

**She Made Me A**  
**Shemale Wife**  
**Part Two**



**Janice Wildflower**  
**Gemini** 



Copyright © 2017

Published by Mags, Inc

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address

Mags, Inc.

P.O. Box 5829

Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# **New Authors Wanted!**

**Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.**

**Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.**

**If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.**

## **Contact**

**magsinc@pacbell.net,  
reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call  
800-359-2116 to get started.**

# SHE MADE ME A SHEMALE WIFE

## Part 2

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

### **Introduction:**

I am a guy named Tim, but now I am called Tammy; and I am all dressed up from the skin out like a girl, and acting like a girl and wearing makeup and jewelry like a girl and engaged in activities for a girl, and if it all hadn't become so pleasant and such a turn on I don't know what I would do.

After having avoided a prison term from the fear of winding up as some tough guy's girlfriend, I still wound up a girlfriend. And I wound up being worse

## 2 Janice Wildflower Gemini

than a prison girlfriend. I wound up living as the girlfriend of a dominating female as a completely feminized cross dressed guy for all outward appearances a female; and then I became her wife and a mother; for what most likely is going to be a long time.

I was under the control of a bunch of females who wanted nothing less of me than to turn me into a cross dressing feminized sissy boy and they were getting their way. Each had her own reason to feminize me, and each worked it independently of the other, but all together I was overpowered and feminized.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next twist was that for me to get released I would need a job and the only job I could get looking the way I did was as a swish. And so I had to learn even more about being a female to learn to pass as a swish. That meant I had to learn about makeup and female deportment and auntie taught me.

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

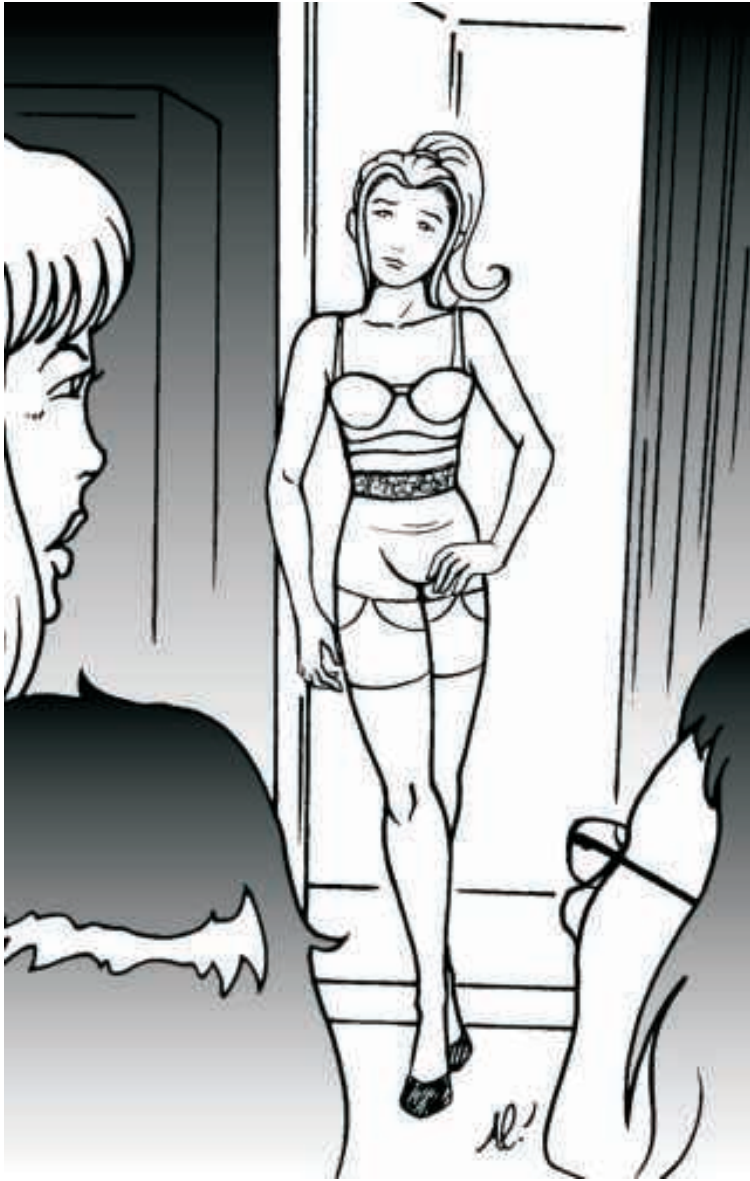
## 4 Janice Wildflower Gemini

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

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

### **Chapter XIII: Wearing and Modeling Lingerie**

And so there I was all in woman's lingerie, my own, fitted for a guy, fitted for me, and each garment pink. And looking at myself in the mirror, I just looked like such an effeminate sissy I just could not believe it was me or what was happening to me. And I could not believe that there was little I could do about it but grin and bear it and perhaps enjoy it whether I wanted to or not. It all felt nice and I knew that I would much rather be wearing what I was then wearing, my own lingerie, specially designed for boys dressing as girls, bought for me by Cookie from a specialty shop; rather than



## 6 Janice Wildflower Gemini

what Ms. M had provided and I had been wearing up till then, her horribly fitted panty girdle and her sanitary panties.

As I had slipped on the pink stretch satin boy cut panties they just felt wonderful. I could not get over it. On those female hormones my skin had become just so sensitive. I had even started to get a bit hard, though I was not supposed to be able to do so; the satin was just so sensual. The stretch satin panties covering my groin and thighs and butt just felt so nice and sensual and I wanted to run my hands over it, but I resisted. Not in front of Janice, my old girlfriend who was slowing turning me into a girl...I would just have died from the embarrassment. And I was so feminine I just wanted to cry.

Then came the bra. I had been binding my size "A" breasts, the result of those female hormones I was forced into taking, and hiding them from the world. It had been uncomfortable, and my newly sensitive developing nipples were sore. The pink satin bra just felt wonderful against my freed breasts and my sensitive nipples. It was embarrassing to show my breasts, but it was such a relief to free them and the satin of my bra just felt so wonderful that it was a welcome, though a dreaded change. I did not want to believe that me a boy was wearing a bra and found it comfortable and even a bit of a sensual turn on. I found I did not want to take it off. Again I just felt like crying.

Then I stepped into and pulled the pink stretch satin and Lycra girdle into place. My testicles had already been inserted which had opened that space and so when I pulled that specially designed girdle into place it pushed my testes right inside of me and they were gone. The girdle a figure hugging support garment had large front and rear satin panels and a

stretch satin crotch, boy cut legs which were overlaid with panels which made the panty girdle look more like an open bottom girdle, very much like a skort, and it just felt wonderful. And it held my penis upright and the satin of my panties felt even nicer. Much better than wearing it down as I had to do when wearing the other female garments that had been provided to me.

It was with a high waist and tight and took two inches of my waist and moved it down to my already female hormone expanded hips and butt which made me even more feminine and shapely in appearance. And the compression felt wonderful. My butt no longer felt like it was sagging, having expanded so under the influence of the female hormones. And it was designed for a cross dressing guy and so there was a pouched area to contain my maleness and a pad to absorb the result of any excitement.

Then I pulled my lycra stockings into place and fastened them to the exposed garters of the girdle so that four exposed garters held up each stocking. Four garters were attached to the legs, one on each side of each leg, and four garters were attached to the panels, two in front and two in back. Rolling the stockings up my legs as always just felt wonderful. And my legs were still hairless and the nylon-lycra just felt wonderful to my skin as I rolled the stockings up each leg. Attaching the garters to each stocking held each stocking up and held the legs and the body of my girdle down. It all just made me feel so feminine.

Finally I slipped on my pink satin camisole. That also felt delightful as I handled it and as it slid down my shoulders and back. I could not get over how nice it felt to the touch and against my skin.

## 8 Janice Wildflower Gemini

Finally I stepped into my pink satin pants slip and pulled it up into place. It just felt wonderful against my nylon covered legs.

And there I was a guy dressed entirely in pink satin lingerie and it just felt wonderful on me and I just felt wonderful wearing the lingerie. I did not know what to do. I was happy I was wearing that girdle as it sort of hid how wonderful I was feeling. However, it was just awful how nice the lingerie felt. I uncontrollably just let out a sigh of pleasure.

Janice looking at me told me, "Why you look lovely dear. The girl's lingerie really suits you and suits your figure. And you do so seem to like it. I think you should keep it. I would think you will find it more comfortable than what you had been wearing, that old girdle of my moms and her old sanitary panty. And you did look silly in mom's old underwear. While you do look absolutely lovely in your current lingerie, more and more like a young girl. It is just wonderful.

I didn't say a word. I was just that embarrassed and that much in shock however pleasant my new attire might have been. Then Janice told me, "If you are not going to keep your new lingerie and wear it every day then you can get back into your chastity girdle and sanitary panties and binding. But if you've decided to keep your presents than you are going to wear them every day and put them on yourself and we need to go downstairs and show you off so you can make your thanks to Cookie. And you had better mean it!"

Well I just could not imagine going back to the woman's underwear that I had been forced to wear; it had just been so uncomfortable. And I could not get over how nice my new lingerie felt on me and I did not want to give it up, or at least not in exchange for the horrible woman's underwear I had just gotten out of.

And so I had to tell Janice that I did want to keep my new lingerie and that I would wear it every day.

But I begged Janice not to have me appear in just my new lingerie in front of her mom and Cookie, and to let me just thank Cookie with my clothes on, that is her mom's pants and blouse on over my new lingerie.

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; if I planned on keeping and wearing my new lingerie. If not I could just get back into what I had been wearing, and return my new lingerie to Cookie, who had bought it for me.

So there was no way Janice was going to let me disappoint her mom and Cookie, who wanted to see me in the lingerie, see me a male in female lingerie. And thought I argued or tried to reason with her, Janice's mind was made up and there was no getting out of it. I just could not bring myself to get back into the other woman's underwear; it had been so uncomfortable when the new lingerie provided just felt wonderful.

She told me, "I understand this is going to be very embarrassing for you. But that is what this is all about. Embarrassing you and me watching you be embarrassed. I couldn't be more pleased with how this has all turned out. I am going to love watching you parade around in your camisole and your pants slip and your gartered stockings, and your girdle and your bra in front of two women, a guy looking just like a girl. It is simply wonderful. And I am going to keep you like this as long as I can. I love it."

She explained that this just wasn't about just embarrassing me, it was about pay back and her peace of mind, and I should save my breath and my favors as I

## 10 Janice Wildflower Gemini

was going downstairs and showing off my new lingerie to the woman or it was back into my chastity device. And that would be for the rest of my stay, if I didn't take my opportunity to get into more comfortable lingerie, though much more feminine, when I had it. I would get no second chance at this.

And then she explained that at the school the teachers always had the girls parading around in their underwear for inspections, and if she had to do it, because of me, than I needed to do it for her. And so there was really no getting out of it and I was just putting off the inevitable. And the longer I stalled the worse she was going to make it for me. Meaning the more embarrassing she was going to make it for me.

And though I still did not understand her thinking about this punishment she had me undergoing I had no choice but to have headed downstairs in my new lingerie with just Ms. M.'s translucent satin robe as a cover and just in my new lingerie. And as we walked downstairs, me in the lead, Janice behind me with my pants and blouse, she told me, "And you had better act pleased and excited and show off your new lingerie and give Cookie a big hug, just like a good sissy boy. And until you do I won't give you back your pants, you'll be standing there in your lingerie. Oh yea, and when you give Cookie her hug, kick up one of your legs, just like a girl, or no slacks for you. I want to be entertained, sweetie. And if you aren't convincing enough maybe I'll go find Pops to take a look at you too."

Well that did it. Gosh if Pops, a guy, saw me in a bra, girdle, camisole, pants slip and nylons I would just have died, at that point. So I got downstairs I opened the robe to give them a look and then I closed it and I went right up to Cookie, wearing just my new lingerie

and auntie's satin robe and gave her a big girly type hug and as instructed kicked up my leg just like a girl would do.

Cookie was obviously a bit surprised what with me actually appearing in the lingerie in front of them and then having me hug her like a girl would do to show appreciation. But Cookie hugged me back and affectionately at that, and gave me a genuine smile of pleasure.

Then I told her, "It's wonderful Cookie. I can't thank you enough. What a difference. My new lingerie is just so comfortable. I wish you would have given it to me when you first got it for me. I feel wonderful in it." And the truth be told I was not exaggerating by that much. The lingerie did feel really nice on me and I was happier to be wearing it than I had been with Ms. M's and Janice's underwear and binding myself. But still it was just so embarrassing. It was all female underwear....lingerie...and I was still a guy...and there I was in front of the two ladies just in my new lingerie!

And then Janice asked, but really told me, "Now why don't you let Cookie and mom get a really good and long look, now that the shock of seeing you like this has worn off. You really don't seem embarrassed at all to be wearing a full set of girl's lingerie. Though for some reason I don't find that so surprising. So why don't you drop the robe and step back and turn around a couple of times and walk around a bit so Cookies can really see how well all your new lingerie really fits you; she really was so thoughtful to get you such fine female type lingerie; you not really being a girl."

Janice gave me that look and I did as I was told. Dropping the robe was one of the most embarrassing things I had been forced to do, but I had to do it. And

## 12 Janice Wildflower Gemini

as I started to walk Janice told me, "Come on and give it your best cat-walk strut... like a model. You know you can do it...walk more like a girl!" And of course I did, which was most embarrassing. I turned around and walked around, just wearing my new lingerie, panties, girdle, bra, camisole, pants slip and stockings, all in pink, and gave them a good look at me.

And actually walking around like that, like a model, made the lingerie feel even nicer. I can't explain it. But it was female lingerie meant for a guy, and so it was designed to do that.

With that I thought I would die, but Janice was to make it even worse for me. She told me, "You know Timmy, you should really need to slip out of your camisole and pants slip to show Cookie how well your new girdle and bra look on you. She can't really tell with the lingerie over it. And if mom is going to purchase more girdles and bras for you she should get an idea on how they fit you."

I tried to avoid the disrobing down to my girdle and bra but the ladies would have none of that and Janice came over to assist and there was nothing I could do about it and shortly I, a guy, was standing in front of the ladies in my pink satin long line bra, pink satin girdle and gartered pink nylon-lycra stockings. I filled the cups with two size "A" breasts, and was shapely enough below the waist and flat as could be.

And then to embarrass me even further, Janice had me turn around and model my support garments; which I of course did. I did not appear happy, I was just so embarrassed. And Janice told me, "Now Tammy...Timmy, if you continue to look so serious we'll think you don't like your new lingerie and want back into the old lingerie you were wearing. And you really should smile. You do look just so lovely and

feminine in your new lingerie. And it does fit you so wonderfully and does wonders for your figure...So let's look happy dear...or..."

And so there I was modeling my new bra and girdle and smiling and looking happy to be doing so. I had no choice.

Ms. M. told us, "Why Timmy you look just adorable all in pink stretch satin. I can't get over your figure. It is a delight. You must keep this outfit....What do you think?"

And Cookie agreed. "Oh, yes he does look absolutely darling in pink satin. The girdle looks wonderful on him. And the gartered stockings on him are to die for. He looks absolutely.....well so feminine. And I can't get over his...well chest. My word he actually has some development there. He really does look like a young girl. As long as he is not embarrassed showing off his figure I would think this is the perfect lingerie for him."

And Janice gave me the look and I had to respond. And told them, "Oh yes, Cookie. I do want to keep the lingerie. Thank you for the gift. It is ever so much more comfortable than what I had been wearing." I could have died....again.

The only relief was after the admission Janice let me cover up with my camisole and pants slip. After the embarrassment of exposure in the bra and girdle I almost felt dressed. It was part of the psychological breaking of me so I would feel comfortable as a girl in any state of dress with my female companions.

And Janice had to point out, "Cookie, the lingerie really looks like it was made for him, and he does look wonderful on him. It's amazing. I think you and mom will have to get him more. One set won't be enough for him. He really does look so nice and relaxed and com-

## 14 Janice Wildflower Gemini

comfortable in this lingerie, it would be a shame not to let him wear it all the time.”

“And even better now in his new girdle for boys from the waist down he looks even more just like a girl. So mom it looks like he might as well still wear your pants. His own still aren’t going to fit him. So there is still no need to get him boy’s pants, the lady’s slacks still fit him just fine. And above the waist with his man’s bra on he no longer looks flat chested, his small breasts show and he looks like a girl with somewhat big shoulders. So it would be just silly for him to wear a man’s shirt. So mom I think your blouses still work just fine for him.”

But Janice still didn’t let me get dressed and cover my new lingerie and embarrassment. She continued to hold back her mom’s slacks and blouse. She sort of stated, “Now the only thing we need to know is if Tam...Timmy is comfortable enough in lady’s lingerie and not too embarrassed wearing it; with all the ladies of the house knowing that the boy who wore panties now not only wears panties but a complete set of girl’s underwear..., including a bra...Well Tam...Timmy, are you comfortable in panties and a girdle and a bra and stockings and all us girls knowing you are wearing such a nice set of girl’s lingerie, or do you want your old underwear back?”

But she didn’t let me answer. She told me, “Oh I forgot you were wearing panties before. So what is it...Your old panties and....what ever... let me recall....or you brand new full set of lingerie?”

Well what was I to say, the new lingerie was so much more comfortable, and my old whatever that Janice was referring to was still lingerie, and I didn’t want that shared with Cookie and then possibly with Pops. And so I told her, “I would just as soon stay with

my new lingerie if it is all right with you ladies. With my changed shape it is more comfortable than my old lingerie and fits me better than my men's underwear..."

And Janice interrupted, "Oh, you also like your female lingerie better than your old male underwear?" And of course I had to tell her yes, but with an explanation. "Well Janice, with my feminized figure, no fault of my own, and the girl's underwear does fit me better and is more comfortable. What would you expect? I am among understanding women."

Well I shouldn't have gotten testy. Janice told me, "It's not just the fit we are talking about now. It is also the style and the material. It is the feminine style and the feminine materials of your new lingerie. Your old female lingerie from mom was cotton which you didn't seem so pleased with or able to show off and parade around in the way you are showing off your new lingerie" ...she said, in front of her mom and Cookie. It was not so true, but what was I to say. And then the fact that I had been wearing woman's cotton panties was out.

I was just happy she wasn't revealing the nylon lingerie she had made me wear when she had her way with me.

And then she concluded, "...while the new lingerie is nylon and satin and the like and you seem very comfortable with that and so pleased that you had to show it off...and down to your support garments...you naught boy you!" That is what the ladies heard but I knew and she knew that she had made me show it off.

But what was I too say. I could not win. And so I told her, "Any of the lingerie is fine, but I have to admit the nylon and satin feel nicer than the cotton. You ladies are so lucky."

## 16 Janice Wildflower Gemini

And so Janice buried me with, "Then we can assume you like the female lingerie that you are wearing and are really pleased with it and wearing it and that you just had to show off to us. And we can assume that you won't need or want old fashioned cotton lingerie. And then we can assume that you do like nylon and satin and spandex and lycra and have no objection to wearing such female lingerie full time. And since you are happy with your new lingerie mom doesn't have to worry about supplying you with some crazy custom made underwear because of your physical problems here? Or am I mistaken?"

And so I had to tell them what was actually the truth, even though perhaps at the time Janice didn't realize it. "Janice, I like my gifts and I really appreciate the thought behind them and of course just had to try them on. The lingerie fits fine and I find, though embarrassing to say the least that I do like the feel of it and it fits me better than the cotton lingerie your mom had lent me; as after all my new lingerie is to my measurements. There isn't any reason to have to get some sort of custom made cotton underwear for me. It would be a waste of your mom's money and time."

And to rationalize the whole thing I told them, "And the fact that Cookie went to all that trouble to get me such special lingerie makes it special, and certainly I will have to at least try it for a while." And then I looked at Cookie and again told her, "Thank you so much Cookie. It is a lovely present."

And Cookie smiled a just told me, "Oh it was a pleasure to find you something so nice that you actually wanted to show it off and that we all can enjoy seeing you modeling in it." She told me, "You look adorable." I could have died again.

And looking at me Janice told me as she handed me back her mom's slacks and blouse to put on, which I did, "Tam...Timmy I think that this is wonderful for you. You have really come to grips with your developing feminine side. It's wonderful that you can accept your love for sensual lingerie. It is a big step for a guy to admit he prefers nylon and satin lingerie to cotton underwear. And you said that so emotional, just like a girl. Tam...Timmy I mean are you really becoming so much like a girl?"

And of course there was nothing to be said on my part and I was happy just to be able to get dressed again to put on the lady's slacks and blouse in front of them to cover my lingerie so what was I to say, but, "Not a problem."

Cookie seemed really pleased and asked Ms. M., "Well this has really worked out so much better than I expected. Who would have known Tam...Timmy would be so happy with this lingerie? And he does look darling in it! I am just so happy we got to see him in it. Who would have imagined he would be so pleased as to have to show it off. Why Janice is right, he really is getting to be just like a girl. I can hardly get over it. I imagine we will have to get you several sets of this lingerie if it is to become your everyday underwear....Who would have thought?"

And looking at Ms. M., Cookie confirmed, "I guess we'll have to get him some more of this special lingerie. I don't think one set of it will be enough. And strangely enough I do have such fun shopping for him! I'll have to check out what other special items are available for such a special boy." I was cringing. Gosh what else was she going to come up with I thought?"

Then Ms. M joined in and agreed with Cookie. "Yes one set of lingerie isn't enough for a working boy or

girl. And one color isn't enough. I think sets in some other colors, perhaps black and red and beige and then some pastels should work well for him. So we'll have to get Timmy some more. He does seem so happy with it. And it did look absolutely wonderful on him. He really looked so cute in it and modeling it. I almost forgot he was a boy. I almost thought that he was a girl."

And the killer was that Ms. M told us, "And you know despite the fact I don't like to spend my late husband's money frivolously, these lingerie is just so beautiful that I think I would enjoy shopping for it for Tammy... Timmy and seeing him model it for us. I think I might enjoy spending the money on such lovely lingerie and feminine clothing...even if it is for a boy."

And then she emphasized that with me. She told me, "Tam...Timmy that lingerie did look very nice on you. I am happy that you are happy with it. And you looked darling in nylon stockings. Your legs are so shapely for a boy and more like the legs of a girl than a boy. In fact I don't think I noticed much hair on them... I am sorry, but I had to say that."

So what was I to say, but, "Not a problem Ms. M. I guess I do have nice legs." And with that we all laughed. I hoped that would end that, but it did not.

But Ms. M continued, "Actually you do have nice legs. I am a bit surprised. I guess along with your waist and hips your legs and even your arms and face have become more feminine in appearance. But in any case, I am really beginning to think of you as Tammy rather than Timmy, so I don't know what to do about that. I keep slipping like Cookie and Janice. And now that Cookie put that name in my mind, I don't think I can forget it. You know how I am. So I think along with everything else I need you to get used to responding to

being called Tammy as well as Timmy or I am going to go nuts. I really can't keep correcting myself every time I call you Tammy, when you look so much like a girl, a Tammy."

And then Janice chimed in, "Well we can all call him Tammy and then there won't be any confusion, now will there be Tammy?"

I stood there a little dumbfounded and Janice just continued, "Oh stop being a prude. You can respond to the name Tammy without thinking we've actually changed you completely into a girl. Now can't you. Or do we need to snip- snip before we can get you to respond to Tammy as well as Timmy. I mean they're almost the same name."

Well the snip- snip got my attention. And again what was I to do. There I was dressed in all female clothing, looking like a female, and I was going to tell the girls I won't respond to the occasional change in my name and being called Tammy. That would have been ridiculous. And anyway, Janice would get her way regardless. And so I made a joke of it and told Janice and them all, "Timmy - Tammy, I don't care. Just don't call me late for dinner." They all laughed and so did I, but I wasn't really laughing.

And Ms. M then came over and gave me a big hug and told me, "You know Tim, or Tammy, you really have become such a doll and so much fun to have around. I have to admit it is a bit of fun to see a former Pex Bad Boy parading around in lingerie, girl's underwear, and seemingly comfortable in it. Though I almost feel bad for what you are going through. But you do seem to enjoy it so. And you have become a joy. Perhaps that was your problem all along. Perhaps you were acting out because deep inside you were or are more of a girl than you are boy. I guess we'll find out."

“I mean you did bring this all on yourself, but I don’t think any of us thought it would change you so; but regardless of that, I for one am really beginning to enjoy this time with you. And again I thank you for taking this all in stride and being such a good sport about it. You have calmed down so much and have become so helpful that it is a real pleasure having you around. I think I will be sort of sad when your time with us is over. But for now, we’ll just all have to deal with these changes, and I guess continue with your training so we can get you a job and keep you out of prison. At this point I would really hate to see you go to prison! I am sure it would be just awful for you. You know what goes on in those places to sweet boys.”

Well I really didn’t have to be reminded of that, but the message, intentional or not was clear. Stick with the program or go to prison. And gosh I just could not go to prison the way I looked. And we know why.

And for a moment Ms. M. and Cookie forgot what my new lingerie was all about, so I could wear nylon stocking so I could wear high heeled pumps, to aid in my learning to move like a female. But Janice didn’t let them forget, and in short order I was wearing my new work pumps, the pumps that Cookie had offered with the two inch heels, as they were too large for her feet. Slipping into female shoes for the first time was just awful. I was dressed like a female and wearing high heel shoes. It was awful.

And Ms. M. had me immediately trying them out in front of all of them, and walking in them one foot in front of the other to practice and to get used to wearing the high heels and to learn to walk like a female or at least femininely in order to appear as a gay guy so I could get a job.

Well right then and there she had me walking one foot in front of the other with my thighs together and my knees brushing as I walked. The feel with the satin pants slip and the nylons on, and the way the new girdle placed my package was just wonderful. I couldn't believe how nice it felt to walk like that and without anything hanging to be able to walk like that. I mean the effect was that I didn't fight it at all and I was quickly learning how to walk like a model.

Ms. M could just not believe how quickly at first I was picking up on a female walk and how quickly I adopted it as my general gait. But the explanation was that it just felt wonderful walking like that. So what was I to have done? Anyway, with that foundation and a lot of additional work she also had me shortly affecting feminine mannerisms. And as part of my training, when I forgot Janice and Cookie would be happy and did correct me. But I get ahead of my story. It started out well but did not at first continue in that mode. Janice had to intervene, and boy did she intervene.

Both Janice and Cookie at that point left to return to work, each with a smile, Janice because she had been able, thanks to Cookie, to move along my feminization while thoroughly embarrassing me in the process which was my punishment, and Cookie because for her own reasons she had found she liked my help and company in the kitchen and liked me feminine and wanted to keep me that way and found that she liked doing things for me that made her feel that I was more of a girl than a boy, the daughter she never had or the female kitchen assistant she needed to make her life easier. I was in trouble. None of the woman were finished feminizing me...not by a long shot.

## Chapter XIV- Learning to move like a female and to wear makeup

So there I was dressed from the skin out in nice woman's clothing, nice lingerie, a nice blouse and a nice pair of woman's slacks and wearing high heel pumps it was time for me to learn to learn to walk and move like a woman and expand my use of makeup from just lipstick to other cosmetics. And Ms. M was going to be my instructress, and it appeared that she was going to take it seriously. I mean really seriously!

No more hesitating and messing up. As I mentioned earlier, walking like a girl in the clothes, men's female lingerie, that I wore felt nice. And there was something about the lipstick at first that felt nice, different from the lipstick that Janice had provided for me to apply. And so at first I was picking up on all Ms M was teaching me and she was very happy about it all. But after a while I got scared about that whole thing and what was happening to me and started messing up a bit regardless of how nice every thing felt. And that's where Janice and Cookie stepped in. And again it was just so humiliating, but there was little that I could do about it. The threat of prison always hung over my head. And the more feminine I had become the more threatening that threat became.

Although I knew that under the circumstances it was best that I actually experienced all those aspects of femininity and also learned to be some what of a swish after a while I just couldn't stop my self from rebelling. It was just becoming so difficult for me to accept what a lingerie wearing sissy I had become and how nice it felt wearing the lingerie that I was rebelling a bit. I guess to prove that I was still a man, when I really just wasn't much of a man any more any way. So while Ms.

M started off with the best of intentions it seemed I just wasn't getting it and Ms M was just beginning to lose patience. Janice had the answer to that and of all people she had gotten it from Cookie; but more on that connection later.

After a particularly sorry session Janice came into the room and told her mother that she probably needed a break and that I probably needed a talking too as her mom was probably too easy on me and so Cookie had a snack for her down in the kitchen and that she would work with me a bit and get me back on track. Her mom was a bit hesitant, and told Janice, "Now don't abuse the poor boy things are hard enough for him"... but she finally left us.

Once her mom was gone Janice told me, "Look Tammy, obviously you have a problem with this, and to overcome that and just to help you out I have a solution. It's sort of a triple whammy. One it will remind you what will happen to you if you piss me off about this and two it will give you an idea of what prison will be like for you, and three it was supplied by the lingerie for boys lady and is guaranteed to help any boy walk and sit like a girl. And it will also remind you what happens to sissies that don't do as they are told. So here goes.

Janice gave me the order, "Drop your pants and grab your ankles and stay that way until I release you." Well I sort of thought I was done with all of that and tried to refuse and that wasn't happening. And when push came to shove I did as I was told, like a good sissy boy, and unzipped the back of my pants and dropped them and then grabbed my ankles, which of course in my high heels pushed my butt way up. And then before I realized it my hands were actu-

ally tied around my ankles and I couldn't get up if I wanted to.

And then at that point Janice pulled down my girdle and panties and had me there bare ass up in the air and grabbing my ankles. I tried to see what she was doing but she gave my real a hard slap on by exposed butt and told me, "Just look at the floor or you are going to be one sorry sissy." So at that point I was getting a bit scared trying to figure out what she was up to. I sort of expected a spanking for not fully cooperating with her mom's training of me and braced myself for that. But that is not what happened to me and that would have been better.

Well the next thing I heard was Janice putting on a latex rubber glove and figuring what that had to be all about sent a shiver down my spine. I started to say some thing and Janice just told me, "Not a word or you will be even sorrier than you are going to be!" Well there wasn't a thing I could do. I was helpless tied up the way I was.

Well I felt her gloved finger covered with a lubricant circling my rear entrance and finally enter it spreading the lubricant all around. I had an inkling of what was going to happen and I started to once again object and tried to get up and she smacked me really hard and told me, "Move from your position before I tell you and I swear I'll have mom call the judge." And so I stopped struggling and just stayed down hands around my ankles. And then I felt penetration as Janice pushed something into my rear. It spread me and then entered me and then I closed around it, but I really felt full, and a bit uncomfortable, though a bit turned on.

I started to speak, but Janice still stopped me. Then she pulled up my panties and my girdle, the girdle

then really tight on my butt, smoothed my stockings, and then pulled up my pants and zippered me closed and then released my hands and told me to unbend. Well I did and as I did I really felt the object that she had inserted into me. It felt a little nice as it must have been pressing on my prostate. But I was also uncomfortable. And I felt sort of violated. She told me to walk, and to walk like a girl or else, and to keep my cheeks clenched around the object she had inserted. And I did and I found that I was moving from the hips and more like a woman and I was finding it almost a bit of a turn on, with that thing pushed up inside of me and pressing against the right spot.

Janice looking at me told me, "Very nice. I think you've finally gotten the idea, and now you should keep to your feminine stride. I knew you knew how to do it, you were just being difficult and that new training device in you is supposed to remind you not to be difficult. I can't believe that this thing really works. But any way... sit down and I'll tell you what's up, so to speak."

Well I sat down, like a guy, and I immediately felt uncomfortable. So with out thinking I moved to the front of the chair and with out knowing it I was perching there like a woman would sit. Janice saw that and voiced out loud, "Excellent, really excellent. You're already moving more like a female, and now you're sitting like a female, and with out any or at least little instruction about that. This thing really works. So let me explain to you what's inside of you and for how long you're going to use it. And if you want it out you had better cooperate with your lessons. It's not coming out until mom tells us she has you walking and moving like a female and you've learned to use full makeup, not just the lipstick."

And she continued, "Mom seems to like to teach you the feminine skills, deportment and make-up and who knows what else. She tried with me and it didn't work so well. I was by that time already too much of a 'tom-boy'. You on the other hand were picking it up rather well. Especially considering you are a guy....or was a guy."

"Then you got dumb. I don't get it. So now you're not keeping my mom happy, and I want you to keep my mom happy. That way she is off my case about all of this. And she won't be happy until you are successfully learning to move and act like a girl again and have learned how to put on full makeup. So you had better learn all of that under mom's tutelage. It will make her feel good. She has a good time teaching you this female stuff when you are learning it. And when she is teaching you she forgets to bother me about it. So you better start learning it again."

And the final threat was, "The butt plug stays in until you move like a girl and know how to use makeup, and learn whatever else mom wants you to learn about female stuff. And if you slack the butt plug can get bigger!"

Then she explained, "Now Cookie got this plug you are now sitting on at the lingerie store in the section that sells the female lingerie for guys, from the saleslady with which she has been dealing. According to the lingerie saleslady it is supposed to feminize a male, mentally by making him feel vulnerable. And it is supposed to make a guy walk like a girl and move like a girl and I can see it seems to be working. Any way it stays in until it does its job, and you'll insert it yourself before lessons, until mom thinks you are making real progress. And don't give me a puppy dog look; we

both know this is for your own good. You need that job."

I told Janice okay I was convinced she meant business and I would behave, but please not the butt plug. And it was frightening; I was even speaking a bit higher and sounding more like a girl with that plug in me. Any way, Janice told me, "Too late sweet heart. And if you regress, as I said, we can get bigger and bigger plugs. So just be happy that Cookie didn't bring home one of the larger models. And regardless of your promises you'll wear this one until Cookie and I are satisfied that mom is satisfied."

"And if I do a check and find you didn't insert your...your...let's call it your womanizer, I will move you up to the larger sizes and they can, believe me, be locked on. And once we reach that stage the plug will stay in all day. And you know that after a while, with the bigger ones, you get so stretched out you'll have problems. So be happy we started you off small. And start learning your lessons again. I want to see you moving, and acting and talking like a girl, and wearing full makeup in a reasonable time. And I want mom talking about how well you are learning all of that stuff, and how happy she is with you and the progress you are making or you are in for it. Get me?"

Well there was nothing to say, but yes. And by then Ms. M made her return. Well under her direction I started walking around again and I was doing it like a female again. And it felt nice and really nice with that plug pressing on a sweet spot, and the girdle messaging me, both occurring when I walked properly like a girl, knee brushing knee and one foot in front of the other with small feminine steps, moving from the hips and swaying my butt. Ms M was suddenly very happy and very happy with me. She told

me, "I guess Cookie was right. You just needed a break and a talking to from Janice to get you focused again. You know I can't even get Janice to walk so femininely. You're absolutely amazing. You walk like a model. I just love it. This is just so much fun for me."

And then as if thinking out loud she told me, "You know you are really doing so well again. I can't get over it and I can't get over what a feeling of accomplishment this gives me, and how happy it makes me. I am just really beginning to think of you as a second daughter....the feminine one. It is really funny that you a boy are now more feminine than my daughter the real girl. You must really be so feminine inside and we have just helped you blossom."

"Anyway you must really just want to be a girl to behave so much like a girl and wear all this lingerie. And you do really seem so happy here dressing as a girl and... well learning to be swishy and feminine, but sort of really learning to be feminine and a girl. I almost can't think of you as a boy any longer. So you will have to just forgive me if I treat you more like a girl than a boy."

And with that she gave me a hug, as if we were two women. I could have died. It was just so embarrassing to be hugged like that and to be told I had become more girl than boy. But there was nothing to be done about it. I thanked Ms. M and tried to wangle out of the comparison, but it did no good. She was convinced deep inside I did want to be a girl. I think it made her happier, because then if I wanted to be a girl she could take out all the stops and teach me not just to be swishy but to be girlish... to be a girl. And her training sort of moved in that direction. And there was little I could do about it, except to learn what she was teaching me.

Well after that we worked together for about three hours a day, in hour and a half intervals working on my femininity, one session in the morning and one session in the afternoon; followed by me either helping and continuing to learn house work from Janice in the morning or helping and learning kitchen work in the afternoon with Cookie.

And with that butt plug inserted each time I found I was motivated to make great progress in that direction. All the lessons were meant to give me the feminine experience and introduce me to the items I would be selling while also teaching me to be feminine or effeminate so that I would fit the position requirements for that job. But Ms. M had really gone beyond that with me and was teaching me how to pass as a female. And as I said, I had no choice but to learn all of it and to perform well.

So we worked on walking and sitting and in general moving around like a swishy guy, but again really more like a girl. Then she worked on my voice control and the type of words I used and my expressions so I would sound like a swishy guy, but I was sounding like and talking like a female. And she explained the differences between how a woman's voice sounded and a man's voice sounded, and the difference in the type of words a real man would use and an effeminate man would use.

As I was making progress she moved me along to wearing pigmented lipstick, at least during our lessons, though allowed me the clear lipstick the rest of the time. And we had reached the point in my lessons where she insisted that I always wore lipstick, while she then allowed the use of the clear outside of my lessons.

So in regards to learning about female war paint Ms M started me off with the lipsticks and all sorts of skin creams. The skin creams I used all the time, and actually found myself getting used to them and after a while I became uncomfortable if I did not have some cream on my skin and didn't like not having them on.

The lipstick; as I explained, at first the ones Ms. M supplied was a clear one and she had me wear it all the time, and refresh it periodically through out the day. I carried my lipstick in my apron pocket and always had to have it available. Ms. M would pass buy during the day and give me the look and I knew what it meant and would pull out my lipstick and refresh my lips. It felt nice after a while, and I actually found myself happy to put it on.

Then the ones with color that she initially supplied were from Janice, ones from her school which the students had to wear and it contained drugs absorbed through the skin that made it addictive. Then Cookie obtained some of the cosmetics from that specialty shop she had found and those from the shop also had added drugs to the cosmetics that was absorbed through the skin and gave the wearer, me in this case; a nice feeling when absorbed, and was designed to addict boys to makeup. And so I would come to like to wear my skin creams and lipstick and would feel on edge if I hadn't used some of my creams and wasn't wearing lipstick.

At first I would just refresh my cosmetics when Ms. M reminded me, and just in front of Ms. M, but as I accepted the wearing of my makeup, and it was pleasurable, I found that I would refresh it even in front of Cookie and Janice. I eventually had no shame as far as wearing cosmetics went. And I eventually wore full cosmetics all of the time. It did feel nice and made me

feel good, nice and crazy enough, and as Janice and Cookie would complement be over and over again about my new look the wearing of the cosmetics even made me feel attractive. It was crazy.

And as we worked on my feminine deportment she moved along with my makeup lessons. She eventually taught me how to put on and had me putting on base, and powder and eye shadow, and mascara, and blush, and all the makeup a woman would use. And she worked with me with different quality and different colors until I was fairly proficient. I used it all. I was just happy I was only wearing the clear lipstick and no other makeup after our lessons.

Then we moved on to hair care and the feminine care of my long hair, shampoos and conditioners, and rollers and setting solutions and all of that. Finally she decided I should even get the feel of jewelry, and provided me with a lady's watch, and bracelets, and necklaces and even earrings, the clip on styles to wear during our lessons.

Ms. M during my tutorials on femininity, as she liked to call them also had me acting like a girl and called me Tammy from start to finish of each lesson, and explained she just liked to think of me as a girl and have me act as a girl during my cosmetic and deportment lessons as it made it easier on her if she just thought of me as a girl. And again she would explain kind of like the feminine daughter she never had.

And Ms. M was in general was very pleased. And she shared her lessons with me on femininity and voice and cosmetics and I picked up on all of it and became more and more proficient with it all as she had me practicing she seemed to become fonder and fonder of me, and eventually seemed to relate to me

more as if I was a girl being taught to act like a girl and did not relate to me as if I were a boy.

I think she became very found of me as her student and related more and more to me as if I were a real girl. And the fact that I could carry on a knowledgeable conversation with her about girl's things and I just looked so much like a girl by then just supported her allusion that she was just about dealing with a female. And I think she needed an outlet for her mother daughter compulsions that she just had not gotten with Janice, and she found she was getting in her interactions with me, and so as the lessons continued she just interacted more and more with me as if I were really a girl.

So I was in the realm of things where I had to look at it in terms of my life getting worse for me before it would get better. I had to get more and more feminine before I could get back to my boy self, or possibly get stuck living and looking so much like a girl for another two years, if I couldn't land a job for probation. And so regardless of whether Janice was forcing me or not I was cooperating with Ms M's lessons, at least for the most part. And then of course I was still spending my days off with Janice who wasn't letting up at all on our beach or bedroom activities and treating me like a girl and having me act and dress like a girl. So I was just getting more and more enamored with silks and satins as they were part of my sex life.

Since the way I was looking it would have been embarrassing to work with Pops and also because I needed to get that "feminine experience" to land my parole job I was working part of the day with Janice learning house cleaning and care expanding my knowledge of that and part of the day with Cookie learning kitchen work, cooking, and serving.

Meanwhile what I didn't know was that Janice was working with Pops in my stead learning what had been my job and was to have been my job, and she had borrowed my confiscated clothes to wear when working with Pops, which she seemed to enjoy wearing and it didn't bother him at all. He just treated her like one of the guys; which she enjoyed.

Then one day the subject of my lessons came up and Janice was asking if her mom needed her to give me another pep talk and Ms M told her no, and in the presence of Cookie told her, or actually both of them, that I had made wonderful progress and that I had pretty much developed a wonderful repertoire of feminine skills and habits that should translate well in terms of me passing as a swish.

In fact Ms. M could hardly believe a "normal" boy was capable of learning all that I had learned about how a female gets on and that I had come along so far in feminine deportment and feminine skills and cosmetic use. Nor could she believe how sweet I looked putting on my makeup, and then all dolled up and carrying myself around as a female and speaking like a sissy. However I still did need to practice, practice, and practice. But I was never the less so good at it that I actually had become more girl than sissy, and she was not sure that she had not taken me too far with the game.

Well Janice played her game and told her mom she couldn't believe I had become as adept with the skills needed to pass as feminine as her mother had bragged, and under a show me scenario, and over my protests Ms M invited Janice and then Cookie to watch me strut my stuff. She was just so proud of me, all that I had learned and all that she had taught me.

Ms. M had me sitting at her vanity and posing femininely and asked me to put on my makeup in my girl mode and just get into my feminine role. Well I tried but I was so upset having to model in front of Janice and Cookie in front of Ms M. that I was just a bundle of nerves and spilt my face cream on my blouse and slacks. Well I had played right into Janice's hands. Ms M started to get a little upset with me what with wanting to have showed me off when Janice stepped in and Janice told her I was probably just a little nervous having to put on a show, just a little stage fright and her mom needed to just hang on a moment, and she would do her best to calm me down, as only she could.

She came over and gave me a hug, and petted the back of my head and told me not to be so nervous that she and Cookie and Ms M were on my side and weren't there to be judgmental and that if I could not pretend to be a sissy or all feminine and girly in front of them, my friends, how was I going to do it in public and get that job that I so needed.

And then she told me, "I just bet you're so nervous because you don't feel feminine enough to pull this off in front of three old girls like us. You're such a silly thing. I know how we can fix that and make you just relax you and have you feel like the girliest thing for your little show. So now let's get you out of your blouse and slacks before they stain as they need to be washed right away and get you into some thing that will really make you feel feminine and up to acting the girl." I shuddered as to what that could be and what I might be in store for. But there was little I could do.

And with that she unbuttoned the back of my blouse and had me out of it standing there in my bra and camisole. And then she asked her mom if she had an old peignoir that I could use, a nice feminine one, to

wear like any woman would wear when putting on makeup before getting dressed. So while Janice soaked my blouse her mom went to look for an old peignoir, which she found. Janice came back from the sink and took the open style robe from her mom and had me in it before I could object.

It was a heavy negligee with big puff sleeves and a ribbon tie around the neck that hung on me like a cape without closing all the way, leaving most of me exposed showing off what ever a girl was wearing under the peignoir. And then once she had that on me she soon had me out of shoes and then my slacks and then back on went my shoes, my high heel work shoes.

And so there I was from the waist down in a pants slip, with my girdle and gartered stockings ort of exposed to the girls, and it was one of those short legged girdles with the exposed garters, which made it even more embarrassing to be seen in. And though I wore the peignoir every thing was open and showing. So there I was wearing an old fashion girdle with large satin panels and exposed garters holding up thigh high nylon with lycra stockings and all on display. I could have died...again. And of course it was the additional lingerie that Cookie had gotten for me and Ms. M had paid for and both were happy to see me in that new lingerie.

And of course Ms. M asked, "Why Cookie is that the newer lingerie you purchased. It really looks so cute on him. And the shorter girdle with the exposed garters is darling and does make his legs look so much longer. It was a wonderful choice. I am sorry he didn't model it for us as he did the first lingerie outfit you got for him."

And Cookie told Ms. M, "Oh it was my pleasure. The lady at the shop recommended it. She told me

boys in lingerie do need some variety and she suggested it. And she was right; Tammy does look very nice in it. I hope he enjoys it. There aren't too many modern girdles with such nice satin panels. The sales lady told me most of the boys who enjoy wearing lingerie do so like the large satin panels. So I thought why not give Tammy a chance to explore that side of himself. And I guess he liked it, as it does look like it has been worn."

So the girls all liked my look in the peignoir with girdle and stocking legs exposed and my display of myself was just beginning. Janice had me shortly sitting at the vanity so dressed and then she shortly later had my training pumps on me and then had me sitting facing the mirror, knees together, legs crossed at the ankles and hands in my lap.

And she told me, "Now Tammy, you look wonderful, and totally feminine in your lingerie and peignoir robe. You should feel totally feminine and you shouldn't be embarrassed at all putting on your makeup and just behaving like a girl. Why you look just like a girl. You should feel like a girl. And you shouldn't be embarrassed at all. Why you are still the cutest looking thing. And I am sure that you are just going to enjoy this terribly, or I just don't know my sissies."

"And you know what, why don't you just purse those lovely lips of yours and put on your lipstick like mom taught you to do and just relax and that should really get you into a girl mood and we'll just take it from there. And you look wonderful in your outfit, so let's just get on with it. Don't embarrass my mom now, or I will just have to figure out a way to make you feel even more feminine. And I hate to think what that might be."

Well there I was feeling more like a girl than ever, with all of Janice's digs about that, and sitting at a vanity like a girl would sit, and dressed in lingerie, all exposed and a feminine robe with a satin ribbon tie. I just felt so foolish, and so feminine, and did as I was told, and put on my lipstick as I had been taught while maintaining my feminine deportment, looking at myself in the mirror and appearing as any female would so appear while putting on lipstick.

Ms. M said out loud, "You see now girls it is just like I told you, doesn't he just have the airs of any female when he sits at the vanity and applies his makeup. I tell you he does it just like a girl does it. Looking at him you would think he was a girl. And even more so, the way he is now dressed or undressed."

Well the girls agreed and Ms. M told me, "Now just relax Tammy dear and go through your regimen. I want the ladies to see just how well you have learned all of this, so Janice can vouch for you with her girl friend. And perhaps Janice and Cookie can point out any weaknesses I missed."

And so I was stuck there dressed in my lingerie, girdle and stockings exposed, wearing high heel pumps and a peignoir and getting fully made-up in front of the ladies. I put on a show for them and they seemed to have loved it. I just wanted to die. But what choice did I have. And I had become so feminine under Ms. M.'s tutoring in the feminine arts that I could no longer help myself and act masculine.

They got to watch me brush out my hair into a feminine style that Ms. M had created for me with rollers and holding solution and into which I could brush it again when I freed it from my pony tail hairdo. And Ms. M told them I had been wearing rollers to set my hair. And Cookie told her, "Why that hair-do looks

wonderful on Tammy. He should really keep it that way all day. He just looks so cute with it. It really is lovely on him. It is silly for him to wear it in a ponytail when he has such a nice hairdo. He should just show it off."

Then they watched as I put on my creams and make-ups, and they of course had to comment on how well I applied my makeup. And Janice told her mom, "Why mom Tammy really does know just how to apply makeup and he does it just like a girl. Why you did a wonderful job with him. But he must really be a sissy. He just does it so naturally. And he holds himself just like a girl, just as if he had done so all his life!"

And then they watched as I fasten on my earrings and necklace and watch, and of course they had to comment on how nice my ears looked with earrings dangling. And Cookie and Janice both told Ms M, "Why he does have lovely ears for earrings, better than most girls. It is really ashamed you haven't had them pierced. He surely would be more comfortable wearing pierced earrings" And I thought what were they saying? I did not want my ears pierced. Things were getting to permanent.

And then of course Janice had to ask, "What do you think Tammy? Should we pierce your ears? Wouldn't you just look lovely with pierced earrings?" And I told them, "No thanks!" But Janice told me, "Oh stop it. I can tell by the way you hold yourself while wearing earrings that you would prefer wearing pierced earrings."

And then they got to watch and comment as I walked around like a sissy and talked like a sissy. And Janice and Cookie acted as if they were so impressed and they told Ms. M what a wonderful job she had

done teaching me the feminine arts and that she had created in me a perfect lady.

And then Janice told her mom, "You know it seems a shame to hide Tammy and to limit Tammy's practice time as a girl. You know the problem here is that he just needs more exposure as a girl to get comfortable in public carrying himself as a swishy guy."

Then Janice continued with, "He is just so passable. You know if he does need to practice why not just let him stay in makeup and persona as a sissy after his morning training, and I can continue to work with him as a girl during the morning while he is helping me with the house work. I mean I would think it would help him get used to being swishy in public if he continues to hold himself like a girl for the entire morning and even reapplies his makeup during the day in front of me. I mean it wouldn't be a bother at all to keep an eye on him and to help out."

I told Janice that it wasn't necessary and that I did not want to trouble her. But she told her mom that it wouldn't be any trouble at all. That it would be a labor of love for her to watch me blossom into the girl I apparently needed to be to become a natural swish.

And then she brought Cookie into it. "And if that works perhaps he could stay in his feminine mode after his afternoon lesson as well. I am sure Cookie could still work with Tammy even if it means that Tammy stays in a feminine mode in the kitchen"

And then Cookie chimed in, "Why it wouldn't be a bother at all. I do enjoy Tammy's help in the kitchen and would love to help him with his feminine deportment and speech. And of course he could continue to wear his makeup. He does look rather cute in lipstick and full makeup. I think I could just forget he is or was a boy."

And so each of them told Ms M that each would be happy to also work with me on my feminine deportment and skills when I was working with them, and they told her, why have me change personas and remove makeup that could be difficult. I look wonderful and if I needed practice, practice, and practice they could help mother and keep me in the feminine practice mode and in make-up mode all day.

And though I argued against it, "It would be too much for me," I told them. Of course I lost. And Ms. M explained to me, "Oh don't be silly Tammy. You do look wonderful when you are playing the sissy. And if it doesn't bother Cookie and Janice there is no reason why you can not continue with your act for the duration, until you have really gotten it all down. Then you can take a break. Until then I would think it is very nice of the girls to volunteer to work with you."

And when done with my demonstration I was relegated by Ms. M to spend the rest of that day in makeup and acting and speaking femininely. However she saw that it was too much and took pity on me and so after the morning session I would stay in feminine mode with Janice till lunch and then after lunch I could relax a bit and then after the afternoon session with Ms. M I could drop the swishy persona. And that is how things continued after that. I was left in full practice mode as a girl each morning.

And so I was spending more time during the day in makeup and behaving as if I were a girl, talking like and moving around like a girl. And then after my second lesson of the day I could get back to acting more manly, actually acting just less feminine. I could no longer act manly without exerting a major effort.

However by then I was addicted to whatever substance was in my makeup. And I found I needed to re-

apply my powder and lipstick during the day to feel nice. Ms. M noticed, or was told by Cookie that I was not removing all of my makeup in the afternoon, and was actually reapplying my lipstick and sometimes my face powder when working with her during the afternoon.

When asked about it I had to tell Ms. M that it was just by reflex. I couldn't tell her that I was getting a nice feeling from reapplying lipstick and powder. And by then I was wearing the red lipstick and so it was really demeaning finding myself keeping my lips red all day.

Ms. M was actually pleased. She told me, "You see now, there is some sort of feminine bug in you. You just are such a natural at this and do seem to enjoy it or need it so. You really seem to be more girl than boy. If you like wearing makeup than by all means you can wear it all day, and refresh it as much as you like. We are not judgmental here."

I tried to find excuses but somehow Janice got involved. She told Ms. "Mom, Tammy apparently likes wearing makeup and is comfortable with it. He is wearing it all morning with me, there shouldn't be any reason why he just doesn't wear it all day."

And in front of her mom and Cookie she told me, "Tammy don't be embarrassed about it. That is okay. We just don't like it when you try to hide things from us. But we understand your dilemma. So here is the thing. I think that mom should insist that you stay in and wear makeup all day just for a while so we can test your reactions and so you can get used to it. I understand where you will be working you may have to wear a bit of markup in you new persona so let's have you just give it a try here and we all will see how it works out. And you do seem to love wearing makeup.

I guess it is just another aspect of your hidden feminine side.”

And so it was decided there wasn't any reason for me to be taking off my makeup after my second makeup lesson. As long as I had felt the need to refresh my lipstick and powder, it made more sense for me stay in all of my makeup and to be refreshing all of my makeup during the course of the entire day and evening under the watchful eyes of the ladies so I would again obtain the maximum benefit from that training. Once I had perfected the skill I would be able to taper off a bit. But of course I was never considered to have perfected the skill. The makeup applications just got more and more complicated until I learned too much and was so skilled I could become a cosmetician. Ms. M just loved teaching me makeup application and was just so pleased with how well I learned it and just loved to see me in makeup.

So after a while the ladies talked and they decided as long as I seemed to feel the need to wear lipstick and face powder all day and was wearing my full makeup all day that it made more sense for me to also deport myself like a girl all the time. There was no reason to send mixed messages...whatever that meant. And it was decided that all the woman would help me with my feminine deportment and I should act swishy all day and the woman would keep me behaving in a feminine fashion all the time so I would get the maximum benefit from that training.

Janice told her mom she did not have any problem at all relating to her old boy friend as a girl, dressed and acting like a girl any way and in full makeup. In fact she kind of enjoyed it. It was fun. And Cookie told Ms. M she actually liked it better when we were together in the kitchen and I looked and acted like a girl

and she was able to relate to me as another female. It was easier for her.

And she found she was fine with me moving around and speaking like a female rather than a male, and wearing full makeup. And in fact she would be happy to make sure I stayed in that mode all day. And Janice volunteered the same watch over me in the afternoons as well as the mornings. They all wanted to keep me as much of a girl as much of the time as they could. And that is exactly what happened.

So between my clothes, and my makeup and my movement and my voice and eventually my jewelry there wasn't any male left on me. I looked and acted like a girl. Not even a sissy, but a girl.

And so there I was from the skin out dressed and acting like a girl under the watchful eyes of those three woman, who found as they would tell me, that my learning to be a girl was so nice as under that influence I was so well behaved and fun to be around, learning to be a girl, that at that point they would really rather not have it any other way.

I saw no way out. And when my mom infrequently came to visit I wore a long baggy masculine woman's shirt to hide my figure, was allowed to appear without my makeup, and tried to act as masculine as possible. Thought I found that was getting harder and harder to do, the muscle memory to behave femininely having taken over.

And when my mom would comment on my apparent femininity, I would tell her it wasn't as bad as it seemed and it was just the affect of living so close with and interacting with three woman so much of the time. And that it was easier to get along if I acted that way.

I was actually hoping that my breasts would get to the size "B" the Judge was talking about so I could get

off those damn estrogens that were making me passive and so feminine.

In any case, I tried to get off the topic of my apparent feminization when Mom visited. I was really glad these women hadn't yet thought to or attempted to put me in dresses. But that too would come. I would just be so girlish by the time the ladies had finished my training. And at that time they weren't finished with me by a long shot.

## Chapter XV - Wearing Jewelry

Now after I was obviously looking like a female when Pops needed me Janice would ask me if I wanted to go; but the way I was dressed and looked by that time, in lingerie and a woman's slacks and blouse, showing my developing breasts and wearing makeup; it would have been just too embarrassing to have gone out to help him.

Even if I removed the makeup there would be tell-tale signs, and there was my feminized figure; and Janice wasn't returning my male outer clothes and I was afraid to bring that up as an issue Janice was so adept in further feminizing me and publically embarrassing me. So I was letting her take those assists. And she loved it and would stay out longer than needed and pal around with Pops and leave me to finish up the house work on my own.

On such days her mom would actually comment on how clean the house was or how well the house work had been done, and Janice would explain that I had done it all and was so naturally adept at it I would and had just done such a wonderful job and much better than Janice could do, try her best, either doing it alone

or with me. Well Ms. M was really happy with me and how clean the house was, and how much cleaner and nice the laundry was that she did not seem interested in letting me out to work with Pops. And she was very complementary on how well I did with my domestic chores. And after that Janice would sort of hold back and let me carry the brunt of the work and critiquing it until I was getting it perfect.

It was at the point where I almost wanted her out and working with Pops. Anyway, one of those work days she borrowed my watch, which as a man's time piece could take more punishment than the one she had been wearing. She gave hers to me, but it was too small for my wrist and I carried it my apron pocket. At that time I wasn't wearing her mom's jewelry all the time, only during our lessons.

So not wearing a watch I forgot about the time and I was late for my morning lessons with Ms. M and she commented. I explained and she came up with a lady's wrist watch for me in a larger size that would fit me and the jewelry set that went with the watch. I tried to refuse but it was useless. And I was stuck wearing a full set of female jewelry in my size, some of which I could not readily take off.

Ms. M told me, "You know it does not make sense for you to be wearing men's jewelry when you will be selling woman's jewelry. Your watch and your ring really look out of place on you now that you are so swishy. The ladies jewelry you wear when you are practicing with your makeup and deportment is much more attractive on the new you. That jewelry is a bit expensive for everyday use. But you know I have a lovely woman's watch and matching jewelry that I bought for Janice as a gift and it was too large for her. It wasn't available in smaller sizes. And I liked it so

much I could not return it. And it is really such a nice set and in silver which I think would look just lovely on you. Let me see if I can find it and then how it would look on you."

And she continued with, "After all I think you might as well let Janice hold onto your watch if she is going to be working with Pops instead of you. The lady's watches she has aren't up to that sort of punishment. And let me make it up to you by providing you with a nice watch more appropriate for the type of work you are doing at this time and will be doing as a sales lady...I mean person."

I tried to beg out of it telling her the watch Janice had lent me would be just fine and I would probably get my watch back but Ms. M would not have it. She told me, "Let's just see how this watch I have for you fits and how it looks on you and how appropriate it is on you. Again, you will be dealing in woman's jewelry and you really do need to get some experience with it."

And she told me, "That is unless you are thinking of staying with us for the full three years of your internment. I mean I am very happy to have you stay here the way things are working out. You are making a wonderful...let's say housekeeper. I will be unhappy to lose you. But unless you do something about the effect of the hormones on you I am not sure that after three years this all will be easily reversible, and you might just look more like our maid than our housekeeper. Though not to worry as I would just love you to stay with us as a full time housekeeper and even as a maid. You really have turned out to be such a dear on those hormones."

Well I did not yet have the size "B" breasts I needed to call in the Judge to get me out of this situation, that is off of the female hormones. I knew nothing about fals-

ies at that time, and so I knew I was stuck, and so I had to give in to Ms. M.'s generosity. I told her that she was most likely right and that I should at least try on the jewelry. And of course I meant the watch. But she took it to mean all of the jewelry and then there was no backing out.

She told me, "Oh yes dear, there should be some jewelry to go with the watch such as some bracelets, a ring, a necklace and a pair of earrings. So let's see what I can find. I am sure you will be happy with the set. It should look very nice on you."

She left and returned with a gift box and when she opened it all the jewelry she described was in it, nothing fancy...just everyday woman's jewelry, but very nice. One could tell that it was expensive. She took out the watch, a lovely ladies watch on a bracelet and fastened it around my wrist and it fit just fine.

Next came six silver bracelets, the type that slide on over the hand onto the wrist. She explained they went on the opposite hand from the one sporting the watch to balance out the watch. Well she tried sliding one on and it just wouldn't go over my hand. I thought that would be that and I would be spared the embarrassment of having to wear the bracelets. But she didn't give up. She use some hand cream and then compressed my hand till it actually hurt and then she was able to slide the bangle on past my hand and onto my wrist, a procedure she repeated five more times until all six bangles were on my wrist. After they were on and I dropped my wrist the bangles bounced off one another and rang out with for me an unnerving feminine sound. I told myself as soon as I was away from Ms. M off the bangles would come. Little did I know that would just about be impossible?

Ms. M. admired the bangles and told me, "Now they do look wonderful on you. And the sound they make on your wrists is just so feminine it should serve as a reminder to you on how you need to present yourself. And silver is definitely your color for jewelry. And they sound delightful. It's wonderful. Now I can always tell where you are. You sound just like a girl. I am so happy for you. Let's try on the ring."

She had a silver ring for me to try on, much like an engagement ring. And coincidentally enough that was the only finger it would fit on. Again it was difficult to get on, this time over that joint on the finger. Well she greased it up and pushed and it was painful and left me with a bone bruise, but she pushed it on past my joint and like the bracelets it was on. And she loved the way it looked on me. She told me, "You know this is wonderful. You won't have to worry about any one, female or male, trying to pick you up; it now looks like you are engaged. Though the ring is a bit feminine for a guy... But then again you are supposed to be swishy and so the ring should do just fine. I like it."

Then she told me, "Now let's try the choker." And she put it on my neck and closed the catch. She seemed to have a bit of a problem, but finally she got it closed. Again it was silver and very feminine. And she liked the way that looked on me also.

Finally came a pair of silver earrings. I begged off the earrings, but Ms. M. told me, "Nonsense dear. The earrings go with the set. And you really need to get the feel of wearing earrings for the entire day. The short time I have you in jewelry is not really long enough for you to get the feel of wearing it. And with that she clipped the earrings to my ears. They were literally rings which matched my engagement ring and opened to clip onto my ears. Ms. M. explained that

Janice did not have pierced ears at the time and so I was lucky that I could get away without having my ears pierced and yet still get to wear a lovely pair of earrings.

Ms. M. was very happy. She told me, "You know I am just so happy this set fits you. I want you to have it. You can wear it all the time. It looks lovely on you. And you really do need to get a feel for woman's jewelry, if you are going to be selling lady's jewelry. I saw it and fell in love with it. I really knew it would be a bit large for Janice but I just had to have it. And now that I see it on you, I am so happy that I bought it. You just have to keep and you just have to wear it for me."

And that was that. So I figured I would take it off later. There was not need to make Ms. M unhappy. I had to keep her happy or it was off to prison. Well later when I tried to get it off the bracelets and the ring definitely were not coming off. I could not get the bracelets past my wrist nor the ring past my finger joint, and the catch on the choker was broken and would not easily open and I was afraid of breaking it and suffering the consequences. I could not hurt Ms. M's feelings. Only the watch and the earrings came off. I told Ms. M. and Janice just told me the jewelry looked wonderful on me and I should just leave it on. I would lose wait on my diet and then the ring and the bracelets would come off and at that time they would get the choker off. And I was stuck.

And the wearing of that jewelry seemed cleverly designed to remind me to stay in a feminine mode and to mildly torture me with the reminder. So I was stuck jingling all day, every time I moved my hand, as the bracelets rang off one another. It was maddening, but reminded me to stay in my feminine mode. And the pull of the earrings on my ears every time I moved my

head did the same. It was like I was being told, "You are a girl silly boy....don't act masculine. And then the choker seemed to make it easier to keep my voice in the higher range and to speak slowly. And so it was more difficult to forget myself and talk in a manly tone. And so I was always speaking as if I were a female.

And Ms. M. caught on to all of that. When I ask about returning the jewelry under the pretext that I might damage it, doing the house work, she was absolutely adamant that I keep it. She told me, "Nonsense dear. Your jewelry looks wonderful on you. I love seeing it get worn. And if it is damaged I will love to take you shopping for a replacement set. I think wearing it reminds you to stay in your swishy feminine mode and I just love you behaving like a girl. It is just so much fun. You are such a darling. And you have become such a valued .....let's say help...around her when you are in your girlish role, that I do want you to have that jewelry as a present. So let's have no more talk about you not keeping and wearing your jewelry."

And so there was nothing to say. And I certainly did not want Ms. M to take me out shopping for anything other than a set of male clothing, and especially not for woman's jewelry. And so I was stuck wearing the lady's watch and bracelets, and ring and earrings. And then again, after a while it just wasn't so bad wearing the jewelry. I got used to wearing bracelets and earrings. And then the women were always complimenting me on how nice the jewelry looked on me. And I began to like the music the bracelets made and the feel of the earrings on my ears. It was funny. I did not want to like wearing female jewelry but eventually I did.

## Chapter XVI: Cookie teaches me that I am her obedient sissy in her kitchen

I just felt so feminine. And it was nice and relaxing and a bit of a turn on. Janice made me keep myself hairless below my eye brows which I kept plucked and femininely shaped. I was sleeping in a satin nightgown which Janice had provided and she would use me when I was so dressed, her on top and me on the bottom with the butt plug. And I could not take it out for the evening until she had satisfied herself with me.

I would get up each morning and have to re-insert the plug. And as it actually felt nice walking around in the high heels with the insert messaging my prostate I sort of enjoyed it. I slipped on my panties and then my bra. The panties just felt wonderful against my manhood and the satin of the bra just felt wonderful against my developing breasts and sensitive nipples. Then I pulled on my girdle and rolled up and attached my stockings. Then I stepped into my satin pants slip which just felt wonderful against my lycra stockings and the satin panels of my girdle. Then came the satin camisole which also felt delightful. Finally I put on the lady's pants which Ms. M had provided. The pants zippered up the back and was an embarrassment. Finally I slipped into my high heel work pumps and then walked around and the butt plug would start to message me and I felt turned on. I just loved it all and hated it all and I would want to cry, but that would not help as I had to apply my makeup and I did not want it to run.

So I would brush out my hair into a feminine style. Then I would apply my makeup: cleanser, sealer, base, lipstick, eyeshade, eyeliner, and often some rouge.

And as I looked in the mirror a woman looked back at me. I wanted to die.

I would then put on my lady's watch and earrings. The bracelets and choker were always on. I could not really easily get them off.

Then finally I would put on the blouse which Ms. M had provided, and button it up the back; which was just another embarrassment for me.

By then I was really feeling so feminine and so turned on I wanted to slash my wrists. I had breasts and hips and a nice butt. I just looked all girlish. And it was crazy because I just kept telling myself I just had to develop size "B" breasts and the judge would take me off the hormones and maybe things would reverse. It was crazy.

I would then join Cookie in the kitchen put on an apron, a nice feminine one that she had found for me, and I would help her prepare breakfast. I would eat with the ladies and then Janice would take Pop's his breakfast and help him if he needed an assist.

Well then in makeup full time and wearing female jewelry full time and behaving feminine full time Cookie was treating me more and more like a female and less and less like a guy who had been forced to wear all of that, and just happened to be knowledgeable about female things.

Remember I was still being forced to read and study all those magazines for woman and girls and Janice had not given me any leeway as far as that went.

One day I just had it with Cookie treating me like a girl, almost like a female assistant, kitchen help, and calling me Tammy and I just told her so.

Well that didn't go over well. Cookie told me, "Now Tammy sweet heart it is not a good idea to get

me angry. You don't want to deal with me when I am angry." And she told me, "Now Ms. M calls you Tammy just about all the time now, and treats you just like a girl when she is working with you on your deportment and makeup skills, when she is supposed to be teaching you to impersonate a sissy and not a girl. And look at all that lovely jewelry she gave you and you wear Not very manly. And she continued with, "And Janice calls you Tammy often enough, and even treats you like a girl and I even hear her calling you a silly girl."

"And so there isn't any reason for me not to call you Tammy and treat you like a girl when you are doing woman's work with me in the kitchen, and just about acting like a girl any way and wearing makeup! It is just simpler, you look so much like a girl and under Ms. M's lessons you are acting more and more just like a girl, and I am thinking of you as more and more as a girl. I have almost forgotten you are a boy."

"In fact I am not sure what you are, but you are certainly not a boy any more. You wear woman's lingerie, and woman's clothing, and woman's jewelry, and makeup no real male would wear, and you carry yourself like a female. I just have come to think of you as a female and so I treat you like a female. You are really very comfortable to be around. You are just turning out to be so feminine. There isn't any reason for me to think of you as a male any longer."

"As far as I am concerned you are just one of the females around here and one at the bottom of the pecking order so to speak. And that is that. And that is how I am going to treat you. I think you can consider yourself to be my assistant in the kitchen as long as Ms. M has assigned you here....for whatever reason and forever reason that may be."

Well I wouldn't let it go, and I told her, "Cookie as much as I like you...stop treating me like a girl and I am not your assistant, and for Pete's sake no more Tammy! I can't take it!

Well she wouldn't let it go either. And she told me again, "Tammy under the circumstances I actually think it is best if I do treat you just like a girl and as my assistant and that you do take your orders from me and start being a bit more respectful and obedient. I mean, don't you just really feel like a sissy regardless?"

After I didn't reply she told me again, "Tammy you're doing girl's work and you dress like a girl and you look like a girl, and you're acting more and more like a girl and you wear makeup and look so well in makeup. We talk to each other like girls, you know so much about girl things, and we talk about female things that I would never talk to a man about. So that I just prefer to think of you as a girl, and I am going to call you Tammy and treat you just like I would treat a girl. And there isn't any reason you can't start acting the part of my assistant, a serving girl and intern cook. It would just be so much easier for both of us and really more natural for you all things considered."

"You don't look or act like a boy, or a Tim, or even a Timmy. You are just like another girl here in the kitchen, that's how I think of you. That is how I like to think of you. And that is how I am going to think of you! So as it is my kitchen and you are here to help me and learn how to cook and serve...like a girl... you had just better get used to being treated like a serving girl. I am sorry and sorry for you, but that is how it is."

"So Tammy... I am just going to call you Tammy and treat you like a girl. You need to just get used to it. When you come into my kitchen just forget you are or

were ever a male. You are a female when you are here. You are my girl. Now that is that, and don't give me a hard time about it... Tammy!"

Well she was right. I had become such a girl! I wasn't even thinking like a guy any more, Janice and Ms. M had me so confused. And Cookie and I did interact like two woman or girls or actually more like an older woman with a younger girl. And she was right I had learned so much about being female and female things that we really did interact like two woman or even more like a cook and her serving girl help or even an aunt and her niece or even like mother and daughter. And I did almost pass for an underdeveloped female, younger than my actual age. I was curvy and feminine, my hair was long and there was the makeup and jewelry and I moved and walked like a girl and talked like a feminine guy and more often just like a girl.

I gave her a look but she again told me that if I behaved like a girl for Janice and if I behaved like a girl for Ms. M and both of them called me Tammy more than they called me Timmy than I had just better behave like a girl for her and she was also going to continue calling me Tammy.

Then she told me she knew about me down on the beach with Janice wearing her two piece bathing suit and acting the girl, and she knew about Ms M continuing to teach me all about makeup and moving and acting like a girl, and that both of them were calling me Tammy more and more and that I responded to that and so she saw no reason to treat me as a boy or to not treat me as a girl and in fact she also preferred to think of me as a girl and to treat me as a girl. And if I didn't mind my behavior with her she'd be telling Ms M about my escapades as a girl with Janice. And how did I like that.

I was rightfully intimidated and figured she did have enough on me but I didn't think that I needed to take that from her, the cook. So I told her so giving her a bit of lip about it. Any way she told me, "We'll see about that", and she grabbed me and even though I struggled I found her stronger than me and overpowering me. I couldn't believe it. I had always been stronger than her.

And then before I knew it she had me over her lap. I continued to struggle a bit but it did me no good. And then she told me, "Tammy I am really sorry I have to do this to you. But you need to learn a lesson. And you need to learn your place in my kitchen. You don't realize how much muscle and strength you've lost on whatever treatment the judge has you on. You are no longer a match for a strong woman and you had better learn your place in my kitchen. And I am going to teach it to you right now...young lady."

And with that she unzipped the back of my lady's slacks and pulled them down a bit and pulled down my pants slip a bit exposing my satin girdle covered plumpish rounded feminine rump. And then as I struggled with her she gave me three or four solid spanks and once she had gotten my attention with that, she told me it would go worse with me if I struggled and that I had better stop it and listen to her and do what I was told or she would keep up with my spanking until I did. Well I was overpowered, much to my shame, and hurting, even more to my shame, and stopped struggling, even more to my shame.

Then she told me, "Now you are going to be punished so you understand your place here. You can't be thinking of your self as some macho guy temporarily in feminine circumstances. You're over the edge here. You need to think of yourself as mostly girl and you



need to act exactly like a girl. That is how I want it from here on out. So I can demonstrate to you that is how you must think here and act here and should act here I am going to teach you a lesson about the changed you and your change in circumstances. So you are going to do exactly as I tell you to do or I am going to get a paddle and really paddle your butt so sore that you won't be able to sit for a week and Ms. M and Janice will both figure out what happened to you, and then I am going to parade you around to Pops so he can get a good look at a real sissy, and let everyone in town know."

And then she gave me another spank, a real hard one and asked, "Do you understand?" And I had to tell her that I did as I had figured out there was no getting out of that situation as Cookie had become stronger than me.

She told me, "I am going to let you up and your pants are going to drop to your feet and you had better stand right here and take you medicine, as you're not getting to far too fast with dropped pants. And you aren't getting far at all with no pants. And eventually I will catch you and things will go worse for you. And then you are going to pull down your girdle to your knees, just your knees and then get back over my lap for your lesson"

And she paused, to let that sink in and asked me, "Do you understand that and do you accept it, or do I really have to get tuff?" Well I had learned I was no match for Cookie. And I had to tell her, "Yes Cookie...I understand and I will do as I am told." I mean, what else was I going to do? She had beaten me, both literally and figuratively and proved to me that I was no match for her and that she could really punish me if she wished.

And so she let me up, and I rolled my girdle down to my knees, affectively trapping me there, and with just my panties to protect me, and got back over her lap voluntarily, so to speak. Though before I got back over her knees she told me to stand there with just my panties covering me so she could get a good look at me in just my panties and I did just that and she did just that.

And she told me, "Nothing hanging down and not much of a bulge out front. Not really much there to show me you are not a girl and certainly nothing left to give you any macho ideas. I would think you're pretty useless as a guy and already feel more like a girl than a boy...and if you don't you will shortly." And with that she had me back over her lap.

Then once over her lap again she told me, "Tammy, you are now going to get your first, or I think your first, little girl spanking and punishment so you understand what you have become. And like the little girl you have become you are going to do exactly like I tell you to do, or it will be that much worse for you. And let me tell you, that I am going to spank you on your pantied behind just like you are a little girl and you are going to do exactly as you are told, just like you are a little girl."

"So when I spank you are to count out and tell me the number and thank me and ask for another because you have been a bad girl." And so she gave me number one and told me, "Now let me hear you or this will go on all day..." And I had to tell her, "That was number one Cookie. Thank you Cookie...I have been such a bad girl that I deserve that and another. May I have another spank Cookie?"

And she gave me another spank, though a bit softer. And that continued until I had received 10 spanks and

had recited my embarrassing ego crushing mantra 10 times. And so she stopped.

Then she told me, "You see Tammy you are learning to be a good girl. That wasn't so hard now was it?" And she waited for my reply and I had to basically tell her, "Yes Cookie I am learning to be a good girl and it is not hard at all. I am going to be a good girl."

And she continued and continued with my punishment and test. She told me, "Now Tammy we are almost done. But I have to make sure you are going to be an obedient girl here in the kitchen. So you can get up now, but you need to leave your pants and girdle down where they are and go stand in the corner facing the corner until I tell you your punishment is over. And while there you need to recite that you are going to be a good girl. So if you are going to be a well behaved girl here in my kitchen get into the corner and do as you are told...or suffer the consequences."

Well I actually knew that Cookie had been relatively easy on me. She really could have hit me much harder, or done even worse to me. But I realized it wasn't about hurting me, it was about Cookie putting me in my place...my place in her kitchen as a girl, or at least a boy who understood he was to be or act as a girl; and a girl who took my orders from her; and there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

No one was going to bail me out and if I told anyone, even my mom, I would just be a laughing stock and I was sure that things as before would just get worse. I had no place to go. And so I took my medicine. With my pants around my feet and my girdle around my knees, I shuffled over to the corner and stood there facing the corner with my pantied bottom exposed and facing out. And once there I started my recitation that, "I will be a good girl....I will be a good

girl...." and on and on until Cookie freed me. And by that time I had pretty much decided that I would be a good girl...or at least good as a boy being a girl could be.

Finally Cookie told me, "Tammy honey that's enough. Ms. M or Janice could be here any minute. I think you have learned your lesson now. So pull up your girdle and slacks and come over here and let me give you a hug and there can't be any hard feelings here. I did this for your own good. If there are hard feelings then I am sure we are going to have other problems."

Well I didn't want any other problems. I knew I would be on the losing end of that. I was stuck. And so I told her, "Thank you Cookie" and got my girdle and pants slip and my pants up and went over to her and got my hug. And I gave her a bit of a hug back to show there weren't any hard feelings.

And actually there weren't any hard feelings. I realized, that Janice on her time was treating me like a girl, her girl friend, and I hadn't been able to stop that; and then Ms. M. was treating me like a girl, her daughter, when we were together and alone; and I had not been able to stop that. So why wouldn't Cookie expect me to accept the same treatment from her, on her time when we were basically alone.

I had been foolish to fight it and even more foolish to have given her any lip. And so I had learned my lesson the hard way. But it would do me no good to hold a grudge. And so that was that. I was just going to think of myself as a girl when I was with Cookie, and I just let my girl self, my more and more dominant girl over my boy self take over when I was with Cookie. I just became Tammy. And I found it wasn't that hard. And the spanking had worked. For when I would start

to think of myself as a guy or get fed up with thinking and acting like a female, that spanking would come to mind and I would just morph right back into my girl self.

And if things weren't bad enough, shortly after that Ms. M. decided to start getting rid of what she called the stray hairs on my face. Those were that facial hairs that would on occasion, when I had not shaved well enough, peek through my makeup. So she brought out her old electrolysis machine and would work on me every day. And she worked on me whenever things slowed and by the time she was done there weren't any stray hairs on my face, there wasn't any hair. And I think it was only by keeping by eye brows femininely shaped, plucked that is, that I saved that hair from destruction.

## **Chapter XVII: My Figure is Further Feminized**

So when I worked with Cookie in the kitchen, it was like when I was around Janice or Ms. M. I just acted totally as if I were truly a girl. That is I responded to Cookie as if I was a female. I was too afraid to have done otherwise. And moving around like a girl with the prostrate stimulator inserted in me I really was feeling turned-on most of the time. It just made my experience being feminized that more of a sensual turn on which I could not escape no matter which of the woman I was with during the day. Night time alone in my room was my only chance not to feel feminine.

Cookie once she really had me under her control and carrying on as if I was really a female did not want to give me up and decided that looking swishy and ef-

feminate was no longer sufficient for her plans she would have me looking totally feminine, she was really going to have me looking like a real female girl, with a real woman's figure.

Her plan was to eventually have me so transformed that I could not pass as a male and I would have no choice but to remain a girl and finish out my three years of confinement on the estate and working with her in the kitchen. She just loved my company and my help and really wanted to turn me into as much of a real female as she could. In fact she saw no reason why I should ever leave my position with Ms. M.'s household and go back to living as a male!

Cookie had discussed my situation with some woman she had met at the lingerie store in the city that had been supplying her with my lingerie. The woman was a member of some sort of crazy group of woman who turned boys into girls and men into woman, and kept them that way, and taught others to do the same. It was some sort of cult.

The woman had explained how to really feminize me and my figure so even with loose clothes I would look like a girl and also told Cookie how to continue my training to keep me effeminate and acting and thinking like a girl.

The first thing was getting me into a Vendette strong compression figure altering torsolet which though appeared to be a woman's garment was actually designed by the group to aid in the feminization of a males figure to a females' figure. It was similar to a full body strong compression torsolet with shoulder straps, and the full torsolet that a woman would wear. However, it was cut just a little different to help alter the shape of a man's body, even bending in soften ribs, when the flesh and bones were under the influence of

a strong dose of female hormones and an appropriate figure changing diet.

Cookie managed to get me into the kitchen to help her with the heavy lifting and made sure I hurt my back in a particular fashion. Now not wanting to go to the prison hospital for an exam I was in bed for a couple of days when Cookie came up with the torsolet to save my back. Well Ms. M and Janice both of course thought it was worth a try, each for their own reason, and so Cookie explained how I should wear it and I put it on and the wearing of that high compression torsolet got me out of bed and back to work.

I put it on just over my panties and under my bra and under my girdle. It was the firmest garment I had been forced to wear. It sucked in my waist and emphasized my hips and butt so I just felt like a female. Like the girdle it took inches off my waist, so with or without the girdle I had a feminine waistline and somewhat hour glass shape. And it elevated a bit of my loose flesh to slightly increase my apparent breast size. It felt good what with the back pain and it looked like a typical woman's garment and with what I was already wearing I didn't fight wearing the torsolet.

And in fact it felt rather nice what with my back condition. What I didn't know was that it was designed to push in my ribs to create a feminine waist line and to push fat away from and prevent fat from entering my waist and torso region while pushing the fat and allowing fat only to develop around my chest and my rear and hips. And then while under the influence of female hormones that repositioned my body fat any additional fat would and did develop into breasts, hips, and a shapely butt. Eventually I wound up really looking like a woman with or without female support garments. And because of my back situation

Cookie had obtained three for me, and I was never for long out of my figure training torsolet. And as my waist line and figure accommodated to one set of torsolet corsets a replacement set with a smaller waist would be substituted.

Then because of my hurt back Cookie suggested that I could continue to help her for part of the day, so she could keep an eye on me and Janice could just continue to assist Pops when needed. Pops of course agreed to anything his wife told him. And Janice in my clothes and with short haircut, and boyish ways was already assisting and able to get along with Pops and so there weren't any complaints on his part. And she sort of catered to him, as only a female could, so he wasn't reminding Ms. M that I was supposed to assist him. And so what had supposedly been a temporary situation for me, until I learned a bit about cooking and serving became permanent.

And things had worked out in the kitchen. I had already turned out a better assistant cook and server than Janice. I took orders better and was more helpful, and I was a better service than Janice and catered to her mom. And I was able to do all that while still taking care of the laundry, and while also learning house-keeping.

Then at some point Ms M realized her daughter the tom boy was filling in for me with Pops and I had been on my own performing most of the duties of a maid, which she had wanted her daughter to learn and so Ms. M. was debating on ending all of that.

However Cookie reminded her that she could actually eat all of the meals I had prepared while she had typically found much of her daughter's food pretty unpalatable; and that I working alone as the maid had kept the clothes and house much cleaner than her

daughter had done on her own or with me assisting. So once I was fully trained when Pops and she went on vacation I could step in and cook for her and maintain the house while Janice could take over for Pops. Then once they had returned from their much deserved and delayed vacation then Janice could return to her household chores and I could go back to assisting Pops. The plan in Cookies' mind being, by that time she would have me so much of a female physically that there would be no easy return for me to the male world and I would be stuck in the kitchen with her.

Well that appealed to Ms. M, her thrifty side and any ideas of me returning to my manly work and Janice to her female chores was nipped. And Ms. M agreed to continue the existing arrangement, temporarily that was. She told me for the time being Janice would continue to fill in for me with Pops. And she told me that I could remain helping in the kitchen, as my back was problematical, and that I could continue with the household chores, the maid's work without Janice's assistant, as best I could under those circumstances; and that I should take my orders from Cookie. And that was it. I had become the maid and the assistant cook and server and Janice was free to be as manly as she pleased.

Now so I had become the household maid and kitchen assistant; while my figure continued to feminize. Once in the torsolet Cookie though putting me on a vegan diet, made sure it contained plenty of calories from oils and fats and my female hormone dominated chemistry retained much of that fat and due to the special torsolet and my feminized chemistry deposited it where it would be deposited on a female.

And so my figure was really changing and I was really filling out Ms. M.'s clothes and developing not just

an effeminate figure but the figure of a female. It was only the strong binding bra in size "A" cups that kept my expanding breasts in check that kept me looking at all like an effeminate chesty guy. My waist had thinned, my hips and butt had expanded even more, my face had rounded, my muscle had thinned, and my chest had developed. I was looking like a small chested girl. Cookie loved it, as did Janice, while Ms. M didn't seem to notice, but kept up my makeup lessons and feminine deportment lessons and treating me like a girl, while removing my facial hair.

## **Chapter XVIII- Sleeping in Nightgowns**

So there I was the maid and the assistant cook and in an active process of continued feminization; all under the threat of being sent to prison, as I was; and so I had no choice but to cooperate with my own de-masculinization and feminization. And I was so sensually turned on all the time it was difficult to not just give in to becoming so feminine in deportment and dress.

So after my morning makeup ritual and all dressed in lingerie, my plug inserted, wearing Ms. M.'s pants and blouse, and Cookies high heel work shoes I would adopt my feminine persona and an apron and under Cookies direction make and serve breakfast. She no longer did that work...I did it under her direction. She would watch over me with a smile and give my direction as needed. I would eat along with the woman and serve. It was like being the mommy of the family. I was at their beck and call. Then I would clean up. The conversation would be feminine in nature, girly stuff, and I was expected to participate as if I was a female.

Cookie just loved that part. She would always have questions for me, and I was expected to be able to hold up my side of the conversation.

Next I would work with Ms. M and either undergo electrolysis and/or lessons in feminine deportment, speech or activities. I had started to question why the electrolysis as she had gotten rid of those fast growing hairs which had been a problem. Ms. M. just told me she needed the practice and there was no harm in it and I was pretty much stuck.

Then it would be more laundry and/or housework. Then I would make lunch under Cookies direction. And again we would all eat together with me serving. And of course I would clean up. The conversation would again be feminine in nature and I was expected to participate, as if I were a female. By lunch time Ms. M. was typically having a fine time talking to me.

Then it would be back to laundry and housework. Towards dinner time Ms. M would grab me for more electrolysis and/or the lesson in feminine activities.

I would then cook dinner, typically complicated dinners and serve and eat with the ladies, though as always serving and engage in whatever feminine conversations as if I were a female and with the knowledge a female would have, still having to read all those magazines and then books pertaining to life as a girl or a woman. And if I wasn't so engaged I would hear it from Janice. Then I would clean up after dinner.

After that, if I had finished all those household chores I could relax with Ms. M and Janice. I would be engaged in learning or doing some feminine activity, such as sewing, repairing the ladies lingerie or clothing and if not work related than I would have to do some needle point or knitting under either Janice or Cookie.

Often Ms. M under the excuse of boredom would continue with my electrolysis. When she had finished with my face I thought it was over; but not so. She suggested and Janice got me to agree to the removal of hair from my hands and then from my feet; and after that then from my arms and from my legs; and then from...well... elsewhere. Ms. M. would tell me, "You know Timmy it is just so wonderful that you don't mind having me remove your body hair. I really enjoy this. I typically worked on ladies, but it is more fun working on a guy. I just love to think of what I am creating, a smooth hairless body for you. I am sure that you will really feel so much better without all that awful hair. After all you really seem to enjoy being girlish. The hair really must have been such a bother for you."

And I would try to come back with that it wasn't really that much of a bother shaving and that I was used to it and that Ms. M. did not have to waste so much time on me. But she told me it was a pleasure and a labor of love, and she could hardly wait to see what every body part she was working on without hair on it. And that was it. I was stuck. And it wasn't so bad. That is why I guess I didn't stop it. The satin just felt so nice against my hairless and then soft skin that I was having a difficult time finding the angst within me to protest.

And all the while I was fully engaged as the cook or the maid I had to carry myself as if I were really a female.

During one of the evening activities after which I had taken off my torsolet, which I sometimes snuck off at that time, Janice took note and I was convinced to replace it.

Janice told me, "Why Tammy I am surprised at you. Your posture is so much better in your torsolet that

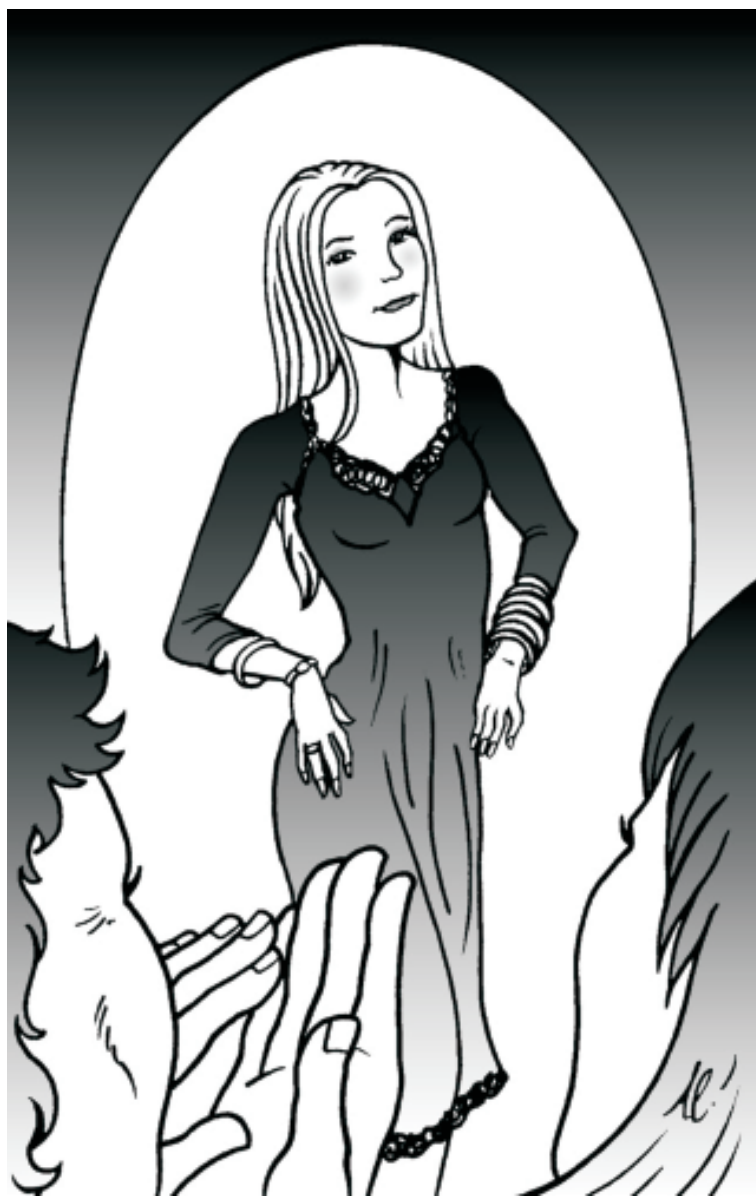
you should really never take it off. There is always the chance that you could once more strain your back. I still think we should take you to the infirmary if you insist on flirting with danger and removing it."

I foolishly took the bait and said something to the affect that I was a guy and the torsolet was made for a girl's figure and so was a bit uncomfortable and she told me, "Oh don't be a silly Tammy. You are more like a girl than a boy these days. There are even girls who wear a corset or torsolet to sleep. There are ones specially made for that, called sleep corsets...I think you need to try one. You might be more comfortable in bed laced. I would think your problem is from being without your torsolet, and not from wearing it too many hours. Expanding and contracting of the waist is not typically a good idea. As long as you need to wear the thing during the day you should probably wear one at night also."

Ms. M. listening to all of this was starting to perk up and I wanted to nip this idea of me having to sleep in any sort of binder. I mentioned that my pajamas most likely would not fit if corseted and I did not want to sleep without pajamas as I had nothing else to wear.

Janice then retorted, "Those awful ratty things? Why you shouldn't be wearing them anyway. You are supposed to be learning to be a swish. A swish would never wear those pajamas of yours. I think mom should take them away from you and we should get you something decent and swishy to wear. That is something more appropriate to your new feminine life style."

Then she brought her mom into the conversation with, "You know mom I bet one of those lovely feminine nightgowns you had purchased for me would fit Tammy's feminized figure better than they did fit me.



They are so lovely it would be a shame to let them go to waste. Why don't we try one on Tammy? And if it fits he could have them all and stay corseted for the night and we could get her out of those ratty boy pajamas of hers. Then she could stay swishy 24/7. I think that could work just fine."

Ms. M. smiled and keeping with addressing me as a female told us, "Well if Tammy would like to try on one of those nightgowns I think I could find them and I think it would be just wonderful for him. I know that I would like to see them put to use. They are quite lovely.

I couldn't out right refuse, but I mumbled something which did no good. Janice told her mom, "Oh he is just being coy about it. Let's give it a try. If you think about it they are just feminine versions of night shirts. And I am sure Tammy would not have any objection to wearing a night shirt. I would love to see Tammy in a night shirt... gown. I think she is ready. After all she does wear pants all day. And who knows he might be selling nighties at the store. He should try one on."

Ms. M retrieved the nightgowns and robes and Janice told me I had just better give it a try as it would be best for me if I didn't hurt her mother's feelings, and we could take it from however her mom reacted. And then I was stuck.

So Ms. M returned. Janice had me out of my blouse and camisole and down to my support garments. Ms. M. then came over and slipped the night gown on me. I had to cooperate and lift my arms so she could get it on. And then while it glided down me, Janice removed my pants and he me step out of them.

The night gown actually fit me very well and was contoured to my corseted feminized figure. It was expensive, of the very best quality satin, with an attached

slip, short sleeves, and gathered at the breast and waist. It did not look like a night shirt, like one of those inexpensive nightgowns with no shape to them.

Ms. M took a look at me and clapped her hands and told us, "My...it does fit him very well. He really has developed such a girlish figure. It looks wonderful on him. I am so glad I saved it."

Janice then told me to turn around, and I did; and I did so femininely. It was habit by then.

Ms. M. just loved it. She told us. "It really does look wonderful on him. I can hardly believe it, and he shows it off so well. Just like a model."

She then had me put on the robe and tie it. It was also of satin. And it slid against the nightgown and just felt wonderful. And Janice had me walk around in the outfit, and the skirts swayed and just felt wonderful. I could not believe how nice it felt and how feminine it made me feel.

Ms. M. again commented, "Oh the outfit was made for Tammy. He looks lovely in it. And it really does fit his figure. Oh Tammy you really should have been a girl. I just can't get over it."

And Janice asked, "So I guess he can keep the night gown and sleep in it and wear the sleeping corset to keep his figure properly trained?"

And Ms. M agreed. She told us, "Why of course he can keep the night gowns to wear over a sleeping corset. It looks wonderful on him. And if his only objection to the night time corseting was sleepwear than the night gown and these others are for our Tammy. I would just love for him to wear them. I am getting tired of waiting for my daughter to appreciate them. Why I think Tammy appreciates them more than you do Janice! They certainly look lovely on him."

Janice gave me the look and I told her mom, "Why the night gown is lovely and feels wonderful. But I think they would be wasted on a guy like me, despite my current figure. You should let Janice have them."

But Janice and Ms. M would have none of that. Janice told her mom the night gowns would be wasted on her and looked lovely on me. And Ms. M. dreamily thought about it and then agreed.

And she had brought along several new night-gowns with matching robes that she had purchased for Janice and Ms. M and Janice had me try each one on. And in turn they were happy with the fit of each and how each hung on me and how each looked on me as Janice had me model each one for her mom. And Ms. M. insisted I take them all and that I wear them and I did. And at Janice's insistence I spent some time with them dressed in that first night gown and robe set that I had tried on and Ms. M. just enjoyed herself with me so much I could not get over it.

And so that night when I returned to my room wearing the night gown my pajamas were all gone. That represented the last of my male clothing. After that I only had female clothing to wear. I slept in the torsolet that night. But after that Cookie had gotten me a couple of sleep corsets. And each night after I showered Janice would lace me into one of my sleep corsets. And then on came a night gown. And on occasion Janice would have me in a night gown and robe engaged in whatever the evening activities were with her mother. The gowns like all the satin clothing just felt wonderful. But I still wanted to die. I had really become Ms. M.'s substitute daughter.

And then I was provided with several sleep corsets. And that first night I slept in the sleep corset, Janice had her way with me. She laced me in and it was a bit

tighter than the torsolet, or at least a bit more restricting. And once in my panties and nightgown she tucked me into bed, with my butt plug inserted. She kissed me on the forehead and told me, "Now sweet prince-es get comfortable in you corset and I will be back in a moment with a reward for my little sissy who is become such a princess."

I sort of knew what to expect and much to my shame I was anticipating it. And she returned dressed in my pajamas and got into bed with me and started to play with me, with my sensitive breast and my sensitive but limp maleness through the satin of my nightgown. And it felt just wonderful. My breasts were just so sensitive, and thought limp, so was my penis. And she told me how lovely I was and how sweet I had become and how sexy she found me in my nightgown and feminine appearance. It was humiliating, but I still found it a turn on.

She would not let me respond and told me to just relax and think feminine thoughts and enjoy myself. She liked me to be passive and feminine. Well after I started to stiffen a bit and she then had me moaning as she rolled me on my back. Then as she pressed her groin into my groin as I was not yet really stiff, I thought perhaps like two woman making love, I felt the butt plug pressing in me and against my prostate and I started to stiffen.

Well she was wearing my pajamas and I was wearing a nightgown. And so she raised the front of my night gown and pulled down my panties and exposed me and her still wearing my pajamas she mounted me with my then stiffened member through the male opening of my pajamas that she was wearing and enveloped me with her sensuality. And it felt just wonderful.

Now she was able to control my stiffness by how she pressed me against the butt plug. It was mind boggling. So she could bring me to the edge and then drop me down again. And she experimented with that and I was going crazy wanted to cum and get my release and relief and I guess feel manly.

But Janice was not going to allow me to feel manly; though she would give me a wonderful release. She told me, "Tammy you are so sweet and girlish I can hardly tell who is penetrating whom. I almost feel as if I am in you and I do so want us both to release together. But first I have to know that you are my girl and how feminine you feel and that you just love it. So tell me and we can climax together."

And what was I to do. I could not take it much longer. And I knew if she left me without release I would be in such pain. And so I told her, "Yes Janice...Jan, I am your girl. I feel like a girl. And I want to be your girl. I don't feel like a man. I am just to feminine and girlish to feel like a man."

And she told me, "Then tell me you are a girl and want to remain a girl...my girl!"

And I told her, "Oh please...Yes I really feel that I am a girl. I don't feel like a man any more. And I do so want to be your girl. I am your girl!"

And she gave me the final thrust and we came together with me telling her that I was her girl and Janice telling me, "Yes sweet Tammy my mom needs a real daughter and I need a girlfriend. And you will be my mom's daughter and you are my girl and now you know it and there is no getting out of it. You are a girl and be happy."

I released and it was wonderful. But once satisfied the idea of being or becoming a girl wasn't so much of a turn on. I really just wanted to get cleaned up and to

get out of there. I think if I could have I would have taken my chances and run. However, Janice put her arm around me, and stayed the night, and so did I. By morning my panties and nightgown were once again feeling sensual. But the idea of wanting to be a girl....Janice's girl...was no longer a desire for me. Not that it would matter.

Janice awoke me and gave me a kiss. She released me from my sleep corset and told me to get cleaned up and get my day started, as it would be a busy day for me.

## Chapter XIX: Wearing a “B” Cup Bra

If things weren't bad enough they got even worse. I was finally realizing that the judge was serious about the size “B” breasts and she wasn't taking me off or reducing the dose of female hormones I was forced to take no matter how feminine I looked or dressed until I was showing size “B” breasts.

The judge had come by periodically to check up on me and my breast development. I would complain on how the medication she had me on was feminizing my body, both figure wise and chest wise. The judge would just laugh. She would see me and told me that as feminine as I thought I looked she wasn't going to worry about it or reduce my dosage unless I looked problematically feminine to her, which meant to her that I would get so bad as to develop real breasts and by that she meant until I sported at least size “B” breasts. I thought that was crazy but there was little I could do about it. I did not control my medication and could not stop taking it, and I was terrified how I

would look by the time, if ever, I had developed breasts up to a size "B".

I had been binding my developing breasts which had hidden them and then once forced to show them I had contained them in the bra I had been forced to wear, which was a small cupped bra without realizing that so hidden my new and expanding assets were counterproductive for me.

Cookie had an idea about my growing sensitivities and delights in the feel of satin and had supplied me with satin bras. Well it was actually a relief from binding myself flat, and much more comfortable, and as I said even sensual the feel of the satin against my sensitive nipples and breast tissue.

So once forced into wearing the bras I really did not want to go around without wearing one. But I was so embarrassed that as my breasts grew I did not mention anything and kept my breasts confined and compressed in my size "A" cup bras

When my mom visited I would hide my figure so she wouldn't complain; but I showed it off to the judge, how feminine I had become hoping she would relent. But that wasn't happening.

The judge was as she had alluded to looking for me to be sporting size "B"s and as happy as she was that I had grown the apparent size "A"s that wasn't doing it for her. She would typically leave disappointed, and would shortly thereafter have my dosage of female hormones increased. And so about the time Cookie had changed my diet my level of female hormones was really high and my body was really changing and had changed and my breasts were beyond the tight "A" cup to which they were confined.

Then one evening in bed with Janice while she was playing with my breasts as she typically did she told



me how lovely they were and that I really needed to show them off more, like a real girl would. I told her how embarrassed I was having breasts and Janice told me I was stuck with them and instead of hiding them I should show them off, which would make the judge happy and get me off the hormones and also make her mom and cookie happy and get them off my back. She told me that I could really wear an "A+" bra or with a bit of padding a "B" cup bra.

Well "B" cup was the magic word. And then there was the concept of not having to actually grow larger breasts, but to wear padding to make up the difference really got my attention. And so Janice had me convinced to up my bra size, as embarrassing as that might be, to get off of the feminizing medication, the hormones. I told her that I was up for the padded bra and she told me she would arrange it.

So the next day Janice dropped the bomb shell that really changed my status. She asked her mom if it would be okay for Cookie to buy me a nice padded bra so that I could show larger breasts more in line with my body size, perhaps about a size "B".

I was sitting there and turning red but actually hoping she would get me a larger cup bra. Her mom laughed and looking at me told Janice, "Well that might be good for you dear. You seem to enjoy having a girl your age around here, even if she is a boy. And it certainly is fine with me. I do enjoy Tammy's company so and more than I could have ever imagined. But how does Tammy feel about showing off a larger bust-line. I don't know how he could hide that from his mother. And Tammy don't think I don't know about you hiding the feminine changes to your figure from your mother."

Janice told her, "Mom, Tammy just wants to fit in with us girls and to feel pretty. I think he really is feeling like a girl, what with the medicines the judge has him on and the way Cookie dresses him, and the way he has learned to behave. So it is just natural that he would want larger breasts. He is really just beginning to really think like a girl. All us girls do... Oh... and besides Tammy stays on his medications until the judge thinks he is too feminine, and that according to the judge that is when Tammy sports size "B" breasts."

Ms. M. then asked me if I did want to show larger breasts. I turned red, but told her that I did. I explained the bra I was wearing was just too tight and that I thought I would be more comfortable in a larger cup bra and that as the judge seemed to want me to have size "B" breasts I thought that I should show off my breasts rather than trying to hide them. And I had accepted that idea, that I would be showing off my breasts and it was no longer an issue. I was beginning to accept my breasts as part of my new found feminine side and was sort of enjoying them, as strange as I had found that. I mean what else I could have said.

Ms. M laughed but told me, she was having difficulty imagining me, a boy had actually developed more than size "As" as a side effect of medication. And so under Janice's direction I loosened my bra and my breasts did expand out a bit. Ms. M. seeing the true size of my breasts told me, "Tammy, Janice is right. You can't continue to bind those breasts of yours in a size "A". They are just too big. I will have Cookie get you some size "A+" bras."

And so Ms. M had me asking for a size "B". She asked me why, and I again told her about the judge and she asked me again and told me, "And don't give me a story that it is to please the judge, because I really

don't believe all of that. I don't believe the judge could have changed you so. There is something up here that you are not sharing."

And so I had to tell her, "It is just too embarrassing, but I just want to see how I would look the clothes I wear with a truly feminine chest. I mean, my chest in my bra does make me look like a girl. But even boys can have small breasts. I feel so nice in my lingerie and your blouses, that I want to see how I would look if I really looked like a girl... with real size breasts that a guy would not have."

And then I looked at Ms. M. and asked, "Am I being silly?" I mean what else was I to say? The whole situation was crazy. There I was a guy suffering with breast growth, asking to show off larger size breasts than I had to in order to look more like a woman. I just felt so embarrassed. And I could see that Janice loved it.

Well Ms. M. also liked it. She was happy thinking I was acclimating to living my life more like a daughter than a tomboy or a boy for the time that I was stuck there, which she was thinking would be for the full three years if she had her way. And she told me, "Well dear, I guess that if you are feeling so feminine and so curious about your feminine side and looks, that like any girl with an "A+" we need to fit you with a nice "B" cup bra, perhaps with a bit of padding, so you can truly show off your lovely figure and have clothes fit you a bit better. I think that should be fine."

And then she continued, "But you need to be sure about this dear. You obviously do need larger size bras. But once we get you the "B" cup there will be no going back. I am not wasting money on first getting anyone one size bra and then purchasing a smaller size, just for a whim; especially for a boy on a whim."

I agreed and Ms. M than added to my humiliation by calling in Cookie. She told her about the decision and Cookie looked at me and then addressed me as Ms. Tammy and I wanted to die, but thought better to object after admitting to her I wanted to wear a large bra cup to show off my breasts better. She told me, "Why Ms. Tammy that is just wonderful. You really seem to be accepting your feminine side. I am just so happy for you. I think once we get you into a "B" cup bra you may just feel more like a girl than a swish." And then she laughed and told us, "Why I can hardly wait for you to ask to wear dresses. I think that would be absolutely wonderful."

I was horrified, but there was nothing to say. And she came over and gave me a hug. And she told me, "I am sure I can get you some really lovely bras at the lingerie shop, just for boys like you, and with a size "B" cup." And then she whispered to me, "And I think I will have you in a dress sooner than you think my dear." And that was that.

And so there was no going back and Ms. M relegated me to bras that fit and had me turn over my binding bra and any other materials I had used for that purpose. I pretended not to be happy, but the bra did feel nice and I did feel much more comfortable with my breasts in a "B" cup than held to the smaller cup. Though it did change my center of gravity and took some getting used to. But in any case, all the girls, Ms. M, Cookie and Janice were happy with my new look. At that point I just looked like a female. And all made up as Ms. M had taught me, I really looked like a female. And moving around as Ms M had taught me I could pass as a female. And I just really pretty much felt like a female.

And that first day Ms. M saw me with size “B”s she seemed as happy with me as could be. She told me, “Now Tammy dear you really should be a size “B” and perhaps then some. You hold yourself so well with straight shoulders and your chest out, just as if you are proud of your breasts. That is how a real girl would hold herself. I am really so proud of you. You really have learned all your lessons so well and really seem to be so naturally feminine. It is a wonder.”

Well it was no wonder. It was the torsolet I was fastened into. It kept me femininely slim, and apparently femininely straight.

And Janice had some fun with me. She told her mom, “I think Tammy really does enjoy having breasts. He does show them off so well. Just like a proper girl. You know, perhaps once he gets used to size “Bs” and comfortable with them he should move along to size “Cs”. Now wouldn’t that be nice. Then he would really have something to show off and of which to be proud.”

Fortunately her mom did not take her seriously. But she did say that would be my decision. The killer was and then she thought about it and told us, that under certain circumstances she might just help out financially if that was the direction that I wanted to go. I thanked her and told her that I was sure the “B” cups were even to large, but would do. And that was that....for the time being.

## Chapter XX - The Judge Shows up and Catches Me as my girlie self

And so with my new bras and sporting an apparent "B" cup size I was ready for the judge's next visit, and to get off of those hormones. The next visit was however a surprise visit and things got worse from there and not better for me.

Typically when I knew the judge was coming I would put on flats and took off my makeup and female jewelry or covered what I could not get off. However the judge made a surprise visit and I was not prepared and so there I was "B" cups, high heel pumps and pink lipstick and full makeup and walking around like a girl doing the housework.

The judge was absolutely delighted with my breasts and cautioned me about binding them, me being a prisoner and a ward of the state so to speak, I wasn't allowed to damage myself, and binding breasts was considered in that category. Well Ms. M already explained that she had already taken the steps in that direction and thought as it turned out I was not happy about it, I had been wearing my large cup bra for a week or so and she meant to keep wearing that one as long as my condition remained.

The fact that I was also wearing lipstick and wearing high heels and engaged in house work instead of yard work did not escape the judge she seemed pleased with that. However, as if to find out why she alluded to the fact, searching for an explanation, that despite any physical changes I couldn't be forced against my will to wear high heels and lipstick.

Ms. M explained I had been so dressed and so occupied around the house for some time and she was surprised that the judge on her many visits had not seen

me in makeup and that I had not told the judge so. She then postulated that perhaps I had been too embarrassed to have told the judge, saving me from having to have providing an explanation.

Ms. M explained the entire job thing and my resultant introduction to feminine experience. The judge agreed...and in fact more than agreed, not believing how things had worked out. She even offered to help with my feminization... that is my experiencing all that was feminine, all under the ploy of explaining how bad she really felt about the side effects of the medication I was on that had really gotten out of hand. And using the excuse that since regarding any parole her hands were none-the-less tied about me having to get a job and if feminization was the only way for me to get a job she could not stand in the way, And she repeated that in fact as she felt so bad about my situation she would even help out with my gaining feminine experiences, though what she meant was she was happy to help to further feminize and to publically embarrass me.

And the judge told Ms. M that if I needed some knowledge of the feminine experience as it applied to makeup and jewelry and the items I would be selling that a treatment at the beauty parlor would do wonders for me. Her real intent was that her daughter owned and ran a beauty parlor and my appointment would be at that beauty parlor and that was the fulfillment of all of the judge's plans and better than she had planned. For there I was the old boy friend, not only with a nice set, for a girl, let alone a guy, but really just so feminized as to look more like a girl than a guy. She was sure that would be her final revenge and that her daughter would love to see me get my come-up-ins.

\*\*\*

Of course I tried not accepting, but that wasn't happening. And so it was set that the judge along with a prison matron, armed, would drop by and bring me over to the local beauty parlor run by my old girlfriend, the Judge's daughter. Ms. M, Janice and Cookie were delighted.

Any way I am dragged down to the beauty parlor, and the situation, in an abbreviated fashion had already been explained to the head beautician, the judge's daughter, though she hadn't been told at the time that the victim was me, an old boy friend.

I get to the beauty parlor and see her and again just wanted to melt away and I try to not make eye contact hoping she wouldn't recognize the feminized me. However, she takes a second look at me and asks, "Tim?" Of course I had to admit it was me, the Judge made no bones about it. That was the plan. There I was an old boy friend looking so much like a girl and with breasts no less, and the judge expected her daughter to laugh me out of the place. Any way that didn't happen.

The judge's daughter, Sandra, takes my hands and gives me a hug and tells me, "Oh Timmy, you look absolutely darling. I can't believe this has happened to you. I feel awful. But you do look so cute. I am going to give you the works and have the girls explain about every thing they do to you so you know exactly what a gal goes through."

I could see the judge could not believe that reaction. And Sandra continued, "But if things don't work out for you where ever, and you still look like this, I mean like a girl, you can come work for me here. I can always make a spot for you as a nail technician in-

tern...as long as you look like a girl that is. But we can talk about that later. I do have some things I must take care of. If I realized it was you my mom was bringing over I would have cleared my schedule. But right now if the experience you need to have is finding out what we girl's go through at a beauty parlor then let's get you looking and feeling just like a girl. I am going to give you the works and have you feeling just like a girl. It will be just wonderful."

Well the judge couldn't believe it. She thought her daughter would laugh me out of the place or at least if providing the services be vengeful about it. But then the judge figured her daughter figured to have her revenge on me by pulling out all the stops on my feminization and just having her fun with me, under the pretext of helping me. And so under the circumstances the judge left me there with orders that I should get the full treatment, pedicure, manicure, facial, full makeover, hair styling, permanent, change in hair color, and last but not least ear piercing; the full female beauty parlor experience.

Well when Sandy didn't object to any of it, and so the judge figured her daughter was on board to torture me, while Sandy just thought under the circumstances it would be fun to have me back in her life as a friend and under the circumstances almost as a girl friend was even better. So there were no thoughts of revenge on Sandy's part, just thoughts of helping me out and having some fun.

So under the matron's watchful eye I was trapped and then I did get the full treatment. And with an explanation of everything that was done to me: a manicure with nail extensions and pink polish, a pedicure with matching pink polish, an eye brow trim and waxing, a change in my hair color with highlights, and a

new hairdo, cutting off my long locks to a more manageable length, and then a feminine hair do with a permanent and care instructions.

The first piercing for ear rings was a surprise. They assumed I knew it was on my menu and just did it without a warning as they felt a warning would only have made me anxious. And after having had my right ear pierced I had no choice but to allow a second piercing. And when I left, I left sporting a keeper earring in each ear and along with care instructions.

Then of course came a full makeover with instructions on how to use makeup to maintain my new look; most of which I already knew, but I was not going to admit to knowing. After all I was a male and they all knew that, regardless of how I looked. I won't even go into the details of the make over as it was very exacting and very professional and very time consuming because of all the detail.

\*\*\*

The girls were surprise on how quick I picked up on it all. They would ask me questions to make sure I was paying attention. And without thinking I would give them more information than I should have known. They just assumed I was a natural.

Sandy would come over every once in a while to supervise the work and tell me how wonderful I was looking. For some reason she really seemed to enjoy seeing me so transformed.

And when it was all over, she told me and her mom, the judge, that she wanted me back there for a full body waxing, as that would really be an experience, and to check on my ears, and to make sure that I understood how to maintain everything as needed if I

needed to wear makeup for my new job. And she told me that for me everything had been on the house.

I thanked her, but told her that I didn't think I would need to know how to maintain the makeup, as I just needed an understanding of makeup application and would not be wearing makeup. Well Sandy smiled at me, and told me, "Oh you look so darling in makeup and as a girl I really just want you back here when I can have some time to work with you. You look darling. Don't spoil my fun."

Well the judge just overrode me anyway. She told me, "Now don't be so sure you won't have to know how to apply makeup. If you are being offered some free makeup lessons you need to take them." And I couldn't admit to Sandy that I was already pretty adept with makeup application and so I just had to thank her and accept her kind offer. I was stuck.

Well her mom was surprised at how Sandy was taking the whole episode, assuming again that she would have either thrown me out in ridicule or played me along in ridicule. The judge hadn't expected her daughter to treat me like a girl friend.

\*\*\*

The judge made some sort of comment and Sandy gave her a look and told her, "Mom, Tim got me through High School. If it wasn't for his help I would have dropped out. He got me through those boy shop classes I was forced to take. And then he got me through a couple of difficult academic courses. I mean we both got "C"s, but I didn't fail."

And she continued, "And when I got into trouble, he stood by me when the guy who should have been there left me and left town. So if Tim has gotten him-

self in some sort of trouble and needs girl lessons, I am happy to stand by him and to return the favor. And I enjoyed his company when he was a nice boy; I think I can have even more fun with him if he needs to go around as a girl for a while. I mean I certainly will be there for him, like he was there for me; even if the whole thing does seem a bit silly and embarrassing."

Well the judge mentioned the trouble Sandy had been in. Then Sandy told her mom again, "Tim never got me into any trouble. I don't know where you got that idea. Even though he was a trouble maker and played those jokes on ever body that he could, and was always getting himself into trouble, he never got me into trouble. And he was there to help me out when the guy that did get me in trouble left me high and dry."

Well then the judge knew she had done me wrong. The situation was just like in the movie "Dirty Dancing". But she couldn't admit it then and there and there was little to be done about it then and there. And in any case she was still ticked off enough at me for all the other trouble that I had caused around town and specifically for her. So though she felt bad she didn't feel bad enough and rationalized the whole thing served me right any way. So in any case she took the return appointment for me and just told the matron to let Ms. M take me back, and to follow just in case.

She would also take me off the medicine....the hormones....but that didn't stop Cookie from keeping me on those hormones and other feminizing medications. Cookie was adamant she would keep me a girl.

So I had the works complete with ear rings at a beauty parlor and when I came out I really looked just like a girl. With the size "C" breasts I would have been a looker. As it was I looked fairly pretty...just a bit masculine. But the makeup was so overwhelming that

it covered much of my male features. And I had an appointment to return for a full waxing and a refresher course in makeup application. And I had a job offer as a nail technician at the beauty parlor.

And So I was looking and acting pretty much like a girl and hoping this would be enough to satisfy the woman in my life that seemed so interested in feminizing me and really worried about what else these woman could not do to me to further feminize me.

And it all made me feel so warm and fuzzy and wanted and turned on that I was enjoying myself despite myself. And I was looking and acting so much like a young girl that I was not so sure I could easily return to acting as a guy and passing as a guy.

##