

She Made Me A

Shemale Wife



Janice Wildflower

Gemini



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SHE MADE ME A SHEMALE WIFE

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

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 worse than a prison girl friend. I wound up living as the girlfriend of a dominating woman 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 time.

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That is if the women in my life have anything to say about it. And I am sure that they will have their say for as a cross dressed feminized sissy I am completely under their control. My girlfriend who turned me into her cross dressed dominated sissy in revenge now finds out she likes me this way and wants to keep me this way. The staff that I work with loves the arrangement. I have become the daughter she never had. I have a wealthy mother in law who is more than happy with that arrangement. She loves having a feminine daughter, even if it is a guy. My mother seems okay with this new arrangement. She wanted me married, even if I was the bride. My other girlfriend is happy, as she found she still enjoys my company and even more as a girl, and maybe even more knowing that her former boyfriend is now a feminized sissy boy girl. My girlie daughter just loves playing dress up and doing girlie things with me which her mom was not fond of and regardless of my true gender she wants me as her mother.

And the judge who had started the whole feminization thing has every intention of letting me stay this way for as long as she can. So there isn't much chance for me to be a guy again for a long time.

The only saving grace is that I am the partner to a tough woman rather than a tough guy. I am the wife of my former girlfriend and the mother of her/our daughter. So I have become a guy living as a girl with my old girlfriend who finds that she is happy with that arrangement and with me as her feminized sissy obedient boy girl-friend and that our relation now works with me as her completely feminized sissy-husband wife. But gosh I do want to be a guy again.....I think.

Chapter I: Feminized By Court Order and Trickery

It started when I had gotten into trouble again with my practical jokes and in my mid-thirties and I was going to go to jail, which with my looks and lack of fighting ability depending on where I was sent would have insured I would have wound up some ones prison babe. I lived in a relatively small town and as the local judge wasn't too pleased with me and it was clear she would have done her worst by me. One, I had been great friends with her daughter and for some reason the judge had not been happy about that. But aside from that, two was my spat of practical jokes, which hadn't even spared the judge. So the judge once she had actually gotten me into court wanted to throw the book at me, and was set to do so with a nice time at the state prison. At least that was the plea-deal which as offered.

However, my mom's lawyer friend was able to wangle a house arrest deal. Only it couldn't be at my house that is my mom's, as she traveled too much and didn't have much control over me any way. So it was agreed I would be restricted to an estate owned by one of my mom's girlfriends, who had been like an aunt to me, and who was home much of the time and had staff who could keep an eye on me, and was already trusted by the courts as she just happened to have a daughter in a similar situation.

That friend of my moms, a beautician, had married very well and her husband had passed leaving her every thing, which included a large and some what isolated estate. The deal was that I would be stuck working there for at least a year, perhaps two or three and couldn't leave until the judge felt I had learned my les-

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son. And if at any time I left the estate or even worse wore out my welcome it would be prison for me...state prison. The judge figured it was only a matter of time before I would wear out my welcome.

I had known her as "auntie" and had spent time at the estate as a playmate for her daughter, who had always been a bit on the tomboyish side. Auntie had liked me then and still like me, but I had driven her a bit to distraction with my getting into mischief and my joking around and dragging her daughter along. And on top of that when we got older I had a thing with her daughter many years ago of which she had not approved but did not try to stop. Actually the daughter had the thing with me, but neither her nor her mom thought about it that way, and so it was all me. So I took the restriction to that estate as the lesser of the evils. I really didn't have much of a choice.

But it got more complicated. As I mentioned there was the daughter living on the estate again and also restricted to the estate. After the fling with me her mom had sent her daughter to a private school which had been pretty tough and after leaving there she had gotten into trouble and was also under some sort of house arrest and living on the estate working for her mom as a housekeeper in some sort of deal, with that same judge.

So thought auntie felt sorry for me and did not want to see me go to prison she could be tough and needed to make sure I did not start up where I had left off with her daughter. I didn't know at the time that I had fathered a daughter with her daughter and auntie did not want that happening again, as much as she wanted to keep me from going to prison. She also knew I would not do well in prison, and wasn't out to get that

much revenge. The special school hadn't worked for her daughter so why would prison work for me.

So there was an arrangement, which the judge had suggested; and the arrangement was tough. It included I be chemically treated to prevent any hanky panky between me and her daughter, chemically castrated so to speak. So I had to agree to be injected with some anti-androgen and then if necessary some estrogen to keep me unable to hanky panky and to also sufficient to block my desire to hanky panky. I would be monitored through urine samples and the doctor would change doses as warranted.

I was hesitant. I offered a number of alternatives which were all turned down. So faced with prison I didn't have much choice and so I agreed. I figured better a sissy on an estate with women than a prison sissy among guys. Besides I figured why worry, the girl had it with me and I didn't need a year of wet dreams. So the neutering chemicals might just be a blessing. After all I wasn't going any where for a year or so, so who would know?

The judge thought it was a great deal and would serve me right and had some practical jokes of her own to play on me. My mom agreed to any thing that would keep her son out of prison and out of the hands ofwell you know what.

It was an old estate, pretty much self contained, and not much had changed since I had been there. There was the care taker, we all called Pops, even years ago; the cook, Carolyn, his wife, who we all called Cookie and a housekeeper, that position filled by auntie's daughter; relegated to that position as part of a bargain to keep her out of trouble; along with a service or two that took care of the gardening and some miscellaneous chores when it got to be too much for Pops.

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I was to be trained by the care taker to run the place so he and his wife, Cookie, could take a long overdo vacation. Running the place pretty much meant keeping the old things running, and I was handy to begin with. I was a technical type guy who didn't want to do that type of work and so kept getting into trouble. The old girl was wary of being taken advantage of or having some one take liberties with her daughter and so I would be perfect, as she trusted me with the estate, especially as I would be restricted to the estate and she wouldn't have to worry about her daughter as I would be chemically neutered.

So I was injected and left at the local jail until the medications took affect. Basically after a week or so I just didn't desire woman and if I did I found there wasn't much I could do about it, and I was really anxious to get out of jail and definitely to stay out of prison after my jail experience. And let's not go there.

The doctor explained the lack of desire would happen and that the drugs just might also feminize me, but only some what, softening my body with feminine fat replacing muscle and some of that new fat could take on feminine proportions. The doctor told me that my doses would be adjusted to prevent any dramatic changes in my appearance, as long as those changed dosages still kept me passive. But again, I had to expect to soften up a bit and become a bit chesty and hippy, as the doctor described it.

And so the judge read me the riot act, I was fitted with an electronic bracelet and I was delivered to the estate along with my medications and arrangements for my urine samples with the follow up medications to be delivered in the appropriate dosages. The cook would make sure I took my medications with my

meals and if I gave her or anyone any problems it would be off to prison for me.

The arrangements with auntie, Mrs. Mason, or Ms. M, as she told me were similar to those she had with her daughter. I was staff during the week and would take orders and not cause any trouble, or else all deals were off. On Sundays I could unless there was some sort of problem be considered a family member and would take meals with the family, her and her daughter, and any guests, and participate in any of the family activities. I would be provided with some sort of salary, taking into account room and board, and uniforms or clothing as needed. And if I kept myself busy and out of trouble I could get a day off.

Things went along smoothly at first and I learned what I had to learn and could pretty much run the estate and repair any thing that needed repair. The daughter, Ms Mason, Janice was distant and avoided me and didn't seem to want to take up where we had left off or I had left her. She was cold to say the least, but in my condition that was fine, and those Sunday dinners didn't happen at first.

Boring as life on the "farm" was it seemed that things were working out. The problem which arose was that I wound up with five females, each with a different reason, contributing to my feminization, each sort of working independently of the other and each not knowing what the other was doing and not realizing the combined effect of what they each were doing independently to me. And through the combined effects I just became just so much of a girl that I have reached a point where there is almost no going back to living my life as a guy. None of them really expected to take me so far along the road to femininity.

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Three people fooled around with my medication. So the medication which was supposedly just to keep me under control, soft and passive; was changed so I changed and was feminized. And though one just wanted to embarrass me, one wanted me sissified, and one actually wanted me looking like a girl, I wound up more of a girl than a boy. And then there were two others who just enjoyed my company as the girl I had become and were happy to help keep me that way and help me transition, thinking they were helping me.

It started with the judge who decided to play her own joke on me and had the doctor raise my estrogen levels so that I would develop small breasts. They didn't have to be large, just large enough so they could not be hidden, and there had to be nipples that only a girl could sport. The judge would have a good laugh at me when I got out, letting me know what she had done to me but knowing there was no proof it had been intentional and there was nothing I could do about it.

Also the judge wanted to ensure that her daughter would no longer be attracted to me. She didn't think her daughter would have much interest in the pretty boy after the pretty boy had developed breasts.

And as the doctor had her own bad experiences with me the judge had not trouble bringing her in on the joke.

Janice, Auntie's daughter, my first girlfriend, had her own ideas to get her revenge on me. She was to keep me feminine and horny. She was going to use me to satisfy her sexual needs and also to take over her work as the housekeeper...the maid. She had spent some time in a girl's school...more like a girl's reformatory and she blamed me for that, wrongfully of course, and in her mind she would get her revenge

and her fun, by feminizing me and putting me through all she had been through at that school.

Her idea was to fool with my urine samples as to get a drop in the dosage of the anti-androgen I was taking so I could get horny and she would get me horny and being horny under her control as the only source of satisfying that urge. And she could use me to satisfy herself and take over most of her work once she had me under her control.

And she figured to get the estrogens raised a bit so that under that feminizing effect she could extract some revenge. Just for the fun of it as my figure changed, and she was sure that over the period of my confinement that it would, she was going to get me into as much of the girl's clothes as she could to fit my new figure. She planned to turn me into her pretty sissy, and a maid, and embarrass me and make me suffer all she could.

And then Cookie found that she actually enjoyed the feminized girly me, helping her in the kitchen, that Janice had created. So she decided to make sure I stayed that way and to take it further so that she decided to turn me into as much of a girl as she could, and planned to keep me that way. She had control of my estrogen dosage and even when the judge realized she had gone too far, Cookie did not think it was far enough.

And then there was Ms. M. who had wanted to share so much of her feminine skills with her daughter Janice who wanted none of it, instead found me to instruct in all the girlish things. And I had no choice but to learn them, to learn how to purport myself as a female, to speak like a female, and to wear makeup. So I would become Auntie's substitute daughter.

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And then the judges daughter, my old girl friend just found me even more wonderful as a girl than she found me as a boy and was happy to offer me a job as a girl at her beauty parlor, which I had not choice but to accept.

And finally as it turned out my daughter, who I did not know I had fathered, needed a mother, and it turned out to be me. She just fell in love with me, her dad, playing full time dress up as her mom, in dresses.

So early on as promised by the doctor I had lost interest in girls and my body had feminized, but only a little more than the doctor had advised. I had originally just lost some muscle and gained a layer of feminine proportioned fat and looked soft and somewhat shapely, which was as promised, that wasn't enough, and it got worse for me.

So that feminized I still hadn't yet developed those breasts the judge wanted me to sport. So the judge just kept having my dosage of estrogens increased. Now eventually as the judge had the dosages of estrogen increased I did develop small female breasts, but I unfortunately for me I kept them bound and flat out of embarrassment and so the judge could not see that development, and kept having my dosage of estrogen increased. And I kept getting more and more feminine.

And while that was going on Janice was playing with my urine samples so the anti-androgen was decreased and the estrogen increased even more.

Then later when I started helping the cook she add more estrogen to my dosage than I was supposed to get as she also wanted to keep me girlie and in the kitchen. And then the cook put me on these fat building feminizing diets and my body was gaining the

new fat as would a female rather than a male, and I really started to get shapely. But I get ahead of the story.

Chapter II: Janice Sets Me Up and Has Me in a Bikini and Then in Her Panties

Feminization and control and then punishment is what Janice had planned for me. She was going to make me her sissy servant.

Initially on the beginning dosage of the anti-androgens and the female hormones I had developed a nice even thick femininely distributed layer of fat softening my look and giving me a some what feminine shape with shapely hips and butt and a feminine feel to the touch. I think that my self image was such that I hadn't realized to what extent I had softened and changed in shape and had lost muscle. And as the clothes I had brought with me to the estate had been some what loose, as my shape changed it was not brought home, through any major change in the way my clothes had fit nor my appearance to my self.

Any way regardless of my developing softer look and changing shape from the effect of the female hormones, Janice had fooled with my urine samples and the anti-androgen had been decrease and after a while at the estate I was starting to feel very attracted to Ms. Mason, Janice. I mean I had been getting a bit horny, didn't have any magazines, and didn't have much of an imagination in that regard and so Janice was the only thing I could think of in that regard.

And I guess in my free time I was following her around, almost stalking her and fantasizing a bit about our past romance. I found myself getting a bit stiff, but not much, thought it was an encouragement. So when

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I caught her bathing in the nude instead of walking away, which would have been the operative thing to have done, I just stayed and stared and got closer and wouldn't you know it I got caught.

So I had followed Janice and watched her bath in the nude. The girl still turned me on. And despite my inability to do anything much it was still enjoyable watching her. And of course she eventually caught me and she wasn't happy about it. Or at least she acted if she wasn't happy. I still have my doubts. After some debate and threats to scream rape and thereby have me sent to prison if I did not do exactly as she told me I pretty much agreed to do just that. I tried to explain that I couldn't do a thing even if I wanted to, but no excuse would soften her stance. She claimed I had embarrassed her terribly and needed to be punished.

So she had me take off my clothes so we would be on an even plane and so she could get a look at me like I was getting a good look at her. Well we had been lovers and had of course seen each other nude so I didn't quite see the point, but I did as I was told and shed my clothes. Well once I was also sans clothes she carried my clothes off into the woods so I was pretty much stuck there. I mean there were security cameras all around the house and it wouldn't have done me any good to be caught on film undressed or with some sort of makeshift cover up. So I waited there as instructed.

When she returned she took a good look at me and my shrunken male parts and budding female shape and told me, "Why Timmy you look just like a prepubescent boy...almost like a girl. When did you decide to become a girl? Does your mother know about your changes?" I thought, why was she embarrassing me by assuming I had brought this on myself? I told her,

"Janice, I didn't opt for this. It's the side effects of the medication I am taking."

And she smiled and asked me, "Oh are you taking medication to become a girl?...How nice for you. No wonder you don't like doing girls. I wish you would have told me!" Well I told her, "No I am not taking medication to be a girl. I am taking medication for other reasons and it has had that affect on me....softening me a bit and....well you can see. I don't want it. I have no choice. It's the medication or prison."

But Janice continued, "Well you could have gone to prison with the real men and avoided all of this. But I just guess you prefer to look like a girl and take you medicine to make you look like a girl, than face your punishment and go to prison like a real man. So I guess you certainly aren't a real man, and the way you look it is more like you are a sissy boy, and that's okay as I would just love to help you become all the sissy boy you can be...I mean looking at you I just think you would make a lovely sweet obedient sissy boy. I think it would just serve you right and be your just desserts. And that's okay. It is just I don't know what I ever could have seen in you as a boy friend, with that little thing of yours!" And she told me that what ever she had seen in me it wasn't there any longer, and laughed at her joke. It was really embarrassing as I had really shrunk. ..at least to outward appearances.

When I had first started the medications I had just gotten soft down there and just couldn't get erect and then after a while I just didn't care about it. Then at about that time, I stopped caring, my body had softened all over as I held onto more and more fat and my shaped had changed. Along with that I got a bit chesty and my nipples had thickened and were sensitive. And as if to compensate for the feminine growth my

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masculine growth had started and continued to shrink. But more than that was that was with the added fat the shape of my groin had changed and the fat was sort of encasing me and making me look much smaller than I actually was. Much of my manhood was now inside of me, rather than hanging. And of course it was soft.

And so my shape had changed. I had tried to bring it up as an issue, but the doctor told me I was still healthy enough and the dose of hormones was the lowest she could give and so she told me she would bring it up with the judge when she got the chance, but she could not lower the dosage without taking to the judge.

I tried to contact the judge first and I could never get through to the judge and so I was waiting for my mom to visit so she could contact the judge. But she had been away and so there was little I was able to do about it.

I was afraid to refuse the medication. And so I had been ignoring the feminization of my body. There wasn't much I could have done.

Janice told me, "You know you really don't make much of a man any more, if you ever did. Thought interestingly enough you might make an interesting girl as you are just so soft and sort of pretty." And as I did by then, under the influence of the increased estrogens already have the makings of a pretty prepubescent boy and almost a passable girl I just feared she was a bit right.

I said something in my defense and then she told me, "Let's just see if you are more of a boy or more of a girl so I can tell if you can be useful as my boyfriend again, or if you can only be my girlfriend."

And then she came over and told me not to move a muscle or she would scream. And then she played with me, but tried as she might she couldn't get me really hard though she did get me a bit stiff, which was surprising, as I hadn't been so in a while; and she did get my juices to flow and I had a soft orgasm which felt absolutely wonderful. I hadn't been able to do anything like that since shortly after I had been injected so I felt pretty good and was really happy about it. So despite the fact that I was looking more like a female after Janice finished, shrunken and all, I was feeling more like a guy and that felt nice.

So then I was thinking well if nothing else I had gotten a hand job out of this, not bad. Then she took it and she rubbed it on her privates and explained that unless I did exactly as she told me she would scream rape and claim I had tried to do the dirty deed but couldn't penetrate. Well I was stuck to begin with and then I was really stuck. I don't even think she needed to play the rape game but I guess it gave her some greater sense of power over me. The incriminating evidence had already been planted. I mean what was I to do? I wasn't going to harm her, which just wasn't in me, with or without the testosterone. So I was pretty much stuck just riding the whole thing out and finding what she had in store for me.

Then she told me, "It's a shame you're not a boy any more. I was really hoping for a boyfriend. It gets so lonely here, stuck on the estate. But it seems you're now more girl than boy. I mean your thing looks more like a large clitoris down there, so I guess you've become a girl."

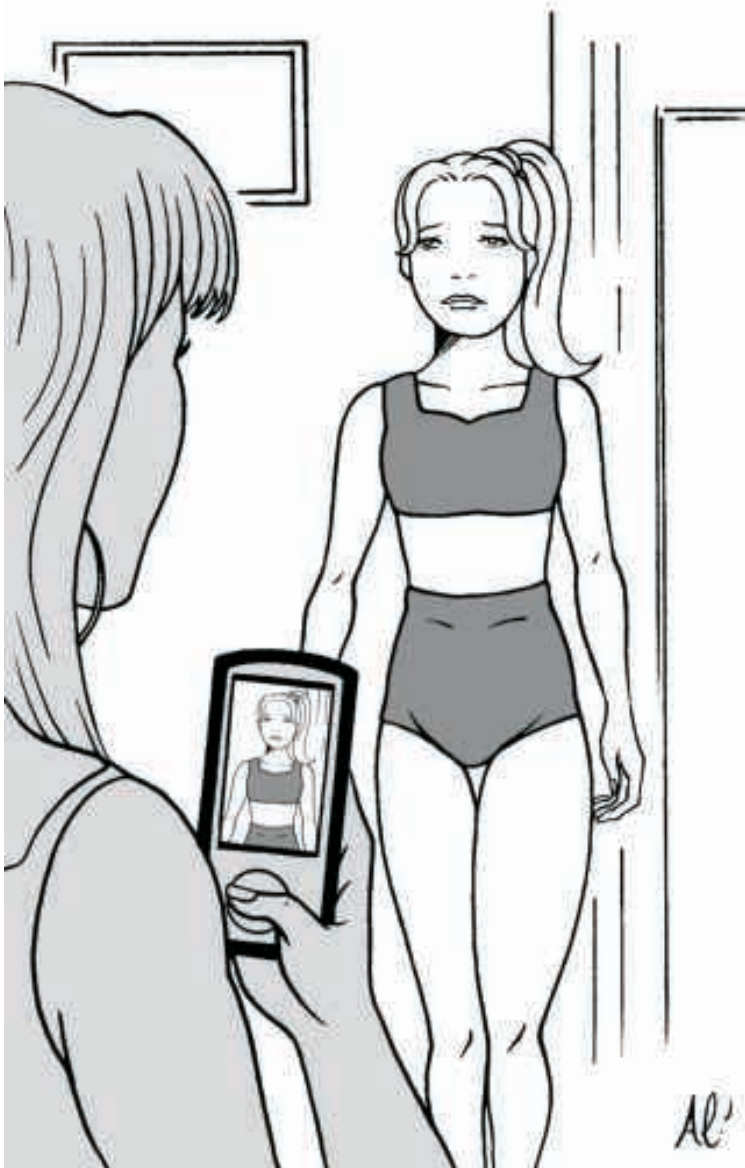
Again I defended myself and she came over again and held up my shrunken and soft and retracted member and told me, "You aren't going to tell me that this

is a male part. Please, I know what a male looks like. I know what your male part looked like when you were a male. Remember I know what you used to look like. This looks more like a soft elongated clitoris, than any thing else. We ought to have it surgically reshaped and shortened so it will appear proper and no one would mistake you for anything else but the sissy you are. Yes that is a possibility. I mean I can do it myself and then I guess it could be finished at the hospital once there isn't any thing else for the doctors to do with it."

She was scaring me, what with talking about chopping things off. Well I said something about the rest of my kit and she came over and grabbed my two shrunken testes, and told me something like, "These two marbles. Why there nothing but growths, that really just need to be removed. I mean it looks like you've developed some sort of cists below your too long clit, probably from your malformed clit being too long and rubbing. Yes the entire area needs to be surgically fixed and I could probably start right now. But if you are happy with it and just admit they are what they are I guess we can leave it be for now."

It was a losing battle for me. I mean I was sans clothes, and if I caused trouble I was on my way to jail. The girl was pissed at me and I didn't put it past her to start cutting away, not off, but just to scare me, and I didn't need that. And I didn't want to hurt her defending myself; I would still wind up in jail.

So I had to tell her, red as a beat and looking down, "I guess I am more a girl than boy at this point." And she then rubbed it in and asked me, "And what do you call those things down there between your legs?" And I knew what I had to answer, and embarrassed as could be I told her in a whisper, "It's my clit." And she told me, "I don't understand dear. Tell me again,



slowly and clearly, and look up at me when you talk to me." And so I had to look at her and told her, "It's my clit, my clitoris. I have become a girl down there. I am a girl with a long clitoris." I wanted to cry.

She smiled at me and told me, "Oh I am so glad that you understand and you aren't going to pretend with me when we are together and alone that you are still a guy. I mean we can continue to fool my mom and the cook but we now both know the truth. The judge has you turned into a girl, before you were sent here. That is the real reason you couldn't go into a prison. You are a girl. So let me get you properly dressed so we can both be more comfortable." Well I didn't know what that meant but I would find out.

She retrieved from her beach bag a two piece bathing suit for herself and got dressed. Then she brought out another one a bit on the old fashioned side in fire engine red, which as it turned out she wanted me to put on. She tried to make the whole thing spontaneous and unplanned by telling me that the second one was the one she would wear after swimming, a bit old fashioned, but one her mother thought was more appropriate than the one she now had on. But under the circumstances it would do for me. The explanation passed muster at the time, but in retrospect I must have just been part of her plan to break me and bring me under her control, and to feminize me and it worked.

It was an older fashioned two piece with a substantial bottom, like a full cut pantie which was almost a boy short cut, but not quite, along with a substantial top, somewhat like a sports bra.

When I balked at putting it on she got tough – screamed just enough to let me know that she would and then threatened, and she won. She had me step

into the bottom and pull back my shrunken male parts so that my small testes would move into me and my shrunken bat would point down and position between my legs once the bathing suit was in place. And then she pulled up the bottom really high and tight against me until it pushed and held me in and then fastened the belting on it so it would not slip as it rode on my fat expanded hips and fat expanded butt. I had let out a bit of a yelp as my things moved into place, which she ignored.

She stood back and took a look at me and was pleased telling me that she was now comfortable with me as I was totally flat, looked like a girl down there and she absolutely felt no threat. I couldn't quite figure that one out as she had already proved to me that I was no threat, but who could tell. I might just get lucky. Well she had me run my hand along my front, and she was right, I was totally flat. I couldn't believe it. What little the chemicals had left me was apparently gone, and I look like a girl. And the support the suit provided helped to accent my hips and butt, making me look even more like a female.

And much to my surprise except for the slight pain upon insertion the feel of the garment was really nice and sensual against my soft sensitive skin. The bottom felt really comfortable. It was put together from three layers. There was an outer layer of the typical silky bathing suit lycra, then a middle layer of something supportive material akin to a girdle, and finally a lining of some sort of silky material. The lining felt really nice and sensual against my skin, and the support the girdle like section offered to my soft feminized figure felt strangely comforting and was also nice.

I did not want to admit it, but the girl's bathing suit bottom was comfortable and supportive and really felt

really nice. And it felt even nicer when I walked around wearing it. Something about not having anything hanging and my thighs rubbing just felt sensual. But of course I didn't tell that to Janice.

Then looking at me apparently quite pleased with how I looked in the bottom she gave me one of those looks that told me she had discovered another problem or at least wasn't done with me yet. And she told me, "You know now that I am getting a good look at your top with out the distraction of your bottom, why you look even more like a girl around the chest than I thought at first. You have nipples and you are absolutely an "A" cup! And very pretty, you not only have a clitoris but you have breasts. You really aren't much of a guy any more...now are you?"

Well my nipples were a bit on the large size, but certainly not female...or so I had convinced myself. And I was a bit mushy around the chest, a gynocomastic condition, but I certainly wasn't any "A" cup, or so I had convinced myself. And so I argued about the condition with Janice. I should have know there was no winning the argument and the sooner I would give in the easier it would be on me psychologically that was.

Well she came over and from in back of me put both her hands on my budding breasts and started to play with them. It was like she was a guy and I was a big breasted woman. A noticeable shiver went up my spine, they had become so sensitive, though not as large as Janice had inferred. And she told me, "Yes real nipples and at least an "A" cup and oh so sensitive. Just like a girl. You must love them. Do you play with yourself at night? I just have to know!"

Well I was flustered and hadn't been playing with myself; I hadn't really realized how sensitive I had become up there. Actually I guess my course cotton male

t-shirts against my sensitive chest had been more of an irritation than a pleasure.

Lost in thought Janice interrupted and again asked, "Now what sort of a real boy has breasts?" And as I resisted she kept asking, getting a bit angry or pretending to be so. Any way eventually I had to admit and tell her, "A sissy boy has breasts." And then she asked and told me, "I imagine that you must be a sissy boy then as you not only have a developing clitoris you also certainly have the makings of a lovely pair of breasts. Now don't you?" And to my dismay and embarrassment as she waited for an answer I had to tell her, "Yes I guess they are breasts. I guess I am nothing but a sissy boy." I wanted to break down, but I controlled myself, just barely.

Then with that admission she asked me. "Now don't you feel better admitting that you have become an effeminate, no real use to a woman, sissy boy?" What was I to say, I knew she would just keep the questioning up and further embarrassing me until I played along and she got the answers she obviously wanted. So I told her, "Yes...I guess I do."

And she smiled and she continued, "So now we know you are a sissy boy and we know you have a lovely sensitive pair of developing breasts, and so what else besides a girl's bathing suit bottom should you be wearing and asking to wear to protect you sissy modesty?" She asked as she held up the top to the lady's two piece bathing suit, the bottom of which I was already wearing.

And I knew the answer expected and was too brow beaten at that point to fight on in that psychological skirmish, and I told her, "I really should be wearing a top for modesty's sake." And she asked, "And why?" And I had to tell her, "To cover my breasts. A sissy

should cover his breasts." And she smiled and told me, "Now I am glad you stopped being so stubborn about your lovely breasts and we got that settled and we can get you properly covered up, like a proper sissy. So let's get you into this lady's top, your new bra if we really think about it, before any one sees you like this and we are both embarrassed."

So next came the bathing suit top. By reflex I resisted and struggled a bit, but again it was no use. She made me put my hands and arms through the straps just like putting on a bra and got me into it. Then she had had me pull up my own loose flesh as she fastened the top on and arranged it. And it gave me the appearance of having small breasts, which filled in the small cups of the top. It was constructed in the same fashion as the bottom, and so it offered a lot of support and also the lining felt wonderful on my newly getting sensitive pudgy chest, small breasts and slightly thickening and newly sensitive nipples.

Janice stood back and admired the results and laughingly told me not only was I flat on the bottom but I also had small boobs on the top. She told me again, "You see you aren't really a guy any longer. You are more girl than guy, and wearing the proper clothes for a sissy boy like you, you just look like a pretty girl you are to become." And again she had me run my hands along my body, my chest that time, and she was right, I had small boobs. With my slightly slimmed waist, and some what budgie butt and hips figure under the control of the support garment part of the bathing suit she had me really looking like a young girl in a two piece bathing suit.

And then she didn't stop there. She fixed my already long hair into a girlish pony tail with a girlish ribbon tie and combed down the front and pulling out

a scissor trimmed it into bangs like a girl would have. "She told me, "You see it is nice that you cooperate. Isn't better that I am cutting your hair than you?" Well I didn't say a thing. Finally she pulled out a red lipstick and despite my protests she had my lips covered.

And then once the first coat was on she had me apply a second coat myself, and then had me check it in a mirror she provided. The fact that she was able to force me to do that was absolutely humiliating and just about broke my spirit to resist right then and there. After that she took out a small camera and again despite my protests had me posing as she photographed the new really girlish me. I mean all she had to do was scream and I would have been found like that and probably sent to jail like that. I was really in her power.

When I asked if she had her fun and was done with me she told me, "Yes I've had my fun. But no, I am certainly not done with you. Certainly not! You know you were a lousy boy friend and really got me into trouble, but I have gotten really lonely trapped on my mom's estate with no chance of getting out and doing the entire woman's house work, part of which is your fault. And so now that you are here you can keep me company. But not as a boyfriend, I just found out that that isn't going to work because you're not working as a boy. And so may be you'll just make a better girl friend."

"And since you are not functioning as a boy, I don't want to be disappointed or tempted and so when we are alone together you might as well be a girl and to think of yourself as a girl and to pass as a girl. And again at least you had better try. And you had better try your hardest or it will be off to jail for you and looking like a sissy for all the real men in prison. So for today you are my girl friend and you'd better just figure

you're going to spend the day like this and with me and think girlish. If you don't I'll see to it you are sent to prison and all the tough guys get your photo. You'll just make such a sweet pin up girl for the guys in prison. I am sure they will all treat you just like a lady. And if you think you can do something now to stop it, you can't, it is already too late. The estate has y-fi and the photo has been uploaded to my computer and if anything happens to me the photo is there with an explanation and you would be toast."

Well again, I wasn't the type to assault her to get my way out and so I figured the thing was to avoid the rape charge as I could always deny the photo and claim it was a photo shop deal, and so I figured the best thing to do was to humor her and just go along. I mean I did look like a girl and where was I to go looking like that. The thing was not to get crazy over it and do some thing crazy and later I could just deny it all. And if that was the pay back for her bringing me to orgasm it was actually worth it. And so I figured so I would be her girlfriend for the day and I figured I might as well do the best job I could as a girl and I did just that.

So I was a girl for the day. We spent the day together at the lake. We went swimming together, had a nice lunch, and played some beach bat-mitten. We talked about girl things. It wasn't bad. Aside from the fact Janice kept reminding me to be a girl, it was fun. I still enjoyed her company. And I found that I was getting a little stiff, and the feel against the silky lining of my bathing suit felt nice and sensual. And I figured that actually having gotten the hand job from her was such a relief and so nice that one day as a girl was an okay pay back.

But as it turned out it just wasn't just for that day. After we spent the day together she actually gave me a big sensual but dominating kiss which was nice and a turn on for me and told me that she had a great time with me and I made, under the circumstances, a wonderful girl friend and good company. Then she told me, and that since I had made such a nice girl friend I might as well just continue in that role and meet her at the beach on our days off and after short work days and be her girlfriend again... or else.

And because of that I needed to learn more about girl things and to practice being a girl. So she promised me some of her magazines to get me started in that vein and told me I had just better read them and learn more about girl's things, girls clothing, cosmetics, stories and what ever as she wanted me to be ready to talk about those girlish things; just like we were two girls. And after retrieving my clothes she only returned my pants and shirt and made me wear what was then my bathing suit home. And she took my underwear and wore it instead of her wet bathing suit, under her clothes, as I was wearing her change of bathing suits. Walking back I thought fat chance my reading lady's magazines and doing this again; but was I wrong.

I was wrong and we did continue to spend our day off as girl friends on the beach, with me dressed in the two piece bathing suit and having to act like a girl. It was always on the day Ms. M had her spa treatment or beauty parlor appointment, and the care taker drove and they were away for most of the day. The cook was in charge, but really just gave us the run of the place and sort of kept to her self and we had the unsupervised run of the place. And so with Janice's black mail over me I was stuck playing the role of her girl friend and to the best of my ability and was expected to get

better at it as time went by; and of course I did, or would face the consequences.

Chapter III: Janice's Story

And so eventually girl to girl I found out why she was so angry at me, and it was all really her own fault, but in her mind I was to blame and she could not let it go until I had been suitably punished. And now that as it had turned out she had some control over me she had every intent to punish me and make me her sissy boy as part of that punishment.

Well we had been great friends growing up. She was tom-boyish and controlling and I was soft and controllable; and she enjoyed that. When she came back home after flunking out of college she was still pushy and having been sexually active and finding herself stuck at home she used me to satisfy her self. She had come on to me, and not the other way around. Well it was unprotected, and it happened and her parents found out, and there was some sort of deal and she was packed off to one of those schools and stuck there regardless of her age. And it had been miserable for her.

The school took on incorrigible young ladies and taught them the error of their ways; whether they wished to know or not. So they were taught what it would be like to be a member of the laboring class and a single mom with out a college education. They were all taught to be domestics and shop girls and the like and to follow orders. The work was the most labor intensive, the clothes the most uncomfortable and the orders were the most demeaning.

So the girls would start out doing every thing by hand, scrubbing floors, washing clothes, washing dishes, and every thing else required to maintain a home, and all by hand. If they behaved they would work themselves up to appliances and then modern appliances.

They wore stiff corsets and course cotton underwear against their skin. They would have to be inspected to insure they were not sneaking in more comfortable underwear, or at least that was the excuse; and so when told to expose, they would have to pull their heavy slip and skirt up and bend over to expose their pantied bottom and corset for inspection. They received a pat if properly dressed and a number of smacks if not. Either way the experience was demeaning. And that was just what she told me, in the beginning. Things were much worse for her and the girls at that school, as I was to learn later.

So Janice's plan was that my experience at the estate should mirror hers at the school; as I in her mind, had been the source of her punishment. And only my suffering a similar fate would provide justice. But I did not know all of this at the time. I only knew that Janice had got me dressed up as a girl, acting like a girl, and planned to keep me that way, at least on our day off.

Chapter IV: Into Girl's Underwear and Liking It

When I got back to too my room, after bathing and then washing out the suit, as directed, I realized along with every thing else Janice had on me after a day in the sun wearing a girl's two piece bathing suit was that I then sported the tan lines that should only be found on a female. I mean I had a definite bra line and not a

tan line that might pass as the result of wearing a rolled up athletic shirt. And even the bottom tan line looked pretty feminine, the waist and leg lines were just set at the level a woman's suit would be cut.

I would never live it down or survive it in the prison shower room. If I could explain my way out of the photo I certainly couldn't explain my way out of the tan lines and I was stuck. I couldn't have Janice complaining about me to her mom or the Judge, as if I wouldn't have survived a tough prison before, I certainly couldn't survive one the way I then looked.

So the next day when Janice asked me about my tan lines I could only blush and stammer.

Then she told me how comfortable she had found my underwear and suggested that we exchange underwear, my briefs for her panties and my tee shirts for her tee shirts, and my socks for her socks as my stretched out things fit her so well and with my figure her undies would fit me just fine.

And she told me, "There really isn't any reason for you to stand to pee, with that limp weenie that really isn't a weenie any more. You really shouldn't have underpants with a fly. You'll just begin to think again that your clit is a dickie. In fact you really shouldn't be allowed to wear underwear with a fly just to make sure you sit when peeing, like a proper sissy. And if you aren't good enough to understand that I can just pursue the issue of you're peeing on the toilet seat with my mom."

Well I objected and then she sort of laughed and told me it didn't matter what I wanted as she had already made the clothing switch. There wasn't any of my underwear left in my room, and it had all been replaced with hers. And if I didn't switch the underwear I was wearing with her some times during the day she

would work it out so that it would seem I had stolen her things and with my new tan lines and the photographs it would make a believable story. And then off to jail I would go and for a reason that was sure to make me someone's prison babe. And so there wasn't any choice for me and shortly there after we had made the switch and I was wearing her cotton panties, cotton tee shirt and cotton socks, and I didn't have a bit of male underwear left to me.

Well as it turned out, the soft cotton of her underwear really felt nice against my femininely softening skin, so I wasn't too sure who made out worse on the deal. And after a while I found that I enjoyed the feel of wearing girl's soft cotton underwear. And her underwear fit me better than my underwear had been fitting, what with my feminized shape. And since Janice did the laundry there wasn't any problem with anyone knowing of the arrangement or of me getting back my male underwear. Once or twice for show I made the attempt, but I was always caught and never got back my own male underwear or out of Janice's panties. I didn't get out of her panties until I got into her mom's panties and then my own panties. So things only got even worse for me.

And when I pretended I didn't want to wear her girly underwear she would tell me, "Nonsense, of course you prefer girl's underwear. In your condition you have to find girl's undies much more comfortable than that horrid boy's stuff you used to be allowed to wear. You are already such a sissy boy and much more of a girl than a boy and should be in girl's underwear. You need the training." And she told me not to worry she would teach me all I had to know to be the proper sissy boy I apparently wanted to be and was already becoming. And she told me, "You don't have to worry

Timmy. I am here for you and to help you find yourself. There isn't any reason we can't become the best of girl friends. I am going to teach you all about being a girl so you can make the perfect sissy boy. It will be so much fun. And you really deserve it. And you have absolutely no choice. I'm just going to love it."

And through her instruction she had me acting more and more like a girl as she had my mind transitioning to thinking like a girl she would continue to teach me about being a girl. And aside from what she was teaching me she continued supplying me with all sorts of girl's and woman's type magazines to read so we would continue to have things to talk about. At first she would just have me reading the magazines, her older issues, down by the beach when she was reading her current issues. But then after a while she made sure I was reading them in my room during any free time that I was given.

And there wasn't any getting out of playing her girl friend once a week and showing up on the lake beach in what had become my two piece bathing suit, my hair in a girl's style pony tail and wearing red lipstick that I myself had to coat on my lips. And I had to play the part of a girl, or Janice would get irritated, and I had better be familiar with the stuff in the girl magazines she had left for me to read or she would make all sorts of threats. And then there was the other side of her the times she would start to cry and tell me how lonely she was and how she really needed another girl to talk to and confide in and that with out me as her girl friend she wouldn't know what to do. Apparently blaming me, a boy, for her former and present troubles she did not like guys anymore.

And so between the threats and her crying she sort of by guilt got me into playing my girl role and re-

searching it in those magazines as best as I could. So on those days I was putting on my lipstick I was pretty much telling myself that I was a girl and to think girlish and act girlish. And when I finally got into my role as a girl Janice really seemed to love it and just treated me like a girl friend when we spent that time together. So I was really feeling and acting like as much of a girl as a boy, as I could. It just made every thing so much easier. And with those increasing doses of estrogens in me after a while I didn't feel like much of a guy any way.

And she escalated. She made things worse by starting such conversations in front of the cook about things as a guy I should not really know about and then she wouldn't let me avoid answering them. And when and if I didn't know the answers or couldn't keep up the conversation as a girl would, she would find some way to stick it to me and so I really found myself reading those magazines, and spent most of my free time engaged in the reading of girl's and lady's magazines.

The cook at first would tell her that a guy doesn't know those things and Janice would tell the cook that Timmy does and that Timmy really isn't much of a guy that I was sort of just a big sissy and that I did know all that girl stuff.

She told Cookie, "Cookie, Timmy isn't the same boy who used to vacation here. He has really become a sissy type boy." She told Cookie, "I couldn't believe it at first, but I finally had to get used to the idea that Timmy isn't a real boy any longer. He is one of these effeminate sissy boys. In fact Timmy has become such a sissy that we play a game, Timmy and I, where we pretend he is a girl, another girl to keep me company. So I am thinking of training him to be just like a girl. He

just already seems to know so much girl things. And he does seem to enjoy it all! And it is just so much fun watching him act girlish. He is just so natural at it." And then she continued, "And so Cookie, don't worry about it. You can also treat him as a girl. He won't mind. And he just knows so much about girl things, you wouldn't believe it."

And Cookie looked at me for a comment. But what was I to say. So I just gave her a look back which didn't say much. I don't think Cookie knew what to think about it at the time. But she did not do any thing to stop it. Why would she?

So I was learning about female behaviors, and clothing and female problems and makeup, and etc. And I was learning about all the gossip from the magazines. And then after a while Janice brought the cook into the conversations with us and then the cook started joining in on her own and then after a while even she was talking to me just like I was a female. And she would even tell me at times that I was just a fountain of information.

And then one day the cook told us "Well I guess you were right Janice, Tim does know so much about girl things, its amazing. Timmy, one would think you were a girl with how you talk about this or that or what ever we were talking about. And Cookie was right; it was like I was another girl as far as the conversations went. Janice just had me continue in the kitchen with the female persona I had developed on the beach under her forceful instruction, so after a while I just continued to think and act as a girl when we were in the kitchen, even when Cookie was present.

After the earlier incident when in the kitchen I had tried to act more like a guy in my interactions with

Janice but she wouldn't allow it. And she told me, "Timmy dear, there isn't any reason for you to try to act all masculine and boyish when we're in the kitchen with Cookie. She already knows how much of a sissy you've become, or at least how much you act like a girl when we're all together in the kitchen, and how much about girl things you know. If you continue to act so stuck up in front of her I will just have to invite her down to the beach one day to see how much of a sissy you really are."

Well of course that did it, any thing but that. And of course Janice was the expert in getting me to make big changes in little increments so I didn't even realize how much I had changed, how much I was acting as a girl would by the end of it until it was over and too late.

And then of course I just had to talk with Janice in front of Cookie like we did at the beach, like I was another girl. And then as Cookie continued to join in, I had to stay in my girlish mode. And then finally, Janice told me, that I needed to drop my mannish mannerisms all together around Cookie, that there was no reason to act macho. At that point Janice just expected me to act as feminine as I did on the beach or she would have me wearing my lipstick in the kitchen as a reminder. And so the soft mannerisms, not so much feminine at that time that I had adopted when with Janice at the beach became my general manor of carrying my self when in the kitchen.

And as I morphed in front of Cookie to an effeminate boy and she really found out how much I knew about such things, from all the magazine reading I was forced to do, she even would ask me questions. And of course with my answers I would often get, "Why you know you really could be a girl." or something to that

effect. So as Janice moved along with my training the cook eventually became her accomplice. If I wasn't familiar with some girlish thing the girls would painstakingly explain it and bring me on board. So after a while the girls and I had no secrets and any attempts on my part to be a man with them were gone.

Chapter: V: Further Intimacy with Janice and Further Feminization & Lingerie

Well I wasn't a threat to Janice but Janice was a threat to me. Just like the old days. She hadn't had my anti-androgen dosage decreased for no reason. So one day after she had gotten the ball rolling with me when on our day off we pretty much had the estate to ourselves and Janice was pretty sure we would be left on our own even in the house so she planned that we would have some girl time together in the house, and in her room.

She had me show up at her room in my red bathing suit and there was no getting out of it. Walking the halls in my two piece girl's bathing suit looking just like a girl was unnerving. But I didn't have much of a choice. So once in her room she told me that I was making such a nice girl friend for her that she had a nice surprise for me and wanted to consummate our girlfriend relationship. I figured some sort of sex was involved similar to that hand-job down by the beach the first time she had taken control, but maybe in a bed this time and to tell the truth I could hardly wait. I had become more and more horny since that day at the beach and walking around with the satiny nylon lining of my girl's bathing suit against my skin made

things worse for me in that regard, and I hoped all this would beat a day at the beach being a girl.

Any way when I arrived at her room she looked at me and smiled, "Oh yes you still do look all girly in that outfit, and even more so than the last time. I guess being a sissy boy just agrees with the new you. I couldn't be happier for us."

And she didn't wait for a denial or a comment and just immediately had me strip down. But then instead of heading to the bed she had me get into a bath she had already prepared for me. I just had this look of disappointment on me and she told me, "Not to worry dear, I just have to prepare my new little sissy boy appropriate to being a sissy boy. Not to worry. You will probably enjoy it. Most sissy boys do."

Well I wanted to deny, but I had learned my lesson about that. She'd only beat me down verbally and make it even more embarrassing for me. I just accepted the fact, no matter how I felt about it, between the side effects of my medications and Janice taking control over me, I had become, and I was just a sissy boy, and so I knew I just had to deal with that. And amount of objections or rationalization was going to change any thing for me. I just hoped the year in confinement would go by quickly. And I knew not to make Janice too crazy or I didn't put it beyond her to make some permanent changes.

The bath was nice and warm and it felt nice and it gave off a nice aroma and once I was emerged in it, it was very relaxing. So I figured maybe we were going to have sex in the bath tub. But no such luck. She left me there to soak. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't sex. After that was over I was pretty tired and she emptied it and having me stand up she gave me some cream to cover

my body. I sort of figured out it had to be some sort of female type skin cream or hair remover.

I looked at her and she told me, "I don't like getting hair in my mouth." Well that did it. At that point I would have done just about any thing for some oral sex and my thought was then, let's just get rid of the hair. The hair grows back. And I've got a good amount of time left on my sentence for that. And so she helped me rub it on, just about all over my body, including and especially my groin area. Well it shouldn't be hard to guess that after a while it started to burn and then she let me wash it off, and with it coming off came all my hair below my neck, that is what little hair that I had, and of course all the hair around my groin.

Well if I looked like a pre-pubescent boy before, I certainly looked more like one once all my hair was gone. Janice looked at me and just told me that I looked wonderful and she was very happy with my new look. Well what was I too say. She had me rinse off and then dry myself off, patting myself dry. Then she started me off and powder puffed me with some feminine smelling powder and left me to finish off the job and then join her in her bedroom; which I did. I smelt like a girl by the time I was done, and I imagined I must have also felt like one, what with my new soft skin and then with the covering of scented powder. Why I myself just felt so feminine, I was once again thinking of myself as a girl.

She told me to lie down on her bed and spread my legs, like a good sissy boy, and close my eyes until she told me to open them. I knew resistance would do me no good and I only hoped this was about me finally going to get some sort of sex from her again; and I couldn't wait and did as I was told.

Well before I knew it I was tied to the bed and there was little I could do about that and she started playing around with my testes and I figured I had guessed right. Cuffed or not it was time for sex. I mean what else could she be doing? I didn't think that she would cut them off or any thing like that. We were past that threat by that time. Well she played with them for some time and it felt nice and I sort of relaxed and just enjoyed.

Then I felt some wetness down there and I figured it was another hand job and I was getting happy about that. But then suddenly she took one in each hand and pushed them hard and they went into me. Then I felt her push something against my skin, which was cold, and rub it on so to speak. I started to say something and open my eyes and she told me, "Not a word and keep those eyes closed. Or I will cut these growths off!"

Well I did as I was told and she had already started playing with my shaft which really felt ever so nice and calmed me right down. I spurted a bit, which I had not been able to do since the last time she had played with me and she used that to rub into the head of my shaft and kept me on edge but way below the explosion level, but right where I was turned on and it felt just so nice and relaxed me so that I was not fighting a thing. Janice had really figured out how to control me.

When she finally stopped, took the binders off and let me take a look between my legs, my balls were gone, with just a part of my scrotum showing around my shrunken penis. I looked absolutely more female than male. She explained not to worry, she had pushed those awful growths back inside of me where they would be out of the way and wouldn't be a distraction for me and covered them up with some synthetic ma-

terial that would not come off and would also keep them numb with coolness, so they would not bother me or grow.

She explained, "Now you have nothing to distract you down there or make you think that you are still a real guy. You now look like you are...more of a girl than a guy... a sissy boy." There was no point in arguing. So I didn't say a thing. I figured I would cut myself free later. Why argue the matter. And I was still turned on and hoping for some real sex or at least some satisfying type of release.

So she had us assume the position and we pleased each other like two girls. She told me exactly what she wanted me to do and I did it with my tongue, and I didn't have to tell her a thing, she knew exactly what to do to me. She would bring to the point just before climaxing and then drop me back down repeatedly. I was going crazy. Finally she climaxed and she seemed to have a wonderful orgasm followed by a couple more in succession. She was really happy with my effort and she was really happy with the whole situation. But she had still left me hanging.

Then she told me, "You know if you were a sissy boy girl then I could probably finish you, but thinking of you as a boy with that little thing, instead of a clit I am having a bit of trouble getting turned on. I mean if you'd only admit to being a sissy boy and a girl with a real clitoris then I could help you out here." Well what little testicles that I did have were killing me and I was terrified she would leave me without the orgasm she had showed me in the past she could grant and for whatever reason I already knew that I could not bring myself off. So I would do any thing she said for the pleasure of release.

And so I had to give in and admit or tell her that I was a sissy boy girl. I did not want to and I tried not to, but she wouldn't help me out until I did and kept telling me that... And eventually I told her, "Please play with my clit...please!" And then she knew she had me and she asked, "Clit...Why then you are a sissy boy girl...aren't you? I wasn't wrong?" And I hesitated.

But she asked again, aren't you a sissy boy girl? If you want me to play with you I have to know. And I need the right answer or else...So once again, though it humiliated me, I told her, "Yes you are right. I am a sissy boy girl, just pretending to be a real male boy. I...I ...guess I am a sissy boy girl with a clitoris that needs attention...please."

And she told me, "I don't think guess does it. I have to know for sure!" And so in total humiliation I told her, "Oh yes...I am a sissy boy girl. I definitely am a sissy boy girl with a clitoris instead of a penis. Please finish with me. Please my clitoris really needs you!" And I couldn't believe I was saying that stuff. It was just so embarrassing. But the pain of my expanding testicles pushed inside of me was just too painful. And so I needed it so badly I would say and do just about any thing.

And that seemed to satisfy her, at least that time, and she told me, "You see I told you that you would realize that you were really a sissy boy girl. So you just keep telling me that you are a girl and to play with your clitoris and I'll go back to business. But if you stop, I will stop. And so there I was telling her and asking her, over and over, "Oh yes I am a girl. Please play with my clitoris. Oh please play with my clitoris. I am a girl....." And I had to keep that up until she finally gave me my orgasm. Again it was a soft one, but it felt wonderful. And it was just such a relief that I almost

forgave her for what she was putting me through. But gosh it was just so humiliating and then again just so wonderful. I was a mess.

And it became a regular thing, not often but regular. And each time Janice would have me admitting to really being a sissy boy girl and then a girl and begging to have her play with my clitoris. I tried to resist but it was impossible. I was in pain from lack of release and my self respect was waning and eventually gone and she would have me and the only way to obtain some relief was to play her game and I had to play it.

Each time I told myself I am not going to tell her I am a sissy boy or a girl and I am not going to tell her that I need her to play with my clitoris. And each time I eventually gave in and told her that I was a girl or sissy boy and needed her to play with my clitoris, and eventually literally begged her to do so. It was humiliating. And that was the purpose.

Chapter VI: My Mom Complains to the Judge but Nothing Changes

Eventually my mom did come to visit and she was pretty shocked at the effect that the drugs had had on me, and I told her it was worse than it looked. By that time I was really shapely as a girl with small breasts with thickened nipples in the early development stage.

So she went and had a talk with the Judge about the situation. The Judge pretended to be concerned but was really pleased that I had finally developed small breasts and nipples as well as the rest and she figured that the increase in dose she had ordered was having



that effect on me. It was all just part of her pay back plan.

So the judge explained to my mom that such things were known to happen on occasion, though were not supposed to happen. I was supposed to soften up a bit and not be interested in sex. But developing a shape like a girl was not supposed to happen. So the Judge told my mom that she needed to see me for her self and that she would have a talk with me to see how bad things were, and what I felt needed to be done. And in a worse case scenario she would take me back to the prison for a week or so for a complete medical.

Well the judge did visit with me and she did see how bad things were and she figured it all served me right. So she told me, "Tim the effects don't seem that bad. I've seen much worse cases of these side effects with out the doctor lowering the dosage. Why the way your mother was talking I thought you had really developed breasts. Why you're at the most an "AA" cup. You're only a little girl. You know, when you can wear a "B" cup you let me know and I'll have a talk with the doctor."

I looked at her in surprise and said a "B" cup!?" And that expression on my face must have made it all worth while for her. She seemed to love my discomfort. And then she told me, "You know despite your small breasts you do look a bit feminine, and more than the average guy that I've seen on this treatment. I mean the feminization must agree with your body. You are really looking like a girl; nice and soft with nice soft feminine features, and sweet looking at that. I could see that you might really have problems if we returned you to jail; even if it were just for an exam. Who could tell what might happen to a sweet girlish looking boy like you." And with emphasis she said, "We'll

have to keep that in mind...won't we? I guess you had better behave yourself and keep every one here happy with you. But I do understand your mom's concert. And I will talk with the doctor about a dosage change."

Only she didn't tell me the change was that she was going to have the dosage of female hormones increased even more as she didn't think my breasts were really big enough...yet. Then she explained that it might just take a month or so for things to reverse themselves and things might just get a little worse before they got better, so not to worry. And oh yah, and that any time I really felt that I was having a real problem I should just call her my self, and not worry my mother, and she would schedule a complete physical for me at the prison hospital and the medical staff there would get to the bottom of any problem.

The only problem was I would have to be admitted to the prison to get another dosage change, and perhaps would wind up for a small time in the general population. So the next time she got a complaint she would arrange for that. Well the threat was obvious. What I didn't know was that she really could not have had that done, but she had me scared enough not to pursue the problem and to wait the month or so before worrying too much.

And I told my mom that the Judge was working on the situation and not to worry about it. After that all my mom's visits had to be supervised, supposedly by Ms. M. but as it turned out they were supervised by Janice and I really couldn't complain about any thing. Janice told me that as her sissy boy girl I had better not be complaining to my mother about my changing shape and feminine developing body. I was just going through puberty and shouldn't be worrying my

mother about it. All girls go through it and so would I. And she reminded me that the judge really didn't want me bothering my mother and having my mother bother the judge. It would be easier just to return me to jail and then send me off to prison. And I was too afraid of the judge retaliating if I did make it an issue. I just kept telling myself how many months were left till my sentence could be up.

Any way my dosage of the estrogen was changed, but increased. Janice figured out what the situation must have been as I got more and more shapely not less. I didn't know what the problem was but there wasn't much I could do about it. The medicine was given to me by Cookie in liquid form in my morning orange juice which she watched me drink and made sure I swallowed.

The only inclination that I was getting a higher dose, along with my changes not reversing, was that the orange juice picked up a different flavor as I got more estrogen in it. And once a week I gave a urine sample to Janice who sent it off to the lab so there was a confirmation that Cookie was making me take my medication. In reality the judge had my dosage increased, as she wanted me to have bigger breasts. She wanted me with breasts that her daughter could see on me and would embarrass us both and prevent any start up again of our relationship. And that would happen as I continued on the hormones, but it would take a while. But the judge had plenty of time and patience.

Chapter VII: Intimacy with Janice Continues & New Lingerie

So at the point my breasts were about an "A" cup or so I started binding them so Ms. M and the cook wouldn't know. Janice knew I was developing like a young girl because I was filling out the top of my two piece bathing suit better and better and of course our trysts in bed continued.

Now my testicles trapped inside me under the influence of the decreased anti-androgen was marginally active and would get bigger and without release would be painful, and painful for a guy as only such a condition could be. Now there was only one thing that could relieve such pain, and under the circumstances Janice was the only one who could help me out.

I had tried myself, but for whatever reason it wouldn't work...I couldn't do it to myself. She had some trick to allow me to release and I couldn't figure it out. So after a while I would get really pained and Janice could tell by the way I was walking. Now I feared any sort of exam so I could only confide in Janice and ask her to release my trapped testicles and she of course refused and she had her fun and continued with her revenge on me. She'd look at me and just told me, "Just get used to it Timmy. It's all related to girl school discipline. And you deserve it so. I went through worse.

When she found me walking around like that the first time after she had symbolically castrated me she commented that I looked like I was in pain, and I told her yes. Then she said, "I guess it must be that time of month for you?" I looked at her and she told me, "Your period dear. You look like you are having your period again." Well I told her that wasn't the case but didn't want to get into it as it was just too embarrassing to

discuss and was just hoping she would bed me down again and afford me relief. I just had to wait a bit and deal with it. I knew how horny she could get.

Any way so then she told me, "Well I would swear it was your period dear. And I could help you relieve that pain if it was your period. But if you want to play stupid about it then you can just walk around in pain, until it becomes so bad we'll have to send you over to the jail for an exam." Well we both knew I couldn't survive that and so what was I to do? She had me again. So all red faced, in pain and stammering I had to tell her, "It....s my...period, please help."

She smiled and told me, "Well I thought so. I guess you are one of those sissy boys who are just so embarrassed by their fist period. Don't worry sweet heart, they'll be plenty more. Am I right? Are you embarrassed by your period Tammy?" And I had to answer. I already knew this game. "Yes I am embarrassed by having a period. Won't you please help?" She told me she had some medication in her room and she would take care of my problem. So we went back to her room and I already knew I was in for it.

So we got there and she asked, "Oh silly me, I forgot to ask...Are you wearing a napkin?" Well napkin I didn't get at first and I just asked, "Napkin?" And she told me, "Silly, a sanitary napkin and belt. If you're having your period you need to keep clean. Don't want to stain... now do we; especially since you are wearing my underwear. I mean if you were a real guy and if you were wearing men's underwear it might be different."

And she explained, "But you're a sissy boy and you are wearing girl's underwear, and it's mine. So you don't want to stain my panties, now do you? Now that wouldn't do." And as she told me that she pulled out a

sanitary belt and some sort of sanitary pad from her drawer. I shuddered. I mean I had been through this embarrassment wearing her panties, and the rest of her underwear, but then she expected me to wear a sanitary pad. I tried to avoid taking it and of course putting it on but that wasn't happening. We both knew who was in control, and it wasn't me. And she told me, "First things first dear. Let's get your clothes protected and then we can see about some pain relief medications."

Well I begged her. "Please, Janice, not a sanitary pad. You're going to shame me to death. Please not that. I mean I'm already wearing your panties. You got me where you want me. I'll be helpful around the house. I'll learn all the female stuff you want me to. But, please, not a sanitary belt and pad!" She just smiled at me, really smiled, and told me, "Oh stop that. You complain too much. Just try it on. And if you don't like it then we can talk. But all sissy boys just love wearing these types of sanitary pads. And a sissy boy like you, almost a girl, you're going to love it."

So I just stood there and she looked at me like I was an idiot and told me, "I guess you are just too embarrassed, so let me help!" And with that she just took control. She unzipped the front of my pants started to pull down my panties, or actually her panties that I was wearing.

When I tried to stop her she just slapped my hands and told me, "Now don't be disobedient dear." And I just by reflex stopped. So she put the belt on me and moved the hanging straps into position and clipped in the pad, while explaining to me how to do it in the future. And she had managed to have me facing a mirror and so I saw my self sanding there wearing the sanitary belt and pad. I turned three shades of red, and

wanted to die. It didn't matter what she had already put me through, seeing my self in a sanitary pad and belt was just humiliating.

And it was some sort of a special belt and pad and it was designed for a male sissy boy. The pad was covered in nylon with a hollow for my manhood to rest in and the belt was positioned for that. And when everything was in place and tight it felt nice against me and I was still as flat as any woman wearing a belted sanitary pad would be. But one could tell I was wearing something and a woman would know exactly what. And so Janice had me get dressed and there I was. And of course with my changing figure my pants had been fitting tight enough on me, and then with the pad the pants fitted even tighter.

Then and only then did she give me the pain relievers. She gave me two "Midols", and told me, "These should be perfect for your period pains. They work for all the girls and the sissy girls like you." I could have died but I gladly took them. And after a time the Midols did work.

Then it was arranged, that any time I felt that pain, or as Janice told me, any time I had my period I just had to put my pad on and let her know I was having my period and she would provide me with some Midols. And that is what I had to do. And about every other week or so after that she would leave me unrelieved and I would have to put on my sanitary napkin and belt and tell her I was having my period and ask for my Midols. It was just another humiliation to break me down and for Janice's enjoyment at my predicament, which she enjoyed making worse for me.

However, that situation was just every other week or so. Often she would relieve me of that problem. The next time we had the estate to her self she invited me to

her room again. I was happy and was hoping for some relief. I couldn't believe that with all my physical changes I still was having that sort of problem. Any way Janice gave me what I wanted but notched up the whole affair as she continued to work on my psyche.

As I described I was wearing her underwear or her bathing suit, my hair was long and she made me wear her lipstick when we got together as girls. Well not only had I learned to enjoy wearing her cotton underwear I would find out the pleasure and sensuality of wearing her lingerie and I was to get to wear her lingerie.

We were in her room for one of our girlie sessions together and she had me naked and then she stripped down and was wearing lingerie instead of my male underwear. She had on a pair of open crotch panties, a garter belt and nylons and a shelf bra which held up her breasts but left much of them exposed. She looked sweet and sexy and I thought that just maybe she was softening up a bit and was going to become girly with me. But it wasn't that simple. And boy was I wrong.

Well we cuddled up a bit and she had me run my hands over her satin covered buns and nylon covered legs and we were both getting excited. And then she pushed me away and told me it wasn't fair that she got to wear lingerie and that I did not. We talked about it and I told her it wasn't necessary that I didn't need it and she told me, "Silly it's not for you, it's for me. I want to feel you in lingerie. I don't care how you feel about it or in it. So let's find some thing for you to wear or else we can just go down to the beach instead of in bed. I'll go get you some Midols. Well I didn't want to take a Midol and just go down to the beach and so I told her I would give it a try if that was what she wanted.

And so she went into her drawers and smiling presented me with the presents. A nice box from some nice lingerie shop, a present she had received and had never used. And so upon opening it I found an outfit for me similar to the one she was wearing, panties, nylons with a satin garter belt and an open bra.

Well she got me into them; satin panties first, with my you know what sticking through the open crotch. Then came the garter belt and the nylons which she told me how to put on and attach, after treading the garters through my panties and finally my bra which she insisted that I get on myself and put on the way a girl would.

I hate to say it, but everything felt really nice on my soft and just about hairless skin. Yea, Janice had repeated the depilation process a few times in order to keep me hairless. Oh yea, since she had removed by body hair she had me using this cream on my skin which softened my skin and which slowed down hair re-growth and between that and the initial hair removal I didn't have much body hair any more.

She had me put on my own nylons and had me smooth them along my smooth soft and hairless legs and then attach the garters. That was humiliating above all else. It just made me feel so much like a woman, and it just felt so nice I wanted to die from embarrassment. I even found that I had probably spent a bit more time on smoothing out my nylon stockings than I really needed.

Of course she took photographs and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. And she had me look at myself in the mirror and told me how cute I looked and she was right. I mean with my budding breasts and shrunken manhood and no sack, and my girlish figure, long hair and soft skin, aside from the length of

my manhood, which wasn't much of a manhood I looked like a girl; and a pretty girl at that, a bit boyish in the face, but pretty enough. I was just about to tell her I had enough of all of this when she told me, "Yes dear you do look so much like a girl. They would just eat you up in prison." Well that took the wind out of those sails. I didn't say a word.

Then she told me, "Now doesn't that all feel so nice. I bet you are really getting glad that you have become such a sissy boy. I can tell you love nylon and satin on your soft feminine skin. It must really be a wonderful turn on for you, now that you're pretty useless other wise. And she smiled and looked at me, but I couldn't answer.

Well she didn't really wait for an answer. And then she took me to bed, telling me, "You are really lovely. I am so happy that the judge put you here. Despite our problems in the past and your leaving me in the lurch I am really happy you are with me again. Now just tell me again that you are a sissy girl and need me to pay some attention to your clitoris and we can have a wonderful afternoon girl on sissy girl."

Well what was I to do? By that time I was dying. She had brought me so far along. I didn't want to be telling her I was a sissy girl. It was humiliating to do so. And to talk about my maleness as a clitoris, I wanted to cry. But what was I to do. And again I just admitted to being a sissy girl, it was getting easier, and begged Janice to take care of my clitoris. It was humiliating, but it was wonderful. And by then it was pretty obvious by her moans and groans that she also was having a wonderful time.

And when it was over she had me put my new lingerie in a drawer in her dresser that she told me that it was my drawer in her dresser and told me it was there

for when ever I felt the need and could admit to myself that I was a sissy girl and needed some attention for my clitoris. Well I felt the after sex wonderful, but still wanted to cry over my situation. I didn't know what to do. And I was then trying to figure out what she had meant by I had left her, but didn't want to go there at that time. I didn't need her yelling at me or coming up with some new perverted punishment for me.

Chapter VIII: Ms M Finds Me in a Sanitary Belt and Things Change for Me

Any way my slight bulge every other week did not go unnoticed by Ms. M. After my third wearing of my pad Ms. M asked me about the bulge, being where the bulge was she was worried. When she asked me about it I tried to avoid an explanation, but Janice was happy to explain. I couldn't believe she would tell her mother what she had done to me, even just the part of making me wear a girl's modes pad. Of course she put a bit of a different spin on the whole thing. So when she found her mom questioning me and me trying to avoid answering, she stepped right in.

She told me, "Now Timmy, not to be so embarrassed. We girls all have a similar problem and we girls understand your problem, being a sissy boy that you've become. You can tell my mom."

But I was just too embarrassed and stammered and Janice took over. "Mom, Timmy has a slight problem. It's just another side effect of that awful drug the Judge makes him take. He leaks a bit, about every other week or so, and he can't really control it. Some sort of awful stuff that stains. Why it's just like having a period with the curse arriving every other week instead of once a

month. Well the staining was embarrassing for him and the washing was terrible for me. And goodness knows we don't want to be throwing out a pair of my, I mean his, panties, ah briefs, I mean underwear, ever other week. Why that could be expensive. So I figured I could rig Timmy up a pad of sorts, him being so easy and gender neutral, and I figured why not some sort of modes pad, if it didn't bother Timmy. And it was right as rain with him. He found it quite comfortable. But he was embarrassed. And he did ask me not to tell you."

But you did spot it so I don't think we can hide it or should make up stories. So there you have it. Our Timmy is wearing a modified Modes pad with sanitary napkin holder. And he actually found it a nice solution for his problem and quite comfortable. He's been ever so much relaxed since he doesn't have to worry about spotting. And that is despite the situation of having to wear such an intimate product really just for females. And he's not too embarrassed. But I did promise no matter what not to tell his mom about it. He would just die if that happened. And so he's really been such a good boy since then. Now haven't you Timmy?" Well the only answer was, "Yes, Janice it does seem to work."

Well Ms. M couldn't get over it. And she told us, "Our Tim, wearing a modes pad and not complaining!? Why I can't believe any one could get Tim into a Modes Pad. Tim, I underestimated how much you've changed." And Janice interjected, "Mom, we are calling him Timmy now. You know now that he is wearing a Modes pad and belt, and sort of has his own type of period why it doesn't seem right to call him Tim. Timmy just now suits him so much better, doesn't it Timmy?" And what could I say as Janice's look demanded an answer but, "Timmy is fine."

And Ms. M. just sort of smiled and told us, "Well I guess if it's okay with Tim...I mean Timmy; I can't have much of an objection. I mean it wouldn't serve to have him staining, and frankly outside of plastic underwear or diapers I don't have an easy answer for a boy staining like that. I mean you're right Janice; it's just like a period so why not address the situation like it was a period, as crazy as that may seem. But how does this work for you Timmy? I mean do you mind as a boy wearing a Modes Pad and belt?"

I was about to tell her that I would rather not wear the pad and belt and take my chances, but Janice interjected, "Oh he doesn't mind at all. Those medications have really calmed him down. Why he's even wearing my cotton panties and doesn't mind and I think he even likes them." And Janice looked at me and asked, "Don't you find my panties more to your shape and more comfortable than those jockey shorts you used to wear?"

I didn't get a chance to answer; Ms. M. looked at me again and smiled again. And she asked, "I thought you mentioned panties for Tim...Timmy: but why the panties dear? Does Timmy now like wearing girl's panties?"

Well again Janice didn't wait for me to answer. She told her mom, "Oh he couldn't get boy's briefs on over the pad and so I suggested my panties. We're about the same size. And the panties worked. And it was funny. But panties fit him better than his old briefs, what with his butt and hips getting so rounded. So he wore the panties and they work for him when he wears his Modes and even when he isn't wearing his Modes."

"And so he's sort of switched to panties and given up on the briefs. So now he wears my panties all the

time. Why I don't think I've given him back any briefs since we switched and he's been wearing panties full time. But you weren't supposed to know. I wasn't supposed to tell you. Please don't be angry with us. But...we can't tell his mom. Timmy thinks he would die if she found out. But he is more comfortable wearing my panties, now aren't you Timmy?"

And Ms M looked at me and told me, "And panties too Timmy. Are you more comfortable wearing panties and a Modes pad?" And what could I say. All beet red I told her, "Yes Ms. M the panties are fine and very comfortable, and the Modes pad really stops me from staining. It works fine. I don't know what else to do."

But then trying to get out of it all and back into male underwear and protection I asked, "May be you have a better suggestion for me. I mean I don't have to wear panties." Well she just looked at me and seemed to be thinking. And I am sure the money she was saving by not having to buy me new better fitting underwear or some sort of surgical pad was top in her mind and next on her list was the fact that she was having a good laugh at me with out doing any really bad to me, and that I was calmed down wearing panties, and she told me, "No Timmy. I can't think of a thing. I am just going to let you and Janice work this thing out. You've seemed to come up with a workable solution to the situation. After all she is in charge of every ones laundry." And so she left me in Janice's hands and I knew what that meant....panties.

And it was like she intentionally let that sink in and then told me, "I personally don't have a problem with you wearing panties and a modes pad. In fact I think it is just fine and a bit of fun for us all, though at your expense. But you've been on the giving side with all of that for long enough. I imagine it will be good for you

to be on the receiving end for a while. And it's seemed to calm down your wilder side. I guess knowing how it feels. So why don't we just keep you in panties and a modes pad for the time being. Now that Janice has pointed it out I do notice you've gotten a bit shapely. So a pantie for you is probably the way to go. You probably look cute in them." So we can talk about this another time. I'll get back to you. Let me think about you in panties a little more." And with that she sort of smiled again and just walked away leaving me with Janice. And I was stuck in panties and my special modes pads.

Chapter IX: Tucked Away in a Girdle with Sanitary Panties doing Laundry

After that Janice pretty much had me under her control and she told me she wanted to spend more time with me as I made such a wonderful sissy girl friend. She couldn't even believe it. And as she figured as I had mastered all I had to know about the care taker aspects of the estate I could afford to spend some time working with her so we could have more time together. She wanted me helping her out and relieving some of her burden, she just wasn't sure how to convince her mother to let me do some of her work and let us work together, and then eventually push me into having to do the house work.

One day Janice did finally convinced her mom that she was over worked and started talking about using a laundry service. Janice explained to me that would not be a good idea for me if a laundry service was used as some of the stains I was leaving in my or her panties, would give away that we were fooling around. And

regardless, either way if her mom found out I would be off to the prison and the way I was then looking and acting that would not have been good for me. So Janice convinced me the only way out was for me to do the laundry myself, and that she would suggest it to her mother and that I had better, for my own good, agree. If we explained how it would save money she was sure her mother would go for it.

Well some how the subject of me doing the family laundry was broach and I of course agreed, but then her mom was hesitant, fearing another tryst of sorts and the fact of my condition could not convince her otherwise. When her mom asked me why I would want to do the laundry, Janice had already coached me, and so I told her, "It's just that Janice seems to have more than any one person could handle, and she's been so helpful to me in my condition, that I just want to help her in any way I can. And doing the laundry would definitely help her and might just be fun for me. Give me a new perspective on what you ladies go through. I probably need that. I might even pick up on some other chores if the laundry thing works out. I mean Janice and Cookie could use the help. Pops seems to be getting along fine with out me, at least for the time being. And if there is a problem I can always jump in with him. And besides I felt obligated to you Ms. M. for keeping me out of jail and I would do just about any thing to help out."

Well that convinced Ms. M that the offer was genuine and as she was always willing to save money so she was willing to give it a try but only after Janice came up with the idea of creating some sort of restraining device for me that would prevent any quickies on our part, as her modified modes pad for me had worked out so fine. Her mom agreed to consider let-

ting us work together once the workability of such a device was demonstrated to her. Mean while in the presence of the cook we were allowed to be together as Janice taught me how to do laundry. But that could only work for a short time as the cook really did not have the time to chaperone us.

And no matter how much Janice jibed me about it, in front of the cook I just had to pretend the whole thing was okay with me and I didn't mind doing the laundry, even though most of it was woman's clothing. So the cook just continued thinking of me more and more as a real sissy. But that was okay with her and so it worked out.

Mean while Janice came up with the chastity device, a modified girdle, surprise – surprise, the wearing of which would prevent my thing from coming out. And the wearing of which would further serve to feminize my figure and to embarrass me. It was an old fashioned girdle which had belonged to her mother, all lycra and satin. Basically it was a boy legged high waist girdle which zipper closed and once zipped really hugged the waist, which Janice had modified into a male chastity device.

She had run some wiring through it and added a locking zipper so once on and locked it would take significant time to get out off without unlocking it, if at all possible. And she had created openings in the rear and bottom so I could relieve myself without having to take it off. The idea was once I was locked into it I was not easily getting it off and I was wearing the girdle for the day until someone let me out of it. And I would be pretty much incapacitated as far as using my thing, though as stated it did allow for toileting without removal.



When it was done she came over to my room and holding it up explained how I was to put it on in a fashion similar to the way I was wearing her bathing suit bottom, and told me to do so. Of course I balked but it did no good. So in the privacy of my room with her watching I stepped into it. It pulled right into place and I was able to position my male parts down and in as instructed, so that when I finally got it zippered everything was held in place and I again appeared really flat. And like the bathing suit bottom, it felt really nice. And as far as shaping went it was much worse than the bathing suit bottom, really holding my loose flesh in place to accentuate my hips and butt, and of course the tightness of the waist band took inches off my waist.

Janice locked me into it and I was stuck. Then she had me turn around and admired her handy work and its effect on my figure. She told me, "Gosh you really have developed a nice bottom and hips and with the help of that old fashioned girdle you look absolutely like a girl. You do look wonderful."

I couldn't disagree. It wouldn't do me any good. And looking at myself in the bedroom mirror I did look like a girl, flat in front and well rounded else where. I could have died. But what was I to do. Anyway she had me use the toilet and every thing functioned as planned. I could pee and do every thing else while still wearing my new chastity device, and it would not readily come off.

Janice wanted to show her mom to get the okay for us to work together without the chaperone so she could really put me to work and really torture me and proceed further with my feminization. So she provided me with one of her mom's old robes as an easy cover up and we went down stairs for her mom to view me. So along with every thing else I had to worry

about revealing my tan lines to her mom. And she warned me that if I didn't do exactly as I was told she would have her mother pack me off to jail still wearing that girdle, so I knew I had better do as I was told.

The robe was also from her mom's old stuff and it was silken and I couldn't get over the feel of it against whatever skin was exposed and especially to my chest tissue that had formed into small breasts with thickened and sensitive nipples. It took my breath away. But there was nothing to be done. I tried not to enjoy it. I just wanted to get the embarrassment of the showing over. In front of her mom Janice showed me and her handy work off with me holding up the robe so her mom could get a good look and so my hands were occupied.

Well her mom at first could not believe it, my feminine shape and how flat I was. Janice could see her mom wanted to run her hands over me to see what had happened, but that her mom was hesitant. So Janice told her, "It's okay mom. Timmy really is that flat and that rounded. It is not just the girdle. It's partially those drugs. Why don't you run your hands along the girdle so you can be sure? He really is stuck in that thing and as flat as a girl, and about as useless to a girl as another girl would be."

Well her mom told her it wouldn't be right, and Janice explained that it really was okay and that it would hardly bother me as I really had been chemically neutered and I had already told her in our interactions that I sort of felt like a girl anyway. And if that wasn't believable enough her mom she could just ask Cookie who could tell her what a girl I had become. And she told me, "Now Timmy you tell my mom the truth now." And so I had to tell her, "It's okay

Ms. M. You can touch me there. With all the medication I am on, I don't really feel like a guy any more."

As so Ms. M did run her hands over the girdle and me and she felt the wires and the lock and saw how I was held in and seeing with an explanation was believing for her. And then Janice explained how I could toilet with it on and so I could be locked into the chastity garment for the entire day until some one with the key let me out, and it would not be a problem. At that point I went to drop the skirts of my robe to cover myself again, and getting a sharp rebuke from Janice about that and so I picked up my skirts again.

Janice told me, Now Timmy sweet heart, my mother did not say she had finished nor given you permission to drop you skirts, so you best pick them up again, before she gets angry. And of course not knowing what else to do, with out a word, I did as I was told with Janice's rebuke and my reaction seemingly a surprise to her mom.

With that her mom became a bit courageous and as her mom's curiosity had gotten the best of her and seemingly having suddenly lost any fear of invading my privacy and realizing how flat I was in front and shapely I was elsewhere she ran her hand over me again, much to my surprise and embarrassment, while I let her do it and Janice's stare at me told me I had just better.

And then Ms M asked where my male parts had gone and why I was so soft and shapely. Janice explained that it was a combination of the medications used at her mother's insistence to neuter me and the way the girdle fit and shaped me.

Ms. M looked at me and then her daughter and told us, "Well I guess under the circumstances that's good. He looks rather cute. And now I am sure with that gir-

dle locked on and in his condition there won't be any hanky panky. And I am sure the fact that he is so flat will have some rehabilitating effect on him. And if not that, it certainly makes me feel better about him. But there is a problem which I don't think you have considered. The only problem I have with this is that he is still bound to leak a bit, and I don't see how the belt and modes is going to fit over him now.

Janice told her mom that it was not the problem as she had also thought of that and had already found a costless solution, if her mother agreed to it. And then she showed us an old fashioned sanitary panty fitted with my special modes pad and told us, her mom and me, "Timmy can just wear one of your old sanitary panties and that should prevent any leak, and won't cost a thing. After all he is wearing one of your old girdles. And with his new girdlized figure your panties should be the perfect fit for him, even better than my panties fit him. I mean it is not as if you wear this old stuff any more. We might as well get some use out of it."

I actually got feint and started to try to talk my way out of it, but it wasn't happening. Janice gave me that look and held out the panties with the modes already inserted. Her mom looked to gage my reaction. I mean she already knew I had been wearing Janice's panties and a modified modes, and now I had volunteered to wear one of her old girdles, so where was I going to go with that or talk myself out of having to put on her old sanitary panties.

Well there was nothing I could do. I was locked into that girdle and Janice had already told me that if I gave her a difficult time in front of her mom she would have her mother send me off to the prison that day with the girdle still on and a note that the doctor had me wear-

ing it for medical reasons. Well the thing was set up perfectly for rear entry. I was stuck in more ways than one. I just couldn't let her mom send me to jail wearing that thing. Nothing these women could do to me could be worse than wearing that girdle to prison and being a prison floozy.

So after balking a bit I looked at Janice and asked, "Do I really have to wear those sanitary panties? It is so embarrassing." And she told me, you are already wearing my mom's old girdle and her old robe, and freely agreed to do so. And now we need you to try the panties on and so don't embarrass me in front of my mom after all the work I did for you. I mean the modes pad is your own modes pad. So just try the panties on for me and we'll talk about it later."

Well there was nothing to do and I took the sanitary panties from Janice and stepped into them and pulled them into place. I mean she had already introduced me and had me wearing a sanitary belt, so sanitary panties were just the next step. Again I just could have died. There I was in a girdle and sanitary panties in front of two women I played tricks on when I was a kid. It was humiliating. Then she had me once again pick up the dress of the robe and turn around to show every thing off. I was mortified. But the nylon of the panty and my special modes pad against my exposed skin really felt nice. I was going crazy.

Then Janice looked at me and told me, "Now that you got that over with, aren't you just so much more comfortable covered up, and covered up with a sanitary pad so there won't be any embarrassing messes?" And of course I had to tell her she was right. And then she told me, "And now we can work together and I will have the time to teach you every thing you need to know to help out around here. So let's go up and get

you dressed and get to work. If Pops needs you he will know where to find you. And I think you will just love this type of work, it is just so the new you. And I think in your present condition you will really find this type of work just so fulfilling. It may even surprise you. I think you're going to enjoy it. And I just know you are just going to want to do more and more of it. You will just feel so accomplished helping out; even if it is woman's work. I mean you are almost a girl yourself.

However, it wasn't going to be that simple. Ms M was enjoying this new found power over the boy who had played so many jokes on her, especially now that I was so confined, pantied, and obviously some how under the control of her daughter. And still suspect she asked how was she to know that I was wearing the chastity girdle and that Janice had not let me out of it.

Well Janice told her mom how the teachers at the private school she had been sent to (because of me) had checked to make sure the girls were wearing the proper underwear, and there was no reason she could not similarly check up on me in the same fashion. It would certainly serve me right. There would be surprise inspections and the girl's would have to pull up their skirts and bend over to reveal their panties for inspection; which could happen any number of times a day, depending on the whim and suspicions of the teachers.

So she told her mom that she should check me first thing in the morning, I should drop my pants for her and pull up my shirt for inspection and that surprise inspections would be warranted during the day; and upon her mom telling me, "drop them" I would drop my pants in front of her and present my rear for inspection. Well it was totally embarrassing and I again wanted to gag, but her mom thought it was a wonder-

ful idea. It would be a check on me and would also teach me obedience and give me a sense of humiliation, two characteristics that I had shown in the past to have lacked.

Ms M seemed to think about that, smiled and told us, "What a wonderful idea. Now maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to let Timmy stay with us." Yes there was a notable change in Ms. M's attitude toward me accented by her then calling me Timmy instead of Tim, and it did not bode well for me.

So I was back into my pants and shirt and Janice's socks and t-shirts, and her mom's modified girdle and sanitary panties. I was humiliated. And her mom had me dropping my pants and lifting my shirt and then grabbing my ankles and bending over a couple of times each day on a regular basis, and seemed to love it, as did Janice love watching it happen. I of course hated it. And Janice just told me it served me right, and I needed to experience what she had experienced at that boarding school. It was only fair that way. I still did not get the reference, but I was stuck regardless.

Chapter X: Public Admission that I Wear Panties and that I Like Wearing Panties

So Janice taught me all the skills she had been taught at that girl's boarding school, and ran me through the punishments and then some. She taught me at first how to do laundry, much of it at first by hand, washing, drying, and ironing. She got the most fun out of having me wash the woman's lingerie by hand and second by watching me iron.

Well she saw to it that I became adept at both and Ms. M and the cook were very pleased at the way their

laundry was coming out under my care and Janice's supervision. The cook expressed her pleasure on several occasions when we were talking about girl things and told me to keep up my good work. When the cook thought to tell me how pleased she was with my work, and told me I did it better than any girl would, I turned two shades of red.

Then once with Ms. M overhearing the compliment she also spoke up about her pleasure with the results of my laundering. But then she told us she wondered if it was okay to have a guy hand washing lady's panties for them. She thought that perhaps it was cruel and unusual punishment. Then she laughed.

At that point Janice locked me into the job and the hand washing of the woman's lingerie. Janice told them, "Well ladies, it is just like having a male beautician or cosmetician. You know a man doing a woman's job typically tries to excel and do a better job than a woman, and they never tire of working on woman. Most of them like Timmy here are sissies, and they just love doing woman's work for woman. Nothing makes the happier than that."

"Timmy washes your panties, and slips and nylons and bras by hand and the softness that imparts over machine washing is not realized by most, but the proof here is in the wearing as we all can tell. And I can tell by the attention he pays to his work that it is almost a labor of love. He just loves hand washing all our lingerie. You know some men do like handling woman's soft cotton and satin and nylon things and so spend more time actually cleaning them and softening them up by hand rather than just letting them soak. I see Timmy work and he really pays attention to our lingerie and seems to enjoy the work. There isn't any reason

for any of us ladies to be embarrassed as Timmy seems fine with it."

And then looking at me she asked, but really told me, "Now Timmy, now don't you just love caring for our lingerie. Isn't it just a labor of love and such a delight for you to have an excuse to handle such fine lady's lingerie?"

Well honestly it did feel nice to the touch, but I certainly did not want to admit that. And Janice was the one who had me doing such a fine job. So I told her, "Thanks for giving me so much credit, but honestly it is you who is responsible. You taught me and you make sure I do the job right."

Well Janice wasn't letting it go without some sort of admission on my part, the reason to be shortly evident after I was forced into an admission of sorts. And so looking at her mom and the cook she continued "Isn't that just like Timmy not to take the credit. He's such a sweet heart. Not like a man at all. He really is becoming more and more feminine and just like a girl, the more times he spends with us. It's amazing."

And if that wasn't enough to embarrass me she continued. And looking at me to teach me a lesson she let the cook in on my horrible secret. "Now Timmy it is a well known fact that gay men make the best beauticians and cosmeticians and still true but less well known is that boys who wear panties make the best laundresses. And so I would think that you wearing my panties, and probably enjoying wearing the panties, has more to do with how much time you spend handling our lingerie when washing them than any thing I may have had you do...Wouldn't you think?"

Well I wanted to die. It was out. The cook now knew I was wearing panties. And the cook added to my embarrassment, but the look on her face, and a smile and

the exclamation, "Oh how nice. We're all wearing panties. I think that is wonderful. You know I noticed there haven't been any spots on the toilet seat for a while, and I was wondering... So I guess our Timmy has been in panties for a while. And he must like them for I never hear him complain about wearing panties. And goodness knows he does complain."

And Cookie continued, "And that is really nice that he likes wearing panties. Now I don't have to feel bad about him washing my lingerie. As Janice so well pointed out he must like doing it. And that's okay. I mean he just seems to have gotten more and more into girl things since he has been here. And he really knows too much about girl things for a boy. So it is nice to know that he likes to wear girl's panties. And now I know what to get him for a present. I don't imagine a boy who likes wearing panties can have enough fancy nylon and satin lady's panties. And he has been so helpful to my husband and such a fountain of information for me that I would just love to get him some thing, and really nice quality panties would just be such a nice gift. I can hardly wait to go shopping for him."

And then Cookie asked me, "Oh my I really shouldn't presume. You do like wearing panties, don't you? I would think you do, but I'd like to be sure, before I spend a lot of money on such an unusual gift for a boy."

Gosh I thought, next Janice will be telling her I was not just wearing regular woman's panties but that I was wearing a girdle and sanitary panties. I was already so embarrassed. What was I to do? Better to admit to panties than sanitary panties and then perhaps the girdle, and who knew where from there? Perhaps how she dressed me during our time on the beach, if I

didn't admit to what Janice obviously wanted me to admit to; though aside from embarrassing me I couldn't figure out why.

But I tried to avoid the admission and I told them all, "I just thought Janice deserved some credit for the work. She did teach me so well. But yes, I guess I have come to enjoy washing the lingerie and do the best job that I can. Thank you for the complement."

But Janice didn't fall for my ploy. She wanted the answer that she wanted to her question and to embarrass me in front of the ladies, and she continued; "Now Timmy don't evade the questions. We know you like to wash our lingerie. We can tell by how nice a job you do. And don't worry no one is going to make you stop with the lingerie regardless of whether or not you like wearing panties. But it's kind of evident that you do like wearing panties. I mean that you like wearing panties. And Cookie would like to know for sure, because she thinks some nice panties would make a wonderful thank you present from her to you. And she shouldn't go to all that trouble if you are going to pretend that you don't like panties and wouldn't like a nice present of new panties and wouldn't wear the panties."

Well the emphasis on pretend that I don't like panties said it all, but I still tried not to make the admission, true or not. So I told her, "Well any present would be nice."

Janice then got tough. She told me, "You know Timmy; if you're going to evade a simple question I don't know if mother can trust you. And if mother can't trust you I would imagine we can't have you stay here any longer. So please answer the question; and stop being silly and coy about it, as we are all your

friends and we aren't judgmental at all. Do you or do you not like wearing panties?"

And that was the end of it for me. I either liked wearing panties or the threat was I could finish out my term in prison. So I had to tell Cookie and Ms. M., "Well Janice did guess my secret. I am sorry it is just so embarrassing. Yes, I do find the panties very comfortable." And with Janice giving me the eye...I continued, "And I do enjoy wearing them. They do feel nice. And yes, that would be a wonderful present...my own panties...brand new. Thank you Cookie and I am sorry I was so difficult about it."

Well that satisfied Janice and she told me, "Now that wasn't so hard now was it? You see you really need to be truthful with us. We are very understanding. Ladies, aren't we understanding? I mean none of us has a problem that Timmy like to wear panties and wash lingerie...do we? I mean he does such a nice job washing our lingerie I imagine it is okay for him to wear it also. I mean personally I wouldn't object if he wore a camisole instead of a t-shirt or even my t-shirts or whatever..."

At that point Ms. H. who herself seemed to be having fun with all of this jumped in and stopped my punishment. She knew I was wearing a girdle and her sanitary panties but she did not discuss that but she did have her own fun at my expense.

She told us, "Now Janice leave the poor boy alone now! We all know he likes to wear panties. Some boys do. I guess it is fine. And I am sure he will enjoy any present of panties that Cookie finds for him. There is no reason to get him all dressed up in lingerie at this time. That is unless he wants to wear lingerie." Well she was looking at me and I told her, "Thanks but no thanks. The panties are fine. I don't need any thing

else." And so that pretty much ended that conversation and that embarrassment. But my femininity rating had gone up several notches with Cookie and she did intend to present me with a nice set of panties and perhaps camisoles to match, and what ever else came in such a set.

The panty discussion or punishment finally ended with my most embarrassing admission, but Janice was going to use it as a wedge to get me to take over some more of her work and teach me more of what she had learned at school. And off balance from the panty admission I was unable to prevent the gambit. She told her mom, "His panty wearing aside Timmy really does a wonderful job with all the laundry and especially the lingerie, cleaning and ironing. Do you think he could work with me on some of the mending and alterations and what ever as perhaps it may be that he has a flair for that also? I mean I would be willing to fill in for him with Pops if he gets to over loaded here."

Ms. M. thought about it for a moment, which was to me not a good sign. She figured Janice really wasn't that great a housekeeper, and as I did a really wonderful job on the laundry perhaps they should expand my horizons and find out if I could do as fine a job with other things. After all she had me trapped there for a year or even more, unless I wanted to spend that time in prison. And she was learning as it turned out I would apparently put up with a lot to stay out of prison and figured I deserved to have to put up with a lot and I had gotten pretty easy and would do as I was told. But she didn't want to push it, unlike Janice who knew how much control they had over me, Ms M was not yet so sure.

So Ms. M told us, "Janice, why don't we just give that a try and find out now it works out. Let's find out

if Timmy has a knack for that sort of work. After all he may enjoy it or learn to enjoy it as much as he seems to have found enjoyment in washing lingerie and even wearing panties. He certainly does a wonderful job with the laundry. And perhaps he could help cookie out a bit as she seems to enjoy his company. Yes, let him help Cookie, and when he is with her you can busy yourself else where. You certainly don't have a flair for cooking and perhaps Timmy does. But let's see how he picks up on what ever else you have to show him."

When I tried getting out of it by telling them what about when Pops might need me, Cookie chimed in with, "Not to worry..." and Janice said she could help him out as needed if I was in the middle of something. And so it was settled. Janice would see what other household skills I could pick up and I could also help out in the kitchen as needed. And if Pops just needed a quick hand with something and I was in the middle of something then Janice could give him a hand.

So then it was set and Janice did teach me how to take care of woman's clothing in general and all about ironing, mending, sewing on buttons, and hemming, and finally Janice was teaching me how to alter clothes and make clothes, all woman's. It was all the things she had been forced to learn at that school. And then as I had plenty of time and for what ever reason Pops wasn't calling me, she taught me all about cleaning the house and from there it got even worse for me.

But the embarrassment wasn't even over for me that day. That all being settled I still had more to endure. As the discussion was ending Cookie realized she needed my panty size. She asked and when they told her, she mentioned she didn't think a guy my size could fill out a pair of panties that size. Well Janice said

I was that size and filled out that size pantie perfectly. Janice explained that the medicine Cookie was giving me each morning had side effects, and one was that my figure had feminized. I had developed hips and a nice shapely butt. It was only that my clothing was loose and my shirt over my pants which hid my changing feminized figure. I was totally embarrassed.

Then to prove her point Janice had me lift my shirt which I had been wearing outside my pants to cover up my femininely shaped hips and butt. Cookie couldn't believe it. She exclaimed, "My Timmy you look more shaped like a Tammy, you are shaped like a young girl. You really look quite shapely. I can't believe it. What happened to you? I hope it's not my cooking!"

Janice chimed in and again explained it was the medication I was taking. The side effects of which as the judge had explained often caused some feminization of a male taking the medication, and in my case I seemed vulnerable to those side effects; and as there were no other medications to do what had to be done for me to avoid jail I was stuck. Of course any time the side effects, the feminization that was, become to much I could always spend a stint off of the medication, but it would have to be in the prison infirmary.

But apparently I, meaning me, was so far okay with it. Janice continued that the meds may have also caused me to also feel and act a bit more feminine than a guy would. That was probably why I was okay with washing the lingerie and what not. But again, if and when it became a problem for me the judge would let me take a rest from it at the prison infirmary. But in any case the whole thing was reversible and at the end of my time and off the medications, I should slowly re-

vert back to my old self. Now that just wasn't meant for Cookie, it was also meant for me, and the warning kept me in my place and in my panties.

I am not sure how Janice knew all of that, but she did. She was probably listening in on me when I spoke with the Judge.

Well Cookie smiled at the explanation and came over and actually gave me a big hug. She told me, "Not to worry dear. You are really a dear the way you are. Much nicer than the way you behaved here when you were a teenager. I've really come to like the new you and even enjoy your company. And no need to be embarrassed at all. You really do look cute. I mean I didn't know why or about your lower figure, but the part I could see I've noticed the changes, and to my way of thinking all for the better. I mean you have a lovely complexion, wonderful soft skin, and your face is not so angular, it has rounded off a bit...much more attractive, though feminine, and your hair has just gotten so thick. I couldn't figure it out."

"And you do such a wonderful job on your choirs, without complaining. I am just so happy with my cleaned clothes. And you are a pleasure to have around, so nice and easy to talk to. And you know so much about female concerns, you are so informative, it is just a pleasure to have you around. So if those are all side effects of the drug I think the doctor has to increase your dosage."

Ms. M. had something to say about any increase in dosage, she was trying to be some what fair with me, but basically she didn't disagree with every thing else Cookie had said to me.

And then Cookie continued, "And if you now find panties more comfortable than those horrid jockey shorts that the boys wear you need not be embar-

rassed. Why look at your figure. You're girlish at the waist and hips and that sort of figure isn't meant for jockey shorts. It is meant for panties. So no wonder you find panties more comfortable. You shouldn't be embarrassed at all. Panties probably fit your figure much better. We shouldn't be surprised. And I guess nylon and satin does feel nicer than men's cotton on what must be for your newly feminine sensitive skin. So no wonder you would find nylon panties so nice to handle. I am sure you would even find them comfortable to wear, with a little added support. I mean, who in your condition wouldn't prefer nylon panties?" And she gave me another big hug.

I tried to tell her, it was cotton panties that I wore, had been forced to wear, but I didn't want Janice chiming in about the girdle or my sanitary panties and so I just mumbled some thing, which she ignored. And she told me, "Not to worry dear. We'll all get through this. You have become a pleasure to have around, and no need to worry about the changes. And you, from a girl's point of view at least, look wonderful. And it's only us girls here and Pops. And he does what I tell him to do, he is a wonderful husband. So let's get over this and move on. It's just if I call you Tammy some times you'll have to forgive me."

And so that was that...for that day, but Cookie decided she liked a feminized me, and she was in charge of my medication, and she followed her own suggestion, so she became a little heavy handed with dosing it. And as I became more and more girlish she didn't seem to mind at all. In fact no one seemed to mind except for me. And there wasn't anything that I could do to stop any of it. That was until I developed at least a "B" cup.

Chapter XI: Into Woman's Pants and Blouse and Nothing but House Work

So after the panty admission incident Ms. M seemed to think I had calmed down enough and was in enough control to start having some Sunday meals with Ms. M and Janice. I think after the incident of the girdle and putting on Ms. M's old sanitary panties and then the embarrassing admission about liking wearing panties she had come to be amused by my predicament, which Janice convinced Ms. M that she had caused. So Ms. M. no longer found my company a reminder of trouble, but a reminder of my "come up-ins" so to speak. And then the fact that I was by then controllable so to speak put me back in her book as a person she was comfortable around.

So at one of those early get togethers Ms. M. noted how shabby and ill fitting my clothes looked and being responsible to provide room, board, and uniforms or clothing for me in exchange for my work she was almost ready to spend some money on me. But Janice, always thinking of how to embarrass me, told her that before going to that expense they should have me try on some of Ms. M. old pants for with my figure being so girlish there would be a real problem getting regular male clothes to fit me and as I was shaped by Ms. M's modified girdles than her saved pants from that same time period should fit me fine. Why spend money on slacks for me when there was a ready free supply for me available.

I told them my clothes were really fine and would do. While Ms. M seemed convinced, Janice insisted. And after a discussion it came down to their insistence that I have newer more presentable better fitting clothes when helping out around the house so I could

save my own stuff for the maintenance and repair work. And so it would have been a visit to the doctor to find out why my shape had so changed so if that needed correction it could be done. Or if I didn't think the changes were a problem and Ms. M's old clothes, if they fit, could then do for the time being, that could avoid the trip to the clinic, but I really needed nicer clothes.

Well I really didn't want to be seen by the doctor who would most likely see my tan lines which would have been difficult to have explained and just so embarrassing. And that aside based upon earlier conversations with the judge I feared a stint at the prison infirmary based on the earlier threats and I was afraid of that. So I figured better to live with my changes and what ever games Janice came up with than a stint in the jail or prison the way I then looked. It would only be temporary, for once I was out of here that would be the end of the drugs and my figure would go back to normal. I could recover in the privacy of my mom's home. And so I really just had to put up with it for a little while longer. And gosh, all the girls already knew I was wearing panties. How much worse could any other clothing be? And Janice already had me in girdles and lingerie. I mean what else could they do to me? As I was to find out they could do plenty more.

So I told Ms. M that Janice was right and there was really no need to waste money on buying me new clothes that I would only be wearing until my figure returned to normal and that there was no need for a wasted trip to the doctor and the infirmary, and what ever clothes they had for me, that would save Ms. M the expense of new, but temporary clothes, would be fine. Ugh.

And Cookie got to listen in on all of this. So she knew I was to be dressed in Ms. M's old clothing for working around the house. I wanted to die.

So above my objections that my clothes were fine, after dinner, Ms. M and her daughter took me up to the attic and they went through some old trunks until they found the pants Janice had in mind. They zippered up the back and fit tight and were without pockets. I had dropped my pants enough times for Ms. M's inspections so that changing in front of Ms. M and Janice wasn't a problem and I stepped into the lady's slacks and Janice zippered me in and the pants fit fine.

Ms. H commented, "Oh my slacks do fit Timmy well enough and even look nice on him," and it was a done deal. I would be wearing woman's slacks. Janice picked out a number of pants for me. I asked about front zippering pants and Janice told me nonsense the back zipper was fine for me and would even be better for checking on my underwear.

But her mom told her the tails of my shirts were too long. With that Janice suggested they try a blouse on me, and the next thing I knew my shirt was off and I had a back buttoning blouse on, which worked fine with the back zippered pants as far as checking up on me. Ms. M had me unzip and hold the flaps of the pants down and it worked out fine to her satisfaction. And Janice agreed with her mom and voiced that as her mom's clothes fit me fine there was no need for her to spend money on clothes for me. After all I wasn't going off the estate so no one but the girls would see me.

Then Ms. M asked why I was wearing a girl's t shirt and Janice explained that she had suggested I try one of hers as that like my hips my chest had gotten a bit feminine in shape and my male t-shirts were getting a

bit tight and after the try on I had been more comfortable in the girl's t shirts. Well Ms. M told us that wouldn't do as she would then have to be buying Janice new underwear. She told us as long as her blouses fit me there wasn't any reason her camisoles shouldn't fit. So she went to another suitcase and pulled out a number of her old expensive satin camisoles and told me to try one on. I tried to beg out, but she told Janice and with Janice's control over me, I was out of the blouse and t- shirt and into the camisole and back into the blouse.

Of course I had turned a bit when undressing as not to show my chest development to Ms. M, and she had turned away not to look. Once again I felt the satin of the camisole against my sensitive chest, my developing nipples, and got a tingle. I didn't know what to do. It felt wonderful, and not just against my budding breasts, I was really finding satin and nylon against my sensitive skin to be a pleasure.

Well facing her wearing her pants, her blouse, and her camisole all of which fit me fine Ms M decided they would do for daily wear in the house. It was better than trying to fit me in men's clothes with my feminized figure. And it would be less expensive. And so she provided me with the slacks and blouses and camisoles for daily wear. She told me I needed to save my men's clothes for when I worked with the caretaker of if and when he actually went on vacation and I was needed to replace him.

And just so I wouldn't be tempted she had Janice remove the rest of my men's clothing from my room. Which as it turned out Janice took, like my underwear, for her self, and dressed all in my clothes when working with Pops.

Then we went down and had dessert. The cook got to see me for the first time dressed in Ms. M's clothes and her exclamation begged a response. Janice told her about her mom's decision and that ended that. The cook told me I looked very nice, and meant it. Then she mentioned she had some work shoes that just might fit me as they were too large on her and she could only wear them with heavy socks. She told me those shoes would look nicer with my new outfits. Then I could also save my shoes for the outdoor work. Janice thought I should try the shoes on that evening and as luck would have it the shoes fit well enough.

They were typically woman's work shoes, not that different from men's shoes, but the heels were a lot higher, the leather softer, and they were slip-ons. The issues of socks came up but Janice told her, like the t-shirts the socks that I was wearing were hers and borrowed and Ms M just said, "I would image so....how else would he fit into Cookie's shoes," and it didn't become an issue. But my shoes were taken away and I didn't see them again.

So after that I certainly did not want to work with the care taker dressed as I was and I stayed on as Janice's assistant and student, as well as helping Cookie in the kitchen and stayed in Ms. M's clothes and seeming was filling them out better and better as the days went on.

And of course working the kitchen Cookie had an apron for me. And of course it was an apron a young girl would wear. I tried to refuse it, but Cookie brought Ms. M into the discussion, who didn't want me ruining her old clothes and told me, "Don't be silly. Of course you will wear an apron. I mean we all know that you do wear panties." And it was always the panties thing the ladies brought up, to have me do what-

ever they wanted me to do. They just seemed to love to remind me that I wore woman's panties. I could have died each time.

And then she continued with, "How much more embarrassing could it be to wear an apron? And I don't tell me it's a woman's apron, you are wearing my pants, my blouse, my camisole, Janice's socks, and my panties, and Cookie's shoes. You can certainly wear one of her aprons, without pretending embarrassment. And it is a lovely one at that, and should look lovely on you. So don't pretend to be embarrassed. Please.....not another word!" And that was that. I was wearing aprons every time I entered the kitchen. Now once dressed and so feminized and under the control of not only Janice but also Cookie, was when Ms. M actually began to dote on me and seemed to support her daughter's continued feminization of me and didn't question any of my physical changes.

Then at some point I had gotten really proficient with the work Janice had me doing involving clothing and also with helping in the kitchen and Janice got her mom's permission to start to teach me housekeeping in general, vacuuming, dusting, making bedsas she told her mom that I seemed bored with just kitchen and laundry room work, even with all the sewing and mending I was doing.

At that point her mom agreed but told us she didn't want her old clothes ruined outside of the kitchen and if I was agreeing to do that work I needed to wear my apron full time. I argued against it, but she also explained the clothes I was wearing had no pockets and so I would need an apron to provide pockets. Of course the one apron that Cookie had supplied would not be enough for me and as Janice didn't wear aprons, but she had a number of them, she got me her old ones

and fastened one on me. Ms. M loved the look of that type of apron on me, it was much flouncier than the one Cookie had provided, and almost made me look like I was wearing a dress.

And Ms. M told me, "I won't hear another word Timmy. You just look darling in that apron. It is really you." And with that the matter was settled, I could, if I wanted to, learn house keeping, but I would have to wear my aprons. Well I didn't want to do either. But there wasn't much of a choice. I was sort of getting scared of the way Cookie was treating me. I mean Cookie was treating me just as if I really were a girl, and I wanted to spend as little time with her as possible. And so it was her or Janice. And Janice was a bit more fun. I mean every once in a while she was bringing me to bed. And I figured if I spent more time with her I might catch a bit of fun more often.

So I was learning the house keeping and doing well and Ms. M was actually quite pleased. Again I was doing a better job of it than Janice and Ms. M was beginning to see no reason why I shouldn't just continue helping out. After all Pops seemed to be doing fine without me and with an occasional assist from Janice. And little did I know that Cookie made sure it stayed that way. And so why trouble me with men's work when I seemed so happy with woman's work...and I was doing it so well. And both Cookie and Ms. M seemed to like to have the feminized me around. I was stuck.

Chapter: XII: My Own Lingerie – Bra, Panties, Girdle and Stockings

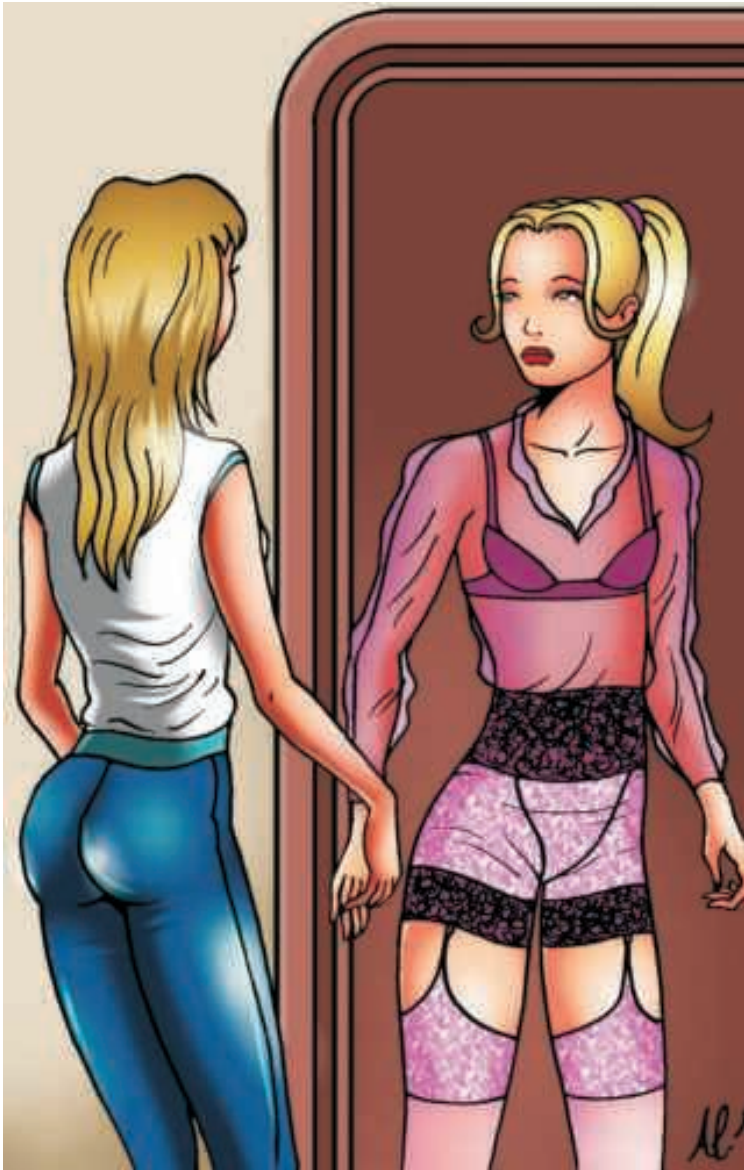
Things were running smoothly as far as my transitioning from handyman assistant to house-

keeper/cooks assistant and one day at dinner Janice told us she had spoken to a girl friend who would like to meet me as she might hire me to work in her store if I was as feminine as Janice had told her, and if and when I got paroled. The only hang up was I also had to know some thing about cosmetics and jewelry and be able to pass myself off as being gay or effeminate. Ms. M thought that was a fine idea, as we all knew I would most likely need some sort of a job to enter probation in order to get out early.

I balked but Janice explained the rational and Ms M agreed and it actually seemed logical. I hadn't thought about the probation part until Janice brought it up, but as crazy as it was after they explained it I realized Janice was right and once again I didn't have much of a choice in the matter. After all as long as I stay at the estate I was on the drugs, and as long as I was on the drugs I was going to remain girlish and as it was appearing I would get more girlish. And then as long as I was girlish most likely there weren't any jobs for me.

And with out a job I was stuck on the estate taking the drugs and being girlish with no chance of a lesser sentence for good behavior. So Janice had found the perfect job for me to get released. I could remain girlish and still find employment, and once so employed and off the drugs I should be able to return to my old self and eventually get a real job. Well the logic seemed correct. I hadn't thought of that. What kind of job could I get looking the way I did? And so I agreed, and actually figured myself lucky. Little did I guess!

Janice's girl friend came over for dinner one Sunday night to meet me, and also I needed to know if this job was real or not or if it was another of Janice's gambits to keep me in "finishing school". And a woman appeared who Ms. M knew and Ms. M verified was in-



volved in businesses, including a few small stores which sold woman's things, like cosmetics, stockings, inexpensive wigs, some lingerie, and then just a bunch of miscellaneous stuff that any female might find useful, from insect repellent to pepper spray.

I was on my best behavior and the woman took a liking to me. We discussed female things and I could keep up the conversation thanks to all the woman's magazines Janice had made me read, and the woman was suitably impressed.

So we discussed the job and she told me, she needed to hire at least one guy, and if I could show I could speak with her customers with knowledge of woman's issues, and cosmetics, and could present myself as not just girlish in appearance, which was a plus in her book, but also as feminine, the job was mine; and she would be happy to give me a try at it. And furthermore, understanding my situation, if the retail job didn't work out after a fair try out, she might be able to keep me employed as a full time house keeper, if not for her self for a friend that had a house keeper business. And so I agreed to give her job a try, as soon as I would be allowed to.

And Janice told me, "After all, look at me and better to be a shop girl than a house keeper, you'll forgive the analogy. So putting their heads together, as I could only demonstrate some minimal knowledge of cosmetics and feminine deportment, it was decided that I needed to know more and Janice suggested that if it was alright with her mom her mom might be able to help me out. Her mom could teach me how to use cosmetics, and I could start sampling different cosmetics to give me some hands on knowledge and I could wear them while working for her mom as to gain a first hand knowledge of cosmetics. And then perhaps her

mom could give me some feminine deportment and voice lessons so I would appear gay and I could practice moving like a girl while working with Janice. After all I did have time left before there was any chance of a work release program for me.

So though I objected to wearing cosmetics all the time and having to move around like a girl all the time, with Janice's reasoning backed by the underlining threats I finally had to agree to at least take the lessons and see where things went from there. Of course I tried to get Ms. M to see the unreasonableness of that arrangement, and how silly I would look in cosmetics and moving around like a girl all the time, but she didn't find it that unreasonable. She just looked at me sort of dreamingly and smiled. It was frightening.

She told me that while at first the idea seemed a little silly as she thought about it she thought why not. After all it would be great practice and a great introduction to an aspect of female existence that I would need to be familiar with if I was going to be competing with real effeminate men or gays for that job.

And she told me that neither she nor Janice and she was sure not Cookie would have an objection to me parading around the house doing my work, which was mostly female type work at that point, wearing makeup and moving around like an effeminate male to practice for my future job. So she told me not to worry that when she would begin the lessons there would be no reason from the start up to have me worrying all the time about my makeup or mannerisms. However, once things got started we could all re-evaluate based on how I was coming along with the training.

She told me I was in a great environment to learn what I had to learn to get out from under my situation,

that is unless I wanted to be stuck as I was for as long as three years. So some times things just might have to get worse before getting better.

And so all I had to do was ask her to teach me to use makeup and teach me how to move like a girl or at least an effeminate guy and she would be more than happy to help out, if I cooperated and didn't act prissy about it. And then at some point Janice and Cookie in that vein would keep an eye on me and remind me if I wasn't swishing enough. And she laughed at that.

Well I knew I needed that training to get that job, my only possible job, but I didn't think I needed that much training. But what were my choices. And so I asked Ms. M to teach me all about cosmetics and feminine deportment and she told me that since I asked she would love to and would be happy to. And then of course we started out slowly but she eventually had me wearing cosmetics all the time, of course a moderate amount during the day and more at night, and the full thing during the weekends. And she had me moving around and talking feminine all the time. And how speaking like a female got incorporated into my training I didn't know. But once she decided to teach me to speak as a girl I would have to learn to speak as a girl. However, all that did take some time to get started and for it to become a full time thing.

And she was very clever by slowly introducing me to my wearing of cosmetics. And of course to lipstick first, which I had some experience with from Janice forcing it on me and so Ms. M. assumed I was a natural. And it was the worst having to wear it all the time. And then after getting use to wearing lipstick all the time she had me before I knew it using a full range of cosmetics all the time.

So at first the cosmetics weren't a problem, not at first. Ms. M was just getting me used to lipstick. And whatever the lipsticks she had for me, they were different from what Janice had made me wear. And I found I liked the feel and the smell and got used to wearing lipstick the more I actually liked wearing lipstick. I sort of got addicted to it. Though again I get ahead of my story.

Quickly I was wearing my lipstick all the time. And I would carry it around in my apron pocket. And Ms. M would have me refreshing it during the day. And she seemed to love to have me refresh it after meals when Janice and Cookie could watch. And Cookie just seemed to love to watch me put on my lipstick.

And Janice would always tell me what a nice job I did. She would tell me, "You know Tammy, you are such a natural with that lipstick application one would think you had use lipstick in the past." I would blush and couldn't answer. We both knew the answer to that. Then she would tell us, "I guess when you were a real boy you may have used ChapStick a lot. Boys who want to be girls do that you know."

And her mom would tell her to stop teasing me, but would then wonder out loud, "Yes it does seem amazing that he is such a natural with the lipstick. And he does seem to enjoy it so."

Yea I was enjoying so, as Janice had provided her lipsticks from the boarding school which had some sort of addictive substance in it to make sure the girls were always wearing and reapplying their lipstick. And now Janice had me addicted to that lipstick.

So we started out with some lipstick and deportment. I was getting the hang of the lipstick application; however, the deportment wasn't going well. Ms. M was just trying to teach me how to walk like a girl and I

wasn't getting it, and we couldn't get past that. Actually I was being difficult. But let's not go there yet.

Finally the cook got involved and suggested I try on another pair of her shoes that were too large, a pair of high heels, for walking around in heels would certainly encourage feminine deportment. Ms. M thought it a bit extreme but Janice voiced that as long as Cookie was offering it would be rude of me not to at least give it a try. And the wearing of high heels all the time would certainly prevent me from taking off, after all how far could I get in high heels. Well then again I could always take them off, so Janice came up with a way to fasten them on so I was stuck in heels all day, and off course they had to be worn with stockings, even my girls socks were a bit too thick for the high heels. Ms M didn't have any of those put away and my legs were longer and so I thought I was saved from those high heel shoes, at least for the while. But I was wrong.

Cookie chimed in, "I guess this the good time to present my present and to get out the lingerie set I found for Tam....Timmy. It includes stockings and the stockings should fit him. So Cookie brought out a bag from a lingerie shop, not a local one but from the city with a box with a card for me and gave me the card and the box.

I had to show the girls, Janice and Ms. M the card. It was a nice sentiment, but just so embarrassing. Something about what a wonderful help I was in the kitchen and what a sweet sensitive person I had turned into, almost like a lovely girl and almost like a daughter. And how Cookie thought that it would be nice since I like wearing panties if I had my own panty set and every thing that went with that, which a young girl, or boy with my figure would need.

And then while I blushed red she presented me with my present. I opened it and as a girl would say, it was to die for, but as I would say I could have died from the embarrassment. And all the garments were pink... pink satin!

And Cookie explained, "I went to get him some nicer panties like I had promised and there were so many beautiful panty lingerie sets that I couldn't help myself or make up my mind. I wanted Tam...Timmy to have the nicest set. After all he is such a help, just like a girl, and has become so nice. Not like years ago. Any way I went to the city to find him some thing special. And I was talking to the sale lady about this special situation and she so understood."

"And then we talked about it and she had some special sets of lingerie, complete sets, just for guys, special female lingerie designed for a guy in this situation." She held up each piece of lingerie and explained, "You see the panties have a much wider crotch, to give a fellow a nice feel of satin and more support with a female garment made for the male anatomy. The girdle has a support piece in the crotch to push in,... well you know, and is also padded in front to even out any bulges... and with a pad to catch...well you know. And it even comes with a lovely lycra bra with a satin lining, designed to hold a fellow in if he is developing... well you know. And the camisole has an outline for the breasts but fit flat. And the set comes with nice heavy lycra stockings, and of course the pair with the set are Tam...Timmy's size.'

And Janice then interjected much to my embarrassment, "And such a lovely shade of pink. How becoming is that for a sissy boy."

Cookie told us, "I thought of white, but the saleslady insisted that such boys just love pink lingerie, and

so I took her advice. I also thought it was just such a lovely shade of pink that I could not resist it."

And she continued, "Then after I had brought the set home I realized I couldn't expect him to really wear all of it. I mean designed for a guy or not it really is female lingerie, and so pink and so satiny and Timmy is still a guy. But it had just been so much fun picking out all of it for him, that I couldn't bring myself to return it. So if he needs the stocking he can take these and I would also like him to take the panties. They are very nice and should fit him very well. And he is, or was, already wearing panties."

Janice and her mom looked at every thing, as did I, as Cookie was showing them off. I didn't know what to say. Ms. M. kept her own council. But Janice of course was hot to get me into the entire outfit, regardless.

Janice told us, "Why Cookie that is a lovely outfit. And in Tam....Timmy's predicament...And now you've got me calling him Tammy... But as I was saying in Tam...Timmy's predicament knowing what it is to wear a nice bra and nice girdle for boys in his predicament might just be a plus. And those look lovely and are so special I can't see how he wouldn't want to at least try them on. They are bought and paid for already and he already is wearing panties, and the ones you have for him look much nicer, and those panties are new. I imagine it would be nice for Tam...Timmy to have his own brand new panties, bought just for him. And he could get out of my mom's lingerie, at least for a while. I am sure he would be more comfortable in the lingerie that you have bought for him...all of it."

Well the message was clear. I might be able to loose the sanitary panty and locked on girdle and the cami-sole with the "C" cups, but I would be trading up to

my own panties, girdle and camisole, with the addition of stockings and worse of all a bra. Now since I had been binding myself to hide my developing breasts, the type of bra that had been purchased for me almost seemed like a good idea. Satin lined it wouldn't be rubbing my developing nipples raw. And I could blame whatever showed on my chest as the result of the bra more than my own endowment. So I could not believe it, but I was almost happy to give the bra a try on.

But, horror of horrors, I would be wearing a bra and all the girls would know it. And it would probably even show through the camisole and blouse that they had me wearing. While I was thinking Janice had a word with her mom and when she came over to me with the package with my new lingerie in it, she handed me the key to my chastity girdle and the message was clear. Put on the new lingerie, including bra and stockings and get out of the chastity device.

Ms. M looked at me and told me, "I think I may be able to trust you are really as girlish as you seem. You really have turned over a new leaf. So why don't you go try on this lingerie? It is lovely. Janice can help you with the bra and stockings. And then if it is not too embarrassing for you, I think we would all like to get a look at you dressed up. Please....just once if it is too embarrassing for you. It would be like having another daughter for me...but a feminine one. And you would be covered up. I mean for a boy a girdle is really just like a pair of bike shorts, just a bit more feminine. And she didn't wait for an answer but sent me off with my new lingerie and Janice to change.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do, but I needed some breathing space and walked off with Janice. We got to my room and I wasn't really given a choice,

though Janice did explain nicely that I might as well try the lingerie on. She told me that she had already seen me in worse, and she believed I would actually find it all much more comfortable than her mom's lingerie, the chastity girdle and the sanitary panties and pad that I had been wearing. Also she pointed out that the bra would be more comfortable than binding. Finally she told me that if I didn't find my new outfit more comfortable I could always go back to my sanitary panties and chastity girdle.

Well it sounded like a plan and the, or my, new panties and girdle looked a lot nicer and more comfortable than what I had been wearing. So as I figured it pretty much depended on how I would be able to deal wearing a bra, albeit one that flattened my chest problem, and also wearing lady's lycra stockings, ones that gartered to a girdle or my bike shorts as Ms. M described the garment. And then of course I would have to wear the lady's heeled shoes. But I wasn't given any time to really think about it.

So I stripped down and Janice mercifully freed me from my chastity girdle at which time I reflexly thanked her, and she just smiled at that. I couldn't help but think what a sissy I had become. And then I put on my new lingerie, piece by piece...the ultimate humiliation to date.

I slipped into my new satin panties, and they felt wonderful. It was the quality of the material and the feminine softness and sensitivity, the effects of the female hormones on my skin. And it was nice to put on my panties before getting into my girdle. And for some reason it felt nice to me that they were my panties, and not Ms. M's panties that I was wearing for a change. Had I gone crazy?

Then of course came the girdle. It was all satiny and felt just wonderful. It also cut my waist size down but was not as uncomfortable doing so as Ms. M's girdle had been. So I enjoyed the feel of this new girdle even though I felt that I should not. And then I embarrassingly found myself running my hands along the shiny material and it was nice. Janice caught me out of the corner of her eye and I jumped and could have died. She saw my embarrassment and for what ever reason didn't make it an issue, but she did wink at me to let me know that secret was out. I couldn't meet her stare and I just looked down.

Any way the new girdle really fit my figure well, with a high tight waist that maintained my slimmed waist and kept the girdle in place on me once pulled up nice and tight. And as Cookie had explained it was designed to be comfortable on a guy and for a guy and the fit actually made me feel as if my male package was gone without being uncomfortable and even though it was designed to allow me to wear my 'package' up or down. And either way I appeared and felt all female between my legs.

And when I eventually learned to walk in it as a girl would walk it really felt sensual on me and encouraged my feminine deportment. But even before then it just felt so delightful it was frightening. And in any case right from the beginning I found it much more comfortable than the chastity girdle I had been wearing, despite that it really made me feel like I had nothing between my legs that a woman didn't have.

It was designed to and did hide my package tucked or without tucking it, unlike the chastity girdle, and untucked I was much more comfortable, and it even felt sensual to me. My penis was carried up against my body while my testes were still carried inside me.

There was a pad in the crotch designed to keep my testes inside, thought they were already presently stored inside thanks to that device Janice had affixed there, but with the pad there I was much more comfortable. And I continued to feel I no longer had testicles, and in that girdle even more so. That is except when I was having those pains, my period as Janice called it.

But there was something about the construction or the padding or the lining of the girdle down there that felt really nice. Then there was a satin padded hollow in the front of the girdle in which my now upright rather than tucked penis was hidden, the design of which created a feminine appearing bulge in which my upright penis was hidden; which felt really nice against it in it's new confines, while I still looked perfectly flat, just a bit fatty, but female fatty.

And again pointing up instead of tucked exposed the front of my manhood to my satin panties and the feel was just so more sensual against that side than when my instrument was tucked or pulled into me. And not tucked and sans testes the girdle just about fit me like it would fit a female. And the entire feeling was different and the girdle fit much tighter against me and rode higher when I carried up rather than tucked. I felt like my male attributes were just completely gone and actually I felt more like I had become a female. And again the feeling against my skin was very sensual.

Janice looked at me in the girdle and smiled. She told me, "You really need to thank Cookie. This is very expensive lingerie. And the fact that she got you this special lingerie is just amazing. And it looks wonderful on you. Why you look completely flat like a girl and shapely. Absolutely no more male pants for you,

they just won't fit. You have a girl's figure. It is just wonderful." I said not a word.

Next I had to put on the bra. It was horrible to have to put it on. Talk about a guy wanting to cry from embarrassment. Any way off came my bindings exposing my "A+" breasts, which Janice was already familiar with, both by sight and by feel. And then on came my first bra. I had worn the bathing suit top, but it was not as humiliating as being fastened into a real bra. Janice must have enjoyed every minute of it.

Janice controlled my hands after she had me slip my arms into place and lean forward to set my breast into the bra and then pull every thing into place, and so she had me clip it closed and I was wearing my first bra. Well it also felt just wonderful, the satin lining against my sensitive nipples, and it kept me almost as flat as binding but oh so much more comfortable. So I was sold on the bra, and wearing a bra, just so much easier to put on and just so much more comfortable. That is if you can imagine a guy finding a bra comfortable? Well I had breasts...so what was I to do.

But then I still wanted to die from embarrassment, as there I stood looking at myself in the mirror wearing a bra and girdle and not only with a feminine appearing groin, and not just about a perfectly flat feminine groin, but then with a soft fatty flattish feminine groin that really looked like it could only belong on a woman and small breasts, that did not look gynecomastia, but looked like small breasts...female breasts.

And Janice confirmed my impression. She told me, "Why dear that bra is you. I can't believe Cookie found it for you. Why it really accents you breasts while sort of restraining them. Sort of an "A" double minus rather than your true "A" ...but they really do look like

small breasts. You look so cute. I am just going to have to insist you wear this bra. You look adorable." Well I had breasts...so what was I to do.

Next came my lycra nylon stockings. And I had been wearing stockings attached to a garter belt for some time during our lovemaking but this was my first time outside of Janice's room.

Well she looked at me and told me, "Come on, you know how to put on a pair of nylons and the garters are there on your girdle. Figure it out! And so I put them on and ran my hands along my nylon covered legs to get them tight like I knew I was supposed to do and then attached my nylons to the garters of my girdle. And the lycra nylons just felt wonderful against my skin, much nicer than what I had worn before, as my new stocking were a much nicer quality. And I already had a feeling of sensuality associated with stockings as Janice had me wearing them during our love making. So these high quality, satiny, stocking just felt wonderful. I could not help it.

Janice told me, "Why dear you have wonderful legs, just so feminine. I am so glad you keep them hairless. Your legs look wonderful in stockings. No more socks for you. I can't wait to show mom and Cookie. They will be so happy. The work heels should fit you just fine. I can't wait to see you walking femininely in high heel shoes. This is just wonderful. I just blushed. Janice smiled. She didn't push it.

And then came the camisole which Janice just held out and I slid into it. It was satin and felt wonderful and was so much nicer than the ones Ms. M. had provided and the cups were a bit less bulky, as the soft cups were still designed for a feminized male chest and a match for my bra and being flatter just made me feel better. And it fit my figure showing off my curves.

And so there I was all in woman's lingerie, my own, fit for me, fit for a guy, fit for me and looking at myself in the mirror. It all felt nice and I knew that I would much rather be wearing what was then my lingerie than what Ms. M had provided. I was especially happy to get out of that chastity girdle and the sanitary panties. It made the alternative of my own female underwear, a complete set of lingerie, not so bad. And it all did feel so wonderful. I could not get over that.

So Janice told me, "If you are not going to keep your new lingerie and wear it every day then you can get back into you chastity girdle and sanitary panties and binding. But if you've decide to keep your presents than you are going to wear them every day and put them on yourself. And then we need to go downstairs and show you off so Cookie can see how well everything fits. And you can make your thanks to Cookie. And you had better mean it."

Well I had to tell Janice that I did want to keep my new lingerie and that I would wear it every day. The thought of getting back into that chastity girdle was unbearable. And the new lingerie just felt wonderful. I hated the fact that it felt so wonderful and was such a sensual turn on, but it was. And so I begged Janice to give me back the pants and blouse to wear. To let appearing in just my new lingerie in front of her mom and Cookie go, and let me just thank her with my clothes on, that is her mom's pants and blouse on over my new lingerie. I could always just unbutton a bit and unzip a bit to give the ladies a peek. But to appear in the lingerie before those two females with my shaved legs was just unthinkable.

But Janice was adamant, no. She told me her mom had asked me to let her and Cookie see me in my new lingerie, if I was keeping it, and I should and I would

make that appearance, no matter how embarrassing I might find it. So there was no way Janice was going to let me disappoint her mom and Cookie. And thought I argued or tried to reason with her, Janice's mind was made up.

She told me, "You really have become so girlish. Look at yourself. You are just one of us girls. There isn't any reason to be embarrassed. Just realize the Judge has turned you into a girl and except it. Then all will be okay."

She let that sink in and then she told me, "And besides I just love seeing you like this, all dressed up in female underwear and looking like a girl and so embarrassed. So I think I really just want to take this to the next level and show you off dressed in lingerie and looking like a girl to my mom and Cookie. I don't think you will really die. You just may wish you were dead. But you will live. And you need to get used to being a girl. For that is where you are heading until the Judge stops with those female hormones. It isn't my fault. So get used to it...girlie."

And so wearing only lingerie I had to walk downstairs and present myself to the ladies. And I would have to give thanks for being allowed to wear that lingerie and politely give thanks for it and politely request to wear it all the time...But that is in the next book, and the feminization continues. Poor Tammy... You will have to read it to believe it.

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