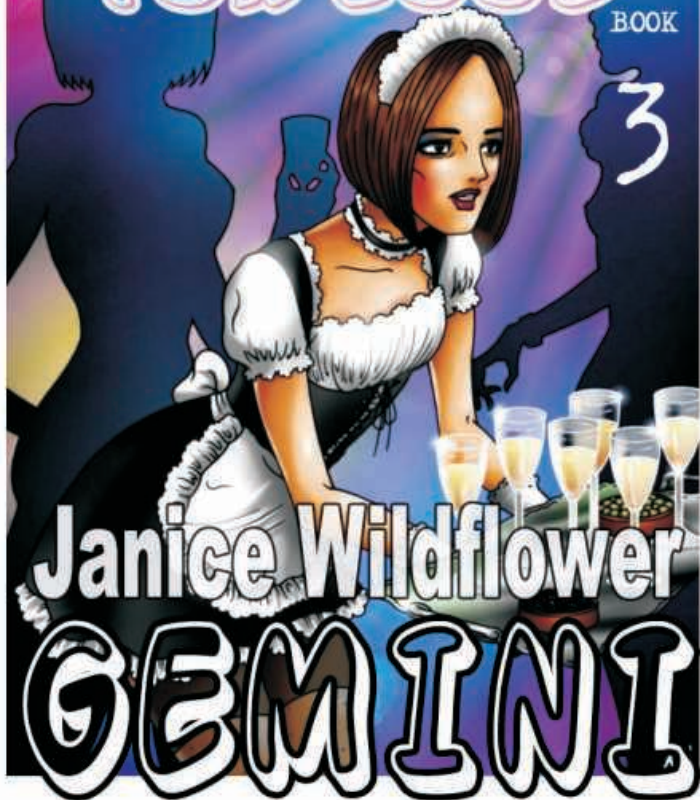


SHE MADE ME WEAR
DRESSES
FOR GOOD

BOOK

3



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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

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She Made Me Wear Dresses For Good

Part 3

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Background:

This story is the third part of the series about John's transformation to Janice. His change from a typical macho drink too much demanding guy to a cross dressed dominated feminized obedient husband; and finds aspects of that which he enjoys.

In book one, John had lost a bet in a weight loss contest with his wife, and as a result was supposed to have voluntarily, as a good loser, have spent some time on week ends and evenings paying off the bet dressed in his wife's clothing, in her girth reducing support garments, lingerie, and all the rest, taking care of the house work and generally doing as he was told and learning what it was like to be a woman and the wife of a demanding unreasonable partner. He tried to get out of the agreement, refusing to dress as his wife and do her woman's work, and follow her orders. The result of which was he was forced into the terms of his bet, and far worse, by his wife Joan, her girlfriend and beautician Doris, and the proprietor of the local ladies Queen Size clothing store, Mabel. And his wife and the girls just found it great fun to change John, some times call Jan by his wife, into Janice a cute boy-girl, and dress him up completely as a girl, make him up as a girl, have him act as a girl and even have him work as a girl. So he was totally under their control, only had his wife's clothes to wear, and was pretty much looking at being a full time cross dressed house servant, with no relief.

In book two John's changes of course continue. John, now Janice, experiences employment as a waitress and then as a cocktail waitress before becoming his wife's sissy she male wife. And there is more training for the new sissy male in the arts of passing as a girl, being taught more than he ever wanted to know about female cosmetics and their application; and being trained more than he ever could imagine in feminine deportment, in order to pass as a female. And oddly enough he finds himself becoming even more addicted to the pleasures of his new status and attire. Still he hopes that if he is completely obedient and just

goes along with the program that after a few days of the total feminine immersion the wife will relent and let him go back to the original terms of the bet. But he was, of course, wrong!

In this book three, rescue is not yet, if ever, at hand. His full time life in fem and feminizing continues at the hands of his three mistresses, and then others. He continues to learn feminine deportment and makeup skills. He gets to go shopping for his maid's uniforms. He is tutored in house keeping and cooking. When ready the wife presents him as her sissy boy maid to all her girl friends. He does return work, but not in his old male job as a male but as an office girl as Janice finds his place in life at his old office as the new girl office assistant. The female office manager finds that John who was a difficult male friend makes a wonderful girl friend as she assists in his transformation to a full time she-male, feminizing his life and activities even beyond his wife's intentions. And worse yet for the feminized fellow are the hormone treatments the company nurse kindly provides for the budding female under the impression that he is a candidate for sexual reassignment, and she finds it rewarding helping this male find his true female identity. That is whether he wants to or not. And even the wife's boss help out arranging for the facial surgery needed for John to easily pass as Janice.

Along the way he shamefully finds out that he enjoys his changing body, new clothing and female life style which he finds as some what of a turn on for the new sissy. Although he does not give up the hope of some male existence to relieve his constant shame and embarrassment as a fully feminized guy he does finally realize that perhaps he does not want to totally give up his changes, his sensuous female clothing and new life style.

And his wife find's her self standing by and letting her husband be transformed way beyond her original intent while she also finds herself helping with the feminization of her boss's husband, helping to create a new feminized boy girl friend for her own husband.

Introduction:

Under the control of the girls, I was totally dressed as a female from the skin out, gaffed, and sporting glued on feminine curves and breast augmentation, and under the authority of my wife and her girl friends. The only good news was that after dinner I had learned I was not going to be my wife's feminized male maid, I was just going to be my wife's feminized male wife. I had gone a step up in my new life as a dominated and cross-dressed guy, a result of cooperating with my domination by my wife and her girl friends and their transformation of me into a feminized obedient play thing. Okay, I had been forced to realize that the thing here was to cooperate and hopefully there would be some forgiveness and I would at least be allowed to return to work as a guy, as would have been the case, or was supposed to have been the case, if I had stuck with the original agreement. So no matter how humiliating it would be I would take the medicine and be cooperative and be pleasant. After all, weekends and evenings as a girl wouldn't be so bad and there were pluses. After all, after experiencing full time life as a feminized male, I knew that things could get worse, really worse. There was the pleasure of it all and the great sex. I just needed a break from the humiliation, and some time in male attire acting as a male to reaffirm I was still a guy. Other wise I could wind up forgetting I was a guy and not a gal. I didn't know how long I

could continue to maintain any male thoughts the way the girls were breaking me and introducing me to the pleasures of female clothing and things, and not allowing me any thing male. So there I was at home with the wife, my wife's fully cross-dressed and obedient sissy husband, having made dinner and cleaned up, I was ready to spend the rest of the evening catering to my wife as her feminized sissy husband.

Chapter XI: More humiliating practice learning to be female

So the rest of that evening went like the one before, the wife kept me totally feminine and under her thumb and had her way with me multiple times and then kept me in bed playing with myself while I was forced to say out loud how happy I was to be feminized and cross dressed and learning to be the wife of my wife, until I was allowed to fall asleep. And then in the morning I was released to make us breakfast and was reminded of how I was to pass the day. And she reminded me that I would partially be on my honor and it was my last chance to prove I could be trusted. She told me, "Maid or wife, the choice is yours!" The threat was obvious and in my mind so was the implication. Keep to the deal and perhaps returning to work and pants would be in the bargain. Break the deal, again, and totally in my wife's power, I would be relegated to a serving girl's life... perhaps for ever. And altered and dressed as I was there was absolutely no place to escape and absolutely no escape my wife's total domination of me.

So the wife instructed me that after cleaning up after breakfast I was to go back to our bedroom, turn on the computer, and follow the directions. I was to follow both those directions written and those directions spoken. And that I would be monitored thought she expected I had learned my lesson and would now do as I had been told to do. And she explained that things would be timed, so I should not get the idea that I could stall and avoid the training or be a disobedient girl and fool around.

When the wife left, she gave me a dominantly passionate kiss on the lips to which I found myself surprisingly responding too and taking the submissive role. And she told me, "You had better be a 'good girl'. And I mean girl. As much as I love you I only have so much patience with you. As you've been a bad boy and when pay back came for that, you couldn't even be manly about it, you now need to prove you can at least be a 'good girl'. Learn your lessons well and prove you can be a good girl, and your punishment should go a lot easier for both of us. And you may even find it fun. I will keep you to the terms of our bet, and worse if you continue to try to get out of those terms. Make my life difficult by being difficult about this and you will be the 'maid', full time until the payback is over."

Then she gave me a dominating look in the eye and I couldn't meet her stare and looked down, and she knew she was winning the war of domination. And she gave me another kiss, and look, and admonished me to be a 'good girl', once more before she left.

Foolishly not taking her at her word and still pressing at the boundaries, one of the first things I tried to do after left alone was to try to sneak some food. The strict feminizing diet I was on left me hungry and week all the

time. So I went to the frig to sneak a bit of food and as soon as I touched it a voice told me I had just earned myself one demerit. I couldn't believe it. Real life or computerized or mechanical I was under some sort of monitoring system. And then with one demerit already and the fact most likely then known that I had tried to sneak food I could not afford another mistake. I had to be a "good girl." My maleness, what was left of it, depended on me towing the line. So I immediately returned to my domestic chores, my only thought of doing them as well as I could, to try to make up for my transgression.

Then lapsing a again, as it was taking me a long time to learn, to really learn that I was stuck as a girl, and really fearing the unknown, my upcoming training session, and knowing my feminine regime was not planned as a fun thing; I stalled with the clean up as long as I could, but eventually had to return to the bedroom and my daily activities. I turned on the computer, signing on as I had been instructed, and a pleasant female voice, my instructress for the day, got me started.

"Good morning Janice. You are late! You should have been here to get started with your program 15 minutes ago! I don't think your wife will be happy about this and you had best not continue in this fashion or we won't have enough time together for all of your instruction. You are a sissy. And if you not already come to realize your true nature, a sissy, you will by the end of your training."

To myself I was saying I was not a sissy. But I was no longer so sure. After all, look what a bunch of woman had done to me, a man, turned me into a cross dresser and obedient feminized male maid at the least... Yep, at the least. But I still fought that idea.

And the computer continued to break me with, "Yes Janice is a sissy. And you will become passable as a girl. And you will become an obedient sissy, proud of passing as a woman and proud of living as a girl!"

Things just didn't get better. Every one and now every thing were telling me I was a sissy, and that I would shortly be a girl, and could intimidate the sissy me. And I was so intimidated that I even apologized to the computer. Well, the program was interactive or I was being monitored, so after I reflexly apologized, she, the computer, told me, "Sorry doesn't cut it, dear. You had better get with the program or you will be one sorry sissy girl. Understand?"

I was so startled I didn't reply and the computer again asked, "Understand?" I realized I had to reply to move on with it and told her, "Yes, ma'am." And we then moved along. And, "Yes, ma'am" became my standard reply to move things along. I couldn't believe it. I was so under the female thumb that I was subservient and taking orders from a female voiced computer. And that voice and some others guided me through my day of femininity and feminization training, all of which I was humiliatingly forced to do to myself.

I was instructed to strip, run a scented bubble bath for myself, soak for a time while reading several magazine articles on hair removal, and was told that I would be tested on what ever I read. So I did just that. I had already earned at least one demerit, and perhaps two, and although not knowing what that portended did not wish to add to my list of transgressions. The bath was quite relaxing and against my inner fears of my situation I actually enjoyed the feminine soak. That was just another frightening realization that I might actually re-

ally be a sissy, which was frightening for me to realize, but the realization was uncontrollable.

What was interesting was my electronically controlled corset, which I could not typically get off, came off and then after bathing I was able to get it back on after which it adjusted to the tight fit I was forced to wear, and I could not readjust it or get it off again. But I get ahead of what happened.

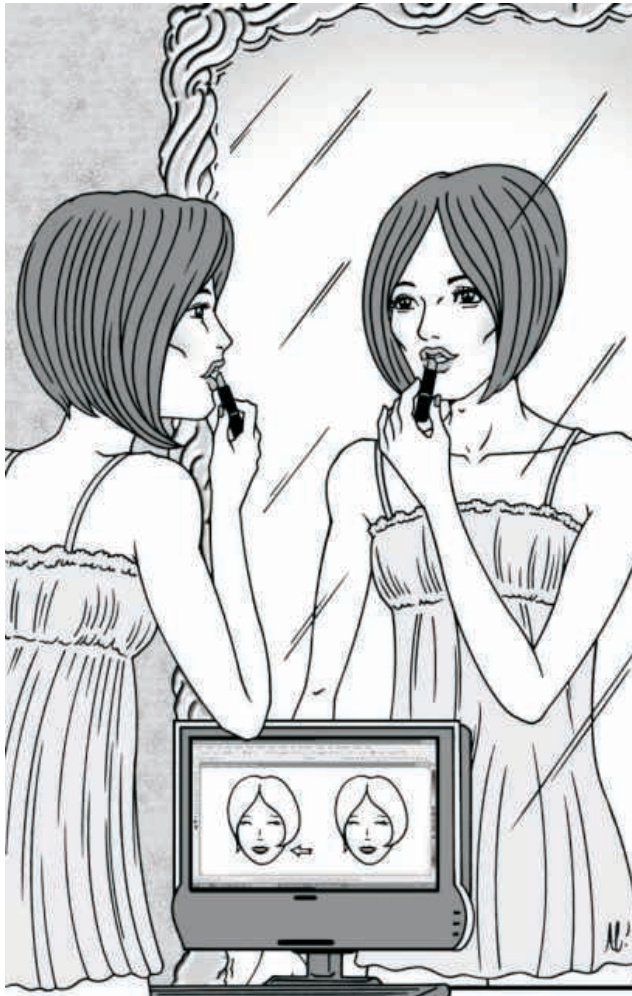
After a time the voice gave me further instructions. I was told to empty the bath and then remove all the hairy stubble that had returned to my body with chemical depilatory as I had read. I did my body and my face. That was followed by a warm shower and topped off after patting myself dry as instructed, by a liberal dosing of fragrant bath powder. Again my sissy character was showing through. I actually enjoyed the smooth feel of my skin with out my hair and the feel the fragrant powder on my smooth skin.

Then back in the bedroom I followed the instructions to re-tuck my male equipment, gaff myself and slip back into my corset. Then the corset, once in position seemingly self adjusted to its former restricting tight fit. Again that feminization was no longer physically horrible and instead was, as I found myself getting used to the restriction, felt good and supportive for my body and was also becoming a bit of a turn on. The satin backing of the gaff was beginning to feel just wonderful against my now hairless and thus newly sensitive maleness and the tightness of the corset, while uncomfortable also offered a support for my gut that was on the other hand comfortable. However, it was totally humiliating to have been free of all that feminizing restriction and then to have put it all back on following the directions of a femininely voiced computer.

But also, I knew there was always the collar. I was afraid it could be, as threatened, remotely activated. So against the threat of a tightening collar around my neck, what could I have done and where could I have gone. Also, with my figure feminized with glued on hips, and breasts, and my appearance feminized with my own long hair in a popular female hair style, and my eyebrows thinly plucked, and my ears pierced and sporting earrings, and only female clothing available to me, where could I have gone. I mean the transformation was just too much to have to explain, to any buddy from who I might have thought of seeking rescue. No, I was stuck with the program and would have to cooperate with my training at least for the time being, until I could figure a way out of all of this.

So next I dressed for the day as instructed. I slipped into a fresh baby doll nightgown, top and panties, very similar to the one I had been wearing, of heavy satin. Next I put on a stretch satin girdle type carter belt with six garters which got threaded through my panties and attached to my silky nylons, and finally 3 inch closed toed, shiny patent leather pumps. Again it was frightening for me, but I found the feel of the satin and nylon against my skin, my shaved skin, was becoming more and more of a sensual turn on, and that the resultant feel of the satin backed gaff against my hardening maleness was also quite sensual. I once again feared that before my wife was done with me I might not want to wear my male clothes again. And I continued with that recurring feeling that I had been through this or some thing like it but just could not recall. However, I slowly pushed those thoughts out of my mind and did my best not to enjoy the sensual feel of my female silks and satins. But it was a losing battle.

And so dressed, I spent the day being tutored and bossed around by a female computer. I was thus learning to respond to orders from a feminine voice while practicing makeup, my feminine voice and feminine deportment for the entire day and being humiliated by having to perform the cross dressing version of “I enjoy being a girl” over and over again. All of which served to lock in my lessons from the prior days, and my femininity.



Once I was dressed I was directed to sit down at my vanity in front of my computer and put on my lipstick. The voice told me exactly what to do, and as I applied the lipstick, my face appeared on the computer live. When I was done the screen split and on one side of the screen my face appeared as it was and on the other side of the screen my face appeared as it should be, as the lipstick should be. The voice told me how to correct my look and continued to do so until both faces matched. Then I did it again, and again, and again. Next I had to pluck my eyebrows, with the split screen showing me what I had missed. Afterwards I was returned to make-up. The same system occurred for foundation, blush, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara and even perfume. And as with the clothing I found the feel and the smell of the makeup was becoming sensual in nature to me. So there was a deep pleasure awakening in me with the continued application and wearing of my makeup, which excited me and reinforced the sensuality of it all, as my maleness pressed against its satin confines.

When the make up session was done the scene from "Flower Drum Song" came on, with Nancy Quan portraying the most feminine of girls, femininely performing while singing I enjoy being a girl. That image morphed over to a more masculine beauty, apparently a very feminine female impersonator, doing a similar performance, though with slightly different lyrics, more attuned to my situation. The lyrics for which then came on the screen and I had to memorize those lyrics. Once I had memorized the lyrics the performing female impersonator reappeared I had to watch, over and over, that female impersonator's slowed and repeated performance, which I then had to emulate.

So there I was, alone dressed in my nighty, stockings and heels which I had voluntarily put on myself and wearing full makeup which I had also voluntarily applied to myself and doing a cross dressed version of one of the most feminine performances ever recorded, and having to do it with “feeling”. And, I didn’t know at the time, I was being taped and recorded, and my humiliating performance would be played back to me, and to others.

And so I learned to sing with feelings and emotions and perform while singing:

I’m a sissy learning to be a girl, and by me that’s only great! I am happy that my silhouette is now curvy, and that I am now walking with a sweet and girlish gait, with my hips all swivelly and swervy.

I now adore being dressed in something frilly when my mistress comes to get me at my place. Out I go with my Joan or Jan or Billie, like a filly who is ready for the race!

When I have a brand new hairdo, with my eyelashes all in curl, I float as the clouds on air do, I so enjoy becoming a girl!

When my mistress says I’m cute and funny, and my teeth aren’t teeth, but pearl, I just lap it up like honey, I so enjoy becoming a girl!

I flip when my mistress sends me flowers, I drool over dresses made of lace, I talk on the telephone for hours, with a pound and a half of cream upon my face!

Naughty girl!

I’m strictly a female she male. And my future I hope will be, in the home of a dominating female. Who’ll enjoy being a gal having a guy girl... like... me?

When my mistress says I’m sweet as candy as around in a dance we whirl,
It goes to my head like brandy. I enjoy becoming a girl!

When someone with eyes that smolder. Says she loves ev'ry silken curl that falls on my iv'ry shoulder. I enjoy becoming a girl! When I hear the compliment'ry whistle, That greets me tucked in a bikini by the sea, I turn and I glower and I bristle, But I happy to know the whistle's meant for me!

I'm strictly a female she male. And my future I hope will be, in the home of a dominating female. Who'll enjoy being a gal having a girlish boy... like... me.

And the computer would instruct me as I went along, correcting each and every intonation of the voice or movement that was not feminine enough. Most likely some human was watching, but the voice came through as the computer. And I knew I had to learn or I would be doing it all day, and dancing in high heels was killing me.

Once I had mastered that performance I only had to do it again, about once an hour. The music would come on and I would be told to perform and I would.

In between performing I was instructed to and did practice feminine voice, and my feminine deportment, especially my walk and sitting down and getting up. And just to let me know I was being monitored, every once in a while Mabel would appear on the computer screen, telling me what I had done wrong, watch me practice it again over the web cam and then have me continue. As I didn't know when she was watching and when she wasn't I was terrified into doing the best I could and gave my practice the best I could, fearing additional demerits and what ever that would entail.

It was devilish. The thing about mastering the performance was, as a guy I did have to start feeling like a girl to perform the song and gestures while emoting the

feelings needed to please my mistresses via the computer monitor. And I had to let myself go and really start feeling I was that girl in order to do that. So I was feeling more and more like a girl learning to do that performance that I was feeling like a guy forced to perform as a girl. It was crazy, but true.

I continued like that for the day, horrified with myself for being in such a position but terrified to do any thing but what I was told to do; which I did until it was time to make dinner. So when the wife came home I had dinner ready and of course met her at the door with a cocktail, all as directed by my female computer. The wife took a sip and then gave me a big hug, telling me how wonderful I had behaved, and that she was happy I could be trusted, though be it with some monitoring to keep me on the straight and narrow.

She then complimented me on my makeup, telling me, and with a look of some surprise on her face, "Honey, you look absolutely wonderful. I can't get over how good your makeup looks. If I didn't know you had no help I wouldn't believe you had applied it all yourself. You look stunning. I am really happy tht you are at least giving in and keeping your part of our little bet." And of course, to my continued embarrassment, after a compliment like that, I had to thank her, which was just another embarrassment. And her compliment seemed genuine as even she seemed a bit surprise about how well I had done my face. Looking at myself in the mirror after I had completed that final application I was a bit surprised as to how good it was, how much I looked like a woman with well applied makeup and that I had done it myself and how much I had learned that day. Yes, under that training regime I had become quite competent making myself up and making my male face into a passable female face. It was awful. And little did I

know at the time how used to applying my makeup I would get!

Then sitting down, and crossing her legs to show her thighs to me in a seductive fashion, her sissy husband who couldn't do any thing about it; though relaxing with her drink, the one her sissy husband had made her, which seemed to make it taste even better for her; she told me she wanted to see my "little skit." When I balked over the embarrassment of it, she told me, "Sweet heart, you really need to get used to being embarrassed, especially in front of me and the girls. It is your lot, your punishment for now. Expect a lot more of it as part of your punishment. Accept it and it will be less embarrassing for you. And any way, nothing I have you do in front of me should any longer be embarrassing for you to do. You should not have a second thought about any thing I ask or I tell you to do in front of me."

Then looking at me she asked, "Is that understood?" And I could only reply with a, "Yes dear," and a reflex courtesy, that came with the yes dear. I was realizing that I would just have to get used to, as a sissy husband, doing what I was told to do and to live with the embarrassment. I just had to please my wife and keep to the new agreement or I would be in fem full time and for life. And as pleasing as some aspects of the feminine life for an apparent sissy guy might be or become the thought of an existence as an obedient cross dressed sissy with no end in sight was not that pleasant, even for me and even for me with all the changes that had occurred to me.

Any way, that answer did apparently please the wife. She then let me know she knew about my little demerits and if I performed well she could forget my

one demerit, but other wise I would go with out my dinner, what little dinner I got. So when she played the music on the iPOD I went into my little performance with out another objection. She absolutely loved it, and gave me a round of applause and then had me do it again, and then again. After a while my wife's enthusiasm must have been contagious, as I found my self getting more and more into my little act, and putting more and more emotions into it, until by the time she let me finish or stop, with a rousing round of applause, I was believing my little song and was enjoying being her feminized sissy. It was horrible.

After that the evening was much like the previous ones. I served dinner, which my wife ate with relish, complimenting my on my wonderful cooking, and telling me how I made a much better cook than she; which was quickly becoming the case. But again, better the compliment than a demerit and a punishment. Dinner was followed by sex, lots of sex. And then I, my wife's play thing, was put away for the night. Again she tied down in bed and I was forced to play with myself though my nylon and satin garments while reciting my mantra about enjoying being feminized. And I had to had to that how wonderful my silks and satins and makeup felt. And I didn't know how it was working but the more I recited and played with myself the more I felt that what I was telling myself was true. And I was not allowed to stop, that is, until I fell asleep.

Chapter XII: A Day out Shopping as a Girl

The next day I was to go shopping for my uniforms with Mabel. I got up early and took care of my new wifely duties. Over breakfast the wife reminded me about my day with Mabel. Then she explained what I would need to do to prepare. And she expected that I

would do so, for at that point, only a few short days after I had been over whelmed by the wife and her girl friends and transformed into a cross dressed sissy I was already at the point of obedience where my wife expected I would do as I was told and could be trusted not to try to escape, for there wasn't any escape. Outwardly completely feminized and collared, there was no escape. Also, it seemed that at some level mentally that I was accepting of my new situation, and even found some pleasure in it. But at that time I could still shake off those emotions. Any way, I was to prepare myself for an outing with Mabel, I was told, "make myself beautiful" and be ready when she called.

As I showered, dressed and applied my makeup I realized I was moving as a girl would move, and not as a guy would move. And that was with out any of my mistresses present to keep me in line. And I just felt oh so very feminine and very relaxed about that. And I felt I had some how been through some thing quite similar in my past, but could just not recall what or imagine when. The realization that I was moving like a female with out any effort was horrifying for me. My body, via muscle memory I had build up in a very short time, or so I had thought, was over coming any masculine inclination I had, and I moved femininely and from the hips. And just in general, all my motions were feminine, not effeminate, but actually feminine.

And at that point I did not even try to fight that, as I realized the girls had every intention of parading me around in public, and so appearing and actually being feminine was my only real protection against any humiliating exposure. Yes, in a very short time I was totally subjugated and sissified and I realized that I had no choice but to continue learn all my lessons on behaving as a girl so I could pass as a girl, at least to the point of

not bringing attention to my self. As with any male there were telltale giveaways as to my true gender, so I did not want people to be taking a second look at me, I needed to pass on first glance, and so I was forced to learn and to act as femininely as I could. It was humiliating. And it was like picking up speed traveling down hill, the more feminine I became the easier it was to become more feminine.

When Mabel arrived I was ready, skirt and blouse with my appropriate under garments and my high heels and my makeup. Unfortunately I honestly felt very comfortable in my outfit and very turned on by the sensuous feel of my lingerie against my skin and against itself, one sensuous garment sliding along another sensuous garment. It was unhappily for me, a delightful feeling. Fortunately the gaff and padding glued to my groin were so designed as to hide that fact.

As Mabel wanted to get me used to being cross dressed and passing in public with out shocking me, she took me out for coffee at the local dinner before our shopping expedition. At the dinner I didn't find any indication that the waitress realized I was any thing but what I appeared to be. Mabel had pancakes and I had coffee, Mabel knew the waitress and apparently the waitress knew about Mabel's special projects. When Mabel let on that I was one of them, the waitress seemed surprised. But my turning red with embarrassment, once my true gender was revealed was the real give away. Once informed the waitress gave me a closer look and I could see her focusing on my masculine aspects that couldn't be covered. But she was quite complimentary, telling me, "You know dear I just love working with Mabel's boys, they are just so much fun to be around. And you are just absolutely lovely as a girl. I would never have guessed. You just pull it off

so well. Any time you need to pick up a little extra cash, just drop by and I am sure if you can wait tables the boss would hire you. You'd look good in a uniform. You have that look about you. No one would guess."

And then Mabel chimed in, "And 'she' already does her own makeup! Would you believe it? Why 'she' is just the most natural fem of all the boys I have ever trained. He has a real talent for being a girl. I personally don't think his wife should ever let him out of dresses, though she says she will, if he is a good girl and learns his lesson." And as I listened to this I was just so embarrassed. And of course there was that encouragement that if I played along the wife would let me out of dresses.

The waitress agreed with Mabel, "Yes, he is certainly too cute to be let out of dresses on any permanent basis. But I guess being a good girl will have its rewards. And then again a cutie like this may not want to go back to plain boring male clothes. He seems to have a flare for this sort of thing. I am sure that after a while he would come to miss his feminine finery once he gets spoiled." And with that the waitress left to get us our orders, but I saw her talking with the other waitresses and motioning to me and the girls looked at me with disbelief. It was humiliating. And I was left wondering if the effect the female clothing, my silks and satins, were having on me were apparent to a woman. If the girls could tell how much I uncontrollably found myself actually enjoying the feel of dressing in female finery I would die. Or so I thought at the time.

When Mabel's breakfast was served, Mabel, telling me I had been such a "good girl" gave me a taste, and I was in heaven. And she promised me that if I remained a "good girl for the duration" that she would speak with

the wife about loosening up on my diet.” Much to my shame I actually thanked her and told her that I had fully accepted my punishment. After all, I really could not see at way out, on my own at that time. And humil-
atingly I told her that I would be a “good girl” until told otherwise. That seemed to please her and the break-
fast was other wise uneventful.



After breakfast we went over to Doris's Beauty Parlor. She of course gushed over me and the fact that I had applied my own makeup and so well. It seemed once again, I was a natural at some girlish activity. However, my nails were just too short and the nail beds and cuticles needed some work. So the girls sat me down at the nail station and Doris went to work. It was actually a very relaxing experience. Though I was under duress, I had accepted my situation, at least for the time being, and so I was able to relax and enjoy the attention and the hand massage. That was followed by a clean up of my cuticles and the application of nail extensions and then nail polish to match my lipstick. And of course she explained she was doing so that I could learn another girl thing. So when she was done, my nails were about ½ inch longer and clearly femininely shaped. My now feminine nails were long enough to say 'girl', but short enough to work in.

Then Mabel took me to a uniform shop, a real one, where I was fitted with a standard maid's uniform and the obligatory French Maid's uniform from the back room selection. The woman treated the fitting like it was nothing unusual. I of course had to try them both on and of course I had to model them both to the delight of Both Mabel and the owner of the uniform shop. After the purchase, Mabel made arrangements with the owner of the shop for a service she provided where she would provide teachers for in home instruction for teaching male maids, or male wives, cooking and cleaning, at least the basics. Of course, at which time I would be wearing my new maid's uniform, the every day maid's uniform if I was a good 'girl' and cooperative and the French Maid's uniform if I acted 'male like' and balked at my instruction. These women thought of every thing when it came to psychological control that

feminized. And I, unfortunately for me, was the subject of their attentions.

And the uniform shopping experience was just another humiliation in feminization. Of course Mabel put me in the hands of the owner saleslady, who of course had to see me in my uniforms to check on the fit. Despite my protest she would absolutely not let me out of her shop without a try on, which Mabel turned into a modeling session. So in the dressing room I stripped down to my slip like any female customer to try on the uniforms. The saleslady commented on my nice figure and Mabel of course had to tell her how well my figure took to corseting thought much of the curves were of sophisticated padding, at least for now. I wanted to ask her what she meant by that comment, for now, but it was too embarrassing to pursue in front of the saleslady, whom, unlike me, seemed to understand what Mabel had meant under any circumstances.

After a couple of embarrassing try-ons where I needed to walk around a bit so the ladies could see how the uniform hung, Mabel and the saleslady decided on a nice black nylon uniform, very similar to a waitress uniform, rather than a maid's uniform would be best for me, the newly sissified boy. It was a bit more embarrassing and cut a bit more on the sexy side than any of the maid's uniforms that I had tried on and modeled. The waitress uniform showed off more of my newly feminized figure and more of my legs than the standard maid's uniform. It was cut shorter and tighter. Then of course my lingerie was not acceptable and so Mabel had me remove my slip so that the saleslady could bring me the appropriate black lingerie to wear under my uniform, and of course I had to try that on in front of both ladies. And so I was given an assortment of black lingerie to try on, panties, a long line

brassiere, a girdle type garter belt, and seemed stockings. As I was behaving, or so Mabel told me, I was allowed to try on the black panties for my waitress – maid outfit over the panties I was wearing, other wise she would have had me undress down to my gaff. However, I believe she also wanted me to get the feel of nylon panties over nylon panties. It was despite the humiliation of it all a nice feeling. Eventually the uniform and lingerie were decided upon, for me, and put aside.

The horror of it all was that as with the panties the feel of all of the clothing was actually very pleasant for me. The nylon dress against the nylon slip, against my nylon panties against the under nylon panties and stockings was really a wonderful feeling. And then walking around in the high heel shoes with the tightness of the dress hugging and rubbing against me was a sensual turn on. As typical I couldn't believe it. It was also very relaxing as I got lost in the physical sensations and found myself getting a bit hard. All that nightly sex with me wearing nylon and satin and having my wife rub against me must have been having some sort of effect on me. I tried to fight the feeling, but the sensuality of it all remained. And that sensuality seemed to reinforce my femininity, so that my movements and actions were getting more and more naturally feminine.

At that point the sales lady, who up till that point had been very professional and treated me for the most part as a female customer could no longer help herself and had to comment as much to my embarrassment she asked me, "I can't hold it in any longer. Janice, it appears that you are or perhaps were a guy, as the few tell tale signs are there, upon a long close look, though you pass wonderfully. Is Mabel putting me on? I know she likes to show off her cross dressers. But are you

still a guy? Why you are just so girlish looking and flat down there. Are you that small or are you really a transsexual and every thing has been removed?" I was taken aback and totally embarrassed and didn't know what to say, feeling totally humiliated. What a shot to my male ego, what little of it was left? Not only was I a passing as a girl dressed, but I was also passing as a girl more or less undressed. And being told I was just so girl like and flat and passing as a girl in my panties was totally humiliating.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't realize at the time that such comments were all part of the game these woman played on guys they had entrapped in my position to break them emotionally and have them except that they were passing so completely as females and are better off as females. And what made her comments even worse was that in fact I knew I was a bit hard, and should have been showing, though not that I had wanted to be, and was trying to control it. But it had become much to my shame uncontrollable, from touching and trying on all my new nylon lingerie. And I had been afraid that would have been obvious and embarrassing revealing my sudden turn on from my humiliating situation, but to the contrary I was told I appeared flat and feminine down there.

Mabel chimed in helping out with my humiliation and explained. "Yes he does look wonderfully girlish where a girl should look girlish. But he is all male." And she added with a wink to the saleslady, "At least for now he is, that is if he continues to cooperate." And with another psychological shot at my fading masculinity, both physical and mental she added, "He is just naturally a bit feminine and our new gaff takes advantage of that to make him really look girlish."

And to my shame she continued explaining to the saleslady and to me that I was really feminine. She told us, "Like many guys with lots of bear belly fat at the waist his male hormones have decreased, and so he has developed feminine fat deposits as he put on alcohol fat and is femininely fat down there, as well as in his chest area and in his hip area, as well as having had his face round out femininely. Most guys are not even familiar with that effect of over drinking. But the more alcohol and the more fat around the belly the less male hormones that get produced, and for some males, mostly those with low testosterone to begin with, the effect is absolutely feminizing, making them just look like big bellied masculine woman. And as our sweet Janice had already drank him self well on the road into physical femininity. Now with the assistance of some corseting, make-up, hair dressing and especially the new tight miracle gaffing he especially appears to be a female. The new power-net gaff he has on just pushes and sinks his maleness into his feminine fat deposits so it disappears, even if he were to get a bit excited, and so he just appears to be real girl where he needs to. And until he looses some real weight and gets his male hormones in balance he will continue to look like a real girl down there and other places. But fortunately for ever one it works out well for his new position as the wife of the family."

"Unbelievable!" was all that the sales lady could say, and oh my gosh was all that I could think. I had heard about male belly fat throwing off male hormones but little did I realize till Mabel told us, how much I had already feminized myself. Perhaps that was a reason I was able to adjust so well to my forced femininity. I had already started the process my self and was emotionally affected by my own natural drop in male hormones.

The French maid's uniform and lingerie came next, which was even more embarrassing to have to try on in front of the sales lady. I had to strip again to my panties and then try on the whole French maid uniform and lingerie. It was the classic short black satin dress, with flounced panties and a slip that pushed the skirt of the dress out and exposed the panties. And of course I had to walk around in it so the girls could see how it hung. It was just one embarrassment after another. I was hoping I would not have to wear it for house work, I was grateful I had a real maid's waitress uniform to wear, if you can imagine that.

The sale lady just had to tell me, "You know dear, you really do move and walk like a girl. Even more so than some of those tough waitresses who come in here for their uniforms. You could give some of them lessons in female deportment. You really might as well just stay in dresses. You are certainly too cute for pants." That having been said, the look from Mabel told me I had just received a complement and needed to reply. So I actually had to thank her and tell her that I was doing my best. It was horrible. I needed to respond to this "left handed compliments" as if I really appreciated them and being told what a wonderful female I made. It was just so humiliating. That is at that time. But I will talk about how my mind set on that changed.

The uniform purchases had taken up the rest of the morning. I was beginning to find out why it took so long for my wife to shop. It was time for lunch, at least for Mabel, and we returned to the dinner and were warmly greeted by the staff, that recognized me from the morning. Mabel allowed me a light lunch, and I ordered it myself, surprising the waitress with my absolutely girlish voice and absolutely feminine intonations, on which of course again she could not help but comment.

Next it was the mall, where we spent the afternoon shopping. The purpose of which was for me to be out and about as a woman, and to get used to the fact that if I behaved myself I would pass and there would be absolutely no embarrassment. That was of course except my own feeling of embarrassment caused by my situation, a man out and about dressed and made up as a woman and passing as a woman. As I had already had the experience of appearing dressed as a woman and changing in front of a sales lady who knew I was a man the rest of my shopping experience was not as difficult, and I was learning more of what it meant to be the girl I was quickly becoming.

Mabel returned me home at about three-ish and had me change into my new waitress maid's uniform and then prepare a nice dinner for her and my wife, and myself.

The wife was very pleased with my new look and commented on it. "Oh, what a lovely uniform for you dear, it looks wonderful on you and you look wonderful in it. And your nails look lovely, just the right length for a 'working girl'...fashionable yet workable." Yea I thought, but knew I had to thank her and did and told her, Doris did my nails and they are wonderful, and Mabel and the saleslady picked out my uniform for me, before she could make any comments related to the femininity of my taste in clothes. Then she continued, "Nylon and satin after all are your materials. They go with your skin tone. How clever that Mabel is to think of a nylon waitress uniform for your every day clothing around the house. It certainly will remind you of your place. And if guests find you like that we can tell them you are waitressing on the side. Yes, that's it."

And she continued, "And I understand there is also a French Maid's uniform hanging in your closet for those times you choose to be uncooperative... Well, I can't imagine that happening. I think you have learned your sissy bet loosing place and I don't imagine any problems from you in the future." And looking me straight in the eye she asked "Isn't that right dear?" And I could not meet her stare I was so under her domination and so looking at my feet, which was the right response for a dominated sissy when questioned by his dominating wife, and by reflex timidly grabbing the corners of the skirt I reflexly curtsied, which is what sissy maids do out of habit, and told her, "Yes Ma'am."

Watching the curtsy the wife couldn't help her self and told me, "You are really making me so happy now that you have accepted your punishment. The original deal would have been fine. I think I would have been happy if you had kept to your original word. But this is even better, and though it is so much the worse for you, the fact that you are finally accepting all of this in such a good spirit makes me very forgiving. And I can't explain how hot that makes me for you... especially when you are in your sexy outfits. Yes I think you should model that French Maid's uniform for me. No use wasting such an expensive and sexy outfit by leaving it the closet." Then the wife gave me a devilish smile and continued, "May be you should just be a 'bad girl' and we'll take it from there..."

However, Mabel was there and the evening went much the same as the others with the added humiliation of having to share the events of my day, under Mabel's instruction and watch, with my wife.

And Mabel of course had to continue humiliating me as she had to let her know how feminine the girls were

finding me. And she let the wife know that my next few days were planned out already and I would be receiving at home training in my new wifely duties and help in preparing for my “coming out party.”

And again bed time was much like the other nights, there wasn’t any time to model the French Maid’s uniform. It was of course a bit demeaning but of course very sensual, and continued in that fashion for some time, continuing the pleasurable aspect of my punishment which was addicting me to the feminine.

Chapter XIII: Learning to be the Maid & the Cook

The next several days I spent dressed, acting and learning the part of a maid and a cook, so I could full fill my obligations as a sissy house wife. So of course life continued to be very embarrassing for me, even more so than just, playing the part of, or being a woman. And the use of the term “just”, shows eventually how used to I got to dressing and playing the part of a woman. My home-ec instructresses did not just teach me cooking and cleaning, but taught me how to cook and clean while acting, behaving and thinking as a female servant would, as a hired cook or hired maid.

So while I was cooking or cleaning my teacher would explain, not just how to perform the function, but how to perform it as a female would do it, and not just a female, but as a feminine female; and how I as a “she” would have to move and even think about things, to the point no man would ever think of thinking or doing or going. So it would be, “Now dear, that is all fine and good, but a girl doesn’t bend over, she stoops. After all you don’t want you feminine finery exposed or even worse to tempt some ‘real’ man to take that exposed pantied behind of yours. It could be rather inviting”. And

I would just have to do it again, the right way. She would tell me, "Yes, dear. Just stoop and use your hand to tuck in your skirts." And when I did it correctly, she would tell me, "Yes sweetie, very nice, very feminine. Thank you." And of course when I received a compliment I had to thank my instructress with, "Thank you ma'am. That is very kind of you. I am trying my best to become a female."

And again, I picked up on all of this very quickly, much to my shame. I think it just became too hard to fight. And the fighting against it would get me no where, while just going along made things just so much easier for me. And at times it was like I had already been through this in my past, but just could not remember.

So by the time of my coming out party I had the house and the back yard cleaner and more organized than it had ever been, even under my wife's care or that of the occasional cleaning lady she had hired. The wife was really ecstatic; she could not believe what a great house keeper I had made and in so short a time. I did not want to tell her I had been through much of this with my sister when we were kids.

Chapter XIV: My Coming - Out Party

By the time of my coming out party I had learned to be totally the maid and gotten down the fundamentals of being a cook. Again, that was not, if I behaved, to be my role at home, where I was to be my wife's sissy wife. However, for the purpose of this party I was to be the maid and the cook. I was to be the thoroughly dominated and feminized husband acting the role of a female maid as pay back for my former horrible ways and as the direct result of having lost that bet! And on dis-

play for all my wives girlfriends who had been witness to my chauvinistic ways, as well as a bunch of her other girl friends and work friends who did not know me, but had been invited any way to witness my humiliation as the hands of my wife, playing the part of the sissy male maid, her maid.

And I did that well, much to the surprise and delight of my wife and the surprise of our friends and all of my wife's girl friends. I am sure when they were told of the party and of my punishment and invited over, they were expecting some caricature of a female, and not a male, Joan's husband, passable as a female maid. So much to the girl's surprise and my own surprise, the guy, me, who actually appeared, acted like and could pass as the family maid, at least if not scrutinized too closely. And the girls told me so...over and over until I was blushing under the humiliation of those compliments. That was after they found out that the maid serving them had been me, Joan's husband, a guy, and that was not right away. And their compliments weren't intended to embarrass me, which would have been less humiliating than the fact that they were just so amazed at my transformation and happy for my wife by my apparent change in behavior and attitude. I wasn't subjected to jibes, but to compliments. And I had to take the comments as complements, and acted my feminine best and served the girls as best as I could at the time. I would get even better as a maid and even more passable as a female with time. But we didn't know that at that time. It wasn't planned. It just happened. It was like it was my destiny to pass and live as a female, my wife's wife.

And so there I was, dressed as a maid, from the skin out, with full, but light makeup, and female jewelry, including pierced earrings, on my pierced ears, acting

as a maid and moving and speaking and acting like a female and appearing to be a female maid and serving all of my wife's girl friends who had known me as a difficult to deal with, pot bellied, beer drinking husband. It was absolutely humiliating. Now, many had also known me from when I had been a nice guy, but by my recent behavior, they all figured I was getting exactly what I had deserved, and many wished they could do the same to their own husbands, and let me and the wife know that.

Like a real maid, I met the girls at the front door where I took their coats like a good maid and direct them to the party. It was awfully embarrassing. There I was, Joan's husband, the man of the house, dressed in a black nylon maid's uniform, actually the waitress uniform, with a proper maid's cap and a proper maid's apron, all padded out and looking female enough to pass. And with the training I had received, I sort of thought of my self as a real maid. I certainly acted like a real maid, a real female maid. The training had been effective. I could have died from the humiliation of it all. No one realized who or let's say what I was or that I was Joan's husband, even though all of the girls had been told about the bet. I would just over hear comments like, "Well why Joan must have also came into a bunch of money, to hire a maid to help her husband..." And then with some of the girls there would be a double take, and an "Oh no, it just couldn't be... It couldn't be!" I was dying of embarrassment, while passing as the maid, a real female maid.

My next appearance was serving the girls, holding a tray, with drinks and then one with munchies and walking around offering the girls the drinks and food. Not that there wasn't sufficient help yourself food and drinks around, but the waitressing was all part of my

humiliation and training. There I was a guy walking around with my shaved legs, nylon covered and in moderate high heel pumps, moving around quite comfortably and femininely and asking the girls in a proper feminine voice if they would like a drink or some thing to eat, and apparently actually passing as a real female maid.



And it got really bad. The girls would ask me to do things for them a female would only ask a real female or perhaps a husband to do or the girls would ask me for things that I thought that a woman would only ask from a real girl, or a husband. In either of these cases a girl would not be involving some one else's husband. It would make me blush and the girls couldn't figure out why I was blushing. They would find out later. But instead of really embarrassing them it was just so cute and an even bigger laugh for them. I was asked to and helped some of the girls with their lingerie, assisting with getting some difficult foundation garment into place after they had used the ladies room, or fetching some tampon, or assisting one of the more drunken girls with her makeup. Gosh, I thought, could it be that these woman really think I am a female maid and don't realize I am the humiliated guy they are here to see, or were they just playing with me? Well as it turned out, to my embarrassment, my wife's satisfaction and the girl's pleasure, I had actually fooled them. After all what woman pays that much attention to the maid. And if the maid did look a bit masculine or tuff, well that is how many of those women, maids, do look.

At one point, not realizing how passable I was, under those circumstances that was, I actually thought the girl's were in on a joke with the wife and knew all along that the maid, me, was Jan, Joan's husband, and just wanted to add to my final embarrassment with a big laugh that they knew all along and were just putting me on, so that I would try to act as femininely as possible to pass and lessen my final embarrassment. However, after a while, about half way through the get together, even though the girls were having a fine time they were getting a bit drunk and then rowdy wanting to know where the afternoon's entertainment was, where

was that the bet losing petty coated husband who was to make his embarrassing appearance in woman's clothing for their entertainment.

I guess Joan realizing early on that I was actually passed as a hired maid, a female servant, had been waiting for the point that some one of her girl friends would realize the maid serving them all that time was the guy in dresses that they had been invited over to see and at that point Joan would have let my humiliating secret out, made even more humiliating by the fact none of the girls had really realized that the maid who had been serving them and listening to their feminine conversations and female secrets, and helping some with their feminine activities was actually Joan's punished bet losing cross dressed husband and not a real maid. However, at first glance none of the girls had realized my secret. I just did my job so well as a maid that I as well as my true gender sort of went unnoticed by the girls.

Any way, eventually the wife's girl friends started asking the wife where she was hiding her skirted husband and when he was going to make his cross dressing debut or was this whole thing a gag the point of which none of them could quite understand? It was only then that the wife told them. And when the wife told them, with a laugh, "Girls, who do you think's been serving you all this time?" there was a dead silence, at first. The wife then told me, "Honey, give the girls a curtsy and let them take a look at you." And so I walked around showing off my curtsying ability until all the girls had a chance to look me over. It was slow and deliberate and of course humiliating, just like most every thing else I had been forced to do in public.

Well the reaction was slow and then avalanched out as I walked around with my best runway walk and the girls began to realize that who they thought was the girl serving them was not a girl and that I was a guy and Joan's husband John who many of them knew, though some of them still at that point refused to believe it.

There was a whole bunch of, "Oh my gosh-es" from all and "Oh no, she is a he," from the wife's friends that did not know me or "Oh it just can't be, but it is Joan's husband" from the girls that did know me. And then that was all followed by versions of, "Joan, he is absolutely adorable," with "you have to keep him like this forever".... Or, "He is just so cute...and obedient...and useful...and can I borrow him?" And some of the girls would have me come over so they could take a closer look, followed by, "Unbelievable. If you don't know and you don't look close his persona is so female that even with the tell tale signs one would never think she is a he. Joan you did an absolutely wonderful job. He could actually be a girl. It's unbelievable."

Then as if on cue one of the girls said, "He is as just about as good as the professional female impersonator I saw in Vegas. Why if he could sing you should put him on the stage!" And the wife of course had me perform my skit, "I enjoy being a sissy she male", to a standing ovation and a command second performance. I wanted to die. The girls wanted more. But the wife had mercy on me and the party sort of wound down from there. But the compliments just kept rolling in, much to my continued embarrassment.

And of course the wife would not take all the credit. She just had to tell them all, "It is not just me girls. My husband is just a natural as a girl. It's unbelievable how feminine he is or can be, and I just can't figure out how

he hid it all these years. May be that's why he was so macho, cause he knew underneath it all was just a cute little girl wanting to come out. Of course he fought it at first... male Provo do and what not. But once he realized he would have to keep to his part of the bet, he just easily morphed into a woman, getting more and more feminine each day with little or no trouble at all and picking up on all the girlish things. Evan I was amazed. And at time I think he even enjoys it. Thought of course he won't admit it. You know the satiny clothes and the freedom from having to make decisions. Why I am not sure he would go back to acting the man even when his penance is over. I am not sure what I will do. But I guess I will worry about that when the time comes. Right now it's like having a sister and a maid, with a little some thing extra... if you know what I mean. He does every thing I tell him to do and he is just so much fun to be with. It's absolutely wonderful. But the girl must have just been in the boy. I mean in such a short time we've been able to transform him into a girl and an obedient maid at that. I think it's not just me. I think he really likes it. He makes such a wonderful girl. But let's not go there. Fore I am not sure what we are going to do when the bet is over.

And of course all the girls were of the opinion that the wife should keep me this way and lend me out of course. And each and every one said she would do what ever was in her power to keep me in dresses and to help me stay a girl, if that was what was best for me. Mind you, not if that was what I wanted, but that was if staying a girl was best for me. And of course this would come in to play later as my feminization became more and more public and lasted longer and longer. Yep, all these girls and others and even some guys would be there for me. Ugh!!! But she told them, work starts

again on Monday and she doesn't think she could send me to the assembly line in dresses. The guys there would have a field day.

I was just so embarrassed as the wife bragged about my feminine side and girlish character. And the girls just ate it up. They loved it. Women just seem to dote on a guy who can carry such a thing off. They just treat them like another female, ergo the bond between gay men and woman. And all of it was because I was so good at becoming a female. I could have died.

All that saved me was the thought of going back to work in pants and being allowed to, at least on the outside, act like a man. I wasn't sure I would be able to, my feminine traits had really been ingrained, but I knew I was ready to give it a try. However, that was not to be. The fates had been and continued to be against me.

The surprise guest at the pool party was the executive secretary and personnel manager from work. She was a friend of my wife, and that was in fact how I had been able to find employment with the company. However, for some reason she had been attracted to me and we had spent a lot of time together as she just seemed to love talking with me. Then it had seemed to me that she had been coming on to me, which I would shortly find out had been the wrong impression on my part, but any way I started avoiding her which eventually seemed to, if not anger her, at least really upset her. I had really liked her as a friend and had enjoyed spending time with and talking with her, we had a lot in common, but felt absolutely no sexual attraction toward her. But when the girls at the office started talking, I became afraid it would get back to my wife and cause problems. And it just wasn't worth it, so I began avoiding Angie.

Now the wife was having such a great time at my expense with me dressed as a girl, passing as a girl in front of her friends, and in general being her wife and she really wanted to keep her threat and keep me dressed and feminized all the time until she had had her fun with me and also until she was convinced I had learned my lesson. But the medical insurance was the problem. She didn't have it with her job and I did, so she really intended that I would go back to work but in line with her plan of keeping me as much in woman's clothing as possible at all times and not relenting at all and in that vein she intended having me go to work as feminized as would be acceptable, short of getting me fired. So she had touched base with her girlfriend, our chief secretary and sort of personnel person at work, who she had telephoned at home, to find out how far she could with keeping me dressed as a female, before it would become an issue at work. And that friend, Angie, of course had been invited to my coming out party.

Angie, in her capacity as the quasi personnel manager was intrigued and after getting the whole story from my wife found my situation not only to be just too funny but also intriguing and was anxious to see me dressed and in action and so of course my former 'girl friend' accepted her invitation to see me live. So as I thought about it I was really not that surprised to see her, assuming however she had found out, she was there to have a good laugh at my expense.

However, it wasn't that simple. As I did my thing, serving and mincing around, a combination waitress and maid she watched me intently with a smile on her face. Then it was like she had a tremendous idea and she had a nice long conversation with my wife, to which

of course I was not privy, as I was too busy working and trying to stay in my feminine mode.

However, not to long afterwards, my wife called me, no ordered me over and I presented my self to her and Angie with a nice deep curtsy, and asking, "And what can I get you ladies?"

It was then my wife told me, "Honey I have great news! You don't have to worry about having to wear male clothes any more at all. You're so lucky."

I didn't quite get it because the wife had already told me I wouldn't be wearing any male clothes until I had learned my lesson. But I had not figured on the medical insurance problem.

Any way the wife and Angie explained it all to me. And Angie just had a sweet time doing it. I could go to work completely dressed as a girl, as long as I could pass as a girl, and thus not to upset the other girls at the office. And between the wife, and my new girl friend, they would make sure I would pass and continue to pass as a girl. The girl's at the office could know that I was a guy dressed completely as a girl. That was okay. But I had to maintain my female persona, as not to make a spectacle of myself. I would take over as a secretary and the office "go-for" helping out while the current junior secretary would take over my line job in the factory.

The factory job paid more and a number of the pink collar girls were trying to get on the higher paying line. But there hadn't been any openings. There had been complaints surrounding sexism at the plant as well as homophobia. That secretary had been one of the complainers. So promoting a female to the production area and reassigning me secretarial duties while allowing me to be a female at work would more than satisfy any

complaints and a pending government action. Only I would have to sign some papers that I was a pre-op transsexual or something like that and needed to live as a female for a year and wanted to dress up as a female and wanted the office job. I would have to put it in writing that I was considering sexual reassignment and I would have to undergo an interview with the company nurse. And then, if I passed I would be eligible for the secretary job and of course would have to take a 'complete' physical by that same female nurse.

I absolutely refused. "Thanks but...no thanks. The deal was pants at work.... I won't do it. I won't do it. I won't do it."

Chapter XV: No I am Not That Type of Girl

That Monday I was going to go and did go to my work place, but not in pants and not to my old job as a guy, but dresses as a female from the skin out and all made up to pass as a girl, going to the possibilities of a new job as a girl! As I could have major problems if stopped while driving myself the wife would not allow me to drive. And also, access to my car might have gotten me plotting about escape. And so the wife had arranged for a lift with a girl friend of hers who had a son who worked at the factory with me, but picked up some extra cash with a sort of cab service he ran before and after work at the factory. Frank, the son, knew the wife and he knew me from the factory and from my drinking days, and had been made aware of the situation and knew I his former drinking buddy then had to dress up as a woman.

I was dressed totally as a female when he picked me up and must have looked pretty sexy to Frank, a woman starved adult still living with his mom. The wife had me wear a business type skirt and blouse, but both were cut tight to show off, with padding, my ample and attractive female figure, and the skirt was cut above the knees, and showed off my legs encased in nylons, which for a guy weren't bad for a girl. And of course the girls had me moving like a female and a sexy one. So I imagine for a hard up guy I wasn't bad looking as a girl at all. Again, still a bit on the masculine side, but only if one took a close look. So I guess I shouldn't have been too surprised when Frank made a move on me. I certainly got to know what a girl out on a drive with an insistent boy goes through.

He was nice enough at the beginning, actually telling me what a surprising attractive girl I made and making the type of small talk a guy would with a girl, almost like he forgot I was a guy with whom he had gotten drunk in what was now for me the good old days. Then when we were a little way from my home and he pulled over onto the side, and to make a very difficult story short he wanted me to please him orally. I of course refused, trying to tell him nicely, as he was bigger and stronger than me that I was not voluntarily dressed and in any case had no interest in guys, and to try to remember we had hung out in bars together. Well he really didn't care, didn't believe I wasn't gay and really hadn't been fooling him all that time, and wouldn't take no for an answer.

He told me, "Why you are really just too pretty not to like dressing as a girl, guy or not, and just too pretty not to give a real man a little action." Talk about your left handed complements. Gosh, I thought, I am really in trouble, if I not only pass, but get a guy like this hot for

me. Thinking back, it was almost a turn on, passing like that, but under the circumstances I was too scared to take it that way at the time.

He told me, "I've been with real girls with worse figures than yours, and a good bit tougher, and they come across. I am sure you will, and will just love it, or learn to love it any way." And after pulling it out to entice me, as he though my interests ran in that direction but that I would not easily admit too it, he gave me one last compliment and then proceeded to get tough. I guess, trying to sweet talk me like any guy would do to his girl, he told me, "And honey your lips are as sexy as any real girl and were meant for this. No kidding."

And with that he grabbed me and started pushing me into the position. And he continued, "Besides, you got no choice. And if you tell then I will tell all our buddies and will blab it all over town that a couple of girls turned you into girl and that you let them and actually like it and are such a sissy that you'll do any guy, cause you can't help yourself." And with that he over powered me and thought he would have his way. However, even if I became a girl and wound up swinging that way, this was not the guy for me. And remembering what happens to guys like me in prison I wasn't going to let that happen here. So like the true girl I was being trained to be and was fast becoming, and so equipped, I pulled from my purse my nail file and jabbed it into his leg deep enough to let him know I meant business and had no intention of being his prison babe. Then I told him I would bite it off before....

After I had cut into him he stopped and actually crying complained. "Gosh John you didn't have to stab me; I would have stopped if I really thought you didn't like it. We are buddies after all. Too many drinks gone

south with you, to abandon you just cause you like wearing dresses. It's just you are so darned pretty. I can hardly believe you 'ain't a girl." Again, these statements from this tough male were not good for my already damaged psyche. I told him, "but I told you I'm not that type of guy." And he had the nerve to tell me again, "Yea but you just look so pretty I didn't believe you. And I didn't think you would stab me any way. I guess you "ain't" into this then?" And I told him, I told you that I wasn't and that the wife really had forced me into this.

Then it got almost funny. He told me, "Well, I guess you were telling the truth then. No hard feelings?" What could I say but, "Nah. And you, no hard feelings... and how about the cut... no hard feelings?" He told me he was pissed, but more about not getting to first base with a babe like me, regardless of my true gender, than he was about the stabbing. Again he was doing a psych job on me and I didn't know what to say or how to handle it. I guess a real girl would have. But I wasn't a real girl back then, not yet any way.

Any way, we went back home, I cleaned up his cut. He was pretty appreciative, and he got me to work. And he was actually sweet on me, which made me feel more and more like a real girl. I couldn't believe it, but when he dropped me off, he asked if there was any chance he could get a kiss. I gave him a look and he told me, "I guess not" and took off calling out, "I'll be back to get you after work honey! That did not bode well, but again the situation was giving me a weird but pleasant feeling. And I thought that at least I wasn't an unattractive or even ugly as a girl. If I had to be a girl for a while, I might as well at least be pleasant looking. Or so I thought. So by the time I got to work I was in a good frame of mind. I knew that I was passing as a girl

and even if the word got out as to my current, let's say, predicament, I would certainly not be put into a similar position again. So with out thinking I did throw the guy a kiss. It just felt natural to me at the time.

Chapter XVI: First Day at Work and the Exam

Angie had presented her idea to company management and as hard to believe as it was she had gotten their okay on the matter. I couldn't figure it out. One the company was actually pretty desperate about that pending Federal Law Suite. But, little did I know at the time but that the girl's at the party were keeping their word to help keep me a girl and one of those girls was a friend of the wife of one of the company executives and asked for help to keep me a girl and the wife thought it was a darling idea to have some guy who had been forced to dress as a girl by his wife stay that way. And she got to work on her husband and he was told that

So I was in and so Angie got me an appointment with the company nurse. If the nurse passed me I was in, and would get to meet with our boss for the final go a head on the deal. The nurse was an older woman who had been in the field for a number of years and had a number of specialty certificates, one of which was psychological nursing, and she had taken this job for which she was over qualified, to get a bit of a rest from hospital work. So if I passed her exam I could continue to work for the firm in my new gender as a girl engaged in secretarial type work. Other wise the wife was out of luck, and I would have to continue in the factory area and would have to dress appropriately for my old job. I was really hoping to fail, but knew I had to do my best to convince her, for if the wife found out, and

she would through Angie, that I had not done my best I didn't know what she would do, but I knew I wouldn't like it. I figured I would rather be a secretary for Angie than a hair-girl for Doris or a model for Mabel. The waitressing wasn't too bad and the money was good, but again, there wasn't any health care coverage. And in any case I would still be in a dress.

I had been told that the nurse had already been told that an employee, the former Mr..... now trying to live as Ms..... who was gender unhappy and wanted to become a female and would be spending the next year living as a girl, wanted to stay employed at the company, as not to lose any benefits etc., but as his girl self. As it would actually work out for the company the firm just wanted the nurse, an employee of the firm, to check out the story and the patient to make sure it wasn't some sort of scam which would wind up in a legal case and or a complaint with the Feds. So it was her job to pass on me psychologically and physically. And so I was there for that exam, which would take several hours. I had been told I would have to undergo a pretty intense physical and a pretty intense psychological exam. And again, I needed to convince the nurse that I really wanted to be a girl and every thing I was doing was of my own free will with the intention of hopefully becoming a female. The company had no involvement.

The nurse introduced herself to me as Nurse Cooper, Helen Cooper, and told me that I could call her Nurse C, pronouncing it as "nursey" and smiling at her little joke. I guess she was trying to relax me and it did some what. Then she told me, "If I understand it right, that underneath all that makeup and the female outfit is a man who really wants to be a woman?" And I replied, "Yes ma'am." And she continued, "You know that you

are very convincing as a woman!” And again I replied, “Yes ma’am.” And, “Thank you Nurse Cooper.”, while I almost curtsying with my reply. I just managed to hold back, but I am sure the nurse caught it.

And she continued and explained the purpose of the interview and exam was to ascertain that I was actually a candidate for sexual reassignment and if so the company would be willing to allow me to continue working and allow me to do so in my female persona, during the year that I had to do so while I was being evaluated for that surgery, but of course it would have to be in a more traditional female role amongst females until the company could be sure that I could interact with others as a female and not just as a cross dressed male. But in any case, once I actually had the reassignment surgery I could work for the firm as a female in what ever capacity I was capable for which there was an available position. That being understood we might as well get started with the interview.

The wife an Angie had prepared me with a story and it was just so embarrassing I was almost on the verge of breaking down with embarrassment as I was forced to learn it. And sitting in the nurse’s office, legs together and hands in my lap, as feminine as I could be, I was forced while being tape recorded to tell her how much I wanted to be a girl and to wear girl’s clothing and to just do girl things. In my own voice, on tape, as she asked questions I told her: “For as long as I can remember I just felt uncomfortable being a guy and doing guy things. I seemed to always want hang out with the girls, do girl things and maybe to just be a girl. I hate rough men’s things. I’ve always just loved being soft and feminine and dressing up as a girl, in girl’s things, and doing girl’s things.....Oh, yes, I just love wearing nylon panties and slips and even bras and gir-

dles, and dresses and skirts... never pants. And I just loved silky panties.... Oh, yes I just love cooking and cleaning and even sewing. I hated working on the line with the guys. I am just so uncomfortable around those vulgar ruff men. I want an office job where I can be with girls. I don't care that it pays less. I want to be a secretary or a beautician or may be a waitress or such, but not a line worker... No, I am not yet on hormone therapy. I don't know why not. I certainly asked for female hormones. I take nutritionals that inhibit male hormones and mimics female hormones. And finally, "Yes I want it removed, I can't stand it. It's disgusting! I can hardly wait the year to start intense hormone therapy so that horrible thing will shrink away."

I was always a bit of an actor, now turned actress, and with the fear of my wife driving me, I must have been pretty convincing, for the nurse even seemed a bit touched with my sorrows of manhood. However, I wanted to cry. I couldn't believe I had said all those things, and they were all taped. Gosh, what was going to happen to me? Yet I was strangely affected but what I had said, realizing that at least some of it was becoming true; the feel of the clothes, the new attitude of my wife, the great sex. But it was like a drug and I knew I had to fight it off and be a man. Yet there I was ready to cry, just like a woman.

After the interview the nurse had me make a written statement to the effect of what she had elicited from me in our question and answer session and had me sign it with Angie witnessing my signature.

Then Nurse Cooper instructed me to strip down completely and put on an exam robe, though allowed me to keep on my corset when I explained that I couldn't remove it if I wanted to. I had to tell her, my

wife who was not 100% supportive of my desire had me in it to teach me what it would be like to be a girl and only she could get it off. So there I was embarrassed as heck with the nurse admiring my prosthetic feminized body as she conducted the exam. As she warmed up to me she made comments about how girlish the add-ons made me appear, couldn't believe my male parts were so well hidden, and how happy I must have been with the look. Of course, as I had been instructed by Angie and the wife, I had to tell her that the add-ons were nice but I really longed for my own real breasts and hips and couldn't wait for the trial period to be over so I could get my hormones. I just wanted breasts so badly, even thought it killed me to say those things. She seemed understanding and even started to warm up to me a bit, and told me not to fret as a year was not that long. But I had to push it, telling her I wasn't sure I could wait and I was getting a bit depressed over still having to be a girl in a guy's body, which again was one of the prompts Angie had given me to pass the test. I thought much of it was over-the-line, but the wife had admonished me that Angie knew best and it was her idea, and if it appeared to be working I had better do every thing Angie had told me to do, or I would be a sorry girl. And so I did.

As things proceeded she finally asked me where "it" was and after I told her she fished it out, told me to cough several times while she felt for my testies and then grasped my penis, all of which she seemed to really enjoy and was really taking what seemed for ever to me. So thinking to move her along I had to tell her just how much I hated the thing, hated it touched, and wished she would just push it back away so I wouldn't have to see or think about it. And then when she replied, "Really, this should not be that uncomfortable,

you are a bit stiff,” I had to tell her that it was and I would just as soon have her cut it off. Talk about throwing gasoline on a fire. And Angie didn’t even help me think that one up!

Any way the problem became that I needed to give her a sample of my ejaculate and I couldn’t do it. I just could not get really hard under the circumstances no matter how hard I tried and no matter what thoughts I had. Of course, my manly pride, talk about an oxymoron, wouldn’t let me tell her that and so I told her I just couldn’t do it I hated being a male that much.

She told me, “We need to do a prostate check any way so I think I can get what I need that way. It is not the easiest way but unfortunately we don’t have much of a choice. That is unless you’ve had anal sex. Have you?” Well I told her absolutely not, and me thinks I denied it with too much emotion, under my circumstances, that perhaps she had become suspect again, even thought that was true.

She thought a bit and then continued, “Well then it may be a bit painful at first, but as you really seem to want to be a female and hate your maleness this should be exciting for you as I am going to give you the equivalent of a female orgasm, or at least try to anyway. If you are a real male this would be just so embarrassing for you, but since you are mentally a female you should get a real release and may even enjoy it. It’s a good test of your real desire to be a female. So let’s give it a try and let’s see!” I was a bit young to know what she was talking about, but was so embarrassed not being able to do my thing that I just went along hoping to get the whole embarrassing thing over with as soon as possible. Also, if as a male wanting to be a female I was suppose to enjoy the procedure so I

figured I would have to go along with it and had better enjoy it or at least seem to enjoy it.

So she got me up on the exam table and had me put my legs in the stirrups, which in itself was a real blow to my male ego, what ever was left of it, with my pelvis tilted upward exposing my back entrance as the examination gown was wide open in the back and she went to work on me. She was actually very gentile and talked me through the whole thing, almost like a lover. Stand on the side of the table she moved her gloved hand down my perianal area sending a visible shiver along my spine. Then when she reached it she played with my rear sphincter in a sensuous manner until she got me and it to relax. Then she inserted a gloved finger covered with KY jelly in my rectum as I involuntarily let out a little feminine squeal, which came from where I don't know, but it seemed to please her, as she then went to work on my prostate.

At first it was just so embarrassing I wanted to die but also painful as I had never had any thing larger than a suppository inserted up there. Happily she had small hands. And then she was talking me through it, telling me in a soft gentile tone, "Now relax honey. Think sexy thoughts, about being a girl and being entered and having your first female orgasm." And I started to give in to the rhythm of it all and her soft caressing voice. And my night time exercises, which my wife had forced on me, came back, the pleasure of playing with myself and my mantra of "I am a sissy maid," and I want to be a girl." So then instead of me doing it to myself it was the nurse performing that ritual and all I had to do was relax. And after a while it became pleasant and quite sensual, I couldn't believe it as I started to let out, much to my continued embarrassment an occasional involuntary sensual moan,

again not really knowing where it was coming from and as embarrassed as heck about it.

At that point with her other hand she started gently rubbing my rear in a soft sensual way, as she continued to talk to me, "Just think about being a real girl and think sexy thoughts for me Janice." And as she kept massaging me and speaking gently to me I found myself getting hard, much to my embarrassment. "Then she told me, "That's a good girl dear. Now I need to touch you some where you won't like, but you need not think about it and just think about my finger in your vagina. Just visualize your vagina and being a real girl and you'll be fine and we can get this over and you can work here as a girl." And then she went to work on the other end, my maleness, and she played with me until I came with a tremendous orgasm. It was such a release I couldn't believe it. Of course I wasn't thinking about her entering me as if I was a woman, but none the less this internal orgasm, after the initial discomfort had been nice. Of course she collected her sample in a sample cup and then the whole thing was over. But even the removal of her finger was pleasant and I also let out a moan with that action. The only explanation I had was the wife's domination of me in bed and my nightly ritual had just changed me so that I was able to subconsciously enjoy the sensuality of what had happened to me as humiliating as it should have been for me.

I was terribly embarrassed, but Nurse Cooper seemed to take my response as a further indication that I really wanted to be a female and was comfortable taking the feminine role and really did want my male parts taken away from me. So I guess pleased with me and herself she broke the nervous tension with, "Was it good for you? I know it was good for me? With that I

couldn't help but laugh and I felt a lot better. She gave me a smile, and she told me, "You see dear, that wasn't so terrible, now was it?" Then she cleaned me up a bit and then sent me to the wash room to finish the clean up and allowed me to put my panties back on. And imagine I was so happy to be allowed to put my panties back on, of course after re-tucking.

When I came out she told me just one more thing and had me lean over the exam table and before I knew what was happening she had injected me. After it was too late to prevent the injection she explained she had given me my monthly injection of female hormones explaining that she didn't understand why my doctor had not started me on female hormone therapy, but as I wanted the hormones so badly she thought that I should have them and would handle any situation with my doctor. And me wanting them so badly and wanting to be a woman so badly, she did not believe I would fit into this female work environment without already being on the female hormones. And it would also end any fear that the woman might have, having a virile man in a dress working with them. They would now be told I had already started female hormones and could not be a threat to them in that way. Well I wanted to die. As if I did not have enough problems I now had a month's worth of estrogen and progesterone in me, to really feminize me, and physically feminize me. I couldn't figure it out if I had been set up and if so by whom, but in any case it was too late. What was I going to look like and feel like a month from now. I couldn't imagine. And now on top of every thing else I could look forward to not being able to enjoy at least the one nice aspect of this entire thing, the great sex with my wife.

I guess I did not look happy and she commented about that. I had to make a quick recovery and told her

I just did not want to upset the doctor who would now think I went against his procedures.

Nurse Cooper told me, "Honey you need those hormones. Some therapists like to hold off and others don't. The problem with the hormones is they can effeminate a male who just likes acting female and would never think of reassignment surgery into a state where he is convinced that he is a female and then does want real breasts and his male apparatus removed. But as I don't believe that in your case there is any going back. You are a female and need to have a female body. You already are a female, just in the wrong body. I completely understand and appreciate your feelings and hormones are the best thing for you. Why in a month or so when your hips and breasts start to fill out you are going to feel much better about yourself and you won't feel so depressed. And those horrible appendages will shrink so they won't even be a bother any more. And as you responded so well to your internal you can even hold off on the surgery as I guarantee that you will find that anal probing an acceptable substitute for vaginal sex that will seem just as feminine to you. And actually it is a bit safer, for some guys, than that operation. You tuck very well and complete tucking for boys to girls who still like girls, who are actually lesbians, and enjoy that type of digital sex, is often a better solution to the discomfort with their male genitalia than is surgery, as there are often plumbing problems after that surgery. There is a new technique I was just reading about where your penis would be shrunk down and tucked inside a surgically created vagina and it would function some what like a clitoris, and you would still have to sit down to pee. You look and feel totally like a female, but don't have any future plumbing problems. I think it would work out very well for you. But we can talk about

that during future therapy sessions as we get to know each other better.”

So I had to smile and thank her while all the time I was thinking, real breasts and full hips, what else was going to happen to me. Gosh, I will be a girl, not just a sissy maid. This was getting totally out of hand. And Nurse Cooper assured me, or at least thought she was assuring me, “And don’t worry sweetness we aren’t waiting a year to fix that body of yours. I have friends who would love to help a sweet thing like you transition to the girl of ‘his’ dreams, in the manor I told you. We can start to feminize your body for real, no prosthetics in a little while. Let’s show see how far we get with the hormones and we’ll take it from there. So stop with all this depression about your body. It will be feminine enough for real, soon enough.”

I was in horror. She was going to give me a female body if I didn’t get away, so to speak. Though only saving grace was that if I could convince her I was a lesbian, she would allow me to tuck instead of remove my male parts. But I couldn’t share my horror. I had to smile and give her a big girl to girl hug as affectionately and sensual as possible, after all I was a lesbian, and tell her I could hardly wait and how happy she had made me.

And I don’t know if it was psychological or not but I suddenly felt really feminine. I don’t think in reality the hormones could have worked that fast, but the mind is a strange thing. So after dressing and by the time I met with Angie I was really feeling like a girl. I just kept thinking this nurse is going to make me a female, a real female, and I am going to be a female, and I just kept feeling more and more feminine and more and more like a girl. And I realized that I just should have put that

dress on, on my own, when I had the chance. Gosh what was happening to me and what would I be when it ended.

Angie had me wait for her as she spoke with the nurse and after returning she took me out for lunch so we could speak in private, and because she just wanted to take me out to lunch. She told me there wouldn't be any problem coming to work as a girl as the nurse was absolutely convinced I wanted to really be a girl and would eventually go through with sexual reassignment and so there wasn't any problem with me being allowed to be a girl at work. I met the Federal Program requirements for this sort of thing the company wanted to get involved with something along such lines to remediate some other complaints. So there wasn't any problem with me being a girl at work and taking over a female type job. The company would actually encourage it. And as long as I continued to pass as a girl, though admittedly a bit on the masculine side, I would just be a girl at work and not a hyphenated one and with no explanations needed for the other girls at the office. Only the Company, the nurse and the Personnel Director – Angie, had to know.

Then she went on to say she couldn't believe that the nurse so believed my story that she had taken it on her own to inject me with female hormones, before that might have been warranted, just so I would be more comfortable with myself and wouldn't do any thing foolish.... And it was a very high dose at that.... And what was I going to do? She actually seemed sorry for me. She told me that the nurse told her, that my penis would stop being a bother to me and that my real figure would change so that I wouldn't need the false breasts and hip pads, so I would be much more comfortable with myself. So I jokingly told her, "I guess I will just

have to become a girl, as least for a while, and have to accept being a real girl. I don't think the wife is going to allow me to be a man for a while any way. I might as well just stay a girl, may be a real girl. That would serve the wife right, alright." Again in jest I continued, "Yea, that's it. It will serve the wife right. Let's see how she would like that. She thinks it's funny to dress me as a girl and have me act as one. Well I guess I just might as well really become a girl."

Angie just didn't get that I was fooling around. She got all emotional on me. I couldn't believe it. She told me, "Oh that would be wonderful. I would love to have you as my girlfriend, with us working in the same office and every thing. We could have so much fun together. It would be like old times. Only you would be the real girl friend I only imagined you to be when we first hung out together and before the boy girl thing ruined it."

"What?" I exclaimed trying to control my voice and emotions. And Angie continued, "Yes, I just loved talking with you and confiding in you when we were friends. It was almost as if you were a girl. I always thought of you as...well my girl friend. And then when we were becoming so intimate and friendly and I could confide any thing in you, almost like another girl, for some reason you started to avoid me. Well it was just so upsetting. I figured it must have been the talk about us in the office; the girls, the old staff, gossiping about how friendly we were and all their caty comments. After all you really were a man or at least a male any way and that sort of relationship just caused problems for both of us; even if you were just so girlie any way. I guessed you were just so afraid of your wife hearing about it, especially since she was my friend that you had to walk away from our relationship." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. What a bomb shell. And I

thought she had a crush on me. Crush nothing; she thought I was another girl. That is why she had gotten so touch feely. She was treating me like a girl, not a boy and certainly not a boy friend. I could have died... again! I thought, Gosh, was this my fate.

And she continued, "Now that you are a girl, at least in appearance and all the staff at the office will think you are a girl, we can be friends again." And with that she held my hands in hers, and continued, "Why there is nothing wrong or suspect for two girls to be the best of friends. Now is there? And I am sure if you are turning into a girl your wife would want you to have a girl friend at work. With she and I being friends it is just natural for you and I to be friends. So we can be friends again, girl friends, in fact real girl friends. Now that I think about it seriously, I would think even if she is just making you work here as a pretend girl there shouldn't be any problems with us being good friends again. In fact in this case, why can't we really be girl friends? If your mind is set to give this girl thing a try, even if it is just to teach your wife a lesson and not because your really want to be a girl, though I would love if you would really want to be a girl, I would just love to help you become what ever type of girl you want to or need to be. And I would help you become as girly as possible. Even if your wife's plan was just to punish you in skirts, now with all these female hormones in you and with no choice now but to work here as a girl, I just don't think even your wife would object to you being my real girl friend for a while, especially as you seem all right with being a girl."

I tried to correct the misimpression I had created, the impression that to get even with the wife I was actually going to let myself become a girl, but it was just too late. You know a woman scorned is one thing, but a

woman twice scorned... Forget about it. I was stuck with the job and I was stuck with monthly visits to the nurse, and I was in the personnel manager's power, so to speak.

And I knew I was stuck as Angie just kept repeating herself. She was just so happy with the concept. And again she interrupted my thoughts with, "Yes, this comedy of errors should actually work out for us. We can be the best of friends again, just like we were when you first came to work here. Only as girl friends there shouldn't be any problems. We can spend so much time together."

And Angie continued, "And wouldn't the joke be on everyone including Joan if we actually turn you into a girl. I would love that. You would make such a wonderful girl. And I would love that so. Yes I am going to explain to Joan, that I can keep you on here, and as a girl, so she doesn't have to worry about being able to continuing your punishment or training or what ever she calls it, full time; but you will need to hang out with the girls to fit in. She doesn't have to know that the girls are me. And as long as you seem so comfortable with it, I am going to do my best to help you become, at least sort of, a real girl. Oh, yes, that will work out just swell! Now let's get back to work so I can break you in as our girl Friday. I am just so excited for you and so happy for us."

And there I was having gone from the frying pan into the fire. And what would the wife say about my feminizing injections, and that Angie wanting to help me become 'all the girl' I possibly could become. I am sure that was not part of the wife's plan. She seemed to like riding my male aspect and no matter how feminine she made me, she did not seem to want me so

feminized that I could not participate in our bedroom activities. After all she wanted a sissy maid husband and not a girlfriend. Angie on the other hand wanted a friend and not sex, and so a girlfriend, me, would be just fine for her.

So I was hoping my wife would rescue me from Angie's plan for me, but on the other hand the rescue did not seem all that important. I had just become very calm and relaxed about things. May be it was the affect of the feminizing hormones on my thought processes but the thought of Angie turning me into her real life girl friend just did not terrify me the way it should have. I had always liked Angie and hanging with her. It was only after she became touchy feely and I though she was developing a serious thing for me that I had started to avoid her. So I didn't mind hanging with her again. But becoming her girl friend was disturbing. I was going to be worse than a sissy maid, I was going to be a girl, or at least as much of a girl as I could be and the thought of that was not driving me crazy. Some thing was definitely wrong.

We returned to the office and Angie and I completed my paper work and added the nurse's report to my personnel file. Then she brought me in to see if I would pass muster with the boss. He knew all the workers and he knew me. He had already spoken with the nurse and I had passed with her, so it was just a question if I would pass with him. Again, his wife had already prepared the way. But even without that, his look told me that I did, and I knew I was stuck with the deal. I was hoping against hopes that I was wrong. But it was evident I had passed with him as the boss took a good look at me, as I walked in and seemed amazed. He exclaimed, "John, if that is really you this is a done deal! Why you look just like a woman. You'll fit right in with

these girls in the office.” And he came around the desk and shook my hand. “I can’t thank you enough for doing this for us. If the Feds buy into it, you’ll have saved the company thousands. And you can count on my gratitude in the Christmas Bonus envelope. And please, don’t get any more girlish, or my wife will change her mind about this whole thing and make me fire you!” And laughing at his own joke he showed me and Angie out of the office, telling Angie that I was all hers. And I was.

Then I was officially the new girl in the office, and the assistant to Angie and the other office girls. But I had all my old rights as a long time employee, including the health care coverage for which my wife unknowingly traded in my man-hood. The personnel papers recorded that I had originally been hired as John, a male, and was now Janice, a pre-op female, and I had willfully requested becoming and being trained in a secretarial function with a pay decrease and did not want to continue as a line worker at a higher pay.

So Angie showed me the coffee machine and how to run that, explained the rudiments of filing, and gave me a pile of documents to file, and set me up on a computer with a typing program which taught touch typing and working with documents. The girls loved my coffee. I started catching up on the filing and I worked on my touch typing and computer skills. And at the end of the day I wasn’t physically exhausted and agitated. As it turned out the office job with the girls, and as a girl, wasn’t that bad. The only difficult part was remembering I was a girl and to act like one: to sit like a girl, to move like a girl, to talk like a girl, to talk about things like a girl, and on and on, and even to think like a girl. Despite the training I had received and would continue to receive it was difficult do remember in that work en-

vironment. But it would get easier, especially as the female hormones worked their way into my system, and as I was working with woman, and just had to act like them.

I am not sure what Angie told the girls in the office, but in any case they all treated me as one of the girls. I think she gave them the old “tom boy” from up in the hills story, explaining that the boss was trying to help out as he owed some one a favor. Later they would find out my true gender and then get the preventing the Federal law suite story, but that was by the time I had been accepted as one of the girls.

Then when it was time to go home and Fred showed up to pick me up as had been arranged, Angie told him absolutely no. She told him that she would be driving me home and picking me up in the morning. That she wouldn't trust any girl, let alone her “best friend” with a brute like Fred, even if that brute had been my friend when I had been a male. I almost laughed out loud remembering having had to fend him off, but with that in mind I wasn't going to argue with Angie. But it was a bit frightening as Angie made that statement with conviction and it was as if she was forgetting that I was a guy. And that situation put me even more under her control. And she was determined that we would rekindle our friendship and the only way she thought that would be possible for any extended period of time was for me to become her girl friend and for that I would have to become a girl. And that under the circumstances of me already being half way a girl seemed like a good idea to her and she had no problem with that at all.

Chapter XVII: I Meet the Wife's boss and become her Dancing Partner

Angie brought me home and stayed to make sure I got in safe. She was very protective of her new girl friend. The wife was there and Angie told her every thing had worked out wonderfully and she seemed to want to come in to talk. The wife thanked her for every thing and told her they would get together tomorrow to talk about things, but for now she and I had a dinner invitation to her bosses, which she absolutely could not miss. Angie seemed to understand and giving me a girl to girl good by peck on the cheek and took off, telling me she would pick me up tomorrow at 8 AM and not to be late.

The wife seemed very pleased that every thing had apparently gone so well and also gave me a girlie peck on the cheek, and told me how pleased she was with me and that I had kept a job with the company and more importantly my medical insurance by having managed to convince the company that I really wanted to become a full time girl.

At that point, I guess those hormones were really working fast I and I just felt so emotional that I started to cry just like a female would and told my wife through the tears about the hormone injection. I was really devastated. The wife gave me a big girlish hug which I some how actually found comforting and petted me like a child until I calmed down. Then she tried to reason with me and told me, "It's only one shot dear. I mean you probably get that much female hormone in some of the foods we eat." And I explained it was a month's supply and the nurse has every intent of turning me into an actual girl, with real hips, a big behind and breasts, just for a starter.

The wife seemed surprised by shaken and reasoned with me, "Well then dear there isn't much we can do about the injection that you already got, is there? And you've apparently got a month before we have to worry about another injection. In the mean time I will get in touch with your doctor and sort of explain the situation and find out what we can do about it. After all it is only a month's supply. You don't expect to become a real "C" cup or loose your dick in a month. I am sure any changes would be reversible once you stopped the hormones. Besides, I wasn't kidding about dinner with my boss. This is a real opportunity for me, and may be for you. She over heard the girls gossiping about the party and about you and she wants to meet you. Why if she makes me full time we'd have medical coverage through my job and your hormone problem would be over."

I couldn't believe what I hopefully thought she implied "No more dresses I cried!"

And the wife quashed that thought immediately with, "Absolutely not! Don't even think I am letting you out of this. Its panties and skirts for you until I think you've learned your lesson. It is just with medical coverage from a source other than your job we'd have choices, especially if this hormone thing got out of hand. So pull yourself together, let's freshen you up, and let's get going. I will explain on the way over to the bosses place."

So the wife took me upstairs and acting as my maid for a change and helped me and hurried me through a shower, change of clothes and change of makeup. The wife dressed me seductively, of course tightly corseted, and then in matching black satin bra, panties, garter belt, stockings, full slip, covered by a black satin blouse

and a short black satin skirt. The blouse was open at the collar to show off my choker, to which she added a lady's watch on one wrist and a pearl bracelet on the other wrist. Then she had me straighten my hair and apply my makeup. Of course she had me use the reddest of red lipsticks and the rest of my makeup set up to compliment that tartie look. I looked and felt like the preverbal satin doll when she finished with me, and except for the tightness of my corset, every thing really just felt wonderful. I wanted to kill my self; the satin clothes layer upon layer was just feeling so wonderful. And I was feeling, despite the angst, just so sensual... and so much like a girl.

And as I did my makeup the wife dressed. She wore a pants suit and looked quite business like. I am pretty sure the contrast was intentional, and to make a statement.

As we drove over she again explained the situation, and that my future return to any semblance of a normal male existence pretty much depended on her boss finding me to be what ever she expected me to be, and that I would need to catch on to what ever that was as quickly as possible, or she couldn't predict how long I would be working with Angie in a dress and how much of those darn female hormones I would be exposed to. And with that I said to myself, "What ever it takes." I really need to get out of this as soon as possible.

Then she gave me some background again. The boss had over heard some of the girls at the office talking about the party over the weekend, at which Joan had presented her husband dressed as a maid and had him spend the day waiting on all the girls, and even performing a musical number for which he, that being me, came over quite professionally. The boss however

just couldn't believe that a guy losing a bet any type of bet, would still allow himself to be as obviously feminized as I was supposed to have been and would even perform feminized and then take on a subservient feminine demeanor in front of his wife's girl friends. And they couldn't believe how cute and convincing I was as the maid. And so the boss had asked the wife and she told her it was true, she had cross dressed her husband and made him act as the maid in front of her girl friends, and she wasn't letting him out of skirts any time soon.

Then the boss told her she wanted to meet me and the wife and I should come over for drinks. The boss explained that she knew it was short notice, but her husband was away, and tonight would just be so convenient and she would really appreciate it if Joan would come over with me.

We made quick time over to the home of the wife's boss, in a better part of town and were ushered in by an attractive maid, who brought us to Mrs. Thomson, my wife's employer. She graciously welcomed us and really gave me a good long look over; I imagine checking out and then admiring the transformation job my wife had performed on me, and then continued to stare at me and I imagine looking for any thing that would reveal my true gender.

I had really been quite feminized and upon a glance would appear to be a female. Again, perhaps one with some masculine attributes, but none-the-less a female, especially the way I was dressed. I certainly carried myself as a female. Some one who was suspect or with an eye for it could pick up the telltale indications of manliness and with enough time might even put them all together and realize I was a guy, but by

that time there was little that would give my gender away upon an average unsuspecting glance.

Once Mrs. Thompson had her eyeful and I guess was satisfied that the stories around the office of one of her staff just totally feminizing her husband and having him at her beck and call could possibly be true she asked us to relax and have a seat and then had the maid bring some drinks. Upon the bosses insistence the wife allowed me to have a real drink, and with my low caloric diet it quickly had an affect and I found my self quite relaxed and comfortable and feeling very friendly towards the boss. The boss than told the maid that “she could go” and would be “called back when needed.” Thus the indication what ever she wanted to discuss was a private matter and serious.

With drinks in hand Mrs. Thompson again looked at me and than told the wife that she still had some difficulty in believing I was not a female, and my wife hadn't fooled her co-workers by passing off her husbands sister or some other of her husband's female relatives as her husband. Mrs. Thompson agreed that I showed a number of masculine attributes, but the way I held myself, and moved, with my breast tissue peeking out of my bodice, with my figure in general, my hair, the way my makeup was done, all indicated I was a real girl. The wife turned the modulator off, but I still sounded like a throaty woman, and I just could not get myself to sound like a real man any more. It was horrifying.

This sort of went back and forth for a while with Mrs. Thompson continuing to point to one feminine attribute after another making me feel a bit surreal and causing me to blush, which also was not lost on Mrs. Thompson, until she told the wife, “I don't want to terribly em-

barrass your partner here if he is truly a he and your husband, but I really need to know for sure... for at least two reasons. If Janice here is really John, your husband, and you so transformed him, and partially or at least initially against his will, and both of you are willing to, let's say, help me, each in your own fashion, it will mean a substantial change in your status at work and of course your pay and benefits."

That caught my ear, as any change at work for the wife could mean medical care for both of us, and freedom from having to go to work as a woman for me. That is hopefully. So the boss had gotten my attention and my cooperation.

The conversation between my wife and her boss continued in that vein until I think my wife was sure her boss was serious and not playing either of us for the fool or for some entertainment value. While the wife and her girlfriends could have their fun with me and she would make sure I suffered public humiliation for my prior transgressions, it did not mean others could do the same. At the point the wife was so convinced of her boss's sincerity that she told me, "Honey, I think this is serious and we need to show Mrs. Thompson that you are a cross-dressed guy, and an absolutely obedient one at that. So I need you to undress, right here and now, down to your panties and stockings." I began to object and the wife continued, "You will undress dear or suffer the consequences as you well know by know not to make me angry. And don't be so shy. You will have Mrs. Thompson here thinking that you really are a girl. Come on dear, after all you are a guy and it will be just as if you were a guy in a Speedo bathing suit, and nothing really that embarrassing. And you really need to show Mrs. Thompson how obedient you are and so if

you know what's good for you, I don't want to hear any thing but yes dear and falling clothing!"

The wife was taking no chances and I felt the choker and of course got up and started to disrobe. I felt terribly embarrassed, Speedo comparison or not, while the wife seemed pleased with her self and with me. I think showing off, she continued, "And just don't drop the clothes, since you had to be uppity about this, let's be cute and entertaining about it. After all you are supposed to be a girl now. So move around a bit and be entertaining, you know a cute innocent strip tease.... And Mrs. Thompson, if you like you could turn some appropriate music on to give Janice the rhythm."

I was devastated, but really had little choice, while Mrs. Thompson gave an uncontrolled smile and put on some jazzy number that facilitated a strip-tease. As I had been practicing moving like a girl to "I enjoy being a girl" I performed a strip in that vein down to my panties, garter belt and stockings, and corset which was not really meant to come off, much to the apparent enjoyment of Mrs. Thompson and my wife. It was difficult at first and I was a bit afraid of being the fool, but in a short time I morphed into my "I enjoy being a girl" act modified for the strip tease, and as both woman seemed to get a kick out of it, I began to enjoy the attention and sort of got into the dance and the tease and my own femininity and gave them a nice show all things considered. After all I am a male, thought even back then I wasn't so sure any more. Then to my continued embarrassment, not that any thing real was exposed, but psychologically I did feel so, the wife had me stand there and at her command turn around and such, so that Mrs. Thompson could see that my figure had been constructed by corseting and with falsies.

However, my false female groin just looked to real, and Mrs. Thompson, although on her way to becoming a believer still questioned my true gender. The only solution was one that Mabel had used when confronted with the same situation at the bar. The wife had me sort of squat a bit and let Mrs. Thompson push so that she felt the hidden male equipment, and she was finally satisfied. Only then did the wife allow me to dress, and Mrs. Thompson seemed to also enjoy that. She proved to be quite the voyeur, at least as far as watching guys undressing, dressing and dressed as dolls.

Then changing the music to a slow dance number she asked the wife if she could borrow me for a dance for another test of sorts. The wife gave me up as Mrs. Thompson's dance partner and as she formally walked me to the floor she told me that she would lead. I wasn't used to dancing backwards and in high heels, but Mrs. Thompson was an okay dancer and led quite well, especially considering that woman did not typically do so. She told me, "Just relax dear and continue being the girl and every thing will work out well for you. You really are so – so girlish. No reason to think of yourself as a man. We're just two girls doing what girls do at dances." And some how her voice was just so hypnotic, or most likely it was some thing she had put in the drink, I just couldn't help but think of my self as a girl dancing with a girl friend, without any of those male female feelings that come from dancing cheek to cheek with a member of the opposite sex. And in a short time, she along with the drink had me relaxed and following her lead, sort of thinking of my self as a girl doing what girls do and I followed her lead better than my wife typically followed my lead. And actually the dance with her was quite enjoyable. Once again I really felt quite feminine and after a while it didn't seem to bother me.

We actually went through several numbers and when it was over she walked me back to my chair and plied me with another drink. I was really feeling no pain, and was getting an inkling of how even good girls get themselves into trouble at parties.



Anyway now that I had past all of my tests, Mrs. Thompson explained, "Joan, I need your husband as a dance partner dressed and acting and passing as a woman, and in fact thinking of himself as a girl as he seems to be able to do. Why he is just so cute. But that aside, let me explain. I am a member of a Woman's Club" with a number of high power woman, who go to the Club to get away from their husbands. There are only woman at the Club. Some of them are well you know....But most are fairly normal. Right now we are into dancing and are taking dance lessons at the club. I could never, and can just not bring myself to dance with another woman, even though I know it is some thing we woman typically do. Now I don't mean in line dancing or when we face each other but rarely touch. I mean in the "let me put my arms around you' type dancing as I was just doing with your husband. However, if I don't do it with the rest of the ladies there will be problems. Luckily we are short one girl for an even number and no one wants a round robin sit out, so I was going to drop out. But then I heard about you and your feminized husband, and told them I had a girl friend who might work out. So with your indulgence, your husband would be my girlfriend, and spend Wednesdays with me and the girls taking dance lessons and being my partner. I will pay you for your husbands company. And it won't cost you any thing. I will cover any and all costs, pay for any clothes I think he would need to fit in, and for any thing else....any thing. And I would treat him like a lady and make sure he continues to behave as one. And in fact I could aid in his feminization if you desire to effeminize him more and wish to keep him this way for some time. It works for me to have him available for at least six months and

perhaps as long as a year, and as feminine and as passable as possible.

I was devastated. Here was yet another woman who needed me, and wanted me to be a female – male. How could it happen? It just couldn't be real, but it was. Was it me? I just did not know. If I read of such a story I wouldn't believe it. But this was all true!

The wife seemed a bit disappointed that the upshot of this meeting was her boss wanted to rent her feminized husband and help in his feminization, at least financially. And to tell the truth at the time I wasn't terribly happy about becoming her bosses ten cents a dance girl, though I did feel flattered, I imagine in a girl-ish sort of way to be so wanted. I guess those female hormones were having their affect. But, in any case I had little choice and the wife did not have a problem with it and readily agreed. And looking at me, she told me, "This should teach you a lesson. Now you can be led around the dance floor in high heels."

I gave the wife a look and she picked up on it right away, but not to my benefit. She told me right in front of her boss, "Don't you dare give me that look. You will do as you are told. You are stuck as a girl until I think you have learned your lesson, and the more girlish the better and the sooner you may be out of this. So I expect you to totally cooperate with this little project and be completely feminine with Mrs. Thompson and around her friends. If any one even suspects, you are not a real girl I may make you more of a girl than you are now." Well the meaning was clear and I just had nothing to say but, "Yes dear." I just hoped Mrs. Thompson would be nice to me.

Then Mrs. Thompson looking at Joan continued, "That being settled, with no strings attached, let's talk

about your future with the company. After all, I am impressed with any woman who can do what you did to her husband. Tell me how you managed this and I will tell you why I asked. And how is it that you are not in one of the management programs.”

The wife told her the story of how she had overpowered me and feminized me, giving credit where credit was due in terms of telling how Doris and Mabel had helped. The boss had wanted to know all the details and had asked a lot of questions. Her boss was suitably impressed with my wife’s involvement in the affair and then let out the second aspect of why she had wanted to meet with us. She wanted to do to her husband what Joan had done to me and worse and wanted Joan’s advice and help in doing it.

Her husband and she had had a good marriage and had started a successful business together. But he was highly sexed and as she had been spending more time at the business he had not and he had begun to look for it elsewhere and recently he had been chasing any thing in a skirt and was even hitting on the maid. Mrs. Thompson couldn’t understand why he wasn’t more discrete as pursuant to their prenuptial any infidelity would cost the guilty party most of their share of the common property, which was then considerable. However, she still did not want him divorced. She wanted him taught a lesson and humiliated into submission so he would never stray, regardless of how much or how little she felt like giving him and she thought that feminization would be the perfect method for her to control, as his companionship was her main concern.

Also he had certain personality traits that made turning him into a she-male a workable solution for other problems, and he just might make the perfect

“wife” for her, and that fate would be a bit of a pay back. Even though he had been the driving force behind the start up of the business at this time he was more of a hindrance than a help at work and he was driving the female employees crazy. And at home he was driving the servants and her crazy. Nothing the girls did was good enough. The house was not clean enough; the clothes were not ironed well enough. There were problems with the food. And because of him the servants kept leaving. And at this stage in his life he was showing an interest in cooking. She couldn't get him away from the cooking shows. So she thought let him learn what it was to keep house full time, to do the cleaning and ironing and washing himself. And if he was so interested in cooking he could be the cook's assistant. Only she didn't want him driving them all crazy or having much of a choice about the matter. So after finding out about my fate, she thought the same fate would do for her husband. Only she didn't want to send him out to work, not yet any way. She wanted to keep him at home, taking care of the house and learning to be her maid and cook, her wife, and dressed for the part with out any chance of getting out of his skirts, and completely under her control and the control of her female servants, the cook and the maid.

If Joan could help her with that there was a job in management training waiting for her. Now Joan was happy.

And Joan actually came up with a plan and presented it to Mrs. Thompson. Since she had forcibly cross dressed me and her friends had found it so entertaining, she had forced cross dressing on her mind, and kept coming up with these scenarios for forcibly cross dressing husbands.

Chapter XVIII: Mr. Thompson becomes the Lady of the House:

The wife actually already had it pretty well figured out. It seems that after catalyzing my feminization and getting involved with Doris, who feminized guys as a hobby, the wife found out she liked taking a guy's pants away and putting guys into dresses and had a knack for it, and sort of started coming up with plans to de-male other guys. She told Mrs. Thompson that the maid, Mary, would be part of it. She would be told that she could leave that night with nothing and no recommendation as she had been too free with Mr. Thompson. When she would complain that Mr. Thompson had been the instigator she would be given a chance to make amends and if she would cooperate with a plan to teach Mr. Thompson a lesson. The lesson would be to sissify him under the control of his wife and also making him an assistant maid and an assistant cook, at least for a while, under the tutelage of Mary herself and the cook.

The plan was to that Mr. Thompson would be kept on a short leash at work and from wandering in general so he could not get it else where and he would also be secretly drugged to the point where he would be so horny and so foggy that he wouldn't be able to think straight. Under those circumstances Mary would lead him on, and when he responded, as any man who would be in his condition would, Mary would convince him that she only liked being on top and only gave herself to men who wore her panties. So she would get him to regularly wear her panties and in the guise of testing him, before they even actually had a relationship would constantly have her hands down his pants, playing with him, while having him wearing her panties

and keeping him hard and wet, and indoctrinating him to the sexual feel of his panties. With time she would escalate and with promises of sex she would eventually have him constantly wearing her panties, stockings with garter belt and at her beck and call, but of course no sex.

Then one day when Mrs. Thompson was supposedly out Mary would tell him she wanted to do him, but she would have to be in control and on top. She would have him undress her and then corset her and help her put on her stockings and shoes. Then she would have the idea that she needed to do the same for him for she wouldn't have sex with him unless she got to tightly lace him up and get him into stockings and shoes also. And she would not do it any other way. He would be sure to agree by that point, as he would be in such pain from sexual anticipation, and he was really not the type to force him self on her. Once corseted and in stockings and heels, Mrs. Thompson would walk in looking for Mary and find her husband and Mary both corseted and in stockings and high heels. She would walk off in a huff, grabbing Mr. Thompson's clothing which would have been conveniently left on a chair by the door, and also snapping a couple of photographs with her cell phone that she had been using to try to contact Mary, and finally leaving the room and then locking the two love birds in the room.

At that point in the plan, the wife realized that I was there and listening, and told Mrs. Thompson that might not be the best of ideas. So she sent me along to wait with a fashion magazine in another room while the plan was laid out. And of course I was told I would be tested on the contents of the magazine, so I had better keep busy with it. And of course I was tested, but of course I read and studied it, further adding to my ever widening

knowledge of living as a female. However, though I never learned of the plan I did learn just about exactly what eventually transpired and how Mr. Thompson, Philip, now Phyllis, was tricked into becoming a lady under his own volition. I learned from Mr. Thompson, Phyllis him or then herself, after we had become, for lack of a better description, girl-friends. In his own words he told me the story. But I didn't become a friend or girl friend to Phyllis till a little bit latter in my own transformation so I'll address that a bit latter in this story.

Chapter XIX: Becoming More Girlish

The next couple of weeks or so were all about getting into the pattern of living as a female and accepting, or acting if I had accepted my new situation in life, and actually getting more and more comfortable with it as the female feminizing hormones took their effect on me. Again, at first the affect of the hormones was mental, a tranquilizing effect making me less irritable about my situation and less tough about fighting it and less resistant to the whole transformation. And then the physical changes came about, with the feminizing of my body and my figure.

I think those early weeks as the feminizing hormones took their toll on me were critical and so the girls did not push me as long as I seemed to be going along with the program. I don't think the hormones were actually part of the wife's original plan for me, but since I was injected, beyond her control or planning, she thought she might as well let the chemicals run their course, and see with what that left her. And really what choice did her or I have. The hormones were in me already. So for her, as to not make a bad situation worse and really drive me over the edge she let time

and the hormones run their course with out pressuring me. And for me fighting was self destructive and hadn't changed the course of my punishment and had only made things worse. So I was hoping to ride the whole thing out.

Oddly enough I had found the feeling of wearing my silky feminine finery had become a turn on for me and kept me "pleasantly turned on" for large parts of the day, especially once I had accepted there was little I could do about my situation. I guess the acceptance relieved some of the guilt a man would feel about being dominated by a bunch of girls and forced to wear girl's clothing and act, and in fact, live as a female, allowing me to enjoy, what was for me, the sensual parts of my punishment. And the wife took advantage of my turned on state every night, in those first days and nights, to both our pleasures.

So I figured let this thing run its course, the hormones were already in me so I had a month to get what ever fun and enjoyment from my situation and then hopefully the wife would realize I had learned my lesson and that would be it. Back to pants and my real job and an end to panties.... Well at least outside of the bedroom. For even then I was getting the feeling I did not want to completely give up the new found pleasure of my silks and satins.

What I didn't realize thought, was the new aspect and changes in my situation brought on by the wife's boss's involvement, her interest in using me in my feminized state and the boost that would give to my wife's career, and consequently my wife's interest with my continued "feminized" status well beyond any time she thought to have been justified by our little bet. How could I realize that my continued feminization would be

a boost for my wife's career, and with that in mind the wife was not going to be so anxious to go back to our old life style whether or not she believed I had learned my lesson and had met the obligations of our little bet.

So I accepted the affect of the hormones as something I could do little about, and would just have to suffer through, while working off my debt to the wife and working it off as an office girl and house wife. And forgetting Mrs. Thompson's interest in my continued feminized state, figured to be a good sport and all would soon be over. After all by the end of the month I would be ready for a second round of female feminizing hormones, and the wife could not want that for me....for us, could she? And of course, the feel of my silks and satins just got nicer, the dependence on my support garments just got greater, and the nightly episodes with the wife were wonderful for me. And I didn't mind the house work or having to read and memorize all those lady's magazines, at all. After all, the wife was just so appreciative. And it made me fit in better and get along better at the office, where the girls treated me much better than I had ever been treated on the line.

So in general over the course of that first month on hormones I was acting, living, and working as a female, with the female hormones taking a greater and greater affect on me, and more rapidly than I would have ever thought possible, pushing me more and more into the feminine creature I appeared to be, but tried to tell myself I was not, with less and less affect. I became disturbingly calm about my situation that is most of the time, and felt just oh so feminine, and was acting that way at work and fitting right in with the girls. Though at times my predicament would hit me, but I would just cry for a while and then get on with it.

And physically I changed. My body fat moved from by belly to my hips, butt, face, and most disturbingly to my chest or actually to my breasts, with the effect of rounding out and feminizing my body with feminine curves and breasts. Not so noticeable at first, but more and more noticeable as the month wore on. And the hair on my head thickened and the rest of my body hair thinned.

I get ahead of my story here, but as additional hormones would take their effect on me I would become too curvy and my feminized figure would be busting out of my clothing. Mabel would have to reduce my padding. Eventually I wouldn't need any padding aside from a padded bra, and that was to take my own "B" sized breasts up to a "C" size, which they would eventually get to on their own. It was awful, the worst thing that could happen to a guy. And by that time I also needed a real girdle for my feminized bottom heavy figure. A girdle which I would come to depend on for that comfortable feeling of support, as I would also come to depend on my long-line bra for that comfortable feeling of support.

And while all that was going on I was stopping off at Doris's beauty parlor every day after work for an hour or so of electrolysis hair removal, having the hair removed from all over my body. I mean every where short of my head, eye brows and eye lashes. When I questioned Joan about the necessity of removing my body hair, she told me that she never liked body hair on me, and this was the perfect time to get it gone, as Doris had volunteered her time, as long as I was in my feminized state. And the wife realizing by that time that I was finding the feel of the nylon a bit of a turn on, my panties, my slips and my stockings, showed me how my hairless parts were just so much more sensitive to that feel

convinced me that perhaps the loss of hair good be a good thing.

Of course all of this took more than a month, but by the end of the first month I was pretty much on my way to being the girl and was hoping against hope that there wouldn't be any more hormones for me. I wasn't ready or planning to go further with my changes. By the time a second injection was due I had sort of lost track of the schedule. I was hoping as I hadn't heard any thing more about Mrs. Thompson's offer and I had been a good boy about every thing the wife would give me a break and let me go back to being a guy, but that wasn't to be.

The nurse had been checking up on me weekly. Running blood tests and giving me a physical, commenting on how surprisingly well I had taken to the female hormones and how happy I must have been with my changes, after all my body was feminizing so well. And of course I was playing along; I thought that I had to play along. We still needed that medical insurance, or so I thought. And of course with all lies I had told and signed I didn't have that much of a choice. I couldn't start backing out of it all right away, with out giving it a fair chance, or things would not seem right. And so I didn't think any thing would be different, on the fourth exam, forgetting it was the end of the month, the end of my cycle. And so up in the stirrups I didn't think any thing of it as Nurse Susan slapped my butt cheeks, to desensitize them for my second injection of female hormones so I would not feel the needle going in, until it was in and she was unloading the next months supply of female hormones into me and it was too late to move or stop it.

I cried out, "What..." Thought I was afraid that I knew what. And Nurse Susan told me, "Why it's your second month of hormones dear. What else would you expect it to be? After all you seem so happy as a girl, and are functioning so well in the office as a girl, and are answering and have been continuing to answer all the questions correctly about gender reassignment and are just doing so marvelously well on your hormones, and are turning into such a fine looking female, it would be silly to stop and this point. After all you need several months more on the hormones before you could really make a decision for complete gender reassignment, though you do seem so anxious for it.

I had foolishly thought to just play along a little bit longer. It had inexplicably become just so much fun to give Nurse Helen those answers about wanting to continue being a girl that made her so happy and, would always result in one of those internal exams that were becoming such a release for me that I had forgotten about the consequences of that little game.

I was so emotional when I realized what had happened and I was getting another months supply of feminization to take me even deeper into my changes that I started to cry. Nurse Helen of course reacted as if they were tears of joy and how could I tell her any different. She told me, "That's okay dear, I know how much you really want to be a girl and I will continue to do every thing I can to help you become the girl of your dreams. Honey I am with you all the way..."

And that was just the second month. True to her word Nurse Helen kept me on my hormone treatments every month, and without my wife's intervention there was nothing I could do about it until I had given my new life as a girl what the Nurse considered to be a fair

chance. She was unfortunately for me really so sympathetic with my problem.

Again I get a head of my self, but hormones weren't the end of the changes forced upon me to turn me into a girl. The wife managed to trick me into plastic surgery to feminize my face, financed by Mrs. Thompson, as in her aim of having me as her male dance partner who would pass as a female; she was not taking any chances. About the time the wife started to ease up on my domination we were having a go at it in bed, it had been a while and we were both horny, when she somehow smacked me good and literally broke my nose. She called Mrs. Thompson for assistance as she told me she was afraid that at a hospital emergency room there would be problems due to my cross dressing situation and that a poor job would masculinise my face so that I would not be suitable for Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Thompson arranged for a plastic surgeon to do the repair, a high quality one, at her expense, just to prevent that problem. The use of that surgeon had actually already been arranged with my wife, and without my knowledge or permission, so other feminizing changes could be made on my face, and my wife smashing my nose had just been the pretext to get me there. The wife was in on it, but the whole thing was Mrs. Thompson's idea and she footed the bill. She was getting into this whole feminization of guys thing as she by that time was already into forcing her husband into cross dressing and feminization and was finding the whole thing a kick and lots of fun, whether it was me or her husband she was turning into a girl. Only with me she felt as I was not her husband she could experiment to find out how far she would take her husband's transformation without having to actually do it to him. She could and did do it to me first to see how she liked it,

and to find out what affect it would have on the male psyche.

I was put under for the work, which should have aroused my suspicions, but did not. When I awoke, not only was my nose bandaged, but so were my cheeks, brows, and throat. I was groggy but knew more than a simple nose realignment had been done to me while I was under. At home the wife gave me the supposed 'good' news; which wasn't good news for me or my future. The surgeon finding out I was a transsexual had made some modifications to my face to allow me to better pass as a girl, as long as she was already doing the nose job. She told me that my male brow ridge was gone, ground away by the surgeon, and that my newly contoured brow line should be quite feminine. Like wise my Adam's apple was gone, surgically shaved down so that my throat would not give me away as a guy, and of course the feminization of my voice might also be helped, though there was no guarantee. And my face had also been femininely rounded by the placing of inserts under my cheeks to raise them, the changing of my male hair line to a female hair line, and the re-plumping of my lips.

I couldn't understand it at the time. Why had my wife allow that additional work which would brand me as a female, when I had been behaving so well? She gave me some "song and dance" explanation, but what was the use of complaining, what was done was done. The story the wife gave me, was the surgeon who was very sympathetic to those with gender dysphoria, upon realizing I was a transsexual or at least wanted to live as a woman, threw in her services to feminize my face at no additional charge above the cost of the nose job. There wasn't any way the wife could refuse and keep up the charade. She was very sorry but the whole thing

was not her fault and was unavoidable. She told me it we would have it surgically corrected at an appropriate time, but I am still waiting for that appropriate time.

I returned to my girl Friday job shortly after that, bandaged and all, with the cover story that every one at work had already been told, that I had fallen and broken my nose and smashed my face. So the girl's were not surprised to see me come back to work after a few days, all bandaged, nor were they surprised to see me without the bandages, face swollen, but obviously changed; but they were a bit surprised when the swelling had gone down, as was I. I didn't have my nose anymore; I had some girl's nose; which was the biggest surprise to every one at work, including myself. The wife must have known, but feigned surprise, that I had been given such a girlish nose. She told me it must have been due to the gender cover up story. At work I could only give that story, that the old nose had been too damaged and the insurance therefore bought me a nicer one, as I was never that fond of the old one anyway, too manly. The girls, on the other hand didn't seem to pick up on the other changes. There weren't any photos of me, and they would just comment on how my new nose just made my whole face so much more feminine. I just no longer had that "tom boy" look about me. And of course all that time the female hormones continued their work on me. Angie of course picked up on all the changes, and just loved them, and thought it was part of my plan to get even with my wife by really turning myself into a female, her girl friend. All I could think to myself was, yeah right! But I was just caught in a web of feminization.

And then the final assault on the maleness of my body was Nurse Cooper's gift to me, when she had assured herself that I did really - really want to be a girl

and was ready to be a girl. No, nothing was removed. For what ever reason she did not believe that was necessary. But she did arrange for me to get free of charge, and with out any warning that intermediate operation for gender change from a male to a female. One month, instead of just what had become my usual hormone injection, which at that point I was no longer fighting, as I was no longer able and the wife just didn't help at all in that regard, Nurse Cooper with my wife's permission arranged for the gender disguise, rather than gender reassignment surgery. And like every thing else that had happened to me, there was nothing I could do about it after the fact, and the wife of course had an explanation for why she allowed it and how it was for my own good etc. Any way mixed in with the hormone injection was a sedative and I went out, I was then put under. When I awoke, it was a done deal; I could pass as a girl without being gaffed, with the proper modified tight girdle, even in a bathing suit or leotard.

My testies had been surgically inserted, with small battery run cooling, so they would still produce enough male hormones to prevent depression, and allow for a sex drive. My penis had been pushed in and fastened so that only the tip protruded, sort of like a clitoris, and would only extend out when properly manipulated by a knowledgeable partner. My scrotum had been refashioned to appear like vaginal lips. And so realigned and exposed, the feeling against my feminized crotch of my panties under the satin panel of my girdle as I walked femininely in my high heels, which I had already become addicted too, was such an even more sensual feeling, like being drugged, that I was trapped in my panties, girdle and pumps and didn't know what I could do to force my self out of my addiction to my panties

and other female attire. The feeling was that warm and sensual.

But of course all these changes took some time, as it took some time for the female hormones to do their work and for my addiction to nylons and satins to set. And while my physical and mental feminization took some time other changes in my life style were occurring that just kept expanding my role as a feminized male passing and living the life of a female, in my life, and the lives of those around me, in such away as to keep me trapped as a guy transitioning to a life as a girl.

Chapter XX: Accepted as a Girl by the Guys While Continuing to Feminize

So getting back again to where I left off, I was about three weeks under the effect of the female hormones and feeling very calm and funny and feminine. My body was changing, as my fat deposits shifted to where they would be in a genetic female and my corset was less confining as my belly fat migrated and my breast tissue increased with thickening of my nipples and darkening of my areola area and there was the beginning of a sensual sensitivity to my breasts. The wife took advantage of those new feelings and made sure she paid adequate attention to my two new erogenous zones during our nightly sexcapades. And she made me fondle, with one hand, my own breasts during my mantra of being a sissy and enjoying it, while fondling myself with my other hand.

During those weeks I had been dropped off at home right after work and got dinner ready for the wife and did my reading. Evenings and weekends the wife had me reading woman's magazine after woman's magazine, and then those for teen age girls and finally devel-

opmental stuff on females. I am a quick reader with a good memory so in a very short time what I did not learn about being a female, after all that reading, was not a lot. And the wife always quizzed me about what I had been left to read, so there was no, not reading the materials. I learned more than I ever wanted to know about females, their bodily functions, their psychology and moods, and relationships, their clothing, their makeup and on and on. So in a relatively short time I could hold a conversation with any female as if I were a female; that is from a female's perspective. And of course my wife's little game was to talk to me as if I were a female and make sure I was answering her in that mind set, which really did a thing to my thinking. She would tell me, "Now you are thinking like a male again dear. You know that is a no-no for you in your new jobs, both at the factory and with my boss. You are expected to want to be a girl and to act like one. So let's try that again." And I would have to answer as my girlish self, with a girlish answer. It was humiliating. That is at first. But after a while I just gave up and sort of switched over to a girlish mind set when engaged in conversations with woman. It was awful. And of course there was Angie, who talked to me and treated me as if I were her girl friend. And as the wife got me thinking more and more like a girl, or at least knowing how a girl would think and so I was answering Angie more and more like a girl, Angie just treated me more and more like a real girl, and assumed I was really planning to become a girl to get even with my wife.

After that third week the wife needed to come home later. What ever she had already done for Mrs. Thompson, helping with the feminization of her husband, had apparently been working, and Mrs. Thompson must have kept her word about promoting the wife and the

wife was beginning to get more responsibilities a work, or at least so she told me, and needed to come home later. So the wife had me pal up with Angie, so that there would be some one to keep and eye on me as the wife did not want me home alone for those long hours.

The wife still didn't trust me, and rightfully so, for if I could have figured a way out I would have been out of there. At that point I was not longer expecting to be let out of my skirts so quickly and there was my realization that the effects of my feminization had gone beyond the simple cross dressing act like a girl stage and could be long lasting. My mind was changing, and my body was changing, and I was becoming just oh so comfortable in my female silks and satins, and support garments that I knew I would eventually reach a point of no return, being permanently feminized. At that point regardless of the sensuality of it all, I would have still escaped if I could have. That is if I thought it would have been successful. At least I think I would have. But no such luck.

So after work it was electrolysis with Doris and afterwards I hung with Angie. Hanging with her was just so feminine for me, and horrifying because of that, but the wife could have sent me over to the hutch to serve drinks, so I was thankful for escaping that and did not want to give the wife trouble and get her thinking in that direction. So that definitely locked in Angie and my relationship as girl friends as she treated me just like another girl and I needed to stay with my female mind set just that much longer. I would make her dinner at my place, or we would cook together at her place, or go out to eat, and then watch television or take in a movie, or just go do some thing. And of course every thing we did together was what girls would do together. The tele-

vision shows or the movies or the activities were all what girls would watch or do. And of course the conversations were absolutely girlish. It seemed that Angie had forgotten I was a guy for she interacted with me just like I was a girl. Or she may not have forgotten that I was a guy, but was just happy having me in our old type friendship when I had been forced into femininity, that she wanted to keep me that way, so keeping me as a girl worked out for her so that we could stay friends.

Then came our first Friday night together, as the wife was now not just working late Monday through Thursdays, but also on an occasional Friday, and Angie took me to her favorite honky-tonk. It was a place where I had also hung out in my days as a male, and at which a number of my old drinking buddies still hung, including Frank, as well as guys and couples I had know when my wife and I had been in a country western dance group, which had included Angie and her boy friend, when my wife and Angie had hung out. I didn't want to go there, as I was afraid of being recognized, but Angie told me, in the words of cross dressers, that I was un-readable, as our forays in public to date should have proven to me. But I was more under the impression that I was good, but not perfect, and that people may have questioned, but as long as I was not bringing attention to myself and was carrying myself as a lady, no one had taken issue. Well, Be that as it may, I was recognized, but not with the results I would have expected.

Some guy who must have been a tyranny chaser, I didn't know him as he wasn't a regular from my time, tried to pick me up and wouldn't take no for an answer and when it was no, he got really nasty, taking the whole turn down rather personal. Then believe it or not

Frank came over and put the guy in his place and ended the whole thing. He told him, "My buddy may look sweet, but he doesn't like guys. He lost a bet to the wife and just makes an attractive girl. Let it go before there is trouble." And so I was saved but the cat was out of the bag.

Frank sat down with us to keep that guy away and then a couple of my other drinking buddies came over to the table with their drinks and wanted to know what was going on. Frank was worse than a woman... duh, I should talk. But he gave them the short version ending with I wasn't a "quif". I am not sure what their reactions would have been, but Angie chimed in and explained how that if I hadn't been in the situation and then volunteered by my wife for the charade then an action by the Feds would have so financially depleted the company that there wouldn't be any bonuses or raises this year, and so any time the guys thought I should get back into pants, at least right away, they could just kiss that extra Christmas money good by. And Angie told them, as I was being such a good sport she wasn't going to let me hide at home. And then Frank added, that the other upside of the situation was that as long as I was a girl the guys would have some one to dance with at the Christmas party, because if I didn't put in the good word for them and get them dates with my new girl friends then I had better be prepared to do a lot of dancing on Christmas Eve. Then Angie further explained that things sort of got out of hand for me because the new nurse couldn't be let in on the ploy and was taking the whole thing serious, with out Angie explaining just how serious, and that they had better treat me nice and like a girl, cause if the nurse realized what was really happening, it's good by Christmas bonuses for every one, and if they really made my life miserable over this thing

I would back out regardless of the bet with the wife and again the Feds would step in and there wouldn't be any raises or Christmas bonuses. That having been said, the guys seemed okay with the whole thing, explained as it was, and the added thought that they might actually get dates through their former buddy, now buddy-es, worked for them. Alcohol is such an amazing drug.

So what I didn't want to get out got out and slowly spread around a bit. Mostly with people the wife and I knew, and who worked at the factory, and as they had known about the problem with the Feds, most figured, having been forced to become a girl was my problem, and if it worked out for them, they weren't going to bust my shoes over it, and they were going to treat me like a girl, if that is what it took to fool the feds, and no one was going to offer me a way out, as they all wanted that bonus. After all we all had a history of tricking those revenueurs. And after all I had lost a bet. Not welching on a bet or not welching on a dare was also important in those parts and it would serve as an explanation for doing or having done the stupidest of things. If I had a dollar for every time I heard, "Yea, I know it was really stupid, but it was a double dog dare", which served to explain the nuttiest of situations. So me going around as a girl was then seen as my problem and some thing that worked out for every one else, and was okay and under the circumstances pretty normal for those parts.

So the fact that I was masquerading in public as a female became pretty much accepted with my crowd and the fact that I was and would be doing it so well worked for those who knew of the situation as it meant there would be a Christmas bonus. So some people knew I was a guy, but just switched over to treating my

like a girl as it was easier and insured that bonus. And others didn't even know I was a guy and treated me like a girl as they thought I was a girl. And of course, some of the girls just thought it was the coolest thing, this wise-ass guy having to dress and act like a girl and since I had been forced into the situation, they thought it was just a wonderful punishment, and did their best to include me in any thing feminine.

And of course after a while there was that group of woman who just thought I just made such a wonderful girl that I should just forget about ever being a man again. And those girls just thought it a blast to tell any guy they thought might think of rescuing me, what would the Feds think if I went back to being a man? That might really kill the factory. No that would be bad for everyone. Yes, John should definitely remain a girl. After all where was the harm, as his wife started the whole thing and it works for her!

And then I got that second shot of female hormones. And when I got the second shot of those female hormones, the wife, blamed me and gave me the same wait and see answer she gave me the first time. She told me, "Honey, you should not have let yourself get injected again. What was the matter with you?... But now that it is done, what would be the point of leaving your job now. Why you are a hero with your friends and what's done is done ... And you have another month before we have to worry about any more injections. So once again, let's let it go and see what happens." And she wouldn't let me out of my deal, no matter what I said. And my body under those hormones just kept right on changing, so the padding got even less, and my chest, no my breasts, go even larger and even more feminine and more sensitive to my wife's touch and my nightly massages. And of course the

feminization and the pleasures associated with those new sensations and delightful nylon materials covering my newly sensitive areas and body in general just did a job on my mind. And of course it was nice to be popular, especially with the girls, even if it was not as a guy but as one of the girls.

Then the third shot was really the trick. Nurse Cooper gave it to me early so I was not expecting it at all, even though I had been preparing to try to prolong getting that third one. Under the circumstances at the time I wasn't sure that I could prevent taking it, but I was certainly hoping to put it off a bit. I had been changing my responses a bit so that by the end of that month I would try to start slowing down the process. I didn't think I could stop it, yet and I wasn't sure I wanted to. I was really getting off sensually on my feminized body, and dressing and moving around like a girl. But I knew in the back of my mind that I really needed to stop the hormones as after the second month on the female hormones my resistance to the whole process was just getting less and less. But even I knew the way things had turned out I couldn't back out until after Christmas and until the Feds had passed on the law suite.

The third time she gave me the injection early in the exam. She gave me my injection of the female hormones right before my internal exam, the one that had become such a delight, and which always calmed me down prior to getting it and completely exhausted me afterwards. So I had been telling her that every thing was moving so fast that perhaps I needed to slow down with all the changes, but before I got to the point where I would object to the injection it was already too late. I had gotten it and she was already inside of me and manipulating my prostate with one hand and what was left of my maleness with the other. And of course she

brought me off with that wonderful sensation that only that sort of release could bring for me.

Being too late to prevent that new onslaught of femininity I at least tried to set up the foundation to prevent number four. It was then that Nurse Cooper told me, "Nonsense dear. I've spoken to your wife and I know it is just a cost issue. And you don't have to worry; I've arranged it so that your Health Plan covers the injections and the type of surgery you would need. So cost should not be an issue. You are apparently quite comfortable living as a female, and aren't having any problem once so ever transitioning and have a bunch of friends who accept you as a transsexual female, actually as a female. So you do really need to keep your female hormone levels high enough to sustain all your physical changes. I mean, look at your self. You look just like a girl. It's wonderful. You are really so lucky that the hormones are affecting you so. And your wife tells me that you really seem so happy and are enjoying your new body and your new female sensations and that a lot of the problems she was having with you are now gone since you've been living as a female. You are just so lucky to have such an understanding wife. So you don't have to worry about a thing. Your injections are covered for the rest of the year. No, we won't stop your injections until the female hormones have done 100% of what they can do for you, to make you a girl that you need to be. Your wife knows what's best for you in your condition, and all new girls are a bit hesitant at this stage. So as long as your wife thinks this is best for you and the costs are covered, let's just forget about holding off. After all you've made such wonderful progress and seem so happy as a girl. I am just so happy with you."

There was apparently little I could do to stop Nurse's Coopers continued onslaught on my masculinity, short of running away, which was by then impossible. The wife had already under cut me with the goodly intentioned nurse. Backing out would take the wife's assistance, and it apparently wasn't there. This whole thing was working out well for her as it had actually worked out well for others. I was the only one who had regrets about me being turned into a girl. Of course discussing it at home with her that evening she explained it was all a silly misunderstanding. She was very reconciliatory at first. She told me that she had been called in by Nurse Cooper as part of my continued evaluation, and had only told the good Nurse the truth in answering questions asked. She hadn't prepared a statement that I liked being a girl, even if the wife thought that may be I was sort of beginning to enjoy it. It wasn't her fault that the Nurse had misunderstood her. After all the wife told me that when asked she had to answer truthfully and as far as she could tell I really did seem to be happy enough being a girl and was enjoying my new body and my new female sensations and that truly a lot of the problems she had been having with me were now gone since I've been living as a female, as her wife. And she was absolutely having a great time taking the dominant role in our sexual activities, and I surely seemed to respond fine with that.

And then she got a bit tougher and she told me, "After all Janice..." She loved to call me Janice and it used to make me cringe, but I had gotten used to being Janice. "You really do seem so happy and are enjoying your new body and your new female sensations and that a lot of the problems that I was having with you are now gone since you've been living as a female. And I know that whether you are happy or not about your

feminization, or will admit you are happy or not about your feminization; that I am happy with you as a feminized male and it is actually working out quite well for me and oddly enough for every one else involved. It is really amazing. I never would have thought when I put you in a dress; things would have gone so far; but they have, and things seem to be working out fine, whether you really like it or not. It's just become so much fun having complete control over my former macho tough do what ever he wanted, no longer pleasing me in bed, bully boy husband. So it's no longer that important to me, what makes you happy. It is what makes me happy that works here now! And I really think that you are happy and just don't know it, yet."

I voiced some weak objections and talked about the bet, but she was in command and ended the conversation with, "Look dear, the bet has long ago stopped being the over riding factor here. What is important are the benefits for primarily me and my boss, and therefore me again, and then also for others; of your continuing to live and pass as a girl and to convince the Feds and therefore Nurse Cooper that you want to live as a female. That is what is now important. So short of Nurse Cooper cutting it or them off, what ever Nurse Cooper wants to do for you to make you more comfortable as a woman and more passable as a female, is something you will just have to put up with for the time being. I won't let any thing happen to you that would prevent you, when this is all over, from go back to living as a man, although after all of this it may be a very feminine one. That is if you and, more importantly if I still want you to, and I have my doubts that you will ever want to live as a real man again, and I have my doubts that I would be as happy with you if we returned

to our old arrangements. But we'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

So with that it became pretty clear that the wife was leaving me on my own to deal with Nurse Cooper and I would have to figure a way out of getting all those female hormones, before I reached a point that I just didn't care. So help from the wife having been taken off the table there was some underlying rebellion on my part that the wife must have felt. I couldn't run, short of becoming some one's girl friend and leaving town with them. And I am not so sure that would have worked out to my benefit.

So things got a bit edgy at home. I tried talking to Angie, you know girl to girl, looking for some help, but she just held my hands and told me, that I was being silly, that I was making a wonderful girl, every one at the plant was happy with me as a girl, and that once the hormones were stopped I would simply transition back. Though she was hoping that I would decide to say a girl and would be supportive of me remaining a woman after all this was over.

So I was still looking for a way to discourage Nurse Cooper from moving ahead with my hormones and transitioning when the wife gave me that smack across the face that allowed Mrs. Thompson's plastic surgeon to feminize my face and voice which did nothing in the way of convincing Nurse Cooper that I was not happy as a girl and that I did not want to continue as a girl. And of course every one else just thought I had really made the sacrifice to convince the Feds that I was truly a transsexual.

I returned to work with a swollen and bandaged face, and a cover story of having not worn my seat belt. But when the bandages were off and the swelling went

down, I didn't look like a masculine female any more, and certainly not like a male, much too every ones surprise including my own. The wife had put it over on me again. In any case, every one realized I had a "nose-job", with the feminization of my nose, but few realized the other feminizing facial features that had been affected. I just looked so much more fem with my new nose, or so thought most. The girls at the office just thought I looked different, pleasantly different. I guess they had never really concentrated on my facial features, out side of the nose. And most others also didn't pick up on the brow reduction, the cheek bone augmentation, and the fact that my cheeks and lips never totally un-swole but after some initial unswelling, the face stayed roundish and the lips stayed pretty plump and kissable.

Nurse Cooper, however, picked up on the facial surgery to feminize my face and just assumed it had been voluntary and that gave her the continued discipline to arrange with a surgeon friend of hers for my, at no charge to me, intermediate sexual reassignment surgery, which would come later.

Mean while by the time of the facial surgery I was off the padding and out of my corset. My feminine figure had become all me. Under my various diets, and the effect of the female hormones: My waist had shrunk and narrowed to feminine proportions as my hips, thighs and butt had expanded to those proportions. I had developed healthy breasts and with the help of an appropriate bra sported size "C" breasts, while the "B" or "B+" size, depending on the time of the month, was to my shame all mine. And of course my hair which had been long and thick to begin with, had gotten longer and thicker. And unfortunately I had always had narrow ankles which set off my feminine legs so well; as did

my narrow wrists and small hands help with the feminine appearance of my arms.

No longer needed for figure training, I had been allowed to set aside my corset, as long as I behaved and could be trusted, to only be worn when punished as a maid. However, I had become corset or support dependent and found my self uncomfortable with out one. So I typically wore strong foundation garments and found my self most comfortable with them. I wasn't the type of "girl" for a light bra and panties under my business skirt and blouse. I typically wore a long line support bra, along with a waste cincher, over which I wore a high waste boy leg gartered girdle. And of course, nylon panties and a nylon slip and always nylon stockings were a must. The horror of it all was when I began feeling comfortable when so dressed, and always a bit turned on by the feel of my nylons.

And then of course when I looked in the mirror, dressed or not, I was looking at a feminized body, that there was no getting around. That is accepting for that one appendage; which would often be tucked when I was not dressed.

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