

She Made Me Her Mom's

Shemale Maid





Copyright ©) 2014

Published by Mags, Inc

All Rights Reserved.

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

For information address

Mags, Inc.

P.O. Box 5829

Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

SHE MADE ME HER MOM'S SHEMALE MAID

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

What started off as a part time harmless fetish for lady's lingerie morphed under my wife's dominance and need to control men into a full time life style for me as a feminized sissy cross dressing sissy husband and a male maid and companion to my mother-in-law. And surprisingly enough, aside from the absolute embarrassment of it all, I have grown over time to sort of like this life style. I find that I sort of enjoy wearing my female clothing and appearing for the most part to be a

female, despite all that it entails. Also I find that I can typically deal with my employ as a maid and lady's companion. I have come to enjoy the pleasure it gives my mother-in-law to have found a use for her sissy son-in-law.

So today I am rarely allowed to wear any male attire or even act like a male in any way, except to satisfy my wife's needs. And I am now working as the beloved part time maid and companion of my mother in law; who now loves her feminized son in law, spending time with me, and having me at her beck and call; even if I am a sissy she objected her daughter marrying. And both the wife and my mother-in-law seem happy with the plan for me to eventually be a stay at home "wife" raising a child, a daughter for my wife and the granddaughter for my mother-in-law. And so my mother-in-law has plans to even further feminize me and to make sure I can never pass as the male that I really am.

It all started out with a request, which was more of a demand from my wife that I put on her panties to prove my love for her as she thought or pretended to think that I had a straying eye, and she needed the reassurance of me having to commit to her in such a fashion. As I already had an attraction for the garment, which she most have known, I agreed; but of course only after having gone through the game of having her force them on me, which actually seemed to have made it even more fun for me.

Then my wife found her boyfriend forced to wear panties was actually the turn on for her that she thought it would be and so by the time we were married she had upped the ante. And so she would only have sex with me if I earned it and to do that I had to have worn the panties for the entire day, thus assuring

I would not be looking at or thinking of other woman prior to us getting it on. And then she found that one day was not enough and so she'd have my in panties for entire weekends.

And of course I had to stay in my panties to have sex with her. She told me it made her feel that I really loved her and that I would not stray from her. Well it was nice for me. As I said I did sort of have sort of a panty fetish and so though I complained a bit I still let the wife keep me in panties for entire weekends and found the sex and the end of the day was always just wonderful and a tremendous relief for me.

Eventually she upped the ante again and things got a bit out of hand. At some point she explained to me that she thought that she might find it was comforting to have me wear panties full time and wanted me to give it a try...just for her piece of mind. Well by that time the panties were becoming a real turn on in themselves, the soft satin or nylon rubbing against my body and my maleness could keep me at attention and so wearing panties all the time presented a problem.

So I came up with the excuse that the panties did not offer sufficient support for me to wear them all the time. So with that excuse I tried to beg out and instead I just made it worse for myself. My wife asked if that was the only problem with me wearing panties all the time instead of my male underwear, the lack of support that the panties offered, and I foolishly answered that the only problem I had with wearing panties all the time just the lack of support that panties offered the male anatomy.

So the wife introduced me to lycra support panties which I could wear along with my satin panties and over them to give me all the support I needed. The

wife handed me a pair and cajoled me to put them on. I did and they also felt wonderful, especially over my satin panties. I found I was getting stiffer than before when just wearing the satin panties.

The wife came over and hefted my package and then felt my love handle and told me that the support problem seemed solved and not only that I really seemed to enjoyed the support panties as much as I did my regular panties. There was a bit of a discussion about it, but the wife told me, I needed to give it a try and she would provide me with a supply of lycra support panties to go along with my satin panties, and she expected that combination to constitute my normal underpants until she felt I could be trusted... whatever that meant. But in any case I did not find I had the nerve or perhaps even the desire to go against her or the desire to take off my panties, either the nylon ones or the lycra ones. And so there I was stuck in panties. And that day she removed from my dresser drawers all my cotton briefs and boxer and cut them up and relegated them to the rag bin.

So then it was settled and from then on I always had to wear the satin panties and the lycra support panties at all times to prove my love for her and keep me from straying and so I was into a situation where I found myself wearing my panties and my support panties full time. And in time they become quite the relief whenever the wife wasn't satisfying me, which as she moved up the corporate ladder got to be less and less.

The problems came when the wife started to suspect that I was enjoying wearing the panties more than she really wanted me too and her starting to characterize me in her mind as a bit of a sissy. Due to that distain on her part due to my pleasure I had found in panties and her increased work load things got bad for me.

I was turned on much of the time, which made work difficult for me, and so I was doing worse and worse at work and the wife was doing better and better. As she got higher up in her company she had less and less time for me and for bliss. So I did stray, just a hand job, but the wife somehow found out and then infuriated she threatened to neuter me, and as I begged her not to she settled on a chastity devise.

But I still had to wear my panties. Then I was in such lover's pain all the time and the wife had absolutely no sympathy for me and not wanting to be bothered any longer by a sissy's sexual problems she figure to be an end to any masculine drives on my part and convinced me that my only way out of the pain were injections of hormones to ease up on the pain; which I agreed too; as I was in such pain I could hardly function.

Well part of the therapy required me to move about femininely and after the injections I started really feeling quite feminine with all of that the wife really seemed put off. She mocked me and then to teach me a lesson really had me acting so femininely that she decided to teach me a lesson for acting like such a sissy. She decided I had become so feminine and was acting so much like a female that I needed to be taught a lesson and needed to find out what it was like to have to act like a female all the time and to even dress completely as a girl.

So she brought me to a place that specializes in such cross dressing and in such transformations and I was dressed and made up as a female. Well I just about passed as a female. Then things got out of control. I wound up being force to sign a contract which obligated me to take a job as a cross dressed sissy male maid and I was obligated to train for that position and

could not get out of the contract until I had passed the training, passing as an acceptable sissy maid, and then served the contracted time as a sissy male maid.

Now even the wife was not happy with that outcome, and she regretted having sought to teach me such a lesson; but I was contractually obligated and there was no way out. I had to undergo the sissy maid training and the employment as a sissy maid. And there was no returning to anything male until I had completed the contract.

The wife was not happy with the situation and was very apologetic, but the damage had been done. On the other hand her mom just loved my predicament. She always thought me the sissy and felt vindicated. But she found out that she actually enjoyed having a real sissy son-in-law who she could train to be a maid and would answer her every whim, and meanwhile was trapped in dresses and having to pass as a female.

Eventually what had started out as a harmless and fun fetish and game caused me to wind up as a full time cross dressed sissy maid, having to wear a full set of female lingerie all the time, and having to dress completely in woman's clothing, pass as a woman out in public, and pretty much live my life as if I were a woman; except when my wife needed my one remaining male attribute. Gosh it is awful... much of the time.

Most of the people with whom I interact know I am a guy forced to dress and act as a female, and just find it terribly amusing and just love to kid me about it. Though remarkably enough it is typically done good naturedly, but it is still embarrassing for me. And I find that I am always turned on by my mode of dress and the exposure and can only get relief when my wife needs it herself. I am really just her sissy.

And now I do what the wife and her mom and the other ladies tell me to do. The threatened consequences of not being obedient and fulfilling my role as a maid and companion is frightening. And they tell me that I have become so feminine, and that I am just so nurturing that I will love being a fulltime mother. I don't know. And the doctor tells us that I should actually be able to breast feed. I don't know about that; though my breasts have really become so sensitive. But if it gets me out of working as a maid it might be worth it. And I do love children...

Chapter I: The Beginning....Giving in to My Panty Fetish

My wife growing up had always liked being the boss, especially with her boyfriends, and when she found out how controllable a guy who liked lady's panties could be, she realized that the guy she married would have to have to be one with a panty fetish; his own or one that would be forced. Though how far she would take it, she did not even realize. However though a panty fetish and obedience to her wishes would have to be her husband's defining characteristic she wanted more than just that in her man. Well I did have a marked like for the feel of nylon or satin or silken panties and lingerie of all kinds and I am not so strong willed, and so for those reasons along with a number of other normal reasons it turned out that I was the guy for her.

We met at work and I guess she sort of suspected my inclination by the typical tell-tale signs along with my obvious fixation and attraction to lingerie and in particular panties.

I was always interested once the girls at work brought up the subject and had some difficulty moving on to a different topic. In fact on occasion the girls would joke around with me as to how interested I would get in their conversations when such conversations included talk about lingerie. I would blush and give some sort of excuse but I guess the girls at the office suspected something. And then there was the fact that that once we were sort of going together, though embarrassed by it, I seemed to have no shame about accompanying her into the lingerie section of any store and then handling any lingerie she would give me to hold or to just feel as it just felt so wonderful and then even on my own I purchased and made her presents of nice lingerie.

And there were a few times when she tested me when we were out shopping and I let her drag me over to the lingerie department and she would have me hold the lingerie for her and would ask me out loud, "Now doesn't that pantie or doesn't that camisole just feel wonderful?" And of course I would tell her it did feel nice and I could hardly wait for her to wear it for me. She would sometimes tell me, "Or perhaps you would wear lingerie for me? You really do seem to like holding it." Then she would take it from me and sort of hold it up in front of me to pretend she was checking it for size and how it would look on me and as embarrassing as that was I found I sort of enjoyed it. And she would tell me, "Now wouldn't that be nice? I think some men can look cute in panties. Should I buy you a pair now in your size...maybe a nice boy-cut pair of satin panties?" Well I would turn all red and tell her it wouldn't be proper, but I am sure she could tell that the idea excited me.

And she would whisper to me, "Now don't be such a prissy. I think a boyfriend who wears his girlfriend's panties for her is a real doll. It really proves he loves and trusts her, and that she is the only one for him. It keeps guys from having a wandering eye. I think you would look sweet and adorable in my panties. A guy who really loves his girlfriend shouldn't mind wear her panties!"

And then she tested me the first time we did it together, before she would let me do it. She wanted me to prove I was not a macho type and to prove that I really loved her, and it just wasn't about the sex, by me putting on a pair of her panties, the ones she had just taken off, and modeling the panties for her and then wearing the panties while we did it. She coquettishly insisted that if I really loved her I would put on her panties. I did love her and I did sort of want to wear her panties or wear panties with her and after some halfhearted week refusals I finally agreed and I slipped on the panties and that was that. The panties though a bit tight really felt as wonderful as I thought they would feel on me, and having sex while wearing them made them that much more exciting to wear and locked in the fetish.

Once I had put on the panties she was really pleased. She smiled and told me how cute I looked in them and insisted I model them for her... which I did, while she smiled and told me how much she loved me and the fact that I was not hung up on all the macho nonsense. Looking at me and my reaction to her panties with a smile on her face she told me, "Oh you really do look cute in my panties. I just love it. I wish you would wear them for me more often. You just look so sweet in panties. I just have to take you shopping for real for you own panties. I think you could learn to like

that. I would love it! And then I would know you would be devoted to me and that you would never leave me."

I think the wife, still my girlfriend, could tell I really liked wearing the panties, as the more she talked about me in panties the harder I got. And of course as I was so in love and pretty happy that I had found a girl who also seemed to have a panty fetish I let her take a photograph of me in her panties to prove I loved and trusted her. And I sort of wanted her to have something would not be wearing the panties voluntarily. Little did I realize at the time how true that would actually become? I thought I could never get my fill of wearing panties. What a mistake that turned out to be! And then of course our dress up games didn't stop with just panties.

But getting back to that first time in panties with my then girlfriend, now wife, the sex was just wonderful. My girlfriend just played and played with me through the panties which felt wonderful. Then she pulled them down and hooked them under me so that my sack was covered in satin while she gave me oral pleasure. And she didn't seem to tire. She just kept playing and playing with me. And when I was about to come she would hold off. Eventually she mounted me. She had me on the bottom and she just rode me. I don't know how I held off until she was ready but I did. And then we climaxed together and it was really wonderful. I was hooked on her and on the panties. And I think, for better or worse, she was hooked on me and keeping me in panties.

The panties had really felt so nice and it had been so exciting for me to wear her panties that I had wanted to wear them again. And then I was stuck with her and with her panties; though she didn't push then on me

that much until after we were married; though after the first time in panties while we were still dating anytime we had sex, which was often, she always had me put on her panties. And each time was like the first. She really made it wonderful for me. And I found that I continued to really like wearing her panties, and the fact that she had that photograph of me wearing her panties sort of let me convince myself, and more importantly convince her, or so I thought at the time, that she was forcing me to wear her panties.

Chapter II: Marriage and Panties

Then even after we were married sex meant I would put on her discarded panties. I didn't want to seem easy, as the expression goes, and so I made some sort of objection when on our wedding night she handed me the panties from her trousseau for me to put on, but she wouldn't have it. She told me, she knew that I loved her and wasn't leaving her, but still found "assurance" in me wearing her panties to show how deep my love was and so after some show of objections on my part I slipped into her panties from her wedding nightgown and much to my delight I found the soft bridal satin of which the panties were made an utter delight. And once I had her panties on and I was showing my appreciation my wife smiled and hugged me and told me, "Now that wasn't so hard to do for me now was it. You just look so lovely in my panties. I can't help it. I just can't even think of doing it with you unless I first see you in my panties. It really excites me. I love it so." And so my wearing of her panties during our love making continued even after we were married.

And I continue to find that not only did I enjoy wearing the panties as a prelude to sex but found once the initial embarrassment was over that I enjoyed wearing panties at other times just for the arousal factor which I found very relaxing, even without consummating. So every once in a while when the wife wasn't paying enough attention to my needs I would slip into a pair of her panties. But the panties I would find available were not always the ones that she would have me wear when we did it. And with that my wife suspected that I was sneaking her panties, and I should have known better and where that would lead.

So shortly after we were married not only did she have me wear her panties as a prelude to sex; but shortly into the marriage she had me wearing my own panties. I should really not have been too surprised when on one of those monthly anniversaries that newlyweds have she presented me with my own panties. She gave me a package obviously from some lingerie shop. I opened it and inside was a number of panties; satin full cut boy short styled panties in all the typical colors and each one embroidered with my name and with either "Saturday" or "Sunday."

The wife explained, "Happy anniversary dear. I just thought it would be wonderful for you to have your own panties to wear whenever you want to, instead of sneaking mine. I think it is cute that you like to wear my panties at times even when we are not doing it. But you are stretching out some of my regular panties and they no longer fit me. So you really need to have your own panties, in your own size and just for you to wear. And I think it would be fun for you to have your own panties to wear all weekend and every weekend for me...so I know that you are all mine every weekend. I think wearing panties keeps a husband from wander-



ing. And I think you will just love having your own panties to wear for me. I mean you do like wearing mine, an apparently not only when we are in bed together and so it is really time you had some of your own panties to wear. And I did have so much fun shopping for you at the lingerie store and picking out your panties for you and having your name embroidered on each one. The sales girl thinks you are just wonderful. This is just going to be wonderful. I am going to love knowing that your weekends from now on are all mine and that your weekend underwear is only soft satiny girly panties that you are wearing because you love me!"

I was turned on by the thought of wearing my own panties all weekend, but also afraid where it could lead. I realized the wife had decided to keep me in panties all weekend regardless of any other activity aside from sex with which I would be engaged. I found that despite my reservations that I was enamored with the gift, the panties, but still wasn't too sure how good an idea it would be for me to wear my own panties, and for the entire weekend, and with my wife's blessing so to speak. Not that, as I said, I hadn't been sneaking her panties on, but that hadn't been full time in panties. And now to actually have my wife know about it and sort insist that I wear my own panties full time on the weekends was a bit scary. And I did find that I really did enjoy wearing panties. It was almost embarrassing.

But by then I was already too much under the control of my wife to have prevented it. I had already been wearing and obviously enjoying her panties for some time. After all she already had those photographs of me wearing her panties. But I could not believe she had told the salesgirl the panties she had just bought

were for her husband. And I could not believe she had my name embroidered on each pair of satin panties. I could have died. I was just so embarrassed thinking about that; though I found that it was a bit of a turn on having our secret...that is my secret revealed to others.

I explained my hesitancy about wearing panties outside of our bedroom and what were to be my own panties at that. However, it did little good. She told me, "Sweet heart you know you enjoy wearing my panties. And I know you've been sneaking them on occasion. And frankly I don't mind that at all. I love you in panties. And I loved you for wearing my panties when I asked you to. It is just darling of you. And I find that I sort of like the idea of you sneaking my panties to wear instead of looking for an affair. But you can't continue to sneak my panties. Pretty soon none of my panties will fit me. And it can't be too healthy for you to wear such tight underwear. And besides I don't like you hiding things from me! I am your wife. So I think the solution for all concerned is that you have your own panties to wear all weekend so you won't get the desire to wear mine. Yes I really want you to wear girls' panties all weekend. No more men's' shorts for you. And if you like you can just pretend you are wearing my panties. And now you can wear them all weekend so you shouldn't have any problems. And of course I wanted to be the one to buy them for you so I could pick out your panties. I just want to know that I have picked out the panties you are going to wear!"

And she let that sink in and then continued, "You should be happy that I have been so considerate as to get you your own panties. And since I've spent our hard earned money on such a silly expense I do expect you to wear them and see if this works for you. And your new panties will fit you so much better and be so

much nicer and more comfortable for you because your new panties are your own panties, bought just for you. And they are really of the finest quality, even nicer than most of my panties. I think you should just love wearing these panties. You can't pretend you didn't find wearing my panties for me a turn on. I've seen the effect they have on you. You really are wonderful when you wear panties, so loving and affectionate, and even a bit obedient. I think I like you to be in that mood all weekend, and not just for those evenings. Now be a dear and try a pair on for me. I do so want to see how they fit you and let's find out if you are as 'happy' in your own panties as when you wear my panties."

Well I did not want to get into a discussion over whether or not I had been sneaking her panties or not. That was just too embarrassing. And then she mentioned that the photos showed that I did like panties and again told me that I would most likely enjoy wearing them more often and it was for her, and that I really just needed to give it a try and then we could revisit the subject. And after all she didn't know what she would do if I disappointed her and didn't even try to please her. And she told me that she had gone to some trouble to find panties in my size that would be comfortable for me and then after having 'my panties' embroidered for me she could not return them and no one else could really wear them and that I should not hurt her feelings. And she told me it would not be a good idea for me to hurt her feelings. That scared me.

So I had to admit to her that I had been sneaking her panties on, on occasion..., but I explained only when I was lonely, when she was gone and only because I was lonely for her and wearing her panties made me feel closer to her when she was gone and then wearing her

panties I did not feel so lonely. But I didn't think wearing my own panties, and wearing them all the time over the weekend would help that problem.

The wife just smiled. She gave me a hug, and told me, "Now you see dear that wasn't so hard to admit. Wearing my panties for me or on your own doesn't make you any less of a man... in my eyes. And wearing your own panties won't make you any less of a man. I should think that while wearing your own panties you will feel less lonely for me and very comfortable and relaxed and even a bit turned on. I can tell. And as I said, I think you look delicious in panties and should have your own panties to wear. So don't disappoint me. So I think the solution for all concerned is that you have your own panties to wear all weekend so you won't get the desire to wear mine. You can just pretend you are wearing my panties, if that makes you feel any better about it. And now you can wear them all weekend so you shouldn't have any problems. I just love it!"

And she told me that I should not be embarrassed as besides that she liked what the wearing of panties did for my lovemaking and since I had been a bit of a slack recently just wearing the panties for a short time I must be losing some of the excitement wearing panties generated in me and so she thought having me wear them all weekend might help me in that area. I did not see a difference, but the wife claimed that there was some drop off in my performance. And if I was to wear panties all weekend to help correct that bitty problem, as I was going to do as far as she was concerned, then the panties should fit me properly. And after all it was just an experiment and so I shouldn't be so difficult about it.

I was wavering in favor of the panties but I still hesitated, not that I did not want to try on the panties. They looked lovely and I was imagining how nice they would feel. But I did not want to admit to it. Then the wife gave me the look and told me, "Now don't make this difficult dear. You try these panties on and let's find out how you like them. Then we can discuss the issue. But we'll discuss the issue with you wearing the panties! Or I will know the reason why! I don't expect my loving husband to disappoint me or I just don't know what I would do! I mean you don't want me losing it and then complaining to the girls at work how you borrow my panties to wear and then won't wear your own when I went out of my way to be understanding and bought you some lovely panties of your own!"

That did it. I was terrified about anyone I actually knew finding out about my wearing panties, especially the girl with whom I worked. I found that I could not stand up to her and so I stripped down and I put on a pair of my new panties. I found they just felt wonderful on me. They fit me perfectly, and I really got a nice feel of them on my skin. Of course much to my shame even with my own panties I had the expected reaction and the front of my panties tented and then got wet. And the wife came over smiling and ran her hands over my satin covered behind, which felt wonderful and I had the reaction.

She told me, "You see dear you do like wearing your own panties. There is no getting away from it; which is really fine with me. I think it makes you gentler and more loving. And you do seem so agreeable and ready to assist when wearing panties, which is interesting. And I think I really do like your new attitude and cooperativeness. I like you doing what I tell you to

do. And I think I do find this all such a turn on. I must do something for you."

Well I couldn't believe it, but then and there she gave me a wonderful hand job wrapping the other panty around my stiffness and taking her time gave me a wonderful finish. Then she snapped the band of my panties back in place and told me, "Now you do love your new panties so not another word. And you take these," she told me handing me the soiled panties, "these are too delicate for the machine, and so you need to give them a good hand wash. You know how. And now that I spent so much on these panties for you, and we know that they fit you so nicely, and that you do like wearing panties, and not just in bed, I don't want to ever without my permission find you in cotton shorts over the weekends. It would be very upsetting for me. I am sure it would get me gossiping with the girls! And I am sure we don't want that!"

And that was pretty much that. The "permission" thing was pretty final and established, if it was not already established, who was to be the dominant, the boss, in our marriage. And I got to hand wash my first pair of panties, which I also found a bit of a pleasure. And crazy to say it made me feel very feminine, and very relaxed. I found surprisingly enough I sort of liked it.

I went to discard the soiled panties and the wife told me, "No, no dear. Those panties need to be hand washed. And since you soiled them you need to wash them." I turned red thinking about hand washing panties and made some objection but the wife told me, "Nonsense dear. No time like the present to learn how to hand wash your panties. I think you will do a wonderful job....or I will know the reason why not!"

And with that the wife brought me into the bathroom and started me off hand washing my panties and watched and gave me instructions which I followed and she was pleased. She told me, "Why dear you are really so good at hand washing lingerie. And you do seem to enjoy it. I think that I should let you wash mine also. Hand washed lingerie is so much nicer than machine washed lingerie. You know a girl can tell the difference. It would just be so wonderful if you would wash my lingerie also...." And with that pregnant pause I of course told her that it would be no trouble at all.

The wife didn't let it pass at that. She wanted to know what I meant by "no trouble" and of course I had to explain that I had misspoken and really meant to tell her, "Dear I would just love to hand wash your panties....please let me hand wash your panties for you." And with that she smiled and told me, "And I would love if you would hand wash my panties. And I love the fact that you seem to really want to hand wash my panties. You are just such a sensitive sweat heart."

And then and there she had me hand wash her panties and a lot of her panties. And over time I was taught not only how to hand wash panties, but also how to hand wash all of her lingerie. Eventually I learned to and had to hand wash all her panties, and her stockings, and her bras, and her slippers and even a girdle or two. And it was just so embarrassing as she watched me. However it became my regular job around the apartment. And she seemed to get a kick out of watching me do "my wash" which included her lingerie and for that matter...my lingerie, and while watching me talking to me about her day as I hand washed her lingerie and my panties from the day before. It soon became an evening routine for us both.

Then in terms of aiding my performance the wife also added to the panty cure some vitamins to give me more energy and to help me sustain and so I also started taking the vitamins. She told me her mother had gotten them from work for her and so they had to be very good and very expensive vitamins. However the wife did not like them as they were very strong and made her sick and so she couldn't take them, but she didn't want to refuse them and hurt her mother's feelings and so there was no use in wasting them. They were just too strong for a weak woman and so she figured the vitamins must have been meant for a guy, and so she gave her vitamins to me and she made sure that I took one every morning. At first I also felt a bit sick when taking my new vitamins, but that wore off and I was fine taking them. Thought they did have certain other effects on me as those vitamins were not meant to be taken by a guy.

Horrifically enough for me those vitamins her mom had gotten for her which she had me taking were not meant for a guy. Her mom, the nurse, had felt her daughter was getting a bit too masculine....to muscular.....too tough, and too domineering married to a sissy like me; and so she had gotten her some prescription vitamins with female hormones typically taken by older woman but which her mother felt would soften her daughter. Only they made her daughter sick and so I wound up taking them. And those female hormones had their effect on me and softened me and made me look and feel feminine. While the wife was forcing me into panties and the rest of my female lingerie my body was changing to better fit my female clothing and my personality was changing to feel comfortable being feminized by the wife. But enough on

this for now and I'll tell more about all this later in the story.

And so she had me wearing panties all weekend and every weekend. And she claimed it did make out sex lives better. I am not so sure how much it did for our sex lives but I certainly found I enjoyed wearing the panties all day and then even more during sex, at least up until the time I climaxed; after that not so much, at least for a while that is. But the wearing of the panties certainly calmed my male ego down and I was then finding the hand washing of all my panties and my wife's lingerie very relaxing. And it was strange I just started feeling a lot more emotional and clingy and less testy about following her orders. It was really mostly the effect of those vitamins...but how could I know.

And the wife seeing I had no problem washing all of her lingerie decided I might just help her out with some more of her housework. After all I was wearing panties and I wasn't going anywhere on the weekends. We were living in an apartment at the time and there wasn't anything to repair or garden work to be done. And so as the wife became a bit bossier about me helping her out around the apartment with other things and she pestered me until I started to share house work with her and I didn't find it in me to object, and so I learned all those feminine tasks involved in keeping a house. She had me doing everything with her. I was dusting and vacuuming, and cleaning floors, and cleaning the entire bathroom, and then doing the laundry, and dusting the blinds, and washing windows. I was learning and doing all the cleaning. And then she started me on cooking. She just loved spending all her time with me and sharing all the housework with me. And after it all she showed her

appreciation and gave me great sex. So after feeling so feminine all day I really felt great at night.

And I found it nice doing some of the house work with the nice feel of the panties on my body. It was all just very relaxing. And there was always the sex afterwards. And those vitamins did seem to do something for me as I was able to sustain our foreplay much longer a while after having started the vitamins. Though, as I said they also seemed to have a tranquilizing effect on me; and I wasn't getting quite as hard as I used to get. And my body was softening up on me. All in all on the weekends I was feeling very feminine and comfortable in my panties and housework, until we finished things up in bed.

Chapter III: Wearing Panties Every Day

However, the wife didn't leave things as they were and she decided it was so much fun for her to have her husband, me, in panties on the weekends and evenings that why not keep me in panties all the time. Male underwear just wasn't for her husband any more. It would be so much more controlling...she figured she would just have so much more control over me if she kept me in panties all the time and got rid of my male briefs. So a couple of months later at another one of those anniversaries the wife upped her control and she presented me with another box from that same lingerie store. I just assumed it was more panties for the weekends, perhaps a different style. But I was wrong. She was upping the ante and her control over me. These panties were embroidered with the weekdays and my name. I gasped when I saw that. She just

couldn't want me to wear panties every day and to work!

She gave me a kiss and told me, "Surprise dear, I am going to let you wear your panties all the time now. You seem to enjoy your time wearing panties over the weekend so, and you are so relaxed and cooperative when you are in panties and such a help around the apartment that it seems a shame not to let you wear panties all the time. I think wearing panties to work will make you so much of a better worker with all the girls you work with at the office. You will just fit in so much better in panties. And I do so enjoy the fact that you are wearing panties for me and you and I are the only ones who know of your secret passion. And so no more rough male cotton undies for my sweet husband. It will make our secret...your secret, even more exciting. Isn't that wonderful?" she asked.

I couldn't believe it. I did like wearing the panties; however the idea of wearing panties under my male clothes all the time which would mean I would be wearing panties under my pants to work was a bit frightening for me. But, the implied threat about our little secret was fairly clear to me. Facing exposure I wasn't sure I had much of a choice in the matter.

The wife told me that I had been such a dear to wear panties on the weekends and that I seemed so happy wearing panties and she was so happy with the effect of my wearing panties had on my personality, how the sex was so good and how helpful I had become with the housework, that she wanted me in panties all the time. She explained it was an experiment and she just wanted to see what the effect the full time wearing of panties would have on her loving and obedient husband. She told me that she wanted to find out how I would react to wearing "my" panties full time, and



what affect it would have on my personality. After all wearing panties just on the weekends had just made the sex for her so much better and seemed to make me a happier and a better husband. And it insured her that I really loved her and was not looking elsewhere. So she really wanted her loving husband to try wearing panties all the time.

I once again objected. But again she just insisted that I seemed so much happier and so much at ease when I was wearing panties that I really needed to give a fair try at wearing my own panties full time. And she told me that she would not take a no for an answer. And after all it would be very daring of me. She felt it was for the best and that a loving husband would give it a try, especially one who was secure in his own masculinity. If it did not work out we could revisit the arrangement. She told me that she was pretty sure that I was really happy wearing panties and understood how I might not want to give into my desires to wear panties all the time; however, for my own good and the sake of our marriage she was going to insist that I give the full time wearing of my own panties a try.

Now I did like wearing my panties. And I had found out that wearing my own panties on the weekends had been nice. However for me the wearing of panties full time was something else. And I didn't want to fight the wife. She did have those photographs, and I did like wearing the panties. They were still feeling wonderful to me.

So what choice did I have? I gave them a try and I went several weeks wearing my panties full time. However, as enjoyable as it was for me to wear the panties, the wearing of panties every day for weeks seemed to affect my male drive and once wearing the panties daily and for weeks I just felt very turned on

but very relaxed and calm and even more ready to take orders and please my wife. My personality once having worn the panties constantly had become just very different from my typical personality before panties. And since I had started taking those vitamins for stamina, stamina aside, I had felt a lot less masculine with or without my panties, and it seemed to get worse the longer I was on those vitamins.

So as much as I like wearing my panties I was still embarrassed about wearing them to work and there were difficulties surrounding the wearing of panties to work and I tried to get out of wearing the panties full time which meant wearing panties under my pants to work and outside of the house. After having worn the panties full time for a while I used an excuse that there was a problem wearing panties full time due to the lack of support afforded by the panties which was required for certain, let's say manly activities.

However the wife would not relent and she insisted I stay in my panties. She told me, "Nonsense dear. I just love you in panties full time. I can't even bear to think of you in cotton underwear anymore. I just love what the panties do for you... and then what you wearing your panties do for me. And now that I've got you into panties full time I am not letting you out of panties that easily. I think this is a wonderful arrangement. Panties on a man just makes him so vulnerable...I love it. And I love you in panties. You're just so cute... and so obedient. You are just a different person since you have been wearing panties. I don't think I will ever let you out of panties. So rather than you removing your panties for lack of support let's just try a pair of support panties over your satin panties. I am sure that will solve all our problems."

So she just countered with keeping me in my panties and she added a pair of support panties over the satin and nylon panties to my wardrobe. Surprisingly she had a pair a bit too large for her that just fit me perfectly. It was like she had been saving them in preparation for any rebellion. She told me the support panties would give me all the support I would ever need. She told me the support panties would give me plenty of support and was more in line with her need to keep her loving husband, me, in panties. For as she explained she just loved the way I behaved when wearing my panties and also thought it allowed me to continuously prove my love for her and keep me ready to prove my love for her. And she told me, "Why if the support panties don't help enough we could always try a girdle. I am sure my mom would have one of those old fashioned types that would offer as much support as you could ever need and would also do wonders for your figure. However, I am not so sure your male cut pants would fit you so well once we got you into a firm fit girdle. Your figure already seems a bit on the soft side. You do seem to be hanging a bit and bulging in the wrong places. Support panties should be a good compromise, because now I just can't imagine me ever letting you out of panties. I don't believe you wearing male underwear will do at all."

I frowned and she just continued with, "Sweet heart, I just don't want you in that horrible cotton underwear anymore. You are just such a sweetheart when you wear satin panties, and such a help around the house, and such a help with my laundry and so wonderful in bed that I want my sweetheart in panties all the time. And if you love me you'll be happy to wear them for me. And if you can't bring yourself to keep wearing your panties for me... I mean just to con-

tinue to give it a try... I just don't know what I would do! You know I can be horrible when someone disappoints me!"

Well I did know what she would do or was too scared to find out and so I stayed wearing my satin panties full time and of course with the addition of the support panties. The wife made sure I tried on her support stretch satin panties right then and there.

She dropped my pants for me though I resisted, but it did no good and she had them off of me. Then she handed me those extra support panties she had...brand new. I again resisted but she was insistent that I give it a try. She handed me that pair of hers and I gave it back to her. But even that first feel of that stretch satin felt just so nice. So when she gave me the look and told me she insisted that I at least give it a try I had to let her help me get into my first pair of stretch satin heavy duty support panties. And once I had it on I really did not want to take it off. And she seemed to enjoying every minute of my discomfort having to wear panties and a support panty and of being exposed to my wife in a panty that was just about a girdle.

And then looking at me in the stretch satin panties the wife seemed pleased and she again told me that she liked keeping me in panties. It made her feel good, and made her feel loved. And she thought that since I was getting argumentative about it, wearing support panties along with my nylon or satin panties for a while, upping the ante, should teach me things could get worse for me and not to complain or give her a difficult time about pleasing her. Well she got the photographs of me in the support panties too and I was pretty much stuck with wearing the panties and the

support panties full time as she wanted. I was afraid not to wear them.

Well to tell the truth despite all the potential for embarrassment I enjoyed wearing those satin panties every day. And also the stretch satin support panty felt pretty nice. The shiny lycra along with the satin panels were a turn on just looking at it and then handling it was a delight. And once I had it on I found it as big a turn on as I had found the panties to be and something new that I wasn't used to and so I was getting all uncontrollably hard again.

The wife picked up on that reaction right away and standing behind me ran her hand along my staff and told me, "Now dear, apparently the support panty isn't so bad after all...now is it?" And I didn't reply as I couldn't reply. And she told me, "So let's just try it out for a while. I think it might just work out for both of us. You really seem to like it, and I love what it does for you." And with that she bedded me down and the effect that the tight lycra panty had on me worked out nicely by both of us. And so after that I was pretty much hooked on wearing the lycra stretch satin panties over my regular satin panties.

And so as with the satin panties she got me my own set of lycra support panties. Again my name was embroidered on each pair...so we wouldn't mix up our lingerie. It was just so embarrassing. And she really enjoyed having added the support panty to my full time wardrobe both in terms of controlling me and its effect on me.

And just imagining what she had told the saleslady at the lingerie shop embarrassed me to no end. The wife told me, "Oh you can't imagine how badly the girls at the lingerie shop want to meet my cute hus-

band. They really think you are so wonderful wearing panties for me. I just may need to take you over there for a fitting. I know the girls would just love it!"

And so I found there was no getting out of the panties. And they did feel rather wonderful and were sort of a dream come true; though the wearing panties all the time had never been part of my fantasy. Also I found that in the soft sensual grip of my panties I was a changed man. Any aggressiveness on my part was over. And I found myself just more relaxed about following my wife's directions, and I found that I was also taking direction from either the male or female staff at work.

I found that at work I had sort of become everyone's go-for and buddy, just feeling nice in my panties and nice helping out others. The woman at work took note of the changes in my personality and I was on my way to becoming one of those male confidants....a fellow the woman treat more like a fellow girl than they do a guy and gets to hear the most embarrassing personal stuff for a male to hear from a female. And that got worse and worse for me, as I just became more and more enamored with the woman's underwear the wife was having me wear full time, and behaving less and less like a male.

Chapter IV – Female domination and more lingerie

After a while I was just feeling really comfortable with the support panty in addition to my satin panty and I had gotten used to wearing it and though the sensual effect was still there the erotic effect had diminished. Our sex was nice as far as I was concerned,

but the wife said it wasn't the same as when she had first introduced me to the satin panties and then to the satin stretch panties. I think that once I got used to wearing panties and had accepted my situation, after all it was nice; the wife no longer got a kick out of keeping her husband in panties and had to find other lingerie for me to wear to spice things up for herself.

Anyway, one day the wife told me that we should try expanding my exposure and interests to lingerie as I seemed to be flagging and that based upon the way my introduction to lingerie had initially really fired up our love making that the addition of more lingerie might just help me in that department. And she thought it was cute to have her husband make love to her wearing panties, and so why not add some more feminine lingerie. And so began a pattern in which she would add different items of lingerie to my wardrobe when I wasn't up to snuff in bed, or so she said, by having me wearing other items of her lingerie to increase my ardor and then purchasing such items for me in my size and with my name on them, and eventually having me wear the lingerie all weekend. I wound up just feeling lucky I did not have to wear all my lingerie full time.

The only saving grace was that I did not have to wear a complete set of lingerie to work. However, under circumstances that followed I was finding myself wearing all my lingerie even when the wife was not around, as I had done in the beginning with the panties. And like with the wearing of the panties without the wife's permission the wearing of the rest of my lingerie without her permission caused real trouble for me.

The first addition to my wearing panties to bed was the wife had me put on one of her garter belts and



stockings. We were making love and she wasn't responding. She told me that it was me and that I wasn't ardent enough and that she was going to test me. She told me, "You know dear you've been so wonderful at first when you put on my panties and then got even better with your own.... let's just try something else. It should be fun."

So she went to her drawer and pulled out a stretch satin garter belt and a pair of lycra stockings and over my objections had me wearing them. She didn't even try to make me step into the belt, she just put the belt over my head and put it into position that way and ignored any attempt by me to prevent it. When I tried to push her away she actually slapped my hands and told me to stop, and I did stop resisting as I was so intimidated. And then I let her put the garter belt onto position on me. Then she pushed me down to sit on the bed and rolled each stocking up my leg and attached each stocking to the garters, which she had run through my panties explaining why.

Well the sensuality of her smoothing the stockings along my legs felt just wonderful, and I responded. And the wife told me she was pleased with that response. She pulled down my panties and started kissing me and then sucking and once she got me leaking she tucked it away and pulled my panties back into place. Then to my embarrassment she told me, "Now you see dear new lingerie makes you so hard, you must like it, and that is not a problem as I love what it does for you. No need for you to be embarrassed about it. I think you look cute in lingerie. And if it works for you, it works for me. I guess you can tell I am not a prig about such things. I guess the old lady's panties just gets a little boring for you after you've worn them for a while. That's understandable and we can deal with

that. And you do look so nice in nylon stockings. And your legs are a bit on the feminine side. I am surprised I never noticed that. But anyway you do look cute. And I think now you are ardent enough to satisfy me."

Then she brought me to bed and we had a wonderful time of it. Well there was little more to be said. In the garter belt and stockings I had become more ardent... the wife's code word for stiff and excited. And the stockings did feel nice. And the sex was wonderful. I think the lingerie had more of an effect on my wife's pleasure than on my own, though I did find the feel wonderful. However, the whole thing was just terribly embarrassing for me, especially after finishing. Once done I would find that I was no longer so enamored with wearing lingerie....at least for a while.

And then of course she had to get me my own garter belts and stockings to wear. Now at first it was just for during sex but after a while I had to wear the garter belt and stockings all weekend and every weekend. And of course the garter belts all had my name embroidered on them. And then she taught me how to fasten the stocking for myself and seemed to just love to watch me dress in them, slipping the garters through my panties and attaching the stockings before we got into bed. And the nice thing for me was it seemed to get her excited and more fun in bed. And for me the stockings had felt nice the first time and continued to feel nice. And of course she took her photographs.

And then after a while she wanted me wearing my garter belt and stockings all weekend. And of course I did. And then after I was wearing the garter belt and stockings all weekend, she just loved watching me dress in the mornings, putting on my panties and threading the garters through the panties and strug-

gling to attach the stockings. So there were no more men's socks for me on weekends. And then a bit latter she had me changing into my garter belt and stockings when I got home from work. And so after a while the stockings also became very comfortable for me to wear and I enjoyed wearing them.

Then it was a soft cup sleeping bra of hers and then my own. When things slowed down again she introduced me to one of her satin bras and then she purchased my own for me, again embroidered with my name.

The wife had gotten fairly demanding when it came to sex. She liked it often and she wanted me really hard. So again one evening when I was tired she decided she had best add another item of her lingerie to my pillowing wardrobe. She told me that it made perfect sense and I would just look adorable. We were in bed and she made a comment and went to her lingerie drawers and I knew I was in trouble. She returned with a lovely satin sleep bra, and ordered me out of bed to try on the satin sleep bra.

She told me, "Now dear I think you need a little booster tonight and so let's see how this works. I have just the loveliest soft satin sleep bra that I think will look just lovely on you. It was an engagement gift and it is a bit too big for me. I was supposed to wear it to turn you on, but I think it can work both ways. You should look just lovely in it. And I think the way you seemed to be excited by lingerie that you're wearing it should turn you on almost as much as my wearing it. So as long as it doesn't fit me, let's find out if it will fit you. No use in wasting a lovely bra like this one. And the result should be wonderful for both of us."

I told her it would be unseemly for a man, me, to wear a bra. She just laughed and told me, "Why dear how can a husband wearing panties, two pairs yet, and a garter belt and stockings claim that wearing a bra would be unseemly. Why from my point of view it is actually unseemly that you are not wearing a bra. My gosh... who ever heard of wearing panties and stockings without wearing a bra? I mean now that I think about this you look like a hussy standing there in panties and a garter belt and stockings and not wearing a bra. And you are getting a bit soft in the chest. Funny I hadn't noticed. I think you actually could use a bra! And this is a lovely one for you."

She let that embarrassing comment about my chest sink in and she continued, "And besides I am sure once you try wearing a bra you will find the wearing of a satin bra to be as enjoyable to wear as your panties and stockings are to wear. I am sure you will just love it!"

I was afraid that I just might like wearing the satin bra. I told her no but she told me yes. She told me I had to at least give it a try. She ordered me to hold out my arms before she got angry with me and much to my shame I caved and did as I was told. I held out my arms while begging her please not to put the bra on me. But she just giggled and just slid it on me. And then standing in front of me she reached around and fastened it in place.

I again tried to object but she just kissed me real hard on the lips. It was very domineering and took away my breath. I couldn't believe it. So then I tried to unfasten it but she told me, "Don't you dare remove that bra until I tell you that you can, and she gave me that look which I could no longer argue with and I stopped trying to unfasten my new bra and just re-

laxed. So then she had it on me and she just stepped back and took a good look at me. Well the satin felt just wonderful against my surprising sensitive nipples and I was already tenting. The wife looked and smiled.

She told me, "Honey ... you see you do like wearing my bra. And you look wonderful in that bra. It just goes with your outfit wonderfully. It doesn't really matter that you are a guy, or a guy of sorts. You were already wearing panties and stockings and the bra just looks natural with your outfit and just looks wonderful on you. And in fact it looks like you can actually use a sleep bra. I haven't noticed it but you even seem a bit soft and budgie...surprisingly like a young girl. And I can tell that you like it...so don't deny. Now let's just get into bed before you get used to bras and we have to find something else for you to wear. I think I am going to just love playing with my sweet thing through the soft satin of his bra. Your nipples have gotten just so prominent. They are going to be such fun to play with."

And she did and it was sort of nice. But it didn't end with me wearing her bra....or just that bra...or just wearing the bra to bed. Of course after a while she got me my own bras to wear. And she explained they were special as the cups were small, made for a man...me, so that the satin cups would lie nicely on my skin. And they did feel so nice against my chest, which had become a bit sensitive and had been chaffing a bit. It was wonderful, but awful. And she had me practice putting a bra on and off so I could put my bra on the way a woman would put on a bra, fastening it behind my back. She seemed to just love watching me get into my own bras. And of course she got her photographs. And again I was introduced to wearing the bras all week-

end, and then over my greatest objections wearing a brazier every day when I got home from work.

And finally she had me wearing shorty nightgowns and camisoles. She got me into one of her night gowns to improve our sex lives when I again started to flag, and as that once again seemed to work for me and so she then she got me my own. The night she got out of bed and pulled a nightgown out of her lingerie drawer I couldn't believe it. At first I thought that she was going to put it on herself. But shortly it became obvious that it was for me. I am not sure if it was worse to wear than my sleep bras, but it was just so humiliating to have the skirt of the nightgown drop below the level of my man-hood and kiss the back of my legs. Though it did feel rather nice, the satin of the nightie against the satin of my bra, against my nipples which had just gotten more and more sensitive and more and more enlarged.

The wife told me, "Come here dear I have a lovely surprise for you. Tonight we are going to complete your outfit. I think it will be just wonderful."

I told her, "Not your nightgown...please not that...not something that you wore to bed for me." And she told me. "Don't be silly dear. This is brand new. It is your nightgown. I saw it at the lingerie shop and I knew that it was you....and that I wanted you to have it and to give it a try for me. I think you will look absolutely lovely in it. I can just about imagine why fellows buy their gals lovely nighties. I really love buying this one for you. I think it completes your bedroom outfit just wonderfully. You are beginning to look silly in panties and a bra and stockings without some sort of slip or nightgown. I think you will look lovely in this nightgown. I already had your name embroidered on it, so it will match the rest of your lingerie. So there is

no bringing it back and you just have to try it on. Now get those arms up so I can get it on you, and not another word. I need my man all excited so he can take care of me. And I think you are really going to love wearing a night gown... so no phony protests."

The night gown looked lovely. I mean my nightgown looked lovely. I found that despite my anguish over it I really did want to try it on. So the wife had me with arms up and she gathered up the garment and slipped it over my head and arms and pulled and smoothed it into place, despite any minor objections I had made. It felt just wonderful sliding into place and just wonderful over my satin bra and my panties and stockings. The wife stepped back and told me, "You look just lovely." There is something about you in lingerie that is just amazing. I don't get it, but you really do look cute in lingerie. I don't think we can go on like this, but for now it is still fun." And with that the wife took me back to bed and we showed each other a wonderful time.

However, that escalation did not stop with the one nightgown. Of course she bought me more. And then she decided she wanted me in camisoles when I wasn't wearing the nightgowns. The new nightgowns were all satin, and layered, and embroidered with my name. And of course she always got photographs. And the satin of the night gowns did feel so nice rubbing against my satin panties and the satin cups of my bra. It was all such a turn on. At first it was just to bed, but then she found it cute if I would wear one to breakfast with her. And I had to do it. But I was just so afraid someone would walk in on me having breakfast with the wife and dressed from the skin out in lingerie. But it did feel nice. And then for after work she introduced me to camisoles. Of course I could have just shed my

pants and worn a nightie, and so I agreed to shed my t-shirt in favor of a camisole once I had gotten home. And the satin camisoles also just felt so wonderful. I couldn't believe how nice all my lingerie felt on me.

And so I had reached the stage when at home when the wife was at home I was not allowed to wear any male underwear and I was relegated to wear under my trousers and shirt only lingerie. And once I had accepted that I really did not want to go back to wearing cotton underwear. I was really hooked on the nylon and satin lingerie. And funny but my skin had really soften and my chest had become very sensitive, with my nipples even a bit thicker and my hips and rear had also softened and expanded somewhat and so all the lady's lingerie was really feeling more comfortable for me then had my male underwear. When I brought that up to the wife she told me it was from lack of exercise and she thought I looked cute and the softer me felt nicer to her in bed so I shouldn't worry about it, and so I didn't. But I knew something was really wrong. But what was I to do. I was afraid.

And the wife seemed to just love to watch me put on my lingerie. I was always wearing lingerie at home, but I had special lingerie for our lovemaking. And so I would change, and the wife loved to watch. And I would slip on my panties and then my bra and then my garter belt, and my stockings and finally my nightgown. Then the wife would give me a hug and tell me, "You are just such a wonderful husband. I just love making love to you when you play this game."

And the love making was always wonderful. And after a while I was no longer embarrassed by it all. And all that satin and nylon just felt so wonderful. I would never have imagined it. And the foreplay just lasted so long. I just could not believe how long I could last. The

tradeoff was even I realized I was not as hard as I had been, but the wife wasn't commenting and so I did not bring it up. I was afraid of what other articles of feminine apparel she would make me wear.

So always at first me wearing lingerie had just become a prelude to our love making. The new lingerie had always embarrass me at first, the panties then stockings with garter belts , then the soft sleep bras and finally a night gown or a camisole...depending. And the wife just seemed to get a thrill out of my embarrassment and forcing me to wear some new bit of feminine lingerie for the first time that I did not seem too keen on having to put on and be seen by her wearing.

So I was pretty much stuck in lady's lingerie. It was a bit strange but it seemed the wife actually got a kick out of it and had pleasantly giggle every time she had introduced me to a new article of female lingerie and really seemed to enjoy seeing me in it without being nasty or too dominating about it; as long as I cooperated. And we always had nice sex; she would work harder to please me, with the introduction of any new lingerie that I would wear for her. I found that I sort of liked it. I found the lingerie and my wife's dominance in the matter to have become a real turn on. It made me feel really the center of her attention.

However, as I mentioned the problem for me was that new lingerie never did end just in the bedroom. Eventually, as the instant thrill of the garments wore off she would have me wearing my lingerie all day all weekend. So after a while there I was wearing my panties all day, and then I was also wearing stockings and a garter belt all day and then also a soft bra all day, and finally also the camisole all day every weekend.

And then that wasn't enough for her and I found myself having to change into my lingerie each day then when I got home from work. And all that sensual lingerie was a bit of a distraction. But that took a while. The wife just seemed a bit melancholy during the week, and when I mentioned it to her she told me, "Well now that you mention it, I do so miss you wearing your lingerie for me. Perhaps you could change into it when you get home from work, and let me watch. I do so love the fact that you wear lingerie for me. And I do so love watching you slip into your lingerie. And she told me, "I think the panties are enough for work, but at home let's try the full outfit." And that was that. The wife insisted that I change into my lingerie when I got home from work when she was home. Though I must say that I found it enjoyable changing into my lingerie when I got home. I never thought anymore of stopping off with the guys for a drink after work.

The downside was the housework. The more lingerie I was wearing and the more often I was wearing it the more my wife seemed to treat me like a househusband and the more feminine I was feeling and the more susceptible I found myself to taking direction and the more comfortable I felt doing female work. So the wife just taught me more and more about how to help out around the house. She seemed to get a real kick out of it. It seemed that I picked up on it relatively quickly and she was very complimentary about that.

And as she progressed at work and was bringing work home I found that she left me on my own with the house work more and more and was just checking up on the finished job. In fact she almost had me in an apron. However, as that was happening there was still

the great sex which made up for all of that. The sex became a reward for doing the house work without her. And if she was unhappy with my dusting or cleaning or washing or a meal I had cooked the sex suffered. So I did my best to please her. I found that I was really getting horny traipsing around in my lingerie with all that satin just rubbing against me.

Now as long as our sex life was good and often I found that I had no desire for the wearing of lingerie any more than I was made to wear it with the wife keeping me in panties full time and in lingerie full time under my male outer clothing at home when she was home and I did find it sort of comforting. When she wasn't home I didn't have to wear all of the lingerie, just my panties. And in fact she did not want me wearing the lingerie, besides the panties that is, when she was not around.

Then the wife started staying later and later at work and sometimes having to go into work on a Saturday and she was tired and our sex lives took a downturn and that is when the problems started.

Before that once in a while I wanted to get out of wearing lingerie when she was home and feel a bit manly, but after a while the wife would not allow it! She found that she really wanted a sissy husband at home, and the more of a sissy she made me the more of a sissy she wanted me to be! That was up until she had succeeded. Then she wasn't so sure, or at least pretended that she wasn't so sure.

But in any case all that was okay until our sex lives took a downturn I found myself unsatisfied and horny and with an uncontrollable desire to wear or should I say continue to wear all of my female lingerie under my male stuff whether or not my wife was around to

supervise it. I found that without the wife tending my needs that I wanted to or perhaps needed to wear my lingerie most of the time which meant under my clothes even when my wife wasn't at home and then even when I was out and about during the day and not just on the weekends. However, the wife decided that she did not want me to wear my lingerie when she was not about to supervise it. The panties were fine. She wasn't allowing her husband back into any male shorts, but the rest of the lingerie was not okay when she wasn't there watching me put it on.

Now without her, let's say frequent attentions, I really just wanted to put on the lingerie and climax, but not being able to bring myself to release sans the wife I just became more and more aware of the lingerie that I was wearing as it was becoming more and more of a turn on that I could not resist the desire to wear lingerie without the relief that sex had provided. But I also found that I really had no desire to release and mess myself until it was so late that the wife would typically be back home and it would be too late for that sort of stuff. She was very observant and would have known. And she was always suspicious of me and controlling and always kept a watch over my activities. She allowed me little privacy and I could never be sure when she might just pop in to see what I was doing or check on what I was wearing under my male outer clothes.

Chapter V: Into Trouble

So I was wearing my panties and support panties all the time at my wife's behest, which made her happy, and in which I was feeling more and more comfortable being out and about and which the wearing of which

as it seemed to me was having more and more of an effect on my personality. And then on the weekends or during the week when the wife was home I was changing into and then wearing my garter belt and nylons and my soft sleep bra and camisole as soon as I got home. It was all feeling just wonderful on my softening body and was fitting me really well.

However I found that I was also often changing into and then wearing my garter belt and nylons and my soft sleep bra and camisole as soon as I got home whether or not my wife had returned from work to make me make that change of clothing. I was wearing it as my regular underwear, to keep from going crazy, which the wife did not seem so happy about. On her late arrivals home finding out I was already wearing my lingerie she had told me that she would be happier if I saved the full lingerie for when she was home. She did not think it was a good idea for me to be putting on my lingerie when she was not around to supervise and watch me change out of my male t-shirt and socks into my nylons and camisole.

However to me after a while when I got used to it all the lingerie all felt just wonderful and I just felt very relaxed wearing all that sensuous material. I was just not getting enough action from the wife, the wearing of the panties seemed to make me desirous of it, and the wearing of the rest of my lingerie toned down that desire. When I wore my lingerie, all of it, on the weekends and we culminated with a tryst I then no longer felt the desire to wear the lingerie. However without the culmination I was finding it uncomfortable to give up the lingerie after the weekend. And also my skin had become so soft that I preferred the feel of nylon against it. And I even noted a bit of sensitivity around my chest which the bra helped. I had mentioned this

all to my wife, and she told me it must have been the effect of wearing the lingerie and it was left at that. She told me I should wear my male t-shirt and socks when she wasn't home and my skin would toughen up again.

However, instead of denying myself the lingerie I just tried to change out of it without my wife knowing that I had been wearing it without her knowledge. And she would find out and would not be happy about it.

Any way though I was embarrassed to be at home alone or for that matter out and about wearing all of my lingerie under my male outer clothing I felt the need to do so. And when the wife was stuck at work and I was feeling abandoned I found that I really needed to get out of the house. And on those nights when I was told I did not need to get dinner ready I started frequenting a distant dinner where I wouldn't be known so if my condition or my lingerie was noticeable it wouldn't really matter. And strangely enough I found it rather exciting to be wearing the panties, garter belt and nylons and a bra and camisole under my jeans and my shirt while I was out and about. It was really crazy.

There was this one cute waitress in a short red nylon uniform dress with stocking tops and garters, that frequently showed, who really turned me on. I gave her nice tips as I would call her over for service more frequently than warranted as I was really turned on by her attire. And she was pretty cute herself. But the dress and garters was the killer for me. The whole wearing of lingerie thing was making me a bit crazy attracted to female finery and the woman who brazenly wore that sort of stuff.

We became pretty friendly but how friendly I found out when one evening when she had me sitting in an out of the way corner of the dinner and she came and sat down next to me while I was working on the piece of pie she had just brought over. I was caught by surprise. Her closeness was pleasant, and her perfume was delightful, but I was uncomfortable with her sitting next to me, especially since I was afraid of my wife. I tried to move but she had me wedged in.

I started to say something, but was caught short as her hand found my crotch and then started to unzip my pants. I started to object, really just to cough from surprise, and she told me to shush or she would just let everyone know that I was wearing a bra and a garter belt with nylon stockings. And I shushed. And then as her hands explored she added the panties to the threat and so I stayed shushed, and tried to figure out what were her intentions. And with that she told me, that she guessed I was wearing a bra and garter belt girdle as she noticed the outlines when I sat in certain positions and she figured by my sweet demeanor that I was most likely also would be wearing panties, but she just had to find out as she was sure I wouldn't admit to it.

Well she found out that I was wearing support panties beneath my pants and found out I was wearing satin panties underneath my lycra panties. I started to object once more and she told me to be quite and eat my pie or everyone in the dinner would know I was wearing woman's panties and lingerie.

I settled down and with that she told me to pull my pants down a bit. When I hesitated she squeezed me and threatened and so I unzipped my pants the rest of the way and pulled them down a bit. She grabbed them and told me to pull down my support panties

and I did, exposing my soft satin panties. I was terrified.

Then through my panties she went to work on my penis. It felt wonderful as my wife had really been neglecting me and I had not had the thought to do what I should have just done for myself. And she started talking to me, just carrying on a pleasant conversation as she played with me. She had me so turned on that I was ready to scream. But I knew that would not be a good thing and so controlled myself. And at that I just barely controlled myself.

And finally I released and actually let out a scream. Well she knocked over my coffee and when a manager came back to check she gave her a spilled coffee story and that she was taking care of it, and that a couple more napkins would help and that passed muster.

In any case my panties were soaking wet and so the napkins were welcome, and she packed them in and then had me pull up my support panties and my pants and left me telling she would be back shortly with another cup of coffee, and that I had better not leave.

Well she came back with the coffee and once again sat down next to me and when doing so visible hiked up her dress and told me that she needed me to return the favor and explained she was expecting a hand job in return. She told me she had just gotten off duty and that she explained to the manager that we were sweet on each other, and so there would be no hurry.

Once again she had me blocked in, and with my pants all wet I was embarrassed to leave and not wanting to raise a ruckus I obliged. Well I was pretty good with my hands and there was mayonnaise on my plate and so I really did a job on her and she really enjoyed it and really released herself. And she was really appre-

ciative about the whole thing. It was sort of crazy. Or so I thought at the time. But apparently she liked doing that sort of thing in public places. People do have crazy turn-ons.

Well the whole thing was pretty weird, though wonderful, and I did feel better than I had in a long time, but never the less when she left for the lady's room I also left, leaving cash on the table for the bill and for the tip, and a really big tip. And suddenly I really wanted to get out of my lingerie. Which I figured would make my wife happy.

Well I stayed away from that dinner for a while but that changed. With my wife ignoring me and seeming to enjoy that effect on me, keeping me hot and bothered and none-the-less wearing the lingerie for here when she got home I was again getting more and more enamored with full time lingerie which the wife did not like. But with her not letting me out of my panties and keeping me in the rest of the lingerie when she was around but typically then without sex I was only feeling comfortable when wearing my lingerie whether or not she was around to supervise it. And I was getting into such a state that I eventually found myself back at the dinner.

And there a relationship of mutual respect and assistance developed with the waitress and I started feeling fine again. Of course my desire to be in lingerie full time and in panties full time then had decreased as did the effect that the panties had on my appearance and personality and so the wife got suspicious as well as unhappy.

Chapter VI: Chastised and Locked into Chastity

So when the wife took her revenge one morning I should not have been surprised. I woke up groggy apparently having been drugged and found myself tied to the bed posts, totally nude and legs spread, and all exposed, with a mirror placed in such a fashion that I had an unobstructed view of my groin and my male attributes. My wife was looking over me with a knife in hand. She slapped me around a bit and when the grogginess left me and when I really knew what was happening she told me she knew about me going out and about in my lingerie and about my little trysts with my dinner girlfriend slut and she was furious about it and was going to teach me a lesson, and one that I would never forget. The wife was all set, or so she said to remove my “you-know-whats” to teach me a lesson for fooling around with other woman and also for wearing my full lingerie when she was not around and without her permission. And when she was done with me I would not only not be able to fool around period, let alone behind her back and so I could never even think of doing either again and at least never cheat on her again.

I apologized like crazy and tried to put the guilt on her by telling her that it was her fault because she wasn't spending enough time with me so that I was wearing the lingerie when she wasn't around, and then wearing the lingerie made me think of her, but that only made her angrier. Then I told her that it wasn't me it was the waitress who came after me and cornered me and started the whole thing. I told her the girl came after me, not the other way around. I told her that the waitress had overpowered me, and threat-

ened to expose me if I didn't return, which was in fact at least partly true.

I begged her to forgive me and leave me a man, and I would make it all up to her, and I would do anything that she asked me to do. She continued to threaten me with the knife for a time, though after a while she softened. I think once she had gotten her kicks out of that situation she didn't want to really leave her husband unable to satisfy her. She told me, "I guess you are more of a sissy than even I thought, and this is a bit my fault for putting you in lingerie, even though you are so cute and adorable in lingerie. So I guess if this waitress could push you around like that you really are a true sissy, and not just a panty sissy...."

And she continued, "Now for real sissies who cheat on their wives there are other punishments. I guess we could try one of those. But those alterations for sissies can get a bit painful for real sissies, the lady boy types, so you need to realize it. You might be better off just giving up your things and making a clean break from the manly life. In the long run it just might be easier on you. And you might just find out you like being unique."

She explained the alternative punishment would be a bit more embarrassing for me but would still leave me a male. However, it could get painful and even more embarrassing than the removal and she didn't want to hear me complaining about it so she had figured on going with the removal followed by a divorce.

But the punishment was really for sissies and not for real men. But she was willing to give the sissy punishment plan a try, which did not necessitate a removal if she really thought that my being a sissy was the route of the problem. She understood that if I was a

sissy that under the circumstances she could understand how I couldn't control myself when dominated by a strong willed woman, like a waitress, and so she wouldn't be so upset; though she would still be upset to find out that I was a sissy. However, that did allow for a different course of action.

So, if I was a sissy she could accept that under the circumstance and try to save the marriage. But to convince her of that she told me that I had to admit to being a sissy and then sort of beg her and then if I didn't complain about things she could go with the second plan. But if I was a real man who had cheated on her or if I did complain then she would have to take me back to plan one.

She elaborated. She told me she had a chastity device for me, which would flatten me out so I could not advertise and that would also make access to me so difficult that no waitress would be playing around with me. However, I would look more like a girl than a guy and it could be a bit painful. But if I would rather look girlish down there and be caged and be her sissy than be neutered and free I could beg her and she might just cage me instead or chopping off. Well I begged her for the alternative, though not quite knowing exactly what it was, and told her I would bare the pain and not complain.

The wife told me, "Not good enough dear. You haven't convinced me you really are a lady boy sissy and should be caged and flattened and look neutered as a punishment." And to my shame I told her, "but dear you know I just love your lingerie and wearing lingerie for you. Of course I am not a real man. What real man likes wearing his wife's lingerie and has his own lingerie. Of course I am a sissy. I mean I did not realize it at first. But now I understand that I must just

be a sissy. I is just hard to admit I am a sissy. It must be that the waitress took advantage of me because I am a sissy, not because I had wanted to fool around. It would be better if you left me whole so I can please you, but did away with my bulge so I will remember that I am a sissy and cannot pretend to be a real man and so that woman will know what a sissy I am and won't bother with me. Yes I would want to be feminized like that. I would be a fair reward for a lady boy type like myself! I think I might even like it. My lingerie would fit me so much better."

So her humiliating of me and me humiliating myself when back and forth for a while and she had me telling her that I could not control my baser nature and that I really needed to be caged and under her control for my own protection; and I had to tell her that the more I looked like a woman between my legs the happier I would be as I needed to be punished, and a feminizing punishment was the best under the circumstances. And she sort of asked me a number of times and had me begging her to cage me and feminize my groin or I wouldn't feel right about having played around and so I could not be taken advantage of again by some strong willed woman other than my wife; and of course she finally agreed to do so....as long as I insisted.

Then looking at me with a smile she asked, "Well perhaps the problem is you really are just a sissy and are trying to prove you are a man to yourself by fooling around, and if you really looked like a sissy you couldn't lie to yourself and couldn't fool the girls by looking like a real man you might just be happier and not want to fool around? And then we both might just be happier."

And recording my answer, I was forced to tell her what she wanted to hear and wanted recorded. And I told her, "Yes dear. I am sorry. But apparently I really am a sissy and really have been trying to prove I am a real man when I am not. I just love my lingerie. I never want to wear male underwear again. And it would be just wonderful for me if I was flat so my lingerie would fit me like it should and I would really look just like an effeminized sissy and so that I would have nothing to offer the girls and the girls would just leave me alone. I really just can't help myself when the girl's think I am a real man. It is just too embarrassing for the girls to know the truth about me. It would be better if they all could just tell what a sissy I am. Please...I want to be flat...just like a girl. That would just be wonderful for me. I would be your sweat little sissy and the ladies would see I have nothing to offer and would not start with me, and I could keep house for you, and cook for you and stay in my lingerie. And I promise I would behave. I really must be just a lady boy sissy."

Then I actually asked what her plan two happened to be. She told me with a smile..."Funny you should ask." Which was the indication her anger was decreasing, but wasn't an indication that I was off the hook. She told me that since I kept dressing in all my lingerie even when she wasn't around and that seemed to excite me and the since even as a male wearing lady's panties and a support pantie I could no longer be trusted, that she would just have to fix me so that no woman would see that I had anything to play with nor in any case be able to get at my thing and play with it. So I figured that as she had told me she was going to cage me in some sort of kinky male chastity cage that would hold my male parts back and out of the way and would hurt if I got hard. And I figured I could live

with that and actually get it cut off if I got angry enough about it. I was temporarily relieved.

So I cooperated until she was far enough along for me to realize that she wasn't caging it she was pushing it inside me and reshaping my male groin to look like a female's nether region while functionally neutering me, with no escape. I found out there was no need to cut the thing off, it was there to remind me but useless to me. Well it was better than castration, but not by that much, especially since as it turned out it was just the first step in her turning me into her complete cross-dressing lady boy sissy husband and her mom's maid and companion.

She had a hospital pad under me and started off by removing all the hair on and around my male parts with some sort of chemical depilatory. Then she gave me the panty hand job of my life. And it felt wonderful without the hair. I couldn't believe the difference. And I mean she wouldn't stop until the third time and I was really empty.

I told her she was wonderful as after the scare I was actually having a fine time. She told me she was happy that I was enjoying it and that if I wanted that service I should have come to her instead of my little waitress whore girlfriend. And then she told me she hoped I enjoyed it because it would be a long long time before I would get that or any type of real release again. Well I was beginning to get scared again but didn't get to discuss the matter before she had my groin covered with ice. That was just awful. She would put the ice on and take it off and put it back on again. She didn't want me to get frost bite, which was a good sign, but she wanted me real small which was a bad sign. That went on for a while until she had me shrunk to whatever size she needed me to be, which was real small.

She made sure I was looking in the mirror, and told me, "You see we don't need you castrated. It is much less bloody this way, and no recovery down time. Why you are so small that you look like a little boy down there and even a bit girlish down there and certainly you don't look like a man anymore. And even better you won't be able to act line one... that is pretend you are one. It's just so tiny and cute. Why I just love it this way. You almost look like a girl right now. And best yet is that now your panties that you love so much to wear will really fit you nicely. Your satin panties will fit you just like a girl, and you won't have to wear a support panty to be nice and flat. This is just going to be so much fun...at least for me. And you are going to look just like a girl in your panties. I think that will be nice....a nice punishment for a sissy...turned on by his panties and unable to control himself and to do anything about it."

I thought that might be the end of it, but it wasn't. Next she inserted my testicles right inside me and put some sort of surgical tape over my scrotum to keep the orbs inside of me. It hurt a bit as she pushed them in, but not much, as they had shrunken so. Then with the testes away she went to work on my penis.

At that point I really started to object, but she wasn't hearing it. She told me the deal had been made and I needed to shush and let her finish and when I wouldn't she took some rolled up panties stuffed them in my mouth and tied them in with a nylon stocking. I couldn't say a word. And I felt even more helpless, if that was possible.

Then she continued. She placed a rubber "O" ring in back of the head of my penis and one at the base of my penis. They each fit snug. And I realized I would feel it as or if my penis got much bigger, and certainly

if I had an erection. But that wasn't all. Next she inserted a tube, a catheter right into me. Now that was painful. I winced and she just teased me even more. Then she covered my groin area with some sort of surgical glue. Then she pushed my penis into me, like she had done with my balls, and placed some sort of pad over my penis which functioned to keep most of it inside of me. There was a hole in the pad and the tube and the head of my penis fit through it, but the ring she had put on earlier, kept all but the head from coming through. Well she held that on for a while until the glue set.

That was bad enough as it was a bit painful and as I was almost completely flat and I really did look pretty much like a girl where I should have looked like a boy. But that wasn't the end for the cosmetic part of it. There was a cover that went over the whole deal. She put some more glue on and threaded the tube into another piece, the cover, and then pushed the cover down over the pad and held that in place for a while.

When she removed her hand I could have died when I saw what I looked like. Not only was I flat just like a female, but the cover was shaped to look like a woman's pubic area. I couldn't believe it. The wife had totally feminized my groin. She had me looking exactly like a female. I mean in the nude I was looking like a female down there and in a tight pair of panties there would be nothing showing but a female shaped pubis.

Finally she injected some sort of thick liquid into the cavity of the false female front she had attached, and all of a sudden the tip of my penis felt nice. It was just as if it was covered with ejaculate.

Of course she took some photographs and then left me there tied to the bed, totally without clothes, and looking at my new feminized groin in the mirror she had set up so that I had been able to watch the entire procedure. She then took of the gag and told me, "Well dear...how do you like the new improved lady boy you?"

Looking at myself I finally got it. I looked like a woman down there; wide eyed I exclaimed that in disbelief, "Gosh honey I really look just like a female. This is crazy. This isn't just a chastity devise; this is almost a sex change. No one will think I am a man."

And the wife just smiled and told me, "Why that is the idea sweat heart. Why you aren't a man any more. Now you aren't just any sissy..., you are my sissy. You told me you were not a real man and that you were my sissy. So now you can't hide from it. And we're going to find out just how much of a sissy you are? Now if you were lying to me and you aren't a sissy, then I can just go back to plan one and dig out you testes, so you male hormones won't get you into trouble. But if you are a sissy then you should be fine like this. I think you may even like it. No need to prove to anyone anymore that you are a man. We can all see that you are a sissy and in fact that you are a sissy lady boy. If that doesn't make you happy just let me know and we can do the removal. I'll let you think about it for a while."

Before she left she told me, that the liquid she had injected was highly flammable once exposed to air and if I tried to remove that chastity devise without first neutralizing the liquid the burns that would result would make me permanently a woman. And to prove her story and to convince me she opened the syringe which she had used to inject the liquid and it burst in

to flames. And so I was convinced and wasn't going to be ripping off my chastity devise.

She told me to relax while everything really set, and if I dislodge it I would really be sorry as what was left of my male parts burned away. And so she left me there for a while just staring into the mirror looking at my feminized groin and after a while just wanting to cry.

She got back and untied me and I was already feeling pain around my penis. I complained to her and she told me that it would get worse and worse as my penis returned to normal size unless I was given some medicine to prevent that. She told me I would need an injection of anti-androgens to keep my penis small and painless, and I could have that any time I asked her to have me injected with a pretty please. That didn't sound too bad until I had found out what those chemicals would do to me and so I put that off for as long as I could, but eventually had to give in. It was awful... at first. But that came later.

Meanwhile she presented me with my panties and girdle in lieu of my support panty and told me to put them on. She told me my feminine lingerie would now fit me just about perfectly as I would have no male line to ruin my look, and so my female lingerie would fit me much better.

Getting into the girdle for the first time was a bit of a struggle and she laughed as I struggled with getting into it. I asked her if I could just have my control panties back, but she told me no. She told me, "You need a nice tight girdle for safety reasons. Not enough support and your new female crotch might just let go and you can say good bye to your maleness. So you'll wear a nice tight girdle from now on until your punishment

is over and one which will show off your lack of a package to the world, and you will thank me for it. And you do look so cute in a real girdle. And I think with your appreciation for satin you will really come to love wearing a girdle. Some men do. You most likely will never want to give up wearing your panties and your girdle. Though I hope you do. You really are more of a sissy than I thought you were when I married you. I did like putting you in panties and lingerie, but that was when you acted like a real man and were faithful. Now I don't know. I am a bit disappointed in you. But I am willing to give you a second chance. Perhaps I can still make a real man of you."

Once I had the girdle in place it felt really nice, all smooth and supportive and sensual to me with the large satin panels. I could see how I might get used to it and learn to like to wear it. But I could not admit that to the wife. And it was a bit tight around the waste. I realized wearing the woman's girdle had to take inches of my waist.

Then she provided me with a pair of really tight in the crotch slacks with a crotch which was as tight as could be, but with the way she had me fixed it didn't matter. I had nothing showing and the pants fit almost perfectly flat. And so it was panties and a girdle full time and those tight slacks for me. She explained it was part of my punishment. The idea was to remind me that I was perfectly flat down there, and functionally no longer a man and wouldn't be getting hand jobs from anyone; and also to show the girls that I wasn't much of a man and that I had nothing with which a girl could play.

Then she almost seemed to have a change of heart. She took a good look at me. She gave me a big hug and told me surprising as it was to her she loved the way I

looked, and that if I accepted my punishment and was a good sissy she suspected she would eventually forgive me and free me, and allow me to be a man again, if I still wanted to be one. Though she did suspect that my sissy personality and my love for panties might just take over and be too strong for me to resist and that I might not want to be free or ever want to be a real man.

Chapter VII: The Delightful Embarrassment

Any way when I got up and walked around it initially felt funny walking around without my male package hanging. I realized why females could walk with their thighs together. But strangely enough I couldn't believe how nice my penis actually felt when I was walking. It was like a hand was pleasuring the head of my penis. It was a real turn on. I figured my wife had messed up, but I was wrong. It was a torture device she promised it would be. It brought some pleasure, but then pain. Not at first but shortly I soon found that though I was turned on that I couldn't get any release, and my testis got bigger and bigger and were hurting more and more and eventually my back was in lover's pain.

So the wife seemingly satisfied with my punishment put me back to work as her housekeeper. So at first walking around and doing my feminine chores everything felt rather nice. But after a while I found things were building up inside of me. And like any lover who could not finally climax I was in pain.

And thought I could not ejaculate to relieve the pain after a short time I was constantly leaking ejaculate

and wetting myself, and so I had to wear a modes pad. It was humiliating. And that could be seen through my tight pants. I begged for looser pants but that was a no. The wife just told me to wear the tail of my shirts outside of my pants like a long blouses to cover any embarrassment

That first day the wife noticed the leakage, that the front of my pants was wet. She interrupted my house work and called me over and pointed and I looked down and I saw the mess which for some reason I had not noticed. As my groin was encased I already felt wet down there so I didn't feel the wetness of my pants. Anyway the wife told me, "Oh dear you are just like a little girl wetting yourself. What ever shall we do?" Well I told her, but that wasn't an option for me. Then she told me, "Oh I know. It is really just your sissy period. I forgot that real lady boys have lady boy type periods and wear the appropriate pads. You are such a sissy and do so love your sissy lingerie, that you just might as well wear a modes pad, like a real girl does at her time. I think wearing a modes pad is really the ultimate badge of your being such a lingerie sissy. You will love wearing it."

So the wife had me strip down and dry myself off and then surprise - surprise she had a modes belt and pad for me. I could have died as she put it on me showing me how to put it on and adjust it. But there was not a thing that I could do. And I already looked like a female down there and the pad fit fine and did its job and kept my pants dry. So what was I to do....what choice did I have. And so I wore modes pads every day. And I had to purchase them myself. And that was really embarrassing.

And that was how I was forced to go to work, in all my lingerie, tight pants and a modes pad. Fortunately

the shirt outside of the pants was acceptable where I worked and it hid my multitude of problems. Any way that was until the pain got so bad I was calling in sick, as I could hardly walk.

Any way it wasn't long until the pain was just not bearable no matter what I took for it and the wife was having no mercy on me and I was asking her to have me injected with those anti-androgens. Well she seemed a bit angry that I couldn't or wouldn't take the pain and was giving into and requesting the injection to chemically neuter myself. I tried to explain the phenomena of "lovers balls" and how there were days I could hardly walk without pain, and that I did have to go to work. And when I didn't go to work she had me doing the house work, and so I was still dying. Well once she explained how disappointed she was in her sissy husband she then of course had to have me beg to be injected.

She asked or told me, "I guess you really aren't much of a man any more if a little pain can have you begging to be chemically castrated and sort of really turned into the lady boy it seems I have married. I mean when I made you this offer I thought the pain would be your just punishment and you would take it like a man. Though I sort of suspected you were a bit of a sissy with a panty fetish when we married, it was sort of nice. And it was fun making you wear my lingerie and then your own. But again that is when I thought you were just a run of the mill type sissy. Now I don't know any more. You really seem to like being effeminate as well as wearing woman's underwear. But I can understand that you are really a lady boy type sissy if you can admit to it. And then I will see what can be done for you since you don't seem to want your masculinity enough to bear a bit of pain."

And I tried not to say it, but it became apparent that the only way to relief was for me to tell her, "Yes dear, I really don't seem to be much of a male, anymore. I do really want to try those anti-androgens to find out if I would be happier more feminine." And the wife then agreed to let me give anti-androgens a try, but she would not be held responsible for the consequences.

The wife asked, "Now seriously, you know dear the anti-androgens should ease the pain, which really can't be as bad as you say; but may de-masculinize you even further. Your body may actually feminize even a bit more than it has already... which I can't figure out. Can you deal with that? And I need to tell me you can and it won't bother you to become physically soft and sweet."

Now my figure had already softened and I had a very budgie chest and behind and hips so I was pretty sure that physically I couldn't get any worse. I had discussed that problem with the wife but she put it off on my lingerie support garments wearing. Any way I knew I had to tell the wife that it wouldn't bother me or she would leave me in pain which I could no longer bear and I told her, "I'm sorry dear, but I think that under any circumstances that I need to experiment with my more feminine side to see if I am a real lady boy or not and the only way to do that is to take the anti-androgens. And I will just have to deal with any physical feminization. I just might enjoy it. I need to find out. Is that okay with you?"

Well the wife just melted. She gave me a hug and told me, "Oh dear, you are just so cute. I can't believe you do want to get in touch with your feminine side. I knew you had a lovely feminine side, but just wouldn't admit to it. So perhaps all this will be good for you. I do like you soft and feminine. Thought I like a soft

and feminine guy...not a completely effeminate lady boy! But let's just see where all this leads. The anti-androgens might just be a good idea for you."

And then as sort of an afterthought she smilingly told me, "You know, if the lady boy thing works out for you maybe we should start cuddling again. No need for your punishment to affect me so. You are already so soft and cuddly it might be fun to just think of you are a girl and find out what you can do for me. I mean you have been rather remiss in that area since your punishment. Why there must be other ways a sissy boy can satisfy a wife. It might be fun to find out. Let's just find out how much of a girl you become or really are without the effect of male hormones on your psyche. I imaging we can get you to things for me that you never would have thought of doing as a man. And perhaps if you are really good at it you can get me to do things to you that can make a lady boy happy. Let's try to make this fun. Gosh now you are getting me wondering where all this can lead."

She was wondering and I was terrified...but a bit curious as to what the wife might have in mind. But I really did need some release...not matter how.

So the wife brought me to her doctor, a female, to whom I had to explain my symptoms with a phony explanation, provided to me by the wife, for which the relief for those symptoms were the anti-androgens at least that had been what I had been told.

Chapter VIII: The Doctor Further Feminizes Me

For the trip to the doctor the wife gave me some of my old clothing, some of which was sort of for a male and some of which was not. The pants and underpants she supplied were new and though cut for a male they were still cut rather tight in the crotch and so with my shirt tucked in I looked and in fact showed that I was not endowed at all in the groin area, which was embarrassing in itself. And as part of my underwear she had me get into what she called a modesty panty girdle for support but over which I could wear the new jockey shorts which even being cut tight still were cut for a guy and consequently fit rather loosely you know where, since I was flat like a girl.

Emotionally I was happy to have on men's pants again, but I found it really did not fit me well. Again I had gotten a bit rounded and soft and so the seat of my old pants and the hips were a bit tight. And I found that that as my chest was really flabby that without my bra holding me in my old shirt was a bit tight. But even with all that since the wife had provided me with men's clothes I thought she was forgiving me and the whole thing would be over. But was I wrong.

Anyway the modesty device was really just a high wasted combination satin panty and lycra panty all in one garment that also held in my waste all while allowing me to use the toilet without removing the garment. It was a flesh colored stretch satin boy cut high waist girdle lined with satin and with openings that would allow me to relieve myself, when sitting down, without dirtying the garment, while still keeping my groin surrounded in what I was finding to be that

lovely feeling satin material with lycra support and pulling in my waist; and most importantly preventing strain on my chastity of torture device. It was a bit difficult to pull on and up and then into place, and had to be pulled up to hold in my groin area so nothing would drop, which the wife told me would be excruciatingly painful. And it was skin tight and would be just as difficult to get off.

The wife gave me some sort of rational that she would explain to the doctor that would explain the modesty device and my need for the anti-androgens. I didn't quite get it, but she told me not to worry my pretty little sissy head as it was all too complicated for a sissy boy to understand and that she would take care of everything. She told me that the doctor was one familiar with these situations and would oblige and get me comfortable again. And the wife finished off with an otherwise I could just continue in my present state. And so with that I knew I had to give her doctor a try. The wife didn't explain that the doctor was not only familiar with the situation but knew exactly what my situation was and had supplied the instrument in which my maleness was imprisoned and sort of specialized in turning nasty males into sweet sissies, though typically sons and not husbands.

Well the doctor was initially very pleasant. She asked a bunch of medical questions centering on my painful condition, the answers to which my wife had already given me to give and were quite embarrassing; and had me blushing; though didn't make a lot of sense to me and apparently not a lot of sense to the doctor.

So the doctor would not let me get away with those answers and finally told me, that I wasn't the first "bad-boy" male she had treated who was having

problems due to wearing a chastity device of one sort or the other; as typically guys did not want to go to their own doctor when suffering with such a problem. Well my wife gave me the look that I was on my own and then I just had to admit to the doctor that she had guessed right and that I had been a "bad- boy" and had agreed to wear a chastity device the result of which was my current painful situation which I then had to explain in sufficient detail to satisfy the doctor. And with that explanation to thoroughly embarrass myself in front of her and my wife I blushed like... well like a girl.

With that explanation she concluded what I had already been told by my wife that I might well need to be injected with anti- androgen hormones; if not for the pain then to at least teach me a lesson about keeping my male rutting instinct under better control, as to eventually gain my freedom from my chastity device. In any case the doctor felt it was an interesting experiment in the use of anti-androgens in a male and agreed to provide the injections. She explained the side effects, some of which were often feminization and I told her I understood and signed all the waivers. I assumed the waivers were pretty much routine and after having some trouble with the medical terms and legalese, and just wanting to get some pain relief I signed the forms without really having thoroughly read them; which turned out to be a big mistake!

The doctor had me change into a too short examination gown, stripped down to my modesty garment. I balked a bit but the wife insisted. When I came out the doctor seeing me so exposed for the first time seemed a bit amazed, that is pretended to be a bit amazed, as to how flat I really was, and to the fact that through my

modesty girdle I looked just like a girl and there wasn't even a hint of a male attribute.

She gave me a bit of an exam and seemed surprised. She spent some time manipulating my chest and examining my scalp and then running her hands along my waist, hips and derriere, and then she insisted on taking blood. She explained "I think there may already be some hormone imbalance here and some sort of mild feminization of your body here so I just want to run some blood tests, and we'll use a lower dose of the anti-androgens for now. This may actually be why you are fooling around...some guys when they lose their male drives start fooling around to prove to themselves that they are still manly. And we'll need to discuss your diet and whatever medications you are taking. Some prescription medications can cause these side effects in males, gynecomastia...breast enlargement and physical feminization of the male chest and in extreme cases hip enlargement. I will need you back here for a re-exam in a few weeks. After all you are already about an "A" cup and seem to be putting fat down as a female would, so unless you want to develop into a "B" cup with a femininely shaped torso we will need to take this slowly. But regardless you may still need the anti-androgens."

The wife mentioned some vitamins I had been taking and the doctor just casually asked her to bring them along for the next visit, and that was about that.

As I mentioned I had noticed these changes, but attributed them to the female lingerie I had been wearing having squeezed my shape and changed it as I had gotten softer from my new life style. I sort of took the news in stride as the doctor need not seem too excited.

The doctor however seemed impressed with how feminine my groin area had been made to appear. She told me, "Why I've never seen a male as flat as you seemed to be. It is absolutely amazing. Why you really do look girlish down there without any male baggage in the way. This is really sweet. No wonder you are in pain. So regardless of any other problems I think you really need these injections. Then once we get you emptied out and permanently small you should be pain free for the duration of your situation." And so as she already had the injections ready she had me lean over and after I leaned over I got one in each rump. It was slow and painful and the wife really seemed to enjoy watching me be injected. The doctor didn't seem to mind much either. She spanked each cheek prior to injecting me and she seemed to get a kick out of that.

When the nurse came in to clean up there was a bit of conversation and the doctor showed some anger and the nurse apologized to the doctor and then to me and then left. I really couldn't figure out what the nurse was talking about, but I would find out. The doctor asked me to sit and then explained there had been a mix up and the nurse had given her the wrong injection for me and so I had been injected with not just the anti-androgen medication but instead with a combination of anti-androgen and estrogens, the latter being female hormones, typically used by transsexuals. I was initially calm, not knowing much about hormones and the like, but as I asked questions the consequences of the error became more apparent and worse and worse.

The doctor explained that the feminization of my body that she had told me about due to the anti-androgens would be much more dramatic under the combination of anti-androgens and estrogens with which I

had been injected. But in good time it would all wear off and with some work I could be back to normal. But for the time being instead of my male parts softening and just losing a bit of muscle and getting a bit soft, and my chest getting sensitive, and my skin and hair texture softening, and a loss of some male drive I could now with the estrogens experience all that but to a much greater extent, along with a much more dramatic feminization of my body. Under the anti-androgens my body would just have return to a sort of pre-pubescent state, a gender neutral state. However, with the addition of the estrogens and considering my then already somewhat feminized body my body stood a good chance of really feminizing, and I could well develop breasts, a well-shaped *derrière* and a hippy figure as my fat continued to redeposit in a female pattern under the influence of the estrogens.

Before the doctor could continue I found myself getting a bit agitated and I questioned her how this could have happened and that went back and forth. What the doctor didn't tell me was that my wife had already arranged for the injections of the estrogen, and the effects would be even greater than the doctor would let on and would last even longer than I was told that it would last.

And then I asked her to how much greater extent. And to my horror she explained. She explained that I had been given a depot injection, in fact two such injections, and that the chemical would act for months, there was no safe way to counter act it and I was stuck. The only good part is I wouldn't have to worry about the groin pain. She explained that my male parts were going to shrink and get real small. Then I would lose a lot of male muscle and gain a lot of fat in those areas where a female has fat, which would feminize my fig-

ure. And the fat placement included developing breasts, the initial size which could vary, but the ultimate size would be similar to the breast size of the woman in my family. However, if I could stay away from fatty foods and limit my calories the changes could be minimized. There were also some surgical garments that I could wear which could help minimize such feminization of my body by slowing down the depositing of fat in those areas by compressing those areas.

Then she continued with the good news, which wasn't really all that good, that my sex drive would diminish to just about not at all as would any groin pain caused by that and my wife would have little need to keep me in a chastity devise. Also, I might just start to feel feminine emotions which would make me more passive and more dependent on my wife and less likely to be looking elsewhere.

In a fit of anger I threatened to sue. The doctor still apologetic though strangely smiling explained I really didn't have the grounds for a law suit. She told me that as these mistakes go that along with the wrong medication I had also been given the wrong waiver and I had signed the waiver for the medication I had been given and for even more at the judgment of my physician. And so I had actually signed a waiver for the injections of the estrogens and making my complaint even harder to press legally, the waiver included an agreement for sexual reassignment surgery and an agreement that I would live as a female for one year prior to that surgery and under the control of the doctor and the doctor's monitor. And so although she understood my anger I did not have much ground for a law suit.

She also told me, that because of the really high dose of the estrogens I had received, a dose meant for males becoming females, it would be dangerous for me to just stop the estrogens. I would really have to be slowly weaned off of the female hormones, as once such levels had been introduced the feminization would affect my thought processes and any abrupt drop could cause a serious depression similar to a female type postpartum depression which could actually leave me, a male, quite suicidal. But if I was reasonable she would continue with my treatment at no charge which should prevent any serious depressions and as to avoid the embarrassment to me of having to explain my situation to another physician or at work. And as the wife insisted I needed to stop making a fuss as accidents do happen I was stuck.

And the wife told me, "And you brought all this on yourself....and on me. So stop complaining. How do you think I like having to live with a sissy lady boy, who is now on estrogens? Stop giving everyone a hard time and let's just move on with the hand you dealt yourself, before I and the doctor get angry with you...and you don't want that." And so I calmed down...at least verbally, and stopped with the fussing. I did not know what else to say as I was afraid of angering the wife and I told her, "Yes dear I understand the situation and will do as you say. I don't want any further problems." And with that both the wife and the doctor seemed to be smiling.

Well now that I had been injected with the estrogens the doctor told me that she did need to further examine me. She started me off of course with a prostate exam. So she had me bending over the exam table ass in the air as she probed me with her finger, all under my wife's amused and watchful eye. Well un-

like earlier exams I had experienced which were typically in an out so to speak this doctor stayed in there a long time and she played with me a long time. I couldn't believe it, but after a while it began to feel nice and then I was feeling sort of turned on. I couldn't explain it. And then finally I felt a release and without having gotten hard I had a pleasant orgasm. I did my best to cover up, but the doctor knew what she had done, and in addition she had a specimen cup under me and caught the dripping ejaculate. I sort of felt like a woman just having my juices drip out of me.

I started to tear a bit and tried to hide that. It was from embarrassment and from the relief from pain the orgasm had caused. However, the doctor seemed to think differently. She told me, "Don't feel embarrassed dear. With some feminine males the estrogens take effect rather quickly and allows for pent up female type emotions to flow; which seems to be the case with you. Or it may just be that hormone imbalance that I suspect. You really are already quite the post-pubescent girl. I now must tell you and your wife that such immediate emotional feminization is typically an indication that you may actually be a candidate for sexual reassignment surgery. I guess we will just wait and see how the estrogens do affect you in the long run."

I wasn't really buying that, but it did worry me. And the wife whether she bought into that or not had her fun with it. She told me and the doctor, "You now perhaps that has been the problem all along. You know I've always suspected he had a too strong feminine side and he does seem overly attracted to my lingerie. Sometimes I think he would like to wear it himself!"

I was totally embarrassed fearing where that conversation was going to go. And the wife continued, "That may be the reason he had to pretend to be so macho. I always thought it was just an act. Well may be this will all be good and give us some time to explore his feminine side. It just may be enlightening. You know it might just be fun... while it lasts! Maybe I will let him wear my things and help with the house work. He just might like wearing my lingerie and doing girlie things. He might just make a cute lady's boy maid, if I have my terms right. And he might just even like being one."

And the wife looking directly at me asked, "Would you like that dear... wearing lingerie and helping out with the woman's work around the apartment? Would that make you happy?" I wanted to deny, but didn't get a chance as the doctor then told me, to wash up and come back in the gown and she would fit me for a device that would control the pain until the anti-androgens, never mind the estrogens, took full effect. Well I thought that was wonderful until I had learned it wasn't

Short and sweat, when I came out the doctor gave me what looked like a pair of sanitary panties to put on, which I did. And there was a sanitary pad in there which fit me like it would a woman, and as the doctor explained would catch my discharge, the source of which she would explain in a moment. Then pulling down the rear of those panties she greased up my rear, for which I was expecting another prostate exam, but instead found a soft rubber object was inserted in my rear, after which the doctor pulled my new sanitary panties which held the object in place. Then she had me walk telling me to walk one foot in front of the other.

Well I did that and I felt the object in my rectum pressing on me and messaging me, I was told my prostate, in a most delightful way and I knew the reason for the pad, as I would soon find myself dripping with the result of the prostate message. The doctor told me to keep walking and in the runway fashion until she returned so she would be able to judge if she had inserted the right size plug and if everything was correctly in place. And I did so embarrassingly under the watchful eye of my wife who made sure I maintained the correct, embarrassing for me, hip swishing walk, which after a while felt really nice and I did find myself dripping. It was a bit of a relief for any build up though a delightful embarrassment.

When the doctor returned she had with her two garments one of which I can only describe as support garments for a female, one apparently a large long line bra and the other as a long line girdle; which the doctor explained they were not. Well the one garment still appeared to me to be a bra, in fact a long line satin bra, with small cups, and with wide satin straps and which hooked up the back. The other garment was for all practicality a lady's girdle, a long lined side zipper satin affair.

The doctor first checked me out and then explained. "This prostate massager seems to be working and should afford you relief from the buildup of male fluids that you will continue to experience until the anti-androgens take effect. So you will need to use your insert and walk in a feminine fashion. I am sorry about the walk, but that is how this thing works. It is really designed for lady boys who anyways naturally walk like a model. In such a fashion your insert will massage your prostate and allow for it to slowly empty. That is why you need the sanitary underwear.

It may be a bit embarrassing but you will get used to it shortly and it will serve to keep you pain free if you continue with it. It may be a bit embarrassing at first, but short of a digital message it is the only way. And you may even find out you like it. Many feminine guys are turned on by the system. Even some of the real men find it enjoyable, once they get over the initial shock of the system. Yes, if you learn to enjoy it we will have you walking like a runway model before you realize it. In fact I have a number of patients going through this that forget how to walk like guys. It is a bit amusing at times."

Then not waiting for me to say anything and changing the subject the doctor continued, "And once the estrogens take effect you absolutely won't be bothered with any of these male problems. But you figure may change dramatically. So you will need to start wearing these surgical garments."

The doctor told us with a laugh. "No need for you to put your husband in your lingerie. He will now have his own. It is lingerie for a male, but it is made by a lingerie company and is a bit on the feminine side. But if you want him to have the feel of wearing your female lingerie this will do it. And we'll find out how fond he is of it as he will have to wear this bra type garment for men and this girdle type garment for men most of the day in order to avoid the extreme feminizing of his figure." When the doctor told me they were for me to wear I could have died; while my wife seemed to be enjoying every minute of my embarrassment.

I balked until the doctor explained the supposed purpose of the garments, which of course was a lie, but I did not know that at the time. She explained that the estrogens could feminize my figure, I could develop breasts and hips and a rather large soft posterior along

with other changes. The garments she had for me, thought they looked like female lingerie were in fact designed for men whose figures were feminizing to keep those figures from taking feminine form. The bra looking garment should keep my breasts from getting too large by preventing fat from depositing in my chest area and the girdle like garment should likewise keep the fat from depositing along my hips and posterior.

The fact that they appeared to be garments for a female she could not help, or that the materials of which they were made were typical for the female versions of the garments were also beyond her control. However, she could tell me, that unless I wanted whatever feminizing of my figure that was to occur to occur rather quickly and predominantly, that I would put on those garments that she had for me so she could show me how they were properly worn and that I would wear them for most of the day, if not all the time.

Well the wife insisted I give them a try and to tell the truth the garments, mostly of stretch satin and lycra looked delightful to me and I was really more than willing to give them a try and so after a bit of balking for show I let the doctor instruct me on how to put them on and to help me get into them.

And so I voluntarily stepped into the girdle like garment and pulled it into place. It felt nice and snug and the satin and lycra against my skin was a turn on. I found that I liked the support it gave me, and it fit perfectly over my sanitary panties, which I found comforting. Next came the bra like garment. The doctor had me put it on myself like I already knew a woman would put on a bra. It was also made of satin and lycra and felt nice against my skin, especially my nipple area. The closure was in back and though I was al-

ready able to close a brazier on myself, I had been wearing one for a while, I did not want to reveal that to the doctor and so I practiced for a while before I could close it myself. The concept was that the stretch cups would keep fat from quickly depositing in my chest area and thus creating breasts. However, whatever that garment was supposed to be it still felt to me like I was wearing a brazier. And I looked like I was wearing a brazier. However, it did feel nice against my skin.

At that point the doctor let me get dressed and left to discuss my situation with my wife. However, the wife grabbed my male undershorts and tee shirt and told me, "No need to tempt you dear. I don't think you will need these any longer. Your new pantie, girdle and bra should do as underwear for you for a while and look lovely on you. And now you can stay in your lingerie, even though supposedly male all the time. Men's underwear would just look silly on you with what you are already wearing."

I wanted to argue with her, but the pantie and the girdle did feel nice and it wasn't worth the embarrassment in front of the doctor and so I let the issue pass and I got dressed. Well the tight pants I had worn to the office still felt a bit tighter and with the girdle they fit me more like a pair of woman's slacks than a pair of man's trousers. And I was sure the bra showed a bit, the adjusters on the straps and the hook and eye panel in the back, under my thin shirt. But what was I to do.

I went to catch up with my wife but another nurse stopped me. She explained that she was the nurse practitioner and would be monitoring me for and helping me cope with whatever feminization I would undergo. Also in that vein she needed to take some measurements so she could gage the figure changes that were bound to occur. And she wanted to know

how my new support garments felt as I would need additional garments. She also needed to gage my level of gender discomfort and unhappiness...whatever that meant.

Well she was a sweet young thing and so I went with the nurse. She questioned me, and the questions were for a male who felt he was a female. I did not know exactly how to handle it. However, the nurse was very sweet and comforting and after I tried to no avail to explain my real situation I just gave into it wanting to get the whole embarrassing interview over. I kept telling her I was okay with being a guy and she kept telling me I needed to be honest with her. She explained she had seen my paper work and already knew that I was under hormone therapy and that I need not be embarrassed with my situation. She told me I already looked very feminine and she was sure that I would make a lovely female and would be happy as a female. Well there was no getting out of it and so I answered as best as I could. Well some of the stuff I had to make up. But by the time we were done I had pretty much admitted to a gender discomfort that I did not have, and an exaggerated desire to dress and act as a female and to engage in female pastimes and occupations, and then had signed the document. Gosh I was a jerk.

Chapter IX: The Estrogens Feminize

At home after a while with all those estrogens in me and no androgens circulating in me I was feeling really feminine, but still found myself in pain with the only pain relief afforded by the insert and the runway walk and so I found that I was walking more and more often

like a girl, at least at home, as the pleasure was there without the pain. At work I had to man up and tried to walk and act like a man though I was not really feeling very manly any more. I mean the wife still kept me wearing my panties and in addition had me wearing a girdle with a modes pad and long line bra to work every day regardless of what the doctor called the garments. And the wife also had me using the insert all day. She told me she did not want to hear any more complaints about pain, and all my surgical garments and the insert had cost us considerably so I had just as well better use them. So dress and with the plug and walking the way I did I didn't really feel much like a man.

However, I was still trying to act manly as I could under the circumstances at work, even though I had already been labeled as effeminate. The guys were avoiding me and the girls just loved me, since I had apparently come out as an effeminate guy. But at home I could care less and to stay pain free, as I said, I was giving into my new feminine feelings and walking just like a girl. And I spent a lot of time on my feet at home. As I said the wife had already been bringing work home, or said she was, and so had me pitching in with the house work even more than before. She explained that as I wasn't helping her out in the way a real man should I needed to continue to help her out as a sissy man would help his wife. And so while engaged in that woman's work I was moving around just like a woman, and a feminine one at that which was keeping me pain free though quite wet.

Well watching me clean or make dinner and do the rest of what had been my wife's work the wife told me enough was enough already and she was tired of having me waltz around like a sissy as I should have been

pain free by then and if she caught me walking like a girl again she would teach me a real lesson about walking like a girl and she would have me deporting myself as a girl full time while at home as a punishment. However, despite her claimed distain with my sashay walk she still insisted I wear the insert. She explained she did not want me complaining about the pain, when she had me working around the house, the reason for which I didn't quite understand. And of course with that in me all day, by evening I just could not walk like a guy. I just had to walk like a girl.

And of course I would try to walk like a guy but that made the presence of the plug inside me very uncomfortable. And it was like being on an addictive drug, and unable to obtain any real pleasurable relief the walk with the insert was all that I had to feel pleasure and remain pain free. So eventually she did catch me enough times walking like a girl and told me, "Well you know you do look kind of cute walking like a girl. I think the problem I am having with that walk is it doesn't match the rest of your actions. So since you need to walk like a girl, I think you also need to deport yourself in a more feminine manor. I think I could deal with the feminine walk if you were just more feminine in general."

She let me think about that and then she continued, "So let's try deporting yourself more like a girl in everything you do. It should be fun. So from now on every time you walk like a girl I will teach you some new way to appear more feminine. And then you can practice that along with your runway walk. And when I run out of things to teach you about feminine deportment then you can walk like a girl all the time and deport yourself like a female all the time. And I will get you a nice sexy feminine apron to wear while you do

all your housekeeping chores. I think that would make this whole thing fun for me...and I bet you would like that!"

I told her that didn't sound like a good idea and would just make things worse. I tried to convince her that I would not like getting into a more feminine persona, but she wouldn't have it. She just got angry with me again and told me that I was really just a lady's boy and needed to admit it to her so we could get our marriage right. I tried to blame her, but she told me, "A 'real man' would have never let his wife put him in panties to begin with." I was aghast, and told her so. But she continued, "Dear I really did love the fact that you wore panties for me, and then the nylons and garter belt and the bra. It was...is wonderful. You are just so cute in lingerie and were just so wonderful in bed. But none-the-less you can't think of yourself as much of a man after having done that... and then having continued to wear your own girl's underwear even when I hadn't asked you to wear it...now can you?"

I couldn't answer. I did not know what to say. And she continued, "You see you can't answer and you know I am right. So for now let's see if you can control your sissy tendencies. And if you can't then you need to be punished a bit, so you know that it is wrong. I know the hormones make it a bit difficult for you to be manly but you have to try. So from now on if you can't control you feminine tendencies you need to be punished. I think it is the only way. After all punishment seems to work on you."

And so I wasn't really given any choice. With all those hormones in me I didn't really have much of a will to go up against my wife's orders. And there were always those photographs. I would be a laughing stock. So I didn't have much of a choice. And it was

like a game to her, and she would sneak up on me when I least expected it and find me walking like a girl. I could not help myself it was really my only relief.

So then every time she caught me walking femininely with that runway walk she would have me doing something like a female...she would teach me to do something the way a girl would do it rather than the way a man would do it. And she eventually taught me to do everything like a feminine female would act. She taught me to hold myself like a female, sit like a female, talk a bit like a female, hold my hands like a female. And despite her denial she really seemed to enjoy it and to enjoy having me comply with her training even though I was obviously not happy about it. Then she would always pretend she was angry about the whole thing, but I don't think she was that angry about it. I think she really got turned on by controlling me and feminizing me, though she did not want to admit that to herself and so she would get angry with me when she succeeded with the feminizing.

Again, the way it worked she would catch me sa-shaying and she would let me know I was at it again, and then she would pick some new feminine action to teach me. So the first thing she taught me was to sit like a girl, to perch on the end of the chair, to keep my knees together or cross my legs femininely, and hold my hands femininely, and just sit down and get back up like a woman would. And she would have me practice and practice until I got it down. And while I was learning the new feminine action I would have to walk like a girl. Then once that was learned and I could sit like a girl I was allowed to go back to moving about and sitting like a man again; but I was told that I had better walk like a man or else...

That was a relief not having to sit and hold myself like a lady, but it only lasted until I got caught moving around like a girl again. Then I would have to learn some new way of acting femininely, while continuing to walk femininely and sit femininely full time. And it was uncomfortable having to sit like a girl, though walking like a girl was always the turn on and pain reliever. And in that fashion I learned to hold myself like a female would and to move every body part as a female would move that body part, and to hold myself just as a female would to act like a female and finally to even talk like a female. And I had gotten pretty passable by the time the wife got fed up with that game. In fact by the time the wife stopped having fun with it she had me on my punishment days totally acting like a female at home.

As typical with this whole thing at first she thought it was fun and then she would get angry about it. It was crazy. Then one night she came home with a present for me. I opened the package to find an apron, with what else but my name embroidered on it. I was a bit shocked. The wife smiled, and gave me a hug. She told me, "Now dear don't pout. Just let me try this on you." And she took it out of the box, slipped it over my head, and turned me around and tied a nice bow. Then she stepped back and told me, "Why that does look very nice on you. And we can work on you tying your own bow, as it is time for you to wear an apron full time and you should have your own."

I balked, but she explained, "Dear, you've learned all your lessons in femininity and there is only one left to teach you and you will need an apron for that lesson. And so this is your last punishment for walking like a girl. You are going to learn how to curtsy and you need an apron for that. And after that you will, as I

had told you, always wear an apron at home and always comport yourself as a female at home. The apron is your present and reminder that from now on you need to act totally feminine around the house and that you are to assume all of the wifely duties around the house, and so you can now walk like a girl all the time without me getting angry about it. So when you get home you need to put on your apron and think of yourself as a sweet lady boy and get into the feminine persona. And when you see me you need to curtsy. And when I tell you what you need to do you need to curtsy and tell me yes dear. You brought it on yourself so let's not complain. So I expect my dinner on the table when I get home, and the house should be clean and the laundry done and you need to always move about and act and even speak like the sissy you are. No more hiding it and pretending to be a real man."

She let that sink in and then made nice to me, "Now I am sure a lot of this has to do with those hormones that you were given, and as soon as they wear off you may start acting manly again, and wouldn't that be nice; but until then, you've made your bed, and it is a satin and nylon one and while at home you are just to remain in your feminine persona with all your feminine duties. And this is not open for any more discussion...I think I've been more than decent about this whole thing and your becoming such a sissy...no matter whose fault it may have been. And so at this point this is what I need to make this thing work for me. And I do expect you to comply. Is that understood?"

And what could I do...? In my most feminine voice I told her, "Yes dear...I do understand. It is okay. But I hope that when I can start acting more manly again you will...." And she really didn't let me finish and

just talked to me of crossing bridges when I got there. And that was it, but she wasn't done.

She told me, "Now that is fine, but you need to give me a curtsy and tell me yes dear I understand, so I understand that you understand you position here." Well I turned all red but there was no getting out of it. After trying to get out of it I realized there was no getting out of it and of course I curtseyed to her and told her that I understood. With that she told me my curtsy was just passable and gave me instructions as to the proper way of performing a curtsey with an apron and she had me practice for a while and practice telling her "yes dear" which each and every embarrassing curtsy.

After a while I guess I mastered the obedient sissy curtsy and the wife was pleased. She finally smiled and came over and gave me a big hug and then a kiss, a dominating no holds barred kiss letting me know and showing me that she was the boss. And she told me, "You are absolutely adorable in that apron with that sissy curtsy of yours. I can't get over it. If this were a game it would be wonderful. However, you turning out to be a real sissy I just don't know what to do about it....But I will figure something out."

She then continued with, "But for the mean time since you are just so feminine and obedient I don't want to ruin this for me. So I don't like those clunky shoes you wear at home. They certainly don't add to your ability to move along femininely full time. So from now on you need to start slipping into lighter shoes. And as a reward for you becoming so sweet and obedient and helpful around the house you can of course start wearing your nylons again as soon as you get home. You've been remise with that. I guess it comes from wearing your man's bra and a man's girdle full time. Anyway I will have garters added to all your

girdles and starting tomorrow when you get home you can change into one of your girdles with the garters, put on your nylons and your tennis sneakers....Understood? And oh yes, you just might as well wear you camisoles again. I think you would like that. They should go rather nicely with your bras....Understood?"

The wife let all that sink in and then she finished off with telling me, "I want to feel and act as feminine as possible and the feel of your nylons and satin camisoles should help with that. I am beginning to think the way to deal with your sissiness is to make you see what the end result of being a sissy husband can be. So while you are stuck with those estrogens in you I am going to help you be all the sissy you can be so you know exactly what it is to be a full time sissy and let's find out how you like that. And then perhaps when this is over you will have had your fill of acting the sissy and you will restrict your lingerie wearing to when it is appropriate.

Again I tried to reason with the wife but as always it got nowhere and I did not want to anger her and stopped and got the last word..."Yes dear."

And so from then on while at home I wore an apron and full lingerie, a combination of my male lingerie and female lingerie, and acted like a woman, and took over all the womanly chores at home. All that was left to me of my manly days was my shirt and my new male pants, and the pants were cut tight like those worn by a female. And there was not a thing I could do about any of it. And I curtsied as the wife had instructed. And as time passed I just felt more and more like a female.

Chapter X: The wife decides that I need to dress completely in woman's clothing

Of course all this feminization was having an effect on me at work. I had been labeled as effeminate and a sissy and was pretty much stuck going nowhere. Also, the wife's mom just could not take it at all, already thinking me to have been a sissy she could not believe how bad it had become and that the wife seemed not to mind or at least to put her foot down about it. The wife always made it sound to her mother as if she was accommodating me, not as if I had been made so effeminate by the wife.

The wife though initially seeming to have fun further feminizing me and having made me act like a female more and more as I took over all her housework and until I had it just about perfect then seemed to eventually tired of that game, or thought to even escalate it more. It was always difficult to tell her motivation in all of this.

So after a while after the wife had me behaving and acting totally like her wife she eventually seemed to tire of the game. She seemed or pretended to be a bit disappointment that I was not rebelling or at least complaining more about my punishment and that I was just acting just so much like a girl. Now I had rebelled a few times. But she seemed to have forgotten about those incidents and how she reacted and had gotten very angry with me when I had complained and I had rebelled and how she had then made things even worse for me and had even threatened to throw me out of the house with the chastity device in place, no insert and no way to get my medications.



And then one night she boiled over. It was that time of month and things were difficult for her at work, and she had become the real breadwinner and I think she was just pissed that I had the secondary job and less outside responsibilities than she had. So one night while I was cleaning up after dinner she told me that she couldn't believe a "real man" could put up with what she had put me through. I told her that I didn't see that I had had much of a choice in the matter and that she could free me any time she liked and I would be happy, but I had no way to make her and I was just making the best of a bad situation.

Well as typical that answer seemed to annoy her. I don't know what else I could have said or done. She had beaten me down and the anti-androgens had taken the fight out of me. And besides the estrogens had taken away a lot of what little aggressiveness I had left or I ever had, and so I really just found myself sort of unhappy with the situation but not able to do much about it. I was stuck chemically neutered, demasculinized and cosmetically scourged. And as far as I could tell I could not easily and safely get out of the situation and so needed my wife to free me and so I was really stuck.

There was really no place for me to go. I could hardly pass as a man any more, the effects of the estrogens being what they were. My face had rounded out and feminized. My hair was long and thick. The wife had not let me cut it. My soft chest had developed into small breasts only held back by my male bra. My hips and derriere had also expanded to somewhat feminine proportions and was only held in check by my male girdle. By reflex I just naturally moved, acted and talked like a female. I didn't earn enough to support myself. I was a mess. I wouldn't survive on my

own. My only hope was to stick it out with the wife until the hormones wore off and the wife forgave me and freed me.

Again, let me say that at times I had rebelled and told my wife enough was enough already, but then she would really go over the edge. So there was no rationalizing with her that I was not as cooperative or happy as she at times made be out to be. And so I just kept hoping she would forgive me and free me or just get tired with the game.

Well the logic of that still didn't change my wife's attitude. She began teasing me more and more about what a real sissy I had become and how much to her surprise how comfortable and natural I seemed wearing panties, the girdle and my stockings and my male bra covered a female camisole and how I didn't seem to mind wearing tight feminine looking pants and being forced to comfort myself as a female, to move around as if I were a female and even talk in a soft feminine voice as she directed me to do.

And then of course my figure had been changing and I was getting more feminine in appearance. So there were the comments about my slight breast development and expanding hips and butt from the estrogens she had made me take, and how much tighter my tight pants were fitting. But she still seemed to put the blame on me, that I wasn't upset enough about it. I told her that I was really upset but the fight seemed to have been taken out of me. I told her that it had to be an effect of the estrogens, and to free me and take me off those female hormones and I would show her how much of a man I could be.

But she still wasn't about to free me, and so I was stuck. She told me I could stop the anti-androgens and

the estrogens any time I wanted to but the doctor had already told me that due to my condition she could not sign me off the estrogens until I stopped the anti-androgens. And if I stopped the anti-androgens the groin pain could not easily be controlled. So I told her to free me and I would stop the anti-androgens and the estrogens, but again, that wasn't happening. She told me I had not yet learned my lesson.

My wife's bouts of anger with me got worse and the teasing escalated. One day she finally told me that she missed having a man around the house and how disappointed she was in me in that I seemed just so comfortable to be comporting around just as a woman would and being her "wife". She told me how comfortable I seemed cleaning the house and making dinner as a woman would, and in general how comfortable I seem with my continued effeminate status. And she continued and told me she could no longer believe how much I really seemed to like wearing "my" panties and "my" girdle and "my" bra, and "my" stockings and "my" camisole; and how comfortable I seemed in "my" tight lady's pants; and in fact how much I seemed to have enjoyed wearing my nightgown when we had been active. But I wasn't reacting. I wasn't taking the bait. And as I wasn't reacting she continued with that I would probably just be happier being even more like a woman all the time.

She told me, "I just bet you would really just like to be a full time lady's boy all girly and effeminate and would even be happier to wear a real woman's bra and girdle which would show off your girly figure rather than hiding it. Yep you are probably just waiting to get into my dresses and lingerie the way you wore my panties. I am surprised you still wear pants! I am really beginning to think you just planned this whole thing!"

Well finally I had to answer. I told her no that I would not like to wear her dresses, and that I did not want to wear any more ladies' stuff, though I really wasn't too sure. My developing breasts were getting sore pushing against the male containment bra I had been made to wear and bounced a bit and remembering my nightgown from our former pillowing nights I thought a soft bra and/ or just a satin camisole against them would be nice. But I denied any such desire. I mean I had liked wearing the panties when they had been part of my sex life with my wife, and I had grown to like them even more since she had forced me to wear them all the time. And the girdle with the gartered stockings was also nice. And they were sort of a turn on. The problem wasn't the lingerie it was having my manhood tucked away and painful with the feminizing hormones being the only relief my wife had afforded to me and having to behave like a woman all the time I was home, and being stuck with the woman's work all the time I was at home.

But the wife wouldn't drop it. And she told me, "I just can't believe you don't enjoy all of this gender bending. You deny it, but you still sound just like a girl when you say you aren't or don't want to be a sissy boy. Yes I am really so sure that you really would like to wear all women's clothing and get rid of your male shirt and replace even that with a nice soft silky blouse, and perhaps even wear a woman's satin bra. I am sure you would be much more comfortable out of any remaining male clothes. Yes I think you would feel much more at ease in a dress with a nice satin slip underneath it. And you would probably prefer high heeled shoes to those sneakers you wear."

And with that she offered the carrot. She finally offered me a way out of my situation and out of her

badgering. She told me that I had really become such a sissy, such a lady boy and seemed to enjoy it so that I did deserve to be put into dresses and have all my remaining male affects taken away and just be given lingerie and a dress to wear. She told me that such an experience might just be what I really needed to man-up. But she was sure that I had become such a sissy that I would actually be happier dressed completely as a girl in girl's clothing and engaged at home in woman's work and so that I could just stop pretending there was anything masculine about me.

So she made me a deal. She told me that she would take me for a fitting for all female clothing, and if once flitted and wearing it for a while, though how long a while she did not say, I could give it up and swear that I would never wear a single article of female lingerie again she would free me from my punishment. But if I couldn't give it up, then I would have to admit that I was a sissy lady's boy and then the punishment would continue and worsen as punishment for having married her under false pretenses... that I was a man. And she was sure much to her chagrin that once dressed completely as a girl that I would just want to stay that way. But that would even be okay with her as long as I admitted that I was some sort of sissy and wanted to stay lingerie and dresses and take care of her... to be her wife. She just did not want us living a lie that I was some sort of real male when I was not.

She had a dress and lingerie shop in mind that had a cross dressing clientele and catered to men. She would come in with me but then would leave as she was just too embarrassed by me to be seen with me trying on lingerie and getting fitted for female underwear. She would have to go in with me, but then would leave me to get fitted. She would provide me with a list of items

that I would have to come out wearing. And I had to pretend it was all my idea and that my wife was just accommodating me. She would provide me with a credit card and pretend to be the accepting thought reluctant wife.

She told me that she had come to realize that this whole situation arose not from me letting her put me into panties and control me but the underlying situation was just about me being a real sissy which I would not admit to and me trying to prove I was a real man by marrying a woman, when I was not a real man. She was sure that once I was covered in female lingerie and a dress and had worn it for a while I would find that I would not want to take it off and then I would be able to admit to myself and to her that I was a sissy lady's boy who had just wanted to and still wanted to be cross dressed by his wife. Once that was done she was sure that things would just settle down and I would accept my new status and not want to change back to wearing those awful men's clothing or try to pretend to be a real man. And from there we could both move on with our lives and our relationship.

The wife explained that her boss was very understanding and that she was sure my becoming a woman of the house would not be a problem when she had to entertain at home. And the wife told me she really did not care what anyone else thought, as long as we could be happy. And if I needed to pretend to be a woman she might be willing to give it a try. But I would have to be an obedient wife to her and there were certain things I could do for her as a wife that might work out, so she was not worried about the state of my maleness.

She continued and told me she couldn't have me live a lie anymore and that she really wanted to give me this chance to find myself and that she still loved

me and could live with a sissy husband a lady boy husband as long as the sissy admitted to it and acted like a sissy. At that point looking at living the life of a female for the rest of my life, or so it seemed, I denied everything and argued but it did no good. And so it appeared that the deal was the only way out for me and I had to agree. And so I agreed that I would give living completely as a female a try and that I would complete the shopping trip and rid myself of my remaining male clothes and would only wear female clothing, including dresses and slips or blouses and skirts and that I would go through with this shopping trip as she had described it.

For the shopping trip the wife had me wearing the containment girdle and my panties but I did not have to wear the surgical girdle or the surgical bra or stockings. However I did have to wear the tight woman's pants that she had me typically wear around the house or when she wanted to embarrass me outside of the house.

I asked her for my own male pants back, but she told me, "Not a chance." She told me, "You need to be convincing when you purchase your new lingerie...and your dresses and what not. I don't want the saleslady to be embarrassed helping you out. So it is important that you look and act the part. Remember the scenario will be that this is all your idea and that I am just the accepting wife. That is unless you don't want your chance with this. Otherwise things can go on as they are. I can deal with our current relationship and our lack of any sort of sex life and pretty much accept you as the real sissy you seem to have become. I am even thinking that I may find that I will enjoy the revenge and start by embarrassing you in public and in front of our friends. So I am not even sure that I want

to go back to the way things were. I am finding the longer we go one with this the more I prefer you helpless as a man and wearing panties, feminized and under my complete control. So if I can't make this fun for me, by making you embarrass yourself I am not sure there is anything in it for me at this stage. Do you understand?"

Well I did but I did not. But I did understand this was planned to be an embarrassing outing for me, exposed as a panty wearing sissy, in front of another female, and that was part of my punishment, and that was what the wife seemed to enjoy as her revenge on me, or so she said.

However, she did let me wear my own shirt and socks and shoes so I didn't pursue the issue of the pants. I wore my shirt out and so it covered the tight form fitting pants.

So with the pants so tight the pockets were useless the wife gave me a small pocket book to hold the charge card she had provided, along with my driver's license; as she had taken my wallet away along with all its contents some time ago. I balked at the pocket book, but it was part of the deal, a take it or leave it issue. She had me put the strap over my shoulder and it was there to stay.

And she reminded me, "Now remember from the time we leave the house you are to walk and deport yourself like the sissy you have turned into. No playing at being a real man, especially the way you are dressed and now using a pocket book. You'd look silly trying to pretend you are a real man and you would really look silly trying to pretend to be a real man at the lingerie store. So just be your true sissy self and this

should all be fine. And we'll see how much you really do like your lingerie.

The End of Book I