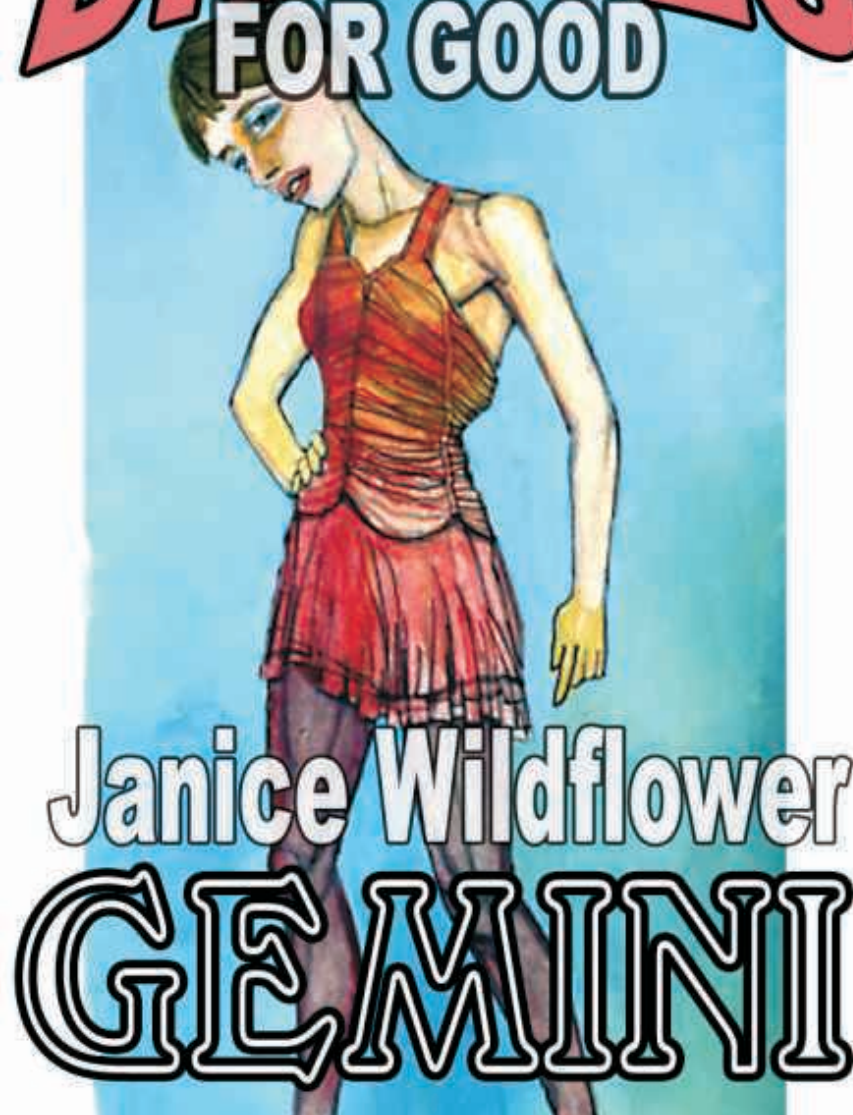


SHE MADE ME WEAR
DRESSES
FOR GOOD



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SHE MADE ME WEAR DRESSES FOR GOOD

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 1:

I LOSE THE BET AND HAVE TO WEAR HER DRESS AND HER UNDIES!

I remember my first dress-up day so well. Today the memories are actually fairly pleasant and even somewhat erotic, as these days I do so love my feminine finery. However, at the time my feelings were very different, thought there was that pleasant feeling, but it was so suppressed.

So, I was so embarrassed. I was blushing all over. Yet, there I was walking down the street, out in public wearing my own wife's dress; a bright red silk affair, zipped firmly closed on me by virtue of that zipper running up the back of the dress which I just could not reach to unzip, even if that would have freed me from my embarrassment. And it would not have, as I was dressed in my wife's clothing from the skin out and of course also adorned with the appropriate make-up.

I was fitted into the dress with the aid of a tightly laced waist cincher, over which I wore a well padded all-in-one; together making breathing, at the time quite difficult, though with time and the loss of some serious weight I would get used to it, and would learn to find the tightness and support comforting.

And walking in three inch red high-heeled pumps wasn't easy either, though today it is absolutely no problem at all and having spent so much time in high heels I find flats a bit uncomfortable.

In addition to that, my embarrassment was enhanced and my feminine outfit completed by the red satin panties I wore under the all-in-one; and the red nylon stockings supported by the six garters from that very same garment.

Oh yes, my own shoulder length hair, which my wife had encourage me to grow long, was gathered in a red satin ribbon and forced into a feminine coiffeur. And my lips were made up to match my outfit with a coat of red satin lip-gloss, which I had been forced to apply myself.

And my wife was solely responsible for my transformation and my walk down the boulevard in her clothing! She had tricked, then forced and then over-powered me, and I had little choice that day, but to go out in public dressed from the skin out in her feminine finery.

What was troubling at the time was the entire situation did not bother me as much as it should have disturbed me. Yes I was terribly embarrassed walking down the road dressed in woman's clothing, but there was also a strange comfort and fun to it all... a strange sensuality to the feel of the clothing and a strange feeling that I had already experienced feminine finery. And an overriding comfort with having been ordered around and somewhat controlled by a female, my wife.

It had all started several months prior to that first of many embarrassing exposure in public in my wife's clothes. My wife had just purchased a new and rather expensive support garment, an all-in-one, and the maximum support type, with plenty of spandex, Lycra and satin panels. For some reason she had to show it off to me and tell me what a great bargain she had gotten. My wife loved to share every thing with me, especially the feminine aspects of her life. In that regard and a few others she sought of treated me more like a girl friend then her husband and a man. When we were first married I had found it interesting to hear about her day in such detail and a bit erotic when she described the more personal aspects of her day, some girlish activity. She would show off some bit of lingerie she had bought and I would find it a turn on. And knowing that she would tease me by showing off the undergarment and talking about it, and get me a bit excited, though I would hide it; but after having been so turned on I would be hurting... you know where, and that night the sex would be really hot. She did the wash in those days, so there were tell tale signs of my excitement that she would find.

At that time I had also enjoyed helping around the house and taking direction from my wife. Not quite orders, but direction. You know, it starts out with, "Honey, would you do...?" and proceeds to "Honey I need you to do..." And ends up with, "Honey do..." At the time it was fun and even a bit of a turn on. And my wife certainly loved it. She loved telling me what to do and having me help about the house and sharing every thing with me, almost as if I were another girl. I wasn't the biggest or strongest or most manly man around and I think that was exactly what my wife had been looking for when she latched on to me. In fact she had pursued me; more then I had pursued her. I had been shy and a bit afraid of the opposite sex, though highly driven by sex. But for some reason, suppressed at the time, I was unable to take an aggressive role with woman and go after one. I had just been too shy.

However, since the Halloween when the wife had actually gotten me into some of her clothes for a costume party my reactions and our relations had changed a bit. At first I had

a really good time in her things. She hadn't stinted on the dress up and had dressed me from the skin out in feminine finery. I forget the reasoning behind it or why I had agreed to let her dress me up so completely, but I had really enjoyed the feel of her clothing. All that nylon and satin even though girl's clothing felt great and even at that time I have found it some what of a turn on. She had me in her satin panties, nylon stockings, satin bra, nylon slip, a tricot dress and high heels. I loved the feel and the fact that I was dressed in her clothes, the clothing of my own wife, may have even added to the turn on. And the feel of the makeup or actually the scent of the makeup was also a turn on. I am sure my wife picked up on all of that, she made a couple of comments, but didn't press the issue at the time.

But the guys had really razed me about it, good naturedly enough, but nonetheless quite embarrassing for me. And the girls also had a good time at my expense, with the typical comments as to what a cute girl I made and how well I followed my wife's orders. After that I was troubled and not so happy viewing and talking about her clothes and feminine life in general. Not that I didn't still find it to be a turn on; but it became one I haplessly avoided, not wanting to expose myself as the butt of that joke again. Not that the guys or the galls were really cruel, but I think I was afraid that a lot of what they were joking about was true and I had difficulty admitting that to myself. And some where deep inside I felt there was more to my enjoyment of the feminine side and taking orders from the wife then I could admit to myself for some reason. In fact I started sporting a stubbly beard and drinking with boys and avoiding talk about feminine things and also avoided helping around the house with the domestic stuff just to reassert my masculinity. But the wife never gave up on trying to rekindle those times and feelings.

So instead of enjoying the discussion and having the wife show off her new girly garment I had to change the subject and instead I nagged her about the expense. When I complained about that extravagance she was quick to reply, "Better I should invest in a garment like this which allows me to squeeze into my old clothing then to be like you with your ever enlarging beer belly and having to buy new sets of clothes every season And always the most expensive as you've gotten too fat to wear the cheaper stuff."

"Oh yea", I cleverly answered in a nasty tone, and then backing down a bit, and as usual, wined, "But you didn't have to buy such an expensive one! Money doesn't grow on trees." Now despite my attempts to change my wife was still the dominant one in our relationship as she had always been, unless I had a couple of drinks in me. Again, at the beginning of our marriage that had been fine. I had liked my wife taking control, and found that a bit of a turn on also, but again, after that Halloween experience I had trouble being comfortable with the arrangement, but she did not and wasn't going to let me get in the last word. But I had really not been able to gain the upper or dominant hand in the relationship and had reverted to wining, which probably made the whole situation worse, as my wife only came on stronger and was emboldened by that weakness in me, and I always found myself backing down.

"Well look whose talking", she replied. "I earn enough money for both of us; and I'll darn well spend it any way I like...! I'm sick of your penny-pinching ways with my money while you spend all of yours on beers and drinks with the boys; because something is bothering you. May be you just can't cope with the fact that I earn more money than you

do. I ought to put you into a girdle so I don't have to buy you new clothes each season. I ought to put you in a cheep girdle and see how you like it. And I think I will! With out that beer belly of yours and alcohol puffiness you'd once again be that pretty boy I married and wearing a girdle you'd make a cute enough girl yourself. You made such an adorable girl at that Halloween Party we went to before you started with all this macho baloney and I would just love to see you like that again! It would serve you right."

"Hog wash", I said, trying to change the subject. Every time we argued, which was becoming at the time more and more often, my wife loved to bring up what a cute boy I used to be and how I used to give into all her desires and whims. Even so far as to play her girl at that Halloween party. She would never let me live that one down, or at least forget about it. And some thing about it just bothered me so. And so immediately changing the subject for which I had always found my self so mysteriously sensitive I told her, "I've put on less weight than you."

She replied, "But all yours is in the gut and it gets bigger every year; and you've lost muscle besides, which lessons your weight as it turns to fat, but still makes you look heavier. While I may have put on more weight, a lot of it is muscle, as I do most of the work around here, and I put it on uniformly so that with my support garments I haven't needed a new costly wardrobe each season, while you my fat friend have."

Happy to have gotten away from talking about my early cross dressing experience with the wife I tried to keep the discussion in the realm of weight gains. So hemming and hawing I told her, "Well", and then getting focused again I continued, "I could loose the weight anytime I wanted to; if you weren't such a nag about it! I'm just being stubborn about it because you are such a nag!"

But not to be intimidated my wife continued, "You can't lose weight. You're a beer-aholic and can't stop drinking beer or get rid of all your bloat! And it is not because I am a nag, which I am not. It's because you got some issues that are really bothering you and you don't want to discuss and instead you need to put on this macho act for some reason; probably because I earn more than you do and you can't stand it. And on top of that you're so much of a "man" that you won't help around the house and do some house work like you know you should because you earn less than I do, and I know you must feel guilty about that, because that is not who you really are and that adds to your need to drink. It would just hurt this phony baloney male pride that you developed since you started hanging with the guys at work; and so you drink instead of being the good sweet house husband you know you should and could and want to be".

Not wanting to pursue that issue for which I knew in my heart of hearts that the wife was right, I cleverly, ha- ha, changed subject and guided the conversation back to the weight thing. I told her, "Well, I can loose weight faster than you can!" She disagreed and told me, "Oh no you can't." But I wouldn't let it go, not wanting to get back to the househusband issue and told her, "I can too and I'll bet on that!" She took me at my word looking at me as a light just went off in her head, and told me, "Fine dear, let's make it a bet then, a contest to see who can loose the weight the fastest. I still have the clothing I wore when we first started dating that I can no longer get into even when I am wearing my tightest support garment. And I know you still have all your old stuff. We'll make it a

bet that in six months time the one who lost the most weight or can fit into their old clothing first, is the winner."

"What does the winner get?" I asked. She told me, "If you win I will let you manage the money and all our finances... and I will have to get your permission before buying any more expensive girdles. But I won't care any way because by that time I intend to have lost enough weight not to need them. And if I win you give me your paycheck each week; and I'll control the money; and I'll tell you what you can buy and what you can wear. And as long as I will still earn more than you, you will have to do all the housework, you know the woman's work; the cleaning the cooking, and even the sewing. And that would be for starters. And I am not kidding about that. It won't be a case of you just helping me. All of what you have labeled as so-called woman's work will be your work. You'll be the lady of the house!"

I was hesitant about making the bet, but my wife badgered starting to change the subject back to the male-female stuff that seemed to put me on edge since my wife dressed me as her girl that Halloween, and wanting to avoid that type of conversation I agreed to the bet. The next day she went so far as to bring me down to her lawyer's office, an old girl friend of hers, and a contract was drawn up for both of us to sign. My wife was certainly serious.

Serious enough that in five months my wife lost the weight and was able to fit into her old clothes. One morning she came down for breakfast in her wedding gown with out any support garment beneath it and with one of my old suits in her hand. "Well honey", she told me, "Unless you can fit into your suit I've won the bet and you know what that means." Of course I tried on the suit, just hoping I would have been able to squeeze into it. I tried it on and I couldn't even zipper the pants. I told her, "Okay you win and I will keep the agreement, but only until I can fit into this suit again."

"The heck with the suit, she said, "I get to choose your clothes from now on" she continued as she pulled a red silk dress from its dress bag. "The agreement is that as the winner of this bet I get to choose what you wear, and I choose this!" Staring at the dress, I replied, "Are you loco?" But she was adamant and told me, "No! The deal was that if you lost then I would choose your clothing. I didn't say I would choose to cloth you in pants. You lost; you're stuck with the deal. If you don't believe me then call our lawyer. And besides, your checks have already been garnished. From now on they will be sent to me. So you've got no money honey and had better do as I tell you. Just like when we were first married!"

I telephoned the attorney and all I got from her was a horselaugh. She told me that my wife had already been to her office earlier and demonstrated to her that she was the winner. Legally I had to wear what ever she told me to wear, and that my wife had been granted full control of our finances by the courts, based on that contract I had signed.

My wife seeing my expression then told me, "Now dearie, remember that Halloween Party we went to when we were first married and you would do any thing I asked you to do. We'll this dress is similar to the one your wore to that party when I fixed you up as a girl and you're going to wear it around this house until I think you've learned to be that obedient again. It's just a bit tighter, as I'm moving you up from support hose to real support garments, so nothing will show but your new female figure. And to show you that

those girdles aren't any fun to wear you'll wear that all-in -one shaper that started this whole thing until you loose enough weight to wear this dress with out any figure control garments. And I think that now you'll be glad I wasted money on a quality support garment rather than a cheep one you would have had me buy."

"I won't wear a girdle!" I emotionally yelled, as I mistakenly call that all-in-one. My wife only laughed and told me, "You certainly will, and not just a girdle; but panties, and nylons and every little thing that goes with being an obedient house husband and the new lady of the house. But it won't be for long; because you're not getting any more beer money, and I'm putting you on a strict diet, so you'll be able to fit into this dress pretty soon, with out a girdle. And think of all the money you'll save, because you will be able to wear all of my old clothes and we won't have to waste any money on buying you any new ones. And we can even make some extra money by selling all of our old male clothes...She let that sink in and continued, "I'm going to love this," she said. "My old sweet obedient husband back again, only even sweeter and more obedient and who can also be my girl friend...figuratively and literally. For you will certainly have the figure of a girl and will literally learn to be the sweet girl I know you can be."

I told her, "The hell I will!" and grabbed my clothing and wallet and left the house. I had breakfast at the dinner and as soon as the bar opened I proceeded to drink myself into oblivion. My mistake was getting that drunk at a bar where I was known and it was known where I lived. My friends dropped me off at home, in a stupor, and left me with my wife. When I awoke it was the next day and I was stark naked in my bed, with my wife standing over me.

She told me, "When your mind clears, shave off that awful stubble of yours that you like to pretend is a beard and put on this robe and come on down stairs for breakfast," as she dropped the robe across me. It was one of her satin robes and it felt pleasant on my naked flesh. But, I yelled out, "I'll be damned if I'll wear this thing!" She simply replied, "You'll not only be damned, but you will be naked, if you don't wear it, because that's all that you'll get to wear for now."

I got up to put on my own robe, but it was gone; and so were all my other cloths from my closet and my dresser drawers were empty. A chill went down my spine. But I had no choice; I felt I had to go down stairs to deal with the situation, as my wife had just left me there and in case any one was down stairs, which I would not put beyond my wife from pulling, I put on her robe. Damn, I thought at the time, it felt nice and another chill went down my spine. It was that Halloween all over again, and I had to block out the remembrance of those feelings of pleasure I had gotten from the silks, satins and nylons I had worn that night. I felt myself stiffening and to get my mind off the pleasant feel of the robe went to wash my face with cold water. I washed up and the cold water calmed me down. But feeling the beard stubble I remembered what I had been told to do and shaved off my beard, the one I had grown to annoy my wife and demonstrate my masculinity. It felt good to get it off and I enjoyed the feel of my baby smooth skin. The beard had always been annoying to me also. So beardless and in her silk robe I went down stairs.

I could see by my wife's reaction that she was really happy to see that stubbly beard gone. She smiled at me and told me, "Oh you look so much better clean shaven. Don't you just feel better?"

I did, but I wouldn't admit it and instead the master of changing subjects when they bothered me or challenged by alleged masculinity I asked, "What's the big idea?" I asked the wife. She replied, "This time around I am just making sure you keep to your part of the bet. There isn't a stitch of your clothing in the house. Most of it is gone, but what is left is all locked up in the car, and I got the keys and it's parked at the shopping mall any way. Unless you do as you are told you can go to work on Monday in this robe of mine, or deal with your buddies when I invite them over and all you have to wear is my girly robe.

I realized I had no choice and I told her, "Okay, I'll do as you say. I'll take my medicine. But just for the weekend!" She replied, "Good, that will do for now. Have your breakfast. You cook for you and me. Then do the dishes and I'll see you in the bedroom."

I did as she said, made breakfast, and reflexly brought hers to the table, serving her, where she was sitting waiting to be served. We ate and she just kept looking at me wearing that satin robe and smiling. I was too upset or perhaps frightened to say any thing. I knew I was in for it. However, that thought along with the feel of the silk also was a bit of stimulation. Afterwards she, told me to do the dishes, tying an apron around me, so I wouldn't soil the robe, and watched with apparent enjoyment as I performed that feminine task while wearing her robe and apron. Then she brought me up to our bedroom. Joan could be pretty stubborn. I figured she had the upper hand and I had lost the bet, so I'd have to appease her and spend the weekend in drag. I thought that once I had given in and she'd gotten some revenge, she would listen to reason and let things return to normal. And it wouldn't be so bad, remembering the sex we had that Halloween with me in the dress and her on top, I thought there might be a bright spot to the situation.

The remembrance was more of a flash back as I had been fighting the recollection and it was a bit sudden, as I hadn't thought about that night as a girl or really reflected on the great sex we had that night in some time. It was some thing else I was apparently blocking out of my thoughts about that night in silk and nylon. But I really wasn't prepared for what met me in the bedroom. I thought this would have been like that Halloween that I had some how blocked out all these years and was now flooding back into my memory, when I looked like a man in a dress. At that time she had me wear, and told every one she had put me into a bra stuffed with nylons, a pair of opaque heavy duty support panty hose on my hairy legs, and a dress. A little stage make-up to top that off and Walla her big bad husband was a Halloween party girl. Or so it seemed.

Our little secret was that she had also made me into wearing a pair of her panties and kept me under her control for the entire evening by threatening to tell. The panties at the time turned out to be a bit of a turn on. The nylon felt really nice against me, and I was thankful for the heavy-duty support hose, if you get my drift. Any way, my wife kept me on a short leash the entire evening doing her bidding like a proper 'maiden or maid' in front of all our friends. At first I was a bit taken aback, but every one viewed it as a joke and me as a good sport, we were young, and after a while I found myself getting off on the whole thing along with the feel of the clothing. By the end of the evening my wife was really feeling her oats and treating me like her lady and at home to top it off she bedded me down for one heck of a night with herself on top and me on the bottom.

Those memories that I had apparently been avoiding were coming back but was I wrong! This time it was a real transformation and a lot rougher for me, physically and psychologically.

The first thing she held up for me to try on was a pair of red satin panties. It was made of heavy satin and had two layers of that material. Thick elastic bands were sewn into the waste and the legs. It was a very feminine article of underwear. She held it out to me and I refused to accept it. She then told me, "Put your panties on this minute or you'll go to work in that satin robe come Monday." She said it like she meant it; and I became afraid that come Monday morning I'd be out of the house with nothing to my name but a woman's red satin robe. So I took the panties and life was never the same.

I realized or at least thought that I didn't have much choice in the matter. I was hoping



that once she demonstrated to me that she was now the boss and that I would wear what I was told to wear she would allow me to do my penance in private. So I really had no choice but to do as I was told. I took the panties, actually my panties, from her and they did feel nice to the touch. A shiver went up my spine as I slipped my legs into each leg hole and then pulled the panties up to my waste. My wife smiled as the panties settled around my waste. I can honestly say they felt nice and sexy as they caressed my loins. They felt delightful on me! It felt so soft and cool and smooth. But I turned red from embarrassment as I luxuriated in my new satin underwear. And with those feelings the thoughts and the pleasure of the last time we had played such a game started becoming even stronger, those thoughts and feelings that I had been apparently suppressing. I was so embarrassed; but that was just the beginning.

"Aren't they delightful?" my wife asked. Then she told me, "I can tell you already love these panties." I tried to deny the obvious, to myself as well as to my wife, and replied "No!" though I didn't quite really

feel that way. But she could see my false front, by looking at my front. "Ha!" she laughed, "Don't lie to me I can tell you are a bit turned on. You always loved nylon, silk and satin, and have just been lying to yourself about it! You had such fun that Halloween and made such a sweet obedient boy-girl."

I tried to deny it, but she wouldn't let me. Stammering I told her, "But on you, not me!" I said, referring to the nylon and satin female lingerie and clothes. "And you were black-mailing me that Halloween! This is embarrassing."

But she wouldn't let up and told me, "Don't lie any more. You loved it and still do. I was so foolish not to realize it and press the issue again before now. It would have saved us a lot of arguing. You loved being my cute panty slave. I should have never let you out of panties. You were so sweet and obedient that evening and so good in bed that night. But like it or not. Admit it or not. Don't worry honey, you'll get used to it. Besides I just gave you my best and favorite pair of panties, to celebrate your new status as my new little panty waste obedient husband! My Halloween sweetheart...! You just have to stop lying to yourself. Get rid of that macho image your friends fostered upon you and admit to yourself that you get turned on by wearing my panties and doing as you are told, and that you are really just a panty-waist at heart."

I denied and denied, even though I was realizing there was at least a cornel of truth to what my wife was telling me, and I was getting pleased by and found the panties a turn-on. But my wife told me, "It doesn't matter what you admit now, I am going to dress you up like a girl and I am telling you that you will enjoy it. You can fight it all you want, but until I am convinced you are not the pretty boy pantywaist that I loved you are going to stay dressed as my little obedient sweet heart only wearing feminine finery. It is the only way to save this marriage and you."

I didn't know what to say. Was that the truth? Was that why I had started drinking and stopped taking care of myself, and had started fighting with my wife. Did that Halloween reveal a part of my personality that I needed to suppress or had been suppressing? Other memories started to slowly creep back into my mind...other flashbacks. It was the memories of my babysitters, two girls, older then myself, taking care of me and telling me what a pretty boy I was and what a pretty girl I would make. Did they put me in their dresses and even worse their panties? Did they make me their pretend servant? Perhaps those dreams that started after my Halloween in fem that the drinking suppressed weren't dreams of what I feared were turn-ons and needed to suppress, but memories of which I was afraid because they were true and had become turn-ons.

But I had no time to dwell on those thoughts for my wife continued to dress me, awakening me from my self-contemplation, telling me, "Now hold up your arms." Perhaps I should have stopped her to tell her, dear, you may be right, I may have these unconscious needs.... I'm so sorry I have been taking it out on you... but I was too afraid to deal with that and make those dangerous admissions. But I thought, me, a real pantywaist sissy...? It just could not be! So I simply did as she told me. "Look up, honey." And I did. I felt more satin being placed on my body. This time a stiffer version was being wrapped around my waist and pulled tight. I looked down to see what I was being incased in and my wife kneed me in the butt. "Up!" she commanded. "Look up." And I did as I was told. I then felt the material constricting around my waste. Then she continued with, "Suck in your

gut!" and as I did the constriction got even tighter and she ordered, "Suck it in more!" as she pushed her knee further into my back and continued tightening the constriction around my ever shrinking waist line. She just pulled and pulled despite my protests. I told her, "I can't breathe!" But she told me to take shallower breathes and that I would get used to it. Finally, she told me, "Now at least we got your waste whittled down, so you can fit into your new dress! Now you can look down."

I looked down and almost collapsed as my sides began to expand against the sides of the red satin waist cincher that had just been strapped around me. My wife caught me and said, "Relax and breath easy, and you'll soon get used to this. Feel on your sides. Come over to the full-length mirror. You're just going to just love your new look, so sleek and feminine," she told me with a broad smile on her face; I imagine as she was contemplating my fate.

I made it over to the mirror and got my first look at myself in a tightly laced corset. There I was in a heavy pair of ladies quality satin panties and a genuine red satin waste cincher. Not a costume type of waste cincher, but the real thing, of heavy satin and steel stayed and laced up the back. My wife had laced me in and knotted the ties. She had tied it such a fashion and so tight that she had repositioned my belly fat down to my hips and up to my chest area and I had lost at least an impossible 10 inches off my waist and actually looked like I had slight hips and budding breasts. I didn't think it was possible to so shrink a waste, but my wife did it to me.

"How does it feel?" she asked. "Don't you like the feel of it, so satiny shinny and so tight?" I couldn't say a thing, but my eyes were fixed on my reflection in the mirror, like a deer staring at a light. She continued, "Touch the satin sweet heart, you'll love it." I hesitated and she became demanding. "Do as I say or" She didn't have to finish. I have been holding myself back and with the demand I no longer had to. I ran my hands up and down the satin of the waist cincher over my newly slimed figure and was actually a bit turned on as my hands moved up and down the satin garment and curved over my newly indented waist and flared hips. But regardless of my state I replied, "Yes...but please take it off?!" But she refused and told me that, "I don't really think you want it off, you really seem to enjoy it. Your lips say no-no, but your eyes and the thing at your thighs say, yes-yes."

She smiled and she continued, "Yes I should have realized from the beginning what a panty waist you were, and perhaps you wouldn't have had to start drinking and could have faced your natural inclinations. So you'd better get used to it, because you'll be wearing it till you loose the weight I want you to and you promised to!"

I asked, "Till I can fit into my old clothes?" But she replied, "No...it's until you can fit into my old clothes!" I just couldn't believe what she was telling me, but she was serious.

She stopped for a moment as if to let that sink in and it did and I was a bit terrified but also a bit mesmerized wondering how much of a girl my wife intended to make of me and if all the female clothing was going to feel as sweet as the panties. However, she did not give me much time to think about it. She shortly continued. " Now put this on!" She handed me her old all-in-one, the good one, the one that I had called a girdle and had started the argument in the first place and that had led to the bet, that horrible bet.

But it was now padded. The breasts, hips, and derriere had all been padded out to give the wearer a shapely feminine figure, which would appear to be ever inch a woman's. And at that point realizing what it was and what it would do, I refused, and told her, "Absolutely no way – no how!" Joan laughed and told me if I remained obstinate she would have to beat me. So I called what I thought had been her bluff, but it hadn't been a bluff. She came at me and I went to defend myself and we started to tussle, and that alone almost killed me as I just could not exert myself in that ever so tightly laced corset and continue to breath. I was defenseless. It was horrible and so humiliating. I was free to move around, but still could not defend myself against my wife, a woman, as I could hardly breath when so pressed by her and I had to beg her to stop. I cried out, "I'll do anything you say!" I couldn't breathe while exerting myself with the waist cincher on; and consequently I couldn't defend myself and was the mercy of my wife. I was gasping for breath and thought I would die when my wife finally let me up; and I was totally humiliated! She then handed me the all-in-one for the second time. This time I put it on; stepping into it while I held it low, one leg then the other, as I couldn't bend I was so tightly cinched around the waste, and so it was difficult. But my wife made me put it on myself, and so pulling it up to my waist and then to my chest and placing my arms through the shoulder straps I finally got into it.

"Lovely, she said. "What a nice figure you now have." And I did. The corset had whittled my waist and had impossibly repositioned much of that fat to give me the beginnings of a female figure and the padded all in completed the change to a woman's shape and figure, giving me womanly hips, breasts and a well rounded derriere. I looked ever inch the woman; at least figure wise, and I was embarrassed as hell and blushing from my embarrassment, as I was forced to view myself in the full length mirror. My wife didn't loose the opportunity to rub it in. "Oh, what a lovely womanly figure you have and what a lovely complexion you have". She said, "You might not even need rouge."

I couldn't take it. I told her, "Oh honey, please stop it." I literally begged. But she only teased me back with my own words, "Oh honey, please stop it... No dear, not until you are completely dressed", she continued. "Now put this slip on and be quick about it, before I decide to give you a spanking for all the trouble you've given me."

I had to obey, as I knew the threat was real and constrained as I was my wife could most likely carry out such a threat and have me over her lap paddling my rump in a moment. I was pretty helpless. Strangely enough the thought of the spanking, dressed as I was, was another turn on. No sooner then she had said it then the vision of myself, dressed as I was and bent over her lap invaded my mind and I found the thought and vision pleasant...controlled by my wife with out a worry. But I quickly blocked that and cooperated as she continued to dress me. She held up the slip, all gathered up in her two hands slipped it over my head and then had me put my arms through the straps and then she pulled it down and smoothed it into place. The silk being smoothed against the satin panels of the all-in-one was beginning to stimulate me and I had to fight for control. My wife made me once again look at myself in the full-length mirror. The slip was a lovely red silk and lace affair; all silk with red lace around the bodice and hem. It didn't simply hang but was tailored and fit my new figure exactly, hugging the curves of my enforced feminine figure and showing off my hips and derriere. My wife had planned well. I was completely shocked when I saw myself. From my head to just where my then hairy legs emerged from

the slip I appeared to be a young woman with a slightly mannish face. I somehow knew this had been done to me in the past and I had eventually learned to enjoy it, though I had apparently blocked it out, even as I was fighting but beginning to enjoy the sensations I was once again feeling. Just for a moment the thought of how sweet I looked had crept into my mind, but I beat it back.

"What a lovely young lady you'll eventually make!" my wife told me, mirroring my own thoughts. As I turned around to answer her she snapped my photograph, with an instamatic camera and then she ran down the stairs and out of the house before I could act. I followed her to the front door but was too embarrassed to go any further. By the time I put on one of her coats and gathered sufficient courage to try to regain the photo she had taken, she had returned. It happened that fast.

She explained, while showing me a copy of the photograph she had taken. She told me a duplicate photo was now with her attorney who would release it if anything happened to her. She continued, that she herself would send it to my boss and all my friends if I did not do as I was told; and she would swear I had been dressing in her clothes since that Halloween Party when I was costumed as a girl, in her clothing. And she would tell them all about the panties I had been wearing, telling them it was my idea to feel more feminine and obedient, and she had tried to argue against it, but to no avail. I stared at the photograph. It was obviously me, without my beard, in a very feminine slip which was filled out with all the proper curves. I knew I would become the laughing stock among my friends and acquaintances if not the entire town if that photograph was ever revealed, with the story my wife would tell. I would be finished with my drinking buddies. I'd be finished at my job. It was blackmail, but that didn't matter. I was none-the-less trapped and had to do as ordered by my wife. And so I agreed to do as she ordered. However, as I gave in a strange calm overcame me. It was frightening. And there were more flashbacks of me as a young boy dressed as a young girl, with my baby sitters. But I still did not have time to dwell on those nightmares.

She smiled, knowing that she had won and was in complete control and then told me, "Fine my dear. Now we'll just finish dressing you as is now appropriate for your new figure and role in the house. She handed me a pair of red silk stockings and instructed me as to how they should be put on, gathering the material, pointing my toes, rolling them up my legs and smoothing them out before gartering them. However, she had to put them over my pointed toes and roll them partially up each of my legs, as I could not bend over sufficiently to reach my feet. But she made me roll them up from the point I could reach; smooth them out, and had me fasten the garters, at least the front ones. I did the front ones according to her directions, but she had to help me with the ones in the back. She didn't appear happy that I was having such trouble with the back garters. She told me, "Honey, this time I'll help you, but in the future you will have to learn to do this on your own. After all I can't be dressing you every day." Then she continued with, "After all, who is the maid here?" I was terrified. That maid comment really got me thinking as to how far my wife was really planning to take this dress up game. Again I found the feel of the silk stockings worth the embarrassment of wearing them, rolling them up my thighs and smoothing them before and while attaching the garters had been frighteningly sensual. And I was getting the feeling I had done this before, and even before the Halloween I remembered so well.

In any case, I of course turned beat red hearing the threat of having to wear lady's silk stockings or nylon ones for that matter on a regular basis, but didn't reply. I just thought, and wrongly so, that she would not have me at her mercy long enough for that couched treat to become a reality. Little did I know!?"

Next she had me put on a pair of red high-heeled shoes, to match my outfit. I had trouble standing in them and at first she supported me and made me walk around in them for a while until I gotten used to the height. For some reason it did not take long. Again I had the feel or repressed memories and that I had spent a lot more time in high heels then that one Halloween with my wife. In any case, my wife made me once again look at myself in the mirror. I looked and then stared at my legs in the mirror. The high heels had shortened my calf muscles and had given my legs a much more feminine shape. My wife was right I had been loosing muscle. It was embarrassing to realize, that thus dressed, if my legs had been shaven I could have passed as a tomboyish girl. However, there was no time to dwell on that, as my wife handed me my dress, and made me put it on. This time she did not even attempt to help me put it on and had me do it myself, really putting me in my place. It was unzipped and I stepped into it, difficult as it was being so corseted, as I had seen my wife do on numerous occasions, and pulled it up into place, hugging my figure. It was embarrassing but I couldn't get it zippered and had to ask her to help me. She laughed and told me the next time she asked me to reciprocate may be I would have a better understanding of the problem and wouldn't be so arrogant about helping out.

I again looked at myself in the mirror as she zipped me into the dress. I think she intentionally positioned me so that I would see it hug my body as she closed the zipper. It was a form fitting and as the closing zipper pulled it into place it clung to my body and again revealed my new figure. Again I was finding that view and the feel of the satin dress closing in on me a bit of a turn on, and so I turned away. At that point she told me not to move but to look at myself in the mirror as to get used to the new me. She told me, "You'll be looking at your new image for a long time to come, so you need to get used to it!" I though it an idle threat, but did not really have time to think that much about it, as she moved on. While I was till staring at the new me, in shock and with the mesmerized feeling I had been through all of this in the past and had learned to enjoy it more then was right, she ran a brush through my "Jesus" shoulder length hair which now with out the benefit of my beard to off set it, looked remarkably like any woman's long hair, and better then some. She then fastened it in place with a red satin ribbon and patted me on the buttocks and told me, "There, you're all ready now."

"Ready for what...?" I foolishly asked, not that it would have really made a difference. My wife was more then glad to tell me and describe the entire awful ordeal. "Why you're ready to go to your car and get your clothes, that is unless you want to stay dressed like this for work on Monday. You do seem to like your new outfit so. But I am not sure it is appropriate for your work. And in case you do want some thing manlier for work on Monday, you need to go get what few of your clothes that I saved which are in the trunk of your car that is at the parking lot at the strip mall down the road. And the only way you can get there is by walking, and you might as well get started as soon as possible."

"Like this!" I exclaimed, almost hysterically and on the verge of tears.

"Of course like that." She laughed enjoying herself and my discomfort, and told me. "It's almost time for the stores to open and if you argue you'll have to go there with all the ladies on their way to shop for the day. At least if you leave how you have a fifty-fifty chance of not being seen and if seen not recognized; and I won't make this offer again."

I was hoping she was kidding and once having me out side and even more embarrassed would let me back in and not take that walk and the whole thing would be over, with that last show of force. But in any case I did not seem to have much of a choice, dressed as I was, I was at her command and so I stepped outside, and hearing the door close and lock, I realized she was not kidding and was serious about me, a man, taking that public walk appearing to all the world as a girl in red high heels and a red dress.

Once outside and even more at her mercy, she made me actually pose for some more photos before I left, and that time smile as if I was enjoying the whole thing. She kept making me pose and model until I found myself actually begging her to let me go for that walk in public, as my fear grew with the passing of time and the knowledge that more people would be heading out to that mall. Not satisfied with just embarrassing me she would make me also humiliate myself. She sweetly asked, "You mean you want to walk to the car dressed as you are, just like a girl, with your girlie outfit and girlie under things?" I was mortified from embarrassment but could only reply, "Yes".

But she wouldn't let it go at that. She continued, "Well if you really want to go for that walk so sweetly dressed then you have to ask me nicely to be allowed to go for a walk in public in your new dress and tell me how much you enjoy your new silky clothes."

And so I was forced to reply, "Honey, please let me go for a walk in my new dress. I do so want to show it off." I was almost in tears. As sensual as I was finding my new clothes, the public exposure was just too much.

But the wife was having too much fun and wouldn't just let it go at that. She continued to tease me, "But you didn't tell me how much you like your new outfit. Would you like to change into something else?" And she wasn't talking about more manly clothes, for she continued, "Perhaps you would prefer something with a shorter skirt to better show off your legs? Or a different support garment or different panties?" I have plenty of time and an extensive wardrobe to share with you. That is the girly you! We can play dress up all morning."

I had no choice, as I felt I needed to get the walk over with as quickly as possible and so I had to further embarrass myself. "No dear, I am very happy with my new outfit. It's me," I told her. But she gave me a look indicating she wanted to hear even more before letting me go, and so I had to continue. But all of a sudden the feeling of the clothing, the silkiness and tightness of it all began to over-come me and feel very comforting, like an old comforting feeling I had forgotten, that I had suppressed, and so I was able to almost sincerely tell her, "I am very happy with the outfit honey. I can't believe it, but it is very comfortable and almost soothing as I find myself not fighting the embarrassment of it all and just going with it. It seems like an old memory. The corset, though tight, is beginning to feel like some one hugging me and I am beginning to find it comforting. The all-in-one is beginning to give me that same comforting caress. And the silk panties are just so comfortable as I stop fighting the feeling. The dress is lovely and feels wonderful and so nice over

the slip and stockings. I can't really explain it right now. I just don't know where these feelings are coming from....."

The wife seemed really so pleased with my turn about answer, but having apparently broken me, had me admit to myself the pleasant sensations I was experiencing from the female clothes I was wearing, she wouldn't let up and continued to break me. "Okay, my little missy-sissy, the truth is beginning to come out. That pleases me. And just in case you start to believe the photos aren't enough to damn you with your friends and your boss, that you can claim they were faked, I recorded every thing you just said." And she played it back, and with the last time she had me admit I was not unhappy being dressed I really sounded like I had meant it, which to an extent I had. So I knew I was completely in her power, and the wind really left my sails and I was done fighting her over whelming force. She let it sink in and then continued to break me even further. She told me, "But you're not quite ready to start this little journey, not quite yet. You forgot your face is not made up yet. Here", she handed me a compact and lipstick. "Use the mirror from the compact to put a little color on your lips before you get going. You look too pale and people might think you were ill, and the new you is far to cute to appear ill and so pretty that make-up is just a must."

Shocked by my new revelation to myself and that it was on tape in my own voice and knowing that arguing was not going to help and would only serve to further delay me I bent under the ultimate humiliation and voluntarily painted my own lips a bright red to match my outfit, as my wife looked on with a smile and explained to me how it was done; and captured my humiliation on film. She then had me press my lips together in the appropriate fashion and blot them on a tissue. After checking to make sure I had done the proper job she pulled on my dress to make sure it hung right and then patted my tush and sent me on my way. As I began walking down the road to the mall I could hear her laughing as she cried out, "Sway those hips sweat heart. You don't want the folks to think you're walk is too masculine, not for a girl any way."

Chapter 2:

BEAUTIFIED AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR

It took me a half hour to reach the parking lot for the strip mall where my wife had told me the car had been parked and where I actually found it. I had walked all the way there, down the road 'red faced' from embarrassment, trying to move as femininely as possible as not to be recognized as a man, just in case some one took a glance in the early morning. Fortunately I managed to beat the morning mall crowd, for even if I had passed as a female, I was still a bit over dressed for a morning stroll, which would have brought attention to me. Strangely enough, after settling down and putting my fear of discovery aside, I was finding the feel of the clothing to be quite a turn on, once getting over the overwhelming embarrassment of it all. The satin panties against my manhood felt especially nice and

I found it somewhat of a turn on, as was the feel of the silk slip against my silken-covered legs, or rubbing along the satin panels of my all-in-one. However, when I reached the car I was never so glad and relieved, or so I thought, as the feeling of relief was but for a moment.

I tried the key to the car, pushing it into the lock but it wouldn't go in. In a fit of fear I tried the trunk key, but it didn't fit either. I began to sweat. My hands were clammy and I was shaking. I then tried both keys in every possible fashion and neither would go into the lock. The car door wouldn't open. Too much time had passed; and I'd never make it back home without being seen and most likely recognize, by someone, as a male in a female dress. And once caught even further exposed and embarrassed as to what was underneath that dress. It wasn't like I was just wearing a dress and woman's shoes. Why I was dressed from the skin out, women under things included, down to satin panties. I would never live it down. I was turning scarlet just thinking about it. Whatever sensual enjoyment I had been experiencing had quickly melted away.

Just then I froze with nervous apprehension as I heard the click-click of high-heeled shoes approaching me from behind. A feminine voice said, "Joan, you'd better come into the shop and let me wax your legs... they're terrible!" I didn't move or turn around; apparently I had been mistaken for my wife. And it must have been by her beautician as she was the only female shopkeeper in the surrounding businesses.

"Joan honey," the voice continued, "as the owner of the voice came up to my side and said, "Can't you hear me? Are you locked out of your car?" I turned to hide my face, but my inquisitor caught sight of my face, which was by then turning beat red as I realized she had realized that I was in fact not her girl friend Joan, my wife, but some male in complete drag.

"Why, you're not Joan!" she exclaimed. "But this is her car and you are wearing her dress, and judging by your figure, at least some of her undergarments. I would know that red satin dress of hers anywhere, even though I haven't seen it on her years. There isn't a second one like that in this county. Did you rob that? And what did you do with Joan?" I then turned around, getting even redder. "Why, you are a man!" she yelled. She then continued, "I don't know what's going on here; or what type of pervert you are running around in my girl friends clothing, but I'm calling for the police. You'd better not go anywhere! You won't get far running in those high heel shoes and such a tight dress. And besides you'll stick out like a sore thumb, in that red satin evening dress, at this time of the morning, with those hairy legs and unmade face. In fact, you had just better tell me what goes on here and come along with me and quietly or I'll start screaming and bring a crowd. Then you'll really be in for it. The men folks around here don't cotton to this type of shenanigans and might just really teach you a lesson. And if you hurt Joan..., well we have ways of dealing with people like that!"

It would have been worse for me then that. A good beating I could have dealt with, but the men folks were my friends and the embarrassment of being found in lady's clothing and a complete set including under things would have been too much to bear. I would have been the joke of the bar for years. I had no choice but to sort of fess up and ask for help.

"Oh, please!" I begged. "I'm not a thief, I'm Joan's husband. This is an -ah - a - a wager pay off, on a double dog dare. I lost a bet with Joan and the pay up was wearing this outfit out in public and walking to the mall to pickup the car and driving back home. But in my embarrassment I must have picked up the wrong car keys....and now I can't get into the car and it is too late to walk back without being recognized. And I can't get in touch with Joan. She followed me here to make sure I kept my part of the bargain and once she saw me with the keys out, she left, and probably to meet her mom to have a good laugh. She took photos. And I can't get back into the house with out the house keys, which are still locked in the car. The house is alarmed and I would die if the cops caught me like this. So now I'm trapped outside, all dressed up as a girl and I don't know when Joan is coming home." And then for good measure I started to tear a bit. I was always the good actor. But to tell the truth I was ready to break down and cry for real. I was so afraid that she would actually telephone the police, as she had threatened to do. After all she didn't know me.

I continued, "Even if I walk home I'd be stuck outside of the house all dressed up like this, with no place to go." I told her again, hoping to soften her and hoping she would help me out of that predicament without realizing my wife was really waiting at home for me most likely to continue the punishment and my enforced change in clothing to this dress. "Oh please", I continued, "My feet hurt so...I'm not used to walking around in high heels and I've walked ever so far. I've just got to sit down, and get a change of clothes."

And I was really ever so feminine in my supplication. I even surprise myself. Well it had an effect. It did soften her. She responded, "Why you poor dear," she told me. "And such a good sport... I'm sorry, that I though the worst for the moment. Now that you mention it Joan did mention something about a bet associated with her weight loss. But, then again I wasn't paying that much attention. But I do have a vague recollection of her talking about getting her husband into a dress. So I guess she did. And you do make such a cute girl; except for those terrible hairy legs. Joan was right to put you in that dress. I guess at least you're no pervert murderer. And I can't have the police taking away my girl friends husband. Not in that dress any way. It would just get ruined in jail. Oh, come into my beauty parlor before someone recognizes you as a 'wolf in lady's clothing' and I'll see what I can do to help you out. Though I'm not making any promises. I sort of find you cute in that outfit. May be I'll just keep you here like that for a while, until Joan can come and get you. You know I have even thought of putting my hubby in a dress. May be this will inspire me. I really thought Joan had been kidding. This is really so sweet."

I hoped she was kidding me so I just replied with a laugh, a nervous one at that and thanked her for her kindness. But when we walked to her beauty parlor I found she was holding my hand so tight that it was almost as if she wanted to prevent my escape in case I was having second thoughts; and telling me, "You know you should have shaved your legs, done a better makeup job, and done more with your hair, and you could have spent the day on the street without being recognized as a fellow...though that dress is a bit much for day wear. Joan really should have touched you up a bit. I can't get over your figure. I know you must be well corseted and padded for Joan never mentioned her husband having a hormone problem. You just have such a sweet figure for a boy regardless of how you got it. And your hair is lovely. It's almost a shame you are a boy. I just love to give hair like yours a perm, boy or girl."

Then she went back to talking about dressing her husband and I was getting even more nervous with that. She told me, "You know I was serious when I said I always wanted see how my husband would look as a girl. He is like you, sort of too good looking to be a man. So I was curious as to what type of girl he would have made and always wanted to dress him up as a girl and perm his hair and do a bit of make up, but he'd never let me. It's a shame Joan didn't make the bet even a little tougher. I'll have to speak to her about that. I tell you what. Any time you come in here in that red dress all gussied up the way you are you can get the works on the house. You can find out just how the other half lives and is pampered. Provided of course, you come out drinking with the girls after wards. I would so love to show you off if you came out any thing like I think you would! You'd just be so pretty."

I had been relieved when it appeared that I had been rescued, but all her talk of beautifying me was really making me once again nervous. Besides she was slowing down a bit and I was afraid she was actually thinking about the offer and would press the offer. I was really pretty much under her control and she could probably have me do just about any thing by threatening to get the police, so I didn't need her going on in the vein she was thinking. After all there was no way I could stop her with out the use of force which would only make things worse, and tightly laced in the corset and walking around in high heels I didn't have much force in me. So I had to interrupt that train of thought and told her, "I appreciate the offer and your kindness, but I'll have to pass on that one," trying to make a joke of it.

Then to speed her up and change the conversation I explained that the dress and slip were so tight, I could hardly take half my normal stride, and was about to fall over from all that walking in the high healed shoes and I begged, "Please, let's just get to your store before any one sees me and so I can sit down and get out of these shoes and dress." And lying to her, I tried to convince her to help me by getting me out of the female attire rather than making me passable in it by telling her, "I'm sure Joan didn't mean for me to be found out in public like this. It would be an embarrassment for her also. You know a husband panty waste. I'm sure she's gotten her kicks from the bet and if she were here would just get me home. She left a change of clothes for me the car. I just can't get to it. Perhaps you can find me a pair of pants, so I can stretch out a bit?"

She answered with a laugh and a reply similar to her earlier comments that had sent a chill down my back and convinced me to try to change the subject. "You know you shouldn't knock a thing before you give it an honest try. You might find shaved legs pleasant, at least while wearing silk hose, and very expensive silk hose it appears. We girls do, you know. Don't you like the feel of silk stockings with a silk slip and silk dress? Be honest now."

She caught me off guard and she had one of those personalities that made it hard to lie to her and I had to admit the feel of the silk was in deed pleasant. I told her, "To tell you the truth the feel is sort of nice...very soothing, even under the circumstances. But I wouldn't want to make a habit of it. And I do look darn silly." I was being truthful. The silk did impart a pleasant sensation. But it was a mistake to have admitted it and then she wouldn't let it go.

She continued, "Well it even feels better when your legs are shaven. The feel of silk against bare skin is delightful. And the feel of silk dress against a silk stocking over a shaved thigh is really delightful. You men don't know what you are missing. I'm sure if you tried it for a while you would wear panty hose all the time. You just would need to get over your silly embarrassment. After all any thing that feels so good, can't be that bad that you should be embarrassed about wearing it. Now should it?"

She didn't wait for an answer but told me, almost in a manner confided in me, "I know several men from the surrounding area who do wear lingerie. Their wives keep them in nylon panties and pantyhose and pant slips beneath their male attire. And they are brought in here to my beauty parlor to have their legs waxed each month. The girls give the boys the benefit of not embarrassing them even more by bringing them to their local places to get them beautified, but bring them here because this shop is a bit out of the way for them. No they don't enjoy the waxing, but they do enjoy the petticoating, as much as they deny it. One even once told me that he would never go back to wearing cotton underwear again, and in fact, wanted to wear camisoles instead of tee shirts and wanted me to suggest that to his wife. I am sure there are a number of fellows from around here who are like wise wearing their wife's lingerie or their own. I can sort of tell by the way they move and how the wives sort of boss them. Their wives just probably take them to beauty parlors away from here." As good as it sounded she hadn't convinced me and I replied to Doris with a firm thanks but no thanks, some other time, not wanting to offend my savor, even though the idea was a bit intriguing, and the feel of the lingerie was pleasant. However, I was trying not to let myself give into those feelings.

By that time we had entered her beauty shop and she told me she just had to cancel a couple of appointments so she would have time to help me out. "But first," she continued, "Let's get that lipstick off your face. Who ever put it on you did a terrible job. You look like a clown, not like a femme." She told me as she helped me wipe the lipstick off my lips. Then she unzipped me, telling me to undress down to my underwear, actually my wife's underwear, since I was so uncomfortable in the dress, and she gave me a large apron to put on to cover myself with until she returned with something more suitable. I gladly got out of the dress; but she popped back from the rear of the shop before I could get out of the slip and into the large apron she had given me. "Oh what a lovely slip!" she exclaimed. "It's such a shame I have no camera. I tell you if I weren't so nice a gal I'd keep you like this till your wife picked you up. I just love seeing a cute boy all dressed up in that slip. Oh, turn around so I can see how it hangs." Though I didn't like that 'boy' comment I was afraid to anger her and so I complied, turning around in as feminine a manner as I could, attempting to make a joke of it. She shook her head and laughed. "I can't believe your wife got you into that slip and stopped short of a complete transformation. Especially you, with such long lovely hair and lovely big blue eyes and such long black eye lashes. I have customers who would give their right arm for hair and eyes like yours. And you a man... a male any way, and they're so wasted on a guy. You should have been a girl you know. I bet all your girl friends were jealous of those eyelashes of yours. Oh, I'd better stop, or I'll lose control. Take off the slip and put this apron on and get out of those spiked heels and have a seat and give your feet a rest. They must be killing you by now. That'll take a load off your feet."

I did as I was instructed; and sat down in the beauty parlor chair, the thrown of the feminine kingdom. I waited but she didn't return right away and I dozed off. I had relaxed in the security of being inside after such a trying experience. I was happy to be out of the public view and thinking about my good fortune to have found some one, a woman, who I had gotten to believe my twist on my predicament and seemed willing to get me a change of clothes so I would soon be able to get out of those impossible support garments and the not so horrible but none-the-less embarrassing other items of lady's clothing. After all I was already out of the dress and those impossible high, high healed, shoes.

However, Doris, not completely trusting me, for whatever reason, telephoned my wife from the back room while I was unsuspectingly waiting for her to find me a change of clothes and had quite a conversation with Joan, as I only later found out. Doris telephoned Joan to make sure that every thing was on the up and up, that she was alright, that I was in deed her husband, and that I was dressed in her clothes paying off a bet. And last but not least that I was supposed to have gotten into the car and was suppose to have gotten my male clothes back. Then even assuming every thing was okay Doris wasn't still above having some fun with me herself, so she needed to check with the wife.

Doris did get Joan, my wife, on the phone and of course she was fine and told Joan she had a guy claiming to be her husband, me, all dressed in what appeared to be Joan's older but fancy clothes, and before she helped me out of them or left me in them but let me go on my way, she wanted to make sure that every thing was on the up and up and that I was Joan's husband, and that nothing had happened to Joan. Also assuming every thing was on the up and up that Joan had planned for me to get a change of clothes once I had gotten to the car, but there was a fowl up.

The wife told Doris not to call the police, at least not for real. She explained that I was her husband and that my wearing of her clothes had resulted from a bet, though one that I had not agreed to voluntarily abide, so she had no intention of letting me off the hook too easily. And the wife also told Doris that regardless of what she had told me that she really meant to keep me dressed in her old clothes, woman's things, the way I was until she tired of the game. She meant to teach me a real lesson and that she did not have any plans to let me return to my male clothes, at least for the time being, and perhaps never on a permanent basis, depending on how things turned out. There really weren't any of my male clothes in the car and she had given me the wrong keys on purpose, so that I would have not only walk to the car dressed in her outfit, in the early morning light, but then have to walk back home so dressed in the light of day, pretending as best I could to be a woman.

Doris loved the whole thing. "Sounds like great fun," Doris told her. Doris loved the idea, having wanted to cross dress and make-up her own husband, but thought it was a bit extreme. After all I was an okay guy and the public exposure dressed so completely as a girl, in panties and every thing, could be a bit much. She offered to keep me dressed and asked if she could help out and at the same time have some fun with me by doing my make-up the way she would do a bridesmaid, but offered to drive me home rather then expose me so publicly, after she had had her fun with me. She felt fun was fun but getting found out on the walk home dressed as I was and all alone could really be so embarrassing as to shock my system.

Then Joan sort of broke down and explained that she was really trying to shock the system, and explained why I really had to be pushed to the pettycoated extreme. She told Doris that she was trying to really shock me with the cross dressing in order to bring back some repressed memories and she had every intention of pushing the cross dressing to the limits or until I recalled those memories, and short of gelding me she was going to make me as girlish as possible in every way possible until I recalled my past feminine activities that I had repressed, and public exposure was not a problem, at least as far as my wife was concerned. And in fact, to some extent it would be therapeutic, that is being dressed as a girl and acting as one with real woman who new that I was boy being forced to be a girl. There was something that I did not even know about myself and would have to be forced to confront or at least admit for my own good and the good of our marriage. And that being dressed as a girl, and having to act the girl's part and having to do so in front of and with woman who knew my real gender might even be and in fact was suppose to be therapeutic for me.

Joan told Doris, "You recall that after you told me about that thing you had for pettycoating your bows, I told you that I also found that to be fun and had always been attracted to girlish guys. Fellows who did not have a problem taking orders from their girl friends, who even sort of enjoyed it, and who did not have a problem helping around the house performing those female homemaker tasks, and even sort of enjoyed that, those tasks I would rather not do myself. And I also enjoyed petticoating my boy friends. You know we both used to do that. Halloween was always our favorite holiday. We both have loads of photos together with boy friends in dresses and all made up."

"Well, when I started dating Jan I thought he was the perfect specimen, or so I thought. He had a lovely name that could go either way... Was small and not terribly masculine, though great in bed, he so loved to please me... When we moved in together, to give that a try, he helped around the house, and was even good at it, almost as if he had been trained... And seemed to have no problem with the light petticoating I put him through. I would have him wear my panties under his male clothes when we went shopping or put an apron on him when we cleaned house, along with other games. So we got married and every thing was going great, until I upped it to the next level and dressed him as my girl friend for a Halloween party; nothing to severe, except I had him in a pair of my panties, but did not share that with any one else, as it was my lever to keep him in line."

"He was fine during the party and seemed to be having a great time, obedient as a little maid, and the sex that night was the best and the thoughts of my upping the pettycoating were orgasmic. However, it was downhill from there and he really rebelled and even though I could tell he still enjoyed it he wouldn't play along with the pettycoating and following orders any more and every time I tried to play he would avoid me and on top of that really let himself go."

"His sister noticed the change and we got to talking and I couldn't help myself and told her every thing. Then she told me every thing. Jan has been petticoated before, and to the extreme. He was always such a pretty boy. His baby sitters had dressed him up in his sister's old clothing, telling him what a cute girl he made and she said he had seemed to like it. And they would even treat him like a girl and have him do girl things for them, sort of teaching him to be a girl, and one even gave him some of her mothers Estrogens. When

Jan's mom first found out about him being dressed as a girl and learning about being a girl she at first thought it was cute and sort of did not let on, since he did seem to like it. And he had become such a great help at home, cooking, cleaning, sewing... doing all of those female tasks. Why he did every thing a girl, a daughter, was supposed to and was nicer about it, at least to his mom. I guess there wasn't that typical mother daughter conflict. However, when she found out about the hormones she decided she had to put a stop to it. You know she wanted grandkids and female hormones were a bit over the top."

"So, his sister told me that their mom intentionally came home early one day and found him in dresses and playing maid for his baby sitter. She must have totally embarrassed him for he totally blocked the whole cross-dressing episode out of his mind and blocked out the baby sitters also, and shied away from any thing feminine. So he went from one extreme to the other and mom was not happy about it. She actually preferred his girlish self, as long as he could give her grand children. So next she took him to therapy, but nothing would bring back those repressed memories and desires. The therapy did no good. The therapist told his mom that he needed a real shock, which he needed to confront the desire and probably needed to dress in front of her and deal with it. However, she could not get him to budge, to wear girl's things or help around the house, and she was too afraid as to what might happen if she forced the situation."

"Then when I started dating him he apparently started to revert back and his interest in the feminine and girl's clothing was rekindled. Of course I did not know about his past experiences and likes, as so I feigned reluctance but slowly pushed him into wearing girl's clothes and helping out around the house, which was actually back into dressing as a girl and helping around the house. I didn't know it at the beginning but his sister helped. When he would ask her if certain things were okay or normal, his sister would always back up what I was having him do as cute games couples play when they're first married. But then I reached the brick wall with him, and he started to fight it, picked up bad habits, put on weight, and started drinking with the boys. Then his sister told me about his past, what a cute girl he had made and how sweet he had been, and how all that had changed how he had repressed his desires and how a real shock was needed. So the bet was the last round in the fight, and it gave me the excuse to put him in a dress, whether he agreed or not, and whether he could admit liking it or not! And I don't intend to let him out of the bet until he is back to his old self, his old - old self. I earn enough money for both of us and I would rather keep him at home in skirts then let him become some macho beer belly buddy."

Doris loved the idea and wanted to help. That is she thought under the circumstances it would be great fun to feminize me, forcefully. In the past she had always cajoled her boy friends into putting on the girly stuff, being a beautician and all that. However, as she had told me, her husband had not been so easy, and she missed dressing up the boys. Now she might have a situation where she could do almost any thing she wanted to me to feminize me for my wife and mother and it would be considered therapy. So she volunteered her services as a feminizer, if Joan wanted her help to keep me in dresses and feminize me and break me down to that state of shock that would reawaken those old memories and return me to girlish state. After all, they agreed that nothing could feminize and shock a man as a day being beautified in a beauty parlor.

The two girls discussed it and my fate was settled and sealed. Joan had little objection to Doris giving her husband the works. She found my situation, being rescued by a beautician who got a kick out of feminizing guys, and was being given the okay to proceed that way with me, while I was thinking that I had been rescued, a real laugh. Doris offered, with her own laugh, thinking of what she could and would be doing to me, to give me the full beauty parlor treatment and then some. She said she had all morning to work on me and that I would leave the place, with a new female hairdo, full makeup, shaved of most of my body hair, and if my wife really wanted to shock me, with permanently arched eyebrows and pierced ears. Yes, Doris even offered to use electrolysis on my eyebrows and pierce my ears if my wife had no objection and that lay with her plans.

My wife's own plans further crystallized then. She told Doris, "Honey, take him all the way. I'll even pay for it. As long as he fights it you can have a field day with him. You can work out all your fantasies of feminizing a male to the extreme. However, if he seems to come around and is shocked into accepting and then into enjoying the feminization and a female role, then slow down on anything that is permanent and would mark him as a sissy. But if he keeps up that macho bravado, short of gelding him, he is all yours to do with as you wish. And have fun." And then Doris, her own fantasy game come true, told my wife, she would make me beautiful."

So when I awoke to the sounds of Doris fussing around me, my former rescuer had become my captor and a player in my wife's game to keep me in dresses and make me the obedient sissy house husband. I found that Doris had handcuffed me to the beauty parlor chair with those play handcuffs we all get to play those sex games. Apparently she had waited for me to doze off and then snuck back in with two pairs of those play handcuffs and putting them around my wrists and the arms of the chair, firmly locking me into the chair. I was locked in before I could stop her.

I jumped up pulling on the cuffs and ranting while attempting to break free. She let me have my way for a while and then made her second move. She slapped me, with all her strength, right across the face, as if I were some hysterical female. It stopped me for the moment. She then flashed out one of those old fashion single edge shaving razors, still used by barbers, in front of my face and stated in a firm if not dominating voice, "If you don't calm down I'm going to use this to calm you down. Little boys made into little girls tend to be very quiet and cooperative. Now sit down and stay quiet before you're sorry!" Needless to say I did as I was told.

She explained her sudden change of attitude from the concerned but amused one at my predicament to that of a haughty dominatrix. She told me, "I just called your wife to double check on who you are and your story and she explained that you had tried to no pay off the bet and she had to force you to dress and because of you being such a sore loser she had no intention of letting you back into pants and that she purposefully gave you the wrong car keys because she wanted you to have to walk home again in the broad day light. So I told her what happened and about all your lies and she said I should teach you a lesson before I let you go home, and I aim to do just that. When you leave here to walk home you won't have to worry about being recognized as a man, because by the time I get done with you no one is going to be able to tell you're a male!"

I couldn't even think of what to say I was so dumb founded. And with that last comment she pulled off the apron she had given me, to reveal much to my shame the female undergarments I was still wearing. "How adorable!" she squealed. "All dressed up in woman's underwear. What a lovely all-in-one, and it does look so becoming in you! I must record this for posterity and to share with the girls." And with that she snapped several pictures of me as I cursed her through clenched teeth. "Yes," she continued, "Joan should have dressed you like this all the time, and perhaps when I get done with you you'll be suitable for that situation. Now get this straight I mean to have no trouble from you. If you give me any more difficulty I'll have no compulsion against gagging you and beating you in your now helpless condition...or to even geld you if you're really become disobedient. We are all alone. I cancelled all the morning appointments, and no one will hear you. I'm going to give you some advice that when the inevitable hits home don't fight it but just sit back and try to get what ever enjoyment out of it that is possible. With that she pressed her hand into my groin lightly smashing my testies and forcing me to sit down from the pain. She added, "That's just a sample of what can and will happen to you if you're uncooperative. Do you understand?" I replied, "Yes." through the pain. She told me, "Good, then let's get started. And by the way, I want you to call me Doris; like any of my other clients, the girls, would. Some thing tells me you'll be in here again... and again," she laughed. I didn't contradict her. I was too embarrassed.

Doris unfastened the garters supporting my silk stockings and rolled the stocking down my legs, all the while she was humming 'I enjoy being a girl', just to add to my humiliation. She then rolled up the legs of my panty girdle portion of the all-in-one up to just about what she told me was my bikini line. She then told me she was going to Nair off all my hair so I wouldn't have to be embarrassed about showing off my legs, especially with lovely feminine legs like mine. "After all", she said, "you do have very shapely



legs, and it's been shame you haven't been able to show them off to their best advantage. I am sure once the hair is gone your wife will want to keep you in short skirts." Twenty minutes later when she had removed the depilatory with a wash cloth all my leg hair came with it, some thirty odd years worth of manly growth had been removed in ten short minutes by Doris the beautician... my beautician. She was delighted with the results and commented, "It's amazing how more feminine your feminine legs can look with out a coat of hair. Yes, you'll have no trouble passing, if this is any indication. And I have so much more to accomplish on you." And after all you will be spending so much time in skirts. So much to do and so little time."

Next she did my underarms and arms and was quite satisfied when that hair also melted away. With that she told me "I'll put your stockings back on in a little while and you'll see and feel the difference hairless legs make!!! And you'll feel how absolutely feminine your legs will feel and will look in stockings and spiked heeled shoes. You'll never know they were yours, and the legs of a guy. But first you'll need a pedicure and before I do that I've got to get to work on your perm. And then we'll do your makeup... and perhaps, so many other things." That sounded threatening and a shiver went down my spine, but there was little I could do.

With that she turned the chair around so I was facing the mirror with her at my back so as she explained to me, I could see everything she was doing. She started humming again "'I enjoy Being a Girl' and smiling and went to work cutting and styling and then applying the curlers and the perm solution to my long hair. "Don't worry", she said, as she put me under the hair dryer. "I won't put you under for so long; just long enough for a body wave, although I'd love to give you a nice tight perm that would hold you for weeks. After all, your hair is so girlish, so long and lovely. You must have wanted to get it permed you kept it so long."

I of course denied that and told her my wife had insisted. But she explained, "I'm sorry dear, you must have had a need for such long hair; it's so beautiful and well taken care of. It looks like a young girl's hair." Again I tried to tell her it was all my wife, but Doris wouldn't have it and just continued like it was my idea and I should enjoy the feminine hair care and style, her insistence working on my thoughts, trapped as I was and so vulnerable.

Doris continued, "I'm so glad you have shoulder length hair. But the permanent will have to wait for next time. Don't be too disappointed. Its just you don't have a lot of time here today. But while you're under I'll do your toes." And so she began my first pedicure, soaking, cleaning, removing cuticle and filing. When she was ready to paint my nails she advised me, "Yes, I think a nice deep red will do, so that when you wear open toed high heeled shoes the nail polish will match that dress. You do have very nice toes and nails, and they should be shown off. Besides, you seem like the old fashioned girl type anyway, and red is such an old fashioned color." She completed my toenails and then did my fingernails. Once again she soaked the digits and then cleaned them up and cleaned the cuticles and painted the nails red. This time she added, "I'm sure you'll like this color red. It matches the shade of lipstick you chose to wear."

Then when she was done she stood back and looked at her handy work and commented, "No not long enough. We don't want you looking so butch now, with short fin-

gernails, now do we? I know that we'll just have to give you longer nails but you'll have to promise to be careful and not to break them." She looked at me in the eyes waiting my reply. I said nothing until I felt the pressure of her hand forcing my testicles hard against my body. I knew I was at her mercy and coquettishly as I could answered, "Oh yes Doris, I do promise to be so careful, After all, I wouldn't want you to go to all this trouble and have it ruined. And I do so think that I am going to love having long nails."

Doris liked that answer and told me, "Now you're getting into your new role. That's much better. If you keep it up I may even let you go without showing you off to my other customers." That threat frightened me and my heart started racing. Uncontrollably I told her, "You wouldn't" She answered that since I didn't seem to appreciate all her work, she wanted to show me off to some people who would. After all she was helping to produce a rather amazing transformation. I had to placate her. "Doris I'm really sorry", I wined. "If I gave you the impression that I don't appreciate your help it was not intentional. This has been a very difficult change for me. But all things considered I do appreciate the job you are doing, and the quality of the work. And now that I know I'm going to have to walk back home I really appreciate your effort to help in my disguise." Doris corrected me by saying, "Let's not call it a disguise dearie, let's call it a transformation... and now for your eyebrows."

With that last comment she pulled out a pair of tweezers and told me to hold still while she cleaned up and reshaped my eyebrows. She explained, "We'll have to raise your eye brows so that they arch more femininely, by removing a portion of the lower brow." She then held my face and began tweezing. I shook my head frantically, trying to avoid this lasting part of my make over, and shouted, "No...No, not that! You don't need to change that." Doris told me, "Honey, if you keep moving your head that way you are you are going to get your eyes poked out." I didn't listen and kept shaking my head shouting, "No no no." So she stopped and I thought I had won and was going to get even nastier, But I was wrong, oh so wrong. She got up and told me, "Now you're going to be really sorry missy. I won't stand this type of behavior from you. I was going to give you a break, but I guess your wife was right, and you really need to be taught a lesson." And with that she took a towel and stuffed it into my mouth. I tried to push it out with my tongue but couldn't. She stuffed about half of the towel in and then tied a silk scarf around my face so it would hold in the towel firmly in place. Try as I would I could not speak a word let alone continue to shout.

Doris then disappeared from view for a moment and returned with a case that she placed on the counter. When she opened it I could see it was full of earrings and she removed a machine from the case. She looked at me and explained its use. "This my dear is an ear piercing machine, and I'm going to use it on you." She must have seen the look of fear and disbelief on my face and in my eyes, for she continued. "Oh yes I am. I wasn't going to when you seemed so contrite, but now since you've decided to give me such a hard time I've decided that I am not just going to trim and pluck your eyebrows to give you your new girlish look, but in addition to that, I'm going to pierce your ears." I mumbled, "No!", but she ignored me and continued, "Not only will I pierce each ear, but I'm going to pierce both ears and place loop earrings in each one. And if you continue to be difficult not only will I pierce each ear once, but you will make me pierce each ear twice, and put a diamond stud earring in each lobe above the loop earring. And I will do it that way just so

there won't be any mistake in the future as to the circumstances under which your ears were pierced. You won't have one hole in an ear like some males occasionally sport, or even a single hole in each ear, which an occasional fellow will have, but you'll have two holes in each ear which only woman have done. (Which at the time was true, but no longer is so.) "

And she didn't stop there. She continued, "And if that doesn't teach you a lesson I want you to know that I also do electrolysis and I'm now not completely decided if I'm just doing the pluck your eye brows and perhaps poke out an eye if you don't cooperate or remove the hair permanently by electrolysis. Afterwards I hope you will have learned a lesson and cooperate. If not I'm going to remove by electrolysis about an inch of your hair-line to give you a permanent hairline of a woman. Understand? I nodded yes, and was sorry I hadn't cooperated to begin with. I tried saying, "Please, I'll cooperate. Please don't pierce my ears. Please don't remove my eyebrows", but the gag prevented my capitulation from being audible.

So she began and I started to tear from shame and embarrassment. She caught the glimmer of a tear in my eyes and added to my humiliation by telling me, "How feminine, but don't worry sweet heart, this only hurts a minute and you will look so much prettier for it. Besides, this way no one will guess you're a male when I send you walking home. It will save you so much embarrassment in the long run." I didn't like the use of her phrase, "in the long run" but its implications quickly left my mind as the pain of the earring being shot through my ear lobe was felt. I could see my reflection in the mirror and the loop earrings appeared hanging from my left ear and then another sharp pinch was felt in my right ear lobe and the matching loop earring appeared hanging from that ear also.

One set of earrings would have been embarrassing enough in those days, but I was going to appear fashionable and Doris pierced each ear a second time to place a diamond stud earring above the loop earrings. After she had the loops through my ears she stepped back to review her handy work. She smiled and told me, "Those earrings look very nice on you and your ears really show earrings off so well. You know it would be a shame not to put the studs in. I know I promised if you behaved, and you did, that I would only do a single piercing in each ear, but I just can't help myself, I have to put the studs in. You are just so so cute with earrings." Now I knew I would have two holes in each ear and the explanation for their presence would be obvious and embarrassing. I blushed. Doris noticed and couldn't resist to comment, "So don't be embarrassed honey, they will look darling on you." And with that she pierced and set the stud earrings in each of my ear lobes right above the loop earrings.

Then once again glancing at her handy work she continued, "The diamond complements your blue eyes and I'll complete that enhancement now! I really really need to thin those eye brows of yours and I don't want any backsliding so I am just going to have to use the needle, your two cute for plucking." So once again I began to struggle. But she wasn't going to let me. She fastened a string from each loop earring to the arms of the chair in which I was locked. That effectively prevented me from moving my head. "That ought to make my little cutie more cooperative", she told me. Then the pain began anew. Each time she inserted a needle into one of my eyebrow hair follicles a sharp pain told me another hair had died and that my eyebrows were taking on a more and more feminine shape. I

fought it emotionally for a while, all tense and every thing, but eventually had to give in, and just sat back and relaxed and dealt with the needle.

My view of the procedure was blocked by Doris who was standing between me and the mirror, but upon finishing, she said, "All done dearie", and stepping away so I could see myself in the mirror asked, "whala, How do you like it?" I saw myself in the mirror and couldn't believe what I saw. My former bushing thick eyebrows were now twin arches, femininely thinned and arched. I wanted to scream, but the gag prevented that. I realized that the hair would never grow back. Even after this ordeal was over, I would for the rest of my life have tweezed feminine eyebrows and pierced ears. Nothing could change that. I was in affect branded as some sort of pervert a transvestite or transsexual.

While I sat there staring at myself, dories untied the lines from my ears to the chair and removed the hair dryer from my head. She then proceeded to remove the curlers from my hair and to comb out my permanent. I just kept staring as I saw my new femininely shaped long hair cascade to my shoulders. I couldn't believe it. Even without makeup, which I knew was to come next, I now looked decidedly like a young woman. I was almost totally crushed. There were decidedly masculine aspects to my face, but one had to look hard to see them. My eyelashes had always been long and thick and my eyes were what a woman would jealously call to beautiful for a man. Many a girl friend had commented they had wished they had eyes and eyelashes like mine and had offered to apply makeup to that area to show me how really lovely my eyes were. I had always declined those offers, but I knew I would not have a choice this time. Now with my plucked eyebrows enhance my eyes femininity, my pierced ears giving an aura of femininity, and my curled shoulder length hair capping off the affect, a quick glance would indicate my face was one belonging to a member of the fairer sex. I looked more like a girl than I looked like a man.

Doris cut in as if she was reading my mind. "Yes, you do look rather feminine. But wait until I've made you up! Then your own mother won't be able to tell you aren't a girl. I don't think your wife will even be able to recognize you. "She might not even let you into the house", she laughed. Then she continued, "Now I'm going to remove your gag, and I don't want any yelling or screaming. I'm really enjoying remodeling you and have no compulsion about performing even more drastic changes. I really enjoy this. Now if you scream or object I'm going to replace the gag and start working on changing your hair line, permanently by electrolysis, to that of a woman. So don't give me a hard time and ruin my fun! You really do not want to upset me!"

She removed the gag from my mouth and I simple said, "Thank you." It was involuntary. My spirit had been crushed. I knew there was nothing to be done about the thinned eyebrows and pierced ears. And I was certain Doris would keep to any of her threats. She had already proven that. I was just so glad to have the gag taken out of my mouth and I thanked my captures. "That's better," she said, and continued, "I want you to be obedient and do as you're told. I'm going to finish the job and then we'll go out for a walk together. Your wife wants you to do a couple of things before you can come home, and asked me to make sure you do as you are told. If you don't behave yourself I'm going to have to have you arrested for public indecency. Even after you're released you won't be able to run very far in your high heels. If I report a pervert in a tight red evening dress to the police

they're sure to run you down sooner or later. And they'll lock you up as you're now dressed. They won't give you a change of clothes till after a public trial. And your wife isn't going to come to bail you out. And even if you avoid the police, even worse things could happen to you out in public the way you are dressed and looking so cute as a girl. I bet some pimp would just love to grab you up. So remember your new place and behave yourself and just enjoy the experience and the delight of your new self. Or don't relax and enjoy it, but in any case you'd better do as you are told. Do you understand?"

I was broken. Just the thought of the police or even worse a pimp was terrifying in the state I had reached. I started to cry and could only answer with a cracking voice, "Yes, I won't give you and trouble, you've won." She looked at me and smiled taking out a tissue she dried my eyes saying, "There... there darling, don't cry and don't worry. After this is over you'll be a better person for it. You may even find you like the changes. I know that I do!"

Then she began to apply the final touch, the make up. She told me as she start applying it, "I'm going to explain everything I do so that you can freshen up yourself as the need arises, because I get the feeling this is going to be a long day for you. Besides, maybe you'll decide to come and work for me. I'd just love having a cute boy-girl like you around and I'd be happy to teach you to be a beautician."

So she explained, " Now this is the foundation. It normally goes on first to form a surface upon which the rest of your makeup can be applied. However, with cute little boy girls like you we like to apply a make up beard-cover to cover facial hair stubble. Since you don't have much of a beard and shaved close you don't really need much, but I'll teach you how to use it for the future, at least until I can get at those few hairs with my needle."

With that she began making-up my face and of course continued explaining every detail as she did, unnecessary as it was and as humiliating as it was. She covered my beard areas with the cover and then my entire face with the foundation rubbing them both one after the other into my skin using little make-up sponges. Thus she created a uniform base to work on. Next the highlighter was applied. "It will make your lovely blue eyes stand out," she explained as she rubbed it around my eyes, followed by the application of rouge to add to my natural blush. She explained as she sponged in on, "Use the rouge sparingly, starting from in front of your ear and blend it forward toward your nose and a bit downward towards your jaw. It will give your foundation-covered skin a healthy looking pink blush." Then with a smile she continued, "You hardly need it now, as young and lovely as your skin is, but in a few years you may have to use it. Wearing makeup every day will take a toll, even on young skin." I knew or I hoped she was just playing with me, a few years of makeup I thought, oh please no. But I was too intimidated to argue. And of course she continued to apply my makeup and to have her fun with me.

Next she did my eyes with eyebrow pencil and she colored my eyelids and then began to work with the eyeliner. She told me, "This will make your eyes look bigger, darker, deeper and more seductive." I wanted to tell her that I did not want or need seductive eyes, but was afraid to upset her. I was absolutely under her control. She applied the blue powder with a small brush. Eye shadow followed which she applied with another small brush. That was followed with an application of mascara, which was to darken my eye-

lashes so that they would seem heavier and longer. Finally she applied my lipstick, a cherry red color, which she blotted with tissue and then reapplied even more thickly.

Finally finished she returned my wife's slip and dress, now mine and had me put them back on myself. I knew after that makeup job I certainly wasn't being prepared to get back into trousers, not men's pants any way; but to have to slip back into that slip and dress in front of Doris, after she had made me up, was really embarrassing. She simply handed me back the slip and dress I had been so happy to get out of a short time ago, and I knew I was to get back into them, and of course I did. Dressed again, and professionally made-up I couldn't help but look at myself in the mirror. I really looked every inch the lady out for a night on the town. A bit on the masculine side, shoulders a bit too broad, face a bit too hard, but I've since found out that some guys like those types, and aside from the inappropriate evening attire, I didn't believe that any one would give me a second look. That is unless they were looking for a pick up! And I was even a bit enamored with the look myself and stared at the new me in the mirror for a while, almost finding it a turn on! The soft silks and satins against my skin, the smells of the makeup, the feel of my shaved and except for stockings, bare legs. It became a bit frightening and I really had to pull my self away.

However, in any case, Doris did not leave me long to stare at myself. She told me, "Yes sweetheart you've turned out quite the good looker, even attractive. But no time to admire yourself now as I imagine you'll have plenty of time for that in the future. Now you're completed", she told me and it's time to go shopping. Your wife tells me you need a bathing suit!!"

Chapter 3:

FITTED FOR A WOMAN'S BATHING SUIT I BEOME A LINGERIE MODEL

When I heard Doris tell me that I had to purchase a bathing suit, I knew she didn't mean a pair of men's bathing trunks, and a shudder went through me. My mouth fell open while she continued. "Your wife told me that she wants her new housekeeper – that's you of course", which she told me with a big smile and a bit of a laugh, which made me feel even more mentally conquered by these two woman, - "to dress appropriately for cleaning the pool; and she wants you wearing something appropriate to your new station to do it in. She doesn't want to let you have one of her old suits because they're too revealing and she couldn't have company over when you were so attired."

"Company...!" I gulped. And Doris answered. "That's what she said honey. Don't ask me what it means. Any way, so she asked me to make sure you got fitted..."

"Fitted...!" I interrupted again. "Yes", Doris continued, "Got fitted.... and stop interrupting me, for a more appropriate bathing suit. So let's get it over with and go over to the big girls shop before it gets too crowded and get you a bathing suit. I imagine a nylon lycra spandex one with a power net to hold you in, an built in bra to hold you up, and a cute short skirt to cover you up, will do just fine. And I'm sure you'll love it. Those nylon

bathing suits with the short skirts are almost as stimulating as silk dresses and slips. Besides, with the right cap and apron, it might even make an appropriate uniform for you."

"Uniform..?" I exclaimed and sort of questioned. "Of course," said Doris. "I think your wife deserves more than a housekeeper. I think she deserves a uniformed maid. But of course that is up to her. I can only help along and give her the idea, and present you as the properly attired boy-girl maid for her review. But you and I can discuss that later." And with that she ushered me out of her shop and locked the door behind us. Once again there was no turning back. I felt helpless.

And there I was outside, for the first time, not only dressed up, but also completely made up as a girl, and in the middle of a shopping mall surrounded by shoppers. Doris broke into my funk of embarrassment. She told me, "Honey, let's get going. We don't have all day. If you want to stand around you can do that in a jail cell." Well that certainly got me going.

Doris had already started walking ahead of me, so I hurriedly minced along in my tight, stride confining dress; walking as fast as possible, while trying to keep from falling, balanced on my spiked heels and swaying my hips in as femininely a manor as, for me, was possible. My face was red and it was not from make-up alone. I was walking by dozens of people while completely and inappropriately dressed for that time of day and location, but still passing for a seductively dressed woman. And I even noticed an occasional gent turning his head to give me a second look. Embarrassingly though it was, a slight thrill of passing for a female went through me. I tried to hold back that feeling and remember I should be totally embarrassed. However, as I walked along and no one recognized me for what I was, I began to enjoy much to my own dismay my ability to pass for a female in public and the intoxicating feel of the shimmering clothing that that I was wearing.

As I walked in my tight dress and spiked heels, but butt was thrown up and out and my groin up and in. My silken clad thighs rubbed against each other while my silken slip and satin dress caressed my thighs and rubbed up and down on my groin area and buttocks. The whole feeling was erotic; and despite my aversion I was beginning to like the simulation and stimulating affect of my attire, to enjoy the stimulation.

Then, with those thoughts in mind and those sensations I once again caught my reflection but this time in a passing store window and the involuntary thought went through my mind that I made a better appearance as a girl then I had as the over weight puffy faced fellow I had become so recently. At first I shuddered but then thought back on Doris's earlier advice, "If you can't prevent it, then sit back and try to enjoy it." So I figured what the hell; why give my wife and Doris more pleasure out of my discomfort then they deserve. The clothing really felt wonderful and I was going to try to enjoy my enforced petty coating; at least for the time being.

However, those thoughts quickly vanished when I caught up to Doris at the Foundation Department of the Large Size Woman's Shop; where I had to purchase my lady's bathing suit soon to be maid's outfit. Again I began to shudder and all my previous resolve to enjoy myself soon vanished. I became obviously nervous and when Doris told me, "Look around honey, a sales girl will be with us in a moment." I replied, "I really don't need a bathing suit." Doris told me, "But of course you do! And we are going to pick one out that will look lovely on you. I want you to make a lovely boy-girl maid for your wife in

what ever you wear and besides this is going to be my present to you, for your coming out pool party." She said with that seductive and mischievous smile and then that continued laugh in her voice. "Besides", she continued, "You don't want your wife to see you with out the suit, because she won't let you come home with out the woman's swim suit. If you're not willing to purchase it now, I won't have the time later and you'll most likely have to return to purchase it all by yourself." And with that she started to walk away, leaving me to my fate alone and suddenly terrified.

The threat certainly worked. I was forced to beg, "Oh please Doris," I began to beg, fearing being left alone. "Please help me shop, I'd be ever so grateful; and I so want to please my wife." Doris smiled and told me, "Now that's so much better. And don't you feel better, trying to please your wife? I am sure you do. So let's get started."

I was mortified, but needed to go with the flow and accompanied Doris like an interested party to the shopping. She showed me the section with my size suits and I started going through them. At first I did so rather hesitantly; but as no one yelled out, "Look there's a female impersonator in here!" I began to relax and to calm down and again tried to enjoy my punishment. Soon I was looking at suits and ignoring the embarrassment of the situation and the potential embarrassment of being found out. I worked my way through the rack. I found much to my shame that if I just let myself go and didn't think about the humiliation that I honestly enjoyed touching each suit and the feeling of the silkiness as much to my shame I imagined wearing it and being caressed all over by that same silky feeling.

Doris eventually told me to pick out the ones I liked and start holding them up in front of me while standing in front of a mirror. She explained how to hold a suit up by the shoulder straps so as to let it hang down to give me an idea of how it would look on me. After holding up several suits and looking at my reflection in the mirror and then having to turn towards Doris for her opinion, we finally selected one.

By that time a sales lady approached. She asked, "Is that the one you've selected Miss?" And there was a certain emphasis on the "Miss" that should have warned me I was not passing, at least with the saleslady as well as I thought I had been in public. I sort of suspected it and was a bit frightened by that thought that the saleslady suspected I was a masquerading guy and was testing me out by the offer to try on the woman's garment and could and would get nasty about it. Again the thought of being turned over to the police terrified me. I waited for Doris to help me out, to answer, but Doris wouldn't answer for me, and so in the most feminine voice I could muster I replied, "Yes".

The woman then told me the dressing rooms were all the way in the back. "Dressing rooms...!" I squeaked back stammering, and almost loosing my feminine note to my voice. Terrified of being forced to use the female's dressing rooms, me a male, though relieved that I must have passed, I still did not want to expose myself to a definite arrest for being found out a guy in the ladies' dressing rooms.

In any case she replied, "Yes, of course Miss. We sell nothing that doesn't fit perfectly and alterations are free or very moderately priced for a purchase. It would be silly not to try the suit on. After all it is a lovely suit. And it does seem to suit you, though perhaps designed with a bit of an older woman in mind. So we really need to see it on you."

I found the, "We need to see it on you a bit disconcerting and I told her, "But I'd rather not. It's really not necessary. I am sure this is the one." I was still not sure if I had passed or if the saleslady was pushing me to test what I thought may have been her suspicions. Or if she were even trying to embarrass me even more and the police would be waiting for me as I exited the lady's dressing rooms. There I would be, a man wearing a woman's swim suit, and would be taken off to jail so dressed in that swim suit which would be even worse then going to jail wearing the sexy dress and heels I was wearing.

However, I would not make my escape. Doris cut in, "Janice, please...you always give the sales people such a difficult time. Now we must get you a bathing suit and it's time you started trying on clothes again."

Then Doris told the saleswoman, "Janice is recovering from severe cancer which almost took her life and resulted in a double mastectomy and hysterectomy and has been swimming to rebuild her muscles. She really over did it and her shoulders and thighs have gotten so massive that they're an embarrassment for her. She almost looks like a boy. But as the rest of her has not made such a recovery she still needs to wear support garments, and they show under the suit, which is very embarrassing for her."

I thought, embarrassing, but it may get this sales lady to stop with the insistence of a try on, thought thinking about it, it might be better if I did try it on as I was sure my wife would only send me back if there was a problem with the fit once I got home. In any case I shouldn't have worried. The saleslady wasn't letting me off the hook so easy.

"Oh," nodded the saleslady and then looking at me and taking my hands in hers said, "Now Miss Janice, you shouldn't be embarrassed. We fit mastectomy patients all the time. Besides, you can try the suit on over your support garment, after all, we're all GIRLS here..., now aren't we and you're among friends. Besides we'll fit the swim dress with mastectomy pads after you try it on. Now follow me dear."

Again with that, "...we're all GIRLS here" comment, with that emphasis on the word girls... I said to myself she knows, and I can't do this. However, even though I didn't like her pronounced stress on the word girls, short of causing a real scene, I had little choice but to follow her, with Doris bringing up the rear, most likely to prevent me from changing my mind. Both Doris and the saleslady seemed intent on having me try on the bathing dress. It was frightening to think about. But it was still early in the morning, there weren't any other customers in the store, and the saleslady if she knew seemed more intent on pushing me to my limits by way of having fun at my expense than having any malicious intent. So there was nothing to do but go along.

Doris accompanied me into the dressing rooms and helped me off with my dress and slip, and instructed me in the wearing of a girl's bathing suit. Again the restrictions of the corset prevented me from bending down, but Doris was not about to help and just watched me struggle with a smile on her face. But I was able to get into the suit. And then after I put it on and pulled it up she adjusted the shoulder straps and zippered it closed. Then she ushered me out into the fitting room, where the sales lady awaited me in my extreme embarrassment.

"Oh, it fits you perfectly," she said. "You look charming and I really don't think your shoulders are all that wide and manly as you think they are", she said with that ever pres-

ent smile which she gave me when ever she made such comments which sort of demeaned my masculine image. "You know, some people get ideas about themselves and actually see themselves that way in the mirror. It's quite a well-known common psychological phenomenon. We have the thinnest ladies coming in here for fittings that were once fat and still see themselves that way in the mirror. You may have felt your shoulders are masculine, but really they aren't all that masculine. Though they just might be a tiny bit wide for a girl they're still quite feminine enough and lovely. In fact you'd look charming in an off the shoulder gown, and so feminine."

Then after convincing me, ha-ha, about how feminine I actually looked she changed the subject and I began getting the feeling I was in more trouble. "Any way, let me get a photo of you so the fitter can get an idea of how your present mastectomy pads look." And with the comment I began to get even more suspicious that the saleslady knew or was guessing at my real gender, but was helpless to prevent it as Doris went along with the idea, already smiling herself at my situation. And as she instructed me to smile I really had no choice in the matter and my picture was taken from several angles as I stood on the fitting pedestal, in the fitting area, in a pair of high heels and a swim dress, with the garters of my all in one girdle showing below the skirt of the bathing suit, along with the tops of my silk stockings.

After the picture taking session the sales lady gave me another suit to try on. I started to object, but Doris intervened and sent me along into the dressing room to put on the second bathing suit. Not being able to contradict Doris I scurried into the dressing room to change as quickly as I could; fearing what any conversation between Doris and the saleslady could lead to.

When I returned to the fitting area I was instructed by the saleslady to walk about and turn this way and that way, so that the saleslady could see how the suit hung on me. It really didn't make a lot of sense to me, but I really had little choice and



did what I was told. More pictures were taken. The saleslady then instructed me on how to pose and Doris made sure I did as I was instructed. I was beginning to feel like a fashion model on a photo shoot. Interestingly enough the saleslady even though she seemed to be getting a kick out of having me prance around as a model was looking at me seriously and watching my every move as she seemed to be noting how well I followed instructions and moved. At that point thought I could not figure out why the modeling stint. I was beginning to think I had passed and she was not suspect of my true gender and relaxing a bit was actually trying my best to appear the female modeling for the first time and tried to make it appear if I was enjoying what would have been a compliment for a relatively large size girl and that I was getting into the whole experience, and was actually trying to do the best I could as a new female bathing suite model. And as I became less fearful as I relaxed I think I was actually doing a fairly good job, and found out that unfortunately for me that I was...

Next the sales lady had me try on a nylon beach robe that came with the second suite. It had long mandarin sleeves, which effectively hid the muscles on my arms and the size of my hands, and it hung just below my thighs and tied with a nylon sash. Again I was instructed to pose while I was photographed. By the time I was relaxed and actually into my role as a model and the silkiness of the garments were taking an affect on me. The long nylon sleeves caressed my arms and sent tickles up my spine while the skirt of the robe caressed my silken-clad thighs with the same effect. I began to feel quite feminine and much to my amazement the feeling was beyond my ability to control. It was a case of the clothes not making the man but making the woman of the man. I actually began getting a self-image of myself as a female model and that must have been reflected in my motions because the sales woman taking the pictures began giving me words of encouragement as to how lovely I was looking and how femininely I was moving.

Finally my enforced modeling was stopped and Doris said I could go and change and that we would take the two suites one now and one after it was fitted with the mastectomy pads. I entered the dressing room and quickly changed, sliding out of my robe and bathing suit and into my slip. I put my dress on but could not zip it up the back I only got the zipper half way up. I had to ask Doris to finish zipping me up. "Of course", she said, "but after a while you'll see it will become easy for you to do it by yourself, and you'll be zipping in and out of woman's clothes as if you'd been wearing them all your life." I feared she was right at that, at least Doris had no intention of letting me back into pants, men's pants that is, for the time being, and I was becoming fairly sure that neither would my wife. I still hoped to the contrary, but realized I was in their power to be dressed as they pleased, and if it where to be dresses, I would have little choice in the matter. Again, I was not or thought I was not happy about that, but I still felt a bit of a thrill. The clothing was really beginning to feel so nice, and that was frightening, but out of my control.

The saleslady came back and showed me several of the photographs she had taken; telling me I should do modeling for her boutique. The store needed large size ladies who could move as femininely as I could for some of the company's fashion shows. I declined the offer, but she continued, "Look at your face in these photos. You are really getting into modeling. You were naturally posing like a high fashion model. You know we used men to model our gowns before big woman would do the job, and it worked out just fine. I made my boy friend do it for a while, and it saved a lot on makeup because he was always

blushing. He was even a bit effeminate, but he never had your poise and natural modeling ability. Then I found out there were guys who would willingly do it, and some even paid me to let them model in public, so they could do so without the fear of going to jail. Many of my customers new it and got a kick out of it. Of course they all thought all the guys were like my boy friend and were forced or black mailed into the modeling. But that just wasn't so. But none of them were as good or as natural at it as you are. You'd be a wonderful model. I don't even think the customers would suspect your male gender."

"Men... my male gender," I stammered. And she replied, "Of course sweet cheeks. Men, most just like you, sweet girly boys" she sweetly laughed. "After all, you ain't no Janice! You are good, and a natural gender bender, but I've trained some very cute fellows and I know who's got what under their skirt. What's your real name, Jan or John?" she questioned.

I tried covering up my embarrassment and much to my own shame denied I was a guy, and of course I stammered. But she would have none of that denial and continued, "Don't be embarrassed. Few could tell that you are not a woman in your present appearance. But as I said I am used to seeing guys in frocks having the fun of having tried to use my boy friend and other guys as big girl models. I sort of suspected you were a feminine guy. Though to tell you the truth I wasn't sure, you seem so naturally feminine. You pass so well that I could not be sure you weren't a somewhat masculinized girl. I do get those types also, what with their big shoulders and muscular arms and legs, this is the place for them to shop. So, I just kept testing you, but you seemed so relaxed that I only suspected you were a fem. It is only when you were in the bathing suit and the skirt was twirling up that I caught the tell-tale bulge that gave away your true gender. Other wise you're almost the perfect little, or I guess I should say large sized lady. You appearance is that of any fashionable female and no one would know your true gender, or your physical gender that is. I sort of question what your real gender really is. And don't worry, when you're modeling in our fashion shows we'll show you how to tuck that little piece of excess baggage away between your legs, so it won't get in the way or give you away."

Two horrible thoughts went through my mind. One, she was telling me I was terribly feminine and could just about pass as a real girl. That destroyed me. I mean I was happy I had passed, so to speak, as it saved me a lot of embarrassment, but to be told I was feminine enough to pass as a masculine girl rather than a guy was a terrible shot to my male ego. That thought or perhaps realization must have also served to help me unconsciously accept the idea of me continuing to wear and even model woman's clothing in public. Two, I consciously shuddered, thinking of myself modeling high fashion woman's clothing before an audience and not knowing whom in that audience would know I was a male masquerader.

I told the saleslady I still wasn't interested, but thanked her for the job offer anyway, not wishing to anger her while I was so attired in my vulnerable dress. But she laughed and replied, "It's not an offer. You are going to do it. I have enough photos of you and your little bulge to have you laughed right out of town, if you don't do as you are told. I know at first you may not like it, but the job pays well and I can tell you're beginning to get into your new role. As I told you, in this business I've dealt with men who model female clothing and actually enjoy it; and I can tell you've got the potential to be one, and to

love it. The look in your eyes tells me, even if you won't admit it to yourself, that you do enjoy wearing woman's clothing. Besides you have absolutely no choice in the matter!"

She let that sink in, and continued, "Now what is your real name missy and where can I reach you?" she demanded. I didn't answer, I was too shocked, but against my objections Doris did; and also explained that I was being petty coated by my wife as a punishment and the result of a lost bet. Doris kept the story simple in front of me, so I still had no inclination of how far my wife was willing to send me along my transformation. The saleswoman replied she was sure my wife would be happy for her help in the project and would also demand I take the job. Doris concurred. At that point, as I blushed, both women introduced themselves to each other. Doris explained her role in my transformation and the saleswoman told us her name was Mabel and she was actually one of the owners of the boutique which was one of a number of outlets for a line of large sized woman's clothing, a boutique that also catered to guys who liked wearing female stuff, as long as they were polite and feminine when making their purchases.

Then Mabel got serious and no longer teasing me asked Doris if my wife would really accept her helping in my transformation and training. Doris, with a big smile and laugh told her that would depend on what she had in mind, but why didn't she just call my wife and ask. I cried out, "No", but that didn't faze her. Mabel went to telephone my wife in private, after Doris had given her the telephone number.

While we had been waiting for Mabel's return I had begged Doris, "Please Doris, I've suffered enough today. Please take me home. Don't give me over to Mabel. I'll be so good and obedient to you if you only take me home now. I'll come and work in your beauty parlor. I'll become a beautician for you. I'll do any thing you say...only please take me home." At the time I didn't know where that came from, the volunteering to be obedient and all that, but I blurted it out.

Doris replied with another smile and laugh, "But honey, now that you've given me those ideas you are going to do those things any way under any circumstances as I am sure your wife will agree to your training in those areas. After all while you are paying off this lost bet to your wife you will make her a so much better serving boy-girl if you can help her out with her makeup and hair as well as taking over the house work. So once you get all your soon to be new cooking and cleaning skills down I am sure you will have time enough to come down to my beauty parlor so I can turn you into the perfect little beautician for your wife. So let's just see what Mabel has in mind, you may even like it. In fact I am sure once you learn to accept your situation you will simply love your new girlish life. After all you seem a natural, and really don't seem so masculine at all, and you do have that aura of enjoying it all when you let yourself go."

Mean while Mabel had telephoned my wife. Mabel basically wanted me to model for and at her boutique. She had been serious when she had teased me with that job offer. She really had used guys in the past to model the boutique's clothing line of female clothing and had gotten a really pleasure out of having feminized her boy friend and forced her boy friend to cross dress down to and including lingerie while modeling woman's clothing to her customers. She told Joan how much fun she was having with me, treating me as a girl in my state of forced feminization and asked her if it would be okay for me to model at her boutique. And she explained all that would entail, and that it would pretty much re-

quire me to pose as a woman in public, but that she could teach me to pass as she had taught other such male to female models and that I had all the requirements to do so.

Joan then told her the same tale she had confided to Doris, and told Mabel I was all hers and again short of gelding she could do what ever she wished to feminize me and publicly present me as a girl up and until the point where I stopped fighting the transformation and recalled my 'reported' past delights with such activities.

So Mabel returned with a smile on her face. I was in the worst of all possible situations, under the control of yet another woman who enjoyed forced cross-dressing and feminization of guys. What a situation. Guys who enjoy cross dressing have difficulty finding one understanding female, and there I was, at the time a guy who did not yet accept the compulsion and was some what, though not totally uncomfortable traipsing around dressed as a girl, and under the control of three woman who seemed to enjoy putting and keeping me in feminine finery and having me learn to act and pass as a female.

Mabel, with a big smile on her face, told me that my wife have not only given her permission to hire me as a model, but gave her the authority to do what ever she felt was necessary to help me become comfortable and successful with my new job and to help me return to my old obedient and fun loving self; fun loving in that case meaning with out my recently found aversion to feminine stuff. She told me that my wife had confided to her that she was not happy with my attitude around since I had been hanging out with those beer buddies at work, and that although she had put me in a dress just to shock me and teach me a lesson, if Mabel could actually employ me so dressed, in a dress, then my wife had no real problem with that and really keeping me in dresses. She did want to get me away from my old job and my old buddies, even if it meant turning me outwardly, for all appearances, into girl.

So after letting me know she had my wife's permission to literally turn me into one of her models, a guy able to pass as a girl, she explained what she was going to have me do for starts and she invited Doris to help her and to stay and watch the fun. And to make me understand I had no choice in the matter she explained that my wife had no intention of letting me back into the house with out Mabel's indication that I had cooperated, and absent that I could just wander around town, a man in woman's clothing, until I got caught and put in jail. And she, my wife, wasn't going to bail me out. I would be stuck in jail with nothing to wear but woman's clothing and there fore a target for every big guy in my cell. Obviously they knew I knew I had not choice but to do what Mabel would tell me to do.

She told me she had every intention of hiring me as a model and even as a salesgirl when I became a bit more proficient in passing, and that I would pass by the time she was done training me. However, at first she had another job planned that would test my current skills in passing, though the purpose was to teach her sister a lesson. She explained that she also had a half interest in a small but profitable restaurant and bar, which was run by her sister. Her sister who ran that business had a sexual preference that ran toward her sexy young waitresses and she kept frightening the staff away by her sexual advances and the restaurant was consequently always short of help and today was no different. So now Mabel with my help was going to kill two or even three birds with one stone. She was going to force me to be as feminine as possible in public so as to learn to relax in public as a girl, which would help my modeling; she was going to correct the waitress problem, with

me, which would help out her staff at the restaurant, and she was going to teach her sister a lesson, also with me. Mabel explained she had already telephoned her sister and told her she had hired a new waitress and had her already in hand and uniformed and was bringing her over for a try out for the lunch shift at the restaurant. Mabel then again told me that I was that new waitress. I shuddered.

Mabel then told me that after I was appropriately attired and in uniform she would tell me what I was going to have to do. She also added that the uniform worn by the waitresses at her little bistro was on that couldn't be worn on the street and so if I had any ideas of leaving before she gave her okay and the change of shift or my job had been completed I was very much mistaken and had better loose such thoughts.

With that she made me remove my dress and I had to give it to her before I could think of objecting and then she had me attired in only my slip for an outer garment viewable to the world and so she had me at her mercy so I was forced to comply with her desires and commands.

Chapter 4:

BEING DRESSED AS A WAITRESS TO BECOME A SEXY WAITRESS

Shock after shock and the next one wasn't any easier on me then the earlier ones. Mabel fetched a box and upon opening it showed me the contents: a small flesh colored satin, elastic and foam rubber affair which sort of resembled a support strap, though I couldn't imagine what it was at the time. Mabel told me was her own version of a gaff, which she had designed for her male models and all her boys had worn one; and some all the time, not just when they were modeling.

"A what?" I asked. And she repeated that horrible word and explained. She told me, "It's a GAFF." Then she explained, "It is used to hold your male things out of the way so they're unnoticeable in the more revealing outfits you'll be wearing when modeling for the boutique, or if that dyke sister of mine gets too curious too early and her hands start to wander. Also, the wearing of it will make you feel so much more like a girl and even act so much more like a girl, which will be so much more appropriate for your new position, sweet cakes. You'll see, and in fact feel, what I mean once you have it on."

She took it from the box and made me take it, though I tried to refuse it. Hold my male things out of the way, I though...gee that had to be uncomfortable at the least. But she was insistent and I was in no position to refuse.

"Take it!" she insisted and of course I had to. It felt soft and satiny in my hands. After I had it and contemplated it for a moment Mabel continued, "Let me explain how to use it and put it on. Now listen carefully sweet cheeks cause if you don't get it right I won't have a problem putting it on you myself. And in fact I would enjoy the fun."

I know I visibly blushed and Mabel and Doris both smiled. So she continued, "It's a triangular affair, made out of lycra like in a girdle and covered on either side with flesh colored satin similar to the panels of a girdle, and there is foam padding to give you a nice girlish shape down there for tight revealing clothing. At the top is the belt that holds it up around the waist; it's elastic like the top of a girdle. This type of gaff is fastened tightly around the corseted waist just above the hips with the point of the triangle being allowed to hang down between the legs. Then you have to grab your scrotum and pull it back forcing your balls back and up so that your balls will slide into your tubes and you'll then have to push them all the way in, so that they will be hidden and out of the way. I'll give you an ice pack to hold on them for a bit to help shrink them down so the fit won't be so painful. It should help. If there is still a problem, you give me a call and I'll be pleased to help you out."

I gulped incredulously and in fear, hoping that would not be necessary, and told them so.

Mabel just smiled and continued, "Then you take your thing while the palm of your hand continues to hold your balls and you place and you pull your penis back between your legs. Then take the lower gaff strap and pull it through your legs and pull it up into your cheek crack, snapping that end to the belt part of the gaff which is around your waist and making it as tight as possible as to keep your things tucked away where they belong for modeling and such." She stopped for a moment to let all that sink in and then asked if I understood.

I told her that I did, but that I wasn't sure if I could actually do it, you know push my testicles into me. I didn't even know if I believed her that such a thing was possible. Little did I know...

Mabel again told me that if I couldn't handle the job it would be her pleasure to do it for me. "I told you not to worry sweetie. If you can't handle the job I am ready willing and able to help out and it would be my pleasure. Over the years I have had a few of the guys, the male models, who weren't able to push their little ones home and I simple had to do it for them and I would simply love having to do it for you if it has to be done that way." And she let that sink in again.

Then handing me a chemical cold pack she told me, "Now scat dearie. Get into that dressing room and strip down to your waist cincher and put that gaff on. And make sure it is good and tight. If you find it painful to get on, let me tell you that ain't nothing compared to the pain if any thing slips out while you are walking around. And I don't have all day. So hurry up unless you want me back there helping out or supervising. And if you can't deal with all of this, remember you could just hang out here till closing in your lingerie and then take that walk home the same way showing off that lovely feminine slip to all your buddies."

I sighed and told them, "No not that. I'll do as I'm told." And with that Mabel gave me an affectionate type slap on the rump and told me, "So get going sweetie." And of course Doris had to comment, "He's already just like a girl, just so slow in getting dressed and getting ready." Then they both giggled, adding to my humiliation, as I retreated to the dressing room, gaff and cold pack in hand, and fear in my heart.

So I went back into the dressing room and undressed down to my corset. I must confess that I felt a little saddened, much to my own shame, as I removed my satiny clothing. I couldn't explain the reaction at the time and was too frightened by it to try. I was thinking could I have been getting to enjoy being a girl or at least dressing like one? Well, I tried to put those thoughts out of my head, they were so frightening and I put the gaff on as directed. After fastening it tightly around my corseted waist and letting the front piece and strap hang down, I used the cold pack, which had a tremendous shrinking affect on my entire male appendage, much more then I could have ever imagined. As I pushed each testicle into my body the shrunken orbs went in fairly easily, but there was a tingle of pain. I dreaded the thought of how painful an escape would be once they had returned to full size and made sure I did the job well and every thing would be secure. I then tried to pull my penis back, but it had shrunk so, from the cold pack I hoped, that it just wasn't going any where, but I found that like the testies I could push it back into the cavity behind it and did so. Then holding everything in I pulled back on the gaff strap making it as tight as possible and fastening it tightly to the belt.

When I looked at my reflection in the mirror on the wall of the dressing room I just about went into shock. I wasn't a guy any more! I was looking at a flat chested girl. Perhaps a bit on the prepubescent side of girlhood, but definitely the reflection was at least, let's say female in nature, at best hermaphroditic, but in no way would be mistaken for a male. And all tucked away like I was I didn't even feel like a male any more.

The face, my face that should have been a man's face, the face looking back at me in the mirror was that of a woman. Doris, my beautician, had done her job well. Sure the make up had been piled on heavily, and intentionally so, but the look was still that of an over 'makeuped' girl, and not that of a guy. My long hair was carefully styled in a womanly fashion and in my ears were earrings, woman's styled and obviously pierced.

And though my hips and behind were on the flatish side, my hips flatter then my butt, which was a bit large for a guy, my corseted waist was so slim that it could not belong to a guy. And finally though flat chested, I was also flat where a man would not and should not be, and the padding of the garment showed lips, which completed that illusion.

I couldn't believe my own eyes. I couldn't believe how real and female like I now looked down there and I had to touch myself to make sure what I saw in the mirror was not really part of me. A strange thing happened when I did. The warmth of my hand transferred to my gaff and the satiny feel of the area was very nice and warm and sort of transferred to the tip of my shortened and pushed in maleness. I started to stiffen a bit, as guys tend to do, and felt two pleasurable sensations. One the feeling against the inside of the gaff was quite nice, it was lined with satin the pleasures of which I had already become accustomed to.

But stranger was the feeling deep inside of me. My penis could not extend forward and instead pushed backward into me. And what ever it was pushing against gave me a nice feeling of pleasure. This was the first time I have felt such internal pleasure and I feared it and removed my hand from what was my female, though cosmetic, anatomy.

However, it was not the end of those pleasures. As I moved around to get dressed I found that walking also brought on such pleasurable sensations. My external anatomy was hidden and it changed the way I walked. My thighs naturally came closer together with

out such an obstruction and with the tightness the gaff caused it was easier to walk that way, one foot in front of the other, hips swaying. And with each step a milder form of that internal pleasure was felt, sort of a warm welcome home feeling. I would find out that the garment was designed and meant to cause such sensations in the susceptible male, and I was such a male, thus fostering an acceptance if not a pleasure in being gaffed and supporting the transformation to a female deportment.

So looking at myself in the mirror once more I again could not believe my own eyes and found myself once again transfixed on my own reflection. My male appendages were definitely completely hidden, gone for all practical purposes. And I couldn't help but think of how I could now wear woman's slacks as high and as tight on the groin as any woman could, and there wouldn't be any tell tail bulges ruining a perfectly feminine flat front. Now for some reason I had always been mystified and attracted by tight black satin pants on a woman when they were held on so tight against the groin as to give a look of having been painted on. A strange sort of auto sexual arousal hit me as I now realized I could and would present a similar picture so dressed and that I could pass so dressed.

And it was from that trance I was awakened when Mabel and Doris called me. "Honey, if you don't come on out we'll just have to come in and get you!" And for that matter they did, not giving me a chance to respond, which I could not have done any way for I was just too embarrassed to move or respond and they both came into the dressing room to fetch me out.

Their first view of me induced stares along with oohs and ahhs, telling me that my transformation was just unbelievable. Doris told us, "My, my, why Mabel you've created a lovely pre-pubescent creature here. Mabel answered that she couldn't take all the credit telling us, "Now I can't take all the credit. His wife conquered his waist and you certainly rid him of his obvious male facial features. And besides that, we all had such fine material with which to work. But in any case it is time to bring him, I mean her, up to puberty with the right padding."

However, before that Mabel just had to check my work to make sure the gaff not only looked right but also was placed right and securely and tightly fastened. So coming up to me and before I realized what she was doing she ran her hand over my now flattened groin and then smiling told me, "Sweet thing you just continue to surprise me. You did the perfect job. In fact better than perfect. You got rid of every thing including your dong. I can't even feel a tucked bulge. How ever did you do it? But with out waiting for my answer she continued, "Doris come over and feel this, it is absolutely amazing!"

And Doris happily obliged. I stepped back but that didn't stop her and I had no where to go and no fight to stop her, after all I had already been so violated by one woman, and it had felt nice, with my hidden male appendage generating that internal warmth. So Doris also happily ran her hand along my gaff-covered groin, continuing that pleasant feeling inside of me. Unlike Mabel she wasn't in such a hurry to stop and felt around there for a while. The result was somewhat felt by Doris as a pecking, as most of the bulging as I explained earlier was for some reason felt inside of me and not seen or felt externally, the gaff being so restraining. Doris smiled, and told Mabel, "He may have castrated himself but there is a little pecker in there pecking to get out." And then she laughed at her own

joke. Mabel didn't quite get it and Doris told her she would explain later, but that Mabel's gaff may have made me into more of a woman than even she thought it would.

Mabel then gave me a robe to put on to cover my near nakedness, and I took it gratefully, I was so embarrassed, not yet used to being viewed by these women in such a state of undress, though that would come. The robe was silk and I loved the feel and I couldn't deny that I loved the feel of it against my naked skin. What was happening to me? Or what had happened to me? I questioned myself! But there was not time to answer myself. I just felt so feminine and turned on by feminine softness, silks and satins.

Mabel took me by the hand, very gently, just as if I was a young child or a girl while instructing me to follow her. I was already too afraid and in too deep not to do exactly as I was told. She led me back to her office. Once there I was told to take the robe off and did so, though hesitantly, for a number of reasons. One it just felt so nice on my skin and two once covered up I was all embarrassed again to be standing in front of those woman with nothing on but my gaff. But of course I did as I was told. Then Mabel went to work on her second part of her contribution to my transformation.

She told me, "Your wife did a fine job on you. That is for an amateur. But padded girdles are a bit old fashioned, especially for a boy like you who makes such a pretty girl, and is going to be one for a while, especially if I am involved and what your wife told me is true. Today we attach the padding directly to the skin with glue. And for a cutie like you, we use permanent cement. Yes, I attach the pads right to your skin. That way you can keep your girlish figure even without clothes and up until if and when we think you deserve the solvent. And it makes it so much easier for you when we take you shopping for your girlie under things and even clothes if you're not always in that same padded girdle or all-in-one. And every thing will feel just so much more natural and pleasant against your skin. You'll love it." And unfortunately I was afraid that she was right and that I would love it!

Mabel continued, "We'll get started in a moment, but first I need to get the camera out, as I must maintain for your wife a photo diary of your transformation. I know she'll love it. And I feel you will too, as soon as you get used to your new status as a girl, which shouldn't take you too long. You seem enchanted already." So Mabel told Doris to take the camera, and "snap a couple of photos while our new Missy poses."

I couldn't take the embarrassment. I told her, "No...no! I begged her, I cried, but all was to no avail. Mabel simply slapped my face and she told me, "Missy, unless you want to walk home in your current state of dress... or rather undress, you had better do exactly as you are told and do so quickly and without all this fuss. It is very inappropriate for you in your new station. Get used to it sweet cheeks. Do you understand? You will do as you are told, and behave as you are told, and eventually feel as we tell you! You are under our control and a victim of your own girlishness, so get used to being a sweet thing and for that matter an obedient sweet thing!"

I was terrified that she would make good her threat about sending me out in my state of undress, and as the tears began running down my face I could only reply with a, "Yes mam." Mabel saw the tears which seemed to satisfy her, and blotting them up with a tissue told me, "Now dearie, no need to cry. You'll be fine as long as you do as you are told to do. You'll see, I guarantee, by the time we're done with your transformation you'll

never want to wear a pair of trousers again. I can already tell that you already enjoy your new clothes. Relax, and don't be so embarrassed. You will make a lovely passable girl. And I guarantee you that you will make more money and have more of a social life as our boy-girl model for my firm then you ever did or ever would as a man and obviously a pretend man at that. You're just not manly at all. As a girl-boy you are a natural. Relax and let me make you into the girl you so deserve to be. Just relax and enjoy being pampered."

Inexplicable to me at the time, that seemed to calm me down. It was Mabel's soft supplications. They just hypnotized me. So Doris took those photographs of me as I posed, following the directions that I was given by Mabel. I had absolutely no choice. I was totally mortified but did as I was told; yet the whole experience still was very erotic.

After the picture taking had begun Mabel brought out the glue and covered the applicator brush with glue. She had me lie down on a couch. Then she inserted the glue-covered applicator between the foam backing of my gaff and my skin. She explained, "This way when you remove the gaff your new feminine front will remain with you. Next she showed me what she called hip and derriere pads. She told me they were made of the same specially packed foam that was on the gaff and was similarly colored so that it would even appear to the casual observer to be flesh, my flesh. She then sized them to my proportions, trimmed them, and also glued them on to my skin with the permanent type glue. She made me stand up and watch my reflection in a full-length mirror as the glue dried. Together with the front pad, the foam completely covered that area of my body, giving me for that part of my body the figure of a well-proportioned female. There was not doubt it was a woman's body. Doris then snapped another set of photographs.

Doris was also having a fun time. She whistled and told Mabel, "Why what a beautiful creature, lovely legs, too shapely for a boy, and now with that padding his hips and derriere match he lovely legs, so all our little boy-girl needs are his breasts to be complete."

Mabel quickly answered confirming my fears. "And of course that what we have in store for him right now!" And so she measured my chest and then left momentarily to quickly return with what looked like a slightly off shaped cupped demi-bra. Mabel explained how it functioned as she spread the glue on it also and then placed the garment on me. I had to slide my arms into the shoulder straps and then it was fastened behind my back as if it was a bra. However, as Mabel pulled it tight the frame gathered up my loose flesh and pushed it up and inward causing me a slight amount of pain. I flinched as she told me. "Don't worry sweets, the pain will lessen as your skin stretches to its new contour." She then explained to Doris as I listened. "What we have just created are the top halves of Missy's new breasts, which are a good deal of improvement over the old padded bra type. Now his breasts will have a real cleavage and a fine natural jiggle. The bottom part comes next, and it is filled with a weighted jelly and jiggles just like the real thing.

The words "the real things" which I heard continued to keep me in that state of abject fear. As it was all the padding on me below the waist gave me such a feminine shape that I knew and feared I would have had little if any trouble passing as a female figure wise even with a less convincing chest and now I was told that I was being fitted with breasts that would look just as real. I knew I was lost. I was going to look so much like a real female that looking in the mirror I would just forget I was ever a boy.

I was instructed to once again lie down and of course did as I was told. Then the glue covered jell breasts were placed on my flesh and sapped into place in the frame of the demi-bra breast maker. After the glue had set I was told to stand up. The feel on my chest as I did so was a shock, as there was a real feeling drag of breasts pulling down on my pectorals. The shock was they just felt so real. Again I saw myself in the full-length mirror. I was again shocked; it not only felt but looked as if I had real breasts. My flesh and half gel breasts jiggled almost like the real thing, and I felt the uncomfortable realization that I needed a bra. I was mortified. And it was as if Mabel could read my mind. Only I knew it wasn't that, but that she had transformed others so she had seen this happen before and knew what to expect. "Yes sweets," she told me, "You now need a bra, and will need one for some time. And I think your wife will be very much pleased. I certainly am...you look divine. No pun intended."

But then even getting my bra was to be no simple matter for before giving me my bra I would be further tortured and further broken. And of course there had to be more photographs.

So Mabel of course insisted on more photographs. So Doris snapped away, photo after photo of this new female, me, sans clothing, as I was forced to pose again, and show off my new realistic appearing female anatomy, complete with bouncing breasts, shapely hips and behind and nothing to show between my legs. This time Mabel laughed and told me, "Sweet thing you need to pose like a porno queen, not just a queen." And the implications not being lost on me she continued, "... and pose like you enjoy it and are proud of those beautiful sweet new breasts you have. All us girls are proud of our breasts and you will be too, and need to show it, or we'll have to have you here all day!"

I tried but it wasn't working, and I wasn't emoting what ever the girls were trying to capture on film, and I was getting the idea they would have me there all day posing with not a thing to cover my near nakedness or the new me with my girl body. Remembering how method acting worked I decided I had to convince myself that I was a female and a skin model so I could carry off that modeling bit. I was always good at lying to myself, so this was just one more, albeit a horrible one, or so I thought at the time.

So I just had to psych myself out and just had to tell myself, "Jan you ARE a girl now...a model. So just be your pretty self and let go and enjoy the attention. NO you are not a guy. Stop it. You are a girl, a hot girl and a well-paid model. So I relaxed and convinced myself that indeed I was a girl and a hot model at that. Then following Mabel's explicit instructions and directions, and letting her mold me into a provocative girl I posed as sexily as possible. The girls picked up on the change and were actually very encouraging and furthering my feelings and psych that I was actually a female model.

When the camera session had ended Mabel asked me how my breasts felt. I told her again that they hurt. She explained the problem and the causes, and I knew I was being manipulated into asking her for a bra to support my new breasts, which though add-ons, so to speak, felt very real. So realizing I had no choice...I had to ask. And I had no choice and was being totally manipulated by this woman. And I was totally humiliated and broken as a male.

"Mabel, could I please have a bra to wear? I am very uncomfortable with out one." And she joyfully played me. "What?!" she exclaimed. "My cute changeling wants a bra?"

And I was forced to answer, "Yes, please I think I really need a bra to help support my new breast, the hang is getting a bit painful and I don't know what else to do about it."

Further into it I was falling. Mabel told me, "I'll be more than happy to fit you with a bra. I personally think you will love it. However, I have to protect myself from any problems later on... So I need you to put that request, for me to fit you with a bra that is, in writing and you need to sign it...so there aren't any misunderstandings later."

There wasn't any end to this punishment. I couldn't believe it. Not only had she forced me to ask for a bra, to ask her to fit me for a bra, but she was telling me that I would have to put that request in writing and to sign it. Gosh she was breaking me. And I really had no choice, but I tried. Like a little girl I asked, no begged, "Oh please not that. I could never live that down if it got around, that I asked for the bra."

But Mabel was firm. "Yes dear, the request is in writing and polite and signed, or you go bra-less." And just to make sure in case I was hesitant she explained, "And it's a bra now for your time in your new girl self, or it will be a bra latter when an if we or your wife allows you to return to your old boy self. For if you even want to go back or do decide to go back you need to start wearing a bra right now because without some support your news breasts will surely pull on your skin and muscle in such a fashion as to create a nice pair of your own real sagging A+ or B- tities, which will surely show through any shirt you wear without a size reducing bra."

Feeling Mabel wasn't that far off the truth, even if she was pushing it a bit, and realizing that in any case I was too uncomfortable with my new breasts with out a new bra to go with them I did not have much of a choice. I just wasn't that tough. I was familiar with woman having the same problem and getting such terrible back strain and headaches. Granted, from larger and much larger breasts, but I couldn't be sure. After all they were woman with breasts and similar problems and here I was a man or what was left of a man with breasts and a similar problem. And it wasn't like a bra would be any thing new to me. But just having to ask for one and Mabel having it in writing that I, a guy, had asked to be fitted for a bra was just so much more embarrassing then having to just wear a bra. And I thought of how much my wife and these women had already changed me, so that I was thinking of wearing a bra as just wearing a bra. Prior to my new life, which had started this morning, such thoughts would have been unthinkable. So taking the pen and paper from her I put my request in writing for posterity and blackmail.

Mabel dictated and I wrote, "Dear Mabel: I, your new boy-girl model have just been given a lovely pair of new, but tender breasts, and would much appreciate a lovely new bra or corset to help support them in the proper feminine manor. I would be ever so grateful if you would be so kind as to supply me with one, fitted, and help me put it on, so I can showoff my breasts to their best advantage. Yours very truly....." And I signed my name preceded by my new title, which Mabel had just given to me and instructed me to use, "Sweet."

Mabel took the note and put it away in a safe. My signature would affirm I had written the note and there fore I was totally destroyed. The photographs that had been taken of my transformation, I might be able to explain away as trick photography if at issue once I had escaped or been turned loose from this situation. But that signed request for and to be fitted for a bra, by Mabel a corsetiere, along with those photos was an exposure the threat

of which I could most likely never explain away. So I was the total captive of these two women and my wife if she was part of the plan. They would force me to do almost any thing, at least they could force me back to being their girl, assuming I ever escaped from being and dressing as a girl.

Mabel took some measurements and made some comments and then brought out a black push up bra and corselet that she and Doris snapped me into. It held up my new breasts relieving the strain. I uncontrollably let out a sigh of relief, and both women gave approving nods. The corselet was the pretty lingerie type with six hanging elastic and satin garters. The real corset I was wearing of course already held me in and had given me that hourglass figure. The corselet was just a pretty covering and stocking support the type that goes with a French Maid's outfit. So I had a foreboding of what sort of waitress costume I was to be wearing for my new job.

However, before even that embarrassment would come to pass, Mabel simply handed me a sanitary napkin belt. I was visibly shaken once again, if that was possible. And I think that was the plan. One attack after another on my masculinity, each one worse than the one before, just numbing me and any maleness I felt or had left after the earlier assault. Of course I knew what it was. I had made such purchases for my wife, as embarrassing at that was at the time, being a good husband. And it had been embarrassing enough just have to buy and hold one, and now the implication was that the belt was for me to wear. And to be forced to wear a sanitary belt, and of course I imagined the sanitary pad would follow, was devastation to a fellow who had already had his masculinity pretty much destroyed. I once again tried to beg out but Mabel was unrelenting.

She explained that I was making such a cute girl that her sister would most likely be unable to resist me and would give me a test and most likely would 'cop or sneak a feel' to get an inclination on how far I



would let her go or how desperate I was for the job. And that in my position I would have to allow it, and that her sister might then push in further when there was in fact no further to push in. So I would have to wear a sanitary napkin as a precaution to prevent the sister from discovering too early that I was a guy, at least physically, and that she had been played the fool. So I took it and it burned, though only in my imagination of course. But I had to hold on to it. Mabel explained how the belt along with the sanitary napkin it held were worn together and following her directions I put the belt into place and then attached the napkin over my groin area.

Again I had reached a new plateau of embarrassment, standing there, a guy, with breasts and a sanitary napkin, the most feminine of things. Of course Doris recorded the new low in my life on film. I was realizing there was a possibility that the photos would never be turned over to me and that I would be under their power for the rest of my life and that even if my time, this time, as a girl would end, that there was no telling if and when, and most likely just when I would be called on and forced once again into this transformation, and not knowing what part my wife was actually playing in all of this I could not even be certain to whom I would be so indentured.

So there I was a formerly arrogant male, a part which I did not even get to play at for so long and for which I got very little if any of the rewards that typically go with that role and personality, and a relatively short time after adopting that role not only had been forcefully cross dressed by my wife and forced to publicly humiliate myself in public cross dressed and made up, but now two women who were complete strangers to me had continued with me in that vein and forced me even further along the road to femaleness to the point that even with little clothes on I could hardly be recognized as a male. And both my wife and these women had this embarrassment on film.

All that went through my mind, just breaking me down, as I stood there, looking every inch the female, and to boot was displayed in a corselet and waist cincher, with my nether covered with the ultimate in womanhood, a sanitary napkin. I would literally really just die if those photographs were ever revealed publicly or worse to my buddies.

However, deep shame or not, Mabel continued to have me dress and dressed me as was appropriate for my new job and perhaps worse, I couldn't help but think my new life, a life as a waitress-maid. I wanted to cry yet again, I was becoming such a girl, but was just too ashamed to do so.

And I didn't have the time. It was time to finish dressing. Mabel would hand me the rest of my new girl clothing, the clothing for a sexy waitress and knew that I had no choice but to put those sexy female garments on my feminize body, and that I would not fight that transformation. I couldn't fight the transformation, as my feminized body would no longer fit into my male clothing. I had no choice but to dress like the female I appeared to be. And the girls had my new out fit picked out and ready.

Mabel handed me a pair of nylon stockings, black stockings with Cuban heels and a seam up the back, She told me to put them on by first pointing my toe and then rolling each stocking up and then placing my pointed toe in the stocking and then rolling each up one up my legs and then holding them up with each hand. I rolled each one up my smooth shaved legs and once again much against my will I delighted in the feel of the nylon against my naked flesh. I couldn't help it. My male arrogance totally broken, I could now

allow my natural feelings to surface, uninhibited by preconceived male notions and I just loved the feel of the nylons, so smooth and silky. I knew I had developed a fetish that would last a life time and that I would always wear women's nylon stockings even when and if this servitude was over. My only question was what other articles of female attire I would now become immured to and carry over into my future life.

Doris's flash awoke me from my contemplations. She of course photographed me as I stood up holding up my nylons up around my thighs. Next Mabel instructed me on how to attach the garters from the corselet to the nylons. This time no one helped me; and I was forced to struggle until I had the rear garters attached, much to the amusement and comments of my audience. Doris told me, "Don't worry honey, you are getting better at this and with a bit more practice, which I am sure you will be getting, you'll do it as well as any of the girls.

Mabel handed me my next item. It was a pair of French Maid panties. They were made of two layers of heavy satin, covered with a layer of white cloth, which in turn was covered with layers of ruffles from top to bottom and all around. I stepped into them and pulled them up to my waist. As they slid up along my legs and thighs the satin lining of the panties sent chills up my spine. I realized there would be another item of female attire that I would always want to wear, panties made of satin. Once again I was thoroughly ashamed, but nonetheless I could not control my emotions. And in addition I couldn't control my man hood that was beginning to grow and push against the satin gaff.

Mabel must have witnessed such changes in men before, for she caught the gleam in my eye. She quickly shoved her hand down the front of my panties and even through the padded gaff felt the budding bulge. She then slapped me resoundly across the face, calling me a slut. Me erecting instantly died, but Mabel continued. She Told Doris, "I'm afraid missy has been converted to a panty slave. The feel of his panties against his nylons is a turn on for our little sissy. I think we've got up a boy just ripe for complete training. Yes, I'm sure Missy was just born to wear panties, and it took us to bring it out. But now we've got to teach Missy to control herself, or we just might have to have some thing removed. For now we'll be nice about it .We can always have him gelded at a later time. For now we know he is addicted to silkiness and so we know how to control our little sissy. Ye I think we have a prefect sissy here. We need not feel guilty about this. He is with out a doubt a natural and now well-trained panty slave, who had her coming out party here today. I really envy your wife. She has now got herself the perfect mate. A well-trained male addicted to the finer tings of femaleness. Yes I do envy your wife. You have turned into the perfect catch. And you are caught!" And with that she continued to dress me as befitted me in my new job and station in life.

I was given a pair of black high-heeled paten leather pumps to put on. The toes came to a point and with heels that must have been four inches in height. They were higher then the red pumps I had been wearing earlier and I wobbled a bit. Mabel made me practice walking in them until I got my sense of balance. She made me swish my hips as femininely as possible, "Now Missy, she said, "Put one foot in front of the other. That will give you that run way walk and help you sway those hips the way a sissy should swish his hips. It doesn't have to be perfect now. You will have plenty of time to practice when you start

modeling for me at the store. And sweet heart you had better practice your run way walk because you will be modeling for me."

Next came the slip and the dress. A thin white slip lined with nylon and with ruffles on the skirt, followed by a black satin uniform dress. The neckline of the dress was cut low to expose my new bust line. My breasts appeared even upon close examination to be the real thing. The cleverness of the procedure that gave me my new frontage now became evident as only my own flesh showed through the top of my demi-cupped bra and bodice while the hidden jell filled prosthesis filled out the rest of my uniform and completed the appearance of a well endowed chest without any one being able to see the nature of my endowment. The sleeve of my dress were long and full as to cover any masculine line in my arms and were capped at the openings with dainty white lace which hid part of my hands. The skirt stopped at the mid thigh to show off most of my legs with a glimpse of my garters and fluffed slip as I walked. It was the ultimate feminine outfit and I appeared to be the ultimate feminine servant.

Doris looking at me in my short skirt told me what nice legs I had. She said, "You know Mabel, his legs aren't masculine at all. I'm sorry I didn't dress him in a short dress myself. Once you take away his hair, he has trouble passing for a boy!" Mabel replied, "Yes, and he'll always have trouble passing for a boy now!" I knew they spoke the truth and I was dying with shame, though still unable to resist the sensuality of my satins and nylons on my hairless feminized body. I felt ready to swoon!

Mabel then tied a white apron around my waist and pinned a white cap on top of my hair. Doris took more photographs. "He makes a sweet waitress, but I think he would also make a lovely maid!" And with that she again pulled me over to that full-length mirror and made me look. I couldn't believe my eyes. I certainly wanted to die. Not a shred of masculinity showed in my reflection. I couldn't even recognize myself. I looked more like my sister then me. If I had seen a picture of myself as I looked then and was dressed and appeared I would not have been able to say it was I. I looked to be a typical waitress, the type dressed up to work in a place like Hooters. Mabel then topped it all and topped off the look by handing me a garter to wear, a red satin and black lace one, a leg garter that she had me slide in up my leg while Doris took her photographs. It was humiliating, but even greater humiliation was to follow.

Like my wife had done earlier, Mabel handed me my lipstick and told me to do my lips. I held the case in my hand and my hand was trembling. The humiliation was just over whelming, but I had no fight left in me and I was totally beaten and at their command to do any thing they asked, no matter how humiliating. Mabel took the case from me and opened it. She then waved the red tube underneath my nose. As I inhaled the fragrance I had a tremendous desire to lick it or at least paint my lips with it. Mabel could see my lips part in preparation. She told me in a soft compelling voice, "I know you have fallen. I know you want to wear this lipstick. Lipstick and feminine clothes become associated to the male with females and sexual feelings of enjoyment. What we have done to you is to remove the middleman or woman so to speak. You now desire sexual pleasure or a feeling of great comfort from the articles with out the woman. The mental barrier of your male arrogance has been removed. You can now get the heavenly warmth replaced feeling from the clothes and makeup alone. You don't need the woman to get sexually excited. Now

you can't help it, so don't even try to hide your new emotions. A sissy like you is better off this way. I'll see to it that you make more money, have more action, and have a wilder social life than you ever had before. And on top of it all, you'll always have that warm feeling of sexual arousal as long as you are dressed."

Mabel let that sink in. I felt like I was going to melt, my legs felt so rubbery. But I also felt that I needed to put on my lipstick. So Mabel let those thoughts and feelings sink in and then she continued, "We've now have the control over you any way. Why make it hard on yourself. Give in honey. Don't be shy. We just want to help you. After all, you look so beautiful. We just want you to admit you are a girl at heart and soul and to refresh your makeup the way every girl does." And with that she started applying the lipstick to my lips. It felt so smooth going on and the fragrance was so overpowering that when she took my hand and put it on the lipstick case, I just continued to apply the lipstick as I had been taught by Doris, until my lips were properly covered. Next she gave me my compact, putting it in my hand and placing my hand on the puff she started me powdering my nose. Once again I continued with the action as if it were the natural thing to do. I couldn't help; myself it had something to do the aromas of the cosmetics. I just had to have them on my face where I could inhale the fragrances of my makeup.

After that Mabel told me I was ready. She had me turn around so she could make sure ever thing was in place. Then she gave me a coat to wear. She said I had to cover up as the restaurant was down the road and she did not want me getting raped on the way there. I involuntarily blushed. She then explained what I would have to do. I blushed all over. We then left for the restaurant. I knew my orders and knew that I could not leave for Mabel was going to take my coat once we had gotten to our destination so that I would have nothing to wear but my French maid waitress uniform.

And as I walked down the street dress from the skin as a girl, I really felt every inch the girl, and wasn't sure if I would ever be a boy again, or that I wanted ever to be a boy again and leave my feminine finery. And I knew I would do just as I was told to do. I then knew I was an obedient sissy and happy.

THIS IS THE END OF PART I - THERE WILL BE A PART II
IF YOU BEHAVE AND YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL!

Your author can be reached through Mags Inc. Any thoughts, questions, or answers about the story? What did you like and what wasn't of interest. Kindly, write and let us know. Keep in mind the author is a middle-aged hetro unlikely to pass TV, and writes with in those parameters. Write to Jan Wildflower c/o Mags Inc. Thank you. XOXO