

She Made Me Her Mom's

Shemale Maid

II

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Gemini



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SHE MADE ME HER MOM'S SHEMALE MAID BOOK II

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter IX: Forced to go shopping for my female wardrobe

Having agreed to try life as a full time cross dressed male housewife I was on the way to the boutique for cross dressers to purchase my new wardrobe consisting only of woman's clothing, of dresses, skirts, blouses, lingerie and aprons and woman's shoes. The wife drove of course. We wound up at a distant strip mall, several stores with a parking lot in the back, at which I had never shopped. The wife parked in the

back and we entered the boutique through the back door. A saleslady was helping another couple, a guy and a gal, the male partner who seemed as embarrassed as I felt, but none the less seemed to be taking guidance from his female associate and the saleslady and purchasing a number of articles of female lingerie.

The saleslady told us she would be with us shortly and that we should look around. The wife took me on a tour pointing out all the lady's things she wanted me to purchase for myself to wear that were on my list. And she was having me hold up articles of lingerie against me as if it was the most natural thing for me to do as the saleslady and the other customers occasionally glanced over. Well it seemed to relax the other male in the store and he calmed down a bit and continued with his shopping with help. I wasn't that relaxed. I couldn't believe how far this game had gone. It was a bit shocking for me.

The saleslady eventually finished that sale and apparently my wife had made an appointment for me, and so she looked at me and told me, "You must be Mel...isa?!" I told her Mel would do, but she told me, "Nonsense, we only use fem names here...so I have to call you Melisa...okay? That is unless you have another female name that you are partial too. I know lots of the gurls have pet names instead of the feminine version of their boy names. And that is okay with me. We don't use male names here darling so whatever gurlly name pleases you sweetheart will work for me.

I was turning a bit red realizing that this was a real type of fitting and that the lady thought I was a gurl, whatever that was...and I imagined it was some sort of feminine male. But before I could answer for myself

the wife did. She told the saleslady, Barbara was her name, and "Melisa is wonderful. He hasn't picked out his fem name yet; this is all so new to us. But I know that when we joke around he likes to be called Melisa, but just won't admit to it in public. Anyway we are here for my husband's appointment and we should have booked enough time so that he will have plenty of time to try things on. He sort of insists. He hates to have to make returns. Though he is very embarrassed about all of this, but I insisted if he thinks he wants to wear feminine lingerie then he really can't be shy about it. He needs to admit that desire to himself and me and to those who can help him. And if he wants to wear lingerie all the time he really needs to wear quality lingerie and then he needs a good fitting and this seems to be the place for t

Barbara told us, "We do pride ourselves in helping the gurl come out and properly fitting a fellow in female lingerie, especially those novices. And yes we really have much of the afternoon to do this. But let's get started... And then looking at my wife she asked, I assume you will be staying?"

My wife smiled and told her that she would not be staying. Barbara looked surprise, and my wife explained. "You see I really don't approve of all of this. I think it is too extreme. But I don't know what to do about it other than to let Mel...isa give it a try. Now don't get me wrong. I did put Mel...Melisa in his first pair of panties and then a nice sliming panty girdle and it was fun and he looked really cute. But I never thought it would go this far. But Melisa seems just so happy in lingerie and doing girly things that I feel we must give it a try. I do want Melisa to see what sort of girl he makes and to get a full taste of the girl's life."

Barbara smiled and explained, "Oh it is that way with lots of gurls. They hide their love for lingerie or their gender discomfort for years, and then one day the wife opens the door to it and they jump in with both nylon covered feet. It is really very nice of you to let Melisa find his gurl self. I am sure you will both be much happier."

The wife replied with, "Well Me...Melisa that is, certainly seems to have taken to panties and girdles. I couldn't believe it. I thought it was a game....a kinky type punishment. And we'll just have to find out about the rest. But you call him a gurl?"

Barbara explained, "Yes, Melisa is probably a gurl. That is a boy who as the song goes, just enjoys being a girl. We refer to the boys who like the girlish life but who don't want the operation as gurls rather than girls. It separates the gurls from the girls. And most of them like being called a gurl rather than being called a boy or a guy. There isn't much boy in these fellows by the time we get them. And they all do so want to be so feminine and girly."

The wife then explained, "Well I am not so sure one way or the other with Melisa. I mean he does have a hormone imbalance. I mean I just hope it's all because of his hormone imbalance. It's made him a little crazy and so I have to give into this. After all I did start him off on lingerie. You see his body has stopped making male hormones and apparently his body has always produced a bit of the female type hormones and now the female hormones have overridden everything."

And then the wife continued with, "And he just goes crazy on the medicinal male hormones. The doctors say it should reverse; we just have to wait a while.

So he's gotten all soft and has developed the cutest soft girlish padding to his figure. You know not big, but shapely hips and the cutest shapely butt. And he's gotten all soft all over. And worst of all he has the cutest little breasts. Just like a little girl coming out of puberty. And the estrogens have actually seemed to have made him act a bit feminine. You know very sweet and caring and really fond of wearing the lingerie I used to sort of force him to wear. And everyone thinks he's become a sissy. They don't know the real problem. He is embarrassed to admit to it."

Barbara was sympathetic and told the wife and me, "Well regardless of the reasons for Melisa's sudden attraction to lingerie from experience I can tell you that the desire needs to be addressed as the gurl's get very depressed and some even suicidal if they can't dress up once in a while and play at being girls."

The wife told Barbara that seemed to be the case with me. She told her, "Yes that seems to be part of the problem for Melisa. Mel... Melisa has become very uncomfortable wearing male underwear and male clothes. So I thought to cure him, to punish him, by making him try some of my things and my mother's things, figuring that would cure him of his problem with his own male clothing. But it seems that he found that he just was more comfortable and felt better wearing our clothes than his own clothing. And then he found he even liked helping around the house...you know with the house work. And then he continued to do so and that just has to stop. But he hasn't been able to stop with wearing the girlie clothes."

"So I told him if that is how it is going to be then he will just have to purchase his own lingerie. And I told

him there won't be any fooling around. I told him he would have to be fitted. You know I thought that would put a stop to it. But to my surprise he agreed to be fitted. In fact he seemed happy to be fitted for woman's lingerie and to come shopping for a complete set of lingerie. That was until we got here, when apparently the embarrassment of his actions hit him. But I told him there was no backing out or there wouldn't be a second chance. And so here he is to be fitted in lingerie from the skin out. And he is to wear it all out of here, and purchase enough to get him through the week. The will be absolutely no male underwear for Melisa!"

But the wife further explained, "But I can't watch it or be a part of it. I think it would just break my heart to see my once male husband getting dressed as a...you said...a gurl? I will just have to deal with it when it is over. That would be easier on me. He has a list of things that we think he will need. So if you could work with him off of that list without me it would be wonderful. And he knows he is to do everything you tell him to do or he can forget the whole thing. And there will be consequences for Melisa."

"And he is wearing a modesty device that we put together for him for this, so he would have a girlish line and his male thing would not be in the way. I sort of insisted on that if he really wanted to go through with it. And he allowed it. And so he is really very flat and has a very girlish flat groin. And no need to feel sorry for him or cut him any slack. I mean the truth be told, what with those estrogens he is so small down there it wasn't that difficult to flatten him out the rest of the way. Fortunately his talents also lie in other directions, if you get my drift... I don't want to embar-

rass him..., so things sort of still work out for us; though he has his problems with it."

"So perhaps he is better off forgetting he is a guy. It might just be easier on him for the time being if you just dress him up completely as a girl...or a gurl as you say and we'll just forget he is a guy. That might even be easier for me and my mother. But in any case, you are the expert and you can be the judge of that and how far you should go with him. As far as I am concerned if it makes him happy he can come out in full lingerie and a dress. That will be your call. He has his own charge card, so the sky is the limit. I just want him to be happy and relaxed so we can get through this thing together."

Barbara smiled at the thought of the big sale and I knew I was in trouble. She thanked my wife for her trust and told her, "Don't trouble yourself at all. Melisa is in good hands, and I have some lovely lingerie for him that I am sure he will just love and just love to wear. And we do have dresses that will fit him. If he wants to feel feminine and girly this is certainly the place for him. I will have him looking and feeling feminine and girly and everything will look just wonderful on him. You won't be embarrassed at all."

The wife smiled and then Barbara continued. "And there is a beauty parlor in this center that I contract with and that can do his make-up and he should really pass as a girl by the time they are done with him. If that is what you want I will see if I can get him an appointment. I am sure if he is as girly as you say and he seems to be he will just love a nice female makeover at this beauty parlor. The staff there just loves working on gurls and bringing out the girl in sweet boys."

Gosh hearing all that I was embarrassed and scared. The sky was the limit as far as dressing me up as a girl and this woman could sell me and have me wear anything she wanted. And there might even be a beauty parlor appointment in the mix. Gosh where would it stop?

And then my made it even worse for me as the wife told her, as if she had forgotten, and something she had not told me, "And oh yes, there is one thing. We really need him in a waist nipper, and a good strong one that takes off a good three to four inches off his waist, and one that he can wear 24/7. I know under the circumstances that request might seem unusual..., but the thing is, he sleep walks and when he does that he keeps trying on my mom's uniforms and stretching out the waists. She is big in the shoulders herself and he is not so big and so his male shoulders don't matter, but she has a feminine shape and a narrow waist and nice hips. And no matter how many times Mel...Melisa promises not to wear mom's uniforms at night the waists seem to get a bit stretched. We think he may be doing it in his sleep. He was a sleep walker as a child."

And the wife continued with, "So my mom insists that if he is going to go through with this and be wearing woman's underwear all the time instead of dressing like a guy, which is okay with her since she thinks that he is a sissy anyway, that I get him a good waist cincher so he can't stretch out her uniforms. She is very understanding and although she has always thought Mel was a bit of a sissy and isn't surprised with all of this she does like him. Even as a nurse she doesn't go with this resulting from a recent estrogen problem.

She thinks that maybe Melisa wants to be a nurse now that he is feeling like a girl."

Again Barbara was very understanding. She told us, "Oh, a lot of the boys want to wear uniforms. It is not unusual for a gurl do want to wear a uniform dress. Most of them want to be maids, but a few do want to be nurses or beauticians. In fact we have a program here where we train the gurls to be servant gurls or maids and even get them jobs where they can wear their maid's uniform all day. Most of the gurls find that they like that sort of work and wearing a dress and acting feminine all day under the direction of an understanding female employer. It is very nice for the gurl's and it keeps them out of trouble. But I can explain the program to you later if Melisa keeps insisting on wearing that uniform. Being a maid for a while does cure some of the gurls, but many just enjoy it so much they keep the jobs. Some of the gurls just love taking care of and taking orders from a female boss."

The wife agreed that my working as a maid might be a plan but didn't commit for me and told her, "In any case fit him for a few waist cinchers and have him wearing one on his way out. I am sure he will complain at first but only until he finds out how well a trimmed waist will allow his lingerie and my mom's uniforms to fit and look on him. I am sure that with a trimmed waist all the other lingerie should fit him much better. I mean he may even look like a girl. Wouldn't that be something!? Any way Melisa is all yours Barbara. Dress him to his heart's content. But I can't watch. I will be back later...and oh yes I made him wear his panties, and they are his panties, embroidered with his name, so he wouldn't be giving you any stories that he isn't ready for all of this or doesn't really

want to be dressed as a girl. And in fact if you have a maid's uniform that he likes let him have one of those. It might solve that other problem. He can dress up as a maid in his sleep."

And with that my wife looked at me and told me, "And Mel...isa, this is what you want and it is going to cost a pretty penny and so you had better behave and do exactly as you are told and try on and wear exactly what Barbara tells you to try on and wear or I will know the reason why and I won't be happy..., and you know what that means...don't you?"

And with that she gave me a kiss on the cheek, told me, "Not to worry I love you and we will see this through together. And just look beautiful for me in your new clothes and makeup and be happy. I will see you later. Maybe you can wear a pretty uniform out of here. Wouldn't that be something? Give me a call when you are done here and I will pick you up. I do have other things to do." And with that she left me there to my fate and to be dressed from the skin out in lingerie to be topped off with my first dress.

Chapter X: Humiliated and Getting all dressed up in lingerie

Barbara smiled and told me, "Now aren't you the lucky one. Not as lucky as the boys whose wives' want them in lingerie. But at least your wife is accepting and pleasant. What a sweet wife you have. If all the wives were like that my gurls would have it so much easier."

I tried to explain that wasn't really the case and that my wife had pushed me into all of this as a punish-

ment for my misdeeds, the specifics of which I was just too embarrassed to go into. But Barbara did not believe the truth of it. The wife had set me up too well. Barbara just smiled at me and told me, "Well lots of the boys like to pretend their bad wives have forced them into this... wearing lingerie or dressing or having to act like a female; especially the ones who like to be maids. Apparently it adds to the thrill of it all. But your wife doesn't seem the type. But we can pretend. I love to play games with my gurls. I think dressing you up as a girl is going to be fun. So let's play that your big bad wife is forcing you to be her gurl and is feminizing you and having you wear lingerie and act like a girl. And we can even fit you for some maid uniforms if that is what you... or that is your wife wants. I can believe all that if that is what you want. I just love playing games with my gurls."

I tried to tell her that what she was obviously pretending was actually true, that I was a helpless victim, or at least pretty close to that; and although I enjoyed some lingerie wearing this whole thing had really gotten out of hand and gone much further than I liked. But she just pretended that she did believe I was being forced to dress and it was fairly obvious that she did not believe I was being forced into lingerie. So as she provided my new underwear, lady's lingerie, she underscored that I had better try on the lingerie she had for me and I had just better wear it or my wife would not be happy. Now all of that was true, but the way she said it she made it sound like it wasn't true. It was maddening.

The first thing she did in pretending in her mind that I was being forced was to get me out of my clothes and helpless so I could not escape my fate and she

would get to ring up the sale. She gave me a short nylon robe that would cling to my figure and sent me to the dressing room telling me to strip down to my modesty garment and panties and to wear the robe so that she could get a good look at my figure. Well I did as I was asked as I knew there was no escape. And I knew that whatever was going to be done to me at this boutique for cross dressers was going to be embarrassing for me and I just wanted to get it over with as soon as I could and with as little damage to whatever was left of my male ego; as I knew that on some level I would enjoy at least some of it.

The robe was soft and felt wonderful, cut tight and short, and really clung to me and showed my figure, with my feminized legs, hips and butt and of course by budding breasts. I didn't know how to cover up and knew I had to come out but I hesitated and Barbara told me to shake a leg. I came out and Barbara immediately expressed delight in my figure. It was really embarrassing. I was sort of happy my wife wasn't there, which would have just made it worse.

Any way Barbara told me, "My Melisa your wife did not exaggerate; you do have a nice figure for a fellow. And my... you are so flat anyone would think you are a girl." At that point I was responding to the name Melisa and wasn't arguing with her over the fact that I wanted to be called Mel. After all the way I was going to be dressed I figured I might as well get used to being called Melisa for the fitting. Little did I know I was going to be Melisa for some time to come.

She looked at me and told me, "You know you have shapely feminine legs and a cute feminine shaped rear. Not too big but nice and femininely contoured. I can

see why you prefer lady's slacks, or why you wear a pair." I wanted to say something about the wife forcing me to wear the tight pants and that the pants weren't lady's slacks, but didn't bother. I knew it would do no good.

Then looking at my upper half she told me, "Well your waist is a bit thick, but the right cincher should cure that; and that should make you and your wife and mother in law happy." And she continued, "The hands are a bit large as are the shoulders, and..." At which time she hesitated. She came over and before I realized it she ran her hands over my chest and surprised exclaimed, "Why you have the cutest little breasts developing now don't you?" And with her hands still running over the nylon material over my cute little breasts she sent a chill up my spine and I lost focus as she opened the robe to take a look. I had never had a sensation like that before short of my wife playing with me, but lower down, so that fact that my little mounds were that sensitive was a real shocker. And with all that I was a man I had developed little breasts and it was embarrassing to have them handled and then exposed. But what was I to do? I had no place to go the way I was dressed, and I was under my orders from the wife to do as I was told to do, and so I just had to follow Barbara's orders.

I went to close the robe and she slapped my hands away and I responded in obedience and stopped trying to close the robe and she opened the robe even further. She told me, "Now Melisa sissy boys do as they are told and if you do something like that again I will put you over my knee and give you the proper spanking. And don't think I won't or can't do it."

Believe it or not I was sort of scared and fell right into line. And I let her expose me. And she continued, "Now Melisa the truth is out. And your wife didn't even mention it. I guess she is just too embarrassed for you. You really are some sort of a sissy...or worse. And all this talk about your wife forcing you...I guess she forced you to grow breasts?! The waist cincher won't be the only garment you need for support. You'll need a brassiere and a real fitted one. And we have the perfect ones for a figure like yours. We stock ones specially designed for men growing breasts, with large bands and small cups, impossible to find except in a boutique like this one. And I love fitting a fellow with his first satin brassiere. Why you sissy boys just love them. Oh yes...once you have a brassiere on you will never want to take it off, and you will have to admit to being a sissy. All the reluctant ones do once they get their first satin bra. Yes you will just have to admit that you are a sweet sissy. Oh this is just going to be so much fun dressing you. I hope you brought enough money in that purse of yours." And then she laughed, "Oh excuse me, your wife's purse..."

Despite the embarrassment of having my robe open and my small breasts showing I tried to explain, "You see as part of my punishment and" Well Barbara wouldn't hear it. She told me, "Melisa just stop it! I don't think I have ever seen a bigger feminized sissy than you. And I know your kind. One more word from you and I will have you over me knee. And don't think I can't do it. I am typically stronger than the sissy boys in your shape. You don't seem very muscular or at all manly."

And she let that sink in and I was afraid she might just be right. And besides, where would I go the way I

looked. But I told her, "I don't really think I can do this...perhaps another time." Then seeing her sale go she got a bit angry with me and she continued; "Now we both know how you really want to be dressed...." And she smiled at her little mistake and continued, "Oh excuse me dear...how your wife wants you to be dressed...your little punishment, and how you are going to dress for your wife, and so let's get on with it. I can tell you this... You are not going anywhere. And if what you say is true... You had just better be suitably dressed in lingerie and a dress from the skin out by the time your wife returns. So either way....your idea, or your wife's idea...you will be dressed fully in lingerie and perhaps a dress. So stop with the games...or else you are just going to make in tougher on yourself ... and unnecessarily so!"

Then she continued with, "You can pretend you don't enjoy it, but we need to get on with it and we will get on with it. I do have other customers and their wives coming in. So unless you want to be on display partially dressed we need to move this along. Your wife told me, despite her misgiving about your real wishes to dress in lingerie that she does feel you need to experience being fully dressed in woman's lingerie and having to wear your lingerie and a dress out so that you get the full experience of what it is like for a man to not only wear girl's undies but to have to wear girl's underwear 24/7 and in public. And your wishes and what your wife requested is how this is going to go."

Again she let what she was saying sink in and then she continued, "Lots of sissies get cold feet when their dreams come true, but that won't matter here." Your wife expects to come back here and find her hubby in

lingerie from the skin out covered by a dress and I intend that you oblige her; whether it is your idea or her idea. So let me get some measurements so we can get started. And with that she measured my hips and my waist. "Not bad" she told me, "but we'll need to take your waist in at least three to four inches to make this work."

It sounded a bit extreme to me. I couldn't think of how she was going to pull my waist in by three to four inches. But before I could comment she told me to open my robe. She told me, "Now I need you to drop the top of your robe so I can measure you for your bra, and if you are going to cooperate you need to do just that and if not I will send you on your way just as you are. I am sure to avoid exposure if for no other reason; you would rather look as much like a real girl as possible when you leave here."

I again quickly thought about all of my alternatives and realized there really weren't any viable ones and needless to say I dropped the top of the robe to expose my breasts. Barbara smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek. And she rhetorically asked me, as she continued taking measurements. "Now that wasn't too hard now was it? After all, from here on out we are all gurls here. And I think you are just going to love the look and feel of your new underthings." I was afraid she might be right. But I also knew I was going to hate myself when and if I did luxuriate in the feel of the female things I was going to be forced to wear.

Barbara left me and shortly returned with lingerie for me to try on. First she provided the waist cincher. She wrapped it around me and had me suck in my gut and fastened it with small hooks and eyes which ran



down the front of the garment. The garment created a feminine waist line for me, and truly reduced my male waist by at least four inches creating a feminine shape for me. Once fastened into it I let go of my stomach but the garment still held me in. It was made of a triple layer of lycra and had real holding power to it, unlike similar garments constructed of a single layer of that material. It ran from my hips to just below my breasts and not only held in my waist but moved some excess fat and tissue down to my hips and up to my chest. I couldn't believe the change it affected to my figure.

And worst of all it felt really nice and comfortable on me, and supportive in a nice way. Gosh I sort of liked it. I didn't know what to think or what to say.

Barbara also took a good look at me when she had finished fastening me into my waist cincher. Even she could not believe the change it had affected to my figure. She told me, "Why Melisa, you look some much like a gurl now. That cincher really works marvels for you. Your figure is so slimmed and feminine with that I believe we can really fit you for the nicest feminine lingerie. I am really pleased and happy for you. Not every gurl's figure is as pliant as yours is and takes to waist cinching or to corseting so well. Your wife should really be so pleased, if you aren't."

Again looking at my image in the mirrors in the dressing room I could not believe how my waist had been slimmed. Uncontrollably I ran my hands along my waist while gazing at my feminized reflection in the mirror. Barbara told me, "You see you are a panty waist sissy and don't try to tell me different and blame your wife. Only gurl's run their hands over lycra the

way you just did. I think we are going to be great friends. I just love a pretty gurl."

Well that wasn't truly the case and I was sure Barbara was playing mind games with me. Get me to think I was a real panty waist sissy even if I was not though I might have had a thing for satin, but before I could deny Barbara told me, "Not a word dear. Let me get you into your bra and then we will know for sure."

And with that she held up a stretch satin bra for me to try on. She must have seen the horror and hesitation on my face but she gave me a look which broached no nonsense and told me to hold out my arms and so I held out my arms and she slid the bra on to me and into place and then fastened it behind my back. Then once she had me fastened into it she stepped away so I could again look at myself in the mirror.

Well to begin with the satin bra just felt wonderful against my budding and sensitive breasts. I couldn't believe the feel was so nice. It almost took my breath away. I didn't know what to say. But Barbara apparently recognized the look on my face. She smiled and told me, "You know I just love putting real sissies into their first high quality satin bras. When they have cute little real girl breasts like you their breasts are just so sensitive that the bras are such a delight for a sissy that you can tell by the look on a sissy's face. And the look on your face says it all. You do have real breasts... nice and sensitive; which means you are a real gurl and are just going to love all of this and all your new clothes. And I am really just going to enjoy dressing you so in all your new girly clothes. I just love having a boy walk in here and a gurl walk out. I even think that you would be perfect for our 'maid program'. So let's ad-

mit it. The bra really does feel nice, now doesn't it? And you do so want to get on with this and be covered in nylon and satin. "

The satin bra did feel nice and I was turned on by it, but I did not want to admit it. I started to deny and then to stutter a bit, but Barbara only smiled. She told me, "Not to worry dear, it is our secret. I won't tell your wife. But I do need you to cooperate. Now not another word of denial, and I will make all you sweet sissy dreams come true and these desires of yours can be our little secret." Well I did not know what to say, and didn't say much. But I was under her control for a while and just did as I was told. It was all so humiliating and awful, but all the clothes just felt so nice, and I was beginning to feel really nice and a bit turned on.

Next I was provided with a lovely garter belt, an old fashioned one of stretch satin and wide. She handed it to me and sort of defeated I put it on myself which seemed to please her. It felt wonderful to the touch, and I actually felt driven to put it on. I almost couldn't help myself. It was just such lovely feminine garment. I found I was attracted to it. The Barbara told me, "Now that wasn't so hard... was it?" I just stared at my feet. I was so ashamed but so turned on. And she continued, "You see now you are getting into the spirit of all this and things will really go much easier for you. You really are just such a sissy gurl. Why not admit it? Come on and admit you are a sissy gurl and let's enjoy this together. It will be just so much nicer for you and so much more of a turn on once you share your sissy cross dressing desires with a woman." I almost wanted to; she almost had me convinced that I really did not just have some sort of fetish but that I was a real sissy cross dresser. I mean everything was feeling

just so nice on me, but I could not bring myself to make the admission.

Barbara smiled and told me, "Well suit yourself dearie. You'll have to admit you're a sissy gurl soon enough. And I tell you that you will feel better once you've accepted that you prefer nice woman's clothes to dressing in drab men's clothing."

Then she handed me a pair of lycra stockings. She asked if I had ever worn nylons before and though I had I could not admit to it and I told her that I had never worn stockings before. She gave me a look of disbelief and then she smiled and told me, "Well then you are really in for a pleasurable surprise. You are going to love the feel and the look of these stockings on your legs. It is ashamed they aren't shaved. But.....we'll just have to make do. Now one at a time gather them together and roll one up each leg and smooth them off. I am sure you know how. You've seen girls do it."

Well I did as instructed and I must say I enjoyed the feel of the lycra along my legs and the feel as I smoothed them off and pulled them up tight; but I tried not to get all dreamy and let on. So next Barbara told me how to fasten my stocking by pulling my garters from the belt through my panties and how to attach them to my stockings after making sure the stocking were pulled nice a tight, all of which I did, and to Barbara's satisfaction.

And watching me Barbara just smiled and told me, "Now don't tell me you've never done this before. You fasten your garters expertly and just in the right place on each stocking. You have to be a cross dresser... You

are just too sweet and experienced. You do everything just right...just like a girl."

Again looking at myself in the mirror I couldn't believe it with the final touch of the gartered stockings I really just looked and felt like a girl. It was awful but the feel of the lingerie was just wonderful. I didn't know what to do with myself. There I was in lingerie and really looking and feeling more like a girl than a guy. There I was with longish hair, estrogen soften features and skin, estrogen induced small breasts, and estrogen softened rounded hips and butt and as flat as could be where there should have been something. And there I was a supposed guy dressed in a bra, waist cincher, panties, garter belt, and stockings. Gosh I really could not consider myself much of a male. And that feeling of femininity was beginning to feel nice. I just wanted to cry. But I was feeling too turned on to cry.

Barbara must have read my mind. Any way she told me, "Yes dear you do make a convincing girl. I really should put you in a dress and makeup, but that will have to wait. I really want your wife here for that. I think she needs to be here for you when you put on your first dress in public and walk out of here a real gurl. So here slip into your camisole and pants slip and I'll go fetch your pants and shirt, which you can wear for the time being. But don't get to use to wearing pants again. They aren't for you. You aren't meant to wear pants any longer. I don't think you wife will permit it. Once she sees what a lovely gurl you make she will know you are meant for dresses....and obedience."

And so I slipped on the satin camisole and silken pants slip, and again they just felt wonderful. And again I just stared at myself in the mirror just seeing my transformed figure covered by a camisole, pants slip, and nylon stockings I really just could not believe how much like a young girl I looked and how much like a female I felt when I saw absolutely no bulge at all and a front that looked absolutely feminine. I think I was ready to break down. But I also felt wonderful and so turned on. It was just so much better than just wearing panties. And the fact that I couldn't release meant there was no way for me to stop the nice feelings. I was trapped.

Barbara by then had returned my pants, my female cut male pants and my shirt and my shoes. I put them all on, and still really looked like a girl. And the shoes felt uncomfortable. However there wasn't much I could do about it. And I was just hoping the wife would show and get me home when I could decline and get out of my new lingerie, even though I was, as my wife said I would, finding that I really liked the feel of what I was wearing even though it was female underwear. And I was hoping the wife would just forget about putting me in a dress. And then the real horror of it all was I really did not want to take off any of my new lingerie. It all felt just so wonderful and I was just so turned on. However, I was feeling terribly feminine.

Then Barbara insisted that the wife would want me to have a change of lingerie and so she had me pick out more. I had to get several bras, and another waist cincher, and a number of panties and a few more garter belts, and a number of pairs of stockings before she would let me stop. And she made me touch each garment and hold it up to myself and get the real feel of

the garment. Why they all felt so wonderful I could hardly wait to try each one on. It was crazy and driving me crazy. But she did not have me select additional camisoles and pants slips as she did not know if the wife really wanted me to walk out in a dress or not, and if so I would not need the pants slips.

And then walking around totally dressed in such quality lingerie I felt absolutely wonderful. I could not believe the sensations and what they cause me to feel. What had happened to me? How could wearing woman's clothing make me feel so nice and relaxed and turned on and so feminine. I mean I just had a panty fetish. What was up with the rest of the lingerie? The satin lycra compression of the waist cincher was a delight. I never wanted to take it off and feel a loose stomach again. It just felt so comforting. And the feel of the satin cups of my bra against my breasts and sensitive nipples was an actual turn on. The sensation of satin on my breasts was just wonderful. The stockings were an absolute delight. And I could not believe how comforting I was finding the pull of the garters on my stockings as I walked. Where did that sensation come from? I just loved the feel of my new clothes and really did not want to take them off. I didn't know what to do. But I would find out that I would not have to take of my lingerie....not then....not ever!

Chapter XI: Forced to contract as a lady's maid

Finally it was time to pay and I gave her my credit card dreading the total and she rang up the bill and the card was refused. To say she was angry would be an

understatement. It was most likely a ploy, but she pulled it off so very well. She thought it was some sort of scam or pretending to think it was, as the clothing that I was already wearing she could not take back, was represented a nice bill. She threatened to call the police and turn me in just the way I was dressed but I convinced her to wait for my wife to return who would make everything right.

When the wife returned she was immediately happy with my new figure and the way I fit my female cut pants and unhappy that I was not in a dress, but she hardly got through her first sentence questioning why not the dress before Barbara started demanding payment. Then as it turned out the wife had not brought her wallet wanting me to have to charge all the woman's lingerie on my credit card under my name with no way out of that. And again Barbara threatened to get the police.

Well as push came to shove I begged her anything but that, anything but calling the police, as I was terrified of being arrested dressed as I was dressed. I was terrified of the publicity and terrified of what could happen to me in jail. Barbara thought a while and then told me the only way out for me was to obtain the employee discount and lay away plan....otherwise it was the police. With that plan I could pay on the budget plan if I was an employee. She would allow me to pay for the clothing, all of it, not just what I was wearing, but what we had picked out and also for what I would also have to purchase to work for her as one of her employees, as a male maid. She insisted that the only way she was not going to call the police was that if I was an employee. So I could pay for all I had purchased and would have to purchase by working for her cleaning

service company as a male maid under a binding contract and appropriately dressed as a maid and to work off what I owed her. And I needed to sign a contract to that affect before I could leave.

Well the wife offered sympathy and deals and I tried to work out all sorts of deals around signing the contract but being able to then buy my way out by coming back with the money, but Barbara was not up for that. Apparently there was a shortage of these male maids in her line of supply and I was worth more to Barbara as a maid than the immediate payment of my bill was worth to her, and she had me over the proverbial barrel.

She assumed or pretended to assume that I had tried to get away with not paying and once caught was agreeing to pay, but she wasn't going to let me off that easy. She had to teach me a lesson. But at that point I still wasn't signing and so Barbara softened a little. She told me, "Now Melisa, I think you will love working for me and being a sissy male maid. I will treat you wonderfully and I will treat you just like you are a gurl. All the gurls find that they love my transformations and just love to wear uniform dresses all the time and work for controlling woman who love to have feminized males at their beck and call. All the gurls really just love it. You'll get to be a gurl all day, and in dresses all day, and performing females work all day. And you get paid to do that. You get paid a real salary. Most sissies have to pay the mistress. In this case the mistress will pay you. You will love it. Trust me. You will just be so happy and feel so fulfilled. And your femininity will be appreciated by a loving mistress. There is no finer life style for a real gurl."

Well I wasn't convinced but as it appeared that it would be maid service or jail and the wife wasn't really helping out and so I chose maid service and signed the contracts, despite the clauses about the beauty parlor, and having to wear the requisite maid's uniform, and to undergo domestic training as needed. I signed and I didn't realize it, but I could have just kicked my life as a male good-bye. I was going to be trapped as a feminized male for a long - long time. It was a good thing for me that I was actually beginning to enjoy my estrogen fueled life as a cross dressed feminized male, which I could not let my wife know as I was terrified of the consequences. But in any case, whether forced by the wife or my new employer it looked like I would be in dresses and full female underwear for a while. The thought was terrifying but enticing. I actually found it a bit of a turn on, though I was nonetheless afraid.

Once I had signed my contract Barbara got even less angry very quickly, which led me to believe the whole thing had been a scam. And once I had signed the contract and my wife had witnessed it there was no getting out of it, regardless of whether my credit card had actually been turned down. And I am sure Barbara would have played the game to the hilt and would have called the police and let me spend a night in jail dressed the way I was dressed all in lady's lingerie. But once the contract was signed Barbara was all smiles and gave me a hug and a girly kiss on the cheek to celebrate.

Then she told me wife, "Now just walk the dear over to the beauty parlor a few stores away, and if he doesn't just love his transformation we can talk about this again. But all the gurls just love the beauty treat-

ments and their new uniforms. Melisa will be no different. Once he has been transformed his heart will melt and he will just be so happy he will never want to leave his new career in uniform dresses.

The wife then laughed a bit. She told Barbara, "Well I did want him in dresses as a lesson, but I had no idea it would wind up like this. I expected to keep him home in dresses working for me until he had learned a lesson. Now I have to share him. But at least he will have to wear dresses and stay in his feminine lingerie all day. That should hopefully teach him a lesson and get boring even for him after a while. I will just have to see how you look dear. Let's just make the best of it. I don't know what I will do not having you around as my little home maker."

Chapter XII: Humiliated and Beautified at the Beauty Parlor

The wife walked me over to the beauty parlor though I didn't really want her with me and mentioned I could do it on my own. It just seemed that she had a way of making these situations even worse and more embarrassing then they had to be and it seemed to me that more and more that she was having fun with all of this and that she was getting a real kick out of my predicament and a real thrill from embarrassing me publically with it, at least in front of the ladies.

She told me no and that she would have to go with me, at least to make sure I got started with whatever I had to get done at the beauty parlor. She explained she couldn't take the chance of me chickening out of my agreement, since me getting myself arrested for credit

card fraud or anything else for that matter, especially under these particular circumstances, would not go over well for her at her firm; and that since she had become the main "bread-winner" we both had to be careful of anything that would affect her job. She needed to contain the situation and she was there to make sure that I did contain it by fulfilling my contractual obligation regardless of the embarrassment and discomfort. I had gotten myself into this predicament and she meant for me to contain it. And she further explained that I had no one to blame but myself! I could not believe that, and the comment about her having the larger salary really hurt, all things considered as to how that had happened, but I kept mute about it. I was just so worried about making things worse for myself, and with all those estrogens in me, I no longer could stand up to my wife. I was just feeling so soft and intimidated and then also a bit turned on by my situation. I could hardly believe it. In a way it was all fun and enjoyable and again a bit of a turn on. However I did not want to be stuck in dresses and lingerie and things were beginning to look like I would be stuck full time dressed fully as a girl with no way out until I had paid for it all. The agreement with my wife to function as the lady of the house had had and out. This deal seemed that it would keep me in my current predicament for much longer.

As Barbara had telephoned the staff at the beauty parlor the girls at the beauty parlor were ready for me and the wife and I were greeted with a warm welcome and with smiles as apparently the girls enjoyed their work of feminizing males.

The head beautician explained I was scheduled for a total makeover, and whatever that was I could only

fearfully imagine. I was soon to learn as she explained that the process started off with the removal of my male hair so that I would need to undress for the depilation and she handed me a thong of sorts and a wrap as my only garments. I was hesitant as knowing once they had gotten my clothes I wasn't going anywhere until they were finished with me, I tried to slow things down and I asked for more of an explanation as to what the total makeover included, but the lady was not allowing for that.

She told me, "Sweet heart all you have to know is that when the girls are done with you, you will be an absolutely beautiful gurl as feminine looking as you can be, and any manly looks you had will be gone. I guarantee you will just love the process and we will do nothing to embarrass you. And when the girls are done with you, you will have no masculine looks to be embarrassed about. And you will make a lovely maid. And I guarantee you that you will be absolutely happy with the entire process and your new look. All the gurls are...and most want to be feminized even more and come back for further feminizations of their appearances. So not to worry..."

Then she explained that I was a last minute appointment and though they just had enough time for the makeover if it was moved along. So in order not to waste time I really needed to strip down and she would have things explained to me while my hair was being removed. Meanwhile she would run the process by the wife for any objections. And she explained to the wife, that under the contract I really did not have much say in the process, but since she, my wife was present, it would be nice to get some feminine input from here about the transformation as it was always

nice to get some input from a wife who were typically more honest about her sissy's likes and dislikes and how far the sissy wanted to go with the feminization then were the sissies themselves.

Well I wasn't too sure about that, but what choice did I have. I had really wanted to discuss the situation and hadn't thought I would be shedding my clothes before that but the wife was once again in control and she wasn't making any objections and there was little I could do about it. With no money and dressed the way I was dressed and with the threat of being arrested I had no choice but to do as I was told to do, which I did. The wife told me, "You don't have all day dear, so let's just get this started, and you need to cooperate. I think this is close to what you wanted anyway....what you agreed to do with me...you know to be the lady of the house. I will take care of everything from here on out. You've already gotten yourself into enough trouble for one day."

I tried to explain to that beautician that I was not a sissy, but a victim of circumstances but that got nowhere. The beautician laughed and told me, "Don't be silly. Of course you are a sissy. Only guys who are sissy cross dressers contract to be maids and wind up at this beauty parlor, silly gurl. But not to worry, we just love turning sissy boys into pretty gurls here. Everyone working here is either a sissy gurl or has her own sissy husband at home who is being trained full time to become a full time gurl and housewife or maid. So no one is going to see anything they haven't already seen many times. And your secrets are safe with us...that is your secret is safe with us...as long as you behave yourself. I understand there was some problem at the boutique and if you are thinking of backing

out of your agreement with Barbara our instructions are to hold you here for the police. And I am sure no one wants that. Or am I wrong. Some gurls like spending time in jail. Are you one of those? Or shall we get started? "

And after that the wife put me right in my place in front of the beautician and that was that. The wife did not want me arrested, and if the threat did not intimidate me it appeared to have intimidated the wife. It seemed that all of a sudden she was completely convinced that I was a sissy and that was that.

She told me, "Now be a good sissy Melisa and do as you are told. I am sure these ladies under these circumstances know what is best for a sissy in your situation, and you don't want to waste their time having to give you all sorts of explanations. You really need no longer worry yourself with such decisions. You are under contract for this and we can't have you breaking a written contract. Gosh we don't want to see you in jail. Just think about being sent to jail the way you are dressed. Who knows what could happen to a pretty gurl like you all dressed in lingerie and those tight pants. So I think you need to ask fewer questions and you need to get ready and I will discuss your makeover with the ladies. I believe that would be the more appropriate way to handle this. I am sure whatever it is, it will be appropriate for you new employment. Now run a long before the ladies and I get annoyed..."

Well I could not believe that turn around in my wife's attitude and how dismissively the wife was treating me and how she was ordering me around in front of a woman whom I had never met before, but

the wife was doing just that and I was stuck. And with that she had established the precedent of how I was to be treated at the beauty parlor.

But she didn't stop it there. She even humiliated me further. The wife took the thong and looking at it she told the beautician, "Dear, this will never do. This looks like a pouched thong for a real man. My Melisa isn't so developed and isn't much of a man. He isn't hung at all. He really is a sissy, nice and small and compact and tucked flat. I believe he would be much more comfortable in a girl's thong, and it would certainly fit him better. And he does so seem to like lady's things. I am sure he would be more comfortable and happier wearing a lady's thong."

Then looking at me and holding the thong the wife asked me right in front of the beautician, "Now dear you could never fill this out now could you?" I didn't want to admit the truth of my current state and was turning red and stuttering trying not to cry. Then she asked, "And besides, with all the lingerie you are wearing it would be silly to have you wear anything male in front of these ladies. They might get the wrong idea about you. Wouldn't you just feel more comfortable in a nice nylon lined lady's thong that fit you nice a tight?" Well I wasn't answering it was just too embarrassing, and the wife just answered for me." She told me, "Why of course you would be more comfortable in a lady's bikini thong. So just go undress and we'll get you one shortly."

And then she told the beautician, "And that robe will never do. It is cut for a guy. Melisa has the beginnings of a lovely figure. I am sure he would be more comfortable in a wrap for a lady. And anyway it

would just fit better and look better on his figure. He does have the cutest beginnings of tiny breasts and a lovely feminine tush and lovely feminized hips. I mean if we are going to do this, and I am not happy about it, you should do it right. After all if he is going to be feminized even further than he has feminized himself let's not pretend that he is at all masculine." And I was crushed, but what could I say. I found myself just trying not to cry. It was awful. I just felt so humiliated, but also a bit turned on!

Well the head beautician seemed a bit amused, but came up with a girl's thong and wrap for me to wear, and the wife sent me back to change. I stripped down while they were talking and slipped into the thong. And with only that garment on looking at myself in the mirror, I saw an underdeveloped girl. It was awful. I was totally flat where a girl should be flat and a guy should not and the thong fit me fine. And I had the estrogen induced shapely rear and hips and soft chest with budding breasts. It was humiliating. And so I put on the lady's robe to cover up and had to force myself to step out.

The beautician gave me a genuine smile of pleasure and told my wife, "Why he is rather feminine. His skin really appears to be femininely soft and thin, not manly at all... And he does have a budding feminine figure. Is he already on estrogens?"

The wife gave the hormone imbalance story, and how it was affecting me both physically and mentally, and how I was trying to avoid my new urges and hide my new feminine feelings, which was how I had gotten myself in my current position. For none the less I

had been trying on and wearing lingerie and had gotten myself into my current position.

The beautician provided some sympathy for my situation but still showed no mercy. I thought to deny it all but then realized it would only make things more embarrassing for me. And then while I was trying to figure out what to say next the beautician just continued. She suggested rather than the waxing that had been planned, that for a bit extra cost they could use a laser hair removal system that typically did not work well for men but would work on me like it does for woman as my skin was so soft and I was exposed to estrogens. Then after her technician gave me a sample of the waxing I let my wife agree, figuring it would be less painful, and when my hormone balance returned so would my hair.

So I was left with the technician who would perform the laser electrolysis while the wife and the head beautician left to discuss the rest of my makeover. I apparently was not to be consulted. I was being treated as if I were a child.

The technician, Ann, was very pleasant. She gave me a run down on the procedure and then got underway. It included me downing a drink to relax me and relieve pain, with the way she explained it the relieve pain being the operative procedure. The drink looked and tasted like a strawberry daiquiri and so I drank it down and enjoyed doing so. Ann just gossiped with me for about 15 minutes, I guess giving the drink time to work. She asked me if I was a transgender or just a cross dresser and I told her that I was neither and that this was all a joke taken too far.

Well she could not believe that. She told me I was too pretty and too naturally effeminate, the way I walked and moved, not to be minimally a sissy cross dresser. That went back and forth with me trying to blame the wife but Ann not taking that seriously until I felt myself getting a bit woozy, and which point Anna had me disrobe, which I did not have a problem with, strangely enough, probably due to the drugs in the drink. Then she had me lie down and she got started.

She gave me a full body massage rubbing in an oily concoction that eliminated the hair once activated by the laser and the rub down along with the drink had me feeling like jello, as she rubbed me all over with that oily mix. And I do mean all over....everywhere I had hair except for my head and eyebrows and eye lashes, and of course not under the thong, until it had penetrated into all my hair follicles. It must have taken an hour. It completely relaxed me and I felt like jelly and had no resistance, either physically or mentally, left in me; and I found talking difficult. I was in a twilight type of sleep, felt wonderful, and apparently was really open to suggestion; which was the idea and part of the treatment to fully feminize me.

And she was quite sweet and pleasant with me, telling me what lovely skin I had and how shapely I was for a fellow, and not in a nasty way, and insisting that I had to be a cross dresser and that I had to love wearing lingerie and that I had to love acting femininely; as I just looked to beautiful and was just so feminine. And she told me that I should not be embarrassed by it, at least not at this beauty parlor as all the girls there just love working with feminine men, transgender and cross dressers and making their dreams come true and making them as feminine as possible.

And Ann would stress that over and over, that masculine for me was bad and that I was lovely and feminine, and that I should not be embarrassed about being lovely and feminine, and that I should enjoy being lovely and feminine and that I should want to be even lovelier and even more feminine.

As she did my butt she told me, "You know this is just too shapely to belong to a guy. You aren't going to have any trouble filling out your uniforms. You have a lovely behind. Really too nice for a guy, even for a cross dresser or a sissy..."

And when she reached my chest I could have died from the embarrassment and from the pleasure. Again she was nice about it. She knew about the estrogen problem, as that was why I as a male was none the less still a candidate for this manor of hair removal and she was really sweat. As she rubbed the hair follicle killing oil into my soft feminine chest I think she really spent more time there than she needed to spend, especially after I had made a few involuntary sighs.

She seemed to get a pleasure from her ability to illicit those sounds of pleasure from me, the emanation from me which also surprised me. And she told me, "You know you really not only have wonderful soft feminine skin and a lovely butt, but you have the nicest soft feminine chest for a male, and some typical female responses to the massage. I believe you are already more of a girl than you think you are. You will most likely really need a bra soon if you hormone imbalance keeps up. I've seen this before. You are reacting like all the feminine guys who take hormones react and who really develop nice girlish figures in short times. I guess it is in the genes. Some guys are very ef-

feminate to begin with and they hide it and the estrogens just bring it right out of them, and very quickly. You really need to give in to your feminine feelings. You will be so much happier. You were really born to be a girl. You shouldn't try to pretend that you are really a man. It is silly. Despite part of your anatomy you are really just a sweat girl."

And after an hour of that I was really zonked and just felt the pleasure of the massage and felt myself agreeing with what she was telling me about myself. The words just seemed to repeat. And she told me, "Melisa you really are sweet and might as well just enjoy your femininity. There isn't any reason to hide that you are a sissy and your love of girlish things. Being girlish really becomes you. You should not be embarrassed about it. You have the beginnings of a lovely feminine soft figure and you really just need to luxuriate in that and be proud of it. I am sure you will have lovely sensitive breasts that should be a sensual joy to you and something for which you should be happy and proud. And you shouldn't be hiding your love of lingerie. That is silly. You know you love the feel of satin and silks and nylon on your soft skin. So you shouldn't hide that any more. You can luxuriate in your feminine finery. And there isn't any need to try to act masculine. You will just seem butch. You are so naturally feminine you really need to just be the girl that you need to be and want to be. And I am sure you really do want to be a sweat girl. "

And she got even deeper with, "And I am sure you will just love passing as a girl, looking like a girl, acting like a girl, dressing like a girl, taking orders and not having to think for yourself at all, and just being an obedient maid and not having a care in the world.

Some sissies really like that and I am sure you are the type of sissy who will like that and be very happy. And remember all the girls here are your friends and are just here to help you become the sweet girlish sissy that you want to be and need to be. In fact I think as sissy like you should be uncomfortable with anything male. I am sure that you will find that male actions and clothing or thoughts will just make you uncomfortable. I am sure that even thinking for yourself as a real male will just make you uncomfortable. You really will feel much better doing as you are told to do by your betters, the real females in your life. Yes you will really be so happy as a gurl. I don't think you will ever want to be anything else but a sweet, obedient, adorable, and effeminate, cross dressing, gurl. And that is the only way you will be happy."

I couldn't say anything, but I was denying it in my mind, but that was difficult. I was finding that after a while I was getting convinced that life would just be better for me as a gurl and that I did want to be girlish and that I was enjoying the feel of my changing shape and body and that I should continue to act femininely and dress in nice sensual lingerie, and perhaps it would be better if I just did as I was told, and perhaps work as a maid would be nice. And then I would tell myself no...no...no!

And Ann told me, "You know Melisa, I think you are really going to find a smooth hairless feminine body just wonderful. And not only that I know you will just love wearing makeup, with the soft feel of those creams on your skin and the wonderful fragrances your makeup will have. Yes I am sure you will find that you enjoy wearing makeup and just looking so sweet in your lipstick and rough. You will find that

you do look lovely. You know gurls like you always get addicted to makeup and just find that they are uncomfortable without wearing their makeup and that they are uncomfortable without the feel and scent of their makeup on their skin. Yes Melisa, you will just love wearing makeup. I am sure that you will want to always wear your makeup."

Anyway that was just the first round. Next she set me up for the next part of the treatment. I was, slid into a tube which would expose me to the laser. There was initially some pain and some heat, which was my hair follicles being permanently destroyed, but the sedative was doing its job and I was fogged out. But I still heard Ann just repeating and repeating what she had told me while she had been messaging me. It was echoing in my head as I continued to hear how much I really must enjoy being a gurl and everything about being a gurl. And then she just kept telling me how pretty I would look as a girl and how pretty boys like me always find out that they really liked being girlish and looking like girls and acting like girls and wearing girl's soft silky lingerie and wearing makeup and becoming lady's maids.

In my mind I was denying it all in the beginning but after a while it started to make perfect sense to me. And I started agreeing in my mind that the lingerie and the girlish sensations were nice and that I did like wearing lingerie and would probably like wearing makeup and that it would be nice to stay out of my horrid boy clothes and horrid pants and get into a nice open and comfortable uniform dress, and that I was tired of making decisions and it would be nice to just follow orders. And then I would rebel against all that. And then it would start all over.

Eventually I was done with both the laser treatment and whatever game Ann was playing with my mind and she woke me up and took a groggy me into the shower. By that time the entire message I had gotten while under seemed like a dream. But none the less it must have minimally weakened my resolve as I was feeling a lot more relaxed about my situation and a lot more comfortable with myself and my imposed femininity. By the time I was out of the shower I was more awake but before I could think about the crazy dream I got the shock of my life when I saw my hairless and by virtue of that even more feminine appearing body in the mirror. I couldn't believe it. I didn't want to believe it. Without hair my estrogen softened effeminate body was really looking like a girl. And I had really nice shapely legs, and as Ann had told me, a really nice enough butt. I just looked like a boyish girl with a small chest and a masculine face. But there was nothing to do about it.

Ann dried me off. That was very nice. Then she powdered me so I was feeling and smelling even more feminine, which I strangely found comforting. And she told me, "I think you are going to like smelling sweet." But I would not admit to it. And then she let me start to get dressed in private. She had me take off the thong and then slip into my support garment and my panties, at which point Ann came in to help me dress. She had already seen me in the thong and had felt me up, as the expression goes, and then some, so there was little about which to be embarrassed. And so I actually just let her dress me. I was still a bit out of it, and that would be for some time. That is how the system worked.

She helped me on with my waist cincher and positioned it and cinched it closed for me. Once she had it closed she took a look and told me, "Why your body certainly conforms to that waist cincher without much of a problem. It really looks cute on you. You are really a wonderful candidate for cross dressing. Woman's clothing should just fit you wonderfully. And you did look like you enjoy wearing all this lingerie you came in wearing. "

Then she helped me with my bra holding it up for me to slip my arms through and then getting real close and letting her breasts touch my soft mounds she reached behind me and closed the back for me. As she was rubbing up against me she told me, "And your soft chest even feels nice and womanly and gathers well into a bra. Why you should be developing more breast like growth there shortly. And I am sure you will find your own breasts to be a wonderful addition. Don't you think having your own breast will be just wonderful?" Well I wasn't sure and told her that which did not seem to make her happy. I mean I did have to admit the breasts felt nice, which she smiled at, but I could not tell her having developing breast made me happy, which did not make her happy. And she even seemed a bit surprised that I would not admit to wanting breasts.

Next she fastened the garter belt around me, but no stockings. And then she helped me slip into my cami-sole and pants slip; at which time she handed me my pants and I put my pants on. And with her carrying my shoes and my stockings she walked me over to the shop area of the beauty parlor where the head beautician was waiting for me.

Chapter XIII: The Make Over Continues and Gets Serious

The head beautician, Marge then took over from Ann. I tried to find out what was in store for me, but she told me to hush and that my wife had decided that under the circumstances, of my future employment that a full make-over would be best for me and that she wanted me looking passable and lovely for my new job by the time she returned. The wife had agreed that I should not embarrass myself or her by looking butch. I needed to pass as a girl. That would be best for us all. Well I balked a bit and Marge seemed a bit surprised that I wasn't absolutely happy about that sort of makeover. She gave Ann a look as if to say what is going on here. Ann then just gave her a look back with a big questioning look on her face as if to say, damn if I know.

Anyway Marge wasn't taking any guff from me and just danced around my hesitation telling me that my wife should be back shortly and would explain everything, but as we were on a tight schedule she needed to get me started and would answer questions in a bit, but that we did have to move it along.

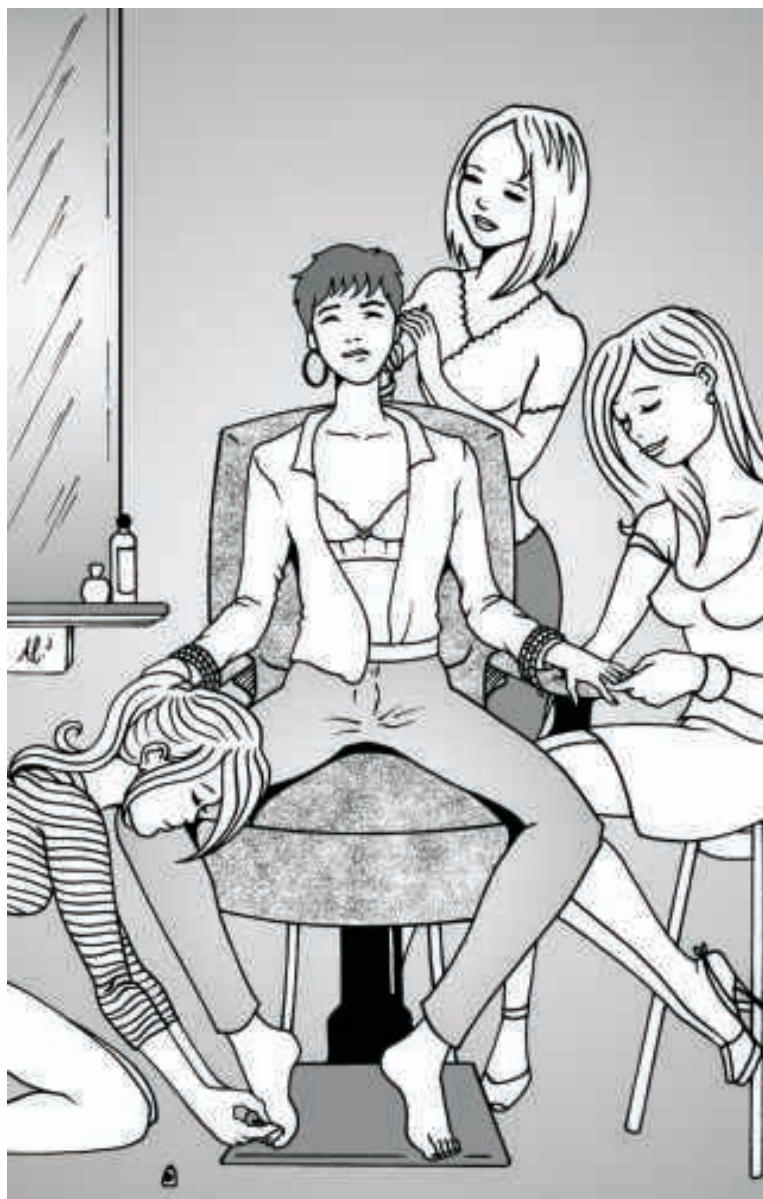
She walked me over to a typical beauty parlor chair and had me sit down. Once I was sitting with my head back I found that I could not move my head, or my hands or my legs, they were somehow all gripped by the chair. I started to object but Marge told me to shush, that everything they were doing was according to the contract that I had signed and all had been okayed by my wife and that they did not really have time to discuss any of this with me as I was a last min-

ute appointment, though there was just enough time so that everything I needed done could get done and all would work out fine for me.

Again I balked. She told me, "Now dear, not to worry... we are not removing your testicles....at least not yet....unless you want us too...they can get in the way I've been told." A shiver ran down my spine with that. And then with air of surprise, almost as if she had expected me to have agreed to having my masculinity removed she continued, "We're just going to change everything else masculine about you." And she explained that when they had finished my make over, I would look just lovely and be quite passable as a female, at least working as a maid for women who knew that I was really just a gurl.

The next thing I knew there was a gal in white, like a surgeon standing over me and then there were two pin pricks to my neck and the feel of some fine wires being inserted in my throat tissue. Well I started to object, but the voice that came out or that I heard was not mine. It was several octaves higher than my voice and sounded absolutely like a girl. I was in shock. I cleared my throat and started to talk again, but it was the same girly voice that I heard.

The lady in white then explained. She told me that a voice modulator had been inserted in my larynx and that what I had just been hearing was my new higher feminine voice. It was my female voice and it would be how I would be speaking until my contract was over and the modulator was removed. And she warned that I shouldn't try to remove it myself. The wires I felt being inserted ran deep and by pulling them out I could leave myself a mute, that is with no voice at all. I



couldn't believe it. What had my wife gotten me into? Gosh if they could change my voice so I sounded like a female what else could these ladies do to change me.

I got a bit panicked and tried to pull myself free, but the bonds would not allow it. I then tried moving about, but Marge came over and told me, that I had best stop it or they could make things really uncomfortable for me and they had my wife's permission to do so. Well I wasn't too sure what that meant or that this was by my wife's instructions, but I was trapped and struggling by then seemed useless and so I let the drugs take over again and I did calm down.

A little more surgery was done around the voice box to make the modulator semi-permanent. I found out later, that a flap was created and the base of my neck and that the tiny modulator was inserted and then it was stitched in, so I could not easily get at it. And there I was stuck with a sweet female's voice.

But the surgery to feminize me did not end there. Next the surgeon injected my eye brows and ears and then injected my lips with something else, and then my cheeks with another type of injection, with the lips and my cheeks each getting a number of injections. She then ran some sort of tool under the skin of my eyebrows. I could feel the pressure on my skin and then along my male eye brow ridge but no pain. And I felt as if my lips were swelling up a bit. Later when I saw the results, I realized she had ground down my male eyebrow ridge giving me more the look of a female. However, thought she had also injected my ears she hadn't yet touched my ears. I found out why later.

That over with it seemed that the worst of it was all done, another girl came over and started working on

my eyebrows. She cut and thinned them and then she started plucking. I couldn't feel anything because of the earlier injection but she plucked and plucked so I knew she was removing considerable hair. I started to get a bit upset but Ann came over and told me not to worry it always felt as if more hair was being removed than actually was and she began again to tell me how pretty the girls were going to make me appear and for some reason that relaxed me, which seemed to please Ann. But I don't think it was what Ann was telling me, but just her presence that calmed me.

Well when the thinning of my eye brows was done the surgeon and an assistant came over and with each one concentrating on an ear I was sporting two pierced ears before I realized it with a small golden loop earring through each one. I had felt a sort of pinch so I knew what had to have been done to me, and they showed me the earrings before they were inserted into my newly pierced feminized ears.

Again realizing where I was and what had been done I again became agitated, which again seemed to surprise Marge who had been looking in on me, but Ann took over and calmed me down. She explained my wife had ordered the piercing and in fact had ordered several, but if one was enough to upset me they would stop at one. Well I told her that one was enough and felt as if I had won the battle, not realizing that since I was unusually agitated for a gurl going through this procedure the ploy was just to get one set on earrings in my ears for now and then to keep me calm so they could continue with their work. Additional earring could always be added on later.

With all that going on I got my hair washed and then colored and then styled. I got to watch the whole thing. The placing of the reddish highlights in my brown hair, and the curlers and then sitting under the dryer while Ann kept me company and calm, telling me how beautiful they were making me and how I would really enjoy my new look.

And while I was under the drier two manicurists went to work on me. Ann told them, this is Melisa; he is one of Barbara's gurls, a new one. So he needs to be prepared for that, and he is under contract for a full make-over, to which his wife has agreed and actually added a bit, so his appearance really is to be quiet feminized. He is a bit anxious, but let's get him started with his manicure and pedicure and some nail extensions should do, but not too long, he doesn't want to be too girly; but I guess just girly enough".

For some reason that calmed me down as it was supposed to and I sat down in the chair and let the girls get to work. They respectively messaged my hands and feet which further relaxed me. Then they went to work with the nail files, the cuticle scissors and sticks and finished up with the nail polish. And for my fingers the girl added about ½ inch nail extensions.

Then by the time the manicure and pedicure were done my hair was dried and I was ready to have my hair brushed out and styled.

Looking at my styled hair and thin arched eyebrows with no male brow ridge and my newly femininely pouting puffed up lips and puffed up cheeks femininely rounding out my face, which I imagine was the result of all those injections, I could not believe just

how little like a male I looked. I just could not believe it. And my makeup had not yet been applied.

I did not have to wait for that. For then the girls applied my makeup. It was strange because after prepping my face with some sort of cream they applied a first round of makeup and then applied a second round. For the first application nothing was really said to me. The first time they applied lipstick, eye shadow, eye brow pencil, mascara and a bit of blush and then they left me under some sort of light which they explained was to set the makeup. While for the second application of makeup I was given an explanation of everything that was being done and they even had me practice applying some of the makeup. It didn't make sense to me at the time, two applications of makeup, but I just figured it was a beauty parlor thing. After all I was a guy...how would I know.

So after the first makeup application they started all over again, but the second time showing me what to do and how to apply my makeup. The second time they started out with a base and then various powders showing me how to soften what was left of my masculine features. Then they applied more lipstick and lip gloss and then more eye shadow and then more eye-brow pencil and then more mascara, and then facial powder and finally some rough; all the time with me assisting. Much to my shock I was finding it sort of fun and was forgetting what I was doing to myself.

However, at some point I told myself, no...no...no, this cannot be happening. Ann who was still keeping an eye on me must have notice the change in my demeanor and she came over again, and holding my hand told me, "Oh Melisa you are looking just beauti-

ful. You must really just relax and think of yourself as a girl. It will just make everything so much easier for you. And you do look lovely. You really are making such a wonderful gurl that you should just really relax and enjoy your femininity and nice soft silky clothes and the wonderful fragrance and feel of your makeup. Barbara is just going to be so happy with you...her customers will just eat you up. I am sure she will make your contractual obligations much easier if you are not difficult about all of this." And again for some reason her words just calmed me down and I thought that the make-up did feel nice, no use in being silly about learning to apply it, and I finished with my makeup and my makeup lesson with a smile on my face.

Then I really got to look at myself in the mirror. I looked like a woman, and a reasonably attractive female at that. My features had been feminized and so nothing about my face gave the appearance that I was really a male. My male brow ridge was gone, surgically removed. My face had been rounded out with collagen injections to my cheeks. My lips were nice and femininely plumped out from collagen injections. My eyebrows were thin and femininely arched. My ears looked girlish with each sporting a loop earring. My longish hair was femininely colored and permed into girlish waves that framed my face. I was in full makeup that complimented my face. I looked like a female.

Looking at myself I found that I looked so much like a real girl that I was taken aback and I sort of screeched, and even sounded like a girl and then acting like a girl I raised my hands to block the view. And that just made it worse. I sounded like a girl when I

screached and my hands sporting long polished nails looked as girlish as the rest of me.

As had been her practice Ann came over to comfort me. She insisted I take a drink to calm myself, which I did; knowing its affect, but hoping that I would be able to continue to deal with it. And I really did need something to calm me down. Whatever the beverage I did shortly feel calmer and started to relax. Again Ann told me how beautiful I looked and told me, "Melisa dear, apparently you are a bit shocked with what a lovely gurl you make. But don't be. We all knew you would make a lovely gurl, and I told you that you would make a lovely gurl. And Melisa know that as you do make a lovely gurl and that will make the fulfilling of your contract that much easier. Just think about the sissies who look butch and how difficult having to work as a maid becomes when everyone thinks the maid just might be a guy."

She let me think about that and continued, "Bless me, but no one is going to think of you as a guy as you perform your duties as a uniformed maid and as you go out and about employed and dressed and acting as a maid. Everyone, aside from those who know that you are really just a gurl will believe you to be a real female. So you just need to start thinking of yourself as a real female, and you need to act as if you are a real female. It will just make things so much easier for you and it will really make you so happy and relaxed with yourself. You will love being a female."

Ann let that sink in and then she continued, "And in fact I think you will think of yourself as a female and act accordingly. Just think of how much fun you are going to have wearing your wonderful lady's lingerie,

and wearing makeup all the time, and just doing as you are told and not having to think about anything but pleasing your mistress and taking care of her and keeping her house clean. Oh, your life will just be wonderful and absolutely care free. I am sure you will love all of it, and may never want to give up you feminine finery and makeup and wonderful simplified feminine life. You are that type. You just have to give in and admit it all to yourself. I am sure in a while once you get used to your new life you won't even be able to think of yourself as a male. It will hurt to think of you as a male. You're the type who will always want to stay feminine and only want to be female."

Well she was actually convincing me, but not completely. I realized I had been undergoing some sort of chemical and psychological brain washing to convince me of the pleasure I would have wearing female lingerie, and clothing, and using makeup, and working as an obedient maid. And I realized to an extent it was working. I did have a panty fetish which under my wife had morphed into some sort of lingerie fetish or worse. And I found that under Ann's tutelage I was sort of pleased with the idea of continuing to wear lingerie; it did feel so nice on my skin and was a real turn on for me. However, still with the rest of the passing as a female I was not so pleased with. However, by that point I was beginning to realize that if I did not play along then the psychological breaking down of my resistance to that total acceptance of my condition would just continue and so at that point I decided it would just be better to accept my temporary fate and play along. I mean there was really no immediate rescue from my feminized fate, and to my shame and embar-

rassment to an extent it was a delightful turn on. Once I was out I could get less cooperative...or so I thought.

I figured I could always continue to wear lingerie in private. What would be the big deal about that? Everything else would be over as soon as I got out of the beauty parlor and away from Barbara. I would let her sue me, pay back the money and it would be over. Okay so there might just be some public embarrassment, but it would be a temporary thing. I would just have to hide out at home for a while, change my looks a bit, perhaps even my name and then get a job in another field where I wasn't known. The whole terrible embarrassment would be over.

And so smiling and playing along I told Ann, "You know I really do feel so relaxed and comfortable like this. My lingerie just feels so nice. And I do look sort of pretty...don't you think?" And of course Ann agreed with a smile and told me, "Oh yes, Melisa, you really make a pretty girl!" And playing along I smiled at that and I continued, "And I should be able to pass as a girl. I mean with some practice I should be able to pass as a girl?" And Anna chimed in, "Why Melisa you just about pass as a girl right now. If you cooperate I am sure we can have you passing and acting just like a girl. You can just about be a girl."

And she asked, "And wouldn't that be nice?" And I replied, "You know, all of a sudden I think under these circumstances that would be nice...just to be a girl instead of a fellow. I mean not for always, but just for now, under these circumstances. And yes, it would be nice not to have to make decisions and just to do as I am told. It does make a gurl's life so much easier. But I must have pretty lingerie and clothes and nice...not

cheap makeup... or this won't do! I don't want to look butch! And I don't want to look like a tart! And I certainly don't want to look like a male dressed as a girl. That would be just so embarrassing. I guess I really need to look and act just like a girl! You know... somehow I am finding it comforting to think of myself as a girl. Is that bad of me?"

All that being said I really seemed to have pleased Ann and Marge. I imagine they figured that the drugs and the hypnotic suggestion had finally worked and they had me a prisoner in lingerie, a male convinced that his existence would be happier as a cross dressed effeminate gurl maid. With that Ann sent me over to a dressing room to get my nylon stockings back on, handing them to me, so I would be fully dressed when my wife got back. For some reason they really felt nice and I found myself handling the stocking tops more than was warranted under the circumstances. Ann watched and told me, "Yes Melissa, they do feel nice to the touch no don't they?" And not waiting for an answer she continued, "And they will feel even nicer as you put them on your lovely feminine hairless legs and run your hands along them."

Well I really had not wanted to listen to any more of that type of talk. I started to walk over and was walking like a man, my predicament on my mind, which apparently did not suite Ann. She called out, "Melisa, not so butch!" And immediately knowing that she was referring to my manly walk I was afraid not to adopt the feminine walk the wife had taught me. So I immediately responded in one foot step and I relaxed my hips and placed one foot just about in front of the other and was walking like a girl or a gurl again, or a swish depending on the observer's point of view. Ann called

out, "Lovely dear....you are such a natural....now just carry on." And she told me, "Just keeping thinking girlish and you will be girlish....and just lovely... and everything will be just fine for you."

Since I wasn't wearing the insert I didn't feel turned on walking like a girl, but strangely enough I found that I did feel sort of relaxed and was enjoying myself walking like a female rather than taking my male gate. That realization was a bit frightening. Then once in the privacy of the booth I put on my nylons. I had taken off my shoes, dropped my pants and my pant slip, and sat down to put on the nylon stockings I had to wear... my nylons. Well they really felt sort of nice, and nicer than I had remembered even with my fetish for this stuff. In turn I gathered each one up and drew each one up my leg and then fastened each one to my garters and found myself running my hands along each stocking, in turn, really much more than was necessary, in my attempt, or so I told myself, to get the fit perfect. Any way I spent some time smoothing out each stocking.

Then when I slipped on my pants slip back over my stockings the feel of the slip pulled on over my stockings was also so much nicer than I had recalled or thought I could have ever have imagined. It just felt wonderful putting it on.

I stood there for a while and was running my hands over my nylon covered rump and hips and just luxuriating and even moving my hips in and out a bit when Ann's voice broke the trance I had seemed to have been in and brought me back to reality. I could not believe what I had been doing. But Ann apparently knew. She told me, "Melisa dear, you can get used to the wonderful feel of your lingerie all over again later.

Right now your wife is here and she is really anxious to see her new and improved Melisa. So come on already you sweet thing. Yes, you are really turning out to be such a sweet thing. I am finding you absolutely adorable. I don't know if I can give you up."

So finally I slipped my slacks back on. And they just slid on wonderfully. And I couldn't help but think how wonderfully tight the pants were and how they showed off my nicely contoured behind. I couldn't believe I was thinking like that, but I was. And I couldn't help but wonder how I would look in my uniform dress. The hypnosis was working.

Chapter XIV: The Wife meets her sissified husband and finds out things have gone too far.

So my wife had returned and I needed to show myself to her. Well I couldn't bring myself to show myself off to my wife the way I looked, but Ann wasn't waiting and came into the booth and escorted me out to meet my wife. The wife seeing me was in shock judging by the look on her face. The wife didn't really think it was me. Remember, my male brow ridge was gone, and my face was rounded out a bit, and my lips were plumped, my ears pierced, and my hair really done up nicely and with a color change and I was in full makeup done professionally. My face wasn't mine, it belonged to my sister. The wife had the same idea and concentrating on my face and not at all looking at my body she exclaimed, "This cannot be Mel. I mean this person really looks like a woman; thought she could be Mel's sister!"

I couldn't say a word. Marge interjected, "Of course this is not Mel. This is Melisa. Mel won't be with you until his contract is up. For now we only have Melisa, who as it turns out makes an adorable gurl and seems content enough to meet the requirements of the contract, to be hired as a servant gurl, to dress as a girl and to act as a girl and to be obedient to his mistress or mistresses depending on who buys his contract. Now isn't that so Melisa?"

I was hesitant, but Marge insisted, and I had to tell my wife, "Yes, dear, it is me...." But I didn't get to finish. The wife hearing my feminized high pitch voice seemed to have gone a bit bonkers. I mean she was smiling and even laughing a bit at the sound of a woman's voice coming out of someone she had been told was her husband, but she didn't seem to believe that if I was Mel I could be talking the way I had spoken sounding like a female. She told Marge and Ann, "Stop it already. This can't be. Yes this person looks sort of like what I imagine a feminized version of my husband would look like. But she really looks like a female. And she talks....sounds just like a female. How can this be Mel?"

Marge explained, "Because he was naturally feminine and we just completed his feminization. That was part of his contract. He contracted with Barbara's company to be a gurl maid and in that contract he agreed to a full cosmetic makeover as deemed necessary for that job. Which we did and which worked out very nicely as you can see. And he agreed that his wife would become his legal guardian with power of attorney and then you as his designated guardian also agreed to the full cosmetic makeover which as you can see just turned out wonderfully. And because of his underly-

ing feminine characteristics, his sweet feminine looks and his feminine demeanor, the full makeover totally feminized this gurl's appearance. We ..."

Well the wife interrupted with, "What do you mean by 'full cosmetic makeover', I had agreed to full cosmetics to make him look like a female not a cosmetic makeover....whatever that was!" Well that went back and forth for a while and Marge came over with some agreement my wife had signed in which she had agreed for her husband, her contractual ward, me, to undergo a cosmetic makeover; which did not just refer to cosmetics, as she had assumed. She started reading what she had not originally read and what was actually part of a full cosmetic makeover with her interjecting an "oh my gosh" after each procedure she had agreed to let me undergo.

She would look down at the agreement, and read some and then look up at me with an oh no look on her face. She ticked off the procedures, body hair removal, voice modulation, brow reduction, ear piercing, manicure and nail extensions, pedicure, hair coloring and permanent, long lasting makeup, full makeup and makeup tutorial... Then she asked, "So this voice modulation means Mel is going to sound like a female when he talks....for how long?"

Marge told her, "One, there isn't any Mel around here. Your husband is Melisa. It is part of his contract and part of his training to learn to respond only to his gurl name which is Melisa. And if you cannot remember that the conversation ends here. I won't be responsible for having the gurl think that she is anything but a gurl. Mel no longer exists! This is Melisa."

Well the wife got that and wasn't prepared to argue the point at that time and said, "Well the way he now looks I guess Melisa it is. He certainly does not look like a Mel..."

Then Marge told my wife and me, "And we do not use a male pronoun when referring to a gurl. The pronoun for Melisa is now either, gurl, or my gurl or the gurl. Melisa is not a he, Melisa is a gurl! And you need to remember that and treat Melisa as a gurl or you will confuse the gurl and make problems for the gurl. Do you understand?" And the wife said that she did.

The wife cowered than continued then with, "How long is Melisa going to sound like a girl?" And Marge told her, "Melisa has a voice modulator implant and will sound like a girl while the implant remains and the implant will remain for the length of the gurls contract and afterwards for as long as Melisa would like to sound like a girl effortlessly. Most of the gurls find that they come to like their new lives as gurls, which is the reason they get themselves into these predicaments and contracts to begin with, and once they have lived as a gurl and only a gurl for months they have absolutely no desire to return to a drab male life and drab male things. They typically do prefer to stay maids. That life is just so much easier for them. And Melisa from all indications is a perfect candidate and most likely will never want to or need to sound like anything but the sweet gurl that Melisa is."

The wife said something to the effect like we'll see about that. Then she told me to take off my makeup and that we needed to leave; and all this had really gone a bit too far. She told me, "I am sorry dear. I really have had my fun with this and revenge is sweet, but

this is a little too much. I mean I certainly think this is all a bit over the top, even if you are a bit of a sissy and do like panties and other lingerie and walk like a girl." And then she asked, "Or am I wrong about this? Are you happy being completely feminized?"

The wife was right enough that I wanted out of it. Yes I did like my panties. Yes I liked my lingerie when my wife wasn't paying attention to me. Yes I liked walking like a girl to avoid certain pain. But this was all too much. I was finding out that I did like some things about being a sissy, and under the influences of having been drugged and the influence of the hypnotic suggestion episodes I was finding that I seemed to like more about being a sissy then I would have thought possible and that sort of life was seeming to me more and more sensual and exciting and inviting; but I was still not enamored with being indentured as a full time sissy maid, and having to dress only in females clothing, and having to pass or at least being forced to try to pass as a female as not to be totally embarrassed. And so I was ready for the most part to get out of there; thought there was some hesitation deep within me, but I was able to tell my wife that I did want to leave.

The wife told me, "Get that makeup off and tie your hair back and let's go.

Marge didn't say anything. So I did as the wife told me but when I got the makeup off I was still wearing makeup. The wife looked at me and told me I had not gotten all of the makeup off and to go back and do a better job. But Marge told me not to waste my time. She told me, "Sweetheart, don't waste your time. That makeup is not coming off...at least not right away."

And then she told us, "That makeup is not easily coming off of Melisa. All of Barbara's gurls get a long lasting makeup stain applied to their skin. It takes about six months for it to come off....if the proper precautions are taken...and otherwise it is pretty permanent. So when Melisa takes off her top coat of makeup there will always be another coat of makeup that won't come off. The makeup stain brands her as a sissy and there is no escaping it. It is a safety precaution that prevents a gurl from trying to avoid the obligation of her maid contract."

And Marge explained, "You see a lot of gurls and their wives just like to play sissy gurl games and then get bored or feel they have gone a bit too far with it and then take off and so wind up wasting the time of the professionals that they get involved with their games. But this is not a game. This is a serious business. There is good money to be made in supplying pretty gurl maids to those women who want such sissies and can afford them. And time and money has already been spent with Melisa's makeover and Barbara expects her gurl to fulfill her contract, and Melisa will fulfill her contract." Now after hearing that I was really scared of what was to become of me. What had the wife gotten me into?

Then Marge got back to explaining how the gurl makeup system worked. She told us, "The over coat of makeup slowly absorbs the undercoat and after six months or so of wearing the overcoat the undercoat is absorbed and that is that. And by the way we are the only source of the overcoat. Gurl's are provided with a one month supply at a time. And if they run away and don't keep to their contract no more over coat makeup and the undercoat is there so the gurl is still in makeup

and it will slowly become permanent, and once permanent it can only be removed like a tattoo gets removed with a laser. And it is pretty rough on those sensitive parts of a gurl's skin, like the lips and the eyelids. So Melisa can scrub away if she wants, but the skin will have to come off before her base makeup will be removed."

With that Marge told Ann to help me reapply my makeup and that she needed to have a talk with Melisa's wife. So Ann took me by the hand and I let her lead me away. I knew that I was pretty much stuck with this, even if the wife did not, and so I cooperated. And I think that the hypnotic suggestion to enjoy being subservient to woman and to be compliant to orders was after all having its' affect and so it was sort of pleasant for me to just do as I was told by these women, even though I did still have the will power to have refused.

And so for all appearances I sort of happily went with Ann and got my second makeup application lesson. And together we reapplied my foundation, and then my lipstick, and then my eye shadow, and then my eyeliner and finally my mascara. And I sort of felt content applying the makeup, and following Ann's directions and the makeup felt very nice on my skin, and I found that it was sort of fun to put on. And Ann told me how nice it all looked on me and how nice it should feel on my skin, and it sort of did, and I did enjoy the compliments. And I did feel relaxed and comfortable putting the makeup on my skin. It was all a bit frightening. I could have walked away, and felt that I should have walked away, but strangely enough I found that I really did not want to walk away from it and I did not. Besides where was I going to go looking the way I did.

Then Ann told and asked me, "Now Melisa dear, you really did a wonderful job with your makeup. I can't believe what a quick learner you are. You are just naturally girlish. That is wonderful. I am sure by now you must find that you just love putting on your makeup and how well you look with your makeup. Now don't you?"

I don't know why, as I had been playing along until then, but I told her the truth that although I did seem to find it comforting to be all dressed up the way I was and wearing makeup, but leaving Marge out of it, I did not really feel any strong desire to wear makeup and take orders or wear woman's clothing full time."

Ann looked at me and smiled. Then she gave me a hug and surprised me with a strong kiss right on my lips that took my breath away. I fought it at first and then I sort of melted and responded to the strong kiss very femininely and passionately. I could not believe my reaction. But I think I had just been romantically ignored by the wife for so long as she punished me in her game of domination that I was just ready to have some romance back in my life.

Ann told me, "You know you have been a doll playing along with this. I mean the suggestion doesn't really seem to have completely taken and you have really been sweet about it and kept me out of trouble by pretending that you are completely going along with all of this. I find that very attractive for some reason. I mean that you a guy aren't a total sissy and we still have you all dressed up like a gurl and acting like a gurl and you aren't completely with the program, but are none-the-less sort of trapped with it. It really makes the whole thing just so much more fun for me to

do to you. Most of the gurls by now are really into being female dominated and cross dressed and are just so ready to be gurl maids, that it is laughable. They are typically just so into being sissified and feminine and obedient that I can't even feel sorry for them at that point. I typically don't feel much regard or sympathy for them. But you still being maybe about half man are really looking sexy to me. With the other gurls it is really all business. But you are actually a bit of a turn on for me. I think I need to keep you around for a while. I really do like kissing you. And unlike the real panty waist sissies you are so much fun to feminize. It is a challenge. And I do appreciate you pretending I did a better job with you than I did. Though I still think you will be all gurl by the time we are done with you. It will be a shame...but that is how it works. You won't even want to be manly any more...ever. By then I should be able to let you go....I hope."

Well I did not know what to say, and the treat of full feminization was freighting, but the kiss had been really nice. Ann continued, "I just cannot understand why you haven't turned. All the other gurls with a bit of suggestion just give into being full time obedient girls and really want to be obedient gurl maids. If Marge finds out I failed with you, she is really going to be pissed with both of us and she can be a really bitch about this stuff. She did have the surgeon, the gal that does the implants take one guy who had been difficult and castrate him right here. After that he was just the sweetest obedient thing, though he did cry a lot. The change in him was just adorable. Marge unlike me doesn't seem to like uncooperative gurls or let's say difficult cases. But she will also take it out on me. So I

do appreciate you're playing along whether it is the suggestion that is doing it to you or not."

That being said she continued, "But I really can't let you off like this, especially since this is turning out to be a bit more fun than with the typical gurl. I really need to keep you around here for a while so I can keep an eye on you." Well the castration story, true or not, had me convinced that not overtly fighting the mind games that were being played with me had been the right way to go and that playing along had been a good decision and that while stuck at the beauty parlor it was best to continue in that mode. Even with the sensual enjoyment I was getting out of being turned into a gurl of sorts I did not want anything as permanent as the loss of male body parts would cause.

So when Ann continued with her need to keep me at the beauty parlor so she could work with me a bit more without Marge understanding why I could not fight it. She continued and told me, that I really seemed to have a knack for makeup application and she was going to mention that to Marge and that perhaps I could work under her as a shampoo gurl, and learn more about cosmetics while I worked with her on weekends. Then playing the game with me and my subconscious she asked, "Wouldn't you like that Melisa....working as a shampoo gurl...you'd get a cute sensual pink nylon uniform dress to wear... and learn so much more about makeup and hairdressing and about being a gurl, without the customary fee. And you will get to meet so many other gurls and share experiences and stories with them. And they all will just all envy you."

Well I didn't know that I would like all of that, but I was really scared of Ann letting Marge know that all had not taken with me. I did not know if she was bluffing about the castration or not....but I was afraid to find out. And additionally some of the hypnosis had worked. I mean I did have that panty fetish and apparently some deeper unconscious need to wear lingerie that the hypnotic suggestion must have brought out and so I still had or had developed some emotional attraction to continuing to wear nice nylon and satin clothing and wearing makeup and acting like a girl while so dressed. And in addition there was still my original attraction to my lingerie. So all in all I just felt compelled to tell Ann that I would like to work with her and to work weekends as a shampoo gurl; but was none the less resisting that urge.

Ann smiling rummaged through a nearby closet and brought out a pink nylon uniform dress and an accompanying shiny pink satiny nylon uniform slip. She held them in front of me and I found myself being turned on. It was delightful, but awful for me and pretty frightening. Then she brushed the satiny slip past my cheek and my mouth was getting dry and I felt my trapped organ stiffening a bit. Ann smiled and told me, "Don't make me tell Marge. It would be bad for me, but worse for you...even with your wife here."

And then she continued with that hypnotic voice she used and told me, "Now Melisa, you do really want to try on this slip and uniform dress. You are just a bit afraid. But I can tell that you want to slip into this nice soft luxurious nylon slip and this lovely pink nylon uniform dress. We're girlfriends now. You don't need to hide anything from me. From here on out we are going to be the best of friends. You are my girl-

friend. We will have no secrets from one another." And with that she gave me a kiss on the cheek. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. I was going over the edge.

Then she told me, "I am going to help you. I know it is hard for you to admit it to yourself that you just want to be a sweet and obedient gurl, but it is okay. You are not quite there yet. But I think you will be. It really is okay. So let me help you. I do so want us to be friends and the best of friends...almost like sisters." And with that she started to unbutton my shirt and I let her go all the way and remove my shirt. Then she went to undo my pants. With that I tried to stop her, but she shortly put a stop to that. She slapped away my hand and told me, "Stop that you naughty gurl. Let's give this a try first. And then if you don't like it...well we'll see. I am sure you are just going to love this lovely slip and this lovely uniform dress and they will just make you feel so lovely and so warm and full fill you awakening need to be so obedient. And after all it is a lovely uniform and you wife has already told us you love to wear uniforms."

She had her way and she got me out of my pants and my pants slip. Then she got me to raise my hands and she slipped that lovely soft pink satin slip onto me. When she smoothed it down all over me running her hands along my waist line and my hips and my butt it just felt wonderful. I couldn't bring myself to stop her. She smiled. Then she told me, "Now doesn't that feel nice...your first slip...as far as I know. And it just looks wonderful on you." And she had me staring at myself in the mirror and really mesmerized, looking at myself in a short pink nylon slip with my shaved legs in nylon

stockings. I really looked just like a boyish shaped girl from the waist down.

Then with me looking at myself in the mirror she took my hands and moved them so I was running them down my waist along the slip and it just felt delightful. And she asked me, "Now doesn't that really just feel wonderful?" And I was hooked, I just continued to run my hands over my nylon slip covered figure and eventually she got me to admit, "It does feel rather nice." And I could not believe I had said that, nor could I deal with the sound of my new feminized voice. A voice that was saying what I wanted to say, but was not my voice at all, but the voice of some female!

Then she told me, "Why it does now and doesn't it feel good to admit that. You see you are really more gurlly than you will admit. So let's try on the dress. I think you will find it much more sensual and nicer than those horrid tight pants you've been wearing. And I think you are really going to look quite sexy in a short uniform dress. You certainly have the legs for it, and even a bit of a figure." Well the hypnotic suggestion was working and as she held the dress up for me I stepped into it wanting to see how I would look in the uniform dress and if it was going to feel as sexy as Ann had convinced me it would feel on me. I just could not help myself. It was bad. And I had not wanted to argue with her as listening to my feminized voice just destroyed any slight feelings of masculinity that had been left in me. And as I was afraid to resist her...as things could get worse for me...I did stop trying to resist the hypnotic suggestion to want to feminize.

And my new voice was really a shock to me each time I heard it before I eventually got used to it. I could feminize my voice and sound sort of like a female. The wife had made me learn that. But this new voice of mine sounded exactly like a female was talking, not sort of like a female, and the voice was unmistakably female. And I when I spoke I sounded just like a female without any effort. And I could not masculinize my voice no matter how hard I tried; my voice was just too high. And when I did try to masculinize it I just sounded like a sexy woman. The sound of my own female voice was destroying my ability to resist.

So she zipped me up and there I was in a short beautician's pink nylon dress staring at myself in the full length mirror. Ann came behind me and kissed me on the ear and then whispered to me, with the hypnotic voice, "You really look sweet and make such a convincing girl that you have absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. No one is going to think you are a male. And I don't really think that you want to be a boy any longer. This is the perfect disguise for you while you are stuck in makeup and need to pass as a girl. You are absolutely adorable." And she let that sink in and it did. It got me thinking that yes I was just so much better off passing as a girl than trying to fight my transformation. She did have me believing that I was cute as a beautician's helper and in that short pink dress. I could not believe it. But somewhere down deep I still wanted to be a guy...I wanted out of dresses and makeup; though the lingerie was still nice; but I did not share that with her. I was too afraid.

Then she told me, "Come on; let's go show your wife and Marge. I am sure your wife will be happy to know you can pass as a girl, stuck with you this way. I

really think that was her only worry. I mean you are really such a sissy I am sure she expects you to dress as a girl from now on, as long as it is not embarrassing for her. And when we are done with you no one will ever think you were ever a male, and you may even forget. Some of the gurls do forget they were once boys...especially for the bad boys after the operation."

Ann let that sink in and then she told me, "I think you will really make her such a nice household helper when you are at home that if she doesn't already find the new sissy you just wonderful that she shortly will prefer the new feminized sissy you to the former pretending to be a man sissy you. It is so much better when you stop pretending to be what you are not...a real man. Most wives once they get used to having a sissy husband find their sissy husbands just so useful in so many ways, they want to keep them gurls forever. And that goes especially if they are busy business woman that they find that they prefer having a sissy husband to a real husband...once they get used to it. After all they can always find a boyfriend. But it is difficult to find a sweet helpful obedient partner outside of having a sissy husband. A maid is one thing but a sissy maid husband is just so much nicer, or so I have been told. Any way I think you are finding that you do enjoy your soft sensual lingerie and dresses. I don't really think that you want to give them up... now do you?"

I wanted to say yes I do want to give most of this up and let me out of this contract, but I was just so confused and too afraid, and I did not know what to say. And I did not want to hear that awful feminized voice I had been given. It all felt just so nice and sexy and comforting...but I did not really want to spend the

next year so dressed and living as a girl and worse than that spend my weekends working as a shampoo girl, and worse than that spending most of my time as a maid, and worse than that being my wife's part time sissy maid and full time obedient sissy husband. But I did not know what to say. And frightening enough somewhere down deep inside I was thinking perhaps all that would not be so bad.

Ann just smiled and told me, "Not sure yet about your feminine finery. Well you just have to wear it for a bit longer and I am sure you will be absolutely hooked on it. You really are so pretty in it and do make such a wonderful gurl. So let's just give it a try for a while and I am sure you will be hooked. You are sure to want to stay a gurl for life. I don't think you will ever have the desire to wear male clothing again or act manly. You are going to be such a sweet and attractive gurl. Gosh the woman will be fighting over you."

Mesmerized by my image in the mirror I could not bring myself to object to Ann's evaluation of me and my situation. And so she continued, and told me, "So let's go show you off to your wife. No more pretending about yourself and that you are anything other than a lingerie wearing sissy and a wana be obedient gurl. And let's talk to Marge about that weekend job. It will keep you out of trouble. You don't really want either Marge or Barbara to know that you aren't fully convinced that you want to be an obedient sissy gurl maid. You are just too pretty a gurl. And they can really get nasty and desperate when a pretty gurl like you becomes uncooperative or isn't fully committed to her role 24/7. "

And after that threat Ann told me, "And I am going to love pushing you along to full feminization. And that is exactly where we are heading. You will really find that you are powerless to stop it; powerless to stop yourself from turning into a fully feminized boy toy gurl. And the more feminine you get the more and more you will like being feminine and the more difficult it will be to resist the changes. It is so much more fun with you, as you make transforming you such a challenge, when the other gurls just want to be gurls and make it easy to get them to comply with their training as humiliating as it can sometimes get for a male. I never realized how much fun it would be to work with a less eager gurl. It really is fun embarrassing you and more fun getting you to do things against your will. I surprisingly find that I really love all of this. I think I won't be satisfied until I've made you into the sweetest most obedient and most feminine sissy that ever graduated from here. Yes....you have come in the most masculine of the sissies and you will leave here the most girlish of the sissies and the happiest of them all to be turned into a completely dominated and feminized sweet sissy maid. Oh how I envy the woman who gets to purchase your contract. You will be a delightful servant gurl."

Then she took me by the arm and twisting it and before I had realized what she was doing she had forced me over her lap and hiked up my dress and my slip, exposing my panties, garters and stocking tops. I could not believe her strength or my weakness, or both. She told me, "This is for your own good. You need to know how much muscle you have lost and how weak you have become. I can tell by your figure you've been on female hormones for some time or at



least a high dosage, whether you wife has you convinced it is some sort of hormone imbalance or not. You're soft and shapely. You no longer have much muscle or much male strength. I am now going to spank you, though not hard enough to make you cry. We don't want your make-up to run...now do we? But I am going to spank you hard enough for you to realize how weak and feminine you are, and that you had better do exactly what I tell you to do. For the time being you are not just any sissy you are my sissy. And you had better do everything that I tell you to do. And that is whether or not I am around. Cause if I find out you have disobeyed me you won't believe the consequences." And she let that sink in.

Then she continued, "You need to know that I can overpower you any time I need to, and so you had better do as you are told, as I tell you, from here on out. Now you go ahead and struggle and fight back as hard as you can. If you can get out of this I will give you your way and you can go, that is if you still want to go. I think you are finding out you really like being a gurl. But none the less you give it a good struggle and let's see how manly you can be against a weak feminine girl like me. And when you find that you can't escape and get tired of being spanked, then just let me know what a sissy you are and that you are ready to be obedient and I will let you up and we'll go see your wife."

Well she did spank me on my partied behind, half spanking and half caressing, and I found it just so sensual despite the embarrassment of the situation I almost forgot to struggle until Ann again called me a sissy gurl and told me that if I could not get free of her that she was planning to keep me in dresses and a sissy for the rest of my life. And so I struggled to get free,

but it did no good. Ann clamped one leg around my thighs and placed her hand in the small of my back and kept me trapped as she continued to paddle away at my embarrassingly exposed behind. I was infuriated at my weakness and I blushed red from embarrassment. I could not believe how weak I had become...or perhaps how strong was Ann.

Finally the spanking did become painful, the repeated light smacks to my posterior, and since my struggles were to no avail I had to beg her to stop. And with that she told me, only after I admitted to myself and to her that I was a sissy. She told me, "Melisa, first tell me what a sissy you are and then I can release you." I had to tell her in that new horrid feminine voice of mine, "Yes Ann I am a sissy....a weak feminized sissy. Yes I will wear my dresses and be obedient. Yes I will tell my wife that I am a sissy and need to stay in dresses. Yes I will ask Marge for a weekend job as a shampoo gurl."

Then Ann told me she was going to let me up and I had better keep my promises or she would really spank me good and right in front of my wife so the wife would really know what a sissy gurl she had married. And Ann told me I should really thank her for letting me see my true self or she might just have to convince me some more that I was a sissy gurl and added that I needed to curtsy to her when I thanked her.

Well I was up and straightening out my dress and Ann gave me a look and that was all it took and I immediately obeyed. I was afraid of her and what she could and would do to me. I was beginning to realize that I really had become a sissy and that I could not stand up to this girl. It did things to my mind. I gave

her the best curtsy I could and though I hated to hear my own voice sounding so much like a girl, I told her, "Thank you for showing me what a sissy I am." I did not know what else to do. Again, I had found I was a bit afraid of this girl...this woman. Ann gave me a loving smile, came over and gave me a hug and another kiss right on the lips, which I found myself returning. She was really overpowering me and my psyche, overpowering me both physically and psychologically. I was almost like an abused woman enamored with my strong abuser. It had gotten crazy. And all the while my lingerie still felt wonderful and was still a turn on.

Then she told me, "See Melisa, it isn't so hard to admit you are a sissy." And falling once again into the training suggestion technique she continued, "You know you really are a sissy!? But we'll have this discussion over and over and I think eventually you will have to admit it for real to yourself that you are a sissy gurl and you just love your sissy clothes and your sissy makeup and will just love your sissy work. But for now we can pretend that you are still a bit of a guy...though not much. But we do have to present you to your wife and to Marge. Yes, I really need Marge to see what a sissy you are or she will think that I am slipping. So just relax and walk one foot in front of the other and sway those hips and keep your arms turned out so you move just like a girl. And I want you to keep telling yourself that you are a sissy and that you want to be a girl. It will really make all of this so much easier for you...so much easier for the both of us."

At first I didn't move but again Ann gave me a look and I did as I was told, and it was pretty natural for me after all the walking I had done with that horrid thing

in me and the spiteful sissy movement training the wife had given me. I tried to hold back and not move so much like a girl, but it was an all or nothing thing and before I knew it I was walking and moving around like a girl again. Ann thought it was just wonderful and told me I was a natural and really had the makings of a convincing sissy gurl or for that matter a real female... a transsexual. She told me, "Why Melisa you seem to just naturally move and hold yourself just like a female. It's wonderful. Why I don't think you will need much training in feminine deportment at all. Oh you are really just such a feminine sissy. I can't believe you are fighting all of this. You must want to be a gurl. Oh I just hope I can keep you for a while and play with you. This is just so much fun for me. I hope after I finish with you that we can be girlfriends. I'd love to have a girl to pal around with who has to do whatever I tell her to do."

Then she realized I was walking in my stocking feet. So she went and got me some uniform shoes to go with my uniform dress. She gave me a pair of pink pumps to wear, with about two inch heels. I hesitated, and made a comment about working girls and flats or sneakers. But she gave me that look and told me, "No dear you are a working gurl... which is different, and you will be wearing pumps to work, and when working as a shampoo gurl who will wear pink pumps to match your pink uniform. And I think you will find it fun to learn to walk in high heels."

And so I slipped them on fearing another spanking. It was my first time in pumps. Fortunately the heels were relatively short. Ann told me, "Don't worry if you walk femalely enough you won't have a problem and the heels are short. You need to get used to wear-

ing heels. Gurls don't wear flats or sneakers. And you need to get used to them fast, as gurls wear much higher heels than the pair I am letting you wear. And besides you do look adorable in pink pumps."

Well the pumps shifted my stance which added to my feminine appearance. My legs elongated and my butt pushed out a bit. And worse, it was almost like wearing the butt plug. It really felt nice walking in the heels one foot in front of the other. I think after a while the walking in heels actually put a smile on my face, one of those distant sensual smiles. I could have died yet another time. It was so embarrassing.

So I was presented to my wife and Marge, in my pink uniform dress and pink pumps, and just walking in with a feminine walk and deportment, and then speaking in my feminized voice. Marge was elated. She told my wife, "You see your husband is a sissy. This is not a guy with a simple lingerie fetish just trying to please his wife, as you would have us believe. No real male would have let himself get into such a situation as he has now gotten himself into and on top of all that make his reappearance with make-up all refreshed and in a pink uniform dress and pink high heels and moving with the deportment of a female. If I didn't know any better I would think he is our shampoo gurl."

Now I didn't know if that speech was meant to convince my wife or to convince me, but it certainly frightened me, the fact that I might just be a real sissy boy and not just a guy who had taken a panty fetish just a bit too far, or whose wife had taken his panty fetish a bit too far. In any case the shampoo girl comment was

my opening to assure my wife that I was a sissy boy. I wanted to die.

Ann looked at me and I had to ask Marge in front of my wife, "Ann told me that you might let me work here as a shampoo girl to help pay my bill if I put on this dress and showed you that I could pass as a shampoo gurl. Marge, do you think I could have a job here as a shampoo gurl?" I asked that right in front of my wife and I was totally humiliated, and was hoping that Marge would say no.

But it did not work out that way. Marge gave me a look and then a smile appeared on her face. And then she told me, "You know what, having you work here as a shampoo gurl would solve a multitude of problems and I think it just might work out for all concerned. So the answer is yes sweetheart you are hired as the new shampoo gurl starting this weekend. Ann will train you. And Ms. Darling I think that will solve the payment problem for you. And it should also convince you that your hubby has more than a panty fetish."

My first thought was, Ms. Darling. Why that was my wife's maiden name. What was that about? I wanted to ask about that but still could not bring myself to talk so much as I was unhappy with the sound of my feminized voice.

The wife looked at Marge and something passed between them...I wasn't too sure; but nothing was boding well for me. Then she looked at me and she told me, "Melisa dear, and I do mean Melisa, at this point I don't know what to do, or what exactly to do with you. I did everything to convince Marge that this whole thing was a terrible mix up and tried explaining

why it would be difficult to pay the large bill your makeover cost. And she was very understanding and was going to work with us, if Barbara gives you some leeway. I just about had Marge convinced that this was just a terrible mix up and that you aren't one of those sissy gurls. But now after you appear in a pink uniform dress looking and acting like a female or a sissy. I am not sure which, and asking for a job as a shampoo girl! This is crazy. But if that is what you want that is what you will get and what you will be, at least on the weekends. I guess we will now just have to find out what Barbara has in store for you."

With that Marge had me sign a contract, outlining my obligations as her new shampoo girl, that once again the wife okayed, and we were on our way to pick up my maids uniform and then to meet with Barbara, my boss, again; who made some sort of living out of turning sissy boys into obedient male maids; and from what had already been done to me, showed she was pretty good at that job.

Chapter XV: Maids Uniforms for the Sissy Maid.

Once out of the beauty parlor the wife asked me what was going on? I started to speak and she laughed. She told me, "Oh you not only now look just like a female you do sound just like a girl. Your tenor voice is gone. I just cannot listen to you like this for long and imagine that I can continue to think of you as any kind of a male. They've got you looking and sounding like a female." And then with a snicker she told me, "Why you're just the cutest looking thing. I'm

just not too sure as to what you are. But you certainly look like a shampoo girl or gurl...which ever applies to you."

I didn't answer, as I only had my new female voice with which to reply. The wife continued. "And the dress...! You had to put on a dress...and then ask for a job as a shampoo girl...a shampoo girl yet! And you left the place in that same pink uniform dress. You did not even ask for the return of your pants! I mean I never really intended to put you into a dress, or if so only as a scare to bring you out of all of this femininity...to put you in your place. But you....you really did put on a dress, and then you take a job as a shampoo girl. I just don't know what to think. Financially I guess it works out for us. This is all so expensive. I can't believe what we've gotten into here. But you've gotten yourself....gotten us into a real financial mess over wearing panties. And I can't see a way out of it now. It looks to me like you will be in dresses...uniform dresses for a while now. I just don't see how worse it can get for us...for you. Gosh, by the time these women get done with you if you weren't a sissy you certainly will become a sissy. But at least you really look cute. I mean I really cannot get over how cute and girly you look and appear. You really are just the sweetest little thing. I just don't know what I am going to do with you. "

How humiliating to be told by my wife that I really looked cute as a shampoo girl! I wanted to scream. But it would have been high pitched female sounding scream. So instead I tried to say something in my defense blaming the wife for the entire mess, but the wife then really got huffy. She told me, "Not a word Melisa, not a word." And she stressed the Melisa. And then

she continued, "I really don't care what the explanation is. My husband here is now going to be working as a shampoo girl and as a gurl maid, and having to pass as a female for both jobs, and he sounds just like a girl and looks just like a girl. Let's just get this day over with and find out what your obligations are with this maid thing. Let's go get you your uniform and then talk with Barbara. I will get copies of your contracts and take them to work with me and find out if there is any way out of them that we can afford to take and won't make such a commotion that it will affect my job. I just don't think that I can take it with my husband working and dressing and acting like a maid and a shampoo girl...and dressing from the skin out like a maid and like a shampoo girl. I just don't think I will be able to relate to you any longer as if you are a male. I am really just beginning to think of you as a girl...as a female. This is really all too much for me. Fortunately you are cute and even attractive in a weird sort of way. We'll just have to see where this all goes."

I desperately suggested we just take off but the wife put the kibosh on that. She reminded me about my situation with the makeup, which was to prevent just that, and she told me Barbara would have the police on me and that could only turn out badly. She told me the publicity would ruin her and we couldn't survive on my salary as a shampoo girl, because the way you now look I can't see you returning to work. She told me, "No Melisa you are stuck like this. We are stuck with you like this. For now, until I get those contracts reviewed we have to assume and act as if you're going to have to be a gurl for a while. In fact you are going to have to be a gurl for a while. So get used to it. We'll both have to get used to it. I just hope you can be as



much of a help around the house as a real maid would be, so this thing might work out. That is if you ever have time to help around the house. You are apparently going to be one busy gurl. I hope you can deal with being in high heel shoes and dresses all day... Well you will have to deal with dresses and high heel shoes because that is what you will be wearing."

And so we arrived at the uniform shop and once again I had been expected, but the saleslady was a bit surprised as to how well I had transformed or at least how much of a real girl I appeared to be and that I was already in a uniform, if not a maid's uniform. I really did not like talking with my new voice. It was unnerving for me to speak and hear a woman's voice come out and so I let the wife take over.

The wife explained I was one of Barbara's girls, and the saleslady told me, "Why this must then be Melisa? Barbara and Marge have both already put in orders for you; and only the best...you lucky gurl. And what a pretty gurl you are my dear. And already all dressed up in a pretty pink uniform dress. You must be so happy. Oh how lovely you look. I guess like most of the gurls you can hardly wait to start and get on with your new life and just had to get into a uniform dress. It always amazes me how some former gents just love to become effeminate and to serve and leave a male life and male clothes behind them for one of service in lingerie and dresses and make-up, and how happy some of you fellows are to just become effeminate servants. But not all of them are as convincing as you. Why you really do make a convincing beautician in that uniform. And I am sure you will make a lovely maid. The ladies will be fighting over you and your mistress will

simply eat you up. You should be very happy. Your contract will command a nice price."

And then she introduced herself and put me in my place. She told me, "Now Melisa, I am Miss Marsha, that is to you I am Miss Marsha and I am your better, as all woman are and especially the woman involved in your training or let's say your rehabilitation. And now that you've been made up I can tell you that you have little choice but to complete your contract and accept your training. So from here on until you are the perfect obedient gurl maid things may be a bit tough for you unless you learn what you have to learn and behave well. And part of that is that in your relationships with woman we expect you to acknowledge us as your superiors. So when I tell you something I expect you to do as you are told and to acknowledge that with a polite curtsy along with a yes Ms. Marsha." Again I just wanted to die. But there was no way out.

Then starring me down Ms. Marsha asked if I understood and I remembering the spanking that Ann had provided me for being uncooperative and not wanting to be so humiliated in front of the wife, I gave the best curtsy I could and told her, "Yes Ms. Marsha, I think that I understand." The wife made no attempt to hide the fact that she could not believe I had just complied and caved in like that and curtsied to this woman, but the wife did not say a thing or step in to help me out of the horrible situation and she just let my uniform fitting run its embarrassing course.

And Ms. Marsha did not seem at all surprise at my sweet feminine voice coming from someone she knew was a male, and so I figured I was not the first gurl she

had fitted for uniforms. However in any case I did look pretty much like a young girl by then.

"Very nice dear....very nice, a very pretty curtsy," Ms. Marsha told me. Then she told me we needed to move into the dressing area and that I needed to take off my dress and slip so she could measure me and so I could try on some uniforms and the slips that went with those uniforms. I started to balk but it wasn't in me, and almost tearfully I gave a curtsy and told her, "Yes Ms. Marsha," though the words stuck in my throat. Again the wife just looked at me with that look but did not intervene.

And so I moved over to the dressing room area and removed my dress and my slip and stood there embarrassed to no ends in front of my wife in my lingerie. And once again I was exposed to a woman I did not know just wearing female underwear..., lingerie, in my panties and a bra, , stockings and a garter belt, and a waist cincher, and shape wise looking very feminine.

Ms. Marsha seemed pleased with me and with my figure and with my underwear and told me so. "Why dear you look absolutely wonderful in lingerie. And so flat! Why I can hardly believe you are not a girl. If I did not know better I would think you are some young boyish girl trying to masquerade as an adult. Why you are absolutely darling. Your wife must be very happy with you. You just must be so trainable."

I didn't know what to say and the wife said nothing and so all I could think to do was take it as the compliment it was supposed to be and thank her, which I did. Marsha smiled and told me, "Oh you are a darling.", and we proceeded with the uniforms.

And after that it became pretty cut and dry. The woman fitted me for several maids' uniforms complete with the slips, aprons, hats, and uniform shoes. I tried on a number of maid's uniforms and a couple of uniforms for working at the beauty parlor. The maid's uniforms were a mix of black nylon or black satin, all with white aprons and white dust or serving caps. The uniforms for my work at the beauty parlor were both in pink nylon with pink aprons and a pink cap. All the dresses were cut short. I was sure my stocking tops and garters would show if I bent improperly. The shoes provided were all with heels, but with various length heels and in black or pink patent leather to match either the maid's uniforms or my beauty parlor uniforms.

Most embarrassing was just trying everything in front of the saleslady and my wife as I was not permitted to leave with my new uniforms without trying each one and then having to listen to the sales lady telling me how lovely I looked in each uniform and what a convincing maid I made, as well as my wife's comments which only made things worse.

I had to try on each uniform and then walk around in it so the saleslady could see how it hung on me and how it moved on me. The working uniforms, those that I would wear when cleaning were cut a bit long and so the fitting was easy. However the serving uniforms were cut short as was the shampoo girl's uniform. The saleslady explained, "Melisa your serving uniforms are cut short to insure you learn to walk like a lady and a proper serving gurl. The mistresses like their gurls hard working, but demure and effeminate and feminine. And most mistresses like to see lots of stocking covered legs on their gurls. So we need to

make sure your serving uniforms fit well or your stocking tops will show and your mistresses will have to punish you. So for your sake we need to make sure the uniforms fit you correctly and won't just ride up and show off your stocking tops for no reason. So I really need to see you in each one and to watch you walk around and serve in each one. It is for your own good."

Then the wife again getting into her dominant mode and forgetting where it had gotten us...well where it had gotten me, let me know in front of the saleslady how good I looked in my uniforms. She told me, "Why Mel...Melisa, you do have nice legs. And I can't get over it but you do make a nice looking maid, a bit manly, but none-the-less feminine enough to pass as a female. Perhaps this is the job for you. Perhaps I am over reacting. I just can't get over how natural and proper you look as a maid and in a uniform dress and pumps. You certainly are a natural."

Then being stared at by Ms. Marsha I realized I was expected to answer. So fearing the worst I smiled and took the corners of my dress and gave an obedient curtsy and told her, "Why thank you so much Ms. Marsha. I am trying my best to be the best maid that I can be. I do so want to please. Thank you." Ms. Marsha seemed pleased and the wife seemed amazed.

The wife asked the saleslady about her comment on punishment and the saleslady surprised that the wife did not know about that aspect told her, much to my surprise and fear upon hearing it. She told us, "Oh maids who don't perform properly get spanked by their mistresses or have to stand in a corner bent over with panties exposed and then have to recite the "bad gurl apology" for all to see and hear. It can really be

embarrassing for a grown man to have to embarrass himself like that and the spankings can hurt when for real. Some of the gurls like that sort of thing, but I understand from listening to them about it when they come in for uniforms, that most do not or if they did find it nice when they started out the pain and the hard work changes all of that. But by that time the gurl is in contract and is stuck. It is too late to back out and they will be spanked and they had better get used to it and learn quickly. And she has to do exactly as she is told to do or face public humiliation and terrible public embarrassment. So they all want to please their mistresses."

And the wife seeming a bit surprised, and not knowing that I had already been spanked asked, "And these grown men allow themselves to be spanked or embarrassed by their female employers?" And the saleslady answered, "Why of course. They don't have much of a choice. It is in the contract. And they are in dresses. Where are they to go? They can't run out of the house. You know there are enforcers. Barbara will send over an enforcer to have a talk with the gurls if they prove to be difficult and do not keep to their contracts, and I understand from Barbara that once the difficult gurl has been disciplined by an enforcer she does exactly as she is told to do my her mistress and a second visit has never been necessary." And I thought....what had I gotten myself into. Gosh I was going to stay an obedient sissy maid until Barbara released me from my contract.

And the wife wanted to know why these so called difficult gurls just don't take off and run away. And the saleslady explained, "Why most of the wives just don't want any problems and figure their husbands

deserve exactly what they are getting and make it impossible for their husbands to take off, and leave them having to meet their husbands obligation, which is in the contract. So the wives typically make it difficult for the husband, the maid to take off. The wives typically keep their gurlly husbands in uniforms or at least in dresses all the time they are at home, those which are allowed to go home to their wives. Oh yes the wives typically get rid of all of the husbands male clothes and keep them in dresses and lingerie, and keep them in cosmetics. Typically the poor fellows winds up being a gurl 24/7. Oh yes the way these fellows are kept in dresses 24/7 it is difficult for them to take off to run a way."

And then the wife looking at me told me, "So Melisa I guess you should make sure these dresses fit you well, because I think I will keep you in uniforms 24/7. That will certainly be the lesson I had planned to teach you when we got involved with all of this. So I just imagine that you will be one of those fellows in lingerie, and dresses and makeup all the time. I certainly don't want you running away. And you know I think I will keep you as a maid at home also. That should certainly teach you a lesson." And I just hoped the wife was kidding about that but did not think she was kidding; but I couldn't argue in front of the saleslady.

The wife asked the saleslady about that, if some of the wives had their husbands act as the maids at home and the saleslady told her, "Well I really don't know for sure...but I would imagine so. And besides, you could probably do anything with your husband that you would wish to do with him. I mean he is dressed like a female and looks like a female, and there is no getting out of it. And I am sure for a minimal charge

Barbara would have an enforcer deal with him if he is giving you a difficult time. So I would imagine your husband had just better do exactly as you tell him to do, and wear whatever you tell him to wear, and just be a good obedient gurl for you...or else."

And then the wife just said out loud, "Well perhaps I can get used to this and it won't seem so bad. But in any case, Melisa don't plan on getting out of your uniforms for a long time, at least until I don't find you cute in them anymore. For now I think you are just adorable and we will have to keep you in uniforms and all girly until you have learned your lesson." And what was I to say. I just shuddered.

And the final embarrassment was me taking one of the nylon maid's uniform dresses to wear out of the shop rather than having anything in the line of male clothing to wear, which was only a little better than having to parade around in that pink uniform. And I was stuck in high heel shoes. The two inch pink pumps were replaced with black two inch heeled patient leather pumps to match my maid's uniform which would be my typical shoes for daily wear as a maid. The maneuvering around in which necessitated me to continue to walk like a female or get unbalanced. Well my feet were already uncomfortable in the heels, even though the shoes fit relatively well so I just could not imagine what it was going to be like wearing pumps all day and having to wear pumps with even higher heels. I was learning that the lingerie might be fun to wear and play in, but it was another thing getting into the rest of a woman's wardrobe and full makeup and a dress while walking around in high heeled pumps!

There wasn't any bill to settle as the uniform shop billed Barbara, my new boss, and the costs would be deducted from my wages, along with the costs of all the lingerie which I had gotten from Barbara. Next it was time to once again meet with my new boss, the lingerie lady, Barbara.

Chapter XVI: I am Stuck a maid

Barbara was pleased with my look and voice. And she was even a bit surprised as to how well I had turned out. She could not get over my new look or how sweet my feminized voice sounded. She was really happy. She asked me to walk around to see how I navigated in a dress and heels, and was happy to see my feminine deportment and the fact I did not have any trouble

And so begins book III, which you will have to read to find out how deep Melisa is trapped and how well she will do as a maid.

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