

SHE MADE ME WEAR

DRESSES

FOR GOOD PT. 2



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GEMINI

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SHE MADE ME WEAR DRESSES FOR GOOD

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

This is the continuation of John's transformation to Janice.

CHAPTER V A FRENCH MAID WAITRESS

At The restaurant Mabel introduced me to her sister who gave me the quick once over. I could see the love light in her eyes as she held my two hands in hers and gave me a kiss on the cheek, just managing to catch the corner of my lips with hers. "Welcome to the club, Janet. It's such a pleasure to have you...here!" Mabel then said her farewells, telling me that she would be back later to pick me up. I knew that I was trapped, as I could not leave the restaurant the way I was dressed.

I started thinking about obtaining some street clothes, a slip and a dress, so I could at least get away and hopefully walk home. The realization of how feminized I had become in such a short time and how much the girls had affected me then hit me. I was beginning to think of normal street clothes for me as a slip and a dress. And I didn't just think of getting a dress, I knew I would also need a slip. The realization was painful, but not as painful as it could have been, as I realized I needed more than trousers and a shirt to be able to pass as a man at this stage of my transformation. In any case, I did not see any hope of getting any of the necessary articles and therefore knew that I would have to pass as a waitress until Mabel returned for me, or be totally humiliated in public when my true gender was found out.

I had been a bus boy and then a waiter during my college years and so I saw no problem performing the actual duties of a waitress. I also realized as long as I kept my voice from starting in my chest, but spoke from the throat, I could probably pass for a throaty

sounding woman. I knew my figure or dress would never give me away; and I hoped my mannerisms would let me pass for a female, perhaps a boyish one. But then many waitresses were on the boyish side, and so hopefully that would not present a problem.

Lolly, Mabel's sister showed me the setup and gave me the run down of the operation. While we talked, she constantly held my hand and looked me in the eyes, or placed her hand over my shoulders or around my waist. I never moved away, but let her do what ever she wished, and tried to be as friendly and as close and touchy as possible. I wanted Lolly to make her move as soon as possible as Mabel had told me I would hold the waitress job for as long as it took for her objectives to be achieved, and I wanted to get that over with as soon as possible.

A quick bond of affection arose between Lolly and me. In a way I felt sorry for her in that I knew she could not help herself as I was finding I could not prevent the warm feeling I was beginning to get from being attired as a female and the constant warm feeling I maintained from being so dressed. She must have felt that bond and proceeded quickly.

Lolly introduced me the girls, the other waitresses. They were all glad to see me, as there was too much work to do and not enough waitresses to do it. We chatted for a while and after they felt me out, and I had passed their review I was advised, "Look honey, you seem like a nice girl, so we'd better tell you how things are around her. Lolly has got roving hands, if you get the meaning."

I replied that I did, and they continued, ""But the money is too good to give up the job. Some of the girls do, but we won't. So if you're smart don't get all excited if Lolly cops a free feel once in a while. Let her get her cheep thrill, as we all do, and you'll keep a swell job, even if you are a terrible waitress. I am telling you now because I don't want you to get the wrong idea when you see any of us letting Lolly have her way. The job is just too good to loose, by being a prude. And most male bosses are even worse with the hands. Besides, Lolly is okay, aside from that quirk. And besides I've worked for men for whom I had to do far worse. So once a year you may be asked to give Lolly a bonus, if you get my drift. We all do it. I just want you to know because you seem like an okay gal. We don't usually tell a new girl so soon, or let her find out for herself. But you seem so shy....and....

Noting her apparent embarrassment I interrupted and thanked her for her confidence and told her, "I've had to do and been forced to do some worse things also." But I didn't confide in her that my current situation was one of those worse things. "And I really don't have any objection to performing what ever services all the other girls do." With that I was told I was okay and we all went to work.

So I was ready to wait tables. I was now a waitress. I began setting up the tables at my station. Each time I entered the kitchen Lolly would pat me on the behind like one of the other girls and tell me how well I was working out. I always thanked her, telling her I simply aimed to please, while making direct eye contact with her. After a while I could see she was starting to get sexually aroused. She just couldn't help herself.

Then the customers started to arrive. They were mostly businessmen and business-woman, with clients. At first I was terribly embarrassed, but as I knew I had no choice in the matter and nowhere to run away to I began to get into my work. The embarrassment soon faded, as I was not recognized. And not only did no one realize that I was actually a

guy, but many of the male customers seeing a new face and legs, decided to test the waters. From my males days I remembered how I had flirted with some long legged waitresses, which when I had latter thought about it, I had realized that in fact they had not been that pretty, I realized that my best bet was simply to flirt back. A titillated client would most likely overlook and imperfections in my new persona or any careless mistakes that would reveal my true gender.

So I acted as coquettish as I could muster, flirting the in the manor waitresses had flirted with me, over the years. I smiled at the clientele as sensually as I could, always parting my red limbs sensually. I lit their cigars; I bent down or over them to give them peeks at my cleavage or panty covered fanny. I walked as sensually as I could. The walk actually turned me on. To get that feminine swish, I had to keep my thighs pressed tightly together and walk placing one foot in front of the other. The feel of my nylon clad thighs rubbing against each other had become a sensual turn on and one which I could not fight for fear of my male character taking over and revealing the truth beneath the maid-like waitress uniform.

So I had to continue to act like a female, and a sensual one at that. So I just tried to relax and enjoy the feel of my sexy sensual clothes and tried not to be embarrassed. I just kept telling myself, it is not so bad being a girl and helped myself along by humming "I Enjoy Being a Girl" while I tired to forget that I was ever a man.

That sensuality must have been revealed to my customers and certainly to Lolly. My voice got very throaty and I began to feel very warm and feminine and sultry and even got more into my feminine role. The customers must have appreciated the attitude. After lunch I counted my tips and found I had made more that afternoon in just tips



than I had made in a day and a half at my old job. And the work was easier and almost pleasant if one didn't mind being entirely dressed as a girl. And I hadn't even worked the dinner shift. So I was getting the feeling that maybe it wasn't so bad for me to be a girl!

Lolly called me to the back room. She said she was very pleased with my work. I thanked her and gave her a mock curtsy. Lolly laughed in a sensual manner. Looking at my groin she said that I seemed to have a spot on my panties and picked up the front of my short skirt for supposedly a closer look. I didn't try to stop her or even pull away in a flinch. She then began pulling down my panties saying that the stain would have to be cleaned up! I thanked her and she pulled my panties down. As they slid down my silken covered legs, the satin rubbing against my silk stockings increased my sexual arousal. When she got them down to the floor I voluntarily stepped out of them. I could see that her hands were sweaty and that she was getting extremely aroused; her tongue beginning to show through her teeth.

When she looked up and saw a modes pad I am sure she could have died. She then gave me a new pair of panties. I told her, "You took them off me and you ought to put the new pair back where they belong by yourself!" She smiled and did so; the disappointment plain on her face, as she slid them up my legs, the satin on the silk continuing to arouse me.

I took her hands in mine and thanked her for her kind assistance. At first I just gave her a peck on the cheek and then after telling her how kind she had been to me, and that I would do anything for her, I gave her another peck on the cheek, but purposefully caught her lips for a slight touch. She then moved one hand up my dress and started patting my behind telling me what a doll I was. I didn't flinch but became compliant to her touch. She then kissed me full on the lips. Again I was complaint and I didn't flinch. She then kissed me again, full on the lips, biting my upper lip. I accepted the dominating gesture and returned her kiss. I felt her starting to breath heavy. She looked me in my eyes and then kissed me hard on the lips once more and began pressing her tongue into my mouth. I took it in and touched it with my tongue and began sucking it passively.

It was actually becoming quite a turn on as I let my self go, and I had to do this because I had to seduce Lolly and then prove to her that I was a man, or Mabel would leave me at the restaurant for ever. At first I was afraid that I could not do it. My manhood would never arise to the occasion dressed as I was in the ultimate in femininity, as I would be too humiliated that I could never be sexually stimulated. But I was finding the opposite was occurring. I had been somewhat aroused the entire time that I was working as a waitress, dressed as a sexy female. I sought of thought of myself as some one else. And I became sexually stimulated. Being a female became a sexual stimulus as if I was looking at a lovely and sensual French Maid, and was not actually myself that maid. The thought of not mine but some female's full breasts pressing against that satin bodice; and some girl's long silken clad legs covered with only a short satin skirt, and pushed up in high heeled shoes, walking before me and some woman's panties peeking out from under that short skirt was arousing to me, even thought that some one, the girl, was ME.

Additionally, I had reached a point of relaxing in my fate and the clothing itself had become a turn on, sexually stimulating. The feel of the silk and stain was arousing me and without my modesty device I would not have been able to have controlled myself. Also,

there was just something about the entire situation that was arousing. I found the fact that I was completely dressed and made up as a female and working as a real female where at any moment I could be discovered was much to my surprise almost amusing and also a bit of a real turn on.

I don't know why, but I had on occasion liked chancy situations and had been stimulated by them. That current situation though in reality not physically dangerous in itself, if exposed, could have gotten me a good beating and would have been embarrassing to the extreme, and was one of the chanciest situations I had ever allowed myself to have gotten into. In any case, I had become my own erotic turn on. Thus dressed and acting as a female, I was mad for sexual release since Lolly had started touching me. I had restrained myself, because I knew that I could not appear to have been too anxious. And I was also afraid to have revealed my own perverted desire to myself. But at that time I was ready to make love to Lolly. And I was completely turned on by the idea of making love to her dressed as I was as a female. I wanted to be her lesbian lover.

Not a word was said. We simply accepted one another's lesbian sexuality. Lolly's right hand moved down to my buttocks and under my short skirt while her left hand massaged my loins through my modest pad. I did the same for her. Only my hand soon slipped down her trousers and into her panties to massage her naked wet mound. It was dripping wet. I must admit I felt odd pushing my hand down a woman's pants while she placed her hand under my dress, when usually it would have been the other way around. However, I was by then completely at ease with the situation and my new style of dress, though that ease would be temporary for a while and associated with release. We both began moaning and kissing passionately. Lolly finally pulled me into her office. I was terribly excited, yet felt passive in my current situation. In the past I would have brought out my maleness by this time and driven it home. However, in this situation the time was not ripe. My mouth became terribly dry and I wasn't even doing it because I had to but I did it because my costume and the events of the day had taken over my male personality and I felt every inch the passive female. I unbuckled Lolly's pants and pulled her pants and panties down while falling to my knees. I then began licking and sucking her femininity as if I had been doing it all my life.

Lolly moaned and groaned while I passively and passionately licked and sucked. I brought her to the edge time after time only to let her fall back again without letting her orgasm. "Oh please," she finally cried out with a sexual husk to her voice, "you're just so good, but please let me come or I'll go insane!"

Her words turned me on even more. As a male, I had been okay in bed, but had never gotten such compliments from a partner. So continuing and so hot myself, I pushed her down on her own office couch while I continued my ministrations. With my hands I pulled down my panties and released my gaff. My stiffness sprang to attention and in one swift motion I entered her to the hilt. I pumped and pumped like there was no end as she moaned and moaned and then screamed as we came together, both then totally spent.

It was honestly the best sex I had ever had. But after it was over I lost that tremendous feeling of sexual titillation, arousal, and calmness I had gained from being dressed as a female covered in feminine silks and satins. Once again I wanted my male clothes back.

Lolly however knew a trick had been played upon her, but was so totally exhausted and totally sexually satisfied that she couldn't yet move. There was nothing else I could do and I had no place to go, run or hide. I could only hope that Mabel would return soon to take me away, since I had done exactly what she had instructed or ordered me to do. However, as it turned out Lolly was far from through with me.

After she regained control she grabbed me by the hair before I knew what was happening. She groaned in a mixture of anger and sexual satisfaction, "You little transvestite bitch, I ought to chop that dick off of you and shove it to teach you a lesson you'd never forget. And if you weren't so good, you can be assured that I would. You can bet on that. But I think I want you again, at least to find out if it can be that good... with a man... twice. So I will let you keep it, at least for the time being. And besides I got a better idea to get even with you. So if you think I am letting you walk away from here you're crazy. You were just wonderful; with the tongue and the softness of a woman but the instrument and final thrust of a man. Why, you're the best. And I aim to keep you around. From now honey you on you are on my permanent waitress staff, so all of your cross-dressing dreams have finally come true. You'll be walking through the rest of your career in high heels and a short satin skirt as my little French Maid waitress!"

I cried out, "Oh no! Please let me go. Your sister made me do it. I'm not a cross dresser. I was forced to do this!

Lolly just laughed and told me, "No matter dear. If you aren't a cross dresser you could have fooled me. And you certainly did, and all the other girls for that matter. We all thought you were a girl. Only a practiced cross dress could have pulled that off. Why you are just so feminine and girly. If you are, or at least weren't a transvestite you must be one now. And if not now, you certainly will soon be one, for in any case you will be living out a cross dresser's dreams. And in any case, I've always been fond of queens and I've seen and know lots of them and you my dear certainly are a sweet-cream queen whether you want be or not and whether you admit it to yourself or not. I can tell by your sensuality. A real male could never have acted so sensual while so obviously a female. You may feel masculine now, just after sex, but in a half hour or so when this wears off you'll be your feminine self again and just as hooked on dresses and panties as ever. I'll be back then. So go use the bathroom and clean yourself off and get dressed. And do as you are told, because you're not going any where in any case and especially the way you are dressed, except may be to a feminine impersonator show. I'll be back after you've had some time to think about all that has happened and get back to your fem state of mind."

Much to my shame, Lolly was right. By the time I had cleaned myself up and fixed my gaff and had gotten dressed that warm feeling from the silk and satins, the stockings and slips, had returned. I was beginning to feel feminine again and to be stimulated by my clothes and appearance. My movements slowly became less masculine in nature and then more and more feminine. And by the time Lolly returned I was once again Janet. Lolly returned, but not alone. All the waitresses came with her.

The four waitresses and Lolly entered the office. The girls just stared at me for a while, and then Sue said, "I just don't believe she's a he, that is that she is a boy!"

Lolly told me, "Now Janet honey, tell the girls the truth and in your butch voice."

I had to fess up and in my real voice, almost crying, I told them, "Yes, I am a guy. My wife tricked me into a corset and dress and the works and then Lolly's sister found me and fixed me up the way you see me now. It's all corseting, and padding, and heavy makeup. She forced me..."

They all blushed, remembering the personal things they had told me, when they thought me to be one of the girls. Sue, then exclaimed, "Why you little trickster you! I have half a mind to put you over my knee and give you a good old fashioned spanking for being such a mischief maker."

Lolly agreed and told the girls, "Not a bad idea. And that should put her or him in his or her place here. She is too good a waitress, boy or girl, to let go, and way to cute in that outfit to ever let him out of it. So let's teach him his place here. Let's each give our little Janet a good spanking, just to teach her a lesson. And I think she'd better not give any of us a hard time about it or she'll find herself out in the street in her uniform and running to save her pantied ass from the real men out there.

"Yes," chimed in Terry. "Did you see the way the male customers took to her? I just can't believe she's a he!"

And Betty commented, "And the way she flirted back. Just like a flirt."

"Yes"" Lolly told them. "I think we've got a budding transsexual or transvestite queen who'll do as she is told to do or will find herself in the county jail dressed as she is. Got that Janet?"

I hesitated and she asked again, with the same threat. What could I do but give in and tell them, "Yes... what ever you say," much to my shame.

"Good", continued Lolly, "Then you had better curtsy and tell us..."

Burning red, I did as I was ordered. I grabbed each side of my short satin skirt and curtsied as best I could in my high heels and told them I would do what ever I was told to do but, "Please don't send me to jail. I won't survive."

All the girls giggled as I curtsied, Sue then approached me and grabbed me by the wrist, sitting down and throwing me over her knee. She then pulled up my dress and began spanking my pantied bottom I was mortified, but I dared not fight it or object. I took my punishment not saying a word but kicking my legs much to the amusement of my on-lookers. Little did I know then, that it was just the first of so many such spankings I would receive from the female bosses.

As Sue spanked me she explained it was for fooling her. Aside from that she said, "Honey, I have no hard feelings and think you make a wonderful girl. And I certainly hope you won't have any hard feelings about this either. It is for your own good. And I hope you will stay on with us as one of the waitresses here." And when she was done she let me up and embracing me gave me a hard kiss right on the lips and told me again, "No hard feelings sweet thing," and that she hoped I did not feel too embarrassed or bad, but that I did have to be put in my place.

Terry was next and told me, "Come here 'girl' and get your medicine." I tried begging off, "Please Terry my behind already hurts so much, and Susie was so cruel!" Please don't spank me!" The girls all had a good laugh, apparently having a kick out of my begging.

Betty enjoyed watching and told Terry, "Isn't that just too cute! I hope she is as cute when it's my turn to take a whack."

But Terry would not give me a break. She insisted I take my medicine, "Come on missy, and make it quick or I'll give you a bare assed spanking!"

I believed the threat and implored, "Oh please Terry, not that!", as I begged and then of course presented myself for my punishment. She placed me over her knees and gave me the second spanking of the day. That one hurt. When she was done she also kissed me, telling me she hoped there were no hard feelings and that she hoped we would be friends.

Then it was Betty's turn, last but certainly not the least. She was the strongest of the three waitresses and my behind was red and sore already. As she smacked away, she told me what a bad girl I had been for tricking her and the other real girls. At that point my male pride, if any, was long gone, and I started to kick even more and finally broke down and begged, "Oh please stop, it just hurts so much!"

Lolly must have thought I was just so terribly cute panties showing and over a knee, kicking and carrying on so, and she snapped several photographs while Terry and Susie laughed at my discomfort, agreeing that I was acting "just like a girl." Again I was kissed strongly on the lips by my third punisher, while I assumed the feminine passive acceptance of the kiss and was told that my oppressor hoped there weren't any hard feelings.

Off course then Terry and Susie also wanted photographs as a remembrances and I had to pose with each of them as Lolly took some more photographs documenting my humiliation by the girls. And then of course Lolly wanted one also, with her as the spanker and I had to pose with her for that one. Fortunately with Lolly it was just a pose, as my fanny was really sore by then.

Then the girls and Lolly began to discuss my future with me. They unanimously decided that I was to keep my job with them as a waitress and continue my masquerade as a girl. They laughed as they decided I would always wait the tables with the most flirtatious customers, male or female, so that I would be the one getting my behind patted and pinched. Worse was that each one wanted to take me home as a roommate and keep me dressed as a female full time. But Lolly told them that for the time being I would be going home with her as her personnel maid, her French Maid, as I was just so talented. And then of course she gave me a wink.

However, just then Mabel returned to disappoint the girls. She told them, "I'm sorry girls, but Janet has got another assignment for this evening. After that I believe his wife may be amenable to lending him out." Then turning towards me she handed me a box and told me, "Janet you'll need to change into this uniform as tonight you'll be working as a cocktail waitress at the Bunny Hutch, and these are you're working clothes. And I think the girls here and Lolly deserve a preview before we get you started over there, so change her in the ladies room. You've got ten minutes and if you're not out by then we'll be in to help out with the uniform change."

"I'll be quick" I answered as I minced into the ladies room. I quickly undress down to my waste cincher and gaff. I felt ashamed, but I realized I removed my feminine finery a bit reluctantly. Next I took a good look at my new costume. "Oh no," I said to myself as I opened the box it was in. It was even more revealing then the French Maid Waitress uni-

form I had been warring. My new outfit was a version of the well-known Play Boy Bunny costume. It was all in pink satin and terribly feminine and somewhat revealing, thought not as revealing as the genuine article.

I put the pink satin high leg panties on first. They were made of a very high quality satin and really felt just wonderful as I pulled them into place. I was every embarrassed by my addiction to female satin panties, but I could not help myself. The silken pantyhose followed. They were sheer all the way to the top and showed off my long legs and thighs. Next I put on the uniform itself. It was pink satin and stiffly boned, with a strong zipper up the back and sporting the typical cottontail at the rear. I stepped into it and pulled it up and over my breasts as I put my arms through the wide shoulders. It was the ultimate humiliation for a guy to be so dressed and in pink satin. But I just found that I just loved the feel of the satin and could not help myself from running my hands along it at the cinched in area of my waste just above my expanded hips, while I stared at myself in the mirror. It was difficult but I was able to zipper myself in. Then I stepped into the pink satin pumps which part of the costume. They were the highest heels I had worn to date but I had little problem walking in them. My day as a waitress in high heels had served me well. Bunny ears and cuffs completed the outfit. Once again I looked at myself in the mirror and then hesitated to walk out in front of the girls, but Mabel's orders compelled me to leave my sanctuary... the ladies room.

It was horrible, as walking out in front of those girls, dressed as I was, as a satin bunny, was the most humiliating experience. They loved my appearance and each whistled at me and slapped at my behind as I walked by. "What a lovely bunny he makes" they all agreed. Then Mabel added to the humiliation by handing me a companion make up kit with all pink cosmetics and told me to redo my makeup as it needed to match my costume. I was all in reds and needed to change to pinks. Then I had to change my makeup in front of the girls, sitting down, crossed legged, and all feminine. Of course they watched the whole procedure and suitably impressed told me what a great job I did and that I was a natural as a girl, I just learned feminine things so quickly, that it would be a big mistake on my part to try to remain a guy.

With that, Mabel handed me a coat and told the girls, "Why don't you all come over to the Hutch tonight and watch our darling little sweet heart Janet on her first night as a cocktail waitress. I'm sure she can use your moral support. Can't you Janet?"

I knew I had to answer, and politely. So what else could I say but, "Oh yes! Please girls. I'd be ever so comforting if you would stop by to see me." They all laughed and said they wouldn't miss it for the world.

With that Mabel took me out and into her car, reminding me to hold my coat down as not to show off to my leg.

Taking me once more into the world, dressed as befitted my new female status.

CHAPTER VI A SATIN BUNNY COCKTAIL WAITRESS

At the Hutch I was introduced to the owner Joe, short for Josephine. She was a fine looking woman with a masculine way of carrying herself, which gave her the appearance of being a good-looking dyke. Mabel had told me that Joe was straight, but had had troubles with her first husband, the original owner of the bar. So now she was man shy and so affected her present appearance as to only attract effeminate males who themselves exhibited a passivity which precluded them beating on their girlfriends. Her plan had work and she had been dating passive types for several years. At this time she enjoyed that type of male and was into her dominating role and was ready to take it a step further.

Joe hadn't been sure on how she would handle a truly effeminate and obedient male. She had a number of passive effeminate boy friends whom she was sure she could take a step further and turn into effeminized obedient boy-girls. She would just use the old, "Oh honey, please put this costume on for me. I have to get it hemmed tonight and all the girls are late for work..." followed by several snapshots and the threat of town wide exposure of those photographs. However, she did not wish to start something she might not enjoy and finish and thereby ruin her relationship with her boyfriend. So she had volunteered to let Mabel put me to work at the Hutch as a cocktail waitress so that she could voyeuristically find out if a soft type feminine male type completely dominated and transformed into an obedient maid would be as great a turn on to her as she believed it might.

Mabel introduced me to Joe and of course had me



curtsy, which I obediently did. Joe looked at me strangely as if to say this is not what it is supposed to be. This is a female and not a cross-dressed male. When Mabel had me take my coat off and turn around to show off my figure and the fact that I would pass Joe put her looks into words. She told Mabel, "This is a girl honey and I don't think your joke is a bit funny. Her shoulders might be a bit on the wide side, and her face a bit manly, but this is a female. Just because your sister is gay don't think every masculine appearing lady is on the make for girls. I don't need a lesbian waitress, on my staff, who is claiming to be a man to cover up her womanizing activities!"

Mabel laughed. "I thought the transformation was good, but I guess it is damned good. And perhaps damn near perfect, if it fooled you."

I was totally ashamed. I couldn't believe any one would not believe that I was a guy if I claimed to be a male. At this stage I probably couldn't get into a men's room if I wanted to. I thought I was just passing as a girl, if no one really took a close look. Now I found out that I was totally acceptable as a woman and here was a lady who wouldn't even believe that I was a guy, even when I told her I was a guy.

Joe then grabbed me by the groin. I guess to prove her point. I gave out with a loud cry of exclamation and tried moving back, but Mabel held me and kept me from retreating. Joe felt around and told Mabel, "Just as I thought. There is no dick and balls. This is a hen not a rooster! And I don't appreciate the joke Mabel. I may just take my costume and clothing business else where."

Mabel just continued to laugh, and told Joe, "I never thought that I would have to prove that a male was indeed a guy and not a woman. But before you get violent, take a look at these photographs of your 'hen'."

Mabel then showed Joe the photographs she had taken of me during my transformation. Joe stared at the photographs, looking and looking and finally herself laughing out loud. "Why I'll be damned. You sure got some guy all gussied up and looking every inch the girl. And I'd sure like to meet that guy. He's cute as any thing. But I really can't believe that this long legged, full chested, and high heeled bunny, who is apparently so obedient to your whims and is all set to wait tables dressed as she or he is, is that transformed guy!"

Then Mabel offered the final and irrefutable proof that I was a male and in a very clever fashion. She took two lounge pillows and placed them on top of the bar and had me get on the bar and then lie down on the pillows on my back with my hips on top of the pillows. Thus as I lied down flat my hips were angulated and forced up and I felt my recessed testies pushing hard on my internal tubes into which they had been forced. Mabel then took Joe's hand and put it over the area and had her feel around and finally pushed down. I cried out in pain as Joe's hand found my male attributes and push down in fun on my lost testies.

Joe exclaimed, "I don't believe it! She is a guy. Those things were real. I've played with enough testicles to know the real thing. And she is a he!" And with that, Joe actually started dancing around and laughing out loud. "I love it," she continued, "I just love it!" Then she continued, "Can I have him model and walk around?" she asked Mabel.

Mabel totally embarrassing me once again, told her, "He is an obedient feminized servant and will do what ever any female tells him to do. That is if he knows what is good for him! And I am sure at this stage she certainly does. Am I right darling?"

What else could I do? I told her, "Yes mam. I do as I am told." And so Mabel had me get down from the bar and told me to do as I was told to do and walk around like the girl. However adding that it was really unnecessary to tell me to walk like a girl because that was how I would walk in any case, after all I was now just a girl with some thing extra, at least for the time being.

So indeed I did as I was told to do, and got down from the bar and walked around a bit.

Joe loved it. She was beside herself. She exclaimed, "Why he walks just like a girl! Oh, how darling. I love it. I just love it! Oh, I just can't believe that under that pink satin bunny uniform is a man."

Joe then had me fetch two beers and serve her and Mabel who had moved to one of the small bar tables. She then put me through the paces to test my waitressing skills. She had me, writing up an order while flashing a sweet femininely seductive and submissive smile; then the bunny dip to serve the customers while letting the patrons view the top of my breasts; then the fetching the customers' change; and finally graciously thanking the patron with a curtsy for a well deserved tip.

"She, or he, is just adorable", exclaimed Joe. "Why he can work here permanently. I am all wet with excitement from having this cute boy girl sweet heart at my command. Mabel, I am dying to change my current bow into such a cute waitress also. I am sure it can be done. Will you help me? ... And I want this little bunny to eat me out now before I go crazy! I can't believe how hot she makes me!"

Mabel told us that she would be happy to help change all of Joe's effeminate boy friends into bunnies for staffing her bar, too which Joe loudly squealed, "That would be a fantastic idea!"

"But," continued Mabel, "Janet has been trained to be an obedient servant for his wife and a waitress for us all, but not as a sex slave; and his transformation is a gift to a girl friend who would have to decide on her own if she wishes him to be so trained in addition to his current calling as an obedient she male . I can't make that decision for her. However his lips and hands are at your disposal and he knows he had better take the passive role or suffer the consequences."

So my situation with Lolly was apparently my only one like that at least for the time being. But in any case, Joe got up and grabbed me, placing her arms around me and hugging me tightly. As a well-trained she-male I did not resist and was compliant. She forced her tongue between my lips and I dutifully accepted it, sucking on it obediently and taking it in as deeply as I could. As Joe ran her hands over my satin bunny costume I felt highly sexually stimulated and realized once again that beyond my control my transformation was complete because at least at the unconscious level I enjoyed my domination and feminine attire and was being turned on at the conscious level to my new status and dress. Although because of the constriction I could not achieve any erection what so ever I felt a warm sexually stimulating tingling in my loins and responded to that sexual warmth by

letting go any last vestige of masculine pride and responding passively yet sexually to Joe's kisses and sexual manipulations. As Joe's flat groin gyrated and pushed against mine I responded in kind, my satin-girdled groin rubbing against hers.

I was tremendously sexually stimulated with out even getting an erection, and realized that I had been transformed into a male lesbian. I didn't even fight that realization. But thinking over the easy money I had made over the last day, accepted with finality that I would, like the willow, bend and accept my new position in life, at least for the time being. For I knew that Mabel's will was far stronger than mine and that I could no longer fight the transformation and that my male spirit had been completely broken. I had no will to fight my domination and was broken as a man. From that time on I knew that I would do as I was told to do with out any internal feelings of conflict and that I would wear the clothing of my new station in life with a comfortable sensual arousal. Well at least while I was turned on.

Thus I had become the perfect feminized male companion with little if any chance that I would ever rebel against my new mistresses, as long as they kept me arouse, and my new status and feminine finery was doing that just fine. I was totally and irrevocably transformed and accepting that I could sexually enjoy my self as the fringe benefits of my new status.

We continued with our love making, Joe taking my hand and placing it on her groin where I massaged her. Her hand worked its way over my satin covered loins and my feeling of sexual warmth ran up and down my body. My mouth felt dry and my lips were warm. I took in her kiss and tongue in a femininely passive yet passionate manor. I slipped my hand into her slacks and then under her panties, messaging her wet lips, and then entering her with my finger and massaging her like a male member and shortly brought her to orgasm.

I had not wanted to bring her to orgasm as I had not been ready to come, and as she left me to sit down in an exhausted heap I was left with a mad desire to orgasm myself, but could not. I was left unsatisfied standing in front of my mistresses with my hips undulating uncontrollably.

I felt terribly effeminate and all I wanted to do was to reach release, even if I had to lie face down on a bed and bring myself off against my satin outfit so overwhelming were the feelings running through my body. However I had absolutely no desire to rid myself of my current attire or status. I felt tremendously turned on and once again to my shame had actually become sexually aroused by my circumstances and dress.

Mabel caught the change in my emotions. She looked straight into my eye and told me, "You are turned on aren't you?"

I could only respond with a shake of my head, indicating a yes. I was to emotional or broken emotionally to speak, at least with out crying emotionally. Mabel knew, she had picked out and trained other susceptible males. She continued with a big smile, "You felt like releasing, but you couldn't get hard!?"

And I felt compelled to tell her the truth. "I again nodded yes to her question, a tear running down my cheek. And she continued, "Now you have been changed and there is no going back. You must feel that sensual warmth running up and down your body, feel-

ing so good, just like a drug, a feeling that feels like heaven and which you just don't want to loose.

And again I told her, "Yes," choked with emotion.

Mabel continued to explain, "You are hooked sweet thing...you are hooked. And that warmth will stay with you as long as you are dressed and remain our boy-girl with satins and silks against your skin. You've become a cross dresser and addicted to female silks, nylons and satin clothing. You've been given small doses of it and learned to accept and then like and now love the sensations. Sweet heart you can not stop wearing your nicies. You have the compulsion to cross dress and nothing can change you back to what you where or thought you where and your former ways. You will never be able to stay in drab male attire for long. Now tell the truth! Don't you just love your sissy satins and feminine finery and doesn't the silk and nylon just drive you wild!?" And with a rising voice she continued, "Don't they? Now, don't they?"

And I couldn't contain myself. I was so broken. I just let loose with a flood of tears and fell to my knees before Mabel, admitting to her, "Yes, yes, I am destroyed. I can't explain it. But I am just so turned on with these feelings. I don't think I can ever give them up! The cloths, the cloths.... Oh what will I do? What will my wife think?"

Mabel just sweetly laughed. She put my head in her lap and ran her hands through my ling hair comforting me. And she told me, "Why dear there is nothing that you have to do but stay as you are now. And in fact you have little choice in the matter. I am sure your wife will keep you in skirts for the rest of your life. The warm feeling and comfort will never have to end. You'll never have to worry or make another decision. You wife and your new mistresses will always care for you and tell you exactly what to do, and what to wear. We will always care for you. You just need to remain obedient, pretty and feminine and work under your mistresses directions as a beautician, a waitress, and bar girl and perhaps even as a maid; always in ultra feminine satiny female clothing. Always in the clothing you've come to love."

And she let that set in and then told me, "Now stand up and dry your pretty eyes. Here's a tissue." And I did as I was told, feeling some what comforted but very afraid.

Mabel then made me look into her eye, so I could not lie and asked me, no rather told me, "Now look at me Janet. You are definitely our little Janet, aren't you?"

And I couldn't help myself and told her, "Yes, I am your little Janet...and for always."

"Yes sweat heart," she told me. And she continued, "You do want to be a sweet boy-girl, don't you?"

I again could only reply, "Yes, forever." Yet deep at my core I knew that I did not want to spend the rest of my life as the girl's servant in dresses. But my lips were so dry and my hips were again in motion, and I felt a tremendous need to retreat into the comfort, security and sensuality of my girl self. And I could only reply with a "Yes and forever."

So a pleased Mabel let me know that I would be happy to know that, "You have nothing to fear sweets. You will never have to wear male attire again. For the rest of your life you will be a male in girl's cloths. But I need to hear it from your lips, your pink painted lips. So tell me, in your own words."

All resistance shattered, I told her, "I will never wear men's clothes again. I hate them. I will be a male in girl's clothing for the rest of my life." And as I said it, I felt my sexually warm feeling expanding and I continued, "I am to be dressed as a girl and act as a girl. I am not to hide my girlishness, but to be sensual. I will be obedient and polite. I am never ever to wear any article of men's clothing or even think of myself as a male. I am always to dress female, act female and think female. I will work as a girl and obey my mistresses in every thing."

I was going nuts, actually convincing myself that I wanted nothing but to be an obedient boy-girl servant. I had to stop. But Mabel knew the game and the technique to destroy my maleness. And she told me to continue. She told me, "Yes dear, all those dreams will come true, but you need to give me more details of your new life." So I told her, "I will be happy to wear panties and bras; to have my hair done at the beauty parlor and keep myself beautiful for my wife."

And as I stopped, Mabel insisted with, "And what else dear?" And so I continued, "And I'll obey my wife completely, work hard, keep the house clean, do the laundry, and serve the meals...."

Mabel smile, knowing she had won, and then interrupted with, "And what are you?" And of course I told her the truth. I told her, "I am a pretty panty slave and obedient boy-girl."

Finally Mabel let up. "Good girl!" she told me. "Now go refresh yourself in the powder room and get back here as the bar is soon opening and you have lots of work to do." And I could only reply with a, "Yes mistress." And I went to the ladies room to freshen up my makeup. The warm feeling stayed with me and I had absolutely no desire to leave or to be any thing but a transformed cross dressed and dominated she-male working girl and servant to my wife.

CHAPTER VII PANTIED AND GIFTED TO HIS WIFE

As soon as I looked at myself in the mirror in the Ladies Room I knew once again that I was to stay a feminized male. As I freshened my makeup I thought to myself that despite my present circumstances things could be worse. I powdered my nose to remove the shine and reapplied my lipstick, using a tissue to remove excess and blot in the typical manor any girl would. Looking at my face and then backing up and looking at my figure and my long legs poised in my high heel pumps, I knew that I passed easily any where as a girl and that in my present girls clothing I passed easily as a sexy cocktail waitress. My movements would not give me away. I had quickly learned how to walk and affect the motions and stances of a sexy female waitress.

In my quiet reflections in that female abode I realized I desired to be punished for my actions of the last few years. I had with out any real intent made my wife's life pretty miserable and yet because she loved me she had stayed with me. She had not like some other woman left me; or even worse tied me up when I was in a drunken stupor and beaten me or shot me as had done several of the local wives to their drunken husbands; or as a wife had done to an unfaithful husband, tied me up and then castrated me.

My punishment was relatively mild, though more public; much more embarrassing and much longer lived. Yet, I had begun to enjoy the stimulation afforded by my punishment. I had reached a state of tremendous sexual arousal from it, which I did not seem to be able to control, and which was caused by my being dressed in sensuous female clothing. It had become like a drug addiction. I wanted to strip naked and run away and return to being a man but the sexual warmth while wearing panties and the rest of my female wardrobe kept me from taking them all off. And the arousal I felt when thinking of a future in panties and satin so stimulated me and was so tremendous and undeniable that as my hips gyrated against their satin confinement my pulse raced and I felt a deep desire to stay exactly as I was, and to go out and wait tables as a cocktail waitress.

I thought of the last twelve or so hours and the new female friends I had made and the warm affection they had showed me as compared to my drinking buddies. My drinking buddies and fellow workers, who only hung around me when I was buying drinks, lost in the comparison. I thought about the type of money I had earned as a man as compared to the easy money I had earned as a sexy waitress. I realized that I'd much better of working as a waitress or a model than as an unskilled male laborer, regardless of the humiliation of it all.

As a man I had become a failure. I had been a wreck. I hadn't been able to support my wife and my self and I had dressed terribly. As a girl I made good money, dressed well and was thought of as attractive by females.

I looked at the window in the ladies room and realized that I could escape through it. But where would I go dressed as a



bunny cocktail waitress, I had no idea. I realized if I walked around dressed as I was I would at the least get arrested and at the worst get raped and then mutilated when my true gender was discovered. Even if I had found men's clothing I couldn't even wear them for I didn't look like a man any more. I wasn't even sure I wanted to wear men's' clothing again, I so loved my feminine nicies. If I tried to get help from my male friends I would be laughed out of town and any female friends would never help me, but would surely keep me dressed as I was. I was trapped in dresses and servitude as surely if I were chained.

So I stopped fighting my new urges and I just let myself give in to them. I let myself and my mind accept my new circumstances. I told myself I was to be a cross dressed she-male servant. A man trapped in female clothing of the most sensual type and that I would appear and need to appear in public as a girl, and not think about being or dressing as a male. I realized that from then on I would have to obey my wife without question and my new "girlfriends" as my superiors. But I found myself willing to accept that, if only I could remain dressed in my female finery.

So I looked away from the window and back to the mirror, and finished retouching my lipstick and then straightened out my uniform and admired my future. Yes, I realized I would make a cute enough and convincing girl. I femininely walked from the ladies room, leaving behind all thoughts of escape, masculinity and thought of being a man. I was a cocktail waitress and I was happy in that realization. I would do what ever my wife told me to do. I would be her obedient she-male maid servant. I would stay attired as a girl until she released me from that fate. I would not argue or fight with her, but do exactly as I was told, no matter how humiliating. That was my fate and that was my well-deserved punishment.

I left the ladies room knowing that I would return to the ladies room because I would always be using the ladies room. I picked up my order pad and started to wait tables, a happy and an effeminate cocktail waitress who though a male would from then on appear to the world as a sexy female. Those thoughts filled me with a sexual rush and I didn't fight it. Yes I was to be a maid and I realized that I was happy and thrilled with the thought of my new position in life.

Then with those thoughts in my mind my wife appeared at one of my tables. I could only curtsy and ask, "Can I take your order mam?", and without telling her that the pretty cocktail waitress asking for her order was her husband! And she looked straight at me and could not recognize me. She told me, "Yes waitress," in the same tone one woman would talk to another while she gave me the once over that one woman often gives another. I could hardly keep from laughing. And at the table with my wife were the rest of my girl-friends: Doris my beautician, Mabel, for whom I would be modeling, and Lolly for whom I waitressed, along with my fellow gals, Susie, Cathy and Terry. And all of them started to giggle. And when I proceeded to take their orders, they could only just manage to get them out through tears and giggles. My wife on the other hand who could not figure out what was so funny just looked around sort of dumbfounded and so I finished taking the orders, did my bunny dip and thanking the girls went and got the drinks and served them.

By the time I had returned the girls had mastered themselves and had stopped the laughing, but when I served my wife, giving her the bunny dip as I served her the laughter

broke out all over again. As I had no additional orders and none of the girls had given me any further directions I left that table and continued waitressing.

After my experience as a French Maid Waitress I had no problems with the customers and showed plenty of cleavage. I walked as cutely as I could and acted as femininely flirtatious as I could. The tips were encouraging and at least three guys and even one gal asked me when I got off from work. Again, I couldn't believe the money I was earning and how sensuous I felt. It was the easiest and most money I had ever made, aching feet in high heels and corseted waist aside. I decided that even if my wife felt I had suffered enough and released me from this outfit that if money ever became a problem I could and most likely would return to waitressing. The money was too good and easy and the sexual feelings I was maintaining while dressed in panties, support garments and silks and satins could not be denied.

I waited on my wife's table twice more, and the same reactions that had occurred on my initial service reoccurred, as my wife though looking straight at me could not recognize her own husband. Finally even Mabel could hold it in no longer. There was an empty chair at the table which as it turned out was meant for me. My wife was a little tipsy by that time and asked when her husband was going to arrive. Mabel then told her that I was already there and had been there all evening serving her the drinks. My wife looked at Mabel blankly as Mabel told me, "Janet, or should I say John, this chair is for you. You've been working hard this evening and all day, so why don't you take a load of those high heels of yours and sit down and relax for a while?"

I did as I was told and sat down in the chair next to my wife, off course crossing my legs and perching in the required feminine fashion. Joan's eyes almost bugged out of her head. "Oh no," she exclaimed in a some what gasping voice. "This cute thing can't be my husband. She's so cute, and so feminine and so much a girl. Is this some sort of joke?" However, she still took a good look at me and stared into my eye and face and then the realization hit her and she started laughing. And she was laughing so hard that she cried. I could have died. "She exclaimed, "Oh no, oh no, it is my John. I can't believe it. Why, he's just so cute and girly. He's adorable! He's such a girl!" She paused, as if finally convincing herself that her waitress was her husband. Then she continued, "That's why you girls kept laughing all night when she served me. Or he served me? I would have never guessed in a million years. Why he looks just like a girl. He acts just like a girl. Why I just simply want to hug him; and dress him up in my prom dress with long white gloves and bloomers; and then take oodles of photographs as he poses for me." Then seeming to actually think about what she had said she asked out loud, "Will he willingly do that for me, or is this some how forced?"

Mabel answered. "Why Joan, John didn't exactly volunteer to play dress up with us, and you of all people who got this whole thing started should now that. But it seems he has come a long way since this morning when you started him off. And he has come around to enjoy his new status. Now as Janet, I believe, Janet will do what ever you tell her to do. Won't you Janet? She asked me. I had to say and in all honesty it was the truth, "Yes mam, I will do what ever my wife tells me to do and I will wear what ever I am told to wear." And Doris did not let me stop there, but continued, "And how are you going to help out now that you're a sissy boy-girl?" I knew the answer and had to tell her, "I am go-

ing to work and give my wife all my money to help out with the household expenses. No more drinking with the guys and wasting time and money." And of course Doris continued, "Oh that is wonderful. But tell me, are you going back to your old job or can your wife expect a career change from you?" Of course I was then blushing, but had to answer, "No more blue collar jobs for me. I am a pink collar worker. I will be working as a waitress at Lola's French Restaurant, and as a cocktail waitress here, and as a model at your Boutique for large sized gals, and helping out and learning the beautician trade at the Doris's Beauty Parlor."

But even with all that Mabel did not let up. She continued and asked, "Yes that sounds wonderful, but what about around the house. Your wife works a full time job and still you let her take care of all the housework. Now that you are a sissy boy-girl there must be some house that you would like to help out with?" I simply told them that I would help keep the house. But that was not enough and Mabel wanted to know just how I would help and I had to tell her, "I will be my wife's maid, her French Maid." But Mabel would still not let me stop. She continued, "A French Maid?" in a tone that let me know I was to reveal exactly what that meant. And much to my public embarrassment I had to tell her, "Yes, I am to be her French Maid, all dressed up in panties and a flounced slip, nylons and a corset and high heels with the proper short black satin dress and apron and cap. I am to be obedient and hard working and dutiful, and do what ever my wife tells me to do without hesitation or question." And Mabel absolutely agreed and let me know that was to be my fate. And in front of my wife she told me, "Yes you will all of that and more, my sweet thing!" And she told me in such a manor that I knew that was to be my fate and my new reality. And funny as it may seem as sexually excited as I was after so much petting and satiny sensations I found that I really didn't seem to mind. And it was almost with eager anticipation that I imagined being kept and dressed as a maid. It was absolutely horrifying and I imaging just like being a drug addict.

Strangely enough, my wife just loved the idea and was not at all repulsed nor did she seem to even find the whole thing strange or ridiculous. She giggled again and told me...us, "I love it. I can't believe the little fellow I sent out this morning into the cold cruel world all dressed up in my fancy dress and under things has come back to me a cute girl, or sissy boy-girl and a maid. I'm so delighted and I can't explain it. Why we are going to have such a wonderful time together John, oh excuse me Janet. Now that you are behaving yourself and working, it will be like old times. And with me wearing the pants in the family and I mean that literally and managing the finances I am sure every thing will be fine. I can't wait till I get you home! We need to have a barbecue party to celebrate your new status and you can do all the shopping cooking and serving and cleaning up. And you'll send out the invitations to all your new girlfriends. And I expect you to be on your toes all day, do you hear?!"

"Of course", interjected Mabel, "he should always be on his toes from now on. He'll always be in at least is three inch heels, high heels that is, and that should keep him on his toes from now on."

With that all the girls laughed a bit and Mabel continued. She opened one of the boxes from the boutique that contained my things and showed my wife and the girls my new maid bathing dress that I now owned. My wife loved it and held it up. She told all the

girls, "My, my, oh he'll just look adorable in this, especially with panty hose, high heels, and apron and a cute cap. I can't wait to see him in it! It's perfect for serving at pool parties."

Mabel told her, "Why wait? Have him hold it up in front of himself, he knows how." I blushed, but my wife still handed me the bathing dress and told me to model it. I am not sure if she really knew the power she had over me and if she really expected me to actually model the dress, but I knew she was the boss. If not her, then Mabel and I knew I would model the dress then and there and did. Mabel held it up and I put my arms through the arm straps and held it up in front of me appropriately. My wife told me, "That is quite appropriate for a maid. Yes I like it and I like my husband, my Janet in it!" Then she told me, "Now fold it up and put it away neatly or you'll be spanked when I get you home!" Goodness did she learn fast. She was getting right into her new role and my new role and I did as she told me, as I would do for quite a long time to come.

Then Mabel chimed in, "Speaking of home... I brought along an outfit from my shop, which you might like your Janet to wear home. It's a present for my new model. He looks darling enough in his cocktail serving outfit, but heaven knows what real males he would incite on the way home in that outfit and what they might do to the poor sissy. So Mabel presented my wife with a more appropriate outfit for me to wear on the trip home. She told her, "It's a skirt and blouse outfit and very sexy. He can put it right on over his cocktail outfit without any problem."

My wife held up the skirt and blouse outfit from the box for all to see. It was a lovely pink satin blouse with a cowl neck and long puffed sleeves with the buttons going up the back. The skirt was of black satin with a stride restricting tight cut, a wide belted waist, back slit very high and zippering up the back. My wife handed them to me and told me to get dressed.

I took them from her and then started to walk back to the lady's room, my wife showed her newfound position, she told me, "No need to go any where dear. Put them on right here, after all you are not undressing. And we're all girls, at least now we are." Of course I obeyed. I put the blouse on first, backwards of course, not being used to the back buttoning. I quickly realized my error when one of the girls laughing at my mistake told me, "Honey, you'll never get it one that way, the darts for your ties are on the wrong side. Sissy maids only have buttons and zippers on the backs of their clothing." So with that I turned my blouse around and it slid into place. The satin of the blouse on the satin of my bunny outfit just added to my feelings of sensuality. I buttoned the blouse about half way up and was stuck. Then my wife got up and helped me. As she buttoned the remaining ones she told me, "I won't be doing this for you every time. You will have to learn how to do this with your own blouses and bras." There was nothing for me to say but, "Yes mistress, thank you," which I automatically said without hesitation or a second thought. There was no turning back for me. I was as trapped as a sissy maid could be.

I then slipped into my skirt, removing my rabbit tail as I pulled the skirt up past where my male waist had been and up to my new corseted female waist. I buttoned the back buttons and closed the back zipper, cinched the wide belt and made sure the back slit was straight. I knew what was expected of me. It was tight, and even with the back slit I could only take small measured steps.

My wife then had me remove my rabbit ears and cuffs and then had me turn around to show off my new outfit and appearance. I did so and did not have any problem navigating in my high heels even in the tight stride confining skirt. To my shame I found myself somewhat luxuriating in the feel of the satin skirt rubbing against my satin uniform, which was now served as my satin under garment.

Getting more and more into her new role, my wife told me I could sit down but should cross my legs so that no one could see up my short dress. An unmistakable thrill ran through me as I did so and my silken covered thighs once again rubbed together and against my satin skirt.

Just then my replacement, a real waitress approached to take our orders. Every one gave an order and I asked for a bourbon and soda. My wife looking straight at me and in front of every one told me, "No alcohol for you from now on!" And giving my order to the waitress said, "Cancel that bourbon, my HUSBAND will have a Shirley Temple." The waitress a bit confused, not in on my predicament, responded with, "Mam, your husband?" Not sure if she had understood. The wife reaffirmed and totally gave me up as I turned beat red. She tolled her, "Yes, the MAN next to me, in the pink blouse and black dress, and all made up is my HUSBAND. He is my very pretty husband."

The waitress looked at my wife like she was a crazy woman and then looked at me. I knew that I could not deny it and could not do any thing but publicly admit my gender and situation. I had to tell the waitress and in my male voice, "Yes, I am a guy, her husband, dressed like this as the result of a lost bet and masquerade party pay off."

The waitress looked a bit shocked. My wife then told me to stand up and turn around and let her get a good look at me, and I did so, with out sitting down again, as my wife had not given me permission. Of course I expected the old horselaugh from the waitress. Instead she took my hands, in a feminine girl to girl gesture and kissed me on the cheeks, in another girl to girl gesture, and told me, "You're a great sport dear. I thought that all males were just chauvinist pigs. You're just so sweet to actually pay off that bet like this. You know I once tried to get my boy friend to wear a skirt just so I could hem it and he refused. And he once had to dress as a girl for a fraternity hazing and wouldn't even let me see him in the outfit. You sweet heart, are a doll." And looking at my wife she told her, "Hold on to this one, he is quite a guy and quite a gal at that!"

"He is now," my wife replied. And I think he will be for some time to come. And with that she looked at me and told me it was time to go home.

Chapter: VIII The Wife Takes Her Pretty Sissy to Bed

My wife looked at me, standing there in front of the waitress red as could be after admitting to her my true gender and smiling told me that it was time to go home. But she wouldn't just let me sort of make my escape, but insisted I kiss each of my tormentors good night and thank each one for all of their help in helping me to find my true self.

So the wife got up and gave me a peck on the cheek and wrapped her arm around me, her hand along my thigh and rubbing my thigh and butt through my tight satin skirt a feel

that had become soothing and erotic for me. And mimicking the waitress told me, "Yes dear you are a sweet heart and a doll." And then sticking it to me in front of the girls, she continued, "And you will be for some time to come..." The girls were in agreement.

The wife thanked all the girls for my transformation and told me to do to the same, and with sincerity, as well as to kiss each one good by with the typical peck on the side of the cheek.

While I had been spending the evening waitressing Mabel must have given the wife instructions on how to break me as a man. Not that the wife really needed it. However, in terms of humiliating me in my feminized role, which she had been doing okay with earlier and on her own, she seemed to have reached even a higher level in terms of working on my subconscious and in destroying even the slightest vestige of rebelliousness or fight or masculinity that may have been left.

The girls seemed to know that's where I was heading and had no problem with that as my future. So when Doris got up and gave me a hug and a kiss I had to respond and thank her for my transformation and for allowing me to come back and work for her and learn my new trade.

My wife escorted me from the bar, arm around me like I was her date, and took me to where our car was parked and of course opened the door for me and had me sit on the passenger side, putting me in my new place as in the past I had typically driven, unless I had been too drunk to have done so. My tight skirt made it difficult to maneuver and of course I had to get into the car like a proper lady, as my wife demandingly reminded me to do so, and how to do so. Telling me, "Now Janice remember that you're a girl now and it's fanny first and then swing the legs in. And keep those thighs together. You don't want to advertise the color of you panties or give any of the boys the wrong idea." And of course my only response was, "Yes dear," and "Thank you dear".

Once in the car and mercifully on our way home my wife made me tell her the whole story of my transformation. And if I seemed to be leaving some thing out she would chime in, but so and so told me, and I would have to correct what ever omission I had made no matter how embarrassing. By the time I had finished with the story of my humiliating transformation I was virtually in tears. My wife expressed some empathy by no sympathy and treating my like her girl friend told me, "Now-now dear....Yes have a good cry. A good cry does a girl good. But remember sweet heart, you did bring all this on yourself. You could have met your obligations under our little bet and stayed home and your penance would have just between you and me. But no, you tried to welsh on your obligation and see what happened!"

I tried to make amends, but it was too late. I told her with a sniffle as I was getting my emotions and tears under control. "Yes dear, you are right and I have learned my lesson. I will be good and not try to get out from under this thing. I will be your housekeeper and maid and loose the weight. But can't I get back to my own clothing...at least my own underwear. All of this woman's clothing and the lingerie are making my crazy. I can't explain it, but if you keep this up, I am not sure you will have much of a man by the time I finish paying off this bet!"

Little did I know at the time, that was what my wife actually wanted to hear, having been fed that story from my sister about my earlier cross dressing and secret desires. So with that the wife was certainly not letting me out from under and let me know it. "No dear. I don't think your 'old' clothing is no longer appropriate for you in your new position at home and in life. Besides it is all gone and I have no intention of wasting money on purchasing you new clothing when; you can have my old things. After all corseted and padded out as you are you fit all my old clothing. And besides Mabel is happy to supply you with the appropriate wardrobe, female wardrobe that is, at no cost to me, in exchange for your modeling. So what would be the point in wasting money on male clothing for you, when you really aren't going to be a male any more, at least for the foreseeable future?"

All I could say was "Oh honey please..." But the wife would have none of it. And she told me, "Get this straight Janet. I still love you and don't want to throw out the baby with the bath water. But you will keep to the terms of our little bet, and you will go with the flow in terms of these additional obligations you have brought on your new sissy female self by having tried to welsh on the bet. You will be my housekeeper and maid as per the bet. And once more you will dress completely from the skin out as a female, as per our bet. And regardless of the bet you will act at all times and under all circumstances as a convincing and passable female servant, except for one circumstance...that we'll discuss at home. And aside from that circumstance you will leave all thoughts of being a male out of your mind and all and ever male action out of your behavior. And if you fail to meet those obligations to me to ensure our continued relationship, I am sure that Mabel will be happy to take you on as her full time personnel servant as well as a full time model at her boutique. And knowing how she swings she would not have any use for the little male attribute that you have left. And so along with every other male thing about you, you would find that gone also. And if you gave her a hard time of it, what ever she wanted to do to you, I am sure she would have no trouble landing you a stint in jail, where a cutie like you would have more things to worry about then being a girl with his wife and her girlfriends! Do I make myself clear? And if I do, a simple, 'yes mistress' will do!"

What could I say? What could I do? I was trapped. I could only sit there and reply, "Yes mistress." And at that point we had reached home. And the wife escorted me right to the bedroom to learn what that 'circumstance' to which she had alluded happened to be.

She was actually very sweet and gentle and helped me to undress down to my corset and gaff. As she peeled away my nylons and satins I sort of felt a tinge of a loss but of course did not mention that to my wife and hoped it did not show. Her first surprise was that my breasts did not fall away when she got me out of my bra. She couldn't believe how my own flesh was pushed up to give me a real cleavage and how real my 'falsies' appeared and hung like the real things. "Gosh those things look real", she told me. I guess I don't have to worry about you passing with those beauties."

I turned all red, and didn't have a reply. So with just the corset and the gaff to go, she warned me, "You need to shower, and so I am going to get you out of that corset, as it isn't designed for that, but if you have any ideas that once freed of that and able to breath that you will over power me and take off, you best think again. There is absolutely nothing for you to wear outside that will fit you with out you being corseted or that will hide your

breasts. So you would have nothing to wear. And if you cross me again and renege on that bet I may not be so nice to you the next time you get turned back to me. And mark my words you will be as we have a written and legal contract. Or you will wind up in jail with all that would entail."

Well she had made her point, and I knew with all the photographs and with really nothing to wear and nowhere to go I was pretty much stuck and would have to keep my end of the bargain with all that would entail. My only recourse was to wine a bit and try to get some of the punishment lessened, but that was about it. I was stuck and stuck as a sissy boy in lingerie, dresses, and worse. And aside from the humiliation, both private and public, it wasn't all that bad. And so I honestly told her, "Honey, you've won and I will keep my end of our agreement, no matter how shameful and embarrassing it may be. I don't see that I have much choice. I only ask you keep with in the spirit of the agreement, in that how ever much you feminize me that you don't try to make me into a real female, as Mabel has threatened. And perhaps you will think about letting me go to my job during the week and in pants."

My wife smiled and told me, "A picture is worth a thousand words. Let's get you fully undressed and I'll show you my answer." And with that she got me out of the corset and then let me step out of my gaff and take off my sanitary protection.

Well, she was certainly surprised again when she got her first good look at me without clothing, first finding out that even with out the corset I still had a feminine figure, with femininely formed hips and behind to match my breasts. And then she got a good look at my groin area. "Gosh," she exclaimed, sounding a bit worried, "My gosh, you've got a vagina. Where did your things go?... What use are you to me now?!" So then it was my turn to laugh. "Don't worry dear, its still there, its tucked and covered and won't pop out on its own. It needs an assist."

The wife seemed a bit relieved and told me, "You'll need to show me. If you are damaged goods I may need to return you to Mabel." A shiver went up my spine. She continued, "So go lie down on the bed and put my little love pillow under your hips and show me, before I do pack you over to Mabel and Doris and have an end of you."

So lying face up on our bed, in the female position, I placed my wife's red satin love pillow under my hips to angle them in the receiving position and spreading my vaginal lips, synthetic but very real looking, and I let my manhood reappear. My wife let out a genuine sigh of relief and showed a happy smile. She then had me explain how it was hidden and released and then pushed my testies back in, telling me, "We won't need them right now and you just look so much more of a submissive without them hanging out. I so much more like your current look without them. So you had better be good or I might just make that look permanent!" I gulped and promised I would be a good submissive sissy maid.

I could tell she love it, making me squirm and repent. Looking at me she continued to smile as a thought came to her mind for some more fun, at my expense. She told me, I think I am really going to enjoy this, riding you that is, but I think you would look so much sexier with the proper lingerie. After all, if I am going to keep you as my sissy boy-girl during the day, and so there isn't any reason for you to get any ideas that you are

the man at night. Yes, come here Janice. Let's fix you up right for the lower position, my pretty submissive.

So I did as I was told, being so confused that I did not even realize the wife had changed by fem name from Janet to Janice. I guess the Janet was still too much on the masculine side. I didn't make an issue and just responded to the newer more feminine version Janice.

As I was getting up and off the bed the wife walked over to her bureau and opened her lingerie drawer. A sigh of relief went through me. I assumed she was going to make herself pretty for me and was giving me a break from my new passive obedient gender role. She brought out an expensive night gown of black satin and lace, a lovely baby doll complete with matching black satin panties. Of course I mistakenly continued to think that it was for her, and with a relieved mind was thinking that she needed to make herself feel sexy for me and that at least in our bed room I would be the man. I guess I really hadn't been listening to her as well as I should have or that thought would have never crossed my mind.

And even when she handed it to me, I still thought that it was for her, but only that she wanted me to help dress her, in my new capacity as her sissy servant, her sissy maid; but that she still wanted to be the alluring one.

But of course I was wrong, and the satin baby doll night gown was for me. The new wife dominated the feminized me, and the wife had no intention of wearing it or giving up her dominant role, even in the bedroom, even in our bed.

To my continued shock with my situation the wife told me, "No honey, the night gown is for you. Put it on...the panties also....they are a set. You will love it, judging by your reaction to your other gender bending new outfits that the girls already gave you. And it is very expensive. It's mine so it may be a tad tight, but I had bought it for myself before I lost all the weight, when we were still an item. So thought it might be a tad tight, it will definitely fit you, and the tightness should feel nice. You see now that you are now my sex object, so I need you to make yourself sexy for me. There is something about seeing you naked and so feminized that I just don't find right. You need to be properly dressed in your new feminized status, as any girl would be in bed, for her dominant partner. I think that the image of you completely feminized, wearing my sexiest night gown and on the bottom should be just be what I now need to get my juices flowing, after all your neglect. So put on your Nighty, and freshen your makeup and perfume and 'cum' to bed. And be sexy and sweet and compliant for me. Or else....."

That pause said it all and I knew that I did not have much of a choice. Nothing of my own to wear, and so changed physically that there was really no escape. I had to do as I was told. My wife had the upper hand. I don't even think I could have over powered her, I just felt so weak. My wife held the nighty up for me to look at, and it was a lovely sexy baby doll night gown, cut short to just cover the panties, with larger than typical capped sleeves to hide my shoulders, and a girlish flounce of shiny satin circling the bottom and supporting the sides of the gown so the gown hung a bit away from the body, and moved rather than just lying flat against the wearer. So there was a nice sexy and feminine swing to the skirt. I took it from her and once I touched it I was hooked on it. It just felt delightfully sexy in my hands. So I put it on with out any fight at all. I slid the baby doll over my head and pulled it down into place. It did feel delightful. It was of a very high quality satin

and sliding down my skin the feel of it was, just as it was supposed to be, sexy. I did not seem to be able to stop myself.

Then as directed by the wife I stepped into the panties. They were an interesting variation of typical baby doll panties; almost as if they had been designed with a sissy guy in mind. The panty was actually three panties sewn together, and cleverly fashioned to support and entice a male on the inside while appearing almost completely feminine on the outside. The outside panty was a typical loose fitting baby doll panty of heavy satin with flounced boy legs, each trimmed with satin ribbons and bows and for me embarrassingly feminine, and not offering much support. Then there was however an inner double panty, a typical panty in design, though with plenty of room in the nether area. The inner layer of which was also of fine heavy weight satin while the outer layer of those two was of a supportive stretch satin. So the inner layer just felt wonderful and exciting against my skin while the outer layer of the two, the middle layer of the three, kept me held in and flat, so nothing showed against the looser boy leg part. And I looked flat down where a girl should be flat. It was most embarrassing. Again, the quality of the satin was such, and the thickness was such, that the affect of it rubbing along my thighs and rump, the parts not covered with my new hips and fanny pads. And the effect on my softening manhood was aphrodisiac, and I immediately got hard again, but that was almost completely hidden.

However, my wife knew what to look for and could not help but notice a slight bulge which she knew was not slight. "Good," she told me. "You have become a satin queen, like the girls said. And apparently it was not that difficult of a transformation."

I reflexly went to deny it, but the wife would not let me form my words. She cut me right off. "Don't worry sweet heart; I think I may now like you this way. If that's what it takes to get me back in control and you acting as your old sweet self. The sweet boy I married. Then I think I can deal with this, let's say, new fetish of yours." And she pulled me over to her and grabbed my hardening manhood through the satin of my panties and as she pulled me over to her I just got stiffer. She kissed me passionately, and I returned her kiss, almost melting into her arms. I couldn't help myself. I was so turned on.

Then she continued, "Now go make yourself pretty. I want to watch you refresh your lipstick and perfume over at the vanity. And there is a new ring there for you and not for your finger, but for your single finger." And she told me, "Pull the front of your panties down and put your new ring on, and leave it out while you do your lipstick and perfume. And when you finish your makeup you can come to bed."

So standing by the vanity I slid the front of my panties down, hooking them under my new cosmetic vagina, letting my manhood hang out. I then slid the ring down my, by then, only semi turgid shaft. My tip was covered with my fluid so the ring slid down easy. I turned away and taking the lipstick was preparing to apply the cosmetic to my lips I turned away from the wife to hide the embarrassment of my hardening shaft. However, the wife knew what I was trying to do and immediately told me to face her while I refreshed my makeup and I had no choice but to do as I was told.

Facing her and applying my cosmetic to my lips, the perfumed smell of it and the texture against my pouting lips was still a turn on, and as I stiffened the wife let me know that she knew what a sissy I had so quickly become. "Yes sweetheart we'll just have to let

you put on your lipstick when ever I take you to bed, it's such a turn on for sissies. Isn't it?"

I was afraid to answer, but the wife did not let me ignore her. And she continued with, "I can't hear you dear. Isn't applying woman's lipstick a turn on for you sissies?" I didn't want to answer but did not have much of a choice. It was a turn on. I couldn't believe it. One day in lingerie, dresses, and makeup and I was hooked on them and turned on by them. What was I to do? I could only admit to the truth. And I told her, "Yes dear, the lipstick does make me hot for you."

The wife smile and told me, "What a nice way to put it. Girlie things make you hot for me. Then I guess I will have to do my best to keep you hot for me. So put some perfume on and on the appropriate girlie places." So after finishing with my lipstick I dabbed perfume on all the appropriate body parts; behind the ears, on my wrists, and behind my knees, like I had been told by Doris, my beautician. And that smell also had its affect. I just got stiffer and oozed a bit more. Of course the wife picked up on that and just sort of smiled and beckoned me to her.

I went to pull up my panties but the wife told me not to and positioned me in bed on my back. At first I was a bit revolted with myself and my position of passivity, but the wife soon ended any such emotion. She started to kiss my by then hardened and dripping shaft and flicking it with her tongue and playing with it with her lips and massaging the base with her hand, while using her other hand to massage my nipples through the satin of my night gown. It was so pleasant and such a turn on. I didn't have to do a thing. And she continued and she nearly drove me crazy. I started to moan and moan and beg her to bring me off; but the ring prevented that form happening so easily and so early.

And she continued to play. She pulled my panties up and played with me through the satin which had become a tremendous turn on for me. Then her lips free from my lower region pressed against mine, and she entered me with her tongue. I was being driven crazy and I accepted he tongue and the passive position begging her to bring me to climax.

The wife picked up on this and I believe that was what she had been waiting for, because she told me, "Yes, you slut, beg for it. And tell me what a slut you really are or you won't get it!!!"

What could I do? I held back for a while but the wife just kept playing with me and not letting me climax. So finally I had to tell her, "Yes dear, I am your sissy slut. Please take me. Please...."

But she wouldn't let up and she continued with, "And what do I get in exchange from the sissy?"

I told her, "I will be your sissy and keep to our bet!"

But that wasn't enough and she told me so as she kept playing with me. "We already know you're a sissy dear. And we already know that you will keep to our bet. You no longer have a choice. So you need to do better than that."

I realized what she wanted and what I had to tell her to get satisfaction and I really had little choice. All things considered she was being nice about it and we were having fun. I realized that I was in her power and there were far less pleasant ways of putting me in my

new position. And besides I knew that at least for a while the game would continue to be the turn on for me that it had become despite by feelings of shame and embarrassment. So I had to tell her... and it would be the verbal contract between us and one that I could not break. And I told her, "I will be and I am for as long as you say your obedient sissy satin maid, to dress as I am told not matter how feminine and embarrassing for me, and to do as I am told no matter how feminine the activity and no matter how embarrassing for me."

And the wife was happy with me and at last mounted me and she told me, "Yes you are sweet heart and that is just the way it will be. Like it or not you are a sissy, a sweet sissy and you are not to fight it any longer. For you are my sweet satin sissy maid."

And that is what I admitted to and heard, dressed as a satin sissy in my satin baby doll nightgown as I had the hardest ejaculation and best orgasm of my sex life.

And then the wife continued. The ring kept me hard even after that and the wife continued to ride me in our mutual ecstasy and had me beg her to be my mistress and keep me her sissy maid as she rode me to two more fantastic orgasms.

And I meant it, at least while we were having that fantastic sex. It was only afterwards, when it was too late, that regret set in, a pattern that would be typical for me.

Afterwards she kept me in bed and wouldn't even let me clean myself off. Leaving my maleness free she removed the ring allowing me to deflate and then she release by testicles. Then she pulled my satin panties and the skirt of my satin baby doll back in place covering me in lovely caressing slippery satin. Then she took my hands and had me play with myself through my gown and my panty, rubbing myself with the sweet satin and exciting me, once again, as much as I could after such a session. And she told me that I was to keep myself stiff or suffer the consequences. I argued with her over the whys, but she was not to be disobeyed. Then as I, what can I say, 'played with myself' in front of my wife, she did what every one had been doing to me, immortalized it in a photograph. And it felt really good playing with my self through that wonderful satin panty and nightgown and I am sure my face, beyond my conscious control embarrassingly enough showed my pleasure. I am not sure it mattered, because I am not even sure I could be recognized as her husband, but the black mail just got more and more damning.

When she finished I thought that I would be allowed to stop and did so, but I was wrong. Standing in front of me, totally nude and still so erotic for me she asked, no demanded, in a manor which got my attention as she actually frightened me, "Did I tell you to stop, or give you permission to stop?!" Of course she hadn't, but I had thought.... Or so I told her, that it would be alright to stop. She told me and emphatically, "You're not to think. You are to do as you are told and continue to do as you were told until you receive permission to do otherwise. You brought it on yourself by trying to get out of our bargain. And despites the pleasure you just gave me and the fun I am having with all of this, I haven't quite forgiven you for running away from me. So remember you are now not just some punished cross dressed male having to do housework as a penance, but you are my sissy bimbo who is to do all she is told to do with out question because she didn't keep her word as a male; and thinking for yourself will only cause me problems in our new relationship, and like wise make serious problems for you."

I was put in my place and a bit unnerved. I thought what a mistake I had made. I should have just taken my medicine and voluntarily put on her clothing and taken over my household duties. After all it wasn't so bad and it really felt so good. And in the privacy of our home it would not have been as embarrassing as it was turning out to be. I started to apologize but she wouldn't have it. She told me, "I hear your wining but I did not see you do what you were told to do!" And so I started to play with myself again, but it was too late. She told me, "No it's too late. Apparently simple instruction is too difficult for my sissy bimbet like you to follow. You are just such a natural in this role. I don't know why I didn't see it right away. It was just such a waste to have you wear pants and treat you as an equal and let you pretend to be a man. No wonder you were so unhappy and our marriage wasn't working."

Well I didn't know about that. But under the circumstances my wife had me thinking in that direction. That I was meant for this and it was my entire fault and deserved and was the only course to save our marriage. But she really didn't give me much time to think about myself and she continued with, "You really need to be impressed to remember any thing in your new state. And I am ready to do some impressing." And with that she grabbed my wrist and pulling me up while sitting herself down and in that way positioned me over her lap, butt up, and in a position which put me on the receiving end of an old fashioned spanking. If I would have resisted I probably could have prevented her putting me in that exposed position. But she had it accomplished before I really realized what her intention was, and she used some judo leverage move on me that forced me to move as she moved me. And then once in that position she locked me in, again with leverage, so strength was not an issue.

So there I was, in a satin baby doll as feminine as a guy could get and feel, and over my wife's nude lap. I actually much to my self shame found my predicament and position a bit erotic, as much as I tried to feign my distaste. But I really did not have much time to really think about it or fight her before her hand began spanking my satin covered rear. It was a shock, but she wasn't hitting me hard. It was just that she had so easily positioned me in that passive and dominated position. She could spank me and I was pretty much helpless to prevent it. After the first several whacks I had struggled a bit, but to no avail. I couldn't believe how my wife had me pinned. She had my legs wrapped with hers and my arms wrapped with her left arm while the right hand took care of business. And the more I struggled the harder that right hand smacked away. So I stopped and the hits became more caressing. So the lesson to be learned was what my wife could do and would do if I misbehaved, and that if I fought her it would just be that much worse for me. And I learned that lesson.

And that is what she told me, "I can handle you sweat heart; black male photographs or not. The photos are just to make sure you don't run away. Not that you can, but just so you know you can't! So understand your new place in our home. Until I think you've fulfilled our original agreement, you are my obedient sissy husband and will behave as I tell you, dress as I tell you, and do exactly as you are told with no need to think about it or question it. And if you aren't happy about it and what I will have you doing as your penance, you can keep it to yourself. I just want to see an apologetic husband in his new role as a smiling happy and obedient sissy girl-boy, dressing as completely as a sissy and doing what ever sissy things you are told to do."

She let that sink in, and it did. Then she rolled me over. She must have felt I was hard again. So hard again from her caressing of my posterior she rolled me over and grabbed my hard manhood. Smiling at that, she squeezed and asked or told me, "So it appears that all this is not such a punishment or let's say hardship for you as you might pretend?" I didn't know what to say. Sure the sex had been great, and the dressing up was fun and erotic. But that was all as sort of a prelude to sex, a sex game and not as a full time, even if just temporary, life style. I was not exactly happy becoming a full time sissy girl-boy and maid with all that entailed... the constant hair removal, the full time wearing of female clothes, the constant behaving like a girl, the constant use of female makeup, constantly being at her beck and call, and the full time exposure while being embarrassed publically in front of all her girl friends. But again it was all just so erotic, as long as I had not culminated. So I did not know what to say. But my wife didn't seem to care and told me, "You don't have to admit what is self evident. Your stiff member says it all. It is a lie detector that you can't fool. It is evident that you do like all of this and find it erotic and most likely also comforting. So I am sure as you learn to accept your new position and learn to perform your new responsibilities you will find it all just so comforting and such a turn on that you will never want to return to living as a husband, even once your punishment is over."

I wanted to disagree, but didn't have the strength or resolve to argue. And I didn't want to believe it, but it just all seemed so true, so horribly and erotically true. So what was I to do?

With that the wife let me up. And there I was in my satin baby doll, coifed hair and makeup standing in front of my nude wife and I could not look her in the eye. I just gazed at the floor. So she continued, "We'll work on the admission later. I am sure it will make you feel a lot better. It will take a lot off your chest.... just not your new breasts." She giggled good naturedly at her own joke at my expense, and then continued, "But what I need now is a promise of your obedience. With out that I will really need to put you in your place. And it won't be with a sweat heart spanking!"

I wasn't broken but I was oh so malleable, and I realized the vulnerability of my position, and that I was also having a bit of a good time, thought did not want to find myself, or so I thought, her cross dressing, obedient, sissy for life. The entire bedroom experience was so erotic and actually comforting that it was enjoyable in a frightening way. So knowing that so far as embarrassing as it all had been, it had been erotic fun; and fearing things could really get out of hand if I played hard ball, as I was totally under the control of my wife and her girl friends, and she seemed totally serious about having me assume the role of her sissy bimbet maid of a husband, I didn't think I had much choice but to totally give in. And in a way it was a load off my mind. That is the admission that I would be obedient, accept my new status and not fight her. It wasn't totally true, but for the most part it was and I did not have much of a choice. I would look to get out of the situation, as impossible as it seemed at the time, but I could not let on.

So I told my wife that she had won. I fell to my knees in front of her, totally beaten and humiliated and tearing and the tears were real tears of humiliation, and gave her my promise of obedience. "Yes dear, you have won. I will do as I am told...." And my wife injected, "No matter how humiliating you find it?" I didn't have a choice and responded, I

will do what you will have me do, no matter how humiliating I find it." And with that, for some reason beyond me I kissed her feet, looked up at her with puppy dog eyes, and told her, "What ever you say, I am yours to command. I am your obedient sissy maid husband....until you think I have learned my lesson."

She was so pleased and I could see the look of pleasure and accomplishment on her face. I don't think when she started out that morning putting me into her red satin dress she ever in her wildest dreams believed that by the evening she would have evoked such a change in me and our life and would have changed me into her sissy obedient girly-boy husband. But she was obviously pleased with the changes and the current state of our relationship.

She was happy. She reached down and took my by the hands and pulled me up to her and gave me a big hug and a hard dominating kiss on my lips. The holding my hands and looking lovingly into my eyes, she told me, "I know you may find this a bit difficult at first, but it is all for the best. And I can already tell you love it. And once you admit to yourself that you love the life of a sweet sissy you will be happier than you can ever imagine. And you will find out this is all for the best."

She let me think about that and I did. Then she let go of my hands and stepped back a bit and told me, "Now I need you give me a big smile and to curtsy and tell my yes mam, so I know we are on the same page here and I don't have to worry about you back sliding."

And I did as I was told; holding the sides of my baby doll out and placing one foot behind the other I did the best curtsy I could and told her, "Yes mam!"

The wife seemed very happy with that and gave me a big smile. Again she held my hands and gave me a loving kiss and all felt alright, as maddening and as humiliating as my situation had become. And I was ready to continue doing as I was told while remaining in my feminized state; at least for the time being.

So fully under the wife's control, I allowed her to turn me around and then she slipped some sort of chocker around my neck which I heard click closed at the back of my neck. I looked at it on me in the mirror and it was a pretty enough neck band, about an inch and a half or so wide of a thin flexible mesh colored black with a velvet finish to it. It hid my male Adam's apple pressing it in a bit, and covered it with a heart shaped charm which was part of the chocker. The underside must have been lined with satin, as that was the feeling against my skin, and like the rest of the satin incasing me the feel of it was quite pleasant.

I started to ask the wife about it, but the voice I heard beginning to pose the question was not mine. It was a much higher pitched voice, not mine, but asking my question. I stopped and started a few times, but each time was interrupted by the same sort of gender neutral, almost feminine voice.

The wife told me, "Finish your question dear, and don't let your new voice surprise you. It goes with your new persona. After all, it wouldn't do for such a pretty appearing miss as you are going to make to sound like a tenor. Now would it?" And while I was absorbing that, she continued, "And with some hard practice your new voice will sound not just higher but girlishly higher. Perfect for your new sissy self."

I started to talk again, but it just wasn't my voice, and I couldn't deal with my new gender neutral and closer to girl than boy voice, and so the wife continued. She explained, "It's the electronics in your heart. It changes the resonance of the vibrations from you larynx and raises the timber. And interestingly enough the chocker has another useful function. You are so repentant I most likely would not have any use for it, but it is included with out any extra charge. Let me demonstrate." And with that I felt uncomfortable electric charge flowing through my neck ever increasing in intensity, which was not so much painful as making it difficult to breath. I cried out in my new voice, just like a girl, but this time finished my statement, as the choking sensation was that uncomfortable. "Oh, please stop, you'll kill me!"

The wife seemed happy with the result. She told me, "Now you see dear, you can speak with your new voice. And that time you sounded just like a real girl. I am sure you can sound like that all the time with the right motivation and with what ever training and practice it takes. And the nice thing about your chocker is that does not come off unless unlocked by me. If you try to remove it you will find it a shocking experience, if you get my drift."

With that she took me by the hand and I obediently followed her. She brought me back to our bed and had me lie down on my back. Once there she ran a chain through my choker to the bed frame effectively confining me to my bed. Then she told me, "Now sweet cheeks, you need to go back to what you were told to do, and this time make sure you do not stop with out my permission!"

So I started once again to massage myself through the soft satin material of my night gown and panties. It felt so nice and comforting I couldn't get over it. So once I had started and gotten over the embarrassment of me, a grown man, literally playing with myself right in front of my wife while dressed in her nightgown and panties I became comfortable with the activity and just relaxed and enjoyed myself. At that point, my wife gave me additional directions, adding to my humiliation, but part of the training of breaking me and making me her unquestioning obedient sissy husband maid. She told me, "Now dear, so that you can get used to your new voice and train it to the right girlish tone, you need to start talking out loud and listening, so you need to say out loud, 'I do so enjoy being a sweet obedient sissy she male and acting and appearing just like a girl.'"

I hesitated for a moment and my wife told me, "Come on dear, admit you're a sissy and make me happy so I know you love me and I know you know that you did wrong and are willing to take your punishment or....." She didn't need to elaborate on the "or", as I was terrified of another shock from my chocker so I totally gave in. I was such a coward. I didn't even try to fight her. I told her, "Yes dear. I am your sweet obedient sissy she male I mean.....I do so enjoy being your sweet obedient sissy she male, and acting and appearing just like a girl..."

The wife told me, "Good girl. And now that we've got that out in the open you need to keep repeating it. And don't let me walk back in here and find that you aren't doing your mantra or aren't pleasuring yourself. The consequences would not be to your liking." And with that she gave me a little zap so I new exactly what she was talking about.

And so I lay in bed pleasuring myself and telling myself over and over that I enjoyed being a sweet sissy she male and a girl, until I fell asleep. Though even in my sleep I must

have continued as I woke up that morning with my hand in my lap and mumbling about wanting to be a sissy she male girl. I also found my testies out of their confine, which was a relief as I had worried about the affect on them of being tucked inside me all the time. Apparently, the wife had also been worried and freed them for the evening.

CHAPTER IX MAKE-UP LESSONS FOR A SWEET SISSY

In the morning the wife gently awoke me with a loving kiss and a smile. She seemed very happy with me in my new state. I was a bit surprised at her attitude, but happily surprised I have to say. I guess I found it a bit encouraging in terms of continuing in my new sissy she male role for her. She released me from my chain but not from my collar. Then she told me to clean my self up, shower and shave as close as possible, and wait for her in the bedroom. She gave me a fresh baby doll nighty to wear and a pair of soft satin slippers. After I dressed she sat me down, pulled down the front of my panties, and placed an ice-bag on my privates. Just like the first time that had been done to me, my manhood shrunk to nothing, at which point she pushed my shrunken members back in behind my female front and once again I looked like a girl down there.

Then she explained that this was how it would be every night and every morning. I needed to let my fellows out to breath at night or I would be a girl forever. But she would not have me think while they were exposed that I was permitted to be a man again. So every night I would be placed in our bed as in last nights position and as I played with myself like a little boy I would tell my male parts that I was but a sissy she male. And I would continue to have to play with myself like that during the length of the process of my transformation from a difficult to deal with male to a completely dominated sissy she male. It was part of the process of changing me psychologically and associating in my subconscious mind sensual pleasures with being a boy-girl, my wife's sissy maid, and wearing female silks and satins.

Then she had me stand in front of the mirror telling me to stand still as I needed to be corseted like any proper sissy she male. I was past being difficult about any thing. However, this time instead of having the corset wrapped around my middle she had me step into an already closed corset. It was a lovely beige colored satin corset of thick satin and with steel spring boning. However, unlike my previous corset this one was a closed corset with panels which slide over and under each other so that my skin was totally covered by the satin material of the corset. And it was already laced closed, though adjusting the lacing would still tighten or loose the garment. However that was not done by hand. There were little servo motors that pulled or loosened the lacing and the corset tightened and loosened automatically.

I let out a sigh of anguish thinking about the tight lacing though too cowered to object. The wife picking up on my unhappiness actually lent me some comfort, telling me, "Don't worry dear, I won't be lacing you in as tightly as the last time, if you remain a good hard working and obedient sissy maid. For I want you to do real work around the house, not waiting tables or modeling dresses. You will need to be able to move and bend a bit. This time I will give you a bit more breathing room in your corset, if you behave yourself, as to

make it more comfortable. In fact you may even find the support comforting. Now let me explain how this works. I will place it in position and then I need you to hold it up until I get it tightened to the point where it won't slip."

So I did as instructed and hearing a bit of a hum the corset closed up, seemingly on its own, until it was riding on my created hips and wouldn't slip. As the loose flesh I had above the top of the corset had already been pulled up to form the top of my new breasts there wasn't any such flesh to prevent the corset from closing, while as I pulled the loose flesh below the corset into place the corset tightened again, seemingly on its own, all along humming. The wife stepped back to take a look and seemed satisfied. The feel at that point was actually some what supportive rather than uncomfortably constricting and while still adding to my hips with my loose lower flesh and supporting my cleavage at the top of the

corset, I felt I could move about comfortably enough at that level of constriction. And the feel of the satin circling my waist was nice if not exciting. I hated myself for feeling that way, but none the less I was by that time really enamored with the feel of that material.

Then the wife continued, "Now sweetie, this is the working girl's level of constriction. It gives you a nice feminine figure but allows for bending. If you work hard and assume your duties at the housekeeper and maid and behave as a proper sissy maid you will be allowed to dress and assume the duties of a real housekeeper and maid and wear a proper maid's uniform for which this level of corseting should be sufficient; that is until you loose more weight and loose more girth around your middle. Which trust me, you will loose. However, if I need to put you in your place because you do not hold up your end of the bet, then you will spend all your time on display dressed as a sissy maid in the proper sissy maid uniform



with a short satin skirt and frilled out petticoats and six inch high heels. Trust me you will not like it. And here is the constriction for that uniform."

And with that I heard that hum again and the corset constricted. It tightened up even more than my first corset and once again I felt I was cut in two and had difficulty breathing. Left standing like that I finally begged my wife to loosen up my corset and shamefully begged and told her, "Please, dear I will be a good maid, I promise." And she caused the corset to loosen and told me, I am sure you will be a wonderful maid."

Then straightening out my nighty she told me we should go downstairs as she was expecting a guest for breakfast and I needed to get started. I mentioned something about changing and she told me not at all, it was only Doris, to help me with my make up and she was sure that Doris would find me a delight in my negligee for a makeup lesson. So as I couldn't bring myself to ask my wife to actually put me in a dress, though that probably would have been less embarrassing than spending the day with Doris wearing a baby doll nighty. I started to follow the wife from the bedroom. But then I felt the pull of my breast, the ones Mabel had actually attached to my flesh, on my chest and I knew the pain would just increase through the day until it would become unbearable. So rather than have to later ask Doris for a bra I was forced by the pain to ask my wife to let me wear a bra. She found it terribly amusing but of course was pleased to oblige.

She told me, "I am so sorry dear. You know Mabel told me you needed a bra and hadn't been ashamed to ask for one, but I didn't really expect that you had reached that level of femininity yet where you would be uncomfortable with out a bra and actually bring yourself to asking your wife for a bra. It's just so feminine and sissyish of you. You are really coming a long so quickly. It is such a shame I didn't put you in panties so much sooner. It would have saved us both so much aggravation. But in any case I have a lovely one for you. So go to your lingerie drawer and it is the satin long line one on top of the pile.

I knew which drawer she meant and found a lovely black satin long line bra on top; one that closed along the back. I took it out and sort of stared at it trying to figure out how I would get it on. The wife was obviously getting quite a kick out of my look and told me, "Silly goose. Take off your Nighty and slip your arms through the straps and I will help you hook it closed. It is not that difficult once you get the hang of it and you had might as well learn now, as it seems you will be wearing bras for some time. I think the glue that Mabel used can last for months. And she told me it rips the skin if you try to pull it off.

So with infinite patients in teaching me the basics of being a girl she held my hands in hers in the correct position on the back panels of my bra for hooking the back of my bra closed and worked with me as she moved my hands upwards until I had hooked myself in. It was my first time but with continued practice I would have no difficulty at all. In all honesty I felt much more comfortable with the bra and the support it offered me. And I found, much to my shame that putting it on offered me a bit of a thrill. The feel of the satin cups incasing my real flesh part of my breasts and the feel of the satin back panels on my finger tips was pleasant and the sight in the mirror of the sheen of my filled satin cups was also a bit of a turn on much again to my shame. Once encased in my long line black satin bra, I of course, even with out being told, I slipped back into my Nighty. Then rubbing my

hand along the Nighty over my satin bra cups was even more of a turn-on. The shame of it all was mind numbing and only added to my wife's control over me.

Once downstairs she put me an apron, told me to start the coffee and prepare for a guest, and told me about her plans for my day. Doris my cosmetician had enthusiastically volunteered and was coming over to get me up to speed on applying my makeup, and would spend much if not all of the day with me and would continue to do so until I learned my lessons and could apply my makeup as well as any girl. I would be left in Doris' hands and she was to have complete control over me, and I was to learn to do my own makeup. There would be no slacking on my part or I would be a very sorry sissy when the wife got home. Doris's report on me had better be good.....or else! She didn't say or else what, but she didn't have to. It was amazing how quickly my wife had adapted to her power over me.

I got busy with my chores. I wasn't a novice in the kitchen; in fact I was pretty well versed, some thing my wife had originally been attracted too in me. Of course in recent times I had slacked off as a result of the male-female dispute with the wife, some thing which she had objected too and quite strongly. But there was no longer any question of any backlash on my part that my wife was imputing my masculinity with feminine kitchen chores as she had already just about completely removed most every thing masculine about me. As her sissy she male husband I knew I would now most likely be totally responsible for the kitchen and the rest of the house for that matter. And it was no longer a question of me being a good husband and helping her out with her female responsibilities and tasks around the house, but of me by myself being the 'woman' of the house and performing all of what I had refused to do and had disdainfully called 'woman's' work.

The thought wasn't that unpleasant. So standing there in my nightie and apron, looking and for that matter even feeling like the woman of the house, or in my case the sissy maid, I started a pot of coffee and thought about what I should make the girls for breakfast. The wife must have been really pleased, as she came up behind me and put her arms around me and resting her head on my shoulder gave me a soft kiss and told me, "I just love it so when you show your domestic side..." And I started to stiffen and I think should would have taken me right then and there, but the door bell rang and interrupted her.

She told me to answer the door. Of course I was hesitant, the way I was dressed, but she told me it had to be Doris, and as I was spending the day with her in my Nighty, there was no reason to be shy around her. So doing as I had been told by my wife and in the future just about any female, I answered the door. It was Doris and she was pleased to see me. After coming in she just, as the expression goes, billed and cooed to see me in my baby doll Nighty, telling me how lovely, sweet and feminine I looked in my baby doll, while I brought her into the kitchen.

I made the girls some omelets, doing my best to make them outstanding, and they where. I was stuck with black coffee and some low fat cottage cheese. My wife and Doris couldn't stop complementing me. They found the coffee was perfect and the omelets were delicious. After finishing the wife repeated her earlier orders and I was left in Doris's hands to learn makeup application while the wife went off to work. And that I did. In no uncertain terms Doris explained to me that she expected me to try my hardest and if she felt I was intentionally slacking.....well I didn't really want to find out. Then she just sort

of stared at me and smiled, telling me, "You know you just look so darling in that baby doll that it is going to be such a joy working with you all day. And I am just so glad we pierced your ears. Those loops look beautiful on you and go so well with your outfit." I didn't know what to say. After all how do you say thank you to some female who pierced your ears for female loop earrings?

But I didn't give her any trouble. I was too afraid. I paid attention and did my best and at least learned the basics of make-up application. I spent the day at the vanity and at the kitchen table learning makeup application while dressed in my black satin baby doll Nighty and panty set and wearing satin slippers, while showing off my pierced ears to the lady who had pierced them, and not once but twice. I wasn't happy about it, but by the end of the day after mastering the basics of makeup application, I was at least a bit proud of myself, as crazy as that would seem.

She went over the basic uses of foundations and toning creams and setting powders, and blush; all applied with sponges. And Doris had me apply them to my face and neck over and over until I could apply a uniform foundation and set it as a base for the rest of my makeup. Doris taught me to make my skin uniform, glowing, and beautiful, with just enough blush to give me that look of a young girl or a slightly turned-on older girl. As I picked up on it rather quickly we moved along. The finished effect was breath taking and I just could not get over the effect on my complexion. And Doris could not get over how quickly I caught on to this feminine task. She was very impressed with my natural artistic bent with makeup, as she called it.

Next we concentrated on my eyes. Again I was learning the basics and not the more complicated skills, which I would later be taught. So after another couple of hours of putting on and removing makeup, that time, eye makeup, I could apply and remove mascara to my eye lashes, eyebrow pencil to my eye lids and eyebrows, and eye shadow to my eyelids.

Then just before lunch she had me apply lipstick. For the first lesson it was just from a tube. But that was a quickie. Just to give me the initial look and so I would feel complete. After all a girl would feel almost naked with out her lipstick, or so I was told and would later feel. And as far as Doris was concerned I would be a girl or as close to one as she could make me or my wife would allow her to make me. So, after the much needed lunch break I would learn to apply my lipstick perfectly. And of course I would make our lunch.

I put my apron back on and made Doris and myself lunch, all the while Doris chatted away about how well I was doing and how pleased she was with me and how pleased my wife would be with me. I made us both salads and coffee. It was strange to see my lipstick marks on my coffee cup.

So after lunch she finished teaching me to do my lips, and I learned to apply all sorts of lipsticks, from the standard tube to liners and soft whipped cream lip glosses.

Then I was taught to do nails, both mine and hers, with the understanding that I would be doing my wife's nails, both hands and feet, on a regular basis. I was shown every thing, massage, cuticle care, filing, and finally polishing.

Doris told me that I was a natural and she couldn't believe how well I was doing, that is how much we had covered and how much I had absorbed, and how good I was with

cosmetics. I was happy that I had absorbed the skills so naturally as it made my life easier, but it was also a blow to my ego. I knew I should have at least try to mess up a bit in order to slow down the process, but honestly I was too afraid of the woman and also of my wife's reaction if I had not learned what ever she thought I should have learned.

About six-ish Doris reminded me that like any homemaker I needed to start thinking about what I would be making for dinner. And I found it nice that she referred to me as the homemaker rather than as a maid. So she had me, then in full makeup, clean up the cosmetics and then look around for what was available for dinner. I was already a fair cook so it wasn't a problem to put together a suitable dinner for myself and the girls. Of course Doris reminded me that I would be eating on the thin side. And so by the time the wife arrived home again I had dinner ready for the three of us. And of course Doris had me waiting at the door for my wife's arrival, with a cocktail in hand, as my wife should be welcomed by her feminized husband, still in his baby doll nightie, but with full make-up, appearing like a fashion model.

I had to open the door for her and welcome her home after her hard day as the bread winner; my bread winner. It was embarrassing to be standing in the doorway, but fortunately as crazy as it is I knew that I looked enough like a girl, my sister let's say, that no one would take much of a second look. There wouldn't be any question as to why the husband was dressed in a nightie but why some strange woman was greeting my wife in such a fashion. So the wife didn't keep me in standing in the doorway long. She gave me her briefcase and handbag and I of course took them and put them away, like any good homemaker, and presented her with a cocktail. She took a sip and putting it down, then she put her arms around me and gave me a hard kiss on the lips. Then holding me with both hands one on each arm, she looked at me closely. She really seemed happy with my look and that I had obviously towed the line for the day and was still home in my nightie. "She told me, "Honey, you look absolutely wonderful. I am just so proud of you taking your medicine like a good 'girl' and not trying to run away from home and your new responsibilities."

Run away I thought. Where the heck could a guy go dressed in only a baby doll nightie? Heck, even in the satin evening gown, the wife had to force me out of the house. Now in my present condition I wasn't going any where. No I knew that I was the lady of the house until my wife would release me. I had to do what I was told to do and wear what I was given to wear. And since the wife seemed so please to have me as a girl, I had better learn to pass. It would save me a lot of embarrassment, or so I thought. And the clothing did feel so nice. And just maybe this would become just a private sort of game and a private embarrassment once my wife had obtained her "pound of flesh." As a game I thought it could be fun, especially as the feel of the clothing had become such a turn-on.

The wife seemed to really get a kick out of my new look, completely made up, and made a fuss in front of Doris over how lovely I looked. However, it wasn't just the look itself. It was also a power trip for her. Feminized and getting more feminine I was totally in her power. And aside from the fun she had making me dress in woman's clothing she actually enjoyed the power it gave her over me, a male who had been ordering her around, and had gotten too big for his britches.

I had given her so much trouble and aggravation going through my tough guy stage that this reversal where she found herself in just about complete control over me was a pleasure for her; and if it meant having me dress in female attire from the skin out, well then so be it. I think her idea was to originally have me helping around the house along with some occasional cross-dressing, as to make me a non-threatening male; but after my rebellion when she really got ticked off at me and had me in the dress and she felt that power over me, she was subsequently not going to be so easy on me. And then after Doris and Mabel got done with me, and she found out what an obedient cutie I was cross dressed, then she was really convinced I should be kept in dresses and obedient until I really learned my lesson and she had her fun with me. And even worse for me, after she found out that I performed in bed for her even better when dressed in female silks and satins and she could have every thing else she wanted from me, my fate as a sissy cross dress girl boy was sealed. Finally, after finding me all made up and looking so much like a girl my chances of her not keeping me her girl-boy got even less. I didn't know it at the time, but at that moment the odds of me returning to my former life as a guy was pretty slim. And as my punishment progressed and I was feminized even more, those chances would get even slimmer.

And she was actually so happy to have dinner ready and waiting for her when she got home, rather than having to get home and then make dinner, that if the price of that was her husband's feminization, then so be it. As long as I could function for her in bed, and for that matter even take care of the chores at home, the fact that she and the girls were turning me, her husband, into a passable girl didn't matter. I think that situation and the thought of making that a permanent arrangement helped to seal my fate and transformation to her feminized obedient she-male.

So seemingly very happy she gave me a big smile and asked, "Tell me the truth sweetheart, did you do your makeup or did Doris make you up? You just look so professionally made up, that I can't believe you did it yourself."

She actually seemed pleased when I told her it was me, as embarrassing as it was to admit. Doris told her, "Joan, I just can't believe how femininely talented your husband is. And as I have been saying all along, he could really be a girl. I am a bit sorry for him, but I think you will agree that he is fated for this, and should have a taste of it for his own good. You know, that some guys are more comfortable as girls. That is at least dressed and acting and functioning as girls. And Janet, excuse me, Janice, seems to be one of those boys. The fact that he got so nasty and rebellious may have been the indication that deep inside he felt his feminine side and was trying to hide it. This should be good therapy for him. I bet that after a while he will just be so happy as a girl he won't want to have to be a boy again. He really needs to give it a long, long try."

Gosh, I was terrified that she was right and she was just so convincing that she was really working on my subconscious. I mean the clothes were just such a turn on and the sex was just so good, I didn't know what to think any more. But in any case it didn't look like the choice of my gender for the immediate future was going to be my choice.

I did not have that much time to think about it as Doris continued and told my wife, "He has a natural talent and eye for makeup application. He is just so naturally feminine. I just had to show him an application once or twice and he would pick up on it and shortly

there after apply it pretty much correctly. And he is a wiz with nail polish, and can do your nails for you. You should have him do them tonight. And he whipped up a fine dinner for the two of you. You let Mabel work with him a little while and he won't have to worry about passing as a girl. And I am sure he will be very comfortable with it. He is just such a natural as a girl."

The wife insisted that Doris was kidding, but Doris insisted she wasn't. "No honey, your husband is naturally girlish; there is no denying that, and probably no stopping it now. No real man would have spent the day in that baby doll nightie taking orders from a beautician, and learning to apply makeup. And it actually seemed to relax him once he accepted there was no way out and he was going to learn how to use those cosmetics. You will see. In any case, let me get going, and Jan, Janice that is, shouldn't have any problems with makeup; he has certainly got the rudiments down. Let him practice what we've done today. I've left some books and some tapes for him to review. I will give him another lesson soon. But I think, as we discussed, Mabel should work with Janice tomorrow. His deportment is okay and passable, but Mabel promised she would turn Janice into a proper young lady and make her completely passable as a female."

And with that Doris left for the day, and left me reeling from her description of my femininity, all part of Mabel's brain washing program for her 'girls'. The trick was to keep telling the victim, me, what a great she, he made, and how natural he was at it, and that he should have been a she, until he totally believed it and stopped fighting the transformation, as it was only natural for him to be a girl and want to be a girl and to feel more comfortable as a girl, and to stop fighting his transformation into a girl and to become a she the wife or girlfriend wanted him to be.

So the wife and I were left alone, and we had a wonderful dinner together and another wonderfully satisfying time in bed. And all the time the wife was complementing me on the dinner I had prepared, and on my makeup, and on how good I was in bed, on the bottom and in my nightie. For her the sex seemed better than ever, and she was so nice to me that it was fulfilling, let's say, to be the submissive. The sex was actually great, and there wasn't any pressure on me at all to perform. All the responsibility was on the wife to get me up and running. And then before she rolled off to sleep she sweetly told me, "Oh honey, you are just so wonderful as a girl, I hope I can convince you to stay my girl even after your punishment is over." I didn't know what to say and thankfully she was not waiting for an answer. I thought that was a good thing, but little did I know, the wife was getting more and more convinced that she was going to have to keep me as her sissy cross dressed boy-girl, and I was getting more and more comfortable with being her cross dressed sissy boy-girl.

Any way, after another night of playing with myself to my new mantra of wanting to be a girl, even I wasn't too sure where my mind would be by the time my punishment was over.

CHAPTER X LEARNING TO MOVE AND ACT AND PASS AS A FEMALE

Day two was much like day one being under the control of my wife and the girls, except Mabel showed up, to teach me feminine deportment to add to Doris's makeup lessons. Again I spent the day in my baby doll nightie, and full makeup, which Mabel had me apply while she watched and gave me a couple of pointers. Doris was the beautician, but Mabel had the experience for changing guys into convincing looking woman, so her pointers helped to tone down any masculinity in my face as to make me, that is my appearance, even more convincing as a girl.

Then she spent the day teaching me to pass as a female. Though my beginning attire for the day was my baby doll nightie, as to keep me as embarrassed as possible and feeling as vulnerable as could be, she eventually added to that. She made me put on nylons, held up by a gartered girdle and high heels and on occasion a pull on skirt when part of the lesson was about handling skirts. However most of the time it was the nightie, as she wanted to see my legs, all the way up, to make sure I was holding them and moving them in the proper feminine fashion. She was intent on making feminine deportment second nature to me and making me her sissy she male model. And so she put me through my paces, doing every thing, and I mean every thing as a female would do it.

At first I was a bit rebellious and wasn't cooperating despite my cooperation the day before with Doris. I think I had just had it with all that feminization work. Part of the attraction or trap had been the sensuousness of the female things I had been forced to wear and the sexual feelings that had generated, despite my embarrassment about that. Having been on the outs with the wife for so long and in such a horny state the eroticism of the silks and satins made wearing the clothes some what of a turn on despite the tremendous embarrassment. But I had just had my second tryst with my wife and I was really feeling comfortable in that department, so I was not a happy camper as far as spending another day in a negligee learning to pass as a female. The eroticism and hence my attraction to those silks and satins was wearing a bit thin.

Mabel picked up on this and experienced in these matters, changing guys into gals that is, she put me back in my place rather quickly. She told me, "Janice dear, I sense certain rebelliousness in you, indicative that your wife may have had her way with you last night and drained you of certain tensions and consequently you are now having second thoughts about your current situation. Let me assure you sweetheart that at this time cooperation is your best..., no your only, choice. You will be your wife's sissy boy-girl, at least for the time being. It is your punishment for you past attitude, and in fact may wind up being your fate. Now your wife does intend to display you to her friends, those in front of which you embarrassed her by your nasty boorish dominating ways, as part of your punishment. How far she will go even I don't know. But let me assure you, that she will keep you dressed in female finery from the skin out until she is satisfied you have learned your lesson and lost you macho bravado and boorish bad manners. And your wife will have you out and about completely dressed, and it will save you much embarrassment if you learn your lessons and pass as the girl your wife is making of you. I believe your experiences as a waitress should have proven that. And I am also sure, the way these things work, the more you fight your situation the longer it will be imposed. Your wife is trying to teach you a lesson and extract a little revenge. I am not the author of your punishment.

In fact you can consider me a friend. Work with me and your embarrassment will be much less than if you fight your transformation to a girl. For you will be your wife's sweet sissy, like it or not. And the more you fight it the harder it will go for you."

Unfortunately what Mabel was telling me was making sense, so I knew I was in for it. The wife was not going to relent. So I realized that I could fight this thing and be a man, but take a beating. Or I could go with it and show myself to be a sissy, but lay back and enjoy the experience, and get it over with the sooner and as soon as possible.

And seeing me soften she continued. "Also, you need to understand that your little adventure has opened a flood gate for you of new experiences, pleasures and desires. Though perhaps this is not so new, and perhaps not even desires, but compulsions. I am much the expert on sissy boys and you my sweet thing are definitely, like it or not, admit it or not, a panty loving sissy. I know the type well. And you can lie to yourself all you like, but silks and satins are a turn on for you. And you are naturally feminine. Your passing so easily as a waitress and then as a bar-maid and your obvious comfort in your girlish role is the proof of that. But be that as it may, admit it or not, you will find that your current relief from your new comfort in feminine things is but temporary. Those desires for the comfort of woman's things will return and you will find out that you are most happy when in feminine silks and satins and support garments, and behaving like a proper sissy. You will also find that the relief from your new compulsions to wear female things afforded you by pleasing your wife in bed, will get shorter and shorter, until there is no relief. And that left on your own to find relief in feminine things you will only appear silly. But in any case, you have absolutely no choice in the matter. Your wife is under my wing here and we are adamant that you will find yourself much happier as her obedient feminized cross dressing girl boy. You can not change your basic makeup and inclinations toward the feminine. And once more you have no choice in the matter!"

Her speech was at once compelling and frightening. However, I prepared to resist and to give her a hard time about it anyway. I would show her I was a man, despite my obvious comfort and attraction to the feminine. But that didn't happen and it was the other way around. I felt a bit of electric shock and chocking around my neck. I had forgotten about the choker. The choker my wife had locked around my neck, which had altered my voice so, and which could make breathing difficult for me. As the electricity flowed it once again actually became hard for me to breath. As my breathing got shallower and louder Mable came over and grabbed my by the arm and even though I resisted, the difficult breathing made that resistance impossible. So under Mabel's control I was put over her lap and spanked like a little girl by her governess. And I am sure that was the feeling she meant to impart. First it was the wife, and then it was Mabel. I was feeling helpless and I am sure that is what those spankings were meant to impart to me.

And she told me, "Yes dear I know how to handle rebellious little sissies like you. I struggled but she locked me in with her legs around my legs and one of her hands pinning me down by holding down the small of my back. Then she pulled up the skirt of my nightie and pulled down my panties and proceeded to spank me, and there was not a thing I could do about it. It didn't hurt but it was as embarrassing as embarrassing could be and it put me in my place. I could struggle a bit, but I could not get free, and with the

choker limiting my breathing I did not have a lot of fight in me and was truly under her control.

Out of breath I stopped my struggling. At which point she told me, "Now understand this. As the expression goes, we can do this the easy way or the hard way, but you will stay feminized and continue with your feminization and do absolutely as you are told, by your wife or by any of the real females helping with your punishment and your feminization training. You made a bet and you will keep to it. Luckily for your wife and for you I am truly experienced in showing sissies like you their feminine side. Other wise, perhaps you would have only spent a short time dressed and that would have been the end of your punishment and you would not have spent sufficient time in silks and satins and dressed as a girl to find out what a true sissy you really are, despite your masculine bravado. I think you will find being a proper sissy, and that will take some work on your part, will be quite enjoyable for you, and will suite you perfectly as you have all the makings of one, and should find you new activities and ways most enjoyable once you have accepted that you are a sissy. You can struggle and resist, and it will just go harder on you, while the outcome will be the same. You will be your wife's feminized sissy for what ever time she finds necessary to teach you your lesson. Cooperate as you already agreed and it will be a bit easier on you and far less embarrassing. Continue to present difficulties and the feminization will need to be the more extreme and the humiliation more public."

Mabel let that sink in, while I was totally in her power. And she was just so convincing, and as I had found aspects of my situation and well as the satiny feel of some of the clothing such a turn on that I was figuring that I guess I was a panty waist type sissy, and so she got me pretty much doubting my own manhood. I was thinking, what was the use of fighting this? I am completely in the power of my wife and her friends, I am dressed in girl's clothes and acting like a girl, and it is not all that horrible. And aspects of my silks and satins are a turn-on. What if Mabel is right and I am a genuine cross-dressing sissy. And even if I am not, I am not getting out of this situation until my wife is ready to give me back my clothes. So if I want my pants back for work I really had to do as I was told no matter how embarrassing. There was no way out of this except to let the girls have their way with me and turn me into a girl, or at least a sissy-boy as Mabel had described as my probable character and fate.

So realizing that I had to do as I was told or not only would I still be their sissy she male, but I would also be their humiliated sissy, I no longer had any fight in me by the time Mabel released me. So, when I stood up and my panties fell to my knees, and as I went to reach for them and she told me to stop, that is exactly what I did. And I stood there in front of Mabel in my nightie with panties at my ankles, red in the face, but obedient, and Mabel knew she had won, and the mild choking was released. I was so grateful that I knew I would pretty much do as I was told to do by Mabel.

Once put in my place I became totally cooperative and fearful of being severely punished and publicly embarrassed for not giving it my best, I did give it my best and learned my lessons in feminine deportment most well.

The first thing we worked on was my voice and the inflection of my voice and the words I used. The electronic choker the wife had fitted me with, already feminized my voice, but not completely, as there was still a masculine edge to it, regardless of my voices

new pitch, as I had forgotten my earlier lessons on feminizing my voice. So Mabel taught me again and more thoroughly how to speak through my mouth and throat rather than my chest, much like a ventriloquist. And the throaty lilt along with the electronics had me sounding if not just like a female, at least nothing like a male. Then we worked on my choice of words, teaching me to absolutely avoid words and expressions that men would use and to instead depend on words and expressions favored by females.

And she cleverly used the collar to make sure I didn't slack. If she thought I wasn't trying hard enough, suddenly I would have a problem swallowing. And so I learned to take my lessons seriously and learned to speak so femininely it was frightening. And of course she showed her pleasure as my voice changed by loosening the collar and with words of encouragement. Eventually she told me, "I just can't believe it. Janice dear, you sound almost like a real girl, and close enough for you to now to pass as a girl. Your voice certainly won't give you away. Of course you still need to practice to get perfect, and you will be perfect, you're just such a natural. But for now, we can move to other things. I do want to get you passable to day. And with such a naturally girlish boy like your self I am sure we can do that. Your wife would be so pleased. And I think you will find your self much more comfortable with your situation and much more accepting once you find you can pass. So let's move on!"

So after I got the basics down we progressed to other things, but she left practice tapes and books with lists of do and don't words, and proper sentence structure for females as versus males. And later on as I got better I sounded absolutely like a girl. And that was even before the surgery. But I get ahead of myself.

Next we went over proper feminine deportment; how to walk, and sit, and in general hold myself and move like a lady. There was hours of practicing in high heels and stockings, with and without a skirt. And then there was the sheath she added to my gaff which made my new walk just so much a pleasure for me, that I could not bring myself to fight the transformation of my male walk to a female gait, nor could I fight the female posturing.

Just before we started the walking phase she produced a sheath for me to wear over my manhood, specifically designed to work with the feminizing prosthetic covering my loins to make feminine deportment even more of a physical pleasure for me, than it was while just wearing the feminizing gaff. The device that had been glued to me, and in which my maleness was hidden, already made a feminine walk, placing one foot in front of the other and swaying the hips and keeping my thighs close together evoke a pleasant feeling in my loins. However the new device was to increase that pleasure, to make it most difficult to not move my self in a female motion. So after freeing it from its female like confines, Mabel had me fit the sheath on myself and replace it in my gaff, only instead of tucking it, I wore it straight up. It fit the internal workings of the gaff tightly and did not move and instead as the lining of the sheath was satiny when my shaft moved in the sheath the feeling was very pleasant against my shaft, which soon hardened. Then I found any feminine motion wonderfully stimulating. Such that walking while swaying my hips or sitting with my thighs close together, or with one leg over the other in the feminine fashion caused feelings that were most pleasant. It was as the psychologists say a great positive reinforcement for learning, even learning to be female.

Mabel apparently seeing the expected surprised look of pleasure on my face, after the sheath was on and my maleness was again hidden away and the new cover did its job, indicated that the apparently hoped for reaction pleased her. Smiling she told me, "I am so happy that this is working for you. And so now we don't have to worry, you will just love walking and moving like a girl and will learn really quickly. It will become such a pleasure for you." I had no answer and could only think how dastardly and clever was this woman who changed boys into girls and was certainly changing this boy into a girl, like it or not. And unfortunately for me and my manhood to an extent I found I liked it.

Next Mabel provided me with nylon stockings to wear. And of course she also handed me an open bottom light satin and lycra girdle, with those shiny satin panels, to wear to hold up my stockings. She explained that the nylon thigh high stockings would allow my thighs to comfortably slide against one another, when placing one foot in front of the other, which was necessary for me to achieve the proper feminine walk. And thus it would allow me to comfortably achieve that proper feminine walk while luckily enough for me adding to my feminine appearance and also luckily for me also adding to my new found pleasure. How lucky that was I wasn't quite sure. A pleasure to push me further into my feminine prison, and I would find that walking and moving like a girl with my new sheath and especially with the nylons was sensually pleasurable for me, and I guess I did learn to walk and move like a girl rather quickly.

Mabel told me to slip into my girdle and stockings explaining how to do it and of course I complied. I didn't have much choice now did I. I stepped into the girdle and pulled it up to its proper position on my newly feminized shape, where it fitted snugly so as not to slide down. The satin felt nice, I was so hooked on silks and satins by that stage, but still fighting my addiction to the female things and tried not to show that wearing the garment was pleasurable. I had to push my panties down a bit, as the girdle covered the hips. Once in position I pulled the garters through the legs of the panties and pulled my panties back into position. That also felt nice. Next I rolled each stocking up my legs, gathering each one, pointing my toes, and pulling the stocking up in turn, smoothing it out and attaching the garters.

But I was having a bit of a problem with the garters in back and I was despite myself using that as an excuse to play with my sensuous feeling nylons. I couldn't help myself, the nylon felt so nice on my hands and legs that I just kept smoothing the stockings after each time I tried and failed to hook those pesky back garters. Eventually Mabel had to move me along. She smile and perversely seeming to read my mind or my looks, told me, "Sweetheart you'll have plenty of time to enjoy your nylons and even your silk stockings, if I have my way, but for now we have much to do and you have much to learn, so you need to move along. So I will just have to help you along with those garters."

And Mabel had no problem helping out. She seemed to enjoy watching me, a male, dress in woman's lingerie and then helping me dress. She kept staring at my legs while I had been smoothing my nylons and kept looking at where the garters attached to my stocking tops. I was only wearing a short wasted baby doll nightie so the garters were not covered by a skirt and were in plain sight holding up my stockings. She did seem to take her time hooking my garters to my stockings. Of course she told me that neither she nor my wife could be helping me out like that all the time, as I was to be the one helping oth-

ers get dressed. But she would allow some time for me to perfect those new skills. And least I think I was going to be some character of a female, I should know that I would be perfect and that Mabel would have me passing as a girl even under the closest scrutiny.

Any way that being done, she gave me my high heeled pumps to wear and I slid them on. As I had already spent some time in heels it was not an issue with me to be able to walk in the pair she had provided. And walking in them, thigh against thigh, foot in front of foot, and hips swaying and wearing my new sheath provided me with such wonderfully feelings that I moved exactly as I was instructed and was suppose to move to pass as a girl. I wanted to cry! I was just so trapped! And I was humiliated by the fact that I wanted to cry. Just like a real girl, I thought. What a sissy I really was becoming.

At first she needed to watch my hips and thighs for proper feminine positioning, as well as my legs; and then when those parts were moving in a feminine enough manner she had me add a skirt, and worked on my control of that garment and proper hand positioning.

She kept me in just the nightie until I had learned to keep my thighs close enough when walking so that by placing one foot in front of the other I developed a feminine sway and my hips and fanny were moving as femininely as any girl's rear would sway. She had me going through the motions for a short time and as I seemed to pick it up despite my fighting it a bit, as I could not long resist the pleasure the proper walk and motion evoked with in me, she was able to quickly move me along in my lessons.

So with the walk learned, and if not mastered as least ingrained, I had to next learn how to properly handle a skirt, and was allowed the modesty of covering myself with a full skirt of soft nylon tricot. As I learned to smooth it under me and control it, the pleasure of handling that sensuous material began to return, and I began to relax even more and to even, much to my shame, enjoy myself a bit, and once again began to get some pleasure out of my situation. And then she worked on other aspects of holding my arms and hands in feminine positions. Then she moved up to my shoulders and I learned how to sway them in a rhythm to match my hip movement. That was the hardest of the lessons. Finally she taught me how to hold my head in a feminine fashion and I learned the feminine tilts and movements so I even held my head in a feminine mode.

And if I tried to fight Mabel would again use the collar to bring me right back into line and cooperation. The more femininely I moved the more comfortable the collar, and if I was not moving like a girl the collar would tighten. And she mixed that with words of praise when I got the movements more and more feminine. So as I was developing my feminine deportment Mabel would give me such encouragement as I was getting the movements right it was hard not to feel pride in my new found femininity. She would tell me, "Oh sweet heart, you've got that runway walk down so all the fellows will have their eyes on your fannie. It moves just so sexy." And, "Oh, yes sweetie, that's the way to sit and cross those lovely legs of yours. Oh yes, bring your skirt up a bit and give us some thing to look at. You do have lovely legs. Don't hide them when you sit."

And so between the collar and her words of encouragement she had me reacting like a female model at a photo shoot. And her words of encouragement were such that she had me trying my best to please her and avoid the collar and I just became more and more

feminine. And the lessons stuck so due to the pleasure factors that moving like a female quickly became the natural way for me to move.

The intricacies and finer points were only covered in passing, and I would be taught them and would learn them well over the course of my training. But this was just one of the first days. But at the end of it I had learned enough to speak and move femininely enough to pass as a female, especially, as in this small town so many of the real girls moved and even looked more like guys than they did like girls.

And in the middle of all this Mabel made time for me to put on an apron and make us lunch, and later to get dinner ready for the wife. And as I worked she corrected any movement that was not girlish enough and would make me feminize the movement until I got it feminine enough for her. And the wife came home late, leaving me under Mabel's care and tutelage all day and into the evening. And by the time she was done with me I was moving, acting and feeling just like a woman. And again I wanted to cry and at the same time I found my self turned on. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I knew I was going to do it femininely and as I was told by my wife and her girl friends, and I was sure that I would even find much of it pleasurable.

That evening Mabel had me waiting for my wife at the front door, as Doris had done the night before. Only this time I was dressed, in addition to my nightie, in stockings and garters, high heeled pumps, and once again in a short serving apron and holding a cocktail on a serving tray, and smiling. Then as the wife came to the front door I opened it as instructed, once again exposing my self to any one who might have been passing by, and welcoming her home after her hard day at work, with the waiting drink and a sensual, "Welcome home dear," in my now really feminized voice.

The wife seeing me come to the door femininely dressed and exposed and so obviously exposing myself to the world seemed pleased. She stood there for a moment to drink it all in, of course further exposing me to any passerby, even though that was fairly unlikely. And as sensual as I may have felt dressed in my silks and satins, the breeze through the open door as well as the terrible embarrassment of my position so dressed in front of an open door sent a chill up my spine and a slight visible shake went through me. The wife had some mercy; again realizing that dressed as I was I would most likely be more of an embarrassment to her than to me and so she did not leave me exposed for long. And after taking her drink off my serving tray and of course taking a sip of it, she told me, "Darling you look lovely but you will catch your death of cold dressed in your lingerie and standing in the door, so let's get you in the house. There is time enough for your coming out."

I didn't have time to dwell on the wife's double meaning to her comment about me "coming out", as I was anxious to move away from that outside exposure. As I could not yet back up well in high heels I turned around and walked away. Of course by that time I was already walking more like a model, a female model, than a regular guy. I felt the wife's eyes staring at my butt as I swished away. As I then turned around I noted that she was staring at my legs so she could apparently get the full affect of my stockings, garters and heels. She really seemed excited and happy to have me there so dressed, and was giving my legs a careful look over. It was actually a bit encouraging and the feel of perhaps being her sex object or at least being ogled by my wife was actually nice, even in my new demeaning role as a cross dressed sissy.

As I had been instructed by Mabel I told my wife that dinner was cooking and was most likely ready and she might want to wash up while I checked on every thing in the kitchen. While I was finishing up there the wife entered and sat down with Mabel, like a couple of guys waiting for the wife to feed them. I guess it should have been upsetting to me, to be treated like a servant or a wife, but I had spent enough time as a waitress that I just continued in my role, moving with the feminine grace which I had been forced to learn.

Of course as instructed by Mabel I asked the wife how her day had been and tried to be as attentive as I had been instructed to be and my new role demanded, not exactly knowing yet what my new role was to be or how far the wife would let Mabel feminize me. The wife just smiled and looked at me and said to Mabel, "I just can't believe how girlish he is! He sounds just like a girl. He moves just like a girl. And he acts just like a wife....my wife. This is precious. And this is after one day. I can hardly believe it. Why if you have him for a week he would probably think himself a girl! I mean, I already do. He is just so girly. Gosh what a lesson this will be for him! I bet he'll loose that extra weight in no time now."

Mabel wouldn't take all the credit and she told the wife. "Your husband, or former husband, is such a natural sissy and she male that he literally taught himself and picked up acting and moving and speaking like a girl with a minimal of effort on my part. And he even seems to enjoy his new role. With a bit more practice he will just be so feminine that no one would ever think he was not the girl he appears to be. And after a while, if he is the sissy I think him to be, he will just flawlessly transition to a sweet girl. The problem will be when he needs to pass as a guy at work. He is transitioning to a female persona so well and so naturally that I am sure he will have a problem acting the male part at work. He is bound to move and act and talk like a girl and people will think him a swish."

Mabel said all of these right in front of me and deep inside I wanted to argue with her and deny that possibility, but the truth of it was I knew the least amount of resistance would be punished and Mabel knew, I knew that, and so I kept my peace and would try to reason with my wife after Mabel had left us. But the last part of her prediction did make sense. Why I was finding such pleasure moving as a girl, what with that device Mabel had locked on me that I hardly had to think about it any more. And it had only been a day! I couldn't help but think how far into femininity the girls would have me in a week or so. And would I ever be able to act manly again?

That having been said, Mabel then asked the wife how subservient she needed me to be. When the wife questioned that, Mabel explained, "Based on what you want for Janice...his punishment in dresses at home and subservient status at home, until he looses the weight he promised to loose, you need to decide if you want him to spend his time at home as a maid or as your wife. I understand by him loosing the bet he has to assume all the household work, even the most feminine of those tasks. But he can assume them in the guise of your maid or as your functional wife. The decision is yours.

Mabel then explained. "As your maid he would be a servant and not a companion. He would do as instructed. He would wear a uniform, a proper maid's uniform. He would take care of you and your home. He would be totally obedient. And he would most likely need to be punished on occasion. Punishment goes with being a male sissy maid. While as your wife he would still adopt his role as a she, wear only female clothing at home, which

is part of his punishment, and be subservient. However, he would be your companion, a subservient one, but not a servant. So for instance, when he serves dinner, as a maid he would stand and wait on you and when applicable your guests. He would eat either before or after but not with you. He would not speak to you, but would only speak when spoken to. As your wife he would serve you and then eat with you. Though he would need to still take care of your needs and for instance would get up during the meal to bring you what ever was needed. And of course would be free to engage in conversation with you, at your direction of course."

Thankfully my wife decided she would be happier with me fulfilling my punishment as the looser and welcher of our little bet as her cross dressed obedient sissy she male wife rather than as her sissy maid. Needless to say I was much relieved. So as I served the girls their dinner I was able to sit and eat with them. Of course I was restricted to a salad and fruit while they had the full course dinner, I had, you should forgive the expression, slaved over.

That being settled and the girls being served and enjoying their dinner, Mabel outlined what she believed my next few days should be like, in preparation for my coming out party in front of my wife's girl friends. And of course my wife was in a complete agreement, and relished the thoughts of what I would be put through.

The following day was to be a practice day for me, a day to practice all I had been taught so far. I would practice makeup and feminine deportment and voice. Mabel would set up a space for me in our room. She would set up a vanity with all my cosmetics, along with a disk player in which I could play all the instructional disks she had for me to review. And she would set up a camera over which the wife and she could monitor me. And for the entertainment of her and my wife, she had a disk of the performance from "Flower Drum Song" of "I enjoy being a girl" which I was to play every hour on the hour and perform along with the actress, singing the song in my best feminine voice and copying all her feminine motions while moving and dancing along with her performance. Only the lyrics I would memorize and perform would be a bit different, as I would be singing I enjoy being a she-male female along with other similar lyric transformations.

Then the following day Mabel would take me out in public fully dressed as a girl to make sure I had learned my lessons, and the threat of which was to make sure I practiced my lessons on the day devoted to practice. She would take me out shopping, after which we would visit Doris for a makeup consultation. I needed to be fitted with a proper maid's uniform, the type worn by an actual maid housekeeper. I would need it the following day for training, as she would explain shortly. And it needed to be available in case I forgot my new wifely position and had to be taken down a peg. Also, it might be a good outfit for my coming out party. And Mabel advised that I should have a properly fitted French Maids theatrical uniform, just in case I really needed to be put in my place. She explained it was always a good idea to have those two outfits hanging in the closet of a sissy she male wife husband as a reminder of where things could go.

That being said, my future as my wife's sissy she-male wife seemed sealed. Hopefully if I behaved I would at least be able to return to pants to go to work. Or so I hoped.

**AND SO ENDS PART II – THERE WILL BE A PART III ... IF YOU REMAIN A
SWEET AND OBEDIENT SISSY-GIRL!**

In Part III Janice will learn to perform “I Enjoy Being a Girl” in the proper feminine girlish fashion to the satisfaction and enjoyment of his mistresses. He will find that he will not return to pants but will return to work in dresses, not as a high paid waitress or a model but as a lowly paid clerical at his old job. There he will once again become the best friend, now a girl friend, of his wife’s girl friend, who will be his new supervisor and will help with his further feminization. She will become his big sister. She will guide him through his hormone injections and feminizing cosmetic surgery. She will convince the members of her square dance team to let him replace an ill female team member. And he will be one of her bridesmaids, dressed in a saloon girl bridesmaids dress and performing as a saloon girl at the wedding. And the thrill of it and the embarrassment from it never stops. And despite himself, he will find that he enjoys so much of it. He will enjoy being a girl, a she male sissy girl.

The author can be reached though Mags Inc. What did you like about the story and what was of no interest to you. Keep in mind that the author is a middle-aged hetro cross dresser who is unlikely to pass.