, "As I was saying, before we got sidetracked and before dinner, Tammie, besides any other issues is now stuck looking like a girl

for at least six months and perhaps longer, and is stuck on female hormones for at least six months or longer, and will continue to become more and more female over that period. So he is stuck as a girl. And based on my understanding of his probation agreement he is stuck as a maid. And so there is no need to treat him any longer as a male or think of him as a male. You no longer have to torture yourselves with that. Tammy is a girl for the time being."

Again I just wanted to scream, but what was I to do?

Mother continued, "According to the doctor Tammy has a hormone imbalance, an abundance of estrogen, which can only be a side effect of the drugs he is taking or had been taking. So the only way to stop his cells from making female hormones is to fool the cells into believing those hormones are in over abundance. So Tammy now has two implants of female hormones the purpose of which is to fool his body, but will as a side effect continue to feminize his body. So his hips and breasts and behind should all get bigger and shapelier and more feminine. And he may even start to think more like a female. And in any case he is stuck like this for at least 6 months. After that he will be tested and if the hormones have stopped then he should be fine. If he is still making female hormones I don't know what will be done."

"So for right now Tammy is a girl and is a maid and is under your care and instruction. I will speak to the Judge. I am really sort of upset about all of this. But it is what it is and we might as well make the best of it. After all Tammy is a wonderful maid and a wonderful cook and sort of delightful as a female."

Then she told them about the prescriptions, the sedative and the Midol, and gave them to Ms. M.

And if as a second thought she told them, "Oh yes, and not to worry, Tammy can't get anyone into trouble. For all practical purposes Tammy has female genitalia, even nicer than the prosthetic one he was using. Tammy's male genitalia were tucked away by the doctor and Tammie is sort of stuck with his female looking genitalia for at least the next six months. So we don't need to worry about any embarrassing mishaps. Tammy will appear to be a girl under all circumstances."

Ms. M. just smiled and told us, Now that is convenient...isn't it?!" And that was the end of that. My mother had her dessert. She gave me a kiss and told me, "Now you be a good girl now Tammy. And do as you are told. And learn your lessons. And be a good maid. And I will try to get you out of this as soon as possible."

And that was it. Mother left me to my fate, my feminine fate.

Chapter XXV – Sleeping with Janice & Making Love like two Girls

Mother left and I cleaned up and Cookie sent me to bed. As a serving girl for real I would need to get up early and so it was important I get to bed when I could. Ms. M., told me I needed my beauty sleep. I just smiled and said, "Yes ma'am" like a proper servant. I had been moved to the maid's room, so Cookie could keep me under her watch and so I would be close to the kitchen in case anyone needed that sort of assistance at night. I was to be at everyone's beck and call. After all I was the "serving girl".

And I realized if I was ever getting out of all of this I would be working as a maid off of the estate and so I

would have to get used to that mindset. I had to think of myself as a maid and I would have to think like a "girl" ... a servant, to hold down that type of job. And I had to hold down that type of job as it was my only hope to get off the estate and out from under the control of the woman and avoid prison.

I was in bed wearing my satin baby doll night gown. The top felt wonderful against my sensitive breasts. I was sort of playing with them through the satin and getting all dreamy. It was a wonderful feeling. It was humiliating but I could not help myself... it felt so nice. I could not help myself.

And the satin panties just felt wonderful against my skin and especially against my groin area. I had removed my insert and my pad and so I could just feel the soft satin against my groin, against what had become my vaginal lips, actually my scrotal tissue, and my clitoris was peeking out and so the satin was against what was really the head of my penis also felt wonderful.

However I knew from experience that I would pay for the sensual pleasure with an aching back in the morning. I was tempted to try to do something about it, but I knew that I could not get really hard because of the prosthetic around my penis and I knew I could not reach my prostate and so I was stuck. All I could do was tease myself and I would pay for it in the morning. But it was so much fun and felt so wonderful I could not stop myself.

I was pondering my fate when Janice snuck in and got into bed with me and snuggled up. I was tempted to cry out and get her into trouble, I knew she was up to no good with me, but I also knew I could or would pay dearly for such an act. She was in control. Any victory over her at that time would have been temporary

and I would have paid dearly for a momentary victory.

She told me, "I really have to find out what sort of girl then made you into. I mean what sort of groin the doctor gave you." And she turned sideways facing me, and her hand reached into my panties and felt around, fingering my new vaginal lips and then my penis as it responded. She told me, "Gosh it feels so womanly....so wonderful. I really do have to see it!"

With that she moved around and turned on the table lamp and pulled the covers down uncovering me. She told me to pull my panties off and spread my legs so she could see and I hesitated and I blushed but of course I did as she told me to do. My newly formed womanhood was exposed to her and she loved it.

She told me not to move if I knew what was good for me, and I did not move as she ran her hands over my groin, over my reshaped scrotum, which had become my vaginal lips and over my emerging penis which had become my new clitoris.

She played with my penis for a while but try as she would she couldn't get it really hard. She asked, "I guess you can't get an erection with that thing anymore. It seems to just become really excited and a bit hard and turns you on just like a real clitoris, but won't get erect. I know I was able to bring you to erection with just my hand, you are such a girl, but it isn't happening now. It only gets as excited as a real clitoris would. Why, you are now really more girl than boy! I just love what this doctor did to you. You really look so much like a girl and you react so much like a girl. And I can touch you...it is all really you....not some cover up. This is so much better than that cover-up I had you in. And I still don't see your testicles. I only hope the good doctor got rid of them?"

I explained where they were and Janice seemed pleased, though she mentioned again it would have been better if the doctor had just gotten rid of them.

Anyway she continued, "You know you are really making me hot looking at you like this and knowing you can only orgasm like a girl with an internal orgasm. And I bet you really would like to come right now; to jerk yourself off like a horrid boy. But I know you can't. So if you tell me you will be a good obedient girl I may help you out here...that is if you can return the favor? I don't get it, but I am really hot for you, and more than when you were a boy."

And I needed release so badly that I had to tell her, "Yes Janice I will be a good and obedient girl." And I hated saying it, but what was I to do. I needed the release or would be in pain the next day. Yea it was humiliating, but I was used to being humiliated.

And Janice then told me, "All right then Tammy, take off my pajama bottoms and give it a kiss. And kiss me like you mean it with some passion and I may help you out." And what was I to do. Once again I had my face in Janice and was kissing away like I was enjoying it. And I guess aside from the embarrassment I was enjoying it.

She moaned a bit and told me, "Oh Tammy you do that so well. We really need to keep you a girl forever. Janice then scooted into bed with me and got into the "69" position and told me, "Now you are going to be a real girl from now on. And if you do this right...and you had better...then you can be my girlfriend. And I will keep you out of prison. If you do it wrong or give me a hard time you are going to be some prisoner's girl-friend!"

And that of course was enough to convince me to give this girl to girl lovemaking a real try. And I was

kissing her and she was kissing me. And I was sucking her and she was sucking me. It felt wonderful. She was moaning and I was moaning. She was leaking and I was leaking. And she told me not to waste a drop or she would know the reason why, and I swallowed it all like the good girl I was becoming.

Then her finger went up my rear and was massaging my prostate, just right and I knew she could make me come and it felt so wonderful I found myself crying. Gosh I really wanted a real orgasm, even if it was an internal girlish orgasm.

She kept me on the edge while she finally came and she must have really enjoyed it. And she told me again not to waste a drop and I did not. She stopped for a moment while she enjoyed the warmth of it all. Then she continued to play with me. And time after time she would carefully bring me to the edge but not let me go over and come.

Then she told me, "Before I let you orgasm, that is if I let you come, you have to promise me that you will stay a boy- girl forever. I want you to tell me that you want to be a girl and you want to stay a girl. I want you to beg me to take your balls because you don't need them anymore."

And I started to cry. It was the hormones; I was becoming so emotional...like a female. I wanted to orgasm so badly but I did not want to tell Janice to make me a girl and to take my testicles.

And she told me, "I will get your balls anyway. And they aren't much use to you anyway. You are on so much of those female hormones and you need to understand I will make sure you stay on them for at least a year. And so your balls will shrink to nothing and become useless anyway. They are so small and have been inside you so long they are most likely useless

anyway. You will never use them again. They will just be a source of pain for you, making you think you might still be a man again someday....which you won't ever be again and so will just give you pain...physical and mental. And if you are good and give up your testicles I will probably let you keep the rest. But if you are difficult about it I will have everything. And you will be a real girl forever....a maid forever and not my boy-girl with some hope at a regular life...though as a girl."

She brought me to the edge and I wanted to orgasm so badly and I told her, "Yes Janice I do want to be your girl...your boy-girl. I don't need my testicles any longer. I am not a man. I don't want to be a man. I want to be a woman...a girl. I don't want my testicles. I just want to be a girl, your obedient maid and serving girl, your obedient boy-girl friend. Please take my testicles they are yours and please let me come."

Janice told me, "I just love hearing that sweetie. And the nice thing about having you say it over and over....and I will have you saying it over and over...is that you will eventually believe it and mean it and you will become the boy-girl I have found that I want you to be."

And she continued, "And now tell me you want to be my boy-girl." And I did and with that she did it to me. And it was wonderful. I had a wonderful orgasm. And Janice took it all. She slurped it up and seemed to love it. Then she came around and kissed me fully and the taste of my juices from her mouth and her juices from my mouth mixed on our lips and tongues as we kissed.

And Janice told me, "Now Tammie that was wonderful. And so from now on there is no more thinking about being a man for you. If you are a good girl I may

let you keep your balls. You will never know. That is the fun of it...for me. But if you give me a hard time about this they are mine. You are going to be a girl as long as I want you to be a girl. Until I think you have been punished enough. So you will tell the doctor and your mother and the judge and my mom that you want to stay a girl for the time being until you can straighten this all out in your mind. And you will tell then all that you think you may have always wanted to be a girl and not having been able to deal with that you acted out and that is why you always acted so badly. And so for now you want to stay a girl."

And she continued; "Now you are stuck like this for six months anyway...and perhaps a year...I think at least a year on the hormones. And it means your balls if you aren't convincing. You already promised them to me. So you had better convince everyone...or let me convince everyone that you want to stay a girl for at least a while and not make any objections...any real objection that is. And if I find out you are causing issues behind my back you will pay for that with your balls!"

And she asked me if that was understood and I told her it was and she believed me. Then she gave me another kiss and told me. Now go get washed and get some beauty sleep. You are now a real servant girl, a female maid and serving girl. And life is going to start getting tough for you. But not to worry, you are my girlfriend now. And if you are good girl and an obedient girl and seem happy as a girl I will take care of your little boy-clit and keep you happy and content. I only wish I could get you pregnant. But let's not go there for now."

And she gave me another kiss...and I responded. And she left.

And that was not the last time we were to make love like two girls. And the nightly visits continued. And Janice, now Jan to me, seemed to love our sessions. I did. They were the only real relief I was obtaining. And I was just feeling more and more like a female during and after each session. And Jan would always make me admit, before she would let me climax, that I wanted to remain her girlfriend. It was all unnerving...but beyond my control was such fun!

And there was no escape. The next day my life as a full time maid and serving girl began.

Chapter XXVI – Humiliation: Changing My Name to Tammy and My Gender to Female

So my life as anything but a maid and a serving girl was over...at least for a while. Over the next month or so the hormones from the implants continued to feminize my body: My breasts had continued to grow and my areolas and nipples had fully feminized. They felt wonderful. My hips and my butt had expanded and were full and rounded enough to belong to a woman. My hair was long and thick. My body was soft. My skin was flawless. And then due to my training and the constant enforcement of it I always moved like a female. I always spoke like a female. I always wore some makeup. I always walked around with my prostate stimulator which kept me happy and docile. I did not feel like I was a male any longer. I just felt as if I were a female.

My basic training had been completed and any pretense that I was a guy was over. I was working full time as a maid and a serving girl. Pops was back in the house. I had been introduced to him as Tammy, Tim's

cousin, who through some sort of deal, which I did not even understand, was replacing Tim and would be working on the estate part time and off the estate as a maid part time. Pops stared at me and Cookie told him, "Yes dear there is a family resemblance. But this is Tammy." And that was that. He treated me like one of the staff, another female servant, but nicely.

By the night of the party I had been fully trained as a serving girl and I was all dressed up in a satin serving uniform, which included a satin apron and satin pumps, wearing satin from the skin out, and of course with the stimulator inserted. Despite the embarrassment of it all I just felt so turned on and just so feminine and almost, if not for the total embarrassment of it all, just wonderful. It had all gotten beyond my control. Femininity, if that is a word, had become an addiction. It kept me nice and relaxed and felt wonderful. I was hooked despite my resistance.

I could no longer help myself. I did not know what to do. But I knew I had better act my part as a proper servant...a proper serving girl. I did not want to be discovered for what I was, a guy dressed as a maid; and a guy many of the guests knew. Fortunately, I was looking feminine enough, a bit butch, but that was to be expected of a girl like me and so I was portending to be the proper and obedient servant girl. It was just about coming naturally by that time. I could hardly think of myself as a guy any longer. The training and the increase in the hormones with the addition of the progesterone had really taken effect.

The judge and my mother showed earlier. I took their coats and greeted them as a servant. The judge seemed a bit taken aback. She had not realized how feminine I had become. After the beauty parlor incident with her daughter and me she had taken me off the hormones she had me on and had not thought

about the effects of the hormonal implants, which my mother had just glanced over when telling the judge what she had done to me. Mother picked up on it and she told him, "Yes, judge, that is my Tammy. He has become quite the girl. She can now pass as a girl. She appears to be a girl and she carries herself and acts like a girl."

And mother continued, "And she does make a lovely serving girl and a wonderful maid and should shortly be working off the estate as a maid as part of her work to be released early program. And that is why, as I told you, we need Tammy's gender and name officially changed."

I objected and mother explained to me: "I have already thought this out and discussed it with Ms. M. and with the Judge. The Judge just needed to see that you are now passing as a girl, before she could accept your petition for legal gender re-assignment. Now dear remember you are already registered in a State approved program, under the care of the doctor, as transgender and undergoing sexual reassignment."

And she let me know, "That is unless you are committing insurance fraud...and I think you could be sent to prison for that!"

And she continued, "Now since you want probation early you need to work you will need to drive, I don't think public transportation would be a good idea...but that is your decision."

And she continued, "And if you got stopped I don't believe in this State a driver's license identifying you as a male would work well under the circumstances. You would probably spend the night or the weekend in jail before we could get you out. And as a listed prisoner, you just might be sent to prison before we knew it and who knows what might happen to you. I know

that is an issue with you since you've become a girl. So it is just better your identification shows you are what you do appear to be...a woman. After all it would only be temporary. I don't think you will actually want the surgery...or do you?"

And I think for my benefit she added, "And you know you are on the hormones for a while regardless and by officially changing your gender it does not mean you have to finish off with any surgery. It just lets you pass for what you apparently are or have become. You do need to work dear. And we can always put off the surgery. You don't really need it. You are passing as a girl anyway. That is again unless you really feel you need it...ah to feel complete. The doctor told me that the combination female hormones sometimes have that effect on gender dysphoric boys. And after a while they do find they want the surgery so they can feel complete."

And she told me, "I have thought about this at length dear. And if you want to work off of the estate and be safe you need to tell the Judge you want your gender legally changed to female, and sign the papers. The doctor has already signed. I have signed. And now you need to sign. Then the Judge can sign. Then we can get you a new birth certificate showing you are a female. And then we can get you a new driver's license and your photograph will match your appearance and apparent gender. I believe it is the safest thing for you to do...to become a female legally."

And she finished with, "And oh yes. You need to sign the paper requesting the changing your name from Timothy to Tammy. A male name won't do on your driver's license."

I did not really want to do it. To sign papers to change my name to a girl's name and my gender to

that of female. I can't say that I argued with my mother. I was too afraid of Janice and what she might do; but I discussed it with her and I lost.

Mom finally got agitated and told me, "No stop it Tammy. If you want me to continue to try to help you out of this situation you have gotten yourself into than you need to cooperate. You aren't signing away your testicles. If you want out of this as early as possible you have to get real work. You can only get real work as a girl. You need to work under your girl's name. You can only drive with a girl's driver's license. Now stop being stubborn. Tell the Judge you do want to change your name to Tammie and your gender to female... You have work to do. The party will be starting shortly. I have a couple of girlfriends who are thinking of hiring my niece...that is you...as a maid and you don't want to be late. So let's do it already."

And so those were the orders from my mother. And so I told the Judge, "Yes Judge I would like to legally change my name to Tammy. And, "Yes Judge I would legally like to change my gender to female." And as mother gave me the look I answered, "Yes judge, I am thinking of having sexual reassignment surgery."

And that was that. And I signed the papers and returned them to the Judge. And she told me, "Okay Tammy...I should have these processed shortly and your legal name will be Tammy from now on...and your legal gender will be female. I guess if that is what you have always really wanted, as your mother told me, then congratulations are in order. And I wish you the best with your new life. And I am very happy for you. I guess all of this was for the best."

There was some disconnect here that frightened me. Why had the judge told me mother had told her that I had always wanted to be a girl? That was not

part of the rational mother had given to me. What was up with that? The judge seemed to think that I really was thinking of becoming a girl!

I started to cry. I couldn't help it. I was so distraught. Mother exclaimed "tears of joy". And she just gave me a hug and told me, "Now dear I know you are happy to have gotten this all straightened out after all these years, but you will mess your makeup. So go dry your tears fix your makeup...like a good girl...and go out and help Ms. M. like a good serving girl you are to be. I need to show you off to my girlfriends if they are to hire you as a maid."

And so what was I to do but what I was told to do? My life was spiraling down fast.

Chapter XXVII – Humiliation as A Serving Girl in Satin

So shortly after requesting a name change to Tammy and a gender change to female, so I could work and travel as a female, I was taking coats as my mistress, Ms. M., was greeting her guests; and I was getting the look from some of those guests. I could see on their faces the question as to who was this new serving girl, so obedient and so femininely dressed in such an old fashioned way.

Janice was doing the drinks, the cocktails and I taking coats and then I was serving the cocktail foods. Walking around with the serving trays, in my satin dress and high heeled satin pumps and just feeling like a serving girl. And with my prostate stimulator in place I was turned on. And the worst part of it was having to courtesy on occasion with that thing inside of me to people, some of who I had played my pranks on.

When mother reappeared she just could not help herself and gave me a hug and whispered in my ear, "You look wonderful dear. I can't get over it. You do make a delightful serving girl right out of a 1940's movie. You are so obedient and well poised. Perhaps you really do want to be a girl" And then she really had me wondering. She told me, "But whether or not I will tell you this. If I throw small party you will just have to be the serving girl and dressed just like you are dressed today, in that satin maid's uniform. I think you are absolutely adorable. I just love it."

I did not know how to react to that and my training took over and I gave her a courtesy and told her, "Yes ma'am." And I could see mother just loved that. There I was, her bad boy who she had been unable to control, dressed up as a maid and obedient as could be. She must have loved it.

Her girlfriends, mutual friends with Ms. M., seeing the hug picked up on the family resemblance. She explained that I was the maid she had told them about. I was her niece, an uneducated country girl looking for work in suburbia, and she had gotten me a temporary job with her girlfriend Ms. M. whose cook was training me for domestic service as a cook and or a maid and or a serving girl. And as it turned out I had found my calling and was a wonderful maid and cook at that and I was looking for work. Not full time work for one person but several housekeeping jobs on a daily basis; while I stayed with Ms. M and continued with my training.

Or that is what mother told me she had told them. But I wasn't so sure. At least one of them kept an eye on me while I worked, served dinner and cleaned up and retuned coats. So at the end of the evening when the girlfriends made me a job offer it seemed that at least one of them suspected that I was really my

mother's son...not her niece. Though she apparently could not believe what a convincing girl I had made and was happy to offer me a job cleaning her house regardless and even a happier thinking she may have hired as her maid the boy who had pranked her.

The two came up to me independently toward the end of the evening and each told me that I was refreshingly well mannered and obedient, something each of them looked for in a housekeeper and if I proved to clean and cook as well as I could serve each one would hire me for once or twice a week housekeeping work. It was arranged they would give me tryouts as soon as I would be available. I thanked each of them as graciously as I could and promised to do my best. It was humiliating. But I did want those jobs.

The one who did not apparently suspect I was anything but what I appeared to be just gave me the trial. While with the one who I suspected, suspected, the interaction was even more embarrassing.

When she came up to me, she gave me that look and after the small talk and the discussion about hiring me she told me, "I really can't get over how much you look like your aunt. You could be her daughter...or even her son." I reacted a bit, but tried to stay calm, I did not want to make her anymore suspicious. It was so embarrassing. And I had no idea what she would do with that information. My situation was embarrassing enough.

I told her that everyone remarked at the resemblance and that is why I was her favorite niece. And I giggled femininely at the boy comment and I told her yes I had always been such a tom-boy and I had in fact back home beaten up a few boys.

She then asked me about my cousin, and not knowing what to say or how much she knew I told her that I

understood he was in some sort of trouble and was in hiding or something.

She smiled and told me, "Yes I think he may be in hiding." And then giving me a look she told me, "Yes I think Tim should stay in hiding. You seem to be a wonderful replacement for your cousin. All things considered you are really the cutest thing. I can't wait to see what a housekeeper you make. I think if things work out and we get along that you can have a job for as long as you need it, and perhaps a bit longer." And she laughed, and she took my hands like we were two females bonding and looking at me told me, "Not to worry dear. I think you will make me a fine maid, and perhaps even better than you think that you will make."

I was not happy with her implications but the deal had been made and I had two potential housekeeping jobs, and with the promised job with Janice's girlfriend and the job with Ms. M and so I had full time employment and could start to work as soon as I had gotten my new license to drive, as Tammy a female. But in the back of my mind, forgetting the tracking device necklace, as soon as I got the car or shortly thereafter...I was gone. This whole thing had become just too humiliating.

Meanwhile after the clean-up for the party and Ms. M. had said good-byes to the last of her guests she came into the kitchen to thank us all, Cookie, Janice and me, for all our hard work which she told us had made the supper party such a success.

After complementing Cookie and Janice for their work she got to me. She told me, "What can I say dear. Tammy you were just wonderful. I can hardly believe you weren't always a female. And I won't bring that up again. I know it makes you uncomfortable. I just

had to say it once more. So from now on as far as I am concerned you are a female...and I hope you stay that way...and continue to help out around here...at least part time." And I saw Cookie looking relieved and Janice just smiling.

And Ms. M. continued, "Tammy, you make such a wonderful serving girl. You looked absolutely precious in your 1940's outfit. The guests just love it. And they just loved you. They asked me where I had found you. And of course I told them you were your mother's niece and gave them the story. They were so impressed with you. You were everywhere, taking coats, serving, cleaning up, and making pleasant conversation with your mother's girlfriends. And they found you so polite and well-mannered for a servant. I just can't get over it. I really think you have found your calling. And they all wanted to know when my next party will be. I am just so happy. And I think as long as you stay a girl you have a place here. And if that is okay I think I will start thinking about my next party. This has been wonderful."

And Janice let me know that I would be around for the next party. She told us, "Not to worry mother. I just can't imagine Tammy going anywhere else the way she is. After all who else but you would be so excepting of Tammy's situation and desires? I think she has found a home here with us. I think Tammy is finally happy she has found her real self as a female, and her calling as a housekeeper. No I don't think Tammy is going anywhere but here for the near future. After all where would a "girl" like Tammy go?"

And looking at me she told me, "Isn't that right Tammy?"

And of course I could not tell her, "No... I hate this. I don't want to look and dress as a female and work as a

maid and a housekeeper. I am a guy...I want to be a guy. Though I was often just so turned on by my clothes and my massager and sex with Jan and my life as a girl. And so I just told her, "Yes Ms. Janice...I am not going anywhere. I am happy here as a maid. I think I have finally found a calling for which I have a talent."

And Ms. M. came up to me and gave me a hug and told me, "Why Tammy, you can stay here forever. I am so happy with the new you. You are almost like a second daughter to me. And I love having you here as our maid and serving girl. Yes you do have a position for life."

Chapter – XXVIII – Working as a Freelance Maid:

So I was going to be working as a housekeeper maid. Janice and Cookie had picked out my uniforms. I was saved the embarrassment of having to work in satin dresses and high heels; but it wasn't much better than that as far as any embarrassment as dressing as a female in public went.

I was all dressed in nylon and had moved up from a 1940s look to a 1950s look. Everything I wore was black, and mostly made of nylon and very feminine. I wore a nylon dress which zipped up the back, over a nylon slip, over a long line bra and a girdle, with high waist and an open bottom and satin panels, over nylon panties, a few pairs. Of course there was the waist cincher and I was wearing that even tighter as my waist was more and more drawn in. It kept me from bending over and forced me to stoop, which the girls always insisted that I do, as it was the lady like thing to do. Then I wore stockings gartered to my girdle. I wore

an apron and a cap. The only mercy was they had allowed me to wear a soft shoe with low heels.

I could not stand it...thinking about working as a maid and so dressed. I asked for a pants suit uniform as was typically worn those days and I was refused. I was told that they wanted me always to be reminded of my femininity and I would always be wearing a skirt or dress. Pants, either male or female I was not to wear at all.

I couldn't stand it. I was such a girl. But I would be driving. I was planning my escape.

By then my name was legally Tammy and I was legally a female. I had been issued a new birth certificate as a female. There was no mention I had been born a male. And with that I had obtained a new driver's license as Tammy, a female driver.

Ms. M. had provided me with her old pink car she had driven as a Mary K saleslady, registered to me as Tammy. She had taken me out for a spin and I got used to the car and driving while I was wearing skirts and heels. She seemed to enjoy showing me how to handle myself getting into and out of the drivers seat in heels and a dress, and then driving while wearing heels.

Then she let me take it out alone to make the practice trip to my work locations. She gave me a route and I didn't get far off of it before the chocker I was still wearing, the tracking device, started to chirp annoyingly. As I ignored that it got shriller and was hurting my ears. And as I ignored that I started to feel a bit of pain, an electronic shock. And I ignored that until I could not. Then I turned around and got back on my prescribed route and as I drove back things subsided until I was back on track and the tracking device stilled. So I made the trip as I had been instructed and

returned home. I realized I would have to get the necklace off or I was stuck.

The next day I went to work as a housekeeper and maid. No one seemed to have any fear of me taking off, and I knew why.

Now while I was working as a housekeeper my mom was bringing me back for my monthly visits to my doctor....my gynecologist gender specialist. She would check my hormone levels, which under the implants were fairly constant and high. She would assure me that the high female hormones in my body was a good thing, as it had to be from the implants and would suppress my own female hormones and eventually I would get back to normal.

But until then she would have to readjust my false vagina as my scrotal skin and penis which were changing under the influence of the high level of female hormones I was receiving. She would check on my groin area. My scrotal skin which had been shaped to resemble a vagina was thinning and getting smoother. So she would reshape the lips each time and each time my vagina was appearing more and more like a real female vagina and the skin was getting more and more sensitive. And then my penis was still getting smaller and so she would have to replace the containment ring for a smaller one

And after the initial visits, each time we went there the doctor construed to feminize my looks even further, as part of the program in which I had been enrolled. There was a plastic surgeon who worked on me. I was terrified of her. Each time she checked me I knew there would be something else done to my face to feminize it. It seemed mother wanted me to look just like she looked. It was crazy.

So one time my voice box was shaved and my adam's apple was gone. Another time my brow ridge was removed and the skin above my eyes pulled up so that my eyebrows were higher and arched and looked feminine, the same shape as mother's eyebrows. Another time there was an accident and my nose had to be fixed. And when the bandages were removed my nose looked just like my mother's nose. And finally my jaw was somehow damaged and had to be repaired and when that was done my jaw line looked just like my mother's jaw line. And a bunch of other little nips and tucks were done.

I would refuse the changes. But it was a losing fight. The surgeon would always insist as it was part of the program in which I was enrolled. And mother would always come up with some rational for it. And she would always tell me everything was reversible. And there was no reason not to take advantage of the free program under the circumstances, as I was already looking like a girl, and there was no getting out of it for the time being and this way I wouldn't look so butch.

And at times the changes would lead to me having panic attacks. I just did not deep inside want to look so much like a female. But then Ms. M. would have me take the tranquilizer the doctor had prescribed and once it kicked in everything was okay and I would calm down again. And Ms. M. would keep me on the tranquilizers for a week or so and by then nothing bothered me. And I would be so happy to get off of the tranquilizers that my new look would no longer bother me. That was until the next procedure.

And mother was right, for when it was all done I looked just like my mother. I looked like I was truly her daughter.

And all those changes were going on while I was working as a maid. On my day off my mother would take me to the gender clinic.

But getting back to working as a maid:

The first day was with the woman who did not seem to have suspected my true identity or my true gender. She was there to get me used to her house and what and how she wanted things done and to decide then and there, watching me, if I was hired. By the end of the day I was hired. She loved me. She was very happy with my attitude, which was subservient, and with my cleaning, which was scrupulous, and with my coffee, which I made when she merely mentioned she would like some coffee and with my cooking, as I made her...us...lunch, which she told me was delicious.

And she was pleased with our coffee break and our lunchtime conversation. I was a good listener and very knowledgeable concerning woman's issues. After all what was I to really tell or confide in her. My situation was unbelievable. After all I had been well trained. And she never seemed to realize I was a guy. She told me I made a wonderful housekeeper and that she could not be happier. We came to a financial agreement, with her paying me more than was typical for such work, she was that happy with my work and we settled on a work schedule.

The next woman I went to work for was the one who I was fairly certain suspected I was really Tim. My experience with her was much the same and she was very pleased with my work and my attitude. Only she had some fun with me. I am sure it was some sort of test.

During the course of the day she ripped her dress. She made a fuss and mentioned she had no skills at

mending and then as an afterthought asked me if I did, and since I did and I had to tell her that I did. And with that, she took me to a room where she had a sewing machine. She stripped off her dress and she stood there without a slip in her panties and her bra with a garter belt and stockings and in high heel pumps. She had a wonderful figure. It would have been normal for her to put on a robe, but she did not. She stood there in her panties and bra.

Despite my female hormones I was still turned on. But I knew better to show it. I could not really do anything. What was the use? It would only embarrass me. If she truly suspected I was a guy she had no idea of how much of a girl I had become. And so I just proceeded to mend the dress and then I helped her back into it, zippering it up for her. She gave me a come on look but I responded as a proper maid should respond. She seemed a bit disappointed. I think the idea of doing it with a guy that looks like a girl can be a turn on for some woman. But nothing like that happened. And after that treated me like a maid, and she was very pleased with my work, but now and again would give me that come hither look or make a comment, but I never responded.

My initial experience with the third woman for which I had been engaged as a housekeeper was much the same. That was Ms. Nolan, Janice's friend, who knew I was a male. After all it was her who had conspired with Janice to feminize me and then to make me a maid. She was very happy with me and very happy with my work.

It was a bit crazy, but they all treated me so well and were all so complementary that I was sort of getting some strange pleasure out of working as a maid and doing a good job. It was crazy. I guess I had not had

that many experiences in which I pleased my employees or the adults with which I had associated.

And every time I healed up from my surgery and was looking more and more feminine the women were very complementary about the changes. Of course I never could admit the purpose of the surgery. I would always come up with a story related to weak bones...like the time I broke my nose, and the time I smashed my forehead, and the time I broke my jaw. And the ladies played along, complementing me on what a nice job the plastic surgeon had done.

The two women who thought I was a female....or at least pretended to think so would tell me that I was just looking prettier and prettier. Ms. Nolan who did know I was a guy told me the same thing but added that I was looking less and less like a guy and might have some difficulty when this was all over...if it was ever all over...actually passing as a guy rather than perhaps a rather un-endowed female. And knowing she was not that wrong I was very upset.

And then again there were the therapy sessions. The medications prescribed at the gender clinic at times did not seem to Ms. M. to make me comfortable enough with my situation; that was when I had the occasional episode when I would rebel over my situation. This would be reported to the clinic as I would need additional medication and so I would have to meet with my therapist. Mom would bring me. The therapist would inject me and regress me and supposedly try to find out why I wanted to wear woman's clothing and work as a female. But it must have really been a mind game. I would always come out of the session having admitted to wanting to dress and work as a female and feeling very comfortable with my situation. And mother would always seem very happy

about it. And she would get the prescriptions for me for the tranquilizer.

Chapter XXIX – I Find My Daughter – And I Become a Mother and a Bride

So it had been some time that I had been living and working as a female, as a maid; and my body had been under the influence of the hormones and I was living as if I were a female.

One day Ms. Nolan, who I worked as a housekeeper and maid, was in a fix and asked me to help out... which I of course did.

She had a foster child, Mary, really a ward, a young girl who I had never met as she was typically off at school when I was working at the home. That day she needed me to mind her; the sitter could not make it, if Mary would allow it, as the child was a bit on the skit-tish side, due to some other foster home experiences.

I had to agree. And despite everything I had always liked young kids, boys or girls. So the woman took me into the girl's room, woke her up, and explained the situation. The girl looked to be about 8 years old. I thought the girl would break down. She seemed horrified. Then she took a look at me. She gave me a curious look and smiled and then agreed. The woman was actually surprised of the sudden change in the girl's attitude, but not wanting to spoil a good thing gave the girl a hug, and told her to behave herself, and left her in my care.

Taking a better look at the girl I realized what she saw in me that may have calmed her down. We looked very much alike. I mean she looked like my mother and I looked like my mother. By that time most of my surgery had been done. I couldn't figure it out, but it

didn't really matter. What mattered was the child was relaxed with me and that was what was important. And she looked like she could have been my younger sister, if I had a sister, or my child, if I had a child; and so we immediately bonded.

So I got her out of bed and got her washed, and got her dressed, and was giving her breakfast. This was all rather new to me. But I seemed to take to it naturally enough. It must have been all those female hormones. I figured I had developed some sort of maternal instinct and then wanted to gag. But I was still attracted to the kid who looked like my mother...like the feminized me.

I had some things around the house that needed to get done and the kid came along and watched me work. She didn't want to watch the tube or play video games she wanted to watch me. When I was done, I asked her what she wanted to do and she wanted to play games together and we did. We played dress up and she got to be a princess. And we played tea and we made tea together and pretending to be mothers with our babies; we both had dolls. And then we played some board games and some video games. Despite myself I found that I was having a nice time playing with the child. It was crazy.

It was getting late and Ms. Nolan called and told me she was running late and if I could stay a bit longer and make dinner. And so I had dinner with the girl. And she was opening up to me and telling me all her issues and I was trying to be as comforting as I could. It was a bit unnerving for me as I was still in my mind a guy or mostly a guy. For the final call Ms. Nolan asked me if I could stay overnight. She spoke with Mary and Mary actually seemed happy.

So she was washed up and in her pajamas and I was washed up and wearing one of Ms. Nolan's night gowns, which she had offered to me, and Mary, told me she was afraid and wanted to get into bed with me. I was in the guest room and the bed was big and it had been an unusual day for me and before I realized it I had agreed to it.

So there she was after having spent the day with me snuggling up to me, a guy, who looked like a girl. It was weird. But she seemed so happy. Then she asked me if I was her mother. And I told her no, and that she had a mother. And she told me, she knew that, but that her mother did not look anything like her, and I looked just like her and she looked just like me, and she was hoping that I was her mother.

I said something and she explained that she loved her mother but she couldn't stay with her, because her mother was in some sort of trouble, and Ms. Nolan who was a friend of her mother was helping out but she really did not have the time for a little girl. Neither Ms. Nolan nor her mom seemed to have the time to dress her, or make her meals, or play with her, and she was afraid to go into another foster home. And so she would really like it if I could be her mother...if she could stay with me.

I told her that I was also sort of in trouble myself and didn't have my own home and was working long hours as a housekeeper and as a maid and I wouldn't typically really be able to care for her. Then she started to cry. And for some reason I just started to cry. So I hugged her and kissed away her tears and tried to stop crying myself and eventually did. And she eventually fell asleep against me. I had never experienced anything like that. It was a bit unnerving for a guy. Certain aspect of my personality had really changed. It had to have been the hormones.

Ms. Nolan eventually hired me full time so that I could be the housekeeper and the nanny. I was a bit reluctant, Mary gave me a look and my heart melted and it was arranged with Ms. M. and with the Judge that I would take the position and that I would be able to sleep over on occasion.

Mary and I were spending more and more time together and she was insisting more and more that I just had to be her mother; we just looked so much alike and I kept telling her it could not be despite our resemblance.

Then one day while we were playing fairy tales, and she was the princess and I was playing the prince she told me, "You know mommy told me I had a daddy and he wanted to be with us, but that a witch cast a spell on him and ... and he was... well I don't remember. But if you can't be my mommy even though we look so much alike...then you must be my daddy...and a witch must have cast a spell on you to make you look like a girl and work as a maid...but you found me anyway! I will show you mommy's picture and maybe you will remember."

She showed me a photograph and it was of Janice and I just started crying. It came crashing down on me. Had I gotten Janice pregnant, despite her denials, Mary was just the right age to have been the offspring of our relationship. Fortunately Ms. Nolan arrived and I was able to leave.

As soon as I could I confronted Janice. It was almost funny. I looked like a female and I was dressed as a female and I was asking Janice if I was the father of her child. Well I was...and Janice added to that, that Mary really loved me and wanted us to be a family...really thinking that I was her dad turned into a female by a witch.

I didn't want to say who the witch was, and then Janice explained. She apologized for everything. She told me she never thought it would go as far as it had gone and that she had just been trying to teach me a lesson and to have showed me what she had gone through to not have lost our child. But then she had got caught up in it. It turned out to be a lot of fun for her. And then as she had lost control to her mother and to my mother and there was little she could have done or do about it. For it seemed as Ms. M. just loved the new girl me and my mother did also. And it seemed that my mother at least had every intention of keeping me her daughter and feminizing me as much as possible, which she had already just about accomplished. And Ms. M. did not have a problem with that or having me stay at the estate living as her maid or at least living there as if I were a woman.

Janice told me that after I had gotten her pregnant and she wanted to keep the baby she had been put into a school for difficult girls. The discipline at the school was a bit over board which was not seen by her mom. All her mother saw was a girl who had been tom-boyish and misbehaving and disobedient and looked like a boy becoming more and more girlish...feminine... more and more disciplined and more and more obedient... and more and more skilled in the housekeeping skills; learning to be a good wife.

She didn't see that Janice had been put on hormones to help feminize her and make sure she developed a non-boyish figure; that she had been severely corseted to enhance that figure, that she had been made to wear high heeled shoes all the time to make sure she would only be able to wear high heel shoes, that she had been subjected to underwear checks to ensure she was wearing her satin undies and to make her obedient, that she had been taught to move and act with an exag-

gerated femininity, that she had been taught to and had to wear garishly feminine makeup. All of which had been done in the name of creating a feminine obedient girl, who would stay out of trouble.

And all of which she had done to me in some sort of twisted revenge. To her, the fact that I had somehow come under her power seemed to her fate and she took advantage of it... to the fullest.

She had been able to keep Mary for a while but eventually she wound up in foster care, and then because of some issues had wound up with Ms. Nolan; who Janice had then gotten to know. Janice had gotten Ms. Nolan to help her out with the game she had played on me...but the situation with Mary and me had been unexpected.

And Janice explained that in her anger having to interact with me she had simply done to me all that had been done to her. But she had never really figured it would go as far as it had gone, nor that Cookie would embrace me as a girl, as her assistant or that her mother would embrace me as a girl...almost as a daughter, and that my mother would then embrace me as a female and want to keep me that way...to turn me into her daughter.

And after a brief moment she added...or that she would come to fall in love with me again, but not as the ignorant guy I had been, but as the wonderful woman I had become; the woman who was so good with her child and who our child loved so much. And with that she threw her arms around me and gave me a hug and pressed her lips to mine as she had never done before and gave me a loving kiss that took my breath away. I was unnerved.

Then she asked me if I would marry her and then perhaps we could get Mary back... that is if I wanted to be part of such a family.

Well I loved Mary, and knowing that she was my child I would do just about anything for her...but I was legally, much to my chagrin....and to all appearances a woman. I told that to Janice and she replied, "And a beautiful and attractive woman at that; one who I find just as attractive, if not more so, than the male version of you. One who I find despite myself turns me on.

Mary let me absorb that and then she told me, "And as this is a State that allows same sex marriages so I am asking you again....Darling... will you marry me? And will you be my bride?"

I didn't say yes or no...I just repeated the word, bride, with a question to my voice.

Janice laughed and explained, "Of course as my bride. You are obviously more feminine than I am and would of course make a lovelier bride. And you despite your denials seem to love silks and satins and being feminine and engaging in feminine activities. And you make a pretty woman."

And she continued with, "We are still in a situation with the law and would need my mother's cooperation and your mother's cooperation to get this done. And so who do you think my mother wants to see coming down the aisle in her wedding dress, you or me? And much to my relief it is you. I mean I don't want to be a guy...but I am a tom- boy. I like being boyish...not girlish. But I have no desire for any surgery. And you do make such a lovely feminine boy and a better girl or woman than I do. And I find that I sort of enjoy that."

And she let that sink in and continued, " And who do you think your mother wants to see as a bride... me her masculine daughter in law to be...or you her son who she wants to be her daughter and who she has just about made into her daughter and is accepting as her daughter! I think your mother would just love to see her new daughter...you...as a lovely bride. And I think you would make a lovely bride."

Finally she let me know, "And not to worry, I don't really want you to undergo any surgery...despite what I may have said to you to get even with you. But for us under our current circumstances to get married so we can have Mary with us, it would probably only work out if you are going to stay the way you are, legally a female...at least for a while...until the thing with the law is over. Eventually one of us can get a real job to support the family and you can have your gender legally turned back to a male...your name also.... And so for this to work you are going to have to be the bride, my bride. If our mothers believe you want to or are going to remain a female even after the wedding, then they will support this and should help us out. We can't do this or even set up a home in the immediate future without their help."

And after that I realized I might be staying a girl for a while, if I wanted to really be part of my daughter's life. Part of me was happy with that. I was so turned on by it all. But part could not believe I was stuck as a female for who knew how long. But I figured I could eventually, when and if the hormone situation could be corrected, become a masculine girl, start wearing pants and then male clothing, and eventually reverse everything. I just had to make sure I kept my male parts. And I just had to get away from my mom and Ms. M.

And so I accepted Janice's proposal. I agreed to marry her. I agreed to be her bride. However, I did not really think we were going to have any sort of real wedding reception or that either of our moms were going to encourage that or that her mom would let me wear her wedding dress at any sort of real wedding.

We let Mary know and she was happy with the arrangement. She asked about me being turned back into a daddy and Janice told her that I would have to be the mommy for a while until we found the destroyed the witch and Mary was okay with that. She told us, that I made a wonderful mom and that I should not be too embarrassed or unhappy and she was happy with me as her mom...if I would be taking care of her. And so that was done.

Then we told our respective mothers that Janice had proposed to me. It was surreal.

As it happened, I had held my job as a maid for some time and was eligible for some sort of parole but I did have to continue to work. So before Janice told them of her proposal Ms. M. was there with my mother trying to convince me, rather than work outside as a female maid risking exposure while supposedly being allowed to transition to a more masculine me to take a job with her and stay at the estate; as long as I would remain a maid.

Janice was there and told her mom that might not work out. Her mom was getting a bit flustered with Janice over that. She was surprise that Janice who had always supported feminizing me was seemingly having some sort of change of heart. Her mom obviously wanted me to stay there as I was, a maid, and someone she could bond with femininely and was willing to actually pay me a real wage to keep me there.

My mother did not even want me paroled. She wanted me stuck on the estate unable to leave the area so I would have to continue to remain a maid... a female...her pretend daughter. She wanted me under control so she could continue with my feminization. She wanted a daughter...and she found she preferred that it would be me. But if paroled, then the idea of me working for Ms. M as a maid and remaining feminized and remaining on the estate worked for my mom. She figured it could be temporary until she could get control of the situation.

Janice then told them, "It would not be appropriate for your daughter in law to be working for you as a maid. What would people say!?"

Neither of the moms got it. They had blank looks on their respective faces. They were each so absorbed in their own plans for me and keeping me a girl.

Janice continued, "Mom...I proposed to Tammy. I asked her to be my wife and my bride and she said, 'Yes'. And, mom, I would like her to wear and she agreed to wear your wedding dress, the one she had tried on, if that is okay with you. If I can't wear it for my wedding I would like my bride to wear it."

Ms. M started to get it. And Janice said for my mom's stake. "And Tammy would like her mother to give her away, if that is okay with her mom. Though I should have let Tammy ask. It is just I am so happy I wanted to share it with you."

And by then my mom was getting it.

And Janice continued, "We did not know when or how to tell you guys, but your plans for Tammy warrant a discussion. We were delaying while we tried to figure out how we would do it, but now would seem to be the time."

My mom and Ms. M both seemed honestly happy. At least they figured it did not look like I was making an immediate break for it. And I would sort of remain under their control if they could just figure out how. Though it seemed they still didn't quite get it and they each questioned something about me being the bride.

So it was my turn to explain. I told my mother, "Yes mom. Janice proposed to me. She asked me to be her wife as I am legally considered a woman. I told her yes. She wants me to be the bride and to wear the wedding dress; her mother's wedding dress if that is okay with her mother and with you. Since I am legally a female and I look like a female, and same sex marriage is allowed in this state we would be marrying as two women. We would have to get it changed later when things get back to normal for me."

"And since she proposed to me she thought it would be more appropriate for her to wear the tuxedo. She thinks we'd look silly both dressed up as brides and she thinks I would look better as a bride than she would. She isn't any longer into dresses and makeup and girly stuff. I think it is silly but if that is what she wants I can do it for her."

And I continued, as to allay any fear the two moms might have had of me trying to immediately recapture my masculinity; which would have led them to quash the plan. I told them, "So the plan is for me to be the bride and the mother and the wife....if it is okay with you ladies. Janice insisted I remain feminine, at least for the time being, and I agreed. She thinks it would be embarrassing for us, the way I now look and the way I now behave, for me to try to pass myself of as a guy. So if it is okay with you guys and if we do have some sort of formal wedding, I would be the bride. That is if you want to give us a wedding or to come to the wedding. I

realize the whole thing is a bit weird. But it just works out that way."

And I continued, basically to let my mom know and also to assure Ms. M., "And Janice...Jan...has a daughter, Mary, now in foster care that wants us to marry and take care of her, and accepts that she will have two mothers for a while at least. And she wants to be the flower girl. And she is adorable. And Jan has a better paying job promised to her so in any case I would have to be the stay at home person for now. And as Mary thinks I am a woman I would just be her stay at home mom....for a while anyway. We'll see what happens once this hormone thing starts wearing off...hopefully."

There was a moment of silence while the two women absorbed it all. And then I couldn't believe the positive reactions we got from our moms and how happy they were with the horror of my situation. And I realized how unlikely it seemed they would ever help me get back to being a man again.

Our moms were all for the marriage and a wedding with me as the bride and wearing Ms. M.'s wedding dress and my mother giving me away; and they wanted to help plan and pay for a real wedding.

And Ms. M. was talking about helping us. She was insisting we stay with her until we got things together. She wanted me, her new daughter in law, and her granddaughter staying with her until her daughter, my husband, got things together. She was happy to have me staying there as her daughter in law rather than a maid.

And my mother was agreeing with that offer and insisting that I take it. Though she added with grandma to help watch the child there was no reason I could not get some sort of job to help out and to con-

tinue with my rehabilitation... perhaps as a secretary? And there wasn't any indication she had some idea to help me transition back to a male or to get a job more suitable for a male. And she offered to help pay for any training for an appropriate job which I realized would only be one for which I wore skirts.

So instead of the marriage being an escape route, it wound up another part of the trap to keep me living as a female.

Ms. M. appeared very happy. She came over and gave me an honestly warm mother daughter type of hug and a warm kiss on my cheek. She told us, "Girls" and she addressed us as her girls, "I think this is wonderful. I could tell my own daughter has become a sort of a Tom-boy...she really always was. And I can tell that our Tim has found himself...herself as Tammy. She seems to love everything feminine and that we girls enjoy doing. Tammy enjoys dressing up and wearing make-up and doing the housework. She really seems to have found herself as a woman. I am sure that being a wife and a mother are just the next logical steps for her. I hope it works out for her and that Tammy decides to stay a woman and a mother."

And I was thinking that none of that was really true...or so I told myself, but regardless I could not argue it and had to accept the offer....or who knew what. And the thought of just getting married and saying good bye and driving away, so could get back to being a male were gone. Having to care for the kid and finances being what they were and in my condition I just could not make an escape at that time.

And she continued, "And I would love for Tammy to wear my wedding dress. We can have a nice wedding right here on the estate. It will be the excuse I have been looking for to really clean the place up. And

we can have all our friends. Of course they will all need to know that Tammy has decided to become a woman. It explains so much. I think they will be so happy for her. And I am sure Tammy's girlfriend; the judge's daughter would love to be Tammy's Maid of Honor and do her bridal makeup and hair. And Janice's friends from the school cannot only stand with her but can also be bridesmaids so that Tammie will really feel like a bride. It would be wonderful."

I was dying. I couldn't believe the plan was really for me to be the bride and go through everything a real bride would go through; and to be so publically exposed. Hope against hope I was hoping my mom thought wanting to see me become her daughter would not go along with such a public display. But I was oh so wrong.

Mom thought it was a wonderful idea and could not wait to see me live in that wedding dress.

And so against my better judgment I was sort of forced to continue to live as if I am a woman, I hoped for just a while, and to become a mother and a bride. It all really felt so wonderful. And all the woman in my life seem to be happy to have me join them as a woman or at least happy with me living as a woman.

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