

She Made Me Her Shemale Wife

Part III



Janice Wildflower
Gemini 



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SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE WIFE

III

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

I am a guy named Tim, but now I am called Tammy; and I am all dressed up from the skin out like a girl, and acting like a girl and wearing makeup and jewelry like a girl and engaged in activities for a girl, 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 rescue from all of this and I think I will be living as a girl for a long-long time.

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After having avoided a prison term from the fear of winding up as some tough guy's girlfriend, I still wound up a girlfriend. And I wound up being worse than a prison girlfriend. I wound up living as the girlfriend of a dominating female as a completely feminized cross dressed guy for all outward appearances a female; and then I became her wife and a mother; for what most likely is going to be a long - long time.

I was 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-an-

drogens, 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

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much about girl things that I should have been a girl and wanting to help me to be 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 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 bra 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!

Chapter XIII: No More Pants – I am to Wear Dresses

So I had arrived back home, or what was my home in lieu of prison, after my make-over at the beauty parlor... When Ms. M and Cookie and Janice saw me they couldn't believe the change. The work on me at the beauty parlor had been transformational and I looked pretty attractive when it was done; not just effeminate as I was looking under Ms. M. make-up guidance, but actually feminine. Any male edge to my looks which had been overlooked by Ms. M., had been corrected. I looked like a female. I felt very feminine. I was totally embarrassed.

I had a new hairdo and my face was fully made up, as if I was to have attended some sort of an affair. Most feminizing was my new feminine styled hair with my new feminine hairdo and my new feminine hair color with highlights, my long locks having been cut and styled to a more manageable length, and then into a feminine hair do with a permanent.

Though most striking were my eyes with my eyebrows which had been trimmed and then plucked and waxed to a thinness and a shape that only a woman would sport and penciled in and so then looked completely female. And complementing my totally feminized eyebrows there were my eye lashes with heavy mascara, and my eye lids with several blended shades of shadow.

Then there was my feminized face all covered with powder and femininely shaded covering any mascu-

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line attribute and my cheeks rouged as only a girl would show. And as Ms. M. had already removed all my facial hair with her electrolysis of my face there wouldn't be any shadow peeking through my makeup.

I had a manicure with nail extensions and pink polish with a pedicure with matching pink. I was fully made up, and looked ready to go out on the town or attend some sort of affair.

And then of course my ears had been pierced and I sported a pair of keeper earrings that only a female would wear.

And I absolutely then looked like a female, perhaps still a bit butch, but never the less a female. The anti-androgen medication I had been forced to take really had set me up for the effects of the estrogens that I had been given which had softened my features and rounded my face and feminized it, only offset by some few remaining masculine aspects.

The beauticians with the use of makeup had softened anything masculine about my face. And that was it, with my new hairdo, pierced ears, and professionally done makeup applied to hide any masculine features...all on top of my estrogen feminized face and figure, I would not be passing as a guy under any circumstances. And as I found out none of the woman there minded.

The judge who had brought me to the beauty parlor and then who had returned me home had told them that perhaps she had allowed the beauticians to go a bit too far, but she felt it had been a worthwhile experience all things considered. And she told them I might want to keep the look as I had been offered a job at the beauty parlor as a nail technician, if I maintained my totally feminine look. And she continued with that the

job would meet the legal requirements for my employment so she was leaving the decision up to me whether or not to maintain and keep my new look or at least a toned down version of it to be able pass myself off as a girl at the beauty parlor and accept the nail technician job. And in any case the judge thought I made a convincing girl and legally there wasn't an issue if I wished to maintain my new totally feminine look.

And she continued, that in any case I already had an appointment to return for another makeover to maintain my new further feminized appearance and I would need to keep that appointment regardless of whether or not I was to keep my new look and to except such employment, at least until that next appointment; though why the judge did not really explain.

And with that the judge left me in the care of the warden who returned me to the estate looking more woman than man with reason to maintain that look or at least that type of look.

Ms. M looking at me complemented me on how presentable I was as a female. She told me, "I really just love your new look. You made a lovely sissy and you make even a cuter looking girl. I mean you look cute as a girl when we know you are really a boy. I just love it. This really is just so much fun. You were a darling as sissy; so much more easy to deal with and so much more helpful around the house. I can't wait to see how you behave yourself now that you really look like a girl! I think it will be so much fun to help you maintain this new look. You are adorable!"

I wanted to cry. I really did not want to have to look like a girl all my waking hours. That was to look more like a girl than I already looked. I was really tired of wearing makeup and the work it took to apply it, despite the addiction I had developed to some of the

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chemicals in the make-up I had already been wearing for my sissy training.

And she continued, "But now you look too much like a real female... too much like a real woman to work the job Janice had gotten for you as an effeminate sissy. And if as the judge has told us you have to make a return trip to the beauty parlor and that you need to maintain this new look of yours until then so you will be looking more like a girl than an sissy guy for a while. And then who knows how long the judge will tell us you have to maintain this look? This presents a problem for you. That job offer is for a sissy male, not a transgender male. So if you want out of all of this on parole for good behavior before your sentence is over I guess you would have to take the job offered you as the housekeeper and maid or as a nail technician."

Ms. M let that sink in and I really did not know what to think but I feared where it was heading and then she continued with, "I am sure with a bit more training here we could turn you from a trickster into a useful member of society and we could get you ready to earn an honest living as a housekeeper and maid. And then if you can't pass as a maid or won't be happy as a maid then there is the job the judge spoke about as a nail technician. That is if you want out of here on probation."

"I think working as a maid or as a nail technician in a beauty parlor would be a wonderful lesson for you. So fortunately for you employment as either shouldn't be a problem under your current circumstances of looking more like a young woman than a sissy male, depending on what job you decide to take. And regardless of which if any that you choose I believe we here can deal with you appearing to be a female. How-

ever, I am not so sure as how your mother is going to take all of this."

And the comment about my mom seeing me looking so much like a girl really took the wind out of me. I really did not want my mom seeing me like I was then looking. But I had little control over my situation.

And Janice smiling agreed with her mom and told me she did not think me getting a job would be a problem as I looked so much like a girl, I could probably get the job as her friend's housekeeper- maid which her girlfriend had mentioned. I would not have to take the retail job as a sissy. So it would just be best if I continued to take over her work and practice being a housekeeper and a maid and she would work with Pops as needed. That way I would get all the training I needed to keep house as a servant.

And she smiled at me while she laid that on me, as if she was doing me a favor; while we both knew what she was doing to me and the fun she was having with it. And there was little I could do about it. I was trapped.

And Cookie also told me I looked wonderful and she would be happy regardless of how I looked to continue my training as a housekeeper and cook. And she told me that if it would help me in my new work persona, teaching me to behave as a household servant would behave she could treat me completely as if I were a girl and a household servant. She told me that she had absolutely no problem now just thinking of me and treating me as a girl and a servant and was planning on doing just that from then on just to make sure I was properly trained to make it on parole.

She told me, "Not to worry Tammie. All made up like this you look absolutely lovely and you certainly make a convincing girl. You absolutely don't look like

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a boy anymore. And as far as I am concerned you are now a girl, and I will absolutely not embarrass you but treating you like a guy. I will just treat you like a girl from now on... assuming that is okay with Ms. M. and the judge. And I will do my best to work with you as a housekeeper cook and as a young maid rather than a sissy guy. You can help around the kitchen and the house and no one has to know that you are really a boy, so you won't have to be embarrassed by your new look; which by the way is absolutely lovely. I just love it and would love for you to stay this way. You are absolutely adorable."

I was not happy with what was happening. I had endured enough learning to be a sissy with all they had already done feminize me without having to endure being turned completely into a girl. I made an objection, though a weak one. I was already such a sissy. Well I was hoping Ms. M in all fairness would stop the talk of me morphing over from a pretend sissy guy to a pretend girl. But too her, my objections did not make any sense and turning me into an apparent girl to her still seemed a good idea.

She told us all, "No, Timmie, I think that Cookie actually has an idea here, and we should give it a try. Cookie I agree with you. Timmie just doesn't see the entire picture and what a pretty girl he makes. Let's all just forget Tammy was ever a guy and treat Tammy just like a girl. I think that would be just wonderful and so much fun for all of us. I think that would be a wonderful experience for a trickster like him...I mean her. He has been so well behaved and helpful while he has been changing into a sissy, perhaps he would even more helpful and well behaved living as a girl for a while. And I do think he may actually have some gender problems. We should speak with the doctor. But

because of his possible gender issues until then we should all give it a try helping bring out all the girl side of our Tammie and see if that works...if he finds he is more comfortable as a girl."

I was dying. I didn't have any gender issues until I had been given estrogens, but I said nothing, I let Ms. M. have her say. And Ms. M. continued, "He is after all just adorable like this. I wish my own daughter would be or look so feminine. And after all it just seemed to have happened so naturally, it just must have been meant to happen. So I think we need to go with it, and just accept the fact that our Timmie has for all practical purposes become a girl, and is now our girl Tammie, and it is our responsibility to keep him as a girl and make him as comfortable as possible as a girl. I actually think it's wonderful."

"Though, I would think we should speak to his mom about all of this before we get too carried away with it. But I know that I have had such a wonderful time training him to be a sissy I may have gone a bit overboard and trained him more to be a girl than a sissy..., but it has all seemed to have worked itself out...and now I can just continue his training to be a girl. This is wonderful. And it is just so much fun. I feel I have a purpose again!"

Yes I thought. It was time to let my mom know what was going on, as embarrassing as it would be. Yes she would put a stop to this. She would get her lawyer involved. I would just have to stop hiding what had been done to me,...her son. She would not like it. She would stop it.

Then Janice interjected, "You know if his mom saw him in a dress and acting as feminine as he really acts, not trying to pretend to be a male, like he does when his mom visits, I am sure she will realize that her son is

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more girl than boy and Tammie should just try being a girl for a while."

"Then we could really continue with his transformation....I mean...his training in earnest. After all he is so much better behaved as a girl and so much more helpful and useful around the house. Since as Tim he never seemed to want to hold down a job and just to live off his mom I am sure if he continues to live at home with his mom his continued learning house-keeping and cooking should work out well for his mom. I am sure Timmie has it in him to be just a wonderful daughter, and as a daughter instead of a son her mom would find her such a help I am sure she would want to keep him a girl forever. And then he/she would have a reason to live at home, despite being grown. As his/her mom's only daughter she could stay at home like a good girl and care for mom."

And Janice just continued, "I think we just need to settle this by putting Tammy in a dress. I think Tammy would just look wonderful in a dress. And it would help so to feminize him. You know he is really just too girly to hold any sort of job other than as a female. And as a maid or as a nail technician he is going to have to wear a dress. And I for one would love to see 'her' in a dress. How about it ladies, why not let him wear one of mom's old dresses and teach him how to move around and handle a nice dress. I think he will look lovely in a dress. And I think once Tammy sees how lovely and convincing he looks in a dress he will want to wear dresses all the time. He really has become such a girl. And I really think he likes it!"

Well I did not really like having been turned into a sissy, though I did find I enjoyed the silks and satins and the sex. But in any case the thought of wearing a dress full time and being turned into a girl was ridicu-



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lous. I was still a guy...or so I thought. But I did not know what to do, the idea was terrifying. I was already feminine enough, without a dress and without having to wear a dress in front of my mom. But then again, the seeing of me in a dress by my mom would certainly have her end all of this. Perhaps she could deal with her son as a sissy, but never as a girl in a dress. So I was thinking perhaps I should just let them have their way with that and sort of fall into their own trap.

Janice told her mom, "Tammy still has time to go on his sentence and whatever the doctor does for him, for her that is, there won't be any immediate change. And you know as a sissy he has turned out to be so wonderful around the house and the kitchen, and he, I mean she, seems so happy in panties and now looks so wonderful in full makeup and with a wonderful hair-do... and she seems to just love serving that Tammie would make the natural maid servant."

And she continued with, "You know, I am sure he would be even happier as a girl in a dress serving your guests. We should all give it a try. I am sure he would wear a dress for you; after all you've done to help him. And if that works out then of course he could take that job as a maid with my girlfriend....or even as a nail technician at the beauty parlor. And I am sure we would all just love to see Tammie in a dress."

And Janice then finalized it with, "And mom, with Tammy passing as a girl and here to help Cookie I am sure you could have some guests over as Tammy can serve guests at your parties... I mean you haven't had any socials here since Tammy got here, for whatever reason, but why not? Now with Timmy really Tammy here as a full time maid, you can save money on the help for the party. I mean I am sure that Cookie can teach Tammy to serve and he/she would make as good

a waitress/maid as I do. I've seen his/her legs and I think he would look just fine in one of the old uniform dresses the former assistant maids have left behind. There are a number of different sizes. One should fit Tammy."

"Yes let's get Tammy into one of the old servant uniform dresses, we should have one that fits, and see how he looks in a dress. I would think it is the natural next step for him. I am sure he will look just darling, and should just love the feel of a slip. I think he really is so into lingerie, though won't admit it. And I think that I too would just love to see Tammy in a dress. And I think it will make Tammy happy to let go and really let his girl side take over. I think it would free me to be all the she he can be and really would really make him happy."

I was terrified. It was obviously the next thing for the girls to do to me. And I knew that once they got me into a dress most likely Janice would find the way to never let me back into pants...even lady's pants like I was wearing. And despite my uncontrolled love of lingerie I had developed I didn't think that a slip would be a good thing....let alone a dress.

Anyway despite my thoughts that mom would obviously stop all of this which had gone too far once she found out I had actually been put into a dress. I was by reflex still balking and raising all sorts of objections when Cookie chimed in. "You know Ms. M., if it is okay for me to again express an opinion here; I would say that despite all of Tammie's objections, some of which do make some sense, I think the way to settle all of this is for our Tammie just to slip into a dress and let's have a look and let Tammie find out how it feels to wear a dress and how she looks in a dress. Tammie may just like it. Yes I would still have to agree with

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your daughter. I too would just love to see how our Tammie would look in a dress. He is just so cute as a girl. It is the logical next step for her. You know he really knows just too much about female things not really to want to be a girl. At least we should give it a try. I think he will love dresses and becoming even more of a girl. I don't think that he/she can help himself."

"I have to agree with Janice. Tammie is just too much naturally feminine to not really have been a girl under all of his shenanigans. I think all this is doing him much good despite his protests and denials. And I think his mom should really get to see him in a dress and all made up and to see what a lovely girl her so called son makes. She should really get to make that decision whether he stays a troublesome son or a well behaved daughter."

And she offered to help me. Cookie told Ms. M., "I would really just love to take Tammy under my wing in the kitchen and teach her everything she would have to learn to help in the kitchen as a full time girl and to serve guests as a full time girl and then to get that job as a housekeeper as a full time maid. And I think Tammy would look cute in a maid's dress or a serving uniform. She really has developed such a nice feminized figure on those medications and wearing the back support. I think once I have her trained her mother can decide for her if she should remain a girl or not."

And at that point I realized me, he, the he had become a 'she'".

And in any case Cookie continued with, "It is a shame "it" happened to look like a boy, but "it" did and we all just have to live with it and make the best of it. But he was such a jokester it is sort of poetic justice. And I think Tammie was just meant to be a girl and

now we will make things right for her, despite any of her knee jerk protests to the contrary. I think that Tammie really wants to live as a girl, but is just too embarrassed to admit it. So we have to make that decision for her."

I wanted to object and tell her I was all male, but the way I looked and was dressed, all made up and wearing lingerie and lady's slacks and a blouse that would have been a difficult argument.

And then she made things worse for me with, "And as I recall when she modelled the lingerie I had gotten her that she had really feminine legs and her legs were hairless...they had to have been shaved. And I mean when someone shaves their legs that person must want to show them off.....and in a skirt or a dress I would imagine. I guess those medications do strange things to guys. And Tammy should really show those legs off...I don't think she is getting off the medications and so for the time being we might as well let him be all the girl she can be. I too think he will like it...I know that I will."

And Cookie embarrassing the heck out of me, asked me, "Tammy, do you still shave your legs?"

Well what was I to say. Janice made me keep myself hairless and in lingerie, and the sex was so good I could not help myself but to comply, but I was afraid to tell her that I had or that I did shave my legs and that I still shaved my legs. However, I was too afraid to lie. I was afraid of what Janice would tell them.

Anyway while I was stammering, Janice came around and unzipped the back of my pants, her mom's pants that I was forced to wear, and pulled them and my pants slip down, telling all, "Let's take a look at those legs. He does protest too much...he probably does keep his legs shaved," which she already knew

that I did...She made me shave them, but she wasn't sharing that bit of information and so it was all on me!

And so there I was standing with my borrowed lady's pants and pants slip around my feet and my borrowed blouse just covering the top of my body and my girdle and garters and stockings exposed. And my legs were shaved and were rather shapely. Too shaved and shapely for a guy!

And seeing was knowing and so Cookie pointed out that I was shaving my legs and to add gasoline to the fire asked why I had shaved my legs. Then of course I could not tell her that Janice was making me, which I am sure she pretty much guessed, but for some reason I did not want to admit to it or let Ms. M. know. I was too afraid of Janice and her control over me. So I thought quick and I told her, "Well because I am wearing nylons because I am wearing...have to wear... woman's shoes and I just assumed one shaves one's legs when one is wearing nylons as not to ruin the nylons."

But I did not tell them how nicer the nylons felt on shaved legs than on legs with hair. It was just too embarrassing for me to admit. Though I was then admitting it to myself. And really, despite the fact that Janice had made me initially shave my legs, once I had felt the feel of the nylons on my shaved legs when walking around, I really did want to keep my legs shaved. It was all just so sensual.

But the excuse I gave did not work and only made things worse as Janice interjected, "You know you really have come to think like a female and act more like a female than a sissy. I mean what fellow shaves his legs because he needs to wear nylon stockings. Only we girls shave our legs for stocking wearing. You must

really be thinking just like a girl. You really should try on a dress and let us all see how you look in a dress."

And she continued with, "I think Tammy would like wearing a dress. It is the next logical step for her. She really isn't much of a boy anymore. And again I have to say that I think Tammie makes a wonderful girl, and is and was more girl than he/she will admit to. The medication just allowed his girl self to appear. And it is just wonderful. We really should keep him on the medications and all feminine. Tammie will be much happier."

And then Cookie told me and Ms. M and Janice that she agreed and that I was more feminine and had always been more feminine than I would admit to and that was why she thought I kept my legs shaved. She told us, "I think he shaves his legs because he really feels feminine...and finds that he likes being feminine. That is why he knows so much about womanly things and things a male should not know about. He was probably just ashamed of his desires and hid them and pretended to be mannish and a trickster. And now with the side effects of his medications he just can't help himself but to give into his feminine side and feminine desires and to be feminine. That was most likely his problem all along. Yes for her sake we really need to continue with her full feminization. I am sure Tammie will make a wonder daughter. Her mom will be happier with her as a daughter."

And she let that sink in and she continued with, "And now he is finding that he really enjoys helping around the house doing all the female chores, and helping in the kitchen and he likes being feminine. He keeps his legs shaved because he has shapely legs and he wants to show them off like any pretty girl does and because he himself really does want to wear a dress

which is really the appropriate uniform for a person in his position and his secret feelings. And feeling so feminine and girly he wants to look nice in his dress. So regardless of what he tells us I think we should help him out and let him wear a dress and let him be as feminine as can be. He should look lovely. And I am sure it will make him happy."

And I was thinking that all of it was untrue, and I did not want to believe any of it. I did not want to wear a dress. It was all the drugs I had been forced to take. But then again I was also thinking on how nice the lingerie that I was wearing felt on me and against my skin. And also how nice it felt to walk in high heels with my butt plug and with my thighs rubbing after my testes had been inserted. Gosh they were convincing me that I wanted to be a girl or to at least that I wanted to wear a dress. I was getting brain washed.

They all let that sink in and then Janice told me, "Cookie is right. Now I think it is about time we put your male charade to rest. You really have become more of a girl than a boy. And you are more useful around here as a girl than as a boy. And you now look so much like a girl that you will have to pass as a girl to get any sort of employment."

Janice let that sink in and then she gave me the out. She told me, "And there is no need to be embarrassed. We know it is not totally your fault. It is those female hormones the Judge has you taking. Apparently you were able to hide your feminine tendencies until the female hormones brought them out and made them impossible for you to hide. But you should not be ashamed. There are lots of girls who were born boys and that can all be changed. Those hormones are helping you find your real gender. You must really be a girl underneath it all. And we accept that. It is really won-

derful. It is a shame it took so long for you to find your true self...or at least to admit you are more girl than boy."

And Janice continued to play the mind games with me. She told me, "And since we've all been so nice about putting up with your sissy feminine desires and ways I think you should really humor us and give the dress thing a try. I think you will just love wearing a dress and that you will be happier when you stop pretending you are a male! I know I would just love to forget you are a male! With all those female hormones in you it is just such a charade!?"

Janice told me, "Think of it dear Tammy. If you wear a dress we would just let you be the female you seem to be and have you helping around the kitchen like any of the other kitchen assistants Cookie has had...like a girl...in a dress. I think Cookie and you would be more comfortable with you in a dress and appearing to be the proper kitchen assistant and serving 'girl'. And you won't have to pretend that you are a guy any more. I think those female hormones have changed all of that. And you can relax and stop fighting the hormones and just be as feminine as those hormones have made you. And when the doctor gets it all reversed than you can try to be a guy again..."

And she finished with, "That is if you find that you want to be a guy ...assuming you were ever really a guy... I for one think you make a lovely girl and you might find you may want to stay a girl. You know those hormones can do funny things to a guy. You may find out that you really do want to be a girl."

I was horrified about the whole thing regardless of the fact they were going so far with me that my mom might have her lawyer step in and stop all of it. But for

the time being I found out that I was not going to have much of a choice.

Cookie then gave me a look, like the one I got before she spanked me. And gosh I could not take another spanking, and not in front of Janice and Ms. M. So when Cookie told us, "You know Tammie you do have that look like you do want to try on a dress...so why don't you do it. It will be fun. There isn't any shame in it. We all are behind you on this."

And I was thinking, fun for who....not for me.

And she brought Janice in on it. She told her, "Now Janice there are uniforms in the maid's quarters in back of the kitchen and lingerie to go with them. If it is okay with your mom why don't you take Tammy back there and see if you can find a nice uniform and slip for him to wear and let's all see how Tammy looks in a dress. I am sure she would be more comfortable doing it with you than with me. But if she is difficult about it just let me know. I would think that after his beauty parlor experience that trying on and modeling a dress for us should be his next little adventure. After all he was darling modeling the lingerie for us...and even seemed to enjoy it."

And Ms. M. then finalized it and told us, "Yes, let's give it a try. Tammy doesn't seem to be objecting that much. I think it is all just for show. I think Tammie would just love to try on and model some dresses. I know I would just love to see her in a dress and to find out how all of the training in feminine department we have given her affects how she handles herself in a dress. And I think having Tammy work here for a while as a uniformed maid and serving girl, now that she looks so much like a girl, is a wonderful idea for her. Who knows I might just hire her and keep her here dressed as a girl forever."

Hearing her say forever as a girl I was horrified. But there was a certain fascination with it that I could not explain. And so I was to wear a dress. That was finalized. But my first dress...or dresses...were not to be simple uniforms.

Ms. M continued, "But I don't think a uniform would look right on her at this time. And it would be a waste to waste her new looks in a uniform. And I think we would need to show the new Tammie to her mom in a more appropriate outfit than a uniform for her mom to get an idea of Tammie as a daughter. And Tammie is so made-up now that she really looks like she is ready for a bridal party and not for a maid's uniform. I think before we have her trying on maid's uniforms she needs to find out what it is like to wear and to model something fancier. I would hate for her first dress to be a uniform. Especially the way she looks right now. She is too made up for a uniform. I think I have a lovely bridesmaid's dress that would fit her. I think that would make a much better first dress for Tammy...."

And as if to finalize that horror, of me as a bridesmaid, she asked, "What do you girls think?"

I still tried to beg out of it, telling them I would look silly in a dress, especially as a bridesmaid...me a guy... but Janice told me, "Nonsense...anyone one who shaves their legs needs to be seen in a dress...and not another word. We can be the judge of how you look in a dress. And if you look silly in a dress we won't continue to press the issue. But if you look like you belong in a dress then we will expect you to give it a try and wear dresses for a while."

And she told her mother, "And yes mom I would love to see Tammy all dressed up as a bridesmaid. You are absolutely right that his makeup is more fitting for

a bridal party than a servant girl. And I think a lovely satin bridesmaid dress and heels would be a lovely first dress for Tammy. And that would be the dress he should wear for his mom to get her first view of her boy as a girl...his true self. And we will just have to take pictures. I think photographs of Tammy as the bridesmaid...or even as a bride... would convince his mom that he has become more girl than boy and should stay in dresses!"

I did not object any further and I just looked down. I wanted to cry. I had been intimidated by the cook. I was going to wear the dress or dresses as it turned out. I think Janice was a bit surprised I gave in to Cookie so easily, but in any case she had me step out of my fallen pants and pants slip and I no longer had pants to wear, albeit lady's slacks and sans pants she took me by the hand and handed me over to her mom to be dressed up.

She told us, "I guess the uniforms can wait. Cookie and I can check them out while you play dress up with our new girl Tammy. But don't keep her all to yourself. I know I want to see how pretty Tammy looks as a bridesmaid, and I am sure Cookie would also love to see Tammy in a bridesmaid dress. I think in his new makeup he is going to look just lovely as a bridesmaid. I think I may even ask her for a dance! "

And then Ms. M. thinking out loud told us. "I am sure she is going to look lovely. Though the fit may be a bit off; for as girlish as our Tammie's figure has turned he would fill out the dresses better if she were a bit more curvaceous. But I imagine that "I will come if the doctor keeps her on the hormones."

And I am thinking good as I don't want to look good in the dress as a bridesmaid; but then. Ms. M really has me worrying about those damn hormones.

But Cookie sticks it to me again and provides a solution for Ms. M. The boutique where she had been purchasing my lingerie, female lingerie for males, had provided her with some padded undergarments she had not yet suggest that I wear, an under-girdle and type of under bra, both with silicone padding to augment my figure if needed. Cookie had not thought them necessary, and had left them boxed. But now she provided them to me so my new dresses would fit me that much better and so I could look my best in the photographs. She told us, I really want Tammie to see herself and her mom to see her at her most feminine for the photographs. I am sure her mom will appreciate that. Ms. M though the idea and the garments, under the circumstances to be wonderful. And I took the garments, having little choice in the matter.

Chapter XIV: Dressed As a Bridesmaid

Ms. M led me upstairs to the attic storage area and my transformation to a bridesmaid and then to a bride began, and unfortunately I looked convincing and made a lovely bridesmaid and a lovelier bride, and even more unfortunate I found the feel of all the specialty clothes, the silks and satins and the corseting just felt wonderful and was a sensual turn on. Janice had done her work of sensualizing me to silks and satins and binding. My emotions and feelings were just beyond my control. When Ms. M had me dressed up I really just felt like a girl and found that I actually like that feeling...or at least the feeling of all that I was wearing. And I knew I had to escape this confinement, and these women, and the hormones that they were

making me take, or I would be a girl for real before I could stop it.

Ms. M. went through the rack of dresses and found one which she thought would fit me and would look nice on me...or so she told me. Then she told me to strip down to my panties while she read the instructions which came with the padded panties and padded bra. I of course was hesitant and she just smiled and told me, "Don't be embarrassed dear. Seeing you in those panties from that special lingerie store won't be any different than seeing you in a conservative bathing suit, at worst one of those speedo things...so stop playing coy and let's see what you look like in just your special panties."

Stripped down I looked much like a young girl, thanks to the female hormones I had been forced to take and the figure changing garments I was forced to wear. To begin with I had breasts, cute size A+ breasts with formed nipples and nice size areolas. Then the special panties and Janice's handiwork kept my testes inside of me and the special panties and my feminized figure hid my maleness and so I looked perfectly flat beneath my panties. And I had developed some nice shapely hips and a shapely butt. And the binder I wore day and night had slimmed my waist, slowly pushing in my ribs and reshaping my torso.

I was embarrassed standing there, not from lack of clothing or from the clothing I was wearing but from the fact that I no longer looked like a guy. I was still at that time emotionally mostly a guy and so I was used to not covering my chest or being seen in jocky shorts or similar, and so it was not that my chest was exposed but how it look that was so embarrassing and it was not that I was wearing a panty of sort but that I was so flat that was so embarrassing.



Ms. M. looked up from her review of the figure enhancing garments and gave me a big smile and told me, "You do look lovely dear, very soft and girlish, but figure wise just a bit underdeveloped for where you would need to be if you are to take a job as a woman. But you are in luck for these garments Cookie has been hiding along with a nice corset may just do the job. So let's give them a try and let's see if we can have you looking like a proper woman your age and then like a bridesmaid. This is just going to be so much fun."

She let me turn around and remove my panties and then had me step into the figure augmenting panties. They were padded with silicon in all the right places with silicon padding also hanging down from the panty. The silicon was sticky and stuck to my skin. The padding added inches to my figure and femininely filled out my buttock, and thighs to womanly proportions. And the silicon was such that it moved enough to appear real under clothing.

After stepping back into my panties I found that they stretched to fit my new more feminized figure and I filled them out much better and I was actually more comfortable wearing them.

Ms. M. smiled and seemed pleased. She told me, "Now dear that certainly seems to have worked. You really do look womanly. Let's see how well this under-bra works."

She had me hold out my arms and she slipped it on, and closed the back. The material was thin and silky and elastic and almost not there. When she had the shoulder and back straps positioned she pressed along the material and it stuck to my skin. Then she went to work on the padded cups. She had me hold my own small breast up and she positioned the silicone breast

section of the bra and pushed the each one into place against my skin and they stuck. Then she took each one of my breasts in turn and positioned them in the bra and pushed then against the silicon forms and my own breasts stuck to the silicone. Standing back she seemed pleased.

Looking at myself in the mirror I could see for all appearance my body now supported size "C" breasts, in a sort of light weight push up bra with the silicon part cupped into the bra and hidden and my own breasts tissue pushed up and exposed and for all the world looking like the exposed section of size "C" breasts. And the support was light enough so the breasts, my breasts moved like the entire mass was one and was real. And despite the bra type element I felt the pull on my chest, as if I was really carrying size "C" breasts and could not help but thinking I really needed and wanted an appropriate bra. It was a humiliating thought.

Mrs. M. looked at me and told me, "My you really do look womanly. With that under-bra....or whatever, your breasts look lovely and so appropriate to your body and just so womanly. But let's see if we can trim that thick male waist of yours and then we will see the whole affect.

And I said nothing. I could not believe how my figure had been so changed.

Ms. M. then brought over the corset that went with the bridesmaid outfit she had picked out for me. It was a red satin affair, with boning, and garters and $\frac{3}{4}$ cups. She wrapped it around me and laced me up. As the satin met my skin I was enamored. It felt just wonderful. When it got snug for some reason the support felt even nice. I had gotten use to that feel of support from

having been forced to wear the shaper for so long. I had not realized how used to that I had gotten.

I told her it was snug enough and she told me, "No dear. This is a corset. It is meant not just to offer support and slim you a bit, but to change your figure. You are thick waisted and we need to reshape it and to get at least 4 to 6 inches off your waist to give you the right look, to get that sexy proportion between your waist and your hips, to make you look like a sexy woman; perhaps not necessary when you wear a uniform, but absolutely necessary for your bridesmaid dress. So hang in there and not to worry, you aren't the first thick waisted "girl" that I've laced into a corset and all us girls have to suffer a bit for our beauty, which now includes you dear, at least for the time being."

And she continued to pull on the laces which pulled in my waist and somewhat reshaped my estrogen softened ribs until she was satisfied with my waist size and then tied them off and let me have a look at myself. It felt tight and a bit uncomfortable but not horrible and for a strange reason the pressure on my sides was actually a bit of a turn on. Most likely due to whatever psychological stuff Janice had done to me. And she did take my waist down by six inches and the curve was apparent and even more pronounced than it actually was due to my newly enlarged hips and butt.

I looked at myself, my figure in the mirror and could not believe how shapely and feminine I looked standing there in the corset and figure augmenting panties and figure augmenting under-bra. I looked absolutely feminine and more than that I looked absolutely sexy. And when I looked at my face and my new hair -do there was absolutely nothing masculine or

male about me. I looked like a female, like a woman, and a sexy woman at that. I was in shock.

I ran my hands along my waist to confirm what my eyes had seen and could not quite believe and it felt just wonderful, my hands running along the satin of my corset. I could not believe how sensual it felt to me. I was horrified, but none-the-less mesmerized and could not help myself.

And I sort of got lost in that, when Ms. M. told me, "Yes dear that is you. And you do have a lovely feminine figure. But you need to stop day dreaming about it. I would like to get you dressed and see how you look as a bridesmaid. Let's get your real panties and your stockings and pumps on and then there is a slip and a lovely satin dress for you to wear. So let's not get too dreamy about your new look. If you really like it, we can do this again. That is if you agree to stay in dresses."

Ms. M. continued to dress me. It was like I was a young woman being dressed by her maid. It was mind altering. She had me step into an additional pair of satin panties that went with the outfit and pull them up to my waste and the satin panties felt just wonderful. Then she had me step into my stockings and one at a time she rolled them up my legs and affixed them to my garters, explaining how and that the garters are drawn through a girl's panties for my future reference. And she told me that typically the stockings go on before the corset, the reasons being obvious, but that for some reason she just wanted to get me into the corset right away and thought it would be nice if she helped me with my stockings. As in the future, if the maid thing worked out for me, I might be so assisting my new mistress in the same way. And inexplicably I found myself getting hard thinking of helping some

woman, my mistress as Ms. M described, getting dressed.

And at the time I did not find the thought strange. What turned out to be strange was what I would be wearing when I finally did assist my mistress to dress after I had been forced to become a maid.

And as she rolled the stocking up my legs, and the feel was absolutely sensuous against my shaved legs; I felt my self hardening, not that my confined maleness could go anywhere, but it was uncontrollably rising from the feel of satin and silks against my skin. I let out a sigh. I knew I was wetting myself, and was thankful for the padding in my regular panties meant to catch any of that.

Then Ms. M. had me step into the red satin pumps that went with the outfit. They fit well enough. Ms. M. stepped back and took a look at me. She was smiling and told me, "Tammie, you look absolutely wonderful and so feminine and girly I can't stand that I know you are really a boy. I can hardly believe it. You look darling....And I just have to get a photo."

I looked at her in horror thinking of capturing me in that outfit permanently, but she did not let me get a word out. She told me, "Now not a word. I have to have a photo of this to remember it. And dear, I could show it to anyone and it would not matter. No one...not even your mother ...could recognize you. You look like a girl...a bridesmaid in her lingerie. No one would know from looking at you or a photo that you are not what you seem a woman or who you really are or that you are not a girl."

And there was really nothing more to be said. For one, she was right. And for two I had really little choice other than to do what I was told to do. And so she posed me and she took her photographs.

Then she put the long red satin slip that went with the dress on me. I held up my arms and she slipped it over my head and pulled it down along my newly femininely shaped body and it just fit my corseted figure perfectly. And it just felt wonderful as it slid down my arms and then slide along my rear and thighs and tickled the back of my legs. I could not believe the feel of it. I was again horrified with myself.

Ms. M. stood back and told me, "Dear, you were really just made to wear that corset. I can't believe it, but it fits you, a boy, perfectly, the way it was made to fit. Now that slip hangs just perfectly. I can't wait to get you into the dress. You are going to look just lovely. I have to thank you for giving me such a wonderful time."

And then she had me step into the red satin bridesmaid dress and she pulled it into place, having me put my arms into the short sleeves and then positioning it on me and then zippering it into place. As it closed around me and enveloped my newly feminized figure it fit me perfectly. It was a lovely tight mermaid's cut gown, with an open bodice showing off the top of my breasts and half sleeves showing of my soft feminized arms. And I was tightly enveloped in silky satin and it felt just wonderful.

Again I could not help the sensual feeling the material and the clothing had on me; a combination effect of my estrogenized soft sensitive skin and all the mind stuff Janice had done to me. I just felt wonderful in the outfit I was wearing. I wanted to die. I did not know what to do. I just knew that I was hard and felt wonderful and that I should not feel that way about being all dressed up in woman's clothing as a bridesmaid.

Once Ms. M. had me zippered into the bridesmaid dress she again stood back to take a look. She was en-

amored with the fully feminized and dressed me. Ms. M. told me, "Tammie you do look wonderful. I can't believe my old dress fits you so well and how lovely you look in it. I only wish they fit my daughter as well as they fit you. Or that my daughter would seem as happy as you seem to wear them. But I guess I will just have to settle dressing you up and be happy you came along and are in such a state as to belong in dresses."

And she continued, "And our little dress up game aside, I think you can see for yourself that you do belong in dresses. And you don't have to admit to it. I can tell how happy you are in your new outfit. And not to move about until I say as I am going to take some more photographs. I don't know how long you will remain with us and in dresses so I do need some memories to look back on. This is really wonderful fund. You look adorable."

Then she had me model a bit for more photographs. I balked but she threatened and I obeyed. And I moved around as she directed me to move in such a long tight dress and held possess for her as she took the photographs. And she had me smile as if I was enjoying myself. And to a degree I was. The wearing of all the satin garments, the panties, the corset, the stockings, the slip, the dress, and walking around in high heels with the plug in me was just such a turn on I just felt wonderful and it must have showed. I really needed some release, but it wasn't there for me and I just continued to be turned on as I modeled my new outfit for Ms. M and she photographed me for posterity.

Ms. M. was very happy with dressing me up and then she wanted to show me off...her creation. She told me I needed to show Janice and Cookie just how lovely I did look in a dress and there was no getting

out of that. She told me how to hold myself and walk down the stairs in such a long tight dress all feminine and like a fashion model; and down stairs I went holding up the skirt of my dress and Ms. M. called out to Janice and Cookie so they could watch me make my way downstairs in the tight satin mermaid bridesmaid gown moving like a woman.

When Cookie saw me she was just overjoyed. It was amazing how pleased she was to see me in the dress and moving down the stairs like a female, and partially thanks to the under-garments she had supplied, also looking like a female.

She told us with obvious emotion, "Why Tammie you look absolutely wonderful, just like a bridesmaid and you move just like a bridesmaid should. You have really become such a woman...such a lady...and you really need to stay in dresses for us. You are just too shapely and lovely not to wear dresses and become all the girl you can be. I think now you should realize that you do belong in dresses and should be treated as if you are a real girl. And I think that now you should agree with that. But I tell you regardless, if Ms. M. allows it that will be how I will treat you. I can no longer think of you as a male. You are really the sweetest thing and make such a cute girl."

Janice was smiling. I think this is what she wanted for me all along. This was her revenge. For what...I did not know at the time, but regardless she had me.

Janice told her mom, "Oh yes mother. He is just adorable. He does make such a sweet looking bridesmaid, that he needs to stay a girl and stay in dresses. No real man would allow himself to be so made up and so dressed while really seeming to enjoy it all. It may be the hormones. I don't know. But while he remains on those female hormones we just have to keep

him in dresses and treat him like he really is a woman. I can no longer think of him as a guy. He is really just a girl. He may not want to admit it to us or to himself, but I think he knows he is really a girl and that he really enjoys being a girl and wearing his makeup and his feminine finery and doing woman's work. He is just so good at it. Yes mom. He is under your jurisdiction, so unless the judge objects please keep Tammie a girl."

I could tell Ms. M wanted too, but Janice had really come on a bit too strong and Ms. M. was not totally sure she could force me. Cookie saw her wavering. She gave me that look again, and asked, "Now Tammie, don't you think you make a convincing girl and that it might be nice to give being a full time girl a try. After all it might just shorten your sentence."

And so she was telling me that I had better agree to letting the three of them turn me into a full time girl and was giving me the excuse that it would shorten my sentence. And I knew that physically she would eventually make me agree to it so there was no use not taking the easier way with this and one that would save me some dignity.

And so I told them, "Well I don't really want to be a girl...or live and dress as a girl..." and there was the pregnant pause. "...but if you think it would shorten my sentence, and you ladies think it would be the right thing for me to do under the circumstances....then I guess I should at least try it out for a while."

Janice was just smiling. She knew she had won.

Cook told me, "Now that is just wonderful dear. I am sure you will make a wonderful girl. I will do everything I can to help you become all the woman you can be. I think it is the right thing for you. I am just so happy for you.

Ms. M. was ecstatic and gave me a hug and told me, "Why I am just going to love keeping you dressed up as a girl. You are just being such a sweetheart about all of this."

Then Ms. M. told me, "And now that it is settled, why don't you walk around a bit in that gown and model it for the girls. You do walk so much like a model I cannot get over it. And you do really seem to enjoy wearing it and moving around in it. You are really a natural model. There no way you should remain a guy; at least not while you are here on the estate."

And so I was stuck and I was going to being living as a girl and a servant girl at that; aside from any dress up games Ms. M. would play with me. And I walked around modeling my gown as instructed. I was done for.

Then when I thought the show was over and I could get out of that gown and that darn corset Janice gave her mom another idea to dress me up.

Janice told her mom. "You were right mom. Tammie does make a wonderful bridesmaid. And in fact I would just love for her to be my maid of honor if the occasion ever arises and so I hope we can keep her a girl for a long - long time. But you know I think Tammie would make even a lovelier bride! I think if you still have that white wedding gown you did not wear for your wedding we should see how it looks on Tammie. I just can't wait to see what sort of bride she makes and how she would look in white satin. Perhaps when he sees himself as a bride we can convince him that he really should stay a girl... forever!"

I was shaking my head no, but Ms. M. hitched right onto that idea. She told us, "Why that is a wonderful idea. I would love to see Tammie in white satin, as a bride, while we still have him in this lovely over the

top makeup. And I would just love a few photos of that.”

And she told me, “Now come along Tammie. This is your test. I think you are just going to love being a bride. I think you have more girl in you than you think or want to admit.” And I could tell she was not taking no for an answer and neither was Cookie.

And then Ms. M. told her daughter, “And Janice you can play dress up also. Go clean up and put on that horribly masculine tuxedo outfit of yours that I so hate and you can play the groom to Tammie playing the bride. And I will take the photos. It may be the only wedding pictures I ever get of you. And not a word...do it. Don’t ruin this for me. I still just love playing dress up!”

And looking at me she said, “And Tammie gather up your skirts and lets move along quickly. I can’t wait to see you in that bridal outfit.” And that I did. I gathered up my skirts just like a woman would and quickly followed Ms. M who was going to make me a bride. And after all what choice did I have?

Chapter: XV - Dressing up as a bride

And so I gathered the skirt part of my dress so I had a bit more room to move my legs and followed Ms. M. Actually I scurried after her very femininely holding up the dress and taking small short feminine steps as not to trip buy moving quickly as to keep up with Ms. M.

Shortly we were back in the attic storage room. Ms. M. was smiling. She told me, “It is amazing how you naturally moved like a woman, holding up the skirts of your long tight dress and scurrying along behind

me. It is very telling. You are really naturally feminine, and seem to have become quite obedient. I think the female hormones have only brought out in you your natural femininity. I think I am really getting to enjoy having you around that you have accepted your feminine side. You really are quite lovely."

I didn't know what to say, but all that talk of my feminine side having always been there and only having been unlocked by the hormones was doing a job on my mind.

Anyway, she continued. "I think this will really be fun dressing you up as a bride. I think you are going to like it." And while she was telling me that she had a white satin wedding dress picked out for me to wear and to model, along with the lingerie that went along with wearing that wedding dress.

She had me out of the bridesmaid outfit, dress, slip, stockings and corset and in short order laced into the corset that went with the wedding dress and in short order into the rest of the lingerie that went with the outfit, white satin panties, white silk stockings, a white silk slip and a second stiffer slip and then she zipped me into the white satin wedding dress. Much to my shame everything felt just wonderful on my skin.

I had asked her why the change of corsets. After all they both hugged and changed my figure in a similar fashion. She just laughed and told me, "Silly....a girl's lingerie just has to match her dress. No girl wears a red corset with a white dress. It would be silly. But I forget you are not a real girl. But we will have you thinking like one soon enough. I think there is certainly time for that.

And I knew I really had to do whatever I had to do to get out of there. Ms. M. was really set to make me a real girl. She was worse than Janice or Cookie.

Any way I was feeling like a real bride, all dressed up in white satin and silk in a low cut dress which showed off my breasts and short sleeves which showed off my hormone softened arms and a short dress with a skirt that flared out which showed off my shaved feminine looking legs. Ms. M. looked at me and took some more photographs. She told me to smile and show that I was enjoying myself or I would hurt her feelings and so I smiled.

She told me, "You know I am doing this all for you and you should be appreciative. You really do need to accept your feminized self and also get in touch with your feminine self with these experiences; being a bridesmaid...being a bride...and whatever else we can play at to help you understand what it is to be a female. If your only way to shorten your sentence is to work as a woman you need to pass as a female and to do so we need to teach you to think like a girl. And we need to accept you as a girl. I am hoping playing dress up with us will have you thinking of yourself as a girl and will also have us thinking of you as a girl."

Well I wasn't too sure of the logic Ms. M. was presenting, but I was under her control and had to do as I was told and so I continued to smile and as much as it hurt to say it, I told her, "Oh I am grateful Ms. M. It is just a bit of a shock. I never expected to be dressed up as a bridesmaid; but thank you so much for all your hard work with all of this...thank you."

Well that made her happy and we continued.

She had me model the outfit and came over and gave me a big hug. She told me, "You just make a wonderful bride. I am so happy to see someone wearing this wedding dress. I suspect that Janice would never wear it. You look lovely and you make a lovely bride. I am so happy. And I am sure the girls want to see you.

And you do look so lovely that I really do have to show you off to the girls. I hope Janice gets some ideas from seeing what a lovely bride even a boy can make with the right makeup and undergarments that she will be more willing to wear some of these outfits. I really have saved them for her. Anyway let's go and show you off to the girls. We just need a veil and some flowers and you will be ready to walk downstairs and meet your public."

Ms. M placed a veil on me and handed me some flowers and showed me how to hold them while walking the bridal walk. I picked up on it right away. I was cooperating as I just wanted the embarrassing ordeal to end....regardless of how wonderful I found myself feeling all dressed up as a bridesmaid and then a bride.

Then as if as a last minute thought she retrieved a bridal garter and had me slip it up my leg. I had objected, but she just told me that as I made such a lovely bride she insisted that I get the full feeling of femininity as a bride and I just had to wear the bridal garter. Anyway as I slipped it up my leg as chill went through my spine and for a moment there I actually believed I was a bride. It was horrifying. I was really losing my sense of manliness.

I walked downstairs and Janice and Cookie were waiting. Janice was wearing a tuxedo outfit, one for a girl and she looked like a girl, but a masculine one; but none-the-less made a suitable groom for a cross-dressed male bride like me.

Cookie seemed genuinely pleased with my look in Ms. M.'s wedding dress and in genuine pleasure said for all to hear, "Tammie, you really do make a wonderful looking bride. Better than some real girls. I just will not be able to look at you and not see the bride or bridesmaid in you. I really can't think of you as a guy

any longer. You are definitely going to have to stay in dresses full time from now on. You just make a lovely girl!"

Well I was hoping not to have to stay in dresses. But I would broach that with Ms. M. when we were alone. I didn't need Cookie and Janice in on that conversation. I already knew their opinion as far as all that went.

Janice came over and lifted up my veil and Cookie photographed or videotaped it. Janice looked into my eyes and I think honestly told me, "Why Tammie you are absolutely lovely. You make a beautiful bride. And with that she hugged me and then kissed me on the lips, strongly and passionately. She pushed against my breasts and my sensitive nipples felt the pressure though my satin bra and I found that I was turned on. It was a mind blowing experience. Well my breath was taken away and in I guess the spirit of the moment I returned her kiss in kind while becoming femininely limp in her arms.

Still in her arms she told me, "I really don't know what I am going to do with you. You are just so sexy when you are helplessly feminine. But I know I plan to keep you this way and you had better not fight it or I will make some permanent changes!"

I was both turned on and terrorized. For I was sure Janice would keep any promise she made. So I knew despite what was being done to me I had to cooperate in order to get out of there and the situation in which I had found myself. I could not be too difficult and take the chance that one night she would sneak in and do her worst.

At that point Ms. M. interrupted. She told us, "Now girls that is enough of that or someone is going to think

this is a real wedding.” And I of course realized I was included as one of the girls.

But Janice wasn't done. She told us, “Mom, just give me a moment. Tammie is just too beautiful as a bride not to have just one dance and then get to throw her garter. I really want her to be all the girl she can be.” And to my horror she told Cookie to keep filming as she wanted a keepsake of our little wedding game.

So Janice using her phone played a waltz and then took me in her arms and led me around the dance floor. I couldn't believe it but I was melting in her arms as she led me 'round' the floor. It was just so romantic and I emotionally felt it with all those feminizing hormones in me. And as the expression goes, I think I did pretty well dancing backwards and in high heels! Her mom watched and seemed delighted.

When that was over she led me over to a chair and sat me down. I thought to rest. Dancing in those high heels was tough on me, as romantic as I may have felt. But it was not to give me a break, but to get on film my ultimate humiliation. In short order she had her hands beneath my skirts and was removing my bridal garter.

She had me raise the skirts of my white satin dress and slip as she ran her hands up my legs and revealed my white satin garter. Cookie got it all on film. The Janice removed it. And of course she had me flip it over my shoulder so she could symbolically catch it.

Her mom was delighted with the game. She told Janice, “Now you keep that dear and remember you are the next to get married.”

To my embarrassment Janice told her, “Only if Tammie is my spouse to be and you will let her wear your wedding dress for the occasion.” Her mother laughed, and then thinking told her, “Well it is Tammie's decision, not mine. But if she wants to be

married in my wedding dress I think it would be okay with me. It is Tammie's mother's feelings that you need to be concerned with."

And I thought she would follow up with something about a son in a dress but that was not the case. She just humiliated me with, "Tammie's mother might have her own wedding dress for our Tammie."

I was about to object to that supposition when Cookie reminded Ms. M. I still had some uniforms to try on before she and I could get dinner ready and perhaps she should bring those along for my next try on and change of clothes.

Dressed as a Maid and Living as a Maid

Back in only my own lingerie with only a blouse to cover that Ms. M. had brought me back to the kitchen so that Cookie could bring me to the maid's quarters where she would fit me for my maid's uniform; that is if one of the uniforms on hand would fit me. I was sort of hoping nothing would fit me, that is none of the maid's uniforms would fit me and then I was thinking, maybe, and so I was really confused and afraid, but again a bit turned on by it all.

On the way Ms. M had told me, "Tammie I really did have a wonderful time seeing you in my old formal dresses. You certainly wore them well and looked beautiful in them. Your figure, with the padding Cookie found for you, is really is so similar to mine when I was younger. It is uncanny. But anyway I hope you had a fun time. You need to let yourself go and enjoy all of this. You do so seem to like silks and satins. Some boys do, or so I've learned. I have been doing

some studying on all of this since your changes. I hope this is fun for you. But anyway, if you want out of this it would seem the only way is to get deeper into it, until the judge takes you off those hormones."

"Unfortunately you may need that job to get off of the hormones and unfortunately for you maleness I can't see you getting a job as a male anymore. You have become just too feminine. That feminine aspect of your personality must have been hiding and now you've found it."

Found it I thought!!! It was those damn hormones the Judge had forced on me. And then Janice had forced it upon me and Ms. M. had ingrained it in me. But there was little to do about it by then. And it was rather nice in that strange comforting way.

Anyway Ms. M continued, "Some tough guy would just take advantage of you...and you know what that would mean. So you really need to get used towell...passing as a girl....or you may be here and like this for the next three or more years. It is okay with me. I am really beginning to enjoy your company. Who would have known? But I hate to think what three more years of all of this would do to you....to any guy that is. So let's get you acclimated to passing as a woman, so we can get you a job and you can prove to the judge you have changed and meet the requirements of your parole. I imagine you need to demonstrate to the judge that you really are a changed man... I guess in more ways than just one...so to speak."

And so I realized there was no getting out of this. I would have to show Ms. M. I could pass as a maid...her maid...so I could take that job as a maid with Janice's friend and get out from under all of this. It was just awful. If the lingerie and the cosmetics and the high heels and the plug hadn't all felt just so won-

derful I don't know what I would have done. But I still knew I needed a plan to get out of there and out of town. Things had gotten just too far and I couldn't wait for a parole. I would be a woman if I waited that long. I did not think that Ms. M. or Janice was going to let me go. I could not last three years under the influence of those female hormones and these females. I would never be able to be a man again. I would work on escape. But as the plan formulated in my mind I figured I needed to get that job off of the estate and hope an opportunity to escape would arise. On the estate with no papers and no money and no means of travel I was pretty much stuck; and it was appearing at that time that I would be stuck living as a female...a maid.

So mentally accepting my new status as a maid I was turned over to Cookie who led me to the maid's quarters. She had my blouse off before I knew it and had me trying on a number of uniform dresses among many until she found several that fit me, and slips that fit under the each uniform and the appropriate aprons to wear with each uniform. So as it turned out a number of the uniforms and lingerie fit. And finally I found myself wearing a satin serving dress, with the satin dress sliding over the satin slip and a satin backed pinafore apron over that and a satin maid's cap pinned to my head.

It was the perfect first uniform dress for a guy like me. I was dressed totally in satin and I was hooked on that dress once I had worn it for a while. And I would find that the feel of executing a proper curtsy in such an outfit and wearing high heel work pumps while the butt- plug was inserted in me was just an overwhelming delight. It was intoxicating and completely addicting.



As I dressed in a satin uniform slip and dress for the first time, the slip just felt wonderful over the satin panels of my girdle, both on my rear and my front and I was getting hard. Then with the satin serving uniform dress over the satin slip over the satin panels of my girdle, it felt even nicer. And the finishing touch was the satin backed pinafore apron. So there were three layers of sensual satin over my encased groin and it felt wonderful. I just wanted to lie down in bed and play with myself through the satin and relieve myself of the horrible enjoyment of the feminine; however that was not to be.

And it was horrifying to me that I had those thoughts, but I could no longer control them. I was turned on by my attire and needed relief. I was just too dreamy in it. Anyway luckily it was not an outfit in which I would be encased that is would be wearing daily to do serious house or kitchen work as it was just not practical for that type of work.

And so I made my first appearance as a maid in a uniform dress. As I walked in my high heels and dress it felt sort of nice. And despite everything I was feeling very feminine. It was just my embarrassment that ruined it all for me. And I did not have to be reminded to carry myself like a female, by that time the training was semi-permanent and I did it automatically. And it all just felt wonderful.

I made my appearance for the waiting Ms. M. and Janice. Both smiled as I entered. They had their new full time maid and with appropriate dress uniform on at that. And I, a guy was it. I was stuck as a maid. Neither Janice nor Ms. M. was going to let me out of this. And of course Cookie was not going to let me out of it.

Cookie told them, "We found a number of uniforms and lingerie that fit Tammie...real work uniforms.

But I thought for his debut as a maid this satin serving uniform would be just too - too wonderful. And Tammie actually seems to enjoy wearing it. He....She really has become just so feminine...or even more feminine as soon as I had her all dressed up in it. I think she actually likes wearing it. She just may find she enjoys being a maid. We should give him the opportunity to find out, regardless of whatever future job prospects all this may hold for him."

Janice was the first to speak. She told me, "Gosh I can't get over how sexy you look in that outfit. Just like a maid out of a 1940's movie. You are just adorable. You will just make a wonderful serving girl. It is amazing. I think you have really found your real spot in life; though obviously you can't work in the kitchen in that outfit. But it should do well when you serve at parties."

"I am sure with some practice as our full time maid we can get you a real job as a maid So I am sure we need to keep you in dresses from now on. I think it would be for your own good! You just have to be our maid. I am sure mom is going to keep you in dresses from now on, so we can work this all out and you can really get the experience you need to work as a full time employed maid. Oh this is just wonderful."

Ms. M. agreed. She told us, "Well I think we do have to keep Tammie in dresses full time for time, and as our full time maid and serving girl; for his own good. He will need to find out if he can acclimate himself to that sort of job. Otherwise I am afraid he is stuck here for the full time of his sentence."

And I thought again I would never survive as a male if stuck with those women and especially with Cookie for another year let along three more years. There would be nothing male left in me.

But Ms. M. thought of course it was a wonderful idea and continued, "Anyway, I guess for now Tammie is our full time maid and a full time girl and we will all have to treat 'her' as such. Tammie does make a lovely looking and convincing serving girl. I am sure she will make a satisfactory maid. I think it will be best for her. I am sure we will be able to get her employment with Janice's friend as a maid once her training here is done. After all he is already a decent enough cook and an absolutely wonderful house-keeper. And now he really does look just like a maid... That is unless the judge has some other plan for her."

And almost as an afterthought Ms. M. told us, "I just hope Tammie's mom understands. I would think by her next visit we will no longer be able to pass Tammie off as a boy.... And I am not sure we should even try. I would think his mother should know about all of this. I just hope she will understand. I mean thinking about it. She hasn't lost a son. She has just gained a daughter."

I didn't know what to say or what to do. I just stood there. It felt wonderful. But I wanted to cry. What had become of me? And what was to become of me. I really did not want to be dressed as a girl in dresses all the time and spending all my time as a maid! And the thought of my mother seeing me so dressed, completely dressed as a female and a subservient female at that, was a horrifying thought. What was I to tell her when she would ask, and I was sure she would, what type of underwear I had on under my uniform dress?

Ms. M had me walk around and Cookie and Janice told Ms. M. that I looked wonderful and that with my feminized figure and the padded garments Cookie had supplied I just filled out the dress wonderfully

and really just looked like a proper serving girl and would never be mistaken for a fellow. And I moved just like a girl would move in heels and a dress. I was really just wonderfully feminine, and too feminine in my mannerisms to be a male and there should not be any problem with me becoming the maid and wearing only maid's clothing...dresses and uniforms to finish my training and so I could find employment.

Well as I said the satin of the slip and dress and apron felt just wonderful. It had been clever of Cookie to so dress me for my first appearance as a maid. I don't know if it was intentional, well thought out, or not, but it was what it was. And so I had no heart to really fight that idea of becoming a maid, that is the family maid. I rationalized that just a few days in the satin uniform might actually be nice and dreamy and then I would get a job and get out of dresses.

After all out from under Cookie and Janice I should be able to work in a pants suit and flats and not have to behave so femininely. I did not think that a real employer, hiring me as a maid would want me to be working in a dress anyway. But that is not how it worked out. I would stay in dresses for a long time, and would be working dresses and heels and I would be working as a maid. Though the nice thing about it all was I got to keep the...my satin outfit as a serving outfit for when I would work parties as a "serving girl. I would find that I really would enjoy that. And it became beyond my control."

It was then set that I would stay in dresses and work in dresses, though not the satin one, at least for a few days to find out how that all would work out for me and for them. Cookie brought me back to the maid's quarters where waiting for me were the other uniforms which fit me. There were a couple of nylon work

dresses, slips and aprons to wear while working in the kitchen and cleaning the house. So I changed out of my satin outfit into the nylon one, a nylon slip, and nylon dress and a nylon backed apron. And my outfit still felt nice and sensual over my lingerie, just not as nice as the satin outfit. Gosh I realized I was going to be living like a full time maid, dressing as a maid and working as a maid and acting like a maid... a subservient female. I would be living like...as if I had become a female. I thought, beyond my control, how nice it would be to dress that way all in nylon and stretch satin; but still was not happy about becoming the maid.

Cooke seemed pleased. I was not. She was smiling and told me to do the same. She told me, "Now Tammie we all agree that this is all for your own good. And I guess that I will just have to be in charge of you while we work together. It may be difficult at first but I am sure you will get used to it; being the maid and taking your work orders from me. So you now have to think of yourself as just another maid in this household and my assistant at that. I expect you to smile and let your feminine self fully take over. I know it is there and that you are really more girl than boy. It may be the hormones... I don't know and I am not sure it matters one way or another. But your feminine side is certainly strong."

"In any case strangely enough I find that I do so prefer you as a girl and I think at this time it is for your own good that you remain our girl and our maid regardless of what you think that you want. You know too much about girlish things and you now act too femininely to be a real man. You just had to have been pretending to be a man all your life and you can now stop pretending. So there is no use pretending that you

are a man. From now on you really need to think of yourself as a girl and just one of the girls and act accordingly...to think of yourself as a serving girl and a maid and to act accordingly. It will work out for the best."

"And strangely enough I do so enjoy your company and your help and our conversations....when you act feminine that is." And still smiling she whispered to me, "So I intend to keep you a girl and a maid and you had just better cooperate. You are not in a position to defy me. I can make your life very difficult if you do. So you better just accept your new position as a girl and as a maid and not make a fuss or you will wish you had not done so."

And then with a laugh she told me, "Now you can pretend to make a fuss, if that makes you feel any better...more like a man. But you will always give in and will always agree that becoming a maid and a girl is what is best for you. And if you don't you will find yourself in a far worse situation than the one you now find yourself in."

Then Cookie asked me if I understood and what was I to do? I actually found myself fearful of her and fearing what she could and would do to me and fearing another spankings. I told her, "Yes ma'am"; and I actually gave her a courtesy. I felt humiliated.

And Cookie just smiled and knew she had me and told me, "Now that's my girl. I think this will actually work out...at least for me." And she smiled, as if she was pleased with herself. And I imagine she was.

And so I would take over my new role and the maid, and assistant cook. In short order there would be no more talk of me being a male. I was moved into the maid's room. I would spend my days on the estate completely dressed as a maid and in the role of a maid,

cleaning the house, assisting with the cooking and serving Ms. M. and on occasion Janice. I dressed, acted and worked as a female. And I really started to think of myself as more girl than boy. And walking around in my lingerie, nylon dress and apron, in high heels with the plug inside of me I was always turned on. It was maddening. It was delightful.

But I did not know all of that at the time and so getting back to that day. I then made my reappearance in my working outfit, all in delightful nylon, the slip and the dress and the apron. I made another try at getting out of the dresses looking at Ms. M. who really seemed pleased with me and the way I was dressed and again trying the mother angle I exclaimed, "But what will my mother think!?"

Ms. M. pause to give that some thought and she told me, "Tammie my dear... Again let me tell you that we will all just have to cross that bridge when we get there. But she did not do such a good job with you bringing you up as a boy. And you do make a lovely girl, a lovely serving girl that is. So perhaps even your mother will accept that fact that to keep you out of trouble she would need to keep you a girl. But we'll just have to wait and see. For now I think it is best for you and all of us if at least for the immediate future you to remain in your new feminine persona and remain in dresses. But of course we will have to see."

Dressed in what was then my nylon work dress uniform I gave it one last try but it just made it worse for me. I said something to the affect that I guessed that a few days in dresses might not be so bad hoping to set a limit on my stay in dresses. But now that Janice and Cookie had me in a dresses and Ms. M convinced that

it was best for me, and Ms. M. had found that she loved it and she would not relent at all.

Also she realized that she now had another household servant, one more amenable to taking orders than her daughter, and one she did not have to really pay a salary; and someone, again unlike her daughter, who she could dress up in girlie things and feminize. And she was happy.

Ms. M., told me that perhaps after all it would be best for me to remain a girl for a while and after all her effort to feminize me for my own good that she really just preferred me in dresses and perhaps skirts and wearing dresses and skirts would give me the right mind set to act feminine and polite and nice and not revert to my old trickster ways and would keep me out of jail; and that after she had spent so much time helping me become so feminine I shouldn't want to hurt her feelings by telling her that I did not want to wear dresses for her and that I still preferred pants. I didn't get the logic, but what was I do say?

She smiled and told me that after all it was almost like I was a girl in training and it would be better for everyone if I simply stayed in dresses and skirts until my house arrest was over. After all the way I looked I most likely have to get a job as if I were a female and so I just as well should stay in a dress and learn how to work in a dress. And then again if I was to have to stay on the estate until it was time to leave then she preferred that if I did stay I would wear dresses and fulfill my obligations to work while on the estate. And she told me that most likely after a while longer in dresses I might just get so comfortable in lingerie and dresses I would want to stay in dresses and lingerie and living as if I were truly a girl. And in fact Ms. M was hoping that I would want to stay a girl and would stay with

her. She did so like me when I was a girl. I had been a horrible boy. So for the time being it was best that I stay in dresses.

She told me, "Now you really aren't much of a man any longer...now are you? You really have become more of a female than a male; what with those medications feminizing your body...and perhaps your mind, and with what must have been your hidden natural female tendencies brought out by those same drugs the hormone side effects of your medications and your new beauty parlor look and pierced ears and your feminine mannerisms. Why you really do look and act more like a woman than you look and act like a man."

"And think of it, acting more like a woman than a man and acting more like a female than you behave as a male, you really just belong in dresses. You look lovely. So I don't want to hear another word from you about getting out of dresses. Not to worry. When you are ready to get out of dresses and lingerie we will see to it. And so let's not have another word about it until I bring it up. You need to humor us and give all of this dress wearing and working as a full time maid a fair try. I don't believe the week or so we originally thought you should spend totally in dresses will be enough to give all of this a fair try."

And then looking at me she told me, "And you know what I think might make you feel better about all of this? If you continue to wear the padding so that those dresses, your dresses, fit you better. I am sure you will learn to love your new figure and how well you look in dresses now that you are shaped to fit them. And I have some very nice "C" cup bras in your size that may just fit you around the chest and you can continued to wear those silicon push up pads all the time so we can keep you up from a "B" cup to a "C"

cup and that is really your cup size and you do look just look wonderful. And your new uniforms and my old clothes do fit you wonderfully. And I think you would be much happier. Let's give it a try."

I tried to beg out of it but it did not work. Ms. M. told me, "Now don't be silly you look so much more natural as a girl with a more appropriate bra size and shapelier figure...not to worry. Why you are already wearing a bra and panties. You are already more of a girl than you think. You look much more presentable with a "C" cup and we should keep you as a "C" cup. Now, don't argue. You are not the maid and should do as you are told! Let's not continue to make this full time wearing of dresses...uniform dresses and issue. You are hurting my feelings. I thing by this time I know what is best for you."

It was the last straw in my transformation. I already just looked like a woman, and then with "C" cups and of course the rest of the padding I really looked like a well-endowed woman. All the ladies told me that the "C" breast size was my natural breast size and how well my uniform dress then fit me. And there was no getting out of being a "C" cup and sporting shapely hips and a shapely derriere.

Then once again looking at myself in the mirror with my larger breasts and padded figure I couldn't help but think how much like a woman I did look. Ms. M. must have read my mind. She told me, "Yes Tammy you really do look like a female. There is very little boy left showing. I think once you have spent some time full time as our maid you will absolutely just feel like a female and for the time being will most likely forget you are a male. And you will be happier that way. At least while you are here and under house arrest. And I think perhaps that is what you really

want. I would not be surprised. As Cookie has told us, you really do know too much about female things to have not wanted to join this sorority. And you really have learned so much about makeup and feminine poise so easily that I am sure you are more comfortable as a gal than as a guy. Anyway we will find out...you will find out."

And she let that sink in and she continued, "And that dear is fine with me. And so I guess it is Tammy now for full time. I just cannot ever call you Tim or even as Timmie again. And I can't tell you how please I am with you. It was so much fun for me to have worked with you and taught you how to be feminine. I never would have thought it would have gone this far. But you do make a convincing looking girl. You look lovely. You are going to make a wonderful maid. And I think you are going to be happy. I think that regardless of what you may think this is what you want...to be a girl...to be a maid...and you will thank us for helping you once you accept your desired station in life."

And that was the last word on that and I was to be and did become the maid of the household and did not return to pants....even lady's slacks.

And Janice continued to work on my psyche. She would sneak into my bedroom and have her way with me and I needed it so. I needed that release. And she would take me as if I was her girl and have me begging for the sex and have me pleading to be her girl and for her to keep me in lingerie and dresses or she would not grant me the real sex which I so needed. And I just found myself getting more and more trapped in my new role and life.

Chapter XVI - No More Male Clothes at All – And More Female Clothing for Me

And so I had become a maid...I had become the maid. Things felt wonderful and I felt really feminine and oh so turned on sensually dressed in nylon and satin lingerie and clothing, made-up in my make-up and acting completely as a female with my maleness encased in my satin panties and compress by my satin girdle; and walking around in high heels with my inserted butt plug tickling my prostate when I walked femininely. And it was thus such a turn on to act femininely and forget I was really a male.

And though I was not happy it was like a drug and I was so turned on by it all I was afraid there would be no escape. And so I had become happy as a sissy except after sex when I was satisfied and would yearn to be a man again. And so I figured a way out of it all and it involved stopping Janice from using me to satisfy her needs.

And so I started to satisfy myself, as humiliating as that was, so I could not satisfy Janice. And I found I started feeling less and less feminine and less happy traipsing around as the maid. And it showed in my attitude and service.

And so it happened one night after another failed tryst in my room as I had already emptied myself out during the day, which left her unsatisfied, she told me she wasn't happy with my performance for her and my 'look' and wanted to try something to fix it. I asked her what look and she looked at my groin and told me, "That look."

She told me, "I think your problem here is you are not feeling girly enough during the day. Your 'thingie' is just too much on your mind. And it no longer looks

like it belongs there and is really ruining your look. You need to feel more like a girl than you do and looking more like a girl should help and it should help your little problem here. I think if you really feel completely like a girl all day when I need you to be a bit of a man at night you should be ready."

I didn't quite get the logic or where it was going and so I just listened. And she continued, "Your figure is now girly enough that you could actually appear in just a bra and panties if not for that un-lady like projection that ruins your whole new look. I mean it is rather small these days...more like a long clitoris, but none the less it isn't pretty when you are just wearing panties, or a two piece bathing suit without the skirt. And so I had gotten something for you to cover it up and was holding off with it till an appropriate time and I think as you've brought it up the time may be now. So let's just give it a try. Let's try something to see if we can change that profile a bit."

And she continued with, "You know I think it would be absolutely wonderful and I would just love to have your mom see you in just panties and a bra and have you looking like a girl. I am sure she would never want you to be a boy again. I am sure she would just keep you as a girl forever. That would be just a wonderful and well deserved punishment for you."

A shudder went through me. I did not want to be a girl forever. The feelings were uncontrollably wonderful...but I did not want to dress as a girl and act as a girl forever! No matter how nice all of this felt I still wanted out...or at least I thought I did. I still would feel like a man at times, especially when I had been emptying myself out to prevent Janice from riding me and getting her pleasure.

And Janice then seemed to think about it and continued, "And come to think about it I would just love for my mom to see you in just your panties and bra and have you looking just like a girl. I think that would make her day. She does so like dressing you up. And deep down she still thinks of you as a boy and I think it would be best for all concerned if she just thinks of you as a girl...to think of you completely as a girl. I want you to have the same feeling I have when I got out of that school."

Well there we went with the school again. I still did not know what that was all about.

However, it was once again not to be pursued as not allowing a discussion Janice had me clean up and sent me to bed and she had me lying down on the bed and fastened me to it, the way she would put me to sleep when she did not want me playing with myself. Then she wrapped a silk scarf around my eyes and gave me a kiss good night and I thought I was actually winning this little battle.

Anyway I wasn't winning a thing. She shortly returned. I couldn't see her, but I heard her. I started to talk, but before I knew it she had a gag in my mouth. She told me, "Now not a word dear. You need to be taught a lesson. You think you can play with yourself and deprive me of my pleasures? Well you are wrong. I know everything. You are my girl and you will stay a girl until I decide otherwise and you will serve my pussy until I decide otherwise. As a man that is all you are useful for. And if I do get tired of your service it will not be a good thing for you. For then I won't need the one male attribute I have left you and we can get rid of that also."

Gosh I had never thought of that and I was starting to get horrified and as small as my maleness was it was getting smaller, and that is what Janice wanted.

Frightened and not knowing what she was up too, she continued. And I got even more frightened as I felt her around my groin area; but there was nothing I could do as I was tied in bed and there was nothing I could say as I was gagged. I started to struggle and she told me, "Don't be frightened sweet heart. I am not intending to cut it off. I am just going to fix it so you maintain your feminine feeling during the day and look completely like a girl. But keep this up and I will cut it off!" And I knew there was no limit on what she would do to me and so I immediately settled down.

Well I felt her clean up the area and then apply a cream, I guess to get any last stubble off, and then clean up the area again. Next she applied some thick liquid which she spread around my groin area and into which she pressed some sort of ring. She let it dry and then she took off my blindfold. She told me she wanted me to see the completion of my de-masculinization.

I could lift my head and see my groin. She took some sort of domed object and pushed it over my groin while holding my small limp penis and directing it. I felt it slide into so sort of semi hard sleeve and then she pushed the cup further over my penis and over my sack and into the ring she had apparently glued to my body. Remember she had already inserted my testicles into my body and so they were not in the way or in view. The outside of the cup was flesh colored and soft and fleshy looking and shaped in the fashion of a female groin and I realized that for all appearances I now had a female groin. My last male affect was gone.

I looked completely like a female. I was devastated. And once again I wanted to cry.

Janice, much to my continued embarrassment exclaimed what I could already see. She told me, "Why Tammie you look just like a girl down there. It is really amazing what prosthetics are around today. And it is perfect for you. You can no longer play with yourself. You can't even sustain an erection in it. You can't ejaculate in that thing. And you will have to sit to pee and I won't even have to check up on you. And it is locked on to the base and only unlocks with a key."

And looking at the look of horror on my face she told me, "Oh don't look so horrified my dear. You can still get a little stiff in it, though it can get painful as the device is meant to prevent an erection, and you will still feel nice and femininely turned on; which is what I want for you. And with your butt plug inserted and walking around in your pumps and feminine walk you will still be turned on and will feel nice and wet all day long. You just won't be able to do anything about it. So you won't be disappointing me at night. And you had better not be disappointing me so if you know what is good for you."

And seemingly pleased with herself she continued and told me, "I would never have believed that you a male could be made to look so much like a female. Now with you figure as it is; those cute breasts and hips and butt that you have developed and now this female covering for your groin you can truly pass as a female. It is just wonderful for you. You don't have to be embarrassed. No one would think you are a male. So as long as you are stuck like this, looking as a female you might as well just be able to pass as a female, regardless of your state of dress."

I don't even think you can be sent to a male prison anymore. You would never survive. You'd be everyone's girl....including the guards. Yes you would have to claim to be transgendered and hope to be sent to a woman's prison. Though I guess you would have to agree to have everything male surgically removed first. So I guess you had just better stay our girl for a while and remain our maid for the rest of your sentence or at least someone's maid.

I was still figuring on an escape, regardless. But I didn't want to dig myself in deeper. I had learned a lesson that resistance only made things worse for me and so I would not make that mistake again. I just gave in to Janice and upon being prodded told her I would be a good girl. It was all just so humiliating. But I had little choice.

And to make sure I had really learned a lesson Janice stopped visiting me at night for a while. But she came in the morning to make sure my plug was inserted. And so there I was walking around with the plug in me, in high heel shoes, and all of the nylon rubbing against my body and I would be turned on all day and just dripping my night time. And Janice didn't come to have her way with me. And so I was turned on all day and aching all day.

When I complained Janice told me to ask Cookie for Midol and I had to I was in so much pain and then I had to admit it was that time of the month for me and Cookie just loved that. She gave me a hug and told me, "Now you really are my girl...now aren't you!?" And that was that.

And so I had learned my lesson and continued being an obedient feminine maid. And Cookie and Ms. M just loved it all. And I was begging for relief and Janice told me, "When I am satisfied you are all the girl

you can be and are fully cooperating with the program I will provide you with your.....let's say....just reward. So be a good girl now and we will talk about this again."

And so Janice had me acting as feminine and girly and subservient as possible for a guy in my situation. And it was awful. I knew I had to escape. I was sure Janice would not be satisfied until she had changed me into a real girl.

Then as if to torture me even further, Janice took all my male clothes and had altered them to fit her as she needed them to wear when assisting Pops with the outside work; or so she had convinced her mom. And so I no longer had any male clothes. Janice had the all. And there weren't any male clothes in the house that would fit me. And it was torture seeing Janice in my former clothing, my male clothing, which would no longer fit me.

Janice had convinced her mom and it wasn't too difficult that I really did need to immerse myself in my new feminine life if I were to succeed with my masquerade and I should not be thinking that I had any male clothing to retreat into. I had to realize that I would have to perfect my feminine persona and just except that I would be living as a female for a while. And having male clothing available to me would not be helpful in that endeavor. After all when I was paroled they could always find me something more masculine to wear, if I would want anything masculine to wear. I did seem so happy dressed and acting as a female.

So it was what was best for me to totally immerse myself into my new feminine persona and have absolutely no ability or recourse to retreat back to anything

at all male. And of course Ms. M. was not too difficult to convince in that regard.

Chapter XVII: My New Femeness Revealed and Trying On Dresses, Skirts and Blouses

So Janice had taken all of my male clothing for herself and altered the clothing so there was no chance that it would fit me, and with my feminized shape it hardly fit me anyway, and only if I wasn't wearing any figure enhancements. However, regardless there was a tremendous psychological affect. I was not happy. I really felt even more trapped.

When I objected to Janice having taken my clothing for her use, she told me, "Now don't be silly Tammie. You know that now you are really so feminine that you really do not have any use for men's clothing. I am manlier than you. And I have some use for men's clothes and you no longer do and probably never will again. You make such a wonderful maid there isn't any need for you to ever wear men's clothing in the future. Your future is that of a maid. You should be happy with that in mind. Your new life will keep you busy and out of trouble and more important out of jail!"

I tried to object but then Janice dropped the bomb. She told me in front of her mom and Cookie, "It's not like you need the space for your....well you know. You are just like a girl down there now!"

I turned red and wanted to die. Ms. M. gave a look and Janice told her. "Oh mom not to worry nothing has been cut off... though I don't see what use it would

be to Tammie anyway. It has just been covered so not to be a distraction. We didn't tell you yet because it just sort of happened before we knew it"

"Tammie was a little pre-occupied...with her...well you know what...I guess because of the transition. And she was having a bit of trouble settling into life as a girl and not paying attention to her work. So Cookie fearing she would hurt herself brought it up with the girl's at the store. And so the girl's at the specialty store suggested a covering that most of the girls like Tammie wear. And Tammie gave it a try. She put it on and now even in panties she looks just like a girl down there. So now she is no longer distracted and she is now settling in with his new life as a girl. It is simply wonderful how that distraction is no longer a distraction. Why it is as if it no longer exists!"

"And Tammie really seems to like it that way. I mean when I saw him admiring himself in the mirror just wearing his panties and his bra he looked just like a girl. I couldn't tell he was ever a male. So I think he would be just better off with some of your old dresses and skirts and blouses to wear when he doesn't have to wear a uniform. He really doesn't need his male clothing anymore. It would just be a distraction and a waist."

"And I think it is a fair trade. Tammie gets to wear the old uniform dresses and I get to wear his pants."

Janice gave Cookie a look and Cookie gave Janice one back. Cookie then chimed in with, "Well I had no idea..." And I thought Cookie was about to deny and such thing and that would end that, but that was not the case.

But without a missed beat she continued, "...that you had used the device. You must really want to be a girl or at least girly enough to hold down a job as a

maid. Oh that is wonderful. I guess you wanted to try it out for a while and get used to your new look before you let us see how completely girlish you must now appear. And so let's get you out of that girdle and take a look at you. Now you are really just one of us girls. Perhaps you can now wear garter belts to hold up your stockings. I think that would really make you feel feminine. And you might find them more comfortable to wear than your girdles. After all, your waist is still cinched."

Ms. M. then joined in with, "Oh Cookie you have Tammie blushing. I had no idea...Tammie is this all true?" I mean do you now totally look like a girl and are you happy with your new look?"

I didn't know what to say. But I knew now that Janice had brought Cookie into the mix I could not throw her or Cookie to the wolves and I had to go along with the story. I was still under Cookie's control...afraid of her. I was stuck on the estate and did not want to admit the Cookie could spank me at her will and had spanked me. That was too embarrassing. And if I had brought it up as an issue then and there in front of Cookie I am not sure anything would have been done about it, and it just would have made things worse for me."

So I had to tell Ms. M...admit to Ms. M. that I did like my new totally feminine look. I told Ms. M. in the most delicate least embarrassing way I could, "Well yes Ms. M. Cookie suggested that I try it. And she is my teacher. So I did give it a try. It has covered up my....ah....distraction...and now I do feel totally feminine; but the situation is that now I can't seem to get it off. But I did not want to lose my clothes regardless."

Ms. M. pretended to sympathize with me, but was really delighted. She told me, "Well dear if you can't

get it off then you can't get it off. We will just have to see about thateventually; but for now it seems you are stuck. So Cookie will get back to the girls at the store...when she has the time.... And find out how to remove the thing. But now you should really feel totally feminine, which was what we were trying to achieve for you. So things aren't all that bad."

"But until then, I guess Janice is right. You really don't need your male clothes. Having them to think about would really just be a distraction. After all you are trying to think totally feminine for a while. And I do understand you might not want to wear uniforms on your day off. So what I can do for you is find you some of my old clothes for you to wear. And you can keep them...they can be yours... in exchange for giving up your own clothes to Janice. Some skirts and blouses and dresses and you can just stay dressed like a girl all the time, without having to wear uniforms all the time. Wouldn't that be nice?"

And that sank in. My maleness was staying locked away from me and encapsulated in what appeared to be a female pubis. And I would only have female clothing to wear...and not slacks...just skirts and dresses. I was devastated.

And then as if to sooth me, Ms. M. brought up the fact that covered as I was that perhaps I could get a bit of a break from my girdle, the girdle wearing of which I had complained about on occasion.

And with that opening then Janice made it worse. She told us, "Oh and mom. I understand from Cookie that with the female pubis on Tammie does not have to wear a girdle all the time; but without it there can be some leakage."

And she didn't explain what leakage, but gave the horrifying solution for the leakage issue."

She told us, "If Tammie doesn't wear his girdle then he would need to use something like a sanitary belt and pad."

That came out of nowhere as I could tell by looking at Cookie's reaction. But Ms. M. didn't blink. She told us, "Why regardless that is a wonderful idea. I would not have thought of that. But think of it, what could make a person feel more feminine than wearing a sanitary pad and having to change it. Oh that is marvelous. Our Tammie will really feel just like a girl... Why we should have thought of that!"

And Ms. M. took me by the hand and told me, "Now come along dear. I am sure I have an extra sanitary belt or two for you and some pads. And we can discuss those monthly problems. And once we get you out of that girdle I have some lovely garter belts and stockings for you to try on. And then we can find you some lovely skirt outfits and dresses that fit you for wearing on your day off and for when we go shopping."

I reflexly repeated, "Shopping!" And Ms. M. told me, "Why of course dear. Now that you are looking and feeling just like a girl.....a maid... why there isn't any reason for you to accompany Cookie or me when we do the grocery shopping. And I think that if things do work out for you....as a girl...I might just take you shopping for some clothes of your own. After all you shouldn't be wearing only my hand-me-downs. I think it would be nice, for all the work you are now doing around here, if we went shopping together and I bought you some girlie things of your own. We will just have to see. But for now I should have some lovely feminine clothing and items for you to wear."

And she took me away to her room. And I could tell Cookie was trying to figure out what had just hap-

pened while Janice was beside herself with the enjoyment coming from what she had done to me. And I was thinking, about whatever it took I had to make my escape.

Once alone with Ms. M., she told me she needed to take measurements and she had me undress down to my bra and panties. I think she just wanted to get a look at my new femininity. Anyway I was hesitant but Ms. M. would have none of it. She told me I needed to stop being so shy and just think of myself as a girl. After all that was the point of keeping me in woman's clothing and acting the part of the household maid.

And like a "lover" she quieted me, telling me, "Now...now dear. We are now all girls here. Not to be afraid or embarrassed or shy. Just think of me as your auntie.... And I will think of you as my niece or my daughter. This will be fun. Just be all the girl you can be." And she undressed me. She pulled down my zipper and had me step out of my uniform dress. Then she helped me out of my slip. Finally she got me out of my girdle and stockings. And it felt nice getting that girdle off. As my figure had changed it had become tighter and tighter over the areas of my body which were expanding to feminine proportions.

And so I was standing there just in my bra and panties, the padded bra and the padded panties; and of course the waist trainer. And Ms. M. took a look at me. First at my chest, my breasts, and then at my pubic area, at my feminized pubis and she told me, "Gosh you do look just like a girl down there. It is a bit prominent, but some girl's do look like that....especially when...well when they are a bit turned on. Gosh...no tight pants for you. People would just think you are ...well let's not go there! And besides I think you are done with slacks for now. I want to keep you in dresses

and skirts all the time and see what affect that has on you."

Anyway let's get you covered up. We don't want any leakage, whatever that might be, ruining you panties or anything else. "

And I think it will be a wonderful part of your training. Why I almost do think you are a girl! I hope that you will also just forget you were ever a boy and get on with the program and so we can get you that job as a maid. It will be wonderful. And when that is all over you can return here as our maid. I think I would like that. I do enjoy your company....as a girl that is!"

Then she continued; "Now I imagine we might get away with a pad on your panty, but I think the belt and pad will just be so much more feminine and feminizing for you." It was almost as if the thought of make me wear the belt and pad was turning her on.

And so she gave me a new sanitary belt and explained how to put it on and I did. And then she came over with a box of light days pads and explained how I should make the attachment and I did. And there I was wearing a sanitary belt and pad and totally embarrassed. I was a guy. I wasn't supposed to be wearing a sanitary pad. But I was. And to my feminized brain it felt sort of nice. I was out of that damn girdle and even out of the girdle with the absorbent pads I no longer had to worry about leakage and stuff running down my leg and getting me dirty and embarrassing me. Gosh I had become such a sissy.

Then Ms. M. provided me with another belt...another embarrassment...it was a garter belt. It was one from her youth and it was wide and stretchy and like a girdle. There were six garter straps and tabs, three on each side. I took it and knew what to do and fastened it

around my waist and hips and then clipped it closed, and it felt like a girdle around my waist and hips.

Mrs. M. then instructed me to run the straps underneath my panties explaining otherwise there would be an issue with toileting and she watched me as I threaded the garters through my panties and she seemed to enjoy it all.

Then she handed me a pair of beige nylons, the ones I wore with my uniform were black, and I put them on, rolling each one up and then up my legs and smoothing them and attaching the garters as any girl would. I had plenty of experience as the maid wearing stockings and attaching them to the garters of my girdle.

Ms. M. watched as I rolled the stocking up my legs and fastened them. She seemed pleased with it all. She told me, "Why it is a real pleasure to see you in my old garter belt and these stockings. You do have nice legs. I think I am just going to have to continue with your electrolysis again. It is a shame to let hair grow on those legs!" And I knew better than to object. Avoidance I might be able to get away with, but an objection to Ms. M.'s instructions would only land me into trouble and a worse situation.

And so there I was standing in front of a woman who knew I was a guy, while looking like female and wearing nothing but my lingerie. Again it was just humiliating. But the panties felt even nicer without the girdle over them. And I could not help but rub my hand along the stretch satin of the pantie covering my thigh and enjoying the feel of my satin panties.

And of course Ms. M. took note of that, but mercifully said nothing more than, "Oh you do look wonderful in lingerie... You've become such a girl and so quickly I just can't get over it. Yes, with a bit more training here I am sure we can get you that job as a

maid. Be happy sweet heart...you should be out of here in no time at all.

And I forced myself to smile. But I thought, yea I will be out of here, but looking and acting like a girl. I am going to be as embarrassed as possible.

Then Ms. M. brought out a number of her old dresses and skirts and slips for me to try on and to wear on my time off and in my new total emersion in my feminine persona as Janice had taken my male clothing and Cookie had taken my female slacks as the girls were convinced that I was not to be let out of dresses and such at all.

So Ms. M. provided me with a selection of typical outfits from the 1950's and 1960's: dresses, skirts and blouses, with the appropriate lingerie: full slips, half-slips, camisoles, and nylon stockings; and several pairs of high heel pumps. They all fit well enough. Perhaps I would need to get a bit shapelier for the clothing to fit perfectly, but shoulders and waist the fits were fine.

Ms. M. made me model each outfit, complete with the lingerie and pumps, and walk around dressed up so she could make sure the dresses and skirts hung well and moved well and my slips were not showing and that the pumps fit and were comfortable enough. And all the clothing worked out well enough.

And she just had to take photographs. She told me, "Now Tammie you have such a lovey feminine walk you could be a model. And I just can't help myself but take some pictures of you modeling my old outfits. They do look so nice on you. I want photographs to show Janice so she will see what she is missing out on by being so....well so difficult."

And Ms. M. gave me instructions like a photographer would give a model, telling me how great I

looked, and to smile, and to hold myself or my skirt or dress in a particular way and then she would take her photographs of me.

When that was all over and I had changed back into my maid's uniform she helped me bring all my new clothes and feminine sanitary items to my new room in the maid's quarters and instructed me on how to put the clothes away in my drawers and my closet. Then she gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheeks.

She told me, "It is strange, but I find that I do so love having you here now that you have settled in as a female and our maid. I hope this all works out for you. I think you are so much nicer as a girl than you were as a boy. I don't know how far you may want to take this, but as long as you work here as our maid, or promise to return here as our maid, after your other employment as a maid, I will try to help you all I can on your journey as you find your real self."

I was taken aback, but knew that I had to say something or hurt Ms. M's feelings and I did not think I could afford to affront her. So I gave her a hug back and I told her, "Thank you Ms. M. I really have appreciated all your help. I am not sure where I want to take it. But for now I will be the best maid that I can be and I hope that you will be satisfied with my work."

Ms. M. hugged me again, like I was her daughter, and I went back to work and my training as the family maid.

Chapter XVIII – Absolutely No More Male Clothing - I will Dress & Live as a Female:

And I never got back into my pants and I was relegated to my uniform dresses and skirts and dresses. After a few days as the maid, dressed in what was then my nylon work dress uniform I gave it one last try to being a guy again, but it just made it worse for me.

The situation was that I was a maid and it felt wonderful being a maid and all that it entailed which I found at my deepest levels horrifying and unacceptable. The lingerie just felt wonderful against my softened estrogenized skin. And the nylon slip and the nylon uniform felt wonderful as they slide along my nylon lingerie. My sensitive feminized chest...my breasts and nipples felt delightful in my satin lined bra. The butt plug I was forced to wear constantly stimulated my prostate and was such a turn on and kept me on edge all the time. And the wearing of high heels and the swaying of my hips when I walked added to that stimulation. And I couldn't get at my trapped maleness, but it somehow felt nice in the silky feeling of the restraint, and so I could never relieve myself. So I was always on edge and always leaking. It felt just wonderful being a girl and being a maid.

When asked by Ms. M. about my new status and attire I said something to the effect that I guessed that a few days in dresses might not be so bad hoping to set a limit on my stay in dresses despite my awareness that as far as my captors were concerned I was then the maid and would stay the maid.

Janice had me in the maid's old uniform dresses and Ms. M. had me in her old dresses and was convinced that it was best for me. And Ms. M found that

she loved it and so she would not relent at all. She now had another household servant, one more amenable to taking orders than her daughter, and one she did not have to really pay a salary; and someone, again unlike her daughter, who even though a male she could dress up in girlie things and feminize. And so she was happy.

Ms. M., let me know that after all her effort to feminize me for my own good that she really just preferred me in dresses and perhaps skirts and wearing dresses and skirts would give me the right mind set to act feminine and polite and nice and not revert to my old trickster ways and would keep me out of jail. And that after she had spent so much time helping me become so feminine I shouldn't want to hurt her feelings by telling her that I did not want to wear dresses for her and that I still preferred pants. I didn't get the logic, but what was I do say?

She smiled and told me that after all it was almost like I was a girl in training and it would be better for everyone if I simply stayed in dresses and skirts until my house arrest was over. After all the way I looked I most likely have to get a job as if I were a female and so I just as well should stay in a dress and learn how to work in a dress. And then again if I was to have to stay on the estate until it was time to leave then she preferred that if I did stay I would wear dresses and fulfill my obligations to work while on the estate. And she told me that most likely after a while longer in dresses I might just get so comfortable in lingerie and dresses I would want to stay in dresses and lingerie and living as if I were truly a girl. And in fact Ms. M was hoping that I would want to stay a girl and would stay with her. She did so like me when I was a girl. I had been a horrible boy. So for the time being it was best that I

stay in dresses. She really did not want to hear any more talk of me returning to my male clothing or my male life.

But then again, she told me again, "Now you really aren't a boy any longer...now are you? You really have become more of a female than a male; what with what we think your hidden natural tendencies are and the hormone side effects of your medications and your new beauty parlor look and pierced ears and your feminine mannerisms. Why you really do look more like a woman than you look like a man. And you act more like a female than you behave as a male. I mean you really just belong in dresses. You look lovely. So I don't want to hear another word from you about getting out of dresses. Not to worry. When you are ready to get out of dresses and lingerie we will see to it. And so let's not have another word about it until I bring it up. You need to humor us and give all of this dress wearing a fair try. I don't believe the time so far that you've spent totally in dresses was enough to give all of this a fair try."

And I think to convince you that you do belong in dresses and do make such a wonderful maid and serving girl I will have a small party here and let you serve, sort of a coming out party for you as a female; but that can be our little secret, your true gender that is, and that is if you do forget you are a male so we don't have to tell anyone about your little masquerade....if it isn't a masquerade. That is if you are happy and content as a girl and wish to remain so. Otherwise, though you will be appearing as a serving girl we would not want to trick people into believing you are a real girl, if you aren't happy as a girl and a maid.

Chapter XIX – Mother Accepts Me as her Daughter and as a Maid

I absolutely did not want to appear as a maid, as a young serving girl, in a satin maid's serving uniform and acting completely subservient at a party of people who knew me and who I could only hope would not recognize me and that would be only if I was able to pass myself off as a serving girl...as a girl. It was horrifying. And so I planned my escape...even if I would have to escape in my new female persona. Even life on the run as a girl, hopefully only temporarily as a girl, would be better than the possible public humiliation if found out by the people who knew me while in my new role as a maid and serving girl all dressed up in a satin uniform.

Ms. M. was convinced by Janice, who seemed to like nothing more than embarrassing me in every way possible, now that she had me dressed full time as a maid, that as my mother was soon to return to town that my mother should be invited to the party to see her son in action as a maid before she was told of my transformation and my apparent long hidden desires to be a female. All of them, Janice, Cookie and Ms. M. thought it would be a fine test to see if I could truly pass myself off as the maid and interact with my mom in that capacity and not have my mother recognize me.

I had to agree; but I convinced them that my mom might be more excepting of the situation and it would also be nice that if in my capacity as a maid I surprised my mother and I did the cleanup of her, that is our home prior to her returning; which otherwise would have been done by some maid service after she had returned. My plan was to get my old clothes and some money, money I had hidden, and then my mother's

car and get out and not return until those dam hormones were out of my system and I had turned back into a male. And I was able to convince my jailors to allow me to do that cleaning. Ms. M would drop me off and using my keys would let me into the house and pick me up later in the day.

I had planned to make an early escape with all day to work on my transformation back to a guy, but Ms. M. stayed with me for a while which killed most of the day for me as I actually got much of the house cleaned before she left to carry out her own errands with the promise of returning before too long to take me back to the estate. As far as she knew I could be trusted as I really had no place to go as I was dressed in my maid's uniform, looked just about totally female and was without any money; and if I left without her permission I would be a fugitive on the run.

As soon as she was gone I put my plan into action. I went to my room. I got out of my female clothing.... a bit regretfully I found, and then removed my makeup and showered and started to dress in my old male clothes. Surprisingly they really felt heavy and uncomfortable which did not bode well for me. And there was a problem with the way the clothing was fitting me as my figure had changed so much, more than I believed it had changed. It should not have been a surprise, but I guess I did not quite see myself as feminine as I had become. It must have been similar to fat people who lose weight but still see themselves as fat.

So I had bound my breasts and gotten a tee-shirt on over them and then a shirt but I could not completely button the shirt and it still looked like I had breasts, albeit bound crushed ones. Then my old male under pants barely stretched over my hips which were where my old male waist had been. And thought I found an

old pair of pants that had been large on me, they would not close over my new waste line which was my expanded hips, but I could keep them up with an even larger belt. So I wore my shirt outside of my pants, partially covering that. Socks and shoes were not a problem to get on, but walking in flats, female or male, I found to be uncomfortable. I was too used to wearing high heel shoes.

I had removed my earrings and I was about to put my hair into a man bun when my mother walked into the room. I could have died from the surprise and the shock. She was not supposed to have been home for another day or so. She didn't recognize me and had her Saturday night special, a lady's handbag gun pointed at me, thinking me some weird burglar and asked me, "What goes on here..?"

Afraid of getting shot and not thinking clearly so intimidated, by my mother I fessed up immediately, telling her in my masculine voice, "Mom it's me...your son...don't shoot!" Followed by, "I can explain everything."

Mom was in shock. The voice was mine... that of her son, coming from what appeared to be a strange female, though a strangely familiar looking one.

I gave her a quick synopsis of what had happened to me, the side effect of the medicine, the judge having her fun with me, the woman at the house providing female clothes for my feminine body, having to get a job to get out of it all and then the job offer to work as a maid being my only chance at a job. And then I gave her a story of why I was there cleaning the house and then "trying-on" my own old clothes...not including my planned escape. She couldn't believe it at first, but seeing was more or less believing and so slowly she was convince.

Mom took it all in and my new looks and seemed intrigued. She told me, "Okay dear, but in any case you look ridiculous in you old clothes. We need to talk. But I can't look at you dressed like you are. Nothing fits you. You look like a trying on her brother's ill-fitting clothing. And you look ridiculous. Get back into whatever you were wearing and let me take a look at the.....well the new you. If you are now dressing as a maid I need to see how you look as a maid. It should be interesting if nothing else. I will meet you in the kitchen."

Well it was too late, for a number of reasons, to make a run for it and so I changed back, letting my hair down and replacing my earrings.

Mom couldn't believe it when she saw me for the first time dressed as a girl...as a maid.

She told me, "I would have never believed it. You look like a young woman, and you move like a woman, and in high heels. I don't think I would have ever recognized you as my son....in passing. I think seeing this new you for the first time I would have just assumed you were the maid. And I can't get over what a wonderful job you have done cleaning the house. I took a look around while you were getting dressed, at the areas that you have obviously cleaned. You've done a wonderful job of it. Just as good as any cleaning service I typically use."

And then she told me, "I just can't believe it. Both in appearance and skills you do make a passable maid.... I can hardly believe it. Who would have guessed."

And then realizing that her son did make a passable maid she put me right in my place as a maid, though not in a demeaning way, with, "Dear, make us some coffee and help me with my luggage while the coffee is brewing and we will sit down and talk. I need to know

more about what has happened here and why you had been hiding it from me and then to figure out what is to be done with you....as a maid."

So instead of being furious about what had been done to her son she seemed intrigued. And by starting to give me instruction she had put me into my place as a maid and her maid and put me into my maid mode.

And so I set up the coffee for my mom, something I had never done for her or in our home in the past; and then helped her bring in her luggage. Something must have struck her seeing me dressed as a maid and following her orders, which as her son I had not been so good at, and she told me, "Now dear while I am getting myself a cup of coffee why don't you start to unpack for me so I can see what type of maid you do make, while I try to figure this thing out and try your coffee."

And so in my maid mode I by reflex gave a courtesy and told her, "Yes ma'am." And I regretted that immediately, but it had been done and there was no taking it back! So then I started to unpack her suitcases. Mom seemed a bit startled but said nothing. She left and then shortly returned with her cup of coffee and told me, "Why this is wonderful dear. You certainly have learned how to set up a coffee maker. I am really impressed."

Again in maid mode I said thank you and by reflex curtsied. But that time I realized what I had done in front of my mother and found myself blushing at the complement and my reaction to it. Mother took notice, but again didn't comment.

Then mom looked on as she told me where to put things. And so after having unpacked her clothes and her lingerie then under her direction I put everything away as appropriate in her closet and her drawers, and

by reflex shaking out the wrinkles and refolding the lingerie as appropriate and separating clothes that needed cleaning or pressing. Again mom was quite impressed, and told me so. "Why dear you do seem to be an accomplished and wonderful lady's maid." I could only blush.

Then she told me to bring her soiled clothing to the laundry room and told me with, "...and dear if you do laundry kindly get that started and I will meet you in the kitchen."

And in my maid mode and by training and reflex I curtsied and told her, "Yes Ma'am" as I continued to set my fate as a maid. Mother gave me a look but again didn't say anything.

After getting her laundry started, again without thinking about it, I did what good maids do and what I had been trained to do and I just starting the washing in the washing machine and soaking the lingerie which would need to be hand washed I met her in the kitchen.

She was sitting down and she told me to get her a coffee, that was, another cup of coffee. Again in maid mode I could not help myself and I curtsied and told her, "Yes Ma'am." And I made her a cup of coffee and served her.

I was then standing and by reflex just waiting for my next order. Mom took a sip of her coffee and looking at me smiled and told me, "Why dear, you do make and serve a nice cup of coffee." And further destroying any chance of getting assistance from my mother I smiled at the complement and again by reflex gave a courtesy and told her, "Thank you ma'am."

Mom gave me a smile and told me, "Why Timmie I can't get over it. You are a delight. Get yourself a cup of coffee and sit down and let's talk. I think we need a

good talk here...Though I am not sure if it will be a mother-son talk or a mother-daughter talk or a mistress-maid talk. But we do need to talk. I really cannot get over all of this. Why what has happened to you?"

Mom had already decided that Tim or Timmie would not do for addressing me as long as I was in dresses and looked and acted so much the girl. She asked me, "Now dear before we continue, I can't imagine that the ladies where you work who have dressed you as a maid and apparently trained you.....well....to be a maid.....call you Tim or Timmie... and especially not if you are being trained to hold down a job as a maid. So tell me what is it that the ladies call you....that is dear, what is your new name?"

I was hesitant. I did not want to admit that I now answered to a girl's name; though my new name should have been obvious.

Mom would not let it go. "Now dear, don't be shy about it. You must have been given a girl's name for when you are playing the role of the maid. I can't imagine otherwise. And there isn't any need to be shy with your mother about these things. If you had told me what was going on earlier I might have been able to save you from all of this. But since you did not you may be stuck and I don't want to be calling you by a boy's name if you need to be passing as a maid...as a girl. That actually might embarrass you."

Mom could have guessed my feminine name would be Tammie, but she apparently wanted to hear it from me and so I had to tell her, "Mom the ladies call me Tammie."

And mom smiled. She told me, "Okay Tammie dear. Now that wasn't so hard...now was it? I think now that you are somewhat of a girl you shouldn't have any secrets from you mother. And I think

Tammie is a lovely name. If you would have been born a girl I would have named you Tammie. So for the time being, while you are apparently some sort of girl calling you Tammie works for me...and I imagine it has been working for you."

Mom then told me, she would be calling Margaret...Ms. M. to find out from her what was going on and that we would probably both meet with her over dinner out so Ms. M. could fill her in before she would send me back to the estate, and that she would be discussing the situation with her attorney.

Then she told me she needed to do some shopping and would get me an outfit as she did not think the maid's uniform would be appropriate for the meeting, and she had in mind a really nice skirt and blouse for me. I begged off asking her for a pants and shirt and after some discussion I convinced her. So she took the measurements of my new shape and I made her promise to come back with pants and a shirt and got sort of a half promise about men's clothing. I figured with men's clothing, regardless of my figure, after the meeting I was out of there.

But meanwhile mother told me I was to finish with my house cleaning duties until she would return. She told me, "You know dear. I don't feel that I've lost a son as you were really out of control. Now I feel that I have gained a wonderful maid. But we can discuss that with Ms. M. over dinner.

And so she left and I thought of escape, but the figured perhaps my mother and her lawyer could get me out of this. And in any case better fitting men's clothes that my mother was to buy for me would work out better for me. So I did as I had been instructed and I kept busy cleaning the house and doing my mom's laundry until she returned with my pants and

shirt...What I had assumed, and incorrectly, would be a man's pants and shirt, but of course was not.

When mom returned and found me in the wash room doing some of the ironing. She could not get over it. She told me, "And ironing also." I just blushed. She checked out the cleaned clothes and noted the hand washed lingerie. And she gave me a hug...an actual hug, which she had not done in years and told me, "Gosh dear, I cannot get over it. You've done a wonderful job with the wash, and hand washing my lingerie and with the ironing. You know I should really be embarrassed having my son handle by lingerie, but gosh it is becoming more and more difficult to think of you as a son...as a male. I hate to admit it, but you, my son, make a wonderful maid, or at least a more useful child as a daughter than you did as a son. And I just don't know what to do about this!"

Then mom brought me up to my bedroom and brought up a number of packages, more than I thought would be needed for me, but I figured she had also purchased things for herself. She was like that. She told me I needed to shower (for obvious reasons) and she needed to see what type of padding I was wearing and how it fit and so I should undress down to my underpants or whatever I was wearing so she could see how much of my new figure was me. What damage the side effects of the drugs had done to me. And that is when things really started to unravel for me with my mom.

I tried to beg out of it, knowing how much of my feminine figure was actually me, but mother would not let me out of it. And as I hesitated she took over and she started to assist. She told me, "Dear I've seen you in your skivvies before so let's not play shy." And

so she didn't wait for me to cooperate and she just got me out of my dress and out of my slip.

So I was standing there in my bra and panties and waist cincher and nylons. Mother stepped back to get a look at me and told me, "What wonderful padding, it all looks so natural on you. And your figure has certainly taken to corseting. You really do look like a girl! And I don't even see signs of your.....well you know. You really look amazing. You certainly can pass as a girl... even in your lingerie."

Then she continued. "And let's get you out of that bra. I am really interested in how your prosthetics are attached. They look so real."

I wasn't moving and so mom just continued to undress me. I again objected when she started to unhook my bra, but I could not prevent it. I raised my hands and she pushed them away and gave me a look and I let her continue. I didn't know what to say, aside from the truth, to stop her, and I could not mouth the truth, I could not tell her that her son had real breasts, I was choking on it.

Then my breasts were revealed and I covered them with my hands as any real girl would do and from the embarrassment I started to cry....just like a girl. Mom was taken aback seeing her son with real breasts. She gave me a hug and told me not to cry. She told me, "Now that's alright dear. I am your mother. And we should not have any secrets."

And she was able to remove my hands and then get a good look at her son's breasts. She hefted each one and then she examined my nipples. I let out an eek from her cold fingers on my nipples.

"Gosh," she told me, "Why they are as real as can be. And they look lovely. I can't get over it you really

do have lovely ... real ... breasts. No wonder they looked so real under your uniform...they are real."

And then looking down below she let out a gasp and told me, "Oh gosh I hope that flatness isn't also real. Your breasts are lovely and hopefully should teach you some sort of lesson, but I just hope....."

And then without another word and before I realized what was happening she pulled down my panties. I was totally exposed and totally embarrassed as there was nothing male to see. Now at that point she let out a scream. "Where is it? What have they done to you!?"

That stopped my tears. I thought she was going to have a heart attack. I explained to her the package was still there but pushed in and then covered by a prosthetic which acted as sort of a chastity device so I could not get Janice into trouble and so the ladies would not feel any threat from me.

Mom seemed relieved but didn't say anything but just kept staring at me...at my...well you know what. And so I was totally without clothes, a young male adult, in front of his mother, and I would have been totally embarrassed except was in actuality covered up, except what was covering me made me look totally like a female and so though I was totally embarrassed in reality it was over looking like a girl not being seen unclothed by my mother.

Mom looked at her son and having calmed down told me, "Why you look like a girl. No wonder they have you working as a maid. You've got breasts, and hips, and a slim waist, and there is absolutely no sign of your....well you know. You look so much like a girl that I am not even embarrassed seeing you like this without any clothes. What has happened and why didn't you let me know about all of this. And you can

explain it all while you are getting washed. Despite the shock of this we do have a dinner engagement with Ms. M and I do not want to be late...especially now."

And so I cleaned up, showered and the rest and dried off with my mother watching me as I gave her the fuller explanation for my condition which was not totally true, but true enough.

Unfortunately for me after watching me for a while she seemed to have accepted what had happened to her son and eventually there what appeared to be a smile of acceptance and with that a chill went down my spine.

Mom then led me into her bedroom. She told me there was a problem with the lock and she could not get back into it and so her room would have to do. Then it was time to get dressed and I was in for another shock, first with the underwear and then with the clothing. I had asked mom for male underwear and clothing but she had gotten me lingerie and woman's clothing.

A number of the packages were gone and on the bed laid out for me to wear were a bra and panties and a waist cincher and panty hose. I hesitated and mother told me, "Now dear I did get you what you asked for, but I also got some back up clothing just in case my worst fears were realized... and since they were... and then some, I want to see how you look completely dressed up in a girl's slacks and blouse before I let you try on any men's clothing...if at all. So you get into this lingerie; and not a word about it. If we don't like the look I still have the men's clothing for you. But I insist you try on your lingerie and....the rest before we think of men's pants for you... That is unless you want to wear your dress...your maid's uniform out. Then

you don't have to try on or model any other clothes for me."

I thought to argue or have a tantrum, but I wanted to get some clothing on, and figured to work something out once I got into the jeans and blouse which were laid out for me to see. And in any case the men's clothing was now available and I could get hold of it later. So I stepped into my new panties, and then fastened my bra without a problem. Next I put on the waist cincher which I put on without much of an effort. And then I rolled the pantie hose up my legs as any experienced wearer of panty hose would do. All my new lingerie felt just wonderful; with the satin of my bra against my sensitive breasts and the satin of my panties on my skin and the support of my waist cincher and the silky feel of my panty hose against my shaved legs. Mother had gotten me the highest quality lingerie. It felt wonderful.

Mother was impressed. She told me, "Why dear you do that just like a girl... And you really do look just like a girl... Yes it was a good thing I had gotten you lingerie to wear... just in case. I don't believe the men's underwear would fit you properly at all! My son with breasts and hips....who would have thought! What am I to do with you!?"

And I was turning red she was embarrassing me so. And she saw that and told me, "Why you even blush like a girl. I am at a loss of words."

Mom then handed me my jeans and I was for a moment really happy. I thought for a moment they were the men's...silly me. And so I went to step into the dungarees and was holding them up when my mother told me, "No dear, the zipper goes in the back." I gave her a strange look and she told me, "Like the underwear I got you two sets of outerwear, and seeing how

you now look in your lingerie the lady's set of clothing seems the way to go."

"And I have to say, after seeing you in your new lingerie I would feel uncomfortable seeing you in men's dungarees! You would look silly. But let's get you dressed and see how you look in the lady's slacks and the rest and then we can decide. But I think you would just look silly dressed as a man until you lose that feminine shape."

And she continued with telling me, "And so turn the slacks around and put the zipper in the back and step into them and let's see how they fit you. They should look darling on you. They are for slim girls like you appear to be and should show off your figure nicely."

And so I had not fooled my mother into letting me wear men's clothing that would fit and already in that wonderful lingerie and with my plans ruined I did as mom told me and stepped into the pants and pulled them up into place. I hesitated to zip them closed and feel trapped but mom just came around and pulled the form fitting stretch jeans into place and then zippered them closed and seemed to get some pleasure from doing so. And so there I was in a pair of woman's stretch dungarees which conformed to my feminine figure and hugged ever curve showing off that feminized figure, my slim waist and rounded hips and butt, and most embarrassing my flat womanly front. Looking at myself in the mirror I was totally embarrassed. The form fitting lady's jeans were unconceivably more embarrassing to wear than my uniform dresses.

She then gave me a camisole to put on instead of the t-shirt I was expecting and I just slipped that on. It was all satiny and again expensive, and again just felt wonderful.

Next mom held up a blouse for me to wear...not even a lady's men's cut shirt, but an obvious blouse. It was a denim top which matched the jeans, a peasant type blouse covered with western style embroidery, with puffed sleeves, and it of course buttoned up the back. She told me once again that she had gotten me a shirt, but at this time she found she wanted to see me wearing the blouse, to find out how a feminine top looked on me, one that would not flatten my breasts but would nicely accent them for her. And there was really no arguing. She put it on me and she bottomed it up the back for me.

Mom had me turn around and at first putting her hands up against her mouth showing pleasure or surprise, and told me, "Very nice dear. That outfit looks wonderful on you....Let's finish getting you dressed so I can see the full effect and make decision if this is what you need to wear tonight. But to be honest with you dear, after seeing you in this outfit I don't think you would look as good in the male clothing."

Next she gave me a pair of boots to put on, leather with 3 inch heels, very feminine, and very expensive. I could not believe it. The cost of the boots did not make sense if they were just for me to wear that one time. I sat down and pulled them on. The leather felt as expensive as it looked. I could not believe the money my mother had spent on this outfit. Then standing up in the boots my mom had me walk around. I had no trouble navigating in the high heels, and naturally on in the high heels walked femininely.

Mom was once again pleased. She told me, "Those boots do make the outfit. They were expensive, but I am happy I bought them for you. I thought they would look cute on you. I am thinking of you are a girl. I just can't help it. And you seem to have no trouble with the



higher heels on those boots. And oh you do move like a girl. I can't get over it. What am I to do with you!?"

Mom then gave me a belt to put on and I slipped it through my jean belt loops. It was a girls' belt trimmed with turquoise to match the jeans. And then mom provided me with the matching jewelry, earrings, a watch, a bracelet, and a ring, all in turquoise. As I slipped the jewelry on mother seemed happier and happier. I could not get over all she must have spent to dress me up as a girl....as her daughter.

Finally she brought out a makeup kit. And she told me, "I know I am being silly, but I thought if the girl's outfit I got you looked nice on you I would want to see how you looked with full make-up....before I let you try on the men's clothing....so."

Foolishly I didn't let her really finish. In my mind I just wanted to get done with the show and try on and model the men's clothing. So I just did not argue. I took the makeup kit from her and sat down at her vanity and started doing my makeup. It was natural for me, with all the training Ms. M. had given me and since I applied some makeup every day working at the estate as a maid.

I realized I had made a mistake as my mother looked on somewhat surprised. I hesitated, but mother told me to continue. In a somewhat surprised tone she told me, "Now I thought I would be applying your makeup. I can't get over it. I guess this is wonderful. No need to stop. I want to watch this. Make yourself lovely. After all we will be going out."

And at that point it was too late. I did not want to bring attention to myself by looking like a clown and so I did my usual nice application.

And again she took a look at me and seemed pleased. She told me, "I cannot get over how nice ev-

everything looks on you and how nice a job you did applying your makeup. It is a lovely outfit and you do wear it so well. You absolutely have to wear this tonight. You look lovely in it. I won't hear a word about you wearing boy's clothes. The makeup looks wonderful on you. I just have to take you out like this. So comb out your hair....I am sure you know how, and let's getting going."

I was about to object when she told me, "Now dear, I know this must be embarrassing for you. But you look so much like a girl. No one is going to know. So just humor me and we can try on the men's clothing later. That outfit will still be here...unless..." And so the warning was there and I knew there was not getting out of a public appearance as a western...girl!

And with my mother apparently accepting and even happy with me as a maid or her daughter we left to meet Ms. M.

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As always your author can be contacted as jangw02@hotmail.com.

In book IV Tim finds in order to shorten his sentence things will get worse before they get better and he will have to register as a transgender. His mother is then convinced that he really wants to be and has always wanted to be a female and has no intention of assisting him in his pretense to regain his masculinity.

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