

**She Made Me
Auntie's Sissy
Cross Dressed Maid**



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Gemini**



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Auntie's Sissy Cross Dressed Maid

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

So I finally was working full time....but not at the employment I had been seeking, not the employment suited for a guy; but instead I was employed as a maid and to all outwardly appearances a female maid, secretary and traveling companion to a wealthy woman, who knew I was a guy, her niece's husband.

I had been trained to pass as a female, as a maid; while working as a maid, and as a secretary companion to this wealthy woman. I had hoped....planned to pander to her, to my wife's Auntie, so she would help me get a job in my field....a job for a guy....her favorite niece's husband. But it had not worked out that way. Instead she had given me a job as her maid and her traveling companion and secretary. A job for which I had to pass as a female servant and for which Auntie

2 Janice Wildflower Gemini

had no issues with having me dressed, made-up and trained to so pass.

And it was so embarrassingly for me, a male, to be dressed as a female and to have to act and pass as a female. And even more embarrassing for me was that to a degree I was enjoying it....it was a turn on. But I did want to have some time off from appearing female and acting female...and in fact living as a female; and that I was not permitted to do.

And my wife seemed to just love having a cross dressed feminized partner at her back and call and seemed to just love being the dominant partner in all thing, and thought I really looked cute dressed and passing as a female. She had absolutely no intention of ever letting me returning to my former life as her husband... that is as a male husband. She had promised that once I had learned my lesson she would let me return to pants and more masculine activities....if I were good....but I was still waiting.

So there I was a guy, but for all appearances a female, and employed as a maid and as a secretary and traveling companion to a very wealthy woman. And my wife felt it served me right. But not only that, she found it a turn on to have forced me to wear lingerie and obediently take directions and to have made me the submissive partner in our sex lives and in our lives. She was never going to let me out of lingerie and dresses. She said that she would, but I was fairly certain that she was not going to. And the deeper I had gotten into the game the harder it is to get out of it. As I do so love my lingerie.

It was the lingerie and my love of lingerie which had gotten me into this mess. And I did not know if there was any getting out of it; though it was sort of a delightful mess.

And this is how I became a maid.

Chapter 1 – Forced to Wear Lingerie for the First Time

The wife had again visited her well connected aunt, and this time she had me tag along, despite the fact that at the time her aunt was not particularly fond of me. The aunt had never married, and the wife was her favorite niece and they had spent a lot of time together and even had written and then e-mailed extensively. However once the wife married and was working full time she had been spending less time with and communicating with her aunt. I think at the time the aunt felt I was the blame for that and there was some animosity over it. So she had not taken well to me.

Then for that last visit before this had all started, the wife had taken me along, hoping the aunt would get to know me a bit better. Instead I had actually gotten to know the aunt a bit better and I had gotten a better understanding as to how connected was the aunt and whom her aunt knew.

As usual the wife left with a gift. We got home and the wife would not even bother to open the present. However, that last time, unlike the other times, I insisted she open it and send a thank you note to her aunt, and tell the aunt how much her husband liked the gift, whatever it was, on her...assuming it was some bit of clothing... me wanting to pander to Auntie and hopefully get an introduction from her that would land me a full time job.

The wife again explained that her aunt despite her wealth and her generosity was never-the-less "thrifty" and Auntie typically re-gifted and nothing in the way

4 Janice Wildflower Gemini

of clothing she had ever got from her Aunt had ever fitted her. Most of it had wound up with "Good Will" or the likes when we needed a tax deduction, and so why even bother to open the gift. She was tired and couldn't be bothered. It could wait.

I knew the wife had received other gifts of clothing and even jewelry from Auntie and they had not fit, and she had never bothered to return them explaining the items were re-gifted. And so then I understood, as Auntie was a big woman and those were, re-gifted items, clothes or jewelry which had originally been meant for her aunt and so they were always too large for my wife, and typically not what she would wear even if any of the clothing had fitted her. However I still had asked to wife to write some sort of thank you note and to mention how much I liked seeing her in...whatever the gift happened to be.... hoping to make friends with her aunt and to eventually get a job, and hopefully some plum job, via an introduction through her aunt.

The wife did not want to send a thank you. She warned me that her aunt was a bit obsessive especially if one got too friendly with her and could also get quite angry and vindictive over nonsense. And since the wife knew whatever it was it would not fit her she did not want to start, let alone mention me, despite her understanding of my reasons. And the wife warned that no pandering on her part would really do me any good, that is get me an introduction, as the aunt was not especially fond of men....which included me.

Regardless of the warning, I moved ahead on my own. I hadn't got a look at the contents, but none the less I got into the wife's e-mail and I wrote a thank you e-mail, telling Auntie how pleased I was....that is my wife was...with the gift. I couldn't believe that her aunt, if the wife again started to pay a bit more atten-

tion to her and then if asked, would not help out the husband of her favorite niece. And that was the beginning of when things went all feminine for me.

Unplanned for on my part, her aunt wrote back and the wife of course got the e-mail and then came to me wanting to know what I must have done. I told her and she told me that now her aunt expected an answer to her questions and that she could get really persistent and annoying when it came to something like this, as when she had the time for her aunt the writing had been very time consuming and now that she was married and working full time she no longer had such time to devote to her aunt; as regrettable to her as it was.

The wife explained it had taken her a long time to cut down on all the e-mails with her aunt without hurting her aunt's feelings and she did not have the time to do so again. After all as the wife was working full time she no longer had the time. And so as I was only working part time, if I wanted to play this little game and to pander to her aunt I could and so but it would be up to me to reply; which I would have to do in my wife's name, but the wife did not have the time to get involved with these e-mails with her aunt.

Then the wife told me that based on the e-mail response from her aunt that her aunt must have given her some sort of lingerie and some sort of pajama set and the wife told me that the only way I could answer those questions was to actually wear the garments and not just once but for a while.

I told the wife that she could not be serious and she laughed and told me that she was serious and that it would serve me right for having opened up this Pandora's Box, so to speak, that is the gift box..., and now I was stuck with the contents. I could not afford, if I wanted help from her aunt to ignore that e-mail, and it

6 Janice Wildflower Gemini

was up to me to respond as the wife was not getting any further involved; and when I responded the response had to have a basis of truth to it. And the only way for it to be truthful was for me to wear the lingerie and the sleep set. And as far as the wife was concerned I was going to just have to wear it and write back to her aunt. And that was that. She did not want her aunt ignored and her feelings hurt.

And looking at her she seemed to get a kick out of that thought, that I was going to be wearing lingerie, and she would for all affects be the one to make her husband wear lingerie. I think it was turning her on a bit. I should have stopped it right there and saved myself a lot of embarrassment. But honestly there was a thought in the back of my mind that wearing the lingerie, if it included panties, might just be nice. And with that in the back of my mind I discussed the issue with the wife when I should have just told the wife she was right about her aunt and let the entire thing go so that it would have been over.

Instead I made it a conversation, I told her that was ridiculous and that she must be joking. And I told her nicely and there was no way I was going to do that, to wear woman's lingerie. And in any case the pajamas were not going to fit me, as they had been a gift for her, who was smaller than me.

The wife told me again, that her Aunt typically re-gifted and since her aunt was of a large size for a woman, and significantly larger than my wife; and I was on the moderate size for a man, that there was a greater chance the re-gifted gift from my aunt would fit me more than the chances of the outfit fitting the wife. And in fact the gift may have even been big for her aunt which would be why it got re-gifted, and in that case the outfit would then fit me just fine. I told the wife it had most likely been small for her aunt and that

was why it had been given to her and whatever it was should fit her just fine.

That went back and forth for a while and my wife finally told me for the last time that she knew that whatever was in the box would not fit her so she was not going to get involved with discussing it with her aunt. I whined that if I wrote back her aunt would most likely figure it out, there was only so far I could carry such a charade, and then I would not get her assistance with finding that full time job.

The wife told me, enough already and that she didn't need me to have a full time job. It would be better if I would just now just deal with her aunt and in the future just do a better job around the house with the house work that my part time job would do just fine. She in fact was finding she liked having a career.

That also went back and forth until the wife finally told me again, not said ...but told me, that the item would not fit her but would probably fit me better than it would fit her as I was closer to the size of her aunt. And she told me, so the deal would be that if she opened the box and the item fit her she would wear it and write back to auntie. However, if it did not fit, if it was too large, then I would have to try it on... and if it was a reasonable fit for me, then I would then have to wear it for as long as she thought I needed to in order to learn a lesson. And then I could write auntie all I liked, as her; and make her aunt and myself happy. But, and she emphasized again, then I would have to wear it until she thought I had learned my lesson. And she wouldn't want to hear me slacking or with or complaining about helping out with the house work.

I thought the wife was nutsy. Whatever was in the box would certainly fit my wife better than it would fit me, especially if it was a pajama set of sorts, as after all

8 Janice Wildflower Gemini

her aunt had gotten it for her. I just could not believe that her rich aunt would re-gift something that had been meant for her and that would most likely not have fit the wife.

So I agreed and we opened the gift box. It contained a satin pajama set consisting of: pajama pants, a satin camisole, and a pull over top with a matching satin panty, and a matching stretch satin support panty, and a matching satin sleep bra. The style was a bit dated. But it appeared of the finest quality and expensive. It was really nice and for some reason took my breath away. I felt a shiver of fear and of delight going up my back.

The wife stripped down to her panties and her bra, which turned me on, and tried on the lingerie set. However, it was not the wife's size. It was closer to her aunt's size and too large for my wife and I feared close enough to my size to fit me or at least fit me better than it had fitted my wife. I felt a mild trepidation; but, I terrifyingly enough, I also felt a mild desire to actually wear the satiny garments.

The wife told me, "Strip down dear and let's see how this fits you. One of us has to wear it and it won't be me as it obviously does not fit me. And as I thought and told you it was meant for auntie and so it should fit you. So if it fits you....and I think it will... then as agreed I expect that you will wear it until I think you have learned your lesson."

So apparently the gift I had thanked her aunt for was an expensive satin pajama set and lingerie set with panties and a sleep bra and the Aunt had all sorts of questions about the set and the wife told me as I had started the conversation with her aunt I would have to continue it. She did not want to hurt her aunt's feelings, as the wife again told me that she did not have



10 Janice Wildflower Gemini

the time or the inclination to keep up such a correspondence and so as I had started it then I would have to keep it going, at least long enough not to hurt her aunt's feelings. And since I wanted to be friends with Auntie I could be her e-mail pen pal.

The wife told me we'd take a look and if the garments fit me I had just better wear them and then I would be able to answer Auntie's questions. And hopefully it would teach me a lesson. Though, a lesson in what she didn't say.

Well I was close to Auntie's size and the pajamas apparently were bit off size for her and having seen them on the wife they appeared that they would fit me. I was tempted to wear them. I had always been fond of satin and nylon and as a kid had done you know what with you know what. However, once I had gotten into girls and real sex that stuff I left behind me. But then there were those sex games with the wife, when we were dating, when she had me wearing her panties....and that had also been nice.

But I found that it had been too nice and so worrying about my manliness after our marriage I had slowly stopped that. And also I thought that the wife seemed to have been enjoying her games with me a bit much and back then that had me a bit worried. And so I had put a stop to those panty wearing games....though I have to admit....a bit reluctantly.

So again worrying about my manliness, though really tempted to put on the lingerie, I refused to put on the gifted lingerie. I told her it would be too humiliating to wear a woman's pajamas and undergarments and that they would not fit me in any case. I was a man and Auntie was a woman and there was no way we could wear the same size clothes.....that we could be the same size.

The wife sort of wistfully reminded me about those panty wearing days and I turned red and felt a bit turned on, but I still hesitated. It was sort of surprise, but she smiled pleasantly when she brought that up and seemed lost in thought about it. I wasn't answering, but I was thinking about those days and the pleasure of wearing the wife's panties and the sex that always followed.

I guess if one tack doesn't work...then try another. So the wife then got angry or probably just pretended to be so. She told me I had made a bet and I had lost it and I had just better stick to my agreement or that was it for us....she was that angry, or made it appear that she was angry.

The wife, told me, "I am going to be more upset with you if you don't keep your word to me than if I see you in a bra and panties and a lingerie pajama set. So....just slip on the pajamas....they are only pajamas....ladies or men's pajamas are about the same. And if they real don't' fit you at all, then that is the end of it....But if they fit you, and the fit does not have to be perfect; then you put on the panties and the sleep bra and give the outfit a try for the night...or... or it is over for us. And I am not joking about this. I want you to keep your word. And anyway I am tired of your macho nonsense. I work full time and you work part time and you aren't pulling your weight around the house....and.... and I think you'd look cute in this outfit. You know you looked cute in my panties....and you really didn't mind wearing them, despite all your later macho nonsense about it!"

The wife a clinical psychologist, then backed off a bit and started talking to me to relax me and under some excuse had me take a pill to relax and then before I realized it she had me under, a bit hypnotized and at least in a somewhat suggestible state as the medication

12 Janice Wildflower Gemini

was an experimental one and as I found out later, that under its influence a person under certain circumstances could be hypnotized to do certain things they might not allow themselves to do. So under deep hypnosis and the drug she implanted other emotions in me. She was really ticked and was going to teach me a real lesson. And she was sort of tired of being the main bread winner and me not pulling what she thought was my weight at home.

So she told me, "Now dear, there isn't any reason to be difficult about all of this. I am sure you will find that you really do want to try on the lingerie, and that once you do you will find that you like wearing lingerie and woman's clothing. You will find to your surprise that it is a real turn on for you. It will excite you. It will be embarrassing for you, but you will not be able to help yourself and you will find that it will still excite you and turn you on sexually. You will find the panties and the bra delightful on your skin and will just love wearing the woman's pajamas. You won't want to take them off."

And she told me in such a way that she wasn't telling me that was how I would feel, but she told me that was how I actually felt...and it was more true than false...though I am not certain the wife knew that at the time. But in any case it relaxed me enough....

So she brought me out from under the trance and I sort of remembered everything she had told me though it seemed like it was my own ideas, I did not think she had convinced me to try on the lingerie. Anyway, she brought out the packages and held up the satin pajamas and then the panties and then the sleep bra and I just had a tremendous urge to try them on to make up for having been so foolish and difficult.

Then despite the fact that I was still verbally resisting, to protect my manliness, she really had me ready to try on the lingerie. And she had suggested strongly that I might even enjoy it and enjoy having my wife see me wearing it. However, I could not admit that I was actually finding the idea of dressing up in the lingerie interesting and of course I was then still being a bit difficult about it.

And it was a losing argument being difficult about it, as under her influence it seemed that I was finding that I really did want to try on the lingerie and especially the panties. I was feeling it would so nice and silky and sexy on my body, but continued to be difficult...at least for a while. But slowly she broke down my resistance as I actually again went under for a while and I found when I came to my senses that I found myself agreeing to try on at least the bottoms, and thinking that this might be fun and feel nice to wear. And then with some trepidation I was just wondering slightly in the back of my mind what else the wife had 'suggested' while I might have been under.

So I did strip down and she helped me into the female sleepwear, which was to become my sleepwear. She had me, as agreed to try on the bottoms first and surprisingly enough to me, they fit me well enough. A bit tight around the waist and loose around the butt and hips but they fit. So that was it. According to the terms of our bet, which the wife expected me to keep-too, I was stuck wearing the lingerie set.

The wife told me, "Why dear the bottoms do fit you. And actually they look quite nice on you, very sexy, and much better than the raggedy pajamas you now wear. They are a bit lite, but they should be fine for you to sleep in. And with the panties for support to keep everything supported, the outfit should be fine for you to walk around in. It is really a very nice sleepwear, a

14 Janice Wildflower Gemini

well-known brand and very expensive. And now that we've opened it and you've worn it, we can't really give it away. So it would be a shame to not use it; especially since you've already thanked Auntie for the gift."

And with the wife having told me that, I took the bottoms off to try on the entire outfit, as agreed. I found that surprisingly enough I sort of found that I was wondering how the panties would feel against my skin and how the camisole would feel. Would the panties feel as nice as my wife's panties had felt when I had let her make me wear panties? I sort of was feeling that I would like to try on the outfit. Then I thought, of course I should keep my word. The wife won't really make me sleep in the outfit. I just need to show her that I can keep my word...no matter how embarrassing the consequences. I rationalized that my wife couldn't really want her husband to be wearing woman's lingerie. What sort of wife would want her husband to wear lingerie?

I then began to dress again, to put on the complete outfit: the complete set of lingerie, the panties and a bra and the sleep wear. So I stepped into the pajama satin panties. A chill went up my spine. I found the feel wonderful...as my wife had suggested. Strangely enough I found that I was really enjoying the feel of the satiny panties and that I was feeling rather liberated and not worrying so much about wearing woman's underwear. And I was getting a bit stiff. I was trying not to think about it and thus trying to get un-stiff. But though it wasn't getting any worse...it wasn't getting any better...softer that is.

And then I put on the stretch satin panties, which I found provided all the support I would need and also felt just wonderful. I wanted to run my hands along them but hesitated as my wife was intently watching,

with a strange smile on her face. And apparently my reactions to all of this, to being forced, so to speak, to wear ladies lingerie, including panties and shortly a bra, was giving her some sense of enjoyment and perhaps a sense of power, similar to what she had over me when we were dating and when we were first married and she had me on occasion wearing her panties.

And strangely enough the support panties also fit well enough and they felt wonderful and I felt myself being turned on again by that lady's garment. Fortunately they hid, held in against my fatty groin area flesh, my hardening but still soft member.

Next she held up the bra for me obviously to put my arms through. I once again hesitated. However, I found surprisingly enough that I really wanted to try it on, to keep my word and to please my wife. But it was a bra... a bit of clothing meant only for a female and so I told her or really begged her, "Not the bra dear. I will wear everything you ask, but please not the bra." I felt that once I wore a bra all would be lost; my ability to resist the wife and my masculinity.

The wife told me, "Sorry dear but you agreed to wear everything that we found in the gift box and that fit you. The bra is part of the present and you need to at least try it on for size. Get those arms up, or I will know the reason why not."

And I found myself obeying her. I found that once I was wearing the satin panties in front of my wife I was so embarrassed that I had no will of my own. I raised my arms and she slipped the bra straps over them and placed it on my chest and then she stepped behind me and fastened the satin sleep bra on me. And that also fit me...a bit tight, but it fit and so I would have to wear it. That is if I kept my word... and the wife was going to make sure that I did...or else!

16 Janice Wildflower Gemini

And the satin sleep bra also felt really nice, the satin against my nipples and chest. My chest had gotten a bit flabby and so with the bra being tight it actually formed my loose chest area into small breasts similar to those of a developing girl. And the satiny material just felt so nice against my skin and against my nipples that my nipples were getting hard. I felt them getting hard and I was hoping that the wife did not take notice. And then something else was also getting hard...that is harder too.

Whatever she was thinking, the wife who was behind me fastening the bra reached in front and cupped my newly formed breasts and then ran her hands over them and over my nipples. And she told me, "Why dear, it may be that you should be wearing a brassiere...you do seem to have the cutest little breasts....I think it may be that you actually need to wear a bra. And your nipples are hard. Why is this turning you on?Do you like being dressed in woman's lingerie? Perhaps that is why you didn't want to wear it!"

She laughed at her own joke or whatever it was meant to be and I could have died from the embarrassment. But thankfully she did not pursue that line of questioning and just handed me the satin pajama bottom. Not wanting to have engaged in a conversation that the lingerie was actually a turn on for me, I without hesitation slipped it on which was followed by the satin sleep camisole and then the satin pajama top which I also just put on without any conversation about doing so.

Well I was totally embarrassed wearing those ladies garments and wearing them in front of my wife, but strangely enough I was turned on and couldn't believe how wonderful it all felt. I felt as if I never wanted to take off the satin clothing, regardless of the fact that I was wearing panties and a bra. I couldn't explain it.

And I was again just getting harder. And then it showed. I was totally embarrassed.

I was turning away from the wife so she couldn't see, but she would not let it go. She told me, "Now dear, not to be embarrassed about your...let's say....growing enjoyment in wearing lingerie. Lots of men..." And she laughed, and continued, "Well at least some men like to wear panties. It is okay with me if you wear them. I think there may be a benefit for us both."

So the wife did not allow me to hide it and the wife caught the fact that I was just so turned on and the wife saw it. She told me, "Oh my dear, I think we'll have to take care of this before we go any further. I can't have you waking around showing like that. It is an embarrassment to have a husband dressed in lingerie and projecting so! And neither of us will be able to concentrate."

And she took me to our bedroom and pushed me down on the bed and exposed me and had her way with me, riding me like I was the weaker sex, and I felt that I was. She told me, "So you didn't want to wear girl's lingerie.....I think I can guess why. I think you like lingerie and it won't be an issue about wearing this outfit now that we know. If it gets you so excited I think that I can accept it. And if I can accept a husband in panties and lingerie then you the husband can certainly accept it...especially if it is such a turn on for you."

I didn't know how to reply. I just knew that I felt wonderful wearing the lingerie and so turned on. I couldn't believe it. I knew I had liked panties, but this was just unbelievable.

And it was nice. But I was thinking it all had to do more with the pill the wife had given me along with

the therapy session....the hypnotism. I knew that panties had been a turn on for me....but the situation I found myself in, was not just from some sort of panty fetish. But regardless I found the sex just wonderful.

The wife rode me and my hard member and it was wonderful. The sex and the feelings of the lingerie just mixed and I thought that it really felt nice wearing the satin panties and the satin bra and the satin lingerie. And as she rode me the wife was playing with me and telling me how sexy I looked in the lingerie.

And when I tried to play with her, she wouldn't let me and just told me, "Relax sweetie. Just be my sissy tonight and let me have my fun...I want to teach you a lesson. And you are just so hard. I can't get over it. You feel wonderful inside me. I think if the lingerie is turning you on so, that you really need to wear it more often and at least when we have sex. I should have never let you stop wearing my panties. What a mistake. The sex hasn't been the same since."

Well I didn't think that was true. I had given as well as I was getting. But she was really playing with my mind. It seemed to be a turn on for her, telling me I was a sissy and making me wear lingerie. She really seemed so turned on by being the dominant and forcing her husband to wear lingerie and forcing her husband to be the feminine one.

And she kept it going for a long time and telling me how wonderful I was... and she would bring me to the edge and then not let me climax while she would climax. She was driving me crazy.

And I was asking her please....and she told me, "Not until you promise to wear the lingerie until I give you permission to stop."

And I wasn't answering and then she had a few more climaxes. And so afraid she would run out of cli-

maxes before I got my turn I told her I would wear the lingerie as long as she wanted.

And she told me, "Now you are going to be my little sissy....and with no more complaints about it. Aren't you dear?"

And I told her...told her yes.

And she said, "Tell me dear, that you are going to wear the lingerie like a proper sissy and you are going to be my sissy and write back to Auntie all about the lingerie."

And what choice did I have, and I told her, "Yes dear...I am your sissy and I will wear lingerie. And I will write to your Auntie and tell her all about it." And somehow I found the admission very freeing. I didn't know why.

And the wife told me, "Now that's a good little sissy."

And she let me climax. And when I did climax I think I must have screamed like a girl. I don't know where it came from, though it most likely had something to do with her keeping me hard and on edge for so long. Or maybe it was part of her suggestions to me while I had been under. But in any case, we then both sort of collapsed in exhaustion.

It was crazy but it was the best sex I had had for some time. Or at least I believed it was the best sex. The wife had just recently been too busy and sex had been quick and she had been distracted. So her paying so much attention to it and to me had been just wonderful and sort of good for my ego, despite the fact that I was wearing lingerie.

And then, when we sort of energized again, as if making a joke to herself she said out loud, "Who would have guessed that my husband would be so turned on wearing lingerie." And again she told me, "I

should have kept you in my panties for longer. In fact if this is what wearing panties can do for you...I should have never let you out of panties."

Now I had been thinking all along it was the wife who had lost interest in sex and then she was playing some sort of game with me, implying that I had gone week on the sex in our lives. Or at least I had to believe it was some sort of mind game. After all I had been ready willing and able...as far as I was concerned, and she was the one who had been too busy...had lost interest. But then again she was playing mind games with me and had me thinking had it been me and had me thinking the panty wearing had been what had been missing.

And I knew she had done something to me while she had me under, but as it turned out there was little to do about it. Whatever fascination I had had with lingerie she must have somehow built on that. Satisfied as I was, I got a bit difficult with her. I denied the lingerie was a turn on and blamed whatever her hypnotic suggestion had been, saying that it must have been the hypnotism.

The wife just laughed and told me that was nonsense. She explained that any suggestion she had made was just to have relaxed me so that I could deal with the situation rationally and that even I knew she could not have made me do anything that was really against my will. She then told me that we could see about her changing the suggestion, but only after this all played out a bit.

She told me, "Now dear, if you are a good....ah....little sissy...so to speak, and you play along for a while and keep your bet and wear this lingerie, we can see about trying to remove any suggestions you think I may have made to you... But not just yet. I want to see

where this all leads. And I want you to deal with Auntie. This is turning out to be fun.”

And she let me think about that and then continued, “So for the time being I am going to take advantage of your newly found....or admitted to.... sexual interests and we will just see where it all will lead.”

And she explained that in any case while we were exploring all of this I needed to keep wearing the lingerie and pajamas, the primary purpose being so that I could keep up her... or rather my correspondence as her, with Auntie... and if it excited me then so much the better. But in any case I would continue to wear auntie’s gift or there would be issues. I still needed to keep my word. I had lost the bet.

And again she harped on my having worn her panties...again. It had become a broken record. She reminded me, “You wore my panties when we were dating and never had a real issue and seemed to like wearing them. I really should have kept you in panties. You were much more agreeable when you wore them.” And for whatever reason I continued to feel really intimidated and knew that I would continue to wear the outfit...like it or not. Though unfortunately I was finding that I liked it!

And despite having wondered how it at all came to be, the wife having had her way with me, her on top and me on the bottom, her the aggressor and me the passive partner; and it was really nice. And the satin panties and bra and the satin pajamas just made it better. I couldn’t believe it. I felt that I wanted to do it again like that, on the bottom and dressed in lingerie, feeling dominated and feminine. And she had kept telling me how nice it was to “take” her little sissy. And I didn’t know where that was coming from. It was frightening. But I did seem to like it.

Afterwards I was putty in her hands. It usually wasn't so. After sex it was typically over for me and I would think of other things. That was part of why I had stopped wearing her panties. That time I just kept thinking of the sex and how wonderful it was not only to have pleased my wife but also to have done so while being on the bottom and having to have done very little of the action myself and having felt all feminine in my new lingerie and having had the wife do all the work; and just having pleased my wife so with so little effort on my part, while having enjoyed myself so.

Chapter II – My Continued Feminization by the Wife

So afterward when she insisted that we clean off together and when she had me take an oil bath with her, like a girl, it just seemed natural. I seemed to just love it. She was telling me how nice it all had been and perhaps it wasn't the worst thing for me to have a peek at the feminine side...at my feminine side; and to perhaps give in a little to my feminine side....to let my secret out so that we could share it...and have fun with it.

And deep inside at the real deep thinking level, I was saying, no....nono; what feminine side? I just liked to wear panties! But emotionally I was giving in to it all. I was thinking that all this was nice and made my wife happy and it was most important for me to feel nice and to make my wife happy. And yes perhaps I should explore my feminine side. And then again I was thinking what feminine side? But then I was feeling, yes I must have a feminine side....and it is so nice.

Any way as the bath drained she started playing with me and then once I was a bit hard again she cov-

ered it with cream, and then started messaging the cream all over my body....I mean everywhere. I thought it was part of starting another round of sex until it started to burn a bit. I commented and she told me it would get me all fired up. I laughed at that. I did not seem to be thinking too clearly about things. In any case, it really became uncomfortable and eventually she let me wash it off. Well it took all my hair off with it. I mean every bit of hair and everywhere and so I looked a bit like a prepubescent boy.

I was surprise and a bit upset about having been so easily tricked. I asked the wife what was up with this. I was hoping she was NOT getting any kinkier on me. But in the back of my mind at the emotional level I did not seem to mind this additional turn to the feminine. Her answer set me at ease. But as it turned out, that was the purpose.

She explained I needed to feel the clothing on a hairless body as if I were a lady in order to discuss the gift with Auntie....as her. And I believed her. And I found that I was thinking it just may be nice to feel the satin against my skin without the trouble of hair. I knew what was happening to me, how my feelings were changing and I actually tried to put that thought out of my mind, but I found that I could not.

By that time with the embarrassment of having lost all my masculine hair...having it taken away from me, I had shrunk and it had pulled in a bit so it appeared very small, though it was standard enough. The wife looked at it and to my embarrassment told me, "Why dear, I never realized how small you are when at ease. I really never looked after sex. No wonder being on top was so much more satisfying. I think regardless of this thing with Auntie I want to keep you in the sleep lingerie and on the bottom for a while. And

perhaps the doctor can give you something for this....uh....situation.”

I wanted to show her she was wrong and it had just withdrawn but by then I was too embarrassed by the condition and by finding myself hairless. And strangely enough I was feeling really intimidated by her. The wife was really playing mind games with my feelings of masculinity. I couldn't figure out why; but she was certainly having fun with it. I think she had found she was turned on controlling me, and feminizing me, and having me wear lingerie and everything else, all against my will.

The wife then had me get back into my new outfit, the panties and the sleep bra, the camisole, and the satin pajamas and kept me so dressed for that night and it felt even nicer against my then hairless skin. I loved it. I had to fight hard not to show I was once again turned on. I thought I would just let it go and then let my body hair regrow, but the wife and then Auntie would never let me regrow that manly hair. In fact....the wife eventually had it permanently removed....but that would come later.

Then the next day, a Saturday, the wife wouldn't let me change out of the outfit and I had to spend the day wearing it. She told me the bet was I would wear the lingerie when she wanted me to, and she wanted me to...and that was that. I had better just keep to my bet. It seemed she kept changing the parameters of the bet to suit the moment and her purposes; but I didn't seem to be able to have countered her. I felt too powerless.

And it just felt so nice wearing the lingerie, despite my deep down doubts about it and so I didn't further argue about it. I told myself that I did not want to wear it, but that the wife was making me wear it, and I had

lost the bet, and so I had no choice. And that way I convinced myself it was okay.

And then as it was my turn to make breakfast she had me in an apron, one of hers, flowery and all. I objected, but when she told me the apron just complimented my outfit and my wearing an apron....a lady's apron, was turning her on....I didn't want to argue. Despite all that was happening to me, I just found myself hoping for another role in the sheets.

And then she told me, "Gosh dear you are just so sexy in lingerie and that apron. I just can't get over it. I have to take you again. I can't help myself. I am wet." And she did bed me down again, and kept me in the lingerie as we did it, before I got to make breakfast.

And after that strangely enough I just pulled all my lingerie back into place and put her apron back on to make us breakfast...while she washed up. I didn't even think of changing out of my lingerie. It was strange, as once satisfied I thought I would really want to shed the embarrassing to wear female clothing, as I had done in the past when the wife had me in her panties for sex, but I did not. It just felt so wonderful wearing the lingerie and by doing so making my wife happy. I really just wanted to stay in the lingerie and to make my wife happy with me.

And the wife just accommodated that deep desire. After breakfast she had me clean the dishes. Then she told me, "You know dear this is really wonderful. You seem so domestic in lingerie and an apron. I think you should stay in your lingerie and apron and help out a bit with the housework. You really need to learn how to do it correctly....After all you do have more time for it than I do and you have not really been helping around the house as much as you should."

And there was no refusing that. And so I helped with the house work dressed in lingerie and the apron and started to learn more about it than I had ever wanted to know.

And of course at the end of the day I was rewarded for itwhich made the whole thing actually very pleasant.....or so I believed.

And that Sunday was very similar. And I was really getting to like dressing up or actually staying dressed up in Auntie's lingerie; which had become my lingerie... even more and more. And I could not believe how much the wife seemed to like keeping me in the lingerie outfit and how it seemed to turn her on sexually and how she seemed to enjoy having me do housework so dressed while teaching me all about doing the house work and how she seemed to like having sex with me after having been so turned on and having sex as the dominant partner.

I could tell she was just so wet.....so dripping as the day went on and she watched me in the lingerie and told me what to do, how to help with the housework, as I went around dressed in the lingerie and wearing her apron. And I was finding that no matter how much I fought against it...that I seemed to also like it...especially when she would stop everything and take me to the bedroom.

Chapter III – Pretending to be my wife – I Become an E-Mail Female:

So after wearing the lingerie all day for that weekend and then the following weekends and then as sleepwear during the week the wife had me write to her Aunt as if I was her, my wife, answering her aunt's

e-mails, but never explaining who was actually answering; while the wife checked what I had written for accuracy before letting me send it out.

And that was a bit annoying. The wife would pick up on some answer I given which she told me a woman would never say and she would explain why, in detail, and make sure I understood, and then have me re-write the section. And so I was being forced to learn more about if female then I really ever cared to learn. And it did not stop with that as the correspondence continued.

So I wrote her aunt how wonderful the outfit was and how much I, my wife that was, enjoyed it and also how "my partner," which was me, was so turned on seeing me wear it that I, my wife that is, was taken to bed and just had a wonderful night. And stressed the fact a number of times as to how grateful was my partner, that being me, was with the gift. I was figuring that once done I would be ingratiated with the aunt and my purpose would have been satisfied and I figured once that was done the wearing of the lingerie would be over.

I had mixed feelings, as much fun as I was having wearing the lingerie as I was finding that I was turned on by wearing the lingerie, I still felt that I had to put a stop to it. It was after all not manly and after all it was humiliating....or should have been. Though the longer I was 'doing it' wearing the lingerie, the more enamored I was becoming with the lingerie. It just felt so nice on my skin. And it was just becoming such a turn on, just wearing it; let along being taken and then climaxing while wearing the lingerie.

I was not happy with the house work that came along with wearing the lingerie and taking so much di-

rection from the wife....but that was... is another issue.

However, that is not what happened. I did not get to stop wearing the lingerie. Auntie was so pleased that she had another gift box with another similar outfit sent over to us. The wife was more pleased than I was. She told me how ratty were my own male pajama sets and she wanted to just use them as rags. I looked awful in them. She was much happier with me wearing the expensive pajama sets provided by Auntie, regardless of them being meant for women. We did not have enough money that I could not take advantage of free clothing especially when it was such expensive lingerie.

Well that was a bit much for me...or so I thought. As much as I had found that wearing the lingerie was a turn on, the wife's insistence that I continue to wear that first set and then the new set, after having met my obligation to have worn the sleepwear and writing back to Auntie, was a bit much for my masculine image of myself. So we had another tiff as the wife insisted I only wear the satin pajama sets at night. It went back and forth until she seemingly in a fit just ripped up all of my male pajamas and put what was left with the rags. And so she had gotten rid of all my male night wear so I would have no choice.

I was then figuring I would just sleep in my underwear until I could purchase pajamas. However, then she said something to me and I sort of went blank for a while. When I shook that off, I found that I was once again turned on by the wife's forceful reply and the wife was apparently also turned on as I found myself in the lingerie and beneath my wife, on the bottom again and we had wonderful sex again.

I couldn't get over the feelings I continued to have or that re-emerged wearing the lingerie and caving in to my wife's demands. I just felt so turned on wearing the lingerie and so free of cares taking orders from my wife. It was humiliating but so freeing and then such a turn on.

And while riding me the wife looked down and told me, "Oh honey you perform so much better on the bottom and wearing lingerie." And she asked, "Honey, you do like wearing this lingerie for me.....Don't you?"

And what was I to say. And so I found myself telling her that yes that I would do anything for her. And after all the lingerie again was really a turn on for me. It felt wonderful and made me feel so sexy and turned on. I sort of hated that....but it was so and there was little I found that I could do to change those feelings.

And so when she had me ready to climax and asked me to promise to only wear the lingerie at night I of course promised. And then as almost an afterthought she mentioned about me keeping myself hairless....I also agreed to that, so she would let me cum at last. And so I was stuck as I had agreed to continue wearing the lingerie instead of any male sleepwear and to continue keeping myself hairless.

And if things would have just remained as it was; I guess I could have lived with it. I did so enjoy wearing the lingerie. But things didn't stay that way....it got worse for me...my wardrobe of woman's clothes was to increase as were my household duties, as the lesser income earner in the house.

I had finally decided that as nice as the lingerie was I was not going to spend the day in satin pajamas. It was just too distracting and it made it difficult to get my real work done, and I was afraid of having to an-

swer the door. Perhaps wearing the satiny panties and satiny sleep bra under real clothes would be okay... the nice feel of the satin lingerie, but no public exposure. And so I told my wife no more of the lady's pajama's....during the day....but I would be willing to wear the lingerie under regular clothes.

The wife looked at me and told me, "It's about time. You really do need to wear some regular outer clothing during the day."

I was relieved, but just for a moment. Because she continued, "I have the nicest lady's short and blouse set that auntie gifted me. And of course it didn't fit. But it was so nice I didn't have the heart to give it away. And now you can wear it. Now won't that just be wonderful. I think it will look just wonderful on you...and you should like it."

I told myself absolutely not. But it was absolutely yes. And the wife was to have me wearing the lady's shorts and blouse as my day time outer clothing, while still wearing the panties and the sleep bra as my day time underwear.

My wife told me, "Well we will just have to think about it and see how your clothing is holding up...Now won't we?" And she let it go for a time...but only for a time.

The wife had some other presents from Auntie that had not made it to a charity, some shorts and a few blouses, and she thought those items would look nice on me and save us some money. I could wear them when doing housework and save my own limited wardrobe. I was resisting. Somehow I did not want to give up the lingerie I had been wearing but the thought of adding woman's outer clothing to that wardrobe did not make me happy. And as I had not promised the wife that I would do so I was resisting

wearing those garments as I was resisting the further feminization. I couldn't think how wearing woman's shorts and a blouse would be much of a turn on. In my mind the lingerie was enough already.

The wife was also trying to have me take over more of the household chores, if not all of them. That was not working as I was resisting as I did not want to do the housework, especially as the wife thought it would be a good idea to save my clothes and to wear the woman's shorts and blouse when doing so.

And the wife hit on the rational for my further feminization and insisted on it and there was no getting out of it. She explained that because of me Auntie's e-mail correspondence, not only about the lingerie but in general had increased so since I had opened that flood gate that she could not keep up with it. And additionally, Auntie had picked up the differences in my responses to Auntie's e-mails concerning the lingerie, to which I had been responding and Auntie's general e-mails, to which the wife had been responding. So the wife told me as one of us had to take over all the correspondence and she had no more time to deal with any of the correspondence I would have to take it all over. That is if I wished to try to get a job through Auntie.

While I was thinking if it would be worth it the wife then told me, that it no longer even mattered about the job. At this stage she couldn't stop abruptly corresponding with Auntie, she could not afford to hurt her aunt's feelings; and as I had started the entire thing it would be up to me to continue with it.

And the kicker was that in the interim I could start wearing the rest of the gifts Auntie had provided to her so that I could correspond with Auntie about those gifts also. And in the meantime the wife would have to

have me learn more about household things and woman's things so eventually I could keep up the correspondence in general.....that was until I had gotten that full time job....the desire for which had started the entire thing.

So using the excuse of my pen pal relationship with Auntie she was going to have me learn more about the female side of life. She told me her work was such that while she had some time to monitor my correspondence with Auntie she didn't have the time to correct my letters as thoroughly as she had in the past and so I would need to develop more knowledge of female things, sort of develop a feminine persona, since I was sort of stuck as Auntie's e-mail pal.... And that was regardless if I still wanted to eventually get her assistance with obtaining a full time job.

I tried to pick up on the correspondence but it wasn't working. There were too many issues I couldn't discuss with Auntie and I could tell from her e-mails that she was beginning to think I was just brushing her off and was not happy about my sort replies. And the wife realized the same and so the wife was not happy and so I had to finally give in to the wife.

And so I did start wearing the clothing Auntie had provided to the wife that the wife still had, some shorts and blouse type shirts, as a lessor of the two choices and hoping to put off learning more about female stuff. And again the wife's line was that it was all good as it would save us money and I could save on my own clothes while continuing to learn about the female side of life as I had female versions to wear.

She got me one morning in the middle of dressing wearing my panties, my sleep bra and my camisoles and ready to put on the pajamas. She told me, "Now dear, I think to day you should give those shorts and

blouse a try out. Those pajamas are taking beating being worn all day. They are really just too expensive for you to wear all day...as much as you may like to wear them. And I do need you to give the short set a try so you can correspond with Auntie about them. You are running out of things to write her about."

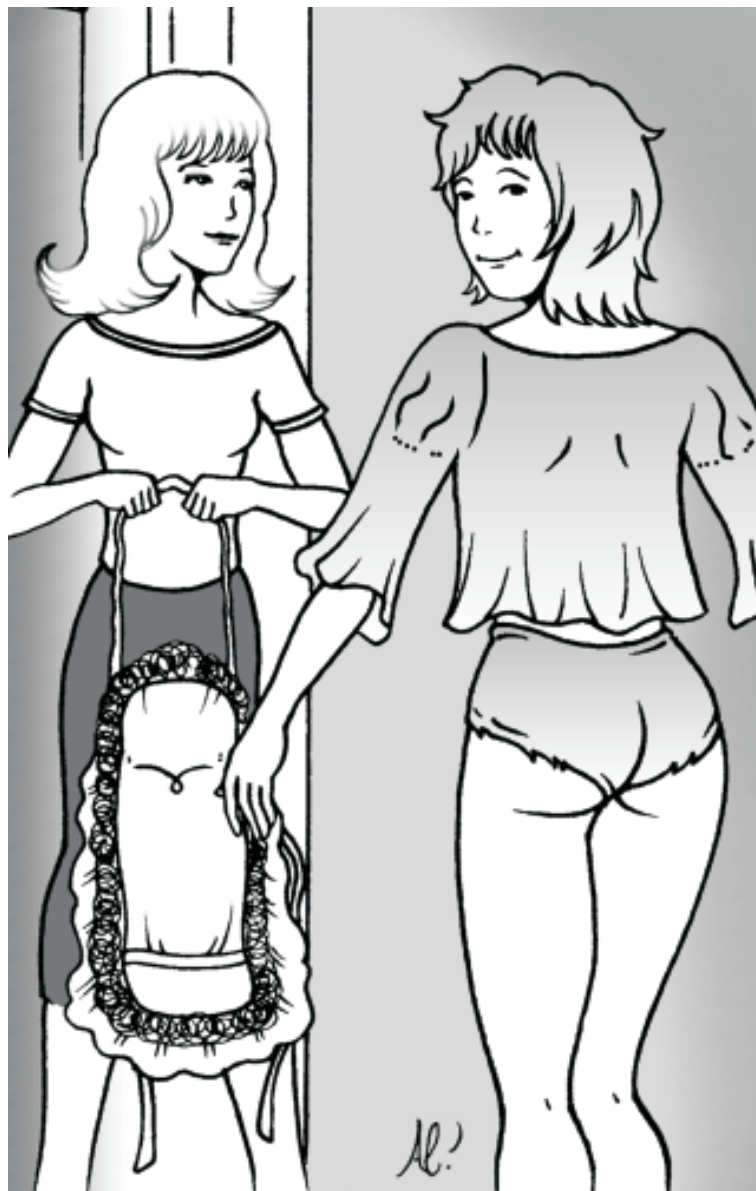
And she held out the shorts obviously woman's stretch shorts in blue denim and eventually despite my fuss and refusals, she had me step into the shorts and zipped them up, and as she did so it pulled the front of the shorts together and I could feel the stretch of the material and the support it offered. The short hugged my butt and my front and was loose and flared around the legs and much shorter in the leg than a pair of men's shorts. She gave me a blouse to put on, also of blue stretch denim, and I buttoned it.

The wife looked at me and smiled. She told me, "Darling the outfit really looks very nice on you and actually fits you rather nicely. I can't believe it, but you really do have the legs for those shorts; especially since they are so smooth and hairless. Now that you are showing them off you really will need to keep them shaved. And I do think these are really much better to wear for housework."

And so that was that. I was wearing the flared ladies shorts and the blouse.

Then she added my apron and it looked from the front as if I was wearing a dress. And the wife just loved that look. I felt embarrassed, but was tired of the feelings I was getting wearing the satin pajamas all day and then convinced myself that wearing the ladies shorts and blouse as the lessor of two evils, and I still got to wear the panties.

And it was strange but I was finding that after a while I was enjoying wearing that clothing. I was



eventually provided with a few sets; with each new short and blouse set of a more and more of a feminine style. I found that I liked the stretchiness and give of the materials or the softness of the materials. It was strange that the blouse buttoned on the wrong side and then the next one had short puffed sleeves and no collar, and the next was a pull over with a flared waist and a tie around the chest; and the pants zipper for the first pair was on the front, for the second on the side, which was strange, and for the third the zipper was on the rear of the pants, which was even stranger. But I got used to that...after a while.

The wife took it on herself to just pack away much of my pants and shirts so as I would not wear them out. And so that was that.

And the wife would complement me on how nice the clothes looked on me and how they weren't "that" girlish...how my flexibility was saving us money. And I found that her compliments made me feel nice.

So the wife would share her woman's magazines with me and make that I was reading them at night, rather than watching the television. And when we watched the television it was always a girly romance or the woman's channel for cooking or cleaning or whatever. And I was picking up on that side of life and my e-mails with Auntie were getting longer and more and more feminine in nature. I could tell that Auntie was more pleased. And the wife was certainly pleased reviewing the correspondence. She was telling me how much better I was becoming understanding the female mind and the life of a female. But I was still resisting.

Trying to break that resistance and get me to voluntarily feminize she continued with the hypnosis. At least I believe that is what she was doing to me. But it

wasn't working. Wearing the lingerie and the female versions of male clothing and making her breakfast and some light housecleaning was as far as she could get me.

I didn't realize at the time what she was doing. It was all like a dream. I would complain about it and she would tell me that I must have been dreaming as I probably was just fighting my own desire to become more feminine, so I was making up situations in my mind to allow me to give in to my strong desire to dress and engage in female activities in a way that I would not have to take responsibility for my desires.

She told me, "Darling I can see you are really very girlish. I can accept that if you fully embrace it. There isn't any need to hide it from me that you love your lingerie and would like to further explore your feminine side. I mean your correspondence with Auntie certainly shows how feminine you really are. I just don't like the game you are playing....pretending that dressing and housekeeping and just being feminine is not what you want and it is being forced upon you.....I can really deal with your secret desires. You really just need to admit them to yourself. And if I can help you I will.But I would never force it upon you."

That is what she said, but I would wake up in the morning and I would just hear in my mind:

"And you will start to find all things feminine just delightful. When you find out that you can't wear the satin pajamas all the time you will start to get interested in other woman's clothing. And when it is suggested that you try on other woman's clothing you may not want to but you will find that you agree and will do it and that you do it. And you will find that you love it all and wearing any woman's clothing is a turn on for you. You will just love wearing support gar-

ments, and hose, and slippers, and skirts and blouses, and dresses and aprons, and pumps. You won't want to dress as a man anymore."

"And then so you can dress as a woman all the time, which you will just find you are unable to stop, you will let your hair grow long and then you will wear makeup and when suggested, you will even find you want to pierce your ears and even grow small breasts. You will find yourself doing whatever the woman around you tell you to do as far as dressing and acting and passing as a female...even though you don't want to do it; because all this will make you really hot and sexy. And you will find you can't be aggressively in bed and that you can only preform on the bottom when your wife is the aggressor and wants sex. For you the thought of you on the top and being the dominant player will just become a turn off."

"And you will find that you really do not want to work full time. You will find that you just love doing house work and taking care of your wife. You will find it a turn on to wash your lingerie and your wife's lingerie and any woman's lingerie and to do the wash, to wash and dry and press all the woman's clouting, both yours and your wife. You will just love taking care of woman's clothing. It will make you happy and content."

"And you will find that you just love cleaning and cooking. It will make your days seem just wonderful. You will just love keeping the house clean and make meals for your wife and other woman."

"And you will find happiness and contentment keeping your wife happy. And as long as your wife is happy with you in dresses and lingerie and makeup and passing as a female and acting the role of a housewife or even a maid...you will be happy. And it will all

be a turn on for you, so that you dream of your wife coming home to a clean house and clean clothing and a nice dinner and then taking you to her bed and having her way with you. And you will be happy and turned on with all of this until you are released for all these emotions when your wife tells you she is tired of all your sissy ways and it is time for you to be a man again.”

I heard that voice in my head each evening telling me those things. So it must have been the wife. Though she denied it and told me it was my own secret desires. But she must have planted those thoughts in my mind, but I just couldn't do it. I did love wearing the lingerie, and I didn't mind wearing the woman's shorts and shirts and I did so want to please my wife. But that was as far as I would let it go. I could just not bring myself to further feminize myself and my life, despite what I believe had been my wife's desire for me to do so.

The wife didn't further press the issue, just kept up with those suggestions while I slept. But I don't think she was happy she could not further feminize me, I think she was really turned on by the whole thing, controlling her husband and having me totally under her control and giving up my masculinity to her, and so she just kept trying.

But as fate would have it, she would get her wish. Only Auntie and her maid would do it to me for her.

Chapter IV – Wearing a complete outfit of Auntie's Clothes & no more men's clothing:

As I explained, the wife insisted I keep up my e-mails with her aunt even after the initial rounds

were over, as her Aunt kept e-mailing. She told me it really seemed to please her aunt. And as I was not yet working full time, I could well afford the time to correspond and thereby to keep her aunt happy.

As the e-mail conversation continued Auntie wrote the wife, actually me, but the wife was still monitoring the e-mails, that the night wear all needed to be hand washed. Auntie suggested that my wife Laura come over and Auntie's maid would teach her how to wash the night wear, and then they could have a nice dinner together. Well the wife told me absolutely not, she was not getting into that sort of obligation. If I was wearing the nightwear than I could wash the nightwear and I could go over to Auntie's and take the lingerie washing lessons and if it turned out also have dinner with her.

Well I felt that would be too embarrassing for me, but the wife told, "Now dear it can't be more embarrassing then Auntie finding out who is actually wearing her lingerie gifts and how much that person, you, actually enjoys wearing the lingerie...now can it?" And that put me in my place right away. And then she told me that I would just have to get over that, as I was the one who needed to keep Auntie happy and as I was the one actually wearing the lingerie to be washed.

And she reminded me, that I really had to pander to Auntie not as her, but as myself, if I wanted her assistance in my job hunt. So that pretty much made sense and so I figured that I would just have to forget my male pride, come up with some sort of excuse and take the lingerie washing lesson. Also with the wife's increasing pressure to take over more of the housework with all my free time and keeping me dressed all day in woman's shorts and blouses over lingerie I really felt pressured to get out of the house and find that full

time job. If that meant spending a day learning to hand wash lingerie....then so be it....I could do it. It was a one day thing....or so I thought.

So over it was to Aunties to take lingerie washing lessons from her maid. But the wife had me in the panties and sleep bra under my own outer clothes, which she was having me wear that day, to make sure I didn't get any ideas about the maid. I had objected, as I was afraid of being caught with the lingerie on. But the wife told me, "Just keep your clothing on with that maid and no one will know a thing and you won't be embarrassed. I really don't like the way she looks at you."

And once she had me in the panties and the bra under my own clothing for the first time....it felt sort of nice. I was worried about the bra straps showing or showing the small breasts that I had once in the tight bra, but the wife convinced me neither would be noticed. And it was sort of nice and exciting to be out of the house wearing the...my panties, and the....my bra. I felt sort of naughty and excited by that. I couldn't believe it and had to blame the hypnotism. What had the wife done to me?

And the wife seemed to just love the idea. She gave me a big kiss and told me, "Not to worry dear. The lingerie looks wonderful on you. And if you enjoy wearing it....and I don't mind you wearing it... you are really just so sexy when you wear it....I want to take you right now....and so I don't really care who knows you are wearing lingerie."

Well I wanted to tell her that I did care. It was totally embarrassing. However, she continued, "...and if I don't care that my husband is wearing lingerie than my husband should not care and should just wear it....And I won't hear another word about it!"

And that ended that conversation. I was getting more and more obedient to the wife's wishes thought I didn't quite understand why. I was hoping it wasn't that suggestion that I was told was my own dreams that I was giving into, for if it was that, then there would be far worse that I might be giving into. And I was beginning to see myself all dressed as a girl and so obedient. I had to block it out. It was awful....but sort of nice.

The wife dropped me off at Auntie's, in my lingerie, and had a conversation with the maid, during which I tried to object, which did no good, and then the wife went on to work. Auntie was not there, but of course her maid was there and after expressing her shock that the husband was going to learn how to hand launder his wife's lingerie the maid got down to teaching me to hand-wash the lingerie.

The maid knew about the offer. The wife had explained to the maid that she did not have the time, but that I did, and so I would take the lesson and teach the wife....or perhaps she would just let me wash the lingerie. I had more time for that than she did. I still tried to get out of it. I looked at the wife and told her that perhaps it wasn't such a good idea. Her aunt wasn't there to give it the okay and perhaps the maid might be uncomfortable teaching me, a male, how to wash lingerie.

The wife told me, "Now dear we've already discussed this. And I know that since you haven't been able to find full time work in your field that you do want to get more in touch with your feminine side, so you can help a bit more around the house, so learning to wash lingerie will certainly do that. And I don't mind at all if you wash my lingerie by hand or in the machine, as long as it gets washed."

And she asked Maria, the maid, if it was an issue with her. She just smiled and told us, "No, not at all. I think that all husbands should get in touch with their feminine side. I would just love to have a husband who washed...hand washed...my lingerie. I think it is good training for them. No it isn't an issue with me. If he is going to be doing the laundry he should learn to do it properly. And if he is interested in helping you out with some housework....if there is time I can work with him on that also."

Well that was that. The wife thanked Maria for anything she could do to help me. Then the wife left me there. She told me, so that Maria could hear, "Now dear I don't want a bad report from Maria. I expect you to do your best." And with that she left me there.

Well Maria got the idea that I would do as I was told and so she was going to teach me and I was taught how to hand wash lingerie. And afraid she would take some notice of my chest area, either my figure...my small breasts, and or the straps of my bra, and so I really tried to keep her engaged in my lessons. And so perhaps to her surprise I seemed a bit more interested in learning how to wash lingerie than I actually was and to my surprise I actually did learn how to hand wash lingerie and did a nice job on my wife's sleepwear and lingerie, except for the one bra and pantythat I was wearing.

Auntie had gotten a call from the wife explaining why I would be taking the lessons and then Auntie came by assuming the entire episode would be a wash but she had wanted to have her fun watching me wash my wife's lingerie. Well the maid told Auntie that I had already done so and what a wonderful job I had done and that I was a natural and not a problem at all.

Then Auntie not believing it made a comment about men in general and the maid just suggested that Auntie permit me to wash some of her, Auntie's lingerie, and that Auntie should stay there and watch so Auntie could see I had learned and that the maid was not covering for me; and besides I could always use some more practice and I seemed to enjoy washing the lingerie in any case.

The last comment touched on the truth and made me blush and I think both women picked up on my reaction. There was little I could do about it. I was thankful that at least the washing of the lingerie in front of these women wasn't making me hard. I was happy thinking that it wasn't just the lingerie, but it was the lingerie and my wife that made me happy.

Auntie with a laugh agreed. So in order that I get more practice the maid took out Auntie's soiled lingerie and had me hand washing Auntie's things. For some reason I found that I couldn't object though I had wanted to. Auntie watched and then was so impressed and could not compliment me enough.

She told me, "Why Charles you really are a find. I can't believe a man could do such a fine job washing a lady's lingerie. Perhaps we should just call you Charlotte from now on." I turned red, and she noticed as she laughed at her own little joke...as the maid smiled. I figured that was the time to ask for some assistance in getting a job, but by then the wife had returned and interrupted that.

The wife told Auntie she was there to take me off the maid's hands, but the maid insisted I had been no trouble at all and in fact seemed to have a natural ability when it came to handling lingerie. The wife said something to the effect of she wasn't surprised and Auntie gave her a look.

Anyway Auntie invited us for lunch. The wife tried to get away, or at least gave me that appearance, but I was still pandering. The wife gave me a look and I should have made an excuse and left with the wife but I was adamant. I needed that full time job. I knew that I had to get out of the house. I was afraid where all of this feminization of me was taking me. And so I had set myself up for the fall.

The wife indicated we needed to leave, that she thought I had learned my lesson and it would be okay to go. I still wanted to make friends with Auntie and was delaying us a bit, but fully intended to leave. The wife then gave me a look and told me I just might regret not getting out while the getting was good...not taking my lead from my wife. And so we stayed for lunch.

As I was sitting down, the wife gave me that now I will make you suffer for this look and I guess to get even told me, "Now dear you did such a nice job helping the maid with Auntie's lingerie why don't you just continue to help out the maid and help out with lunch and show Auntie how helpful you can be...even if you are a male."

And then as to really give it to me, she continued with, "Yes, show auntie what a sweet and...obedient...husband her niece has married...not the typical arrogant male. Maria can show you how to do a lunch and you can help her serve it." And she continued with telling the maid to lend me an apron as my wardrobe was limited and she couldn't have me staining my pants.

Auntie seemed surprised but pleased and as I started to balk a bit she seemed to be getting unhappy and so I couldn't make an issue of it. So I went to help the maid, who told me, "Oh washing lingerie and

helping with lunch, you really should wear an apron..."as she placed a girlie apron over my head and then tied it around me. I knew that I should have objected, but having worn the wife's aprons and having the wife put those aprons on me, I had already been trained. And the maid was insistent and seemed to get a kick out of it. She gave me that type of look. And I swore she was looking at my chest and suspected I was wearing something over it and so I said nothing. I was so embarrassed, and there was nothing to do about it.

And then she was spending a lot of time behind me making a bow for me. I was hoping the bra straps were not showing through the back of my shirt and that she was not noticing them and trying to figure out what the straps were doing there. I realized what a jerk I had been. I had gotten so use to wearing that bra I had forgotten I was wearying it. I should have gotten out of there while the getting was good. But now it was too late. And she must have figured it out as she told me, "Let me make a nice bow for you. I think you...your wife would like a nice bow. And if you like I can teach you to make them later...an apron seems to suit you."

I tried to say something but she got bossy and put me to work. I was getting really worried. But I just did as I was told. All of a sudden I wanted the lunch over and I wanted to get out of there. I was thinking about excusing myself to at least get the bra off..., as I was getting worried about Auntie noticing it, or the maid pointing it out to Auntie. But getting out of there didn't happen.

As I said, at that point the maid got pretty bossy and me thinking she knew that I was wearing a bra I did not take issue and did as I was told. So Maria had me make the lunch and then serve it. The wife just loved me in the apron and sort of showing me off in an apron

in front of her aunt, and she wouldn't let me take it off. When I again balked a bit she came over and put a second knot in the bow so it was knotted on and as the apron had been tied on tight with the knot there was little chance of get out it off easily.

And I could just feel she was smiling as the bow was knotted and she didn't want me to fuss with it. She told me, "Now you wouldn't want to spill anything on your pants and need to change out of them right here." And knowing what I was wearing under my pants the threat was clear and I didn't fuss anymore about the apron.

And then when Auntie wanted the maid for something the wife insisted that I return to the kitchen and get it and let the maid rest after what must have been a tiring morning teaching me to wash lingerie. And I humiliatedly did as I was told. The wife was teaching me a lesson for having forced her to stay for lunch with Auntie, or so I thought; but it was much more complicated than that. Auntie seemed a bit shocked at my obedience and then she also seemed to enjoy it. And she was looking at me sort of strangely.

Over lunch the conversation of course eventually went to how surprised Auntie was that I had been sent over to learn how to wash the lingerie, after all the invitation had really been for the wife. The wife explained that she had not had the time and that I did have more spare time than she and we were having issues and that she thought I needed to get in touch with my feminine side to help work out those issues, though she did not want to get into the details, and that learning to hand wash lingerie seemed like that opportunity. However, the wife told her how surprised she was that I had actually learned it as she had been having less success with me, which she told her

Aunt was indicative that I had made real progress in that area under the tutelage of the maid.

Then she told her how pleased she was that the maid had been able to teach meand that she would just love to leave me there for the rest of the day so perhaps I could make a bit more progress and so I could show my gratitude by helping the maid and perhaps learn a bit more about taking care of a house.

The wife told her that she had been trying to teach me a bit of house work but to no avail. She was amazed how well auntie's maid seemed to handle me or how well I learned from a woman other than my wife. After all I only worked part time and although she had tried to teach me to help out I did not seem to take that direction from her, but it seemed that I had no trouble at all taking direction from Auntie's maid.

Well Auntie initially laughed at that suggestion but seeming to think about it for a while and then said it was actually fine with her as long as it was fine with the maid. She told the wife, "He certainly seems to work fine with my maid. And as far as his feminine side goes, he didn't even bat an eye when I referred to him as Charlotte...instead of that awful name Charles....that he insists on being called....that is instead of Charlie."

Auntie seemed to have got on board with my wife's program of de-empowering me and perhaps even feminizing me. She was already not asking me if it was fine with me. And she continued that I would really have to help and not just watch as the maid worked, as Marie did have much to do and had been somewhat delayed having spent the morning teaching me how to wash lingerie. So the woman, my wife, Auntie and the maid, discussed the issue with me there and not asking me anything as if my opinion didn't matter and I

guess it did no longer matter to them. And Maria told them it would be okay with her and so they all agreed that it would be okay.

Marie told Auntie and the wife, "Oh I don't think it will be a problem. He seems to be one of those men with some natural feminine inclinations. Perhaps that is your issue here. He would need to come to terms with that. He washed lingerie well and wears an apron well. I am sure he can learn to clean house and that it will be no bother for me to work with him. Why he may even find that he likes it. Some men do. I think that perhaps taking such direction from a wife can be difficult for a husband. But he doesn't seem to have had that issue with me. "

Then I knew that I was in trouble. I didn't want to be working with a maid who I thought knew that her trainee was a guy was wearing a bra. I tried to get out of it. I made an excuse that I did not want to be a bother and that I wasn't really dressed for it and then my wife's full trap for me was sprung.

The wife told me that was nonsense, and that this was really an opportunity not to be missed. She explained as there wasn't any time like the present to learn this and that she had to return to work so that my staying would save her from losing time by having to drop me at our home, as I had delayed her with having her stay for lunch.

I told her, that perhaps another time as I really wasn't dressed for that work. The wife told me nonsense, I am sure Auntie or Maria has something that you can wear. And then she asked if perhaps Auntie just had a pair of slacks and a shirt that I could change into and so I could get to work then and there.

Auntie said something and the wife said something and I said something and then the wife said to auntie,

"But your pajama outfit fit him well enough, as did some of the slacks and shorts. I am sure with a good girdle that a pair of your old slacks would also fit him. And with his bad back...or so he tells me when I ask him to help with the housework....I am sure wearing a girdle for the house work that your old clothes will fit him and the work won't take such a toll on him."

I coughed a bit to make it seem as if the wife had misspoke but then to make sure everyone had understood she told me there in front of her aunt and the maid, "Honey, there is no time like the present and you shouldn't have any problem wearing a pair of Auntie's stretch jeans and a boy cut shirt as you don't seem to have any trouble wearing the lingerie pajama set and sleep lingerie that she sent over for me or some of the other clothing, the shorts and shirts she sent over. I am sure Auntie knows that from your 'thank you' card and from your e-mails. And so now the maid will know. Not such a big deal. Maria can keep our little secret."

And then she smiled, almost laughed, and told me, "Just do your job and don't give Maria a hard time about it and learn and be helpful with her so you can be helpful with me, around our house, and I am sure she will be happy to teach you and won't take issue with whatever you are or will be wearing."

I could have died. I hemmed and hawed. And then the wife explained to an apparently surprised Auntie, who was waiting for some sort of explanation. "You see that sleep set you sent over was just so nice and it didn't fit me and my husband seemed so intent that we shouldn't let it go to waste that I convinced him to try it on and he really just loved it. Of course he did not want to admit it at first. And it fits him rather well and so I insisted he wear it...and he has been wearing it and the other pajama set that you sent over. He actu-

ally likes wearing it very much. Though I am sure he is just too shy to admit to it in front of you."

"And then to save money on clothes... we are a bit stretched, as my husband only works part time, he agreed to save on his clothes and share with me some of the other items you have given me, which were a bit large for me. Those stretch shorts with the blouses fit him very nicely. And even look nice on him. Though, he won't admit it."

And she continued, "And that is the real reason why I sent him to learn how to hand wash the fancies, as he is the one who wears them. It wouldn't make much sense for me to be hand washing my husband's lingerie, when he has more time for that than I do. And based upon the fact that he ...a man...would wear such an outfit...I thought that he does need to get in touch with his feminine side...so we can find out how far this feminine streak of his goes...I actually find the whole thing rather cute, but I don't really have the time to deal with it. And I figure if he likes wearing the lingerie...that is okay with me. But if he does have a feminine side...I would hope it would extend itself to helping out around the house a bit more."

Auntie expressed her disbelief and mentioned the notes and that they seemed to come from a female, or at least someone familiar with the female side of life. And the wife told her, "But he is the one who wrote the notes to you and has been discussing how lovely the outfits are. I wouldn't know since he has been the one wearing them."

Auntie exclaimed, but the notes had come from the wife. The wife then the continued with her act and the wife let me have it. "Oh dear, you've been writing to Auntie pretending to be me. Oh I guess you were embarrassed. You shouldn't have been. You were grate-

ful and wanted to thank auntie but couldn't admit that you, a man, was wearing the lingerie...the satin pajamas and the lingerie. Oh, how cute. But it is okay. Auntie does not like her things to go to waste...and so it is nice that you got some use out of them...even if you are a man. Anyway your secret is out now. So let's just move on."

And I was red and I could have died. But things would get even worse for me.

Auntie didn't seem angry at all. She told us, "Well I can see why your husband might just want to keep that a secret...but as you said, it is out now. And shame on him for not telling you he was pretending to be you and a shame on him for not letting me know it was him enjoying my gifts. I would have liked to have known. I had no idea your husband was so.....so liberated." And she told me, "I guess as the expression goes, this can be our little secret. But he certainly is knowledgeable about....well...things men typically don't discuss."

The wife then continued to erase my masculinity with the woman. She told them, "Oh he reads all my lady's magazines and watches all the shows for woman with me. I don't get it. He seems fascinated with such things but won't apply it. He learns all about housekeeping and cooking and woman's issues but doesn't seem to want to help much around the house....I really don't know what to do about that...his not really helping around the house as much as he could help."

So Auntie found the entire thing amusing and told us that under the circumstances that me staying for the rest of the day and helping would seem to be a good idea. She continued that she had some other gifted items from when she was of that weight and could

provide a change of clothes for me and that she should have some support garments to ensure that the slacks fit me. I wouldn't have to worry about soiling my clothes. And if I was short of clothes and short on money....perhaps she could help out with some other of her things that should fit me....as I didn't seem to mind wearing woman's clothing. And she wasn't asking me....she was sort of just presenting it as a fact for the wife to consider.

The wife told her, and me, that it should be fine with me and said once dressed in some work clothes I would be ready to spend the rest of the day assisting the maid and learning about housekeeping by doing rather than by reading and I could learn for real what it was like to engage in such activities. Assuming it was okay with the maid....as well as with Auntie. The wife did not want to impose me on the maid. And the wife let the maid know that if it was okay with her that I would do as I was told or the wife would know the reason why not. And I then knew where I stood in this whole thing. However, my plan was to play dumb so that the maid would just give up and let me leave. I didn't realize then how femininely I would be dressed by the time such an opportunity arose.

Then the wife told me out of ear shot while I was still objecting, to stop objecting and not to worry for now that her aunt knew I was using the pajama sets as well as some of the other clothing and not herself, that she was happy as her aunt would not be bothering her and all I had to do was wear some woman's slacks for the afternoon and help clean the house with the maid and my penance would be over. If I did a good job her aunt would have bonded with me and I could expect her recommendation for a full time job. That is if I did a good job helping out the maid.

And so that ended the idea of doing a poor job and getting the maid to give up on me. Which as it turned out would not have continued to be a plan regardless.

So I waited and the wife went with her aunt to pick out some "masculine" female clothes for me to wear while I was to learn a modicum of housekeeping from auntie's maid. And while I waited the maid was looking on with a bemused look on her face. I said something to her trying to save face and she smiled and told me, "No sweetie. I think you will need to do as I tell you to do if you want to get through this day and please auntie and your wife. You won't want me to give them a bad report on you. Whatever your game is here I am sure you want Auntie to feel this is not a game." And I didn't have a quip to reply to that.

The wife took me to a room and had me disrobe down to my undies, which were her aunt's undies, the panties and support panties and the sleep bra. She had me remove everything else and left with them all before I knew what she was up to. She just kept out-smarting me and leaving me with no choice but to put on whatever she gave me to wear....no matter how embarrassing.

And when she returned I had little choice but to put on the clothes her aunt had provided, her aunt's clothes, woman's clothes and more womanly than she had intimated the clothes would be. I rationalized that I should be happy it wasn't a dress. Little did I realize before this was all over I would be also be wearing a dress.

I sort of realized I was really in trouble when she gave me a pink high waisted girdle with huge satin panels to put on and I of course I objected. And she told me, "If you split the pants the maid will see you are wearing panties so it is your choice." And needless

to say I grudgingly took the girdle and pulled it into place. It was tight around the waist and I complained. The wife told me, "Nonsense dear. It is supposed to be tight around the waist and it fits you fine. And with it on you will get the back support you need for this type of work."

And she continued, "Just stop complaining dear. It looks just so sweet on you. Pink really is your color. I just can't get over it. My husband in panties and a girdle and a bra, and I really should take a picture. This is delightfully funny."

I just grumbled. What was I to do or say? What I didn't want to tell her was that I was finding the satin panels of the girdle and the feel of the girdle to be a tremendous turn on and once I had it on I was having difficult controlling myself. I was thankful that the girdle was tight and sort of pressed it into me. And to add to my embarrassment it also had some sort of elastic in it that lifted my butt cheeks up and created a feminized rear 'booty' for me.

Next she gave me pink lycra stockings to put on, to attach to the garters on the pink girdle. I of course refused. "I am not wearing woman's stockings I told her." I wasn't sure where that came from but I was still fighting it.

And she told me, "Why not. You are wearing panties. You are wearing a pink girdle. What could be worse?"

I said something and she told me, "Suit yourself. But the shoes auntie has for you are tight and will chaff your feet and they will blister in an hour and you will be like that all day!"

So I took the stockings and the wife explained how to put them on and watched in obvious amusement...and pleasure as I followed her directions, roll-

ing each stocking, one at a time, and then rolling the stocking up my leg and attaching the garters, under the wife's directions. As I had smoothed each one, as instructed by the wife, the feeling was actually very nice. And I was getting harder."

At that point the wife took the threatened photo with her phone. I went ballistic and she told me, "Calm down dear. You just look so cute doing that. I would never have imagined. It actually turns me on a bit. And if you are a good boy no one needs to see it. And besides I have already up-loaded it...so even if you thought to get tough about it...which would be a big mistake...there is little you could do about it. I have the photo and can show it." And there was nothing to be done. I was there in her aunt's home in panties and a bra, a pink panty girdle and gartered stockings and the wife could prove all of it to our friends and anyone else for that matter. Things just kept getting worse for me. I certainly was not in a position of power.

And the wife told me, "Dear this is really just for fun. I could have taken your picture in your panties and bra or the lingerie at any time. I didn't. I just want this photograph to remember getting my husband into a girdle and stocking. It just may be the only time. So don't begrudge me my fun. I will make it up to you tonight...that is if you are a good.....well a good girl.....so to speak."

Well thinking about sex with the wife just got me back on line with her program and I didn't make a further issue of the photo. And as she said she already had the photo. I was just hoping she was being honest about her purpose. And so I continued to dress.

A pink satin camisole came next. I slipped it on over the satin bra that I was already wearing and it again just felt wonderful.

Next came the jeans. They were again pink and definitely ladies jeans and expensive ones. The pockets were all covered with embroidery and there were embroidered flowers along the sides. I was sort of happy they were pants. I was thinking after the girdle and the stockings the wife just might have a skirt in store for me. I pulled them on and the wife laughed as I was putting them on backwards, the zipper was in the front as I stepped into the jeans and it belonged in the back and so I reversed them and put them back on.

What choice did I have? And so they were definitely ladies jeans and they fit as jeans typically fit on a girl. They were tight and they hugged my body and I could feel the stretch as I moved. And the zipper was in the back. I wasn't wearing a pair of men's cut ladies jeans I was wearing what were definitely woman's jeans, pink, with embroidered flowers, stretchy and worst of all, the zipper was in the back. And it was just so humiliating as I zippered up the back zipper and the front of the jeans just clung to my figure.

I mentioned to the wife that she had promised a pair of man cut ladies jeans and she told me that is what auntie provided. If I were too uncomfortable she could ask auntie to provide a dress or a skirt.

The wife laughed and told me, "Why dear with Auntie's girdle on those jeans fit you almost perfectly. You just need to fill out your hips a bit more. Your butt certainly is 'girlie' enough. I never really noticed. Perhaps we should keep you in this girdle all the time? We'll just have to see."

I told her it was the girdle that was forming my butt into a feminine form and she told me, "Yes dear, but one has to have the fatty butt to begin with for the support garment to do its magic. You apparently have a fatty girly butt. And let's just leave it at that. I won't be



arguing with you today. I don't have the time." I again just felt humiliated. She had become very controlling and very dominant, and even more so than usual.

Next she gave me a pink Spanish or Mexican style blouse to wear. I mentioned something about a man's styled shirt and she told me, "I am sorry dear, but this was all we could find that would go with the outfit. Auntie sort of insisted. I think she is getting into sharing clothes with you, or at least having you wear her or woman's clothing. Besides we both think you will listen to Maria better if you are dressed more femininely then we had originally planned. And I am sure Maria won't mind....If she objects perhaps we can find you something a bit more masculine to wear. We will just have to leave it to Maria. After all she will be your boss for the day."

I gave the wife a look. I was just too intimidated to say a word and she picked up on that and told me, "Don't look at me that way dear. You brought all this on yourself. Just be nice to Maria and do as you are told and I am sure she will agree to have you in something a bit more manly."

And finally she gave me a pair of pink pumps with one inch heels to put on. They were a bit snug. I complained. The wife told me, "Now dear that is why you are wearing the lycra stockings. The pumps would actually fit much tighter if you were wearing socks. And the pumps just go with that outfit." And she laughed again at my expense.

The wife told me to turn around a walk around a bit so she could see the full affect and how the jeans fit my figure. I wanted to read her the riot act, but dressed as I was and being where I was and with the photo of me the wife had in her phone and who knew where else, there was no giving her a hard time. I figured I just

needed to do my penance ...get it over with. Work with Maria for the day, and then hopefully get a job through auntie. And move along and forget about this whole thing had ever happened.

So I modeled for my wife and she came over and gave me a hug and a kiss. She told me, "Oh honey you really do look lovely in this outfit and so girlish. You are really such a good sport. I am having such fun with all of this. I hope with this you learn your lesson and help out around the house a bit more."

Then looking at me she continued, "I ought to do your hair and put some makeup on you....but that would be too cruel. Though, I am tempted to stuff something in your bra, just to give you a bit more shape, as you actually are looking so girlie and if you didn't already have a bit of a chest, with that bra, I certainly would. But no use in embarrassing you even more than you must feel. Your butt looks so girlie, the chest would be a bit overboard. After all you are really being such a good sport I am almost sorry I put you in this position. But you brought it on yourself. And now you can deal with auntie and getting her hand me downs. Perhaps that will actually make her happy and I can have some more time with her without that bothersome problem."

She then gave me a hug and realized that I was hard. It was the most embarrassing moment of the day. She told me, "Oh my gosh. You are absolutely stiff. I can't believe it. So it isn't just the lingerie that turns you on. Or perhaps it is, and the stockings and camisole just add to the sensation of the panties and satin bra. Oh I should have let you wear your own cotton underwear. Oh we will have to do something about this....pull down you pants and girdle and panties. I have to see this."

I didn't hesitate and I realized somehow I was definitely turned on by parts of what was happening to me. And I thought I was getting at least a hand job... if not better. But it wasn't to be. The wife took off her slip and folded it over and then encased my member in it creating a smooth line over which she pulled my panties and my girdle and pulled them up tighter and higher than before and then over which I pulled up my pants.

I realized that my testicles were then riding right up against my body and that my manhood had been smoothed over. So looking down I realized that the front of my fly less pants now was smooth and really looked female.

The wife took a look and smiled and told me, "Now that is just wonderful. You won't be embarrassed as no one can now tell how excited all of this, or at least the lingerie, makes you. You really just look like a girl where a girl should look like a girl; just a bit fatty, with the padding. But there are girls that look like that. Not that you need to look like a girl. But we don't need your thing showing. We wouldn't want auntie or the maid to know how much this all turns my little sissy husband on. Now do we?"

I didn't know what to say. It was the first time since this had all started... since she had put me in lingerie, that she had called me a sissy. I said nothing. But she had gotten me thinking. Gosh, so I was turned on by the feel of the lingerie. I am sure that did not make me a sissy. It had nothing to do with the clothing being woman's clothing. It just must have had to do with the feel of the cloth; the nice silky and satiny feelings against my body.

The wife looked at me like I was a naughty child and told me, "Now dear I am waiting for an answer.

And when you are dressed like that it is not a good idea to make me wait. You don't want to make me irritable."

I was put in my place. I knew what I had to tell her and I told her. "Oh yes dear. Better to look nice and flat there....even like a girl...than to show. Thank you dear."

The wife told me, "Much better dear. You need to get used to being obedient when you are dressed in aunt's clothes and helping the maid. After all you don't want to anger the maid...or auntie for that matter. I will have to leave you alone with them for the rest of the day and you will be taking your orders from the maid. I am afraid that auntie actually expects you to learn something about house cleaning and oh whatever. So I suggest you do as you are told and do a good job of it. You brought it on yourself. So if I get a good report on you I will try to rescue you as soon as I can get off from work. So be a good boy. If I get a bad report I will just have to bring you back for more training until auntie thinks you got it right. And after all if you want auntie to find you a job...a full time job in your industry, then you need to impress her."

And that was that. The wife escorted me back to the waiting auntie with the waiting maid. Auntie seemed to like the fact I was wearing her clothes and my feminized look and told me so.

Auntie told us, "Oh my, I am so glad. Those clothes look absolutely natural on him. Who would have known? And he certainly is a liberated male to have let you dress him up in my clothes, in ladies clothes... and in a girdle, and stockings and pumps and then to learn housecleaning from my maid."

And then I found out the clothes selection was all my wife's doing. I couldn't believe it. Auntie told us,

or rather told the wife, "You know I thought I would just find some basic men's cut woman's clothes, jeans and a shirt for your hubby to wear. I know I have something like that somewhere. But when you told me not to go crazy looking. And when you told me your hubby would make do with any woman's pants and a woman's shirt or blouse for that matter, I could hardly believe that. And then when you told me if they didn't fit so well he would wear a girdle so that the pants would fit, I really thought you were really teasing me....And when you took those clothes, supposedly for him to put on, I didn't really think you would get him to wear them...I mean a pink girdle...well. So now I see it but can hardly believe it. And he really is so adorable in that pink outfit with the pumps and the blouse. It is just a panic! I just find that I love it! He is just so cute! This is really fun. I would not have believed it."

Then she seemed to think a bit and asked the wife....not me...but the wife. "Do you think it would be okay if I had my picture taken with him dressed like this? He is absolutely adorable."

And before I could object the wife told her of course and then there was another person with a photograph of me dressed to humiliate. And there was little to be done about it. And the worst part of it was when my wife told me to smile, and as I hesitated she told me, "Now smile dear. You wouldn't want Auntie to think you aren't appreciating the trouble she is going through for you; when we know that you do so appreciate Auntie." And the threat was there and there was little to do but smile.

And I should have known. The wife really seemed to be having so much fun with all of this.... Tricking and forcing me into woman's clothing in front of her aunt and the maid. And it must had run in the family

as her aunt seemed to also be getting a kick out of it...having a male in female clothing...forced to wear female clothing.

And the aunt told us, "I am sure in order to fit those pants that he is wearing the girdle, but I can hardly believe it.....that a man would wear such a girdle!"

So the wife told me to lift up my pants leg a bit. I just did it. Auntie exclaimed, "Oh, he is wearing the stockings....so he must be wearing the girdle. Oh this is unbelievable. Oh how is it that you can get him to wear my girdle?"

And then as if she just realized she asked, "And oh, are his legs shaved? He doesn't seem to have any hair showing?"

And I was so embarrassed.....but Auntie did not stop.

And before the wife could answer that auntie noticed how I was all flat in front and commented on that leading to my utter humiliation. She asked and told me, "You know dear you do look like a girl in those jeans. Your front is just so flat. I mean the jeans are tight and pulled high and there doesn't seem to be anything there. Are you okay?"

The wife told her, "Oh he is just fine dear. The girdle is really just holding everything up and in and I padded it out a bit to cover it and after all he isn't that big anyway. And you know how men shrink when they are embarrassed. You know sort of like a cold day at the beach. And I am not going to worry about it as the pants fit him so much better this way. And you are right; he does look just like a girl."

And what was I to say in defense? I couldn't admit under the circumstances to being stiff.

"Oh," said auntie, nodding to show she understood but was too much of a lady to speak about it.

Then the wife continued, as if to really burry me, "I mean he looks so 'girlie' there and with that girdle he also has the nicest looking behind, that with some makeup and a bit of work on his hair I think he could even pass off as a girl. To say nothing about what some padding in his bra would do for his figure."

The comment on my butt was bad enough, the aunt hadn't seen my profile, but oh gosh....she had told her aunt and the maid that I was wearing a bra. I couldn't believe it. I was drowning in humiliation. I was just hoping the aunt wouldn't pick up on it. The nice thing about the blouse was that it was lose on the chest so my new formations didn't show, and I thought that would end that embarrassment. But the wife just had to bring attention to that also. There was not end to her embarrassing me. And I could tell it was all turning her on so.

But of course her aunt was paying attention. First she took a side step to take a look at my butt. And she told the wife, "Oh my gosh you are right. He does have a shapely butt. And I can't imagine it is all because of the girdle."

Then she looked at my wife and asked, "A bra?"

And the wife told her, "Oh yes, he wears the satin stretch bra and the panties, the sleep panties and stretch nylon panties from the sleep set you gave him....I mean gave me....that he uses....I mean wears."

I was turning red. I wanted to melt. I wanted to disappear. I actually felt the hardness leaving me.

The aunt gave me another look of amusement and then turned toward the wife and questioned, "Bra and panties....now. He wore the bra and panties from the sleep set to come here and is wearing them now?!"

The wife told her, and with the maid listening, "Yes auntie. He just loves the feel of the panties and the satin bra. It is sort of my fault. You see he had some skin conditions and once I had made him sleep in the sleep set you had given him....I mean me....the sensitivity in his breasts....his chest that is, and in his....well other area seemed to get better. I think the cotton just chaffed him there. And we were going to get him some men's nylon underwear...briefs and a under shirts, but we hadn't gotten around to it, when you had sent over the other sets, with an additional satin bras and the panties, and we are tight on money, with my hubby not working full time, so it just seemed natural for him to just keeping wearing one set of panties and a bra at night and one set during the day, while washing one set."

And she finished with, "He does so seem to enjoy wearing them....the satin panties and satin bra I mean. So was that wrong of me....Auntie? I mean to let him keep wearing the satin panties and the satin bra. He does seem to have a skin condition. They actually look very nice on him. So was it terribly wrong of me?"

I just couldn't believe the wife was making it sound like I wanted to wear panties and a bra. I wanted to cry. I started to cough and then to object and to tell auntie it was all over a lost bet and the wife stopped me cold.

She told me, "Honey now auntie is family and the maid is....well the maid. And auntie might as well know that we....that is you....are getting so much use out of her presents....and that you like them. I am sure that will make her happier than if we mislead her and told her you weren't happy wearing the outfits or we pretended you had been forced into wearing them, just because of some male vanity.

I was so embarrassed I started off with the, "but...but....it was just a bet which I lost."

And the wife told us, "Nonsense dear. I am sorry I slipped and let that out, about the bra and the panties. It wasn't intentional. But after all these woman already know that you put on a woman's girdle and woman's stocking and a woman's camisole; so why would anyone be surprised to know you were already wearing a bra and panties."

And she let that sink in and finished with, "Are you or are you not wearing the panties and the bra that was given by auntie as a present to me? And were you not wearing them under your men's clothes when we arrived? And have you not worn them on other occasions? ...And dear let's tell no lies! I won't have it!"

I could not believe what my wife was doing to me and in front of other woman, her aunt and her aunt's maid. And why was she doing it? But that was it. I had to tell them, looking at my feet from embarrassment...and looking at the ladies pumps I was wearing I just got more embarrassed and I just had to admit it. And I told them, "Yes dear I am wearing the bra and the panties from the sleep set...but..." And I wanted to finish off with that it was the result of a lost bet, but was not given that chance. And I was afraid to push it.

And the wife told me, "No butts dear. The only butt here is that gorgeous big butt of yours filling out those ladies jeans you are wearing. And they do look very becoming on you. Perhaps auntie will let you keep them. You seem to be very comfortable wearing them. That is of course if she lets you also keep that girdle....so that the pants fit you so well."

And she let that sink in and then she finally dismissed me like I was her servant. She told me, "Enough already. There is nothing for you to be em-

barrased about for finding satin and nylon and girl's' clothing nice and comfortable. And if you are embarrassed then get over it. We are all understanding woman. So there is nothing to be gained from your continual denial. It is almost as embarrassing as having a husband who seems to enjoy dressing like a female and engaging reading about female activities."

"So before I get angry I need you to go along with the maid. Put on your apron. And help her out. And learn a bit about keeping house. I don't think we will get an opportunity like this again. And since you do not have a full time job and I do have one, I think it is really about time you started pulling your weight and helping more around the house. So kindly do as you are told. I need to speak with auntie in private before I take off for work."

And if I wasn't embarrassed enough the wife chose that moment to remember that auntie had asked about my lack of hair on my legs and she told her, "And yes Auntie, to answer your questions, my husband does shave his legs.....We found his skin condition was not so bothersome where he removes his hair and that the satin pajamas felt so much nicer on his skin without that awful hair of his.... And you should see his legs in those nylons....without the hair..... lovely. But that is another story how that came about and let's not go there right now. But he really does have lovely legs. He should show them off....but let's not go there right now. I do have to get to work. One of us has to support this family!"

And there was no comeback from that. And as I was leaving to go with the maid and avoid any further embarrassment the wife told me, "And now dear you are to be a good" and she giggled, 'girl' and do as you are told, and I will pick you up after work. Have a wonderful day dear. This is your dream come true. You

can wear your satins and silks all day while you work. Sorry about the girdle...but it serves you right. Just be happy you are getting to wear your lingerie and do not have to hide the fact. You should be delighted."

And what had just happened to me I couldn't figure out. But dressed as I was there was no getting out of doing what I was told to do. And I knew that somewhere deep inside all of this was a tremendous turn on for me. I figured that perhaps I needed to actually do all the feminine work to break the hypnosis which must have been the basis for me letting all this happen to me and for me actually finding that I was enjoying wearing the silks and satins...and the girdle with the satin panels and the stretch jeans. It was maddening. But I didn't know what to do about that. The feel was just wonderful and much of a turn on...when I wasn't just so terribly embarrassed by it all.

And contrary to what my wife had said...I had not shrunk. I was hard again with all of this happening to me and it was only the padding that was hiding it. And the padding, that nylon slip the wife had folded over me to pad me out, just made everything feel even more wonderful. As embarrassing as it all was I really wanted to keep wearing at least the panties and the stretch satin bra and yes the stockings. They all felt wonderful.

And then the slip wrapped around my ...well...it also felt delightful. And I was thinking if I could only let loose I would feel better and once relieved I wouldn't feel so enamored with my silks and satins. But the tightness of the girdle and it pressing my manhood into me seemed to put a stop to that possibility. If only I could get a moment alone I could have taken matters, as the expression goes, into my own hands...but that didn't happen.

Auntie then seeming to be having some fun with all of this at my expense pretended sympathy for me and offered the wife for me some breast pads, with satin covering, that were used to cover sensitive nipples which should fit into the bra I was wearing and add another level of protection for me. She explained that if I would be doing cleaning and what not, even the satin bra might cause chaffing. She, herself once had such an issue, though had not had that issue in years and would be happy to provide me with the pads she had used. I thanked her and told her that the satin bra seemed to be doing the job just fine.

I mean with that bra I was already dealing with my loose chest flesh forming "A" sized breasts, and so I did not want to add to that. And there was also the ever increasing embarrassment as I was forced or tricked into wearing woman's clothing and what not.

The wife looked at me and put me in my place. She told me, "Honey, auntie wasn't asking you. She was asking me. She understands it would be an embarrassment for you to wear breast pads, and that you would just decline. But I have a better understanding of your problems and complaining and what your work day will be like and those breast pads will be a life saver for you. So I think you need to at least try them and let me see how they work."

Auntie didn't wait for my reply. She had the maid fetch them while she continued to complement my look in her clothing and again let me and the wife know that since her clothing did fit me so well, some with the assistance of the support garments and some without, there would be no reason for the wife to waste her money on providing me with clothes, as auntie had plenty of gender neutral looking woman's clothing that should fit me and she would be more than happy to give to me....as long as I would actually

wear the clothing. She did not want them wasted. And of course, time permitting she would let me try some on and check for size.

The wife assured her nothing would be wasted no matter what article of clothing it would be, as we could use the assistance and she did not believe in wasting good clothing, and her husband, me, did not seem to have any issue wearing auntie's clothes, as my wearing of her aunts gifts had already shown. And hearing that I just turned red, imagining what articles auntie might come up with, as she seemed to be enjoying all of this along with my discomfort.

The maid returned with the breast pads. The wife took them and showed them to me. They were satin covered pads which would fit in a regular bra and cover the bottom of a breast and the nipples and protect that area, but in the process increase the wearer's breast size by at least one size. Now I knew my chest...by breasts in the bra was already about a size "A" or so and really did not want them increased and then perhaps become noticeable. And so I again tried declining the use of, the wearing of the pads.

The wife told me nonsense and that there was no need to be embarrassed as I was already wearing a bra. She came over and putting her hand down my blouse, actually auntie's blouse that I was wearing, she inserted one and then the other pad into my bra cups and moved them around until she got them right. She asked if they were comfortable, and actually they were, and I honestly answered yes. They felt nice holding up my loose flesh.

Auntie then chimed in with, "Oh that is nice. I am glad I had these things. And he can keep them. I think they will be more useful for him than for me."

That was embarrassing, but of course the wife did not let it go at that. She let everyone know. "Thank you auntie," she said. And, then, "I think they will do for now while he is wearing a blouse. But I'll be darned if with the bra and the pads my husband here isn't sporting about a "B" cup."

And she held the back of the loose blouse a bit tightly showing off my "B" cup sized male breasts. And then she said, "I don't think he can wear one of his shirts looking like this. Those shirts aren't cut to fit breasts."

Auntie then replied in kind, furthering my tremendous feeling of embarrassment. "Oh he must be one of those fellows with hormone issues that cause guys to develop small breasts. That may be why they are so sensitive and perhaps even why he is attracted to woman's things and activities. But he can wear the pads here today. We don't mind. And after all he is wearing a blouse. Perhaps I can find some woman's men cut shirts for him that will accommodate his breasts with the padding. He would most likely be more comfortable wearing a bra with padding if he does have that condition. No reason to be embarrassed about it. And for today he is already wearing a blouse. So I will have no further misgiving about having provided a blouse for him to wear. And once again let me say that he does have a nice shape with that padding. If time permitted I would look for a nicer blouse for him that would show off that cute chest of his. But I will have to worry about that later. I do have to get going."

I was just as embarrassed as could be. I looked at the wife. She simply thanked her aunt and told us that she also had to get going, to get back to work.

And with that I was turned over to Auntie and the maid. The wife turned me over and told me, "Now dear you really look fine the way you are dressed and you seem to enjoy auntie's clothing and she seems to enjoy sharing them with you so there is no need to be embarrassed or pretend to be embarrassed about wearing lingerie and stretch jeans and a blouse. We all know that some men find woman's clothing enjoyable. It may be as Auntie say, that you have some sort of hormonal imbalance. So I need you to stay dressed the way you are, in lingerie and the woman's clothing so we can find out if you are one of those boys."

She let that embarrass me and let that sink in and then she told me, "So be a good boy and learn what you can in this short time about helping me keep the house clean. And do be a dear and help with dinner. I should be back for dinner and it would be lovely if I am told that you helped. You do need to learn how to cook and clean a bit and develop thewell proper demeanor for it. It would help you stay busy and useful when you are home alone and not working on your part time work."

And she continued, "And I don't want to hear any more about cooking and cleaning being woman's work and not for you....not the way you are now dressed and not with what you seem to enjoy wearing. Once you find full time work and buy yourself some men's clothing to wear around the house, we can revisit all of this. For now you need to work with the maid and learn...if she will help you. So don't be difficult. I don't want to return and find out you have wasted the maid's time."

And with that the wife gave me a kiss on the cheek and told me with a laugh, "Now you be a good girl dear and don't give anyone a difficult time over this. It

is only for a day” And she whispered, “That is if you behave yourself.”

And she looked at the maid and told her, “Any issues with ‘Charle...s...ette’, you just telephone me. If he gets to stubborn about things, just remind him he is a “girl” for the day. In fact if he gets uppity then see if you can take that rough male edge of off him. The way he is dressed...seems to like to dress ...he really should act a bit more feminine. That would certainly teach him a lesson.” And she seemed to think about it and then told the maid, “Yes, a little less masculine and a bit more feminine would serve him right.”

And with that she left me there in the hands of the maid and her aunt. I was stuck. The wife had my male outer clothes and my wallet and took them. I was dressed in what was obviously female clothing, and wearing female underwear and miles from our house, with little chance of getting in even if I got to it. I was stuck, until the wife came and got me and took me home. I could not go on the street the way I was dressed. That is not while it was still daylight.

After the wife left I tried to reason with her aunt. I told her that all this was all so silly. I was sorry my wife was playing this game with me in front of her. She was just ticked off with me as I had not been able to land a full time job and wasn't as helpful as I should be around the house, but I had learned my lesson and would try to be more helpful and to get a full time job. (Which at that point I was hoping auntie would help me get.) I told auntie that I was sure she was embarrassed by all of this nonsense. And that it would be best if she would just drive me home and we could put an end to all of this silliness.

The aunt was having none of that and she told me so. She asked or told me, “Now dear let's not really be

silly about this. It is out that you like wearing woman's clothing. I am shocked, but I can deal with the fact that my niece's husband is a....oh....yes....a cross dresser...or at least likes wearing woman's lingerie...or even needs to wear silky soft satiny lingerie because of a skin condition."

And she continued with, "And as you do actually look rather cute wearing woman's clothing I am okay seeing so dressed and having you so dressed in my house. I mean you don't look vulgar in it or anything like that. It fits you rather nicely and you do look nice in it. That is whether or not your wife tricked you into it as some sort of revenge for your laziness. But regardless....if she did....then far be it from me to rescue you from your punishment; especially since I think if so it would be rather well deserved!"

And she continued, "And it is rather nice to think that my old clothes are getting some use... and some of the gifts I have that don't fit me do actually fit you and that you are actually wearing them...even if you are a male and it is my lingerie and that when I give the clothing it will actually be worn...even if by a male. Later I will look for some more items that will fit you and you might like wearing. Surprisingly enough I am finding that this is sort of fun."

And then she finished me with, "I realize this must be sort of embarrassing for you. Regardless you obviously can't have objected to all of this too much or there would have been no way you would have come here to learn how to hand wash lingerie while wearing lingerie... panties and a bra. After all you are a man...or a man of sorts....and your wife is a member of the weaker sex. So I don't see how she could have forced you into this, or forced you into my clothes once you were here. So you obviously do like it to a certain degree wearing lingerie and washing your lingerie."

I tried to deny, but she wouldn't have it and she cut me off with, "And I will hear no phony denials on your part about all of this. The proof is in how you are now dressed!"

And there wasn't much for me to say as I didn't want to aggravate her as she was my key to a full time job and getting out of this predicament.

She continued with her line of reasoning, " And as according to Maria you did such a wonderful job washing lingerie with the proof being how nice a job you did washing my lingerie there isn't any reason, dressed as you are, that you can not to continue with this as you have agreed to do. You seem to have a knack for woman's work. I know that some men do. So this is an opportunity for you to learn to help your wife out... So I will NOT be taking you home. I will be leaving you here with Maria to do as you apparently agreed with your wife to do. You can spend the day here helping her and learning housekeeping and you can help her with the dinner and thereby learn a bit about cooking. Based on your assistance at lunch you do seem to have a knack for it...for woman's work."

"And anyway, I think you do need to spend the day dressed as you are...in lingerie and that girdle and bra, and the blouse and stretch jeans, so we can find out if you really are comfortable dressed as a woman...or if this was just some sort of game you are playing for some reason with the wife. I can only imagine that would be to avoid getting a full time job."

And she wouldn't listen to me as I tried to explain. She told me, "No dear. You are dressed as you are and we know you must have let your wife do this to you and in front of her aunt and a maid. I can hardly believe it. No dear...there is something here...an issue that needs to be addressed...and no excuses from

you; the husband who only works part time and when at home doesn't help out and who is wearing my lingerie and my clothes. No, I have to go now. I have an appointment. I don't have the time to take you anywhere. So you will be staying here as agreed.....dressed as you are....and working with Maria. And if you don't stay and help her and do as you are told....for your own good....I would think your wife will have issues with you when she returns for dinner. So think about that! I know that I don't want to be the reason for any marriage discord between the two of you. I am sort of beginning to like you."

And with that Auntie left, and left me to work with the maid, left me to learn some housekeeping and some cooking under the control of the maid. She told her....and me, "And Marie, I know this may be difficult to do with a male....that is a supposed man..... for him to take direction from a maid and for you to give him those directions or even orders. So Maria, just imagine whatever you need to do with my nephew by marriage here to get him on track, that is if he is difficult, will be okay with my niece. She did really seem to want him trained.....Oh and as she intimated, let me stress, try to work off some of his male attitudes and feminize him a bit and so his wife will find him more.....cooperative in the future. "

And so I was stuck, but I figured once the aunt was gone I was not going to be taking direction from the maid about housekeeping and the like. Oh, how wrong I was.

Chapter V: Learning from a Maid to be a Maid

So Auntie was gone and it was just me and the maid... Maria. She was pleasant enough, but I was not. I just could not deal with my situation. She could tell I was not happy and as she gave me instruction I was being difficult and so finally she stopped and she told me, "I don't think this can be pleasant for you Mr. Charles or if it is I would not think that you would be admitting it to a maid. But you are stuck with this and I am stuck with this. And in my case I have been told to train you and I will be held responsible to that training....and so we can do this the easy way and you can cooperate or you can be difficult and we can do this the hard way. But you will learn some housekeeping and a bit of cooking today, and how to serve....and you will learn it well. And I will take that masculine edge off of you. Your aunt and your wife have seen from your ability to wash lingerie that you can learn this. You should have done a poorer job with the lingerie and perhaps you would not be stuck with this, or perhaps you could not help yourself. You did seem to enjoy handling and washing the lingerie."

She let that sink in and went to her apron pocket and picked out a lipstick and uncapped it and turned the bottom so that the lipstick emerged. It was all pink and waxy.

Then she told me, "I did not want to have to do this. But it is obvious it has to be done. So to put in back in the right frame of mind to listen to a maid and take directions well and think seriously about learning what your wife expects you to learn to day and what my lady has made it my responsibility to teach you I am now telling you what you are going to do and you will

do it. You are going to put this lipstick on your lips and refresh it whenever I tell you to do so. You are going to put your apron back on and tie it in a nice bow. You are going to courtesy to me and tell me you are sorry for being difficult and will now be obedient..... And oh yes, I am going to call you Charlotte, not Charles or Charlie, and you are going to respond to that name. "

I was about to tell her she was crazy and she continued with, "...or I am going to call the police and tell them that I have a burglar in the house. They will come and arrest you and take you to jail dressed as you are. They won't be able to get in touch with your wife or auntie and will take my word for it. And we all know what happens to sissies in jail. Or if you stop me from telephoning I will just start screaming and the results will be the same...only perhaps a bit worse."

And she then grabbed a kitchen knife and told me, "And if you are thinking of overpowering me, it will not be easy. I will hurt you...how badly and where only remains to be seen, but I will be aiming low!"

Well I figure I had angered her by not cooperating with her attempts to teach me housekeeping and my plan had been trumped. I tried to apologies but it did no good. She told me it was too late. That she could not take a chance of me having a change of heart and to be again dealing with uncooperativeness on my part on and off during the day as she was responsible for teaching me too much. She put the lipstick down on the counter and picked up the telephone and started to dial with one hand while still holding the knife.

I said in a tone of defeat which I am sure she picked up on, "But I don't know how to apply lipstick."

And she told me, "Well today you will lean. So for now just do the best that you can. So do it. And do it now or I call the police."

I took the lipstick it was like the case was hot but I finally got a hold of it and picked it up and brought it close to my lips but was still hesitant."

Maria told me, "There is a mirror on the case. Now do it... I mean it."

And I used the mirror and the lipstick and started to apply the pink lipstick to my lips. It actually tasted sort of nice. I was applying it as I had seen woman do in the movies and my wife do on occasion. And was concentrating on that, when I realized Maria was using the phone to take pictures. She suddenly seemed to be enjoying herself.

I started to say something and she told me, "It is past that now. You will do as you are told or we can just put this on u-tube. It has already been sent to the cloud."

And then she told me to continue putting on my lipstick and under her direction I did as I was told and I had my lips covered with pink lipstick and finished it off by pressing down on a tissue, and then pursed my pink lipstick covered lips as Maria got that all down on film.

She had me and she knew it. So she really rubbed it in. She told me, "Now Charlotte you do look nice with lipstick. I would think red is really your color, but you are wearing a pink outfit and the pink lips do go nicely with your outfit. But perhaps another time we can try red lipstick. I think that is more your color. Oh and yes, later we'll just have to do your nails. Pink nail polish will finish your look. But we don't have the time for that now. You do have work to do."

I was mortified. I told her that she had won and she had everything in film and so that I would be good and if I could please take off the lipstick... and no nail polish and apron and if she would please stop calling me

Charlotte. It was all just too embarrassing. Though I wanted to say too humiliating, but didn't want to go there. But she told me, "No Charlotte. You are Charlotte for the day, which is a nice name for a maid in training. It is too late for that. You had your chance and you blew it. So let this be a lesson to you to do as you are told and to be obedient... when dealing with me, or Auntie, or even your wife."

Then she told me, "Now put your apron back on. Tie a nice bow and then knot it and then give me a courtesy and tell me, "Yes Ma'am. And then we can get started with your real training.

I was defeated. I put the lipstick down. And then I put on my apron. I tied a bow and knotted it. And then I gave a courtesy and told her, "Yes Ma'am." All of which she filmed.

Maria just smiled. She told me, "That dear Charlotte was very nice. The courtesy could have been a bit better but we can work on that now that you know your position here."

And she looked at me and her phone, the implication being clear, and told me, "Now Charlotte, you do now know your position here?"

So what was I to do? I could tell it was a test. I gave her a courtesy and told her, "Yes ma'am I do know my position here."

She seemed very pleased and she then as if to emphasize my position asked, "And what is your position here?"

And I curtsied again and while in that position I told her, "I am the maid." Which I then realized was not the correct answer. I was to be more humiliated then that. I was not even a maid. And so I told her, "I am the maid ... in training and my name is Charlotte.

And I am to be obedient and to do as I am told and learn my duties."

Maria looked at me and smiled and told me, "Why that is just wonderful dear. I am glad you understand. It will save you much distress."

And then she told me, "Put your lipstick in your apron pocket. It is yours now. And I expect you to refresh it during the day as any one learning to be feminine would do. Not to worry, at first I will tell you when; at least at first. And we will have such a fun today teaching you to clean and to cook as I was asked to do. But also I will be teaching you to be nice and feminine and nice and obedient. And I hope that will teach you about being difficult with me and which I hope will turn out to be a little bonus for you and which I hope will please your wife and my employer. And if you are feminine and obedient we can keep the obedient part of your training our little secret.... We will just have to see."

And with that my training continued. It had already started.

Maria was actually nice about it, the training that is. She taught me and then worked with me, dividing up the work that is after watching me for a while and making sure I got it correct. So the quicker I would learn the sooner she would start to help me and the less work I would have to do.

That morning was spent cleaning the kitchen from top to bottom. We emptied every cabinet and cleaned the contents and then the cabinet. We cleaned the ceiling, the lights, the counters and the floors. It was a lot of work. And she had me cleaning with every cleaning tool. So for example when I cleaned the floor I first used an broom and dust pan, then a vacuum cleaner, then she had me on the floor on my hands and knees

with a bucket of soapy water and a scrub brush, then a rag type mop and then finally a sponge mop. So I was learning about how every cleaning tool to worked and how to use it and when to use it.

Then she had me make us lunch. She taught me how to make salads. I made her a Caesar Salad and myself a mixed salad and I had to make the dressing for each salad from scratch and she explained about different types of salads. What impressed her, and me for that matter, was my ability to taste and judge the seasoning. She told me I really had a knack and that though she could cook and prepare food she had never been able to get the seasoning just right...while I apparently could.

And I was learning things rather quickly. That was because as she taught me a lot of what the wife had made me watch on the television and read in the woman's magazines and all that started to come back to me. So I was building on that foundation and not from scratch.

And Maria knew how to control me. She had me re-fresh my lipstick. I complained and so she had me practice applying it correctly. And I never learn. And so I showed some unhappiness and then she decided to do my nails.

Looking at me disapprovingly she told me, "And not only are your lips dry but your nails are awful. Fix your lipstick and sit down and I will get my manicure kit. And so I learned how to manicure nails and not to be unpleasant over anything I was doing with her or things would just get worse. It was awful, for later as she taught me to more like a maid, a female maid, there was little I could do to object for I had already learned she could and would just make things worse for me.

So she trimmed my nails and explained as she did so, "You know dear, guys do get manicures. But because you were being difficult and need to remember you place I think I will give you one for a girl." And she explained everything she was doing and how to do it. And she explained that she was rounding my nails and creating ovals, which is how a woman would have her nails done, rather than cutting the nails straight across as if the manicure was for a man. And then finally after teasing me about the color she chose a pink nail color to finish off the nails. And then she had me apply the nail polish to my own nails explaining to me how it was done and having me do it. And my nails looked perfectly girly when we had finished. And she told me so and so there was no mistake, as my rounded pink nails gave my hands a feminine appearance.

After the late lunch and having my nails done we made a start on dinner for that night. It would have to cook for some time. And like everything else I would learn to cook it was from scratch and was labor intensive. We made a chicken dish, a French stew, with potatoes and vegetables in a wine sauce. And so I had to learn and did learn to clean the chicken and cut it up and to clean the potatoes and the fresh vegetables and to cook the chicken and then put everything together and let it simmer. She explained the seasoning to me and had me add the herbs and the seasons and re-taste it during the cooking process to correct for any changes in the flavoring. I thought to mess it up, but was afraid of the consequences and did the best I could.

Then my deportment training began....my training to carry myself as a maid....a female maid.

When I finished with that dish and left it to cook on the stove, Maria told me, "Charlotte you are doing so

well. I think you really are just a natural housekeeper. I think all this is going to make your wife very happy. "

I of course did not argue or even show I was not pleased with that assessment. I had learned my lesson about all of that. I knew Maria would only make things worse for me. And so as taught I just curtseyed and thanked her. It was terribly embarrassing. She was really so clever in terms of controlling me. I was amazed.

Now I think before getting back to cooking, we should make a nice dessert..., I think you need to learn and so I need to teach you some deportment. I was told to teach you how to serve. So being that I am not so sure if you are to learn to serve as a wife.....actually a house husband....but let's just say for now as a wife, or for that matter as a maid, I am going to teach you aspects of both. And as not sure how your wife intends you to dress as her househusband I will be teaching you how to serve dressed more or less as you are now dressed....sort of feminized. And I am explaining all of this to you....my situation....my problems.... with this aspect of your training so you do not get all huffy about this as I hope you will not be difficult with it and make me be difficult."

And she asked me if I understood and I of course responded with a courtesy and a, "Yes ma'am I do understand and will do my best to learn." There was nothing else for me to do. She had me.

And Maria smiled and just told me, "Wonderful dear. You are really learning. I am really just so proud of you. Now let's see how well you do with serving and deportment...." And to emphasize what type of deportment I was to be taught she finished with, "Oh yes, feminine deportment because serving is a feminine thing."

I wanted to say something about being a butler but was afraid she would just make things worse for me. She did have me intimidated so. And during the lessons when she saw I was getting a bit agitated with all of it she would have me fix my lipstick. She would tell me, "Now Charlotte, you seem a bit out of it. Why don't you fix your lipstick and refocus and compose yourself and think about your position here."

And of course that would put me in my place and I would do so. I would curtsy and tell her, "Yes ma'am." And then I would take what had become my lipstick from my apron pocket. I would un-cap it. I would turn it and watch the pink waxy stick emerge and realize my position. And then I would apply it as I had been taught. And Maria would watch and smile. And I would settle down. I would remember that I was fully under her control and had better just do what I was told to do and smile.

First as I would most likely be serving tonight dressed the way I was dressed, if not in those clothes but in similar clothes, and who knew what the wife would have me wearing at home, and so she taught me how to properly walk in heels. That is how to properly walk as a woman would walk in heels. The fact that her idea of me properly walking in heels was for me to walk like a woman did not become an issue. I just did as I was told.

So she had me practicing walking with my back straight to help push out my butt and then with one foot in front of the other, moving from the hips and swaying and holding my hands with my arms turned in such a fashion that it forced my hands away from my body and held out like a woman would hold her hands. And she had me practice that until I was walking as a woman would walk. Then she taught me to do the same holding a tray and to do the same placing

things on the table and removing them from the table. That is she taught me how to stoop with the tray, lowering it, the way a maid would do, rather than just using my arm length to place objects on the table.

After that she discussed where as a wife.....as a househusband I would sit and how I would act during the meal. So I would sit at the chair closest to the kitchen so I could go back and forth to the kitchen as needed during the meal. And of course I would continue to wear my apron.

Then she taught me how to sit and rise from a chair as a woman would do and to hold myself at the table while eating as a woman would do: to sit toward the front edge of the chair, to hold myself femininely, to move my arms femininely, and to eat femininely.

Finally we worked on how to answer the door when auntie or the wife came home. When I heard them enter I would go to the door, courtesy, take their outerwear, and hang it up for them and ask them about their day and then tell them about dinner and ask them when they would like it to be served.

After that training we kept going and we made a dessert. It was a fancy cooked pudding. And Maria had me make it and season it. I put it in the oven and I thought I could get a rest.

Well I did get a brake but not the one for which I was hoping.

Chapter VI: Looking More Like a Woman

Once the pudding was in the oven Maria mentioned how bad I and my clothes smelled. So she took me to her bathroom and put me behind a closed door and had me disrobe and hand out my clothes and told

me to take a shower and use plenty of her soap and to wait while she got my laundry going.

I disrobed and handed out my clothes, auntie's clothes that I had been wearing, and Maria took them. I went to lock the door and there wasn't any lock on the door. And so I got into the shower and the hot water just felt wonderful, and I was hard and my balls were swollen from having been turned on all day, much to my chagrin, and my back was hurting badly. I wanted to relieve myself but was too embarrassed to do so and was in too much pain and I just let the hot water play out on my aches.

I was day dreaming thinking about all that had happened to me since I had started wearing lingerie and all that had happened to me that day and I had not been able to stop and I found that despite everything....the total embarrassment of it all that I was still hard and turned on by the wearing of woman's lingerie....and perhaps everything else that had been done to me. And I was finding that I was happy having been engaged that day in housekeeping and I was thinking about the voices.

I was trying to figure it all out when the bathroom door opened and Maria stepped in. I said something in surprise figuring she must have forgotten I had no clothes and that I should be wearing at least a towel and I grabbed a towel. But before I could put it on she took it from me. And I knew better than to be difficult about it.

I turned off the water and thought to get another towel. Maria looked at me and told me, "Now this isn't much of a surprise. I thought all of this was turning you on. Why else would a man let his wife do all this to him? And then when I found your wife's slip covered with your juices I knew you just loved all of this. Gosh

you are so hard and your balls are so big you must really be in pain.”

I tried to tell Maria it wasn't what it looked like and she told me, “Well of course Charlotte it is absolutely what it looks like...or close enough to it. You like wearing lingerie. You like being told what to do by woman. You are just one of those feminine sissy males. And you probably like being a maid; but you are just terribly embarrassed by it all. And not to worry that is okay with me. That is as long as you do as you are told and it works for me. I can keep your secret. But you had better be a good maid. And you had just better do as I tell you to do...or else.”

I didn't know what to do or to say. The woman had me. And some of what she was saying was true. I wasn't sure if it was the hypnotism or some long hidden compulsion in me or a combination of both. But I found that I was turned on by wearing lingerie and though not turned on by doing housework, I did at some level find it relaxing, and though I didn't get any sort of kick out of following orders from woman, I did like being the passive partner in lingerie when having sex with the wife. So I tried to deny and bluff my way out but it made no difference.

Maria told me to dry off but to stay in the shower and she left for a moment and then returned with two pairs of what turned out to be satin panties. I was nude and she was dressed. She handed me one pair of panties and told me to put it on and I did. After all I had been wearing panties all that day and before that. As I pulled them into place they just felt wonderful. And I just stayed hard. Then she told me to turn around slowly and I did. I was just so embarrassed. But I was finding it all a bit of a turn on.....at least wearing the panties.

Maria told me the panties looked wonderful on me and suited me and I should always wear panties. I was still hard.

Then she told me, "You know you have really been wonderful today. You were a tremendous help. I can't tell you how long I have wanted to really clean up that kitchen. There is just too much work around here for one maid. And I can't tell you how much fun this had been for me. I really should thank you." I was a bit surprised, but could not think of anything to say.

And she continued, "Tonight when auntie and your wife return I want you to be the perfect house husband... the perfect serving maid. Your dinner is going to be delicious and I want you to be just perfect. You could make a wonderful housekeeper and probably a wonderful maid. But in any case you are to be feminine and obedient and pleasant."

And she looked at me and there was nothing else to do. I gave under the circumstances, standing there wearing nothing more than a pair of panties, the best curtsy I could and told her, "Yes ma'am. I will do the best I can."

Maria told me, "Yes sweet Charlotte, I am sure you will. I was hoping you would say that and not be difficult. You will do it, but I was hoping you will do it willingly. Now let me put you out of your pain as a reward for you being such a good girl. I don't want you hard and thinking about it. So after I relieve you I want you to think of yourself just as an obedient gelded house husband, almost a girl, at least for the rest of the night. I want to impress auntie and your wife with how well I have taught you. You don't really need to know why. You just need to do as you have been told to do."

With that she stepped into the shower. Then she played with me for a bit until my hardness was cov-

ered with my own juices. And then she took a pair of panties and wound them around me and used them to massage my member. She did it slowly so I would leak but not spill my full load. She was expert.

And as the pain in my groin lessened and the wonderful feeling in my member increased she began to whisper to me in such a sexy voice, "You are an obedient little maid, my little Charlotte....aren't you dear."

I didn't get the game at first and I didn't answer I just enjoyed and so she stopped and I did not want her to stop. She told me, "Now answer me Charlotte, or I will think you are being difficult. And I don't like it when you are difficult. I can always squeeze something that you won't find so enjoyable."

The soft panties on my juice covered penis just felt so wonderful. And so I had to tell her, "Yes ma'am, I am just an obedient little maid, a sissy, your Charlotte." And surprisingly for some reason it really felt so nice just saying that to Maria as she gave me such pleasure and offered such relief.

And I just wanted to release so badly. I tried to speed it up a bit so I could reach that point, but then she stopped. She told me, "Now Charlotte you are to think of yourself as a girl, despite your equipment, and you do not set the rhythm. You respond and do as you are told to do. Just be a good girl and just imagine you are being entered and you are responding. You need to learn to be feminine and accepting and a responsive partner...just like a girl. It will help you become a better servant. And that is what I need. For your wife and auntie to realize how well I have trained you to wear the lingerie and do the house work and just to be obedient."

And she continued, "So slow down and tell me how happy you are now that you are wearing lingerie, and

are learning to clean and cook and are giving yourself over to taking direction from woman so well. Tell me you want to be a girl.....that you are a girl....that you are Charlotte the maid....and that is all you what you want to be."

And what choice did I have. She could have stopped at any time and put me back in the girdle and left me hard and leaking and in pain. And so I told her what I had to tell her, and as I did it became more and more as if that was what I wished.

I told her, "Yes I do want to wear panties and lingerie and a bra." And she continued to play with me. And I was so happy. And then she slowed and I told her, "I do so want to be a good cook and clean well just like a maid." And she continued to play with me. And I found I was just so happy. And then she slowed again and so I told her, "I do want to be a maid." And she continued to play with me. And I was so happy. And then she slowed, and I told her, "I do so want to be Charlotte a girl." And she slowed and told me, "Now Charlotte tell me everything and keep telling me until you really understand it."

And knew I had no choice if I was to get the relief I so needed. And I told her, "I really do want to wear lingerie all the time and to be Charlotte a maid, and a girl. I just want to wear lingerie like a girl and to be a maid and to be an obedient girl." And I repeated that, and she continued to play with me until she had me cum while telling her I wanted to be a lingerie wearing obedient girl maid." And I think as I came that I really did just want to Maria's obedient lingerie wearing guy maid, learning to be a girl.

And as I was recovering and feeling so relieved she told me, "Yes my dear Charlotte. That is what you are going to be tonight...and obedient, feminine, girlish

boy maid. And it will not go well for you if you act any other way."

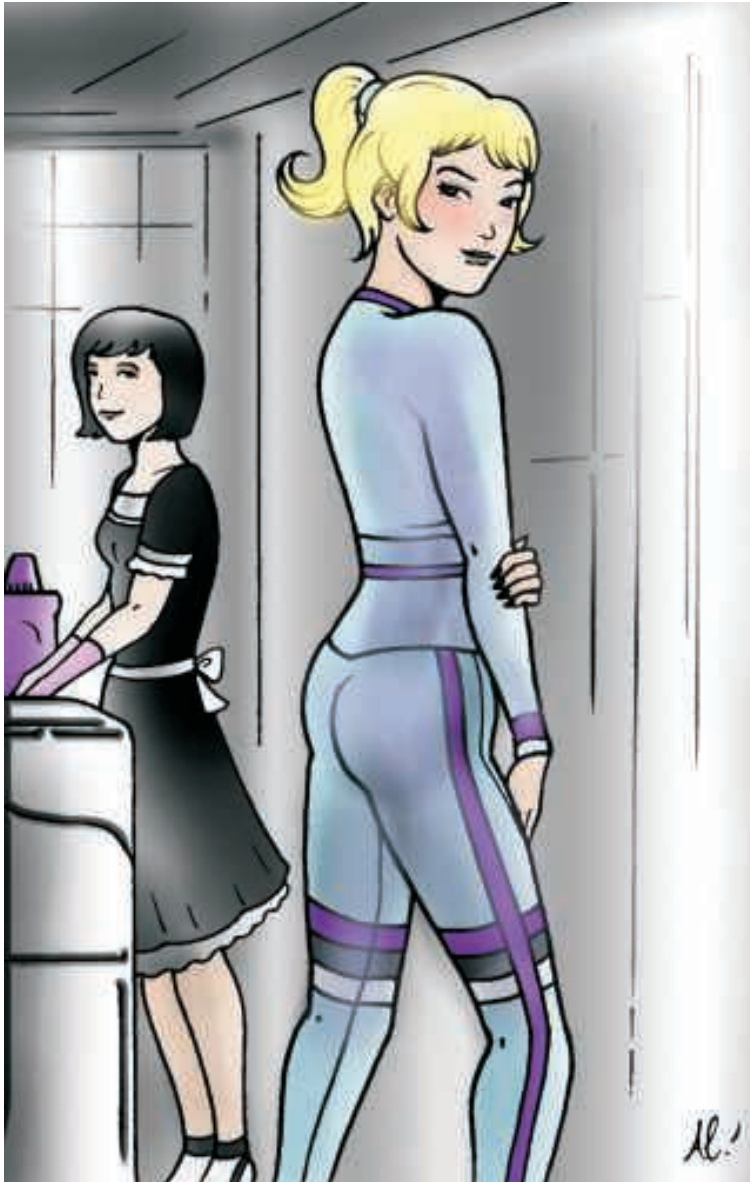
She let that sink in and she told me, "Now wash yourself off, and get dried, and I will be back with your lingerie and something to wear over it....or you can just wear the lingerie and an apron."

She returned with my lingerie and what appeared to be some woman's gym outfit, satiny stretch leggings and a satiny stretch top.

She gave me the, or I should say, my lingerie to put on and I dressed in front of her. I was no longer shy in front of Maria. She had seen everything. And she seemed to enjoy watching me dress: Putting on my two pairs of panties, the girdle, the stocking, and the bra and let's not forget the padding for my newly formed breasts.

And I found that I enjoyed putting on my lingerie, putting it on again. It just felt so wonderful; the panties, and the nylons and the satin bra and even the satin pads against my sensitive nipples. The girdle was a bit much. It was tight. But I found that I found the satin panels sort of mesmerizing.

And I really enjoyed smoothing the nylons along my legs. Maria seemed to enjoy watching me smooth my nylons along my legs and attaching the garters. But she told me, "You do look sort of cute, a guy dressing in lingerie including a girdle and attaching those garters to your stockings. You really do that so well. I am amazed. You are rather a natural at this...or perhaps you were cross dressing before all of this. Well it really doesn't matter. So enough dear, you can't be playing with your stocking all day. You do have work to do."



Any way I was getting a bit hard from the sensations despite my desire not to show my infatuation with the lingerie.

Maria picked up on that also. She told me, "Well you really do seem to be enjoying yourself....and it shows. We do have to hide that. We can't have you spotting your panties...and worse. I don't think you need Auntie thinking that her things are turning you on."

Maria instructed me to pull out the waist band on my girdle and then my panties and she took the slip, my wife had used on me and that got washed with the rest of my lingerie, and repositioned it to pad me out and smooth out my front in to a sort of female look which in any case hid my enjoyment and would absorb any joy juices. I was actually rather thankful. And it actually once again felt pretty nice.

She then had me put on her gym outfit, the spandex leggings and the spandex shirt. It was all stretchy and satiny and felt nice. But the leggings stopped at my calves and showed that I was wearing nylon-lycra stockings and it was form fitting so it really showed off my uplifted butt. And worse was the shirt which fit snugly and showed my size "B" breasts, which had been created from my loose chest tissue under the influence of the bra and the pads that had been inserted into each cup of my bra.

I saw myself in the mirror and was just totally embarrassed. I asked Maria for the pants and blouse I had been wearing. She told me they were still in the dryer and if done before the ladies returned I could always just slip them over my gym outfit and otherwise, without that outfit which was the only clothes she had which could fit me, I would be working in my lingerie if the ladies returned shortly.

And she told me, "Not to worry dear. You actually look very nice in that outfit...very girly. Everything shows, but everything looks rather girly. I know you seem to be turned on by all of this. But looking at your front I can't even tell you are a guy. You really look like a girl, totally flat and totally feminine. And you have such a nice butt, it should be shown. And you have such a nice size "B" breasts. You are absolutely girly. I really do find that you look sweet in that outfit. So let's not worry about it. Be glad I had the leggings and shirt or you might have found yourself in a dress."

And with that I just let the issue go. It was a no winner. No pun intended.

Then she told me that she just needed to comb out my hair, which I had only towel dried and was a bit messy, and so that wasn't an issue. I said I could comb it, but she had already started to put some gel in it and rubbed it in. She then brushed my long locks into a pony tail, and banded it, and then brushed the front into a swept look bangs. When I looked into the mirror I could see I had if not a female hair do, and least a feminine one, with my pony tail up where a woman would wear it. And the gel was stiffening and so without a wash out I was pretty much stuck with that hair do.

I objected to the pony tail and she told me, "Nonsense dear. It is appropriate for your new look and does help to take that masculine edge off of you. And it looks quite nice on you. Let's just see what your wife has to say about it."

And I realized I was stuck and was hoping the dryer bell would just go off when instead the front doorbell rang. Maria gave me my apron, which I put on and was thankful to have to wear, and I went to answer the door.

Chapter VII: Serving Auntie & the Wife

The front door was opening and Maria told me to greet auntie as she had instructed me and as I had been training to do. Auntie was in the vestibule when I got there. Maria was in the distance observing to make sure I would do as I had been instructed and trained. When auntie turned around and saw me I curtseyed and told her, "Welcome home ma'am. May I take your coat?"

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