

Sissy's
FIRST DRESS



STELLA SATIN

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By

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Joyce took a sip of her drink and surveyed her husband over the rim. Thought for a few seconds before she spoke. "I may be thick darling, but can I try and state things in my own words and see if I understand what you've just told me?"

Bill nodded. He was still blushing from what he'd been talking about, and greatly embarrassed but, at the same time was extremely pleased that after almost two years of marriage he'd finally managed to bring a subject that was very near and dear to him out into the open for a frank discussion with his wife. He settled back into his chair with a sigh, panting a little - as if he'd run a distance - and waited for Joyce to show that she'd understood what he'd been asking of her.

She cocked her head. "You seem to be asking for some type of role reversal within our marriage. You feel that I should be the strong one in our relationship and that I should..." she searched for the right phrase, "...be the controlling spouse. Is that correct?"

He smiled shyly. "More or less. You see ..."

She held up her hand to halt him. "No darling. Please let me go on for a moment or two. My mind is on one track just now, and I don't think it would be a good idea to let me get diverted. All right?"

"Of course darling," he said meekly.

She nodded. "And you want this to be a permanent re-alignment. Just nod if that's correct dear."

He nodded.

"But you want this new arrangement to be hidden from our friends and relatives. In front of them we're to behave just as we always have?"

He thought for a second before replying. "Yes darling. I thought it would be best - more for your sake than anything else."

She looked at him blankly. "I don't understand your thinking there, dear."

His blush deepened a little. "Well, I'd say that most people guess that I'm the... the male component in our marriage at the moment. If we were to show them a... a...

different aspect? It might raise some questions, and I'm sure that, women being more perceptive than men, your friends would be all over you - and might give you a hard time about being married to... a... a..."

"A weakling?"

He bridled a little. "I was going to say 'henpecked husband'."

She shrugged and smiled. "Whatever." Took a sip of her drink. "So at home, or in private, I'm to be the boss. In public, I'd defer to you - just as I do at the moment?"

He felt that things weren't going quite the way he'd fantasized. But she didn't seem overly shocked or put out, so he nodded in agreement.

She nodded in turn. "But dear? What happens if, in private, I ask you to do something...?"

"TELL!" He interjected with just a trace of a hopeful grin on his lips.

"I stand corrected," she grinned back. "But what happens if I tell you to do something, in private - and you decide to disobey me. Is that the right term, 'disobey'?"

"Yes. I suppose it is. But I wouldn't dare disobey!" He said this, sincerity written all over his face, his tone brimming with honesty.

"But just suppose?" she pressed.

He was blushing furiously now. "Not that it'd ever come up - but I suppose you'd have to exert your authority." He gulped audibly as he finished saying this.

She leaned back in her chair. "Exert my authority? Now this sounds interesting. How, pray, would I do that?"

"I suppose you'd have to spank me," he said in a very small voice.

"Mmmm," she meditated. "I'm as big as you. Maybe even a bit bigger. Maybe even stronger. So it's physically possible I suppose. But what happens if I decide I want to spank you and you say that you won't get over my knees when I tell you to. What then? Am I supposed to force you?"

Though delighted with the pictures that this conjured

up in his mind, he felt a little slighted that she'd actually thought she might be physically stronger than he was. At the same time, he sensed that what gains he'd made in bringing this subject to the fore were gradually slipping from his grasp and made a frantic effort to regain lost ground. "Darling? That would NOT happen! I'd be very docile and obedient - so you'd never have any reason to spank me in the first place. And, if it came to that? I'd never be able to refuse a direct command from you. NEVER!"

"That be as it may," she replied after she pondered this. "But I wouldn't want to hurt you darling, and I..."

He exhaled noisily happily and interrupted her. "Oh, I'm sorry! Didn't explain myself properly. I wasn't meaning one of those physical spankings - more a ceremonial sort of thing - just to demonstrate who is boss."

A look of puzzlement showed on her face for a minute and she shook her head slightly. "Okay. I think I understand. Just little love taps on the backside. But the aprons you mentioned?" "Yes?"

"I suppose you meant those frilly ones you've bought me in the past, rather than the plain ones I do wear?"

His blush, which had diminished a little, fired up again. "Yes," he admitted.

A little aggravation showed on her face for the first time. "Bill? I know for a fact that you've heard me say often that those frilly type things are examples of females happily wearing the most blatant symbol of feminine subjugation - and yet you want to wear them around the house?"

He tried to meet her gaze, but his eyes fell. Again, he couldn't speak. Just nodded.

She smiled maternally at her abashed husband. "Darling? I don't know what's got into you, but this whole thing you're proposing is just far too silly for words. I have some respect for males - and you're my husband for goodness sake! You want me to boss you around while you wear frilly aprons? Put you over my knees and spank you if you're naughty?" She giggled disbelievingly. "Is this some kind of a test you've rigged up for me? You're perhaps recording this on a hidden tape recorder maybe, so you can tease me about it later on?" She shook her head. "No. Sorry. What you're asking

me to do is beyond my comprehension. Can't do that to you darling. Sorry."

She was so calm and dispassionate that he knew there was no sense in argument. He heaved a large internal sigh, and tried his best to work up a smile. Knew that she had missed one extremely important point. He had been absolutely correct in one thing when describing himself. He was a true subservient - submissive through and through. Took her decision as law. Absolute, unarguable law. Felt his eyes tear with disappointment, but managed to hide this from her.

She, on the other hand was also somewhat distracted. She had meant every word she had said, but at the same time, there had been this internal urge to giggle out loud in a sort of excited disbelief. She loved her husband - no doubt about it - and felt somewhat guilty about turning his ridiculous request down. Yet, at the same time, there had been a rising in her level of interest, a sort of increase in inner sexuality she'd never encountered before. Quickly, she started thinking about preparing dinner to get her mind onto a different topic.

* * *

It was about three weeks later. Joyce, who was a Mortgage broker and worked mainly from the house had an eleven o'clock meeting in one of the banks across town. Being a punctual sort, she had left early and was more than half way to her destination when her cell phone rang. She pulled off to the side of the road and answered it. Discovered that two of the other principal parties involved in her meeting had been forced to cancel and would like to re-schedule the meeting. Still on the phone, she looked through her organizer and made a notation against the next suitable date and time and confirmed it.

She was dressed in her 'Power Suit' - the dark gray skirt and jacket, dark hose and gray shoes, sparkling white blouse and her hair held in place with two gold barrettes - matching her earrings, chain, and bracelet.

Felt it was a mite early for lunch, but then thought she'd use up a little time by going home and pick up Bill, then take him to lunch. She was somewhat upset at the late cancellation of her meeting and thought that a nice meal with her husband might ease her out of her mood. She called home

on her phone, but surprisingly, no one answered. Didn't bother to leave a message on the answering machine. Made a U-turn and headed for home.

About forty five minutes later, she decided not to garage her car, intending to use it when they went out to eat. Not only that, the garage door opener had started making terrible squeaking noises when raising or lowering and she didn't want to listen to it. She therefore parked the car in the driveway and went in through the front door, calling out "Bill? My meeting got cancelled. Feel like a spot of lunch?"

He didn't reply and then she heard the sounds of music coming from their bedroom. Figured he might be in the shower, or getting dressed.

Bill was a self-employed house appraiser. For the first year of their marriage, they'd shared their house, using one of the rooms as an office. This had grown to be somewhat awkward and about ten months ago, they'd agreed that it might be better for them to have separate offices. During one of his appraisals, he'd run across a tiny one-bedroom house that was in a decent neighborhood, but selling for a very low price. They'd been able to afford it, so now, after converting it to an office, he worked primarily from there.

The bedroom door was partially opened so she simply pushed it open and walked into the bedroom. Stopped at what she saw in front of her. On the floor, Bill was dancing slowly to a samba beat coming from the radio, his back to the door. His right hand on his hip and his left held out gracefully, he was dancing very sensually, with his eyes shut. He'd obviously not heard her come into the house, nor was he aware that she was standing there staring at him. The music was quite loud and explained why he had not answered the phone when she'd rang just a short time before or heard her coming into the house.

What shocked her was the fact that he was wearing a full set of her matching lingerie, a periwinkle blue set that he'd bought her some time ago: Bra, along with a slip that came to his knees. She assumed he was wearing the matching panties and garter belt as she could see the panty line through the slip. He wasn't wearing any shoes, but she could see that he was wearing nylons. Another thing that shocked her was how graceful he was, moving seductively within his satin cocoon as

if born to it. Anger started to grow in her - a furious rage. She coughed - then coughed again louder as he didn't hear her at first. Then he did. His head whipped around, and his mouth opened in pure astonishment at seeing her. He stopped dancing, and his face turned red, then he slumped.

"I'm sorry," he said, and hung his head.

To her surprise, her rage subsided immediately and was replaced with a cold, sadistic, delight - a sensation she'd never felt in her life before. Without fully realizing what she was doing, she strolled over to him nonchalantly and took a hold of his shoulder. He looked up at her a sort of dread hope in his eyes, but she ignored him and, slowly turned him so that his back was to her. Slid her hand down his satin clad back until her hand rested on his buttocks. Gave him a couple of tender claps there, actually pleased at how soft and silky he felt.

"Stay there," she said and went over to her lingerie drawer. "Didn't expect me home so soon?" She asked conversationally as she searched, found, and withdrew three silk scarves.

"I thought I'd hear the garage door if I didn't hear you drive into the driveway," he explained weakly.

She nodded. "Makes sense - it's just that I thought I'd take you out to lunch because my meeting got cancelled. Didn't see much sense in putting the car in the garage."

She shut the drawer and walked back to him. "Put your hands together and hold them out in front of you dear."

"Whatever for?" he asked, but started to do as she'd told him.

She didn't answer, just stared at him intently until his hands were stuck well out in front of him. She wrapped one of the scarves tightly around both of his arms, then tied them together with a firm knot.

She then stepped back and admired her handiwork. He was trying to look directly at her, but couldn't. Kept dropping his eyes. "Never would have thought it, but my undies fit you very well," she mused as she took the other scarf in her hand and knelt down in front of him. Proceeded to wrap it around his legs, not quite as tightly as she'd tied his arms. Then she

tied it and stood up. Gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Just stay there a minute darling, would you?" she said as she broke away. Then she laughed softly. "Silly me! You can't go anywhere, can you?"

She knew he was trying to give the appearance of being scared, but felt it was acting in large part. Grinned to herself and went searching for what she wanted. A few minutes later, she returned and put what she had found on a side table beside her easy chair. "What's that?" he asked nervously.

"Don't be asking silly questions. You know perfectly well what it is. Now come along to mummy, little Billie. You've been very naughty putting my clothes on without my permission, haven't you?"

"Aw c'mon Joyce. You know I didn't mean..."

His eyes grew large and impossibly round as she wrapped the third scarf around his face, effectively gagging him then knotted it in place. Then simply taking a hold of the scarf that held his arms together, she backed slowly over to the easy chair, with him taking mincing little steps to follow her, his eyes wide and staring. "Not acting so much now, the poor little dear," she thought to herself as she sat down on the chair, giving a stronger little tug which made him fall forward. She caught him and slowly arranged him so that he lay prone over her knees.

Again, she surveyed her husband, surprised by his pale creamy complexion and, especially, how round and soft his buttocks looked. Surprisingly he was definitely feminine with his soft little ass sitting there, just begging to be spanked. Maybe it was the way she'd distributed his weight she mused as she picked up the old table tennis paddle from the table where she'd placed it just a short time before.

He was squirming and making muffled noises through the scarf that gagged him. She wasn't sure if he was requesting permission to be heard, or pleading for mercy. Either way, she was pleasantly surprised that he had accepted her dominance over him so quickly. Also enjoyed the thought of either one being the case. There was a great deal of enjoyment in having - and applying - power, she thought as she raised the paddle.

Without conscious thought, she struck him far harder than she planned. Her mouth actually gaped open and her eyes widened with surprised delight when he let out a muffled scream and his backside bucked under her hand. She whacked him again. This time, she was ready for an even more violent reaction from him, but it didn't come. Slightly disappointed, she hit him again before she realized that he was now just lying there. Accepting his punishment, and weeping - like a woman she thought. A trace of compassion awoke in her, but there was more than a soupcon of contempt. "Oh. Poor Billie. Is mummy hurting you?" she asked kindly, desisting from striking him again and slowly pulling up his slip to reveal his lace edged panties. Already she could see his backside turning a fiery red. A muffled weeping noise came from him and his head nodded vigorously.

She now whacked him on his panties and another surprised, muffled howl came from him. She did it again and once more, he was lying there compliant his whole body trembling as he cried.

"Poor Billie!" she cooed, pulling down on his panty waistband to reveal his plump little backside, scarlet red by now. Let the waist band go with a snap and smiled at his gasp as it did so. More muffled noises came from him. She was certain he was pleading now. She smiled, tensed, and struck him on the bare backside. "Just one more!" she said, grinning, and applied another smack.

Gently then, she turned him over so that he was lying on his back. Pulled his panties back into position, then smoothed his slip downwards. Undid the scarf from around his face which helped to reveal that he had indeed been truly crying as his eyes were all swollen and red and his nose had been running. Gently, she took some facial tissue from a box on the table and gently dabbed at his face to clean it up.

"There dear. Was that a good spanking? Was that what you wanted?" she cooed.

He looked at her in disbelief - and started to cry again - big, hiccupping gulps and sobs. Couldn't speak, but shook his head from side to side. She gave him a loving smile then used fresh tissue to clean him up again.

"No?" she asked.

“You hurt me!” he sniffled indignantly.

She patted his cheek, actually getting a thrill from the way he flinched as she moved her hand towards him. “Dear, dear, Billie. Didn't you tell me that I should spank you if you were naughty or didn't do as you were told?”

His eyes blinked rapidly and he spoke in disconnected gasps with interspersed sobs. “Well. Yes. But don't you - remember that I said that all - you needed to do was just make it a - a - ceremonial kind of spanking. NOT one like that!” He was starting to wail again she noted, with a small thrill of pleasure running through her.

She gave him her most tender smile. “Of course I remember. But weren't you asking me to be the boss in the house?”

“Well, yes.”

“But if you tell me how I'm to spank you, wouldn't that mean that YOU were the boss?”

He stared at her, obviously dumbfounded by her translation of his own stated desires. His eyes widened with fear as she proceeded to wrap the scarf around his mouth again, knotting it once more. “Wh... Wha... What are you mmmfff?” He said, though with the scarf muffling his mouth, it was difficult to make out what he was saying, so she ignored him, knotted the scarf in position again, then simply rolled him over so that he was once more in the position necessary for a spanking. He kicked weakly and she paused briefly to enjoy the sight of the lace edging of his slip moving, and the plump hillocks of his backside sliding around under the satin of the slip. Took a contented sigh.

“Just consider that an intermission darling,” she told him as she started beating him with the paddle again.

She gave him another six hard spanks on the outside of his slip, then rotated him again so that he was looking up at her. She smiled at him as she unknotted the scarf around his mouth, then dabbed at his wet swollen eyes then used another tissue to wipe his nose. “As I was saying?” she started. “Was that a good spanking? Was that what you wanted?”

He looked at her absolutely dumbfounded. Shook his head and started to leak at the eyes again. This time he

managed to speak. "I don't think you understand Joyce. You're hurting me..."

"Oh dear! I'm being SUCH a ninny!" she said brightly - and started to wrap the scarf around his face again!

Suddenly, he caught on, just in time. "Yes dear, YES! That was the kind of spanking I wanted! Honest!"

"You sure? Absolutely sure?" she cooed.

He gulped at the enormity of what had been done to him, and his near escape from a repeat performance. "Yes," he whispered. "Absolutely sure."

Joyce looked at the subjugated being who was now staring up at her with a sort of fascinated, frightened worship. She was, and had been, very conscious of the bulge that poked out from the front of the slip, below his waist. Was well aware that she herself was in a highly aroused state of sexuality and could feel the moistness in her loins at the thought of unbinding his legs, pulling his slip up and his panties down - and mounting him. Knew beyond a doubt that it would be the best sex that her marriage had ever generated up until that point, but something inside her warned against this - it would almost be like doing what HE wanted - and she knew that somehow there had been a sea-change in their relationship. The marriage had now to be based on what SHE wanted. Felt that she had to tread cautiously. Consolidate this new hierarchy somehow.

She knew that she both liked - and loved - her husband. Sure, their sex life had been kinda bloodless, but she was fully cognizant of the fact that it was probably as much her fault as his. Now? Something was in the air - she could sense it. Was becoming well aware of the joy of power - and wanted to experiment a bit with the exercising of it. Just wasn't sure what she wanted, but decided just to let her nature follow its own course.

She slowly untied him from his bounds. Wondered a little if he'd try and physically avenge the slight that had been effected on his manhood. Wasn't too surprised that he just appeared grateful to her for releasing him from his bindings, simply standing there - meek and trembling, soft and feminine, awaiting her pleasure. Then for the first time it dawned on her that he might be actually incapable of besting her in a contest

of strength. Fantasized pleasantly about dominating him in a physical contest. Pondered this enjoyably for a second or so and came to the conclusion that the sissy weakling in front of her would never dare try such a thing, but shelved the fantasy for future consideration.

Then her mind cleared. She smiled. "I'm still hungry darling. Why don't you go and wash your face in cool water and I'll take you out to lunch, eh?"

A look of mixed relief and disappointment crossed his face. "Okay. I suppose my face is a mess." With that, he left her and went into the bathroom, looking rather defenseless in his lingerie she thought as she went back to her lingerie drawer and pulled out the camisole that went with the set he was wearing. Then she went into his part of the closet and pulled out a pair of pants and one of the polo type shirts that he normally wore. Laid them on top of the bed for him then went to her closet. From her shoe tree she took a pair of tasseled loafers that she knew would be normally a little small for him and put them at the foot of the bed, then she sat there and waited for him. Used her compact mirror to freshen up her lipstick while she did so.

He looked a lot better when he came out of the bathroom, although his eyes were a little puffy still. Looked decidedly embarrassed as she looked at him and enigmatically held out the camisole. "Why don't you take that slip off and put this on instead," she suggested.

"Eh? What for?" he said blankly.

She remained silent, just let loose a little sigh of what could have been frustration and stared at him. He blushed and did as he'd been told. She gave him a little nod of approval and pointed to the shirt and pants lying on the bed. "Why don't you get your pants and shirt on - I laid out shoes for you at the bottom of the bed - and would you hurry please darling? I'm getting peckish."

His face now showed the shock of realization with what she was telling him to do. He plucked at his camisole material. "But I can't go out wearing this stuff!"

"Can't?"

"It'll show under my clothes!"



“Well, the slip would obviously be too full to fit comfortably under your pants - that’s why I had you put on the camisole. Now darling? Would you stop messing about? No one will notice! I’m hungry. Don’t want to be sitting waiting for you while you dither about like a girl deciding what to wear! Just get a move on!”

He looked at her, now seemingly unable to look away - somewhat like a terrified rabbit in front of a snake - as he

replaced the slip with the camisole then put his pants and shirt on over the lingerie. He'd been right, she noted. The straps of his bra and camisole were visible under the tight fit of the polo shirt material. One had to be looking, of course, but there was no chance that they would have been taken for anything other than what they were once they were seen.

He made another complaint when he saw that she'd put out a pair of her shoes for him to wear. "Your shoes? But darling, your shoe size is a little small for me. Remember last Hallowe'en?"

"Yes dear - but when you tried? You were wearing men's socks, right? Now you're not. Just try them on."

He looked at her, desperation in his eyes when her prediction came true. "But you can see I'm wearing stockings!" he said.

"Yes - and they look very nice on you. Let's go!" she said pleasantly, and took his arm in hers.

Until that time, he had always been the one who drove the car when they went anywhere together, but he accepted her opening the passenger side door for him and then sat quietly as she took over the driving tasks for the first time, although he had blushed as she closed the door behind him. He blushed even more in the restaurant where she took him, holding out his chair - and ordering for him. One of the waitresses gave the two of them a strange look, but that was the only reaction that Joyce noted and, frankly, she was beginning to enjoy her husband's discomfiture so if anything she was pleased by this rather than put off.

Bill, on the other hand, was totally confused. Had absolutely no way of understanding what had transpired. Yes, in many ways, the last few hours had fallen well within his all-time fantasies - yet something was aghast. His backside still stung and he was constantly reminded of what he was wearing under his shirt and pants. Little tightness here, the soft frisson of shirt against satin there, the tug of the panty legs on his upper thigh, the tightness of the camisole across his back - and what appeared to be a loose strap on his bra. He was very conscious of the fact that he couldn't sprawl in his customary manner and let his feet stick out into the space between the tables. Thought that one of the waitresses had made out what

he wore under his shirt - had seen her talking to the girl that was serving he and Joyce , with his waitress showing an astonished face, glancing surreptitiously at him, the giggling behind her hand. He positively did NOT want her to see his nylons - that was a dead giveaway.

After a little while though, he began to settle down. Forced himself to think that maybe the girls had seen nothing - their reaction was all in his mind, so he began to bask in the comfort of Joyce's new treatment of him and enjoy his lunch. About one o'clock though, he started looking at his watch. Joyce caught this. "What's the matter darling? You in a hurry?"

"No. Not really," he replied. "Maybe I didn't mention it? I've an appraisal scheduled for two o'clock - and I'll need to pick Ellen up at the office and take her with me."

(Ellen was an intern that had worked with him for a while. To meet State requirements for her Certification she had to work with a qualified appraiser for a year as well as pass a comprehensive exam to become state-licensed. She was unpaid and naturally, depended upon his goodwill for his final review of her capabilities).

Joyce looked at her watch. "Is the house you're going to appraise far from your office?"

He shook his head. "Actually? It's quite close - about a ten minute drive, tops"

"And your office is how far from here? A fifteen minute drive?" "Oh, less than that probably. Maybe ten minutes at the most." "So what's your hurry? Have another cup of coffee. Plenty of time."

He gave her a smile. "I was just trying to make sure I had plenty of time to go home and..." Suddenly, his voice faltered and dropped appreciably in volume as he finished the sentence, his eyes fixed on her, pleading. "...and change - before I went to do the appraisal."

She leant across the table and patted his arm softly. "Now let's not be a silly little Billie, shall we. Why on earth should you change?"

He licked his lips nervously. "It's just that... well, I thought... but you see..."

She smiled at him then raised her hand in the air and looked across the restaurant. "Waitress? Could we have re-fills on our coffees please?"

* * *

She dropped him off at his office just before one-thirty. Stopped the car and went around to open the door for him. Closed it behind him as he got out. "Now? If Ellen can't give you a ride home? Make sure you call me. I'll come and pick you up. Okay pet?" Shamefaced at how she was treating him, he nodded, then blushed as she took him in her arms and kissed him. "Say Hi to Ellen for me," she told him, giving him some tender pats on the backside as she did so. "Ask her if she wants to come over to the house for dinner the week end after next. Been too long since we've got together. The poor girl will think I've been ignoring her."

He nodded and said goodbye, then watched her drive away.

Ellen saw him coming in through the door and took in the situation at a glance. Pert, pretty and very, very, feminine, she instinctively surveyed any woman who crossed her path. She wasn't as competitive with men of course, but she always checked them out completely when meeting them. It took her all of twenty seconds to figure that Bill was wearing a bra and camisole beneath his shirt - and probably less than that to determine that he was wearing nylon stockings along with women's shoes.

She'd been puzzled about him from the start. Okay, he was kinda small, but quite good looking. The thing was, he hadn't come on to her at all in the months she'd worked with him. Not once! He had been extremely pleasant to her and instead of being bossy, the way that most men would have been, had been kind and helpful. She had then assumed he was gay, but then saw Joyce and saw his idolization of his wife - and her seemingly returning that affection. At that point Ellen gave up trying to figure him out. She considered herself a nice person but always took the upper hand in a relationship if she could. Could not quite understand people who did not act in the same way. He was outside of her ken, something hard to fit into a recognizable personality structure. Now she had a clue, she immediately had an idea of how to treat him.

She had been to Beauty Operator school for quite a while and working in various dress stores as a salesgirl before discovering an interest and aptitude for doing house appraisals. During that time she had overheard stories about sissified men and transvestites. She had no concrete experience of her own to fall back on, but instinctively went for the course of action that would benefit her the most.

“Hello Bill! My, don't you look nice!” She looked at her watch. “I'm falling a little behind today.” Gave him her biggest, whitest, smile. “Be a doll and photocopy these for me, would you sweetie?”

“I wanted to get the package ready for the Iverson appraisal we have to do,” he said weakly, though he took the papers from her. “Don't worry about that honey,” she told him. “That's what I'm here for.” Then she put on an impatient tone. “Don't be just standing around there sweetie. Get a move on, huh?”

She smiled enigmatically as he scurried off to do her bidding, then took the photocopies of the same documents she'd run earlier herself and threw them into the waste bucket. Thanked him very graciously when he returned with the copies he'd made, then hurried him out of the office, into her car and off to meet Mrs. Iverson, the realtor who'd requested the appraisal. She patted Bill's knee a few times on the way.

Bill felt overwhelmed by the events of the day. Okay, he admitted to himself that he'd overstepped the bounds of normal male behavior by wearing Joyce's lingerie - but there again, it wasn't the first time, was it? Not that he'd done it any harm, surely? On top of that, come to think of it, wasn't it HIM that had bought all of her really nice lingerie to begin with?

Now, here he was, somehow subordinate to Ellen. Ellen for Christ's sake! After all, it was reasonably logical for a man to do as his wife wanted - but to be playing second fiddle to a little thing like Ellen? What was going ON? He made up his mind that he was going to put an end to this nonsense as soon as they got to the site.

But somehow, when they met with Mrs. Iverson at the house, Ellen managed to convey the message that it was HER who was in charge of the appraisal - not him! And, under Mrs.

Iverson's scrutiny - it was him who did what he was told - holding tape measures for Ellen. Recorded measurements for Ellen. Holding Ellen's handbag for Christ's sake! How on earth can a male feel anything but stupid, walking around with a bright red handbag under his arm? Getting a lecture the first time he put it down!

At that point, he'd rebelled. Actually started to tell Ellen that it wasn't right for her to be bossing HIM around. After all...

She'd simply smiled at Mrs. Iverson and asked if she could talk to her assistant for a moment? Then just a few yards from the realtor, she'd simply reached around him and snapped his bra strap. "Billie? Behave, would you?" she said in a not-too-quiet whisper. "I don't want Mrs. Iverson to see me discipline you - and I don't think you want that either, do you?"

"But this isn't right," he whispered plaintively.

She patted his cheek. "Seems right enough to me, sweetie. Now you just go and say goodbye to Mrs. Iverson and take my little red handbag and go and stand by the car until I come back to it. Hold it properly now. You got that?"

He wasn't sure how much the realtor had heard, but now subjugated, went and excused himself to her. Thanked her for her referral and then left. As he turned to walk away, Mrs. Iverson said "Billee?"

He turned back to her. "Yes'm?"

"I just wanted to say how nicely your handbag goes with your outfit." she said, smiling.

He blushed, and her smile widened before she turned her attention to Ellen, obviously to transact the important business of the day.

Ellen decided to take him home as there wasn't much more to be accomplished that day. He protested that he needed to complete the paperwork, but she patted his knee again and assured him that she'd take care of the business affairs from then on, until her internship was finished. She then thanked him for his 'assistance' and praised him lavishly for how well he'd done. He just remembered Joyce's invitation for Ellen to come to dinner as they drove into the driveway.

Ellen was delighted, but when he wasn't sure of what day or time, she patted his knee again. "I'll give Joyce a call and get the facts straight, okay?" She used a tone that implied that he was such a ninny that he wasn't capable of setting up a dinner date.. He was so flustered that he actually got out of the car and closed the door before he discovered that he still had her handbag in his hands.

"I think your face almost matches my handbag," she laughed as he opened the door and laid it on the seat beside her. She then gave him a cheery wave and drove off.

Joyce was on the phone when he came in. Gave him a nod and a smile and, covering the mouthpiece for a second, asked if he'd make her a cup of tea. Blew a kiss at him when he nodded in assent.

He noticed something different about the kitchen immediately, but it took him quite a few minutes to discover that the hook behind the door where she hung her aprons, now held the frilly gauzy ones he'd given her, rather than the plain functional ones that she normally wore. He got the message immediately, and had the erection to prove it. Nonetheless, he made her tea and took it into her on a tray without putting an apron on. She gave him a cool look and pointed her finger at a table beside the door, covered up the mouthpiece again.. "Put it there until you can serve it up properly," she said.

He knew exactly what she meant, but tried to pretend otherwise. Gave her a blank look. Her lips tightened and she GLARED at him! He hurried back to the kitchen and put on a lacy white half apron, tied it at the back and hurried back to his wife. She nodded appreciatively and motioned for him to bring the tray to her and nodded her thanks as he put the cup down on her desk beside her. Still talking business, she cradled the phone in between her cheek and shoulder and started pulling tissues from a box on her desk.

He thought she was going to blow her nose but after she'd extracted quite a few tissues from the box, figured that she had something different in mind. When she motioned for him to come closer to her, he did so. Smiling softly at him, she lifted the front of his shirt all the way up to reveal his bra. Then, still smiling, she took his hands and had him hold his shirt front in that same position, while she slowly stuffed his bra cups with the tissues - one at a time, patting his flaming

cheeks gently on occasion. He started to make soft little noises, as if pleading in a language he wasn't quite sure of, but she ignored them

When she allowed him to let the shirt fall back into position, he wasn't surprised to discover that he was now evidencing breasts of some size. She beamed happily, then had him turn his back to her while she re-tied his apron with a large, pretty, flounced bow. It gave her a great deal of pleasure to feel him trembling under her hands - she knew him to be vulnerable now and seriously considered taking him sexually, but she still felt that anything like this might be a mistake. Felt that a little time was all she needed to work things out. Knew that she had the patience to await developments.

For the rest of that day, Bill operated in a haze of frustrated sexuality. He SO wanted Joyce to show her dominance over him - Tell him what to do. Order him about - but she did neither. Seemed perfectly content to have him make the dinner, set the table, do the dishes - all the time looking at him with a fond smile. At first he felt the embarrassment of his having to display breasts, and wear a flouncing little apron in front of his wife but as they say, familiarity breeds contempt - and though the word contempt cannot really be used to describe his feelings, he soon became inured to the femininity that his wife had applied to him.

Fairly early that evening, she took him to the bedroom and made him divest himself of his feminine clothing and change into his pajamas and robe. Then, she had him hand wash the undies and the apron under her close supervision, then introduced him to the joys of ironing after everything had dried.

While all of this was going on, he not only expected her to heap scorn on his head for the sissyish tendencies he'd shown that day - he wanted her to do it - needed it! But she was not forthcoming. Of course, you cannot teach anyone little feminine tasks without indicating that the learner is feminine himself - or should I say 'herself', but Joyce managed this very well - never once humiliating her husband more than was minimally necessary. By the time they got into bed he was almost beside himself with the need for relief. She discussed this point with him immediately.

“Darling? I sense that you are eager for sexual

release?" she said softly.

He almost choked in his desire to appear willing - but not too subservient about it. "Well? I wouldn't go so far as describe myself as being eager, I'm not exactly desperate," he harrumphed. "That's good, because I want you to listen to me very carefully," she whispered, putting an arm around his shoulders, then pulling him into her. Then she raised herself so that even though one of her hands was around his neck, she was toying with the front of his pajamas with the other, and he could see her looming above him in the semi-darkness of the room.

"A few weeks back, when you asked me to dominate you? Did you really mean it?" she whispered.

His back arched involuntarily. "Yes." He admitted.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm starting to believe that you really meant it and actually? I'm starting to like the idea just a bit, but I'd like you to pass a little test for me - just to show you really meant it." Her free hand lightly caressed his erection.

He arched his back again to meet her hand. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to control yourself," she giggled, then added. "Though it's more like ME controlling you, I guess."

"Huh?"

"I don't want you to come. Want you as a sexual partner, but I don't want you to ejaculate until I give you permission. Think you can do that?" She ran her fingernail along the full length of his erection.

"Yes darling," he said, shivering suddenly, "but please..."

She put a finger over his lips. "Now just hush darling. Feel how moist I am down here? Touch me. Softly. Now why don't you just put your head down here and kiss me nicely..."

Joyce was careful not to touch his genitals after that, concentrating on teaching him how to pleasure her. The combination of having him in her power and the sexual titillation soon had her writhing on the bed, humming quietly, or giving little shrieks of exultation as her training of her

husband in lesbian-style lovemaking continued. Finally, after a series of short spasms, she had the most fantastic orgasm she'd ever had, and told him to stop. She fell asleep, a happy smile on her face, ignoring her quietly near weeping husband lying there beside her, pleading for permission to relieve himself.

As can be imagined, Bill spent a very restless night. He was practically dying to go into the bathroom and masturbate, but he had been given instructions by his mistress and his psychological makeup just would not allow this. Finally, not long before dawn, he fell into a fitful sleep.

That morning, he got dressed and prepared for work in his normal clothes. He half expected/desired to have her make him use the lingerie again but it was as if the previous day had never happened. There was one thing though that he learned. The frilled aprons still hung at the back of the kitchen door - and starting then, and over the next few days discovered that he was expected to wear one practically at all times when he was at home. He found that he was even supposed to answer the door wearing one if anyone called. This resulted in him getting a rather mocking look from Mrs. Scott, one of their neighbor ladies who came by needing to borrow a cup of sugar. (When she returned what she had borrowed the following day, she took the material of his apron between her fingers and commented on how becoming it was).

In truth, he knew he was getting what he'd always wished for but somehow, it wasn't quite right. Instead of being lightly dominated by a stem (but loving) mistress while he flitted about gracefully, he seemed to be in a position where he was not only expected to wear the pretty aprons, but was expected to do all of the work associated with the wearing of them - and it took time - a LOT of his time. He scrubbed floors and cooked. Did the laundry and the ironing. Did the dishes. Many times he found himself going to bed at night physically exhausted. (This led to a drop in his performance at work - and explained his increasing willingness to have Ellen handle the reins of power at the office).

It wasn't even as if Joyce told him what to do - once she'd established that he was to wear his aprons, she just seemed to assume that he'd behave appropriately - and though he hated to admit it, he was powerless to act in any other way. Started to sense that Joyce looked upon him a friend rather

than a husband and, he admitted ruefully, she probably looked upon him as a girlfriend more than anything else. By the time the week was over, still sexually unrelieved, he was totally subjugated - despite the fact that she'd exercised very little of her power over him.

At work, Ellen continued her dominance as well. She was a little disappointed when he turned up the following day not wearing his undies, but just acted as if he were her underling - and the little sweetie was SO receptive! Took over all of the office girl duties that she'd taken care of until then. Did the filing, made her coffee and served it - answered the phone, and did all of the photocopying. He now answered to all of the feminine honorifics she used - honey, sweetie, doll - and so on.

She had made arrangements with Joyce and arriving at his house for dinner on a Saturday wasn't overly surprised, when to answer her knock, he opened the door wearing a pretty pink chiffon apron, frilled across the bib, and trimmed with a ruffled hem to match and with a huge bow at the back. She thanked him nicely when he helped her to remove her jacket and then took her handbag to store them during her visit. Complimented him on how nice his apron looked, and smiled to herself at his ferocious blush.

She'd met Joyce before of course and had been very much taken with her quiet charm. Now she sensed that a major psychological change had taken place - somehow, the woman had been transformed from Bill's spousal partner to something else - a new role where she appeared to be stronger, more confident - and brimming with enthusiasm and health. Joyce, at the same time, sensed something different about Ellen as well - and was immediately attracted. They hugged each other warmly then went and sat in the family room, with Joyce telling Bill to fetch them drinks.

Neither of them could possibly guess that when he returned with their drinks on a tray that near identical thought processes took place in their brains as, having delivered the drinks, he started to return to the bar and they saw his effeminate rear end, with the flounced bow and the skirts of the apron wafting about him as he walked. At precisely the same moment, they both remembered similar sights in their own homes when they had been children - only there the roles

had been reversed. It had been their fathers who'd sat drinking with male friends, while their mothers fussed about in little frilled aprons.

"That's a very pretty apron he's wearing. Yours?" Ellen asked. "Mine?" Joyce answered in astonishment. "Heaven's no! I wouldn't wear anything like that!" Then she grinned. "I bought it especially for him to wear today. Seemed so... so... appropriate somehow."

Ellen smiled in agreement. She deliberated for a split second, wondering whether to push the issue or not, then decided. "Yes. He IS a bit of a sissy, isn't he?"

"You've noticed?" Joyce asked as if surprised, smiling.

"Well," Ellen said, smiling in return, "It was kinda hard to miss the fact that he was wearing a bra and a slip under his shirt that day. Did you buy him that lingerie as well?"

"Oh no. That was MY lingerie." Joyce said. "I came home unexpectedly - found him wearing it. Thought it might be a good idea to have him wear it for the rest of the day."

Ellen gave her thigh a light slap. "Whooooee! Didn't he raise a fuss?"

"A fuss? Billie? No. Well, hardly. After I spanked him, he was as good as gold." Joyce called over to her stricken husband. "Isn't that right Billie? Weren't you the best little boy for the rest of that day?"

"Yes dear," he said, humiliated beyond measure, standing in front of the two women who now controlled his life.

Ellen took a ruminative sip at her drink. "So that explains why he was so obedient that afternoon." She smiled at Joyce. "I must compliment you on your discipline, he was a perfect little gem that day. A real doll!"

Joyce smacked her forehead lightly with the palm of her hand. "Oh yes! That reminds me. I was on the phone when you brought him home that afternoon. Saw him get out of your car carrying a red handbag? I meant to ask him what that was all about but forgot until now." She smiled at Ellen. "What was going on, huh?"

Ellen giggled. "I'm not really knowledgeable about sissies, but there's certain things that they seem to give great significance..." "Carrying a woman's handbag being one?" Joyce interjected.

"I think so," Ellen said. "I asked him to carry it for me at the appraisal we did that afternoon. He seemed very embarrassed - and you should have seen his face when the realtor lady teased him about it a little."

"Mmmm," Joyce said thoughtfully, then changed the subject. "Billie? Don't you have something to do in the kitchen? I'm starting to feel like dinner. How long will it be?"

He said that he'd need to check, but that it shouldn't take very long and hurried away, his face flaming at the discussion the women had been having. He still had difficulty in walking though because, despite the humiliation that had been heaped on his head, he was sexually aroused - to say the least.

Dinner was a success. The ladies praised him to the skies and, sitting at the table, still in his pretty apron, he blushed and simpered at the compliments. Actually felt quite pleased with his prowess as Joyce described what a jewel he was becoming with all of the housework. Ellen's eyes gleamed. "Oh you ARE so lucky! I hate housework - and the cost of a maid service is outta sight these days!"

Joyce paused, a fork halfway to her mouth. "Well? Don't you have quiet days at the office?"

Ellen looked puzzled. "You got that right. But what do you ..?" She came to a quick stop, then giggled. "You mean you wouldn't MIND?"

Joyce took the forkful of food into her mouth and chewed it slowly, obviously thinking about what she was going to say. "Frankly Ellen? I've been watching you and wondering if you'd help me out?"

"Help you out? In what way? I'd be glad to help you in any way, if I can," Ellen replied.

Joyce put her fork down and smiled. "Well? I've been thinking. You're very sweet and feminine..."

"Thank you kind sir," Ellen interrupted, fluttering her eyelashes in a satire of femininity.

Joyce snorted a quick laugh. "You're welcome. But I was going to say that I think you'd be a perfect role model for Billie - and if you wouldn't mind taking him in hand? Then, I think that he doing a little housework for you would be a nice little quid pro quo. What do you think?"

Ellen's mouth made a perfect 'O'. "What do I think? You got a deal!" With that, she leaned over the table and she and Joyce shook hands ceremonially - while the object of the deal sat there blushing like the pretty maidservant they were



turning him into.

That night, after Ellen had gone, he tried to complain about how he was being treated. Naturally, he could not have picked a worse time to do it as, still in his apron, he was standing behind Joyce, brushing her lustrous hair while she

lollled happily in her chair in front of the dressing table mirror. She had taken great pains with her appearance - looked positively ravishing he thought as he opened up the conversation.

“Darling?” He said tentatively.

“Yesssss?” she purred.

“Do you think that... well, don't you think that you were kinda mean to me in front of Ellen?”

She sat up in her chair, a little indignantly. “Mean to you? What on earth makes you say that?”

“Well.. Telling her about me dressing up in your clothes...”

“But you DID, didn't you? Dress up in my lingerie?”

“Yes, but...”

She tossed her head, her hair whipping around her head. “But didn't you tell me that you wanted to be dominated?”

“But not by her! I wanted to keep it between you and me. Not tell anybody else...”

“Did I tell her to make you carry her handbag? Was it me that had her snap your bra straps? Seems to me that you either asked her to boss you, like you did me? Or acted like such a sissy that she figured it out on her own.”

She saw the stricken look on his face. She smiled, a little malevolence showing in it suddenly. “She told me all about what happened that afternoon. Are you going to TRY and tell me that you didn't like her bossing you around?”

“No. But darling? You both are treating me like a... a... Sissy?”

“YES! And it's not fair! I maybe made a mistake when I asked you to boss me around - but I didn't mean for all of this to happen!”

She settled back in her chair and looked at him in the mirror. “Tell me. Do you think I've made any special arrangements to look nice tonight?”

“Oh yes. You look lovely,” he said sincerely.

“Didn’t you wonder why?” she asked coyly, cocking her head to one side.

He shook his head. “Didn’t think about it.” Shrugged helplessly. “Didn’t think it was for me. You won’t let me...”

She picked up a lipstick tube and carefully started making her lips crimson. “But tonight darling? Tonight, I’m yours! Take me! You Tarzan! Me Jane!” Her teeth were startlingly white as she smiled, somewhat feral, at him.

He looked down at her, beautiful in her sexiest nightgown - showing her absolute willingness to cater to him. Be his woman! And, for the first time in almost a week, his erection died! Nevertheless, he tried to put a smile of wanton desire onto his face, hoping that his prick would start behaving itself. “Just keep yourself hot for me darling,” he said, pretending lust. “Just let me get you in bed - THEN we’ll see what’s what!”

Despite his internal need for some time to arrange his thoughts into productive channels, he knew that he could not show any lack of desire. Must appear to be the ardent swain. Accordingly, he tried to give every appearance of being in a hurry, although he was beginning to dread the very thought of having to perform the male’s traditional part in making love to his glamorous, seductive, wife. Tried desperately to think of anything that might delay his entry to the marital bed, give him time to regain his erection. Couldn’t. Managed to keep his flaccid member from her sight as he changed into his pajamas but finally, with a smile plastered on his face, he turned off the light and slid into bed beside her.

She, in the meanwhile, had watched her husband pretend. She had her own agenda in this little charade she had staged - and although she hadn’t been sure of how he would react to her proposition, was becoming surer by the minute as she watched her faltering sissy prance about the bedroom in his flounced little apron as if he couldn’t wait to ravish her. She gave an internal shrug. If he DID manage to act the man’s part? Then that would be something new to factor into the equation. If he didn’t (which had been her perception all along) then she would be that much further along in her program. She smiled to herself. Everything had gradually fallen into place without much constructive thought on her part. Gave herself a mental pat on the back for not having forced any issues. Gave

him her most supporting smile as he switched off the light, then forced herself to lie inert and await developments.

He'd never been too good at initiating sex, she was perfectly aware of that. Since their disaster of a wedding night she had learned to 'accidentally' brush her hand over his genitals or pretend that he was awakening passion in her. He really didn't need much to get him going she admitted and once he got started, he was generally adequate. That night, flat on her back, she made no attempt to assist him - nor to respond to his tentative advances. She did sigh a few times, as if with frustrated desire, and she could feel the poor lamb's mounting despondency. Finally, she decided to take over. "Darling?" she whispered. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes. Well..."

She could have sworn there was a sob in his voice and did feel a pang of conscience, but ignored it and it went away. "I thought you wanted to make love to me?" she whispered plaintively. "I made myself all pretty for you. Don't you want me anymore?" "Oh YES darling! I do. I do!" he said, then started to sniffle helplessly. "I don't know what's the matter," he mumbled weepily. "But it's been easily more than a week since we had sex!" she said, allowing some bitterness to seep into her voice. "And I'm really horny. Can't you do anything?"

"I'm sorry. Honest! I just don't know what's wrong. I really want to make love to you. I just can't..."

"You really want to? Maybe I could help?" she whispered. "Could you darling? Oh that would be SO wonderful," he gasped as her fingers started undoing his pajama buttons.

By the time she'd taken his pajamas off, he was 'up and ready to go' as the saying states, but then she surprised him by saying "Wait there a moment lovey. I won't be long."

"Please hurry!" he moaned, frightened again that his member would droop while he heard her getting out of bed and opening her closet door. Then when she came back to the bed, she lit the small reading lamp on her bedside table. Blinded for a second, he shut his eyes, but not before he saw that she seemed to have something pink and feminine in her hands.

“Sit up in bed sweetie and give me your arms,” she said. “Let's get this on you!”

“What? What are you doing?” he wailed desperately as he felt her pull something over his head and then pull his arms through soft, sweet scented sleeves.

“Hush dolly! I saw these nightgowns on sale and couldn't make up my mind which one I liked best so I bought both of them! Just wait until you feel it on you. Here, sit up in bed. This set has the nicest pair of sleeping panties. Help me out a little, will you?”

“Please don't,” he said quietly, well aware of his raging erection and craving release, but equally well aware that if he couldn't stop what was going on, any vestiges of manhood he had remaining would be swept away. She didn't answer, just kissed him firmly. Then she took her head back from his, saw the imprint of her own lipstick and, gently, used a fingertip to apply a more even coating of the cosmetic to his lips.

“Much prettier,” she sighed happily and turned off the light, slid into bed and took her soft, weak, sissy in her arms.

She wouldn't allow him to come for almost an hour but, by the end of that time, he had brought her to orgasm a number of times. Finally, she pushed him onto his back then lifted his nightgown up until it was all bunched up about his waist. Got up and straddled him then slowly pulled his panties down “You my pretty girl? You are, aren't you?”

He nodded in docile agreement, giving away his masculinity as she fitted her moistness over his rigid shaft and started pumping.

* * *

He tried to slip out of bed as unobtrusively as he could the following morning but before he reached the bathroom door, heard her say lazily. “Hi sweetie! Gosh, you look nice in that! There's a lovely matching negligee in my closet. Why don't you try it on as well, see how you look?”

“Huh? Well Joyce. This is kinda embarrassing, you know?”

She stilled him with a glance. “Well, if there's any

embarrassment going around, I hope it's yours! This the thanks I get for helping you out last night? Please stop this silliness darling and go and put your negligee on!"

A few minutes later, wearing the pink confection of lace and chiffon, he was kneeling at the side of the bed while she carefully tied the thin satin ties at his throat and puffed sleeves into perfect bows. "There!" she said with a satisfied grin. "Much prettier! Now you can go and make me a nice breakfast - but don't be getting any spots on your new outfit!"

"My new outfit?" he croaked.

"Yes, of course. You can hang your gown and robe in your side of the closet after this. Matter of fact? Remember that set of lingerie you borrowed that day I caught you?"

"Yes dear. I thought I said I was sorry."

"Just thought. I don't see any way that I want to ever wear that again, so why don't you move it over to your own lingerie drawer?"

Half delighted, half ashamed he fluttered his way through preparing breakfast and setting the table for Joyce. He was petrified with fright when he realized that he was expected to get the morning newspaper from the driveway but it was still quite dark and as he had a fair amount of privacy because of the garden hedge, he still breathed a sigh of relief when he was able to get it without any passerby seeing him. Later, after he has showered and changed to go to work, he entered the kitchen to have his own coffee and toast. He was actually filled with trepidation as he hadn't worn the lingerie that Joyce had given him and wondered if this would lead to him being rebuked.

It didn't though and for the next few weeks he scarcely notices how he is gradually slipping out of masculinity and into a sort of womanliness.

In the house he now understands that he is responsible for its maintenance and upkeep. Starts taking pride in a well prepared meal - and if Joyce compliments him on it, he blushes with pride - somewhat girlishly if the truth be known. He also feels fulfilled by the sight of a sparkling clean room - or a pretty centerpiece on the table. In bed, he is becoming well used to the wearing of pretty nightgowns that Joyce has procured for him and even smiles, if a little embarrassed, when

she regularly lays one on his side of the bed while he undresses for bed - "Just in case?" as she says with a smile. He doesn't notice that the same nightgowns have a faint scent of rosewater - something that Joyce enjoys. Naturally then, he doesn't recognize the fact that he now carries a slight miasma of this perfume with him at all times.

At work, he is now the assistant. Ellen is nice to him, treats him fairly - although she obviously expects him to do all of the lower level chores. He isn't aware that she recognizes the days when he's had sex the night before (His rosewater scent is more noticeable) and is therefore more malleable to 'suggestions' she makes pertaining to his appearance - his fingernails being one of the first objectives she sets for herself.

So he then finds himself one morning actually agreeing that nice fingernails couldn't possibly do any harm to an appraiser. After all, most of the realtors they deal with are women - and they're notoriously picky about men having clean, well-tended, fingernails. (He had never noticed this himself, but now that Ellen is extolling this, he can see that it makes sense). Without quite understanding how it has come about, he finds that he is sitting at his desk for periods of time, his fingers dipped in various soft, sweet smelling, lotions. He smiles when Ellen jokes that she won't discipline him for shirking his duties, as she makes - and serves - the coffee.

Then, still gracious, she sits and dries his hands gently, praising him for having taken such good care of them - exclaiming over their softness. He blushes prettily. Next she trims his cuticles, then buffs his nails into ovals. It doesn't seem to take any time before she is applying a clear polish (well, maybe it has a teeny touch of pink in it?) and he's promising to apply cream to his hands every night. He does notice that the cream has a very light touch of rosewater to it, but within minutes can no longer smell it. From the regular applications of the hand creams and the scented nightwear he occasionally wears he then exudes a faint miasma of rosewater wherever he goes. Women, with their superior sense of smell recognize it immediately of course. The men he comes into contact are not always adept enough in this area to identify it - but he starts to notice that males seem to shy away from him more and more.

He had never been what you would describe as a

“man’s man”, but had maintained some tenuous contacts from his old college days - the odd poker game, invitations to a ball game, and suchlike. Without his fully realizing it, Joyce starts to sever these connections slowly, one by one - finding chores that simply have to be done around the house if an old friend calls with an invitation - though all the time pressing him that he really should maintain his masculine contacts - why on earth doesn't he invite his buddies around to the house for tea - or something? (He's still enough of a man to recognize that his apron-wearing chores would probably be brought to the fore, so declines). She now loves to watch him prepare for bed, applying the creams and lotions to his hands and now, his face as well.

At both Joyce and Ellen's insistence that he MUST expand his social life, he is gradually introduced into Ellen's circle of friends all girls of course. Josie, Mary, Megahn and Sue, and at first they all treat him with a sort of distant courtesy but, once they detect his feminine scent and see his girlish fingernails they embrace his acceptance as 'one of the girls' enthusiastically. They meet regularly to play card or dice games - sometimes just to sit and gossip knitting or embroidering as they do so. The 'hostess' duties are rotated and it wasn't too long before that duty fell on him. That particular evening Joyce met all of them before retiring to her office to do some work, telling them how glad she was that her husband had found such a delightful group of friends.

She dropped in on them later and smiled beatifically at seeing her husband wearing one of his prettiest aprons, sitting between two of his new friends, learning how to crochet. He just looked so natural, she thought to herself. That night she made him especially pretty when she took him to bed - and was delighted at his soft, sweet smelling, acceptance of her lovemaking.

At work, Ellen was gradually removing him from male influences as well. Sometimes there'd be a man contact where an appraisal had to be done. When this was the case, she'd be extremely critical of Bill in front of the man. Bill never quite caught on why this was happening but started being delighted when Ellen would leave him in the office on the kind of appointment when a male was involved - and he was always so happy when their appointment was with a woman - Ellen was still kinda bossy perhaps, but she was

much more affectionate and loving then - praised him a lot more too.

Then, one day, Joyce wanted him to accompany her to go to the boutique where he had always bought her lingerie. "I got to thinking," she said. "I need to replace the set that you wear now," she explained when she called to make sure he was available.

"But what do you need me for?" he asked.

"Your good taste darling, and if you're good? I might take you out for lunch, okay?"

She'd taken him out for meals a few times by this time. He was getting used to playing the woman's role in public now, but still found it embarrassing. The thought crossed his mind that he might find a visit to the boutique even more so, but he decided not to think any more about that as his pants were starting to bulge, and he didn't want Ellen to notice.

"Don't forget to ask Ellen for permission," Joyce reminded him. "Oh I don't think she'll give me any problem," he said.

"True darling, but it's just good manners to check with the boss, is it not?"

He blushed at this reminder of his status in the office, but asked Ellen all the same once he was off the phone. When she heard that it was at Joyce's request she granted him the time off immediately. "When it's Joyce that wants you? You don't need to ask my permission," she said in a scolding tone. "But before you go? Try and finish that filing I gave you to do - and be a pet and make a fresh pot of coffee, huh?"

He hadn't finished the filing when Joyce arrived, but Ellen asked her if she'd mind waiting, suggesting that he pour them both a cup of the fresh coffee he'd just made and they could have a chat after explaining that she'd just need him to finish a little bit filing before she let him go. Joyce had no problems with this, so he served both ladies, then got back to his filing. He blushed when Joyce complimented him on his coffee, and even more when she and Ellen sat chatting while he did the clerical task that had been assigned to him, well aware of the sort of the glances of bemused disdain that the women regarded him with as he worked at the chores normally

assigned to an office girl.

Meekly, he finally reported to Ellen that his filing was done. She thanked him very nicely, commenting to Joyce at the same time what a 'treasure' he was around the office.

"Oh, he is a little treasure around the house too," Joyce cooed, putting an arm around his shoulder and giving him a hug. "But that reminds me Ellen. Weren't you going to have him help you out with your housework - or had you forgotten?"

"It's SO sweet of you to offer his services," Ellen answered. "I hadn't forgotten. It's just that I feel that I'd be taking advantage of the little darling."

"Taking advantage? Don't be silly, Ellen. He'd just love to help you out." She turned to him. "He just dotes on being a housewife, don't you darling?"

He tried to show some vestige of masculinity by not answering her. She gave him a hug. "Darling? Please don't be rude. I asked you a question. You enjoy doing housework, don't you?"

There was absolutely no intimations of anything other than a friendly question in her voice, her tone being nothing but pleasantly conversational. At the same time, it suddenly dawned on him that it was mostly true - he did enjoy doing most of the housework. He actually smiled a little as he answered. "Yes. I guess so though I can't say I like scrubbing floors."

Joyce laughed. "Can't say as I blame you, it's not all fun being a housewife, is it? But I'm sure that if you told Ellen that, she wouldn't ask you to do that. Would you Ellen?"

Ellen smiled and shook her head. "Of course not! So maybe next week, if we get a slow day, you could maybe help me out, Billie?"

Still held in his wife's embrace, and feeling thoroughly dominated by the women he nodded and was rewarded by a small hug by Joyce and a quick kiss on the cheek by Ellen. Then she stepped back. "Well, off you go, you two - have a nice time buying your undies!"

Her arm still around his shoulder, Joyce gently shepherded him out to the car and solicitously opened the car

door and ushered him into the passenger side. Then she made sure he fastened his safety belt before closing the door. She then turned and gave Ellen a wave before entering the car and driving off.

She had never been to Ada's Boutique before. Knew the name from the times when Bill had brought home presents for her held in carry bags with the shop name on them. As she drove, she contentedly ruminated, trying to determine what, if anything, she had in mind by taking Billie with her to shop that day. She had enjoyed that little playlet that she'd just participated in with he and Ellen - it had been kinda fun in a very low key way, but she felt as she'd felt that morning - she was in the mood for something a little raunchier. Felt it was time that her little dear husband got a good dose of humiliation. She grinned to herself. The way she was starting to feel that now-familiar moistness in her groin? Maybe she'd buy him a sexy nightgown at Ada's! Maybe make him model it?

The boutique was deceptive. It didn't appear to be any appreciable size at the front, but parking at the back and walking around to the main entrance, gave her an idea that it might be a fairly large store - which turned out to be the case. As they came to the entrance, she held the door open for him - then crooked her arm. He got the message and slid his hand in between her arm and her body, linking his arm with hers - and then being basically led into the store.

Immediately, she saw that the boutique carried quite an array of women's clothes and accessories. Everything was artfully displayed of course, highlighted by appropriately placed lamps - displays of lingerie, formal and sportswear - shoes, handbags - a virtual treasure trove for any lady shopper! In addition, she saw what is becoming a rarity in department stores - employees there to assist the customers. These ladies wore a sort of uniform - a sedate black skirt with a floral blouse. Some were attending a few of the lady customers and a few more were tidying the racks. She noticed something else immediately.

It was a look of surprise on just about everyone's face. They obviously knew Bill from his having bought a lot of stuff there - it was more the fact that they seemed surprised at seeing her than anything else.



Ada, the owner was on the floor, but with her back to them, talking to someone on her cell phone. She seemed to have seen her salesladies' expressions, because she turned around to see what was causing this reaction. She was slim and petite - of what looked to be of Chinese extraction. Very pretty almond shaped eyes, a lovely cap of jet black hair - and although she wore the same type of black skirt as her

employees, she wore a well cut, obviously expensive shirt front white blouse with the top two buttons undone - showing a beautiful gold chain.

Joyce immediately noticed the surprise on Ada's face when she turned. She smiled to herself - so much for the oriental inscrutability she thought. At the same time, she couldn't figure out why all of the women working in the boutique were reacting in this same fashion - made a determination to find out. She immediately told Billie, "Okay dear - time you got to work. Get me a nice lingerie set now!"

"Aren't you going to help me?" he asked.

"Of course not - you never needed any help in the past, did you? Off with you now. I want to meet Ada - maybe have a little chat with her."

Ada had concluded her telephone conversation and had approached them. "Hello Mr. Wiles," she said. "Nice to see you again. Is this your wife? The one we've heard so much about?" Then she smiled at Joyce and held out her hand. "A pleasure to meet you Mrs. Wiles. Is there anything in particular you're looking for?"

Joyce took the proffered hand. "Hi Ada. I'm Joyce. No, can't say I've anything special in mind - but Billie here is being a darling. He's going to buy me some lingerie."

A peculiar expression flashed across Ada's face and again, Joyce was intrigued. "Yes - you are extremely lucky in having such a husband," the store owner said. "He has excellent taste!"

Joyce turned her attention back to her husband. "Okay dear, that's enough compliments for you for the moment - off you go now - quick, like a bunny!"

A warm flush of pleasure washed through her as her husband meekly nodded his head then left. She turned and smiled at Ada. "It's SO nice when they do as they're told, isn't it?" she asked. "Oh, most definitely!" Ada smiled back. "Would you care to join me for a glass of wine?"

"Most certainly," Joyce smiled. "It's a little early yet - but we can't be good ALL the time, can we?"

A few moments later, she was standing in Ada's office, sipping away at a glass of very nice white wine and

smiling at her hostess. "I've a question to ask. Do you mind?" she asked.

"Not at all. Fire away," Ada responded.

"When Billie and I came in the store a little while ago? Some of your salesgirls - and you - seemed surprised. Why was that?" Ada actually blushed, Joyce saw the red climb up the other woman's cheeks. After a short pause, she said,

"Well? To tell the truth, I think we were all surprised to see him with a woman."

"Why? Did you think he was gay?"

"Oh no. Not at all."

"But you said earlier that he'd told you about me - so if you didn't think he was gay, and you knew he was married, why on earth should it be a surprise for you to see me?"

A rather guilty expression appeared on Ada's face and then she grinned. "To tell the truth? All of us thought that he was buying the lingerie for himself - the sizes he picked just looked as if they would fit him perfectly. Not only that? he's so SHY - the girls all wanted to attend him, but he always said he didn't want any help - so we all felt that he just wanted to enjoy walking about and touching the materials a lot." She shrugged. "Sorry. None of us thought that he was buying the stuff for anyone but himself. When we saw you with him, it was just a surprise, that's all." She shrugged. "Sorry about that. Now, would you be interested in a short tour of the boutique? You can bring your wine if you'd like."

Joyce was not really surprised by this revelation and instantly decided to have a bit of fun at Billie's expense. She looked over at him and saw that he had already started to browse through the racks of undies. "That would be lovely, thanks," she said to Ada, then added as she stepped out of the office, "Just excuse me for a minute please," she added.

"Sure thing. No problem," Ada replied.

"Billie?" Joyce called out. "Could you come here for a moment darling?" Again she felt that satisfactory tingle as he stopped what he was doing and headed back towards her.

"Doesn't like the salesgirls helping him? My goodness!" she said quietly to Ada. "I'll have to work on that,

won't I?"

A few days before, she'd made him stop carrying his wallet to work - it made such an unsightly bulge in his clothes, she'd told him. Accordingly, if he needed money for anything, he had to ask her or Ellen for it - another small gratification she enjoyed immensely. . "I was thinking Billie," she said as he approached. "Ada's going to give me a tour of the boutique - so just in case I get hard to find? And you want to pay for the lingerie? Here, take this. This way, you can pay for your purchases without bothering me." With that, she held out her handbag towards him.

Obviously reluctant, he took it and started to slide it up under his armpit. She made a tutting sound with her lips. "Billie! Behave! Carry that properly!" She smiled at Ada who was now standing beside her. "Men are so helpless when it comes to a simple thing like carrying a handbag, aren't they?"

Ada smiled at her with her eyes. Shook her head. "Helpless describes it all right. Took me quite a long time to teach my husband to do it properly." She stared at Joyce, her eyes full of inquiry - looking to see if Joyce would follow through. Joyce didn't - at least not immediately. She spoke to Billie again. "But darling? Look through the dresses this time, would you? See if there's anything you think would suit me?"

He looked at her. "But Joyce? I don't know anything about dresses... I might not pick something you'd like..."

"Don't worry about that, darling," she cooed. "I'm sure that anything you pick will be lovely - but now that I think on it? Perhaps Ada has a salesgirl - or two - that might give you some useful suggestions?"

"What a wonderful idea Joyce!" Ada said enthusiastically before Billie could voice any complaint, then called over to two salesladies. "Wanda? Janice? Would you two like to help Mr. Wiles pick out a dress for his lovely wife?"

The two women she addressed looked over at Billie and smiled, something almost feral in their eyes, Joyce thought. "Oh sure!" they chorused. "We'd love to! Come on Mr. Wiles - we've got all sorts of pretty clothes you can look at!"

"No need to be formal!" Joyce called to them. "He

prefers to be called Billie.”

“Well, come along Billie - we've lots of looking to do,” one of the women said and linking her arm in his, led him away, the other walking along at his other side.

Bill was in a quandary. He'd always turned any offers of assistance down when shopping there before. In actuality, the thought of working through racks of lingerie with a woman had always appealed to him. The problem was that it was fairly common for him to get an erection while doing his shopping and he didn't want this to be seen.

Now, here he was, flanked by two women who exuded interest in him and what he was going to choose. He had been sentenced to expand his search out of the lingerie racks and into the much larger areas where dresses were racked - with no idea of what Joyce wanted - and neither Wanda nor Janice were shy about making suggestions, constantly pulling the special hangers that held lingerie and asking his opinion on the style of the bras - or the colors. Very soon, they had pulled three full matching sets and had had him place them on a table in the main fitting room, before leading him out in amongst the dresses.

There, they began to toy with him. Both had quickly seen the tenting form in the front of his pants and, almost like two sheep dogs shepherding one of those wooly creatures, gently nudged Bill in amongst the trove of beautiful clothes. Then one of them would pull out a hanger with a dress on it - and hold it up in front of him - just to get an idea what it looks like, they said. Then they fell into a routine. Wanda would point out a dress - he then learned it was his job to pull the dress off of the hanger - and hold it up against his body in the way that women have made an initial evaluations of dresses since time immemorial.

If Wanda thought it looked 'cute' or had potential, he handed it over to Janice. If it didn't meet Wanda's criteria, he then had to put it back on the hanger - and then go on to the next dress that Wanda designated. He was constantly embarrassed at his erection as he handled one beautiful fabric after another. They spent almost a half hour and finally ended up with three dresses that seemed appropriate: A full skirted, long sleeved, shirtwaist type in a silky material of small white polka dots on a navy blue background; a tight, knee length,

sleeveless sheath in a cobalt blue, and a linen dress with a full yellow skirt that fell to calf length and had a white top with puffed sleeves and a series of yellow chiffon scallops decorating the bust line. All three dresses closed in the back.

(Bill had wondered about this, but both Wanda and Janice had seemed to think that this would be a major consideration. He wasn't aware that both of the ladies, being well accustomed to transvestites, knew that a dress closing at the back was usually highly regarded by many of the little sissies they occasionally came in contact with).

Joyce had spent a very leisurely time, strolling around, with Ada as her guide. Had made a few purchases herself - and had them gift wrapped. A few times, she'd seen her husband and smiled at seeing him hold up feminine dresses against himself, while two salesladies fussed about him - making tiny adjustments to the dresses as he blushed in beautiful shades of rose. She and Ada weren't far behind him as he and the salesladies finally carried his dress selections into the fitting room. Figuring he had completed his assigned duties, they followed.

It was a fairly large room with a raised plinth used primarily for displays and fittings of formal and wedding gowns and the doors to various changing room spread out around the outer sides. Some large mirrors were installed on the walls between the doors, and there were also a few large mirrors on coasters that could be wheeled around to provide multi-directional views. The floor was carpeted and some easy chairs and low tables were scattered about for anyone to use to view the dresses being modeled or tried on. As Joyce and Ada picked chairs and moved them closer to the plinth, she found Billie red faced and arguing with Wanda and Janice.

“Whatever IS the matter darling?” she asked sweetly.

“Oh nothing dear,” he said hastily.

Janice smiled and said. “I'm sorry Mrs. Wiles, but it's my fault. I'd thought that as he'd done such a good job of choosing the dresses, he might want to model them for you.”

“So Billie? What's the matter with that?” Joyce asked semi-seriously.

“Aw Joyce! C'mon!” he said, his eyes tearing with embarrassment.

“Just teasing darling,” she laughed. “But would it be too much for me to get a little preview of what you picked?”

“Eh?” he replied.

“Hold the dresses up against yourself. Let me get an idea of what they look like. Please?”

“Couldn't you try... “ he started to say.

“Billie? I saw you holding dresses up against yourself out on the floor, didn't I? I can't see any difference in what I'm asking you to do now, can you? So what's all this fussing about? That one with the yellow skirt? Show that one first, would you?”

Both her tone and the words she used were so calm and logical that he couldn't come up with any argument so, with a blush again firing up his face, he held the dress up in front of himself.

“Not bad darling. Not bad at all!” Joyce said encouragingly. “But get up on the plinth, would you? That way I'll be able to see better.”

Not really aware of the picture he made, Billie held the dress tightly to him as he climbed carefully up onto the raised area.

He had thought that showing her the dresses would take no time at all. But it seemed to take forever. He'd have to hold one up and show off the front, then with Janice holding it at the back, he'd present a view of that as well - then show another dress - then back to the first, then another. To make matters worse a few of the other lady customers came in and started trying on various articles of clothing - some even walking about in their lingerie - as if there wasn't a man present in the room!

It turned out that Joyce just couldn't make up her mind - between the Yellow and Cobalt dresses. She tried them both on and had them fitted to her, so it came as no surprise then, when with a laugh she decided to take both. It was a major surprise though when she took the polka dot dress as well without trying it on - she'd made a few comments that indicated that she didn't think that the color suited her.

“But I thought you didn't like it?” he asked, momentarily puzzled.

"I didn't say I didn't like it," she said. "I only said that I didn't think it would suit ME. Remember?"

"Oh," was all he said, wondering why both Wanda and Janice smiled - and Ada had put a hand over her mouth as if to hide a grin.

"That's it, then?" he asked, getting ready to step down from the small platform.

"No - you silly Billie! Just give me a peek at the undies, huh?" Joyce asked, her voice now having distinct overtones of mockery.

Aghast, but totally compliant now, he finished up his exercise in humiliation by holding up the various, bras, slips, camisoles, and panties against himself - well aware now that the silky feel of the lingerie and the public debasement that he was being put through were combining to give him a constant erection. He also felt that his state of excitation wasn't altogether un-noticed by the women in the fitting room - another thing that seemed to keep his hardon from diminishing for some reason.

He was in a fever of indecision as they left the store. Joyce was carrying the gift-wrapped box while he (still responsible for carrying the handbag) toted the shopping bags containing the lingerie and the polka dot dress. She'd said she didn't care for the dress - so who was it for? Who could it possibly be for? The question ran through his mind repeatedly and he just couldn't think of anything else - was it for him? He worried that it was - then worried that it wasn't. What was she going to do? What was he going to do? He rehearsed all sorts of approaches he could think of in his mind, but let's face it, how can a man - sissy or not - ask his wife if a dress she has just purchased is for him?

But, as usual, she pre-empted his thoughts as if she'd been reading his mind. They had just settled themselves in the car, buckled up, and driven off when she patted his thigh gently.

"Been enjoying yourself today, darling?"

"Eh? Eh? Enjoying myself doing what?" he stammered.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. Stop

pretending dear! It does not become you!" she chided him gently, patting him on the thigh again, then giggled softly. "Running around in a boutique, handling the pretty dresses, holding them up against yourself, picking and choosing - just like an excitable young girl! Chattering away like a little magpie to the two salesgirls - having just a wonderful time!"

"That's NOT true!" he protested vehemently.

Joyce ignored him. "And? If you'd been able to see your face when you were picking out the lingerie - all pink blushes and shyness - THEN when you were showing off your choices in the fitting room - I thought I was going to die! Could hardly keep myself from laughing out loud! That time when Janice had you put your arms through the bra loops and held it at the back? Thought I was going to burst! My husband! Standing in the middle of a fitting room practically wearing a pink satin bra!" She patted him on the thigh again. "Though really darling? I must admit that the color looked good on you."

He was almost in tears with embarrassment. "But it was you... you... who made..." he gasped.

She shook her head disbelievingly. "Darling? Please stop with those silly justifications as to why you act like a sissy. I wish you'd just accept what you are and..."

"This is NOT fair!" he said, finally getting some masculine indignation into his voice. "I have just about had enough of this!"

The road they were driving on was practically deserted, so it was easy for her to pull over to the curb. She stopped the car and looked at him coldly. Spoke between tight lips. "I will NOT have you talking to me in that tone of voice. Do you understand me?" "Well, I'm sorry if I was a bit harsh with you..." he started, then stopped as she stared at him disbelievingly for a moment before bursting into laughter.

"Harsh was it? Harsh - with me?" She giggled helplessly for a moment, then composed herself. Patted his thigh gently... "Darling? You weren't harsh. I don't think you could be that way if you tried. You were being argumentative! You were being naughty! That is what I didn't like. Now, are you going to behave? Be a good little sissy husband for Joyce? A pretty, obedient, little pansy?"

Ashamed, he stared down at the car floor. Didn't answer her. "Going to behave now, darling?" she cooed mockingly.

He nodded.

"You've been wondering about the polka dot dress, haven't you?" she asked, a smile hovering about the corners of her mouth.

"Yes, kinda," he admitted.

"Wondering why I bought it?"

He didn't answer, just nodded.

"Well, I got to thinking. You see when you broached the subject about our role reversal? You didn't exactly say that you wanted to wear women's clothes..."

"I didn't! I didn't!" he said excitedly.

"Hush darling! Just listen!"

He opened his mouth as if to say something, but she reached across and using the thumb and forefinger of her hand like a vice, closed them around his cheeks and squeezed. Not painfully, but with enough authority to get her message across. "Are you going to listen, darling?" she said forcing his face to look into hers and staring directly into her eyes. His eyes dropped.

"LOOK at me!" she commanded quietly.

He did as he was told, and she noticed now that there was no fight left in him, just a quiet docility: an acceptance of her domination; a soft bovine quality. A wife accepting a husband's physical superiority. She let out a happy sigh. Released his cheeks, and patted one gently. "Very good. Now, we were talking about your polka dot dress, were we not?"

He nodded.

"Do you think it's a pretty dress? Think you'll look good wearing it?"

"It's pretty," he said, then added "Are you going to make me wear it?"

"Make you wear it? Heavens NO! You can wear it, or not, as you choose!"

He stared at her. "I don't understand. You've been making me wear... well... other things..." He blushed, furiously as she smiled at him.

"Like your pretty nightgowns and undies?" she said, giggling a little.

"Yes," he mumbled.

"You wore the undies first, did you not? And as far as the nightdresses go, don't you enjoy what happens when you wear them? Come on now. Admit it!"

She hadn't thought it possible, but his blush deepened as he nodded.

"Well, I enjoy you being my little sissy too. Making you feel all soft and girlish, smell pretty, and be nice and docile. Do as you're told - like an obedient little wife. See? I admit it."

She patted his cheek again. "But when you brought up this whole situation, it was YOU that was calling the shots and, though you didn't admit it, I came to the conclusion that you really wanted to be the woman in our relationship. At first? I resented this, but then I started to enjoy it - maybe a little bit more than I should?" She paused for a second. "I've been gradually introducing you to the fact that a woman's life isn't ALL pretty clothes and romance. There are many negative factors associated with being one of the weaker sex and I want to make you aware of them."

He was dumbfounded. Could see now why things had got out of hand. Knew full well, deep inside, that there was a hard core of truth in everything she had said, but his questions about the dress were still unanswered. "Joyce? Can I ask a question please?" he said meekly.

"Of course, sweetheart."

"The dress? The polka dot dress?"

She showed her teeth in a wide grin. "Sorry! Almost forgot. Well, my thinking is this. You've been a good husband and, right now, I enjoy you as my sweet little sissy. But I've had this idea growing for a while now. Know what? I'm thinking you'll make a great little wife."

"I'm practically that right now," he said, with a trace

of bitterness in his voice.

“Sorry dear. Nowhere near what I’m thinking about. Want to hear?” she said.

He shook his head, a frightened expression now on his face. “Well, I think I’ll tell you anyway. You see I want to introduce you to more of the aspects of a woman’s life - with one exception, the wearing of a dress - yes, the polka dot. Once you put that on voluntarily and wear it in front of me? You’re admitting that you want to actually BE my wife. At that point, we escalate the changeover.”

“Escalate?”

“Oh yes. More of the physical aspects. Have you take the surgery for breast implants and maybe hip enhancements. Start you on collagen for lip plumping. Probably start you on all of those pre-op drug programs the transsexuals talk about...”

“To castrate me?” he asked, horrified.

“Well? I don’t think that’s the term they use - but essentially? I guess so. Can’t very well consider you a woman if you have a penis now, can I?”

“But... But... how would we make... make... love?” he gasped.

“Oh for goodness sake! How do you think? We haven’t been paying too much to your prick recently, have we? You’re actually becoming quite acceptable as a sweet little lesbian when we make love.

“But you DO use me sometimes - as a man I mean.” he stammered.

“Yes, I have. But I’ve started to have fantasies about dildos. You know? Just wondering really...” She grinned at the expression on his face. “Don’t be frightened Billie. I’d make sure I didn’t hurt you...”. She took him into her arms as he started to cry. “There there now. Don’t cry. Nothing will happen to you if you don’t put on that dress. You’ll just be Joyce’s little sissy, that’s all.”

“Promise?” he hiccupped through his tears.

“Of course,” she said.

Later, after he had composed himself, she reached

back across the front seat and pulled the gift wrapped box from the back seat where she'd put it. "Here darling," she said. "I thought you'd like these. And now would seem to be a good time. Why don't you open it?"

"What is it?" he asked nervously.

"You'll find out when you open it up, won't you?" she said, smiling at him.

Carefully, he opened up the present, being careful not to rip the paper - and making sure that the bow would be preserved. Took the lid off the box - and looked at the two handbags inside.

"But... But... They're... they're... handbags!" He said, haltingly.

"Yes darling! I've seen how much you enjoy carrying mine - and Ellen's. Thought it was time you had your very own."

"But they're women's," he said despairingly.

"Of course they are! I know that some handbags are made for men now-but they are SO ugly! Not feminine at all! See? One of these is beige - and the other is a sort of Ivory. They'll go with almost any outfit you have on! Now you can carry all the stuff that you used to have in your wallet - and there'll be plenty of room for things like your cosmetics, or..."

"But Joyce! I don't use cosmetics!" he wailed.

She shrugged, "Well maybe right at this moment you don't - but what about your nail polish - and your manicure set, huh? Won't it be handy for them?"

"I guess so," he admitted.

"And let's face it darling, there's other things of a more personal nature that you can carry around in your handbag." She took in his uncomprehending stare. "Of a hygienic nature?" Then she shook her head as the light still hadn't gone on in his head. "We're going to have to set you up with a schedule dear - a monthly schedule."

The impact of what she was saying finally got through to him. She immensely enjoyed the horrified look that came over his face. "But Joyce. I don't have - I mean, I can't have..."

“A menstrual cycle? Of course you can't! But like I just said a little while ago? A woman's life isn't just a whole bunch of nice things like dresses and perfumes and making one's self pretty - so you should take on at least some of the things that aren't so attractive, don't you think? Before you make up your mind, that is.” “Make up my mind about what?”

“Whether to wear your pretty polka dot dress or not.”

He panted with fright a little. “I'm NOT going to put that dress on! I'm just asking how can I possibly have periods?”

“They'd just be pretend of course - but you'll soon get used to the use of Tampax or Maxi-pads. I'll let you have a regular cycle - if you're good of course. That way you'll know exactly what time of the month for your periods. And you'll be able to commiserate with your new girlfriends - and be more like one of them so to speak.” With that, she put the car into gear and drove away from the curb, grinning to herself.

Joyce took him to the restaurant that seemed to be her favorite. He couldn't understand why - the food was okay and the service fairly good, but apart from a rather nice decor, he couldn't see the attraction. That afternoon though, it dawned on him. He was the only male in the place - all of the other diners were women - and frankly it seemed as if some of the couples might be lesbians, but the fact that Joyce held out his chair and ordered for him distracted him and he thought no more about it. By now, the waitresses knew him and always greeted him nicely - but deferred to Joyce as the head of the table so to speak. He was embarrassed at having to carry one of his new handbags of course but, to tell the truth, nobody seemed to care. To tell the truth, he actually forgot about it until he had to visit the Gents - and there it seemed very out of place. But as he was the only person in the room, his unease soon passed.

Joyce dropped him off at the office after lunch - it was now becoming a regular habit for Ellen to drive him home - the women having come to the conclusion (in front of him) that sissies tended to be weak drivers.

There, Ellen was delighted at seeing him ‘with his very own handbag’, commenting how sensible he was becoming. That afternoon, she had him darken the shade on his

fingernails. There was no doubt about it, his nails were now distinctly oval, distinctly feminine, and a deep shade of pink - maybe even red. He knew better than to complain of course. She kept on making remarks about how he sounded like he was coming down with a cold - but he paid no attention until, just before they left to keep an appointment for a house appraisal - with Mrs. Iverson again, Ellen thought that he should wear a scarf to 'protect' his chest.

He tried to fob her off, but finally gave in - and wore a



pretty floral silk scarf, draped artistically draped around his

shoulders and held in place by a jeweled scarf ring - and carried his handbag (of course) to the appointment. Mrs. Iverson paid very little attention to him, being in a hurry, but was pleasant enough to him - congratulating him on his appearance as she hurried off.

There was still plenty of time left in the afternoon but, as they had no pressing engagements, Ellen took him to a small shop that specialized in aromatherapy. There, warning him against the constant exposure to the elements, the lady in charge put him on a program to conserve his complexion and skin. By the time he left, his mind was in a whirl - no more showers for a while just tepid baths, with a little oil. Application of various oils (and vitamin E) to his lips - to give those plump - irresistible - kissable lips. Naturally, as a finishing touch, a little perfumed talcum powder. (Just a little dear! Dryness is NOT good!). His handbag was quite filled with purchases and free samples when they left.

Joyce was wearing an enigmatic smile when Ellen finally dropped him off later that day. She was very complimentary about his scarf and most interested in the skin care program that the lady in the shop had drawn up for him, but it didn't take him long to discover that she had come up with a new wrinkle of humiliation. "Billie? I was just thinking," she said as he took down his apron from behind the kitchen door in preparation for getting dinner going.

"Yes darling?" He asked. "About what?"

"Well, I was thinking that I've all sorts of old clothes in the closet. Been meaning to donate them to the Red Cross or Goodwill, just never got around to it." She paused.

"Yes?" he prompted her.

"Well there's pants and tops that are still in excellent condition. And, I just thought that they might be perfect for you doing your household chores. If you wore them, it would take the wear and tear off the clothes that you normally wear to the office. I've looked out some and laid them on top of the bed. Want to try some on before you start your chores?"

"Pants and tops? No dresses or skirts?" he asked suspiciously. "Of course not!" she said, then grinned and asked rhetorically, arching her eyebrows suggestively as she spoke. "Unless you wanted some? I've got lots of them too. I

wouldn't want you to wear your polka dot for housework - you'd get it all dirty!"

He started to blush again, which pleased her immensely. She had to admit to herself that she'd thought he'd raise all sorts of complaints about being told to wear her clothes, but it now seemed that he'd accepted her suggestion, only grateful that she wasn't putting him in skirts or dresses!

He shook his head. "But I'm just starting dinner. Can't it wait until tomorrow?" His tone of voice evidencing nothing but docility.

"It won't take you long. Just hurry up and stop your arguing!" she said shortly. "You can put your apron on later."

She was delighted in his choice - a yellow angora polo neck sweater along with black silk pants, but then she had him take off the sweater and put on a bra and camisole - just to protect the sweater material of course. When he put his apron on over the top of his new outfit, she made an exclamation of delight. "That's what it was! That's what it was!" she gasped.

"That's what what was?" he asked as he tied the bow for his apron.

"Well, I hate to say it darling, but you always looked... I don't know... a little wrong before." She said.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked, shaking his head.

She laughed. "I am sounding a bit daft, amn't I? But listen. Those aprons of yours. They're pretty and feminine, aren't they?"

He blushed.

She shook her head in annoyance. "Oh STOP that! That's what you told me you wanted to wear and now you're wearing one - so just knock off the shy act, huh?"

But she didn't give him time to respond. "See? The aprons are pretty - but when you wear one over your man clothes - you take away the femaleness of the apron. At the same time you reduce the masculinity of the male clothing - so you're neither one thing nor the other. Now, over that nice sweater and pants? You just look like... like..." she paused.

"Like?" he asked.

“Like a housewife is supposed to look!” she said triumphantly. “After this? Any time you do housework? I want you to wear proper clothes underneath - and? Go and put something in your bra cups just now. May as well look the part as well as dress the part.”

He didn't even blush when he went to do her bidding. Used two silk scarves for padding and, shortly thereafter was doing his chores properly 'adjusted' and clothed. He caught his reflection in a few mirrors as he dusted - and soon became accustomed to the new feminine persona he saw in there.

He soon became used to changing when he got home. Joyce had bought him breast forms, explaining that she liked the nice softness of his breasts when he used the scarves - but she liked the consistency in size that the forms provided. He got a fright when she intimated that he should dress 'properly' the next time it was his turn to be 'hostess' to his girlfriends, but after some serious pleading on his part, she relented. A few days after that though, another situation arose where she had no intention of relenting.

“I thought Ellen was finally going to have you clean her place today?” she said.

“That's right. She's having a meeting of some women's investment club she's president of this afternoon. Apologized like mad for leaving it so late, but didn't want to take the chance of dirtying the place again if she'd had me do it before - plus we've been kinda busy in the office this last few days.” He saw the expression on her face. “But what's wrong Joyce? You don't mind, do you? You said it was okay for me to clean ...”

She sighed wearily. “You're wearing your office clothes.”

His face paled as her point sunk in. “You mean you want me to take some... some... of my... other things?”

“Yes. Of course! What did you think I meant?”

“Ellen's never seen me in...”

“She's never seen you doing housework either!”

“Okay” He said, resignedly. “I'll take a change with me.”

“Don't be so bloody ridiculous!” she snapped. “Go and change now!”

“Huh? But I've got to go to the office.”

“What on earth FOR? Aren't I taking you directly to Ellen's?”

“But people will SEE me!” he wailed as the logic of her statement hit him...

Joyce shrugged. “So? Don't you think it's about time? And anyway, you'll be in the car the whole way.” She shook a finger at him as his mouth opened to argue. “BILLIE! Go and change -NOW!”

He thought he had angered her, but wasn't truly aware of how much until after a few changes, he finally met her approval. By that time, he was in a 'V' neck cashmere sweater in a pale green, with a silk scarf tastefully arranged around his neck. His pants were a darker shade of green - but made in a clinging sort of fabric, like a Jersey wool. They were also flared from the calf, and showed his tan knee-high stockings and beige pumps (with 2" heels) that Joyce demanded he wear. His biggest embarrassment though was the way his breasts were prominently displayed. Joyce had made him wear a bra that provided little support - and the vertical movement his breasts made was extremely difficult to ignore.

He just remembered to go and get an apron before they left. Joyce nodded approvingly. “Good idea. I never thought of that. But now that I think on it, maybe you'd better take two - one to work in then a nice fresh one, just in case.”

“Just in case of what exactly?” he asked.

“Didn't you say she was having company?”

“Yeah. That's why she wants her place cleaned.”

“So what kind of a friend would you be if you didn't offer to stay and help her when her company comes? You'd want a clean one for that, surely?”

He stared at her aghast. “You're kidding! Act like her maid?” “Don't see why not, do you? Now pick another apron, then come along. I do wish you'd stop arguing all the time!”

Ellen clapped her hands happily when Joyce's idea that he stay and give her a hand with her guests - and the clean

up afterwards was suggested to her. She had smiled at him very nicely when Joyce had dropped him off, commenting on how nice he looked and didn't he have any older clothes than what he was wearing to do housework in? She'd then stood by, smiling encouragingly and nodding as he stammered out that what he was wearing was actually old stuff that Joyce had intended to donate to charity - it just made more sense to protect his own clothes. He was made very conscious of his breasts - Ellen didn't make any comments about them of course, but he knew that they were highly visible and tended to bounce quite a lot as he started to do the dusting. Something he was sure didn't escape her attention.

She brought him a small kerchief to tie around his hair in bandana fashion, then showed him how to pin it in place with a few bobbi pins. "It'll keep your hair clean while you dust," she said.

She gave him a list of things she wanted done after he finished the dusting - vacuuming, furniture polishing, silver cleaning, and the card tables she had rented to be set up, covered and centerpieces placed. She had work to do at the office so left for a while, but suggested he make lunch for the both of them as she'd be back in plenty of time to eat, then change so that she could receive her guests. He was happy to see her leave as he hadn't thought of how truly embarrassed he'd be at doing the womanly chores for her other than the tasks she assigned him at the office. He was well aware that she considered him an ineffectual sissy, but it was the first time she'd seen him totally dressed in women's clothes. Okay wearing pants and a sweater verged on the acceptable - maybe. But bouncing breasts not altogether hidden by his bib apron? And the silk scarf?

Ellen was transported with joy when she returned and saw the results of his efforts. Hugged and kissed him enthusiastically, then eagerly sat down to join him in the lunch he'd prepared. He finally voiced his fears of meeting strangers dressed the way he was while they ate. Surprisingly, she listened intently and thought for quite a while before she responded.

"Billie? I don't know if you're asking if I will let you off the hook for helping me this afternoon." She paused and looked at him. "Well, maybe that's what I really am after, but

I'm not sure. Joyce wouldn't be happy with me, that's for sure."

Ellen reached over and patted his hand, then kept a hold of it. "The question is really immaterial because I really enjoy the thought of having you help me clean up afterwards and - if you're here anyway? You might as well make yourself useful. Right?"

He nodded, somewhat ruefully, in agreement.

"Well then. You think my friends will laugh at you because you're dressed in women's clothes and working basically as my maid. That it?"

He blushed at her directness, but answered softly. "Yes. That's it in a nutshell."

"Understandable. But let me explain something Billie. May I?" "Couldn't stop you if I wanted, could I?" he said with a bit of humor.

"No. Guess you couldn't, could you," she replied in the same vein.

Still holding his hand, she shook it lightly. "Look at this," she said gently. "You've got hands like a woman. You hardly shave, and you've a lovely complexion. For whatever reason you want to come up with, you're wearing a woman's outfit and doing a woman's work. You smell of roses. You're going to be serving women - wearing a pretty frilled apron. Do you honestly think that they'll think of you as anything other than a sissy?"

"That's the problem," he said. "That's the problem right there. I don't want people to laugh at me."

"Well I think they'll laugh at you too - but it can't be helped. You see Billie, I've got the opinion that women are always just a little leery of males in any sort of social get-together. They're an unknown quantity. But when a sissy's there? What's to be uncertain about? He's soft and weak. Does what he's told - usually likes to be told how pretty he is - so us girls - real girls that is - can relax... That's all we're doing when we laugh at you. Relaxing. Don't take it so hard. Just go with the flow. Okay?"

"It's okay for you," he mumbled.

“Oh Billie!” she said, a little exasperated. “There’s a solution - if you want to try it?”

“Try what?”

She looked at her watch. “We’ve got just enough time. There’s a rental place just down the road. I can get you a proper maid’s uniform and a wig. We’ll get you made up - and I’ll bet that nobody will recognize you - except maybe Megahn, and Josie - and that Mrs. Scott that lives on your street.”

“Megahn? Josie? Mrs. Scott! You didn’t tell me anything about them!” he cried in dismay. “Wear a maid’s uniform in front of them? Oh God Ellen! What am I going to do?”

“You’re going to clear off this table and get the dishes into the dishwasher then go and put on your fresh apron while I get ready for my group, or you’re going to come with me - quickly - and rent a dress for you. What’s it going to be?”

Bill recognized that she was stating the only two options he had. There was a third of course - refuse to help any further and simply walk home - but the amount of static he was going to get from Joyce was something he didn’t look forward to. On top of that? What would happen if Ellen wouldn’t let him go? Yes, she was small and feminine, but he was beginning to understand that his chances of beating a woman - any woman - in a physical contest, were slim to say the least. How would he feel if she wouldn’t allow him to go? He also found the idea of wearing a dress kinda attractive - but how would Joyce react if she found out - as she probably would. Would that mean that she’d put him on the program she’d described? He most certainly wanted no part of that! “I’ll stay as I am, Ellen.” He said,

“Okay. I’m off to the shower,” she said, and left the room.

After he cleared away the lunch dishes, he put on his fresh apron, then removed the bandana from his hair and combed it. It was getting quite long, he thought as he checked himself in the mirror. He worried a little about what Ellen would think about him removing the kerchief.

She didn’t seem to mind though, just commented on how nice his hair was becoming. “Have to talk to Josie about

that. She's very good with hair. I'll bet she'd do a good hairdo for you." Then she snapped her fingers. "Oh! I've got something that'll set off your apron just nicely!" she said and hurried away.

The 'something' turned out to be a flounced maid's cap that she'd used as part of a previous Halloween costume. Despite his pleas, she fitted it to his head. It was a piece of white frilled lace, oval in shape about twelve inches long by five deep. It had a black, elasticized velvet ribbon interwove in it and then went around the back of his head to hold it in place. "There!" she said, stepping back to admire her handiwork. "Didn't I tell you it would go with your apron?"

Her friends started arriving a short time later. He met them at the door and greeted them, helped them off with their jackets if necessary and took their handbags and stored them in the spare bedroom that Ellen had designated for the purpose. Most of the ladies gave him curious glances, with just a hint of derision. But some of them bade him cheerful "good afternoons" and were very nice to him. Josie and Megahn arrived together and gave little shrieks when they recognized him, told him how nice he looked and gave him the cheek to cheek kisses beloved by some women. Mrs. Scott was one of the last to arrive. She obviously didn't recognize him at first, but gradually, as she identified him, a peculiar smile flitted across her face. He knew her to be an inveterate gossip and wondered how long it would be before his whole street knew of what 'progress' had been made in his sissification.

Ellen never acknowledged that she'd seen this interplay between him and his neighbor, but shortly after that she did something that, though embarrassing to him at the time, endeared her to him later on.

The groups were settling in around their assigned tables, with a great deal of friendly chatter going on, when Ellen asked him to come and stand beside her. Once he was there, she placed a protective arm around his shoulders, "ladies?" she called out over the hubbub. "A word with you before the meeting comes to order?"

It took a few seconds, but finally everyone's attention was on her. She started to speak again. "Some of you ladies have been asking questions about Billie here and I'm afraid

that some of you may already be getting the wrong impression. Billie IS a man, let me make that abundantly clear." She glared at a woman who let out a sarcastic "Yeah?", then continued. "Yes, he enjoys doing womanish things and even dressing in their clothes (Bill felt himself shrink with humiliation) but he is a wonderfully caring, sympathetic person. He did most of the housecleaning here this morning - and volunteered to help me this afternoon - frankly, I don't know what I've had done without him. Now? I just want all of you to be nice to him during the rest of this meeting - he IS a sissy - but he's OUR sissy! I don't want any tales being told outside of this house! Anybody does? I'll find out - and our friendship will be over!"

Bill wasn't sure of this, but he was pretty certain that she was staring at Mrs. Scott as she wound up her statement. That woman looked away, a mite disconcerted he thought. Later, he discovered that Ellen was highly regarded by all of the other ladies - and to invoke her wrath was a lot more than any of them wanted.

The rest of the meeting went by without incident. Yes, everyone called him Sissy now, as if it were his real name, but after a while it felt perfectly natural for him to be answering to it. Two things happened though that didn't seem much at the time, but had dire consequences as far as he was concerned. Joyce called and apologized, she'd be an hour late in picking him up - and Joyce mentioned something about his hair to Josie.

At the last minute Ellen had decided against the use of her good crystal for the wine glasses and provided plastic ones instead. On top of that, there really hadn't been as much wine drunk as had been expected and the meeting broke up early. Josie and Megahn offered, as friends, to stay and give 'Sissy' a hand with the dishes (He noticed that, somehow, Ellen wasn't expected to lower herself to this mundane activity - he wondered if it was thought that as she'd provided the 'maid' her participation wasn't required).

Anyway, with the three of them working, clean up took practically no time at all - and then with Joyce being delayed, they had lots of time on their hands. Then Josie remembered Ellen's comments about Sissy's hair. Came up with a suggestion that made sense to her. He laughed at first,

then argued, then pleaded but the two girls were adamant - after all, hadn't he 'come out' that afternoon? They would help him get over his 'shyness' - give him a home perm! Ellen didn't help them - didn't need to - just sat there laughing as he struggled ineffectually against the girls (though not for long as Josie started to get upset with him) and then compliantly and obediently did everything requested of him.

When Joyce picked him up that night, he was still in wearing the outfit he'd worn (Minus the apron of course) but his head was bedecked in a series of pink plastic rollers and wrapped in a green chiffon scarf - that matched his sweater very much. She seemed a little surprised to hear everyone refer to him as Sissy now, but thought it appropriate. She also made sure that he would know what to do with his hair the following morning, and accepted the fact that Josie had made a litany of what he had to do - and made him repeat it in front of her. She then stood back a ways and watched him saying goodbye to his friends and Ellen. She felt out of it now for some reason and this puzzled her until she thought it out. She was now the closest thing to an alpha male watching a harem play kissy poo and say goodnight to each other.

On the way home, he tried to explain what had happened and why it wasn't his fault, but she just laughed and told him he didn't need to explain. She understood. That night she learned some of the frustration that males go through when they take a woman to bed one with her hair set in rollers. She persevered though, and the sex they had was extremely pleasant although limited because of the awkward plastic curlers in his hair.

She had made him wear a nightdress she really liked him in - a long, pink satin, with Ivory lace at the bustline and edging the short, puffed sleeves. The following morning, she sat in bed, propped up by some pillows, and thoroughly enjoyed seeing him sitting at the dressing table in his nightgown and matching negligee, removing the rollers and brushing his hair out afterwards. He looked so pretty when he had finished that she couldn't resist it. Got out of bed and went to the dressing table beside him. Put a pink, clip on bow in his hair, then made him up lightly - just touches of lipstick, blush, eyeshadow and mascara.

He didn't argue, fuss, or anything. Just sat there

calmly as she effected his further transformation. He pursed his lips a little when she dabbed a little perfume behind his ears, but she gave him a mock-stern glance and he accepted this finishing touch with calm acceptance. He didn't even raise any objection when she had him go out and get the Sunday newspaper from the driveway. She did sneak a peek from behind the curtains and noticed that he did try and walk quickly at first, but his negligee ballooned out so much and so prettily, that he had to slow down. She noticed that he was starting to walk more like a female now.

Saying that she was rewarding him for being so 'good' the day before, she allowed him to sit and read the newspaper while she made breakfast, then cleared it away. Then, she could restrain herself. Removed his bow from his hair, led him back into the bedroom and had a VERY satisfactory lovemaking session in the lesbian style she'd wanted the night before, but couldn't. She was absolutely delighted as she climaxed and saw her husband, eyes heavy with satisfaction and his makeup all smeared in the most delightful way. Pulled him into her embrace and they spent the rest of the morning napping and making love.

Over the next few weeks, she observed him from the corner of her eye as it were. He seemed to be slipping into the role of being her wife, without realizing what was going on.. He now seemed to expect her to open doors for him, take over all 'masculine' chores about the house - while more and more he played the female role. His hair was asexual to a certain degree. On some men it might be questionable but probably wouldn't detract from their masculinity. With him, however, the manicured nails and his ever present handbag cast him into the female role. He now looked almost like a woman wearing men's clothes.

His voice had never been loud or aggressive, but she felt that it was gradually becoming softer, more evenly modulated. She was at a loss to explain this but after some thought came to the conclusion that he was now practically living in an all-female world. He was with her at all times at home. He was at Ellen's for all of his working hours. For his social life, he was with Josie, Megahn, Mary and Sue. He was practically the office girl at work - and the housewife at home - and wore women's clothes during that time - to the extent of wearing a bra and breast forms.. His friends all called him

Sissy now - hell, even SHE called him Sissy. One time, she had forgot and called him Bill. He didn't even turn around! She smiled - he was becoming her "little woman."

He had fought, but just a little, when she had him go and get a bikini wax job, and was very embarrassed when she had him go and buy some feminine hygiene items by himself - and for himself. She calmly explained that he just had to suffer some of the torments that real women undertook to please their 'men'. He soon surrendered though and after some embarrassments became accustomed to wearing tampax and maxi-pads during his assigned 'period'. She had to smile the first time he walked with his Tampax in place - SO funny!

Every so often, she couldn't resist it, just had to tease him. She'd pull HIS dress out of the closet. "Isn't this a pretty dress Sissy?" she'd say displaying it on the hanger.

He'd get all red faced and mumble "yes" or nod.

"Mmm! Bet it would really nice on you. Wouldn't you like to try it on? Then we could have you take it back to Ada's. Get it fitted to you? Bet you'd feel lovely then - the material is SO nice sort of soft and silky. Lovely and feminine! Come here now, and let's see!"

Then she'd make him touch the material, then hold it up against himself and check it out in the mirror. A few times, she even took Polaroid photographs of him doing this. Just could not get enough of his red faced pleading for her to stop - and not make him wear it. To this, she'd pretend to be insulted. "Make my husband wear a woman's dress? Heaven's no! When you wear that dress, it'll be purely voluntary! Just because you want to!" Then she'd shake her head sorrowfully and put it back in his closet.

He, on the other hand, knew that he was losing ground in his struggle to maintain at least a small semblance of masculinity but it was as if his whole being was focused on ONE issue - not wearing that polka dot dress. As long as he didn't do that? There was nothing happening to him that couldn't be undone. He was even aware that he was becoming nothing more than a woman in the eyes of his wife and his contemporaries, but somewhere in his brain, he was hearing "That's okay! It's kinda fun just now. But sooner or later? Once I get tired of this? I'll put things to rights. Become

Joyce's husband again!"

Unfortunately for him, it was as if he was concentrating on winning a war - while losing every battle and skirmish in the meantime.

He was meeting with his girlfriends more often now, for lunches and shopping as well as get-togethers at each other's homes. They called him Sissy openly now - and nobody around them even blinked. He didn't dress like a girl when he was with them, but he walked like a girl, talked like a girl. Acted like a girl. Carried a handbag - and fussed over his nails - just like his companions did. Stopped reacting when a waitress or barmaid would refer to the group as "ladies" or "girls".

And then one day, in a restaurant? He went to the ladies room with them! He was never sure exactly how it had come about. He'd excused himself from the table and stood up to go to the bathroom.

"Hold on a sec Sissy," Mary said, and he'd stood and waited while his friends (like women everywhere) fussed with their handbags and joined him. The whole group had then moved to the back of the place where the restrooms were, chattering and laughing. Somehow or other, he never could figure out how it happened, he was in the middle of them as they came to the Ladies room. As if rehearsed, the door was opened and a group turn was made. Before he knew it, he was in the Ladies room with them. He turned, as if to head out back to the hallway, but Mary was there. "Stop it Sissy," she said quietly. "You belong in here. Sooner or later, you're going to get in trouble if you keep on going into the Men's room."

He opened his mouth to argue, but his friends had all nodded. "That's right, Sissy!" Josie had said. "You know what we mean."

Blushing, he had and used one of the stalls to pee - and sat down, well aware that the sound of a male urinating in there would have drawn attention to himself. When he'd come out, he'd refused the loan of Sue's lipstick, but he knew that her offer had been made kindly. From that point on, he never went into a Men's restroom again when he was with the group.

After that particular lunch he'd joined them in

shopping at the mall. Found himself browsing through lingerie racks, trying on shoes (Ladies of course) and generally doing what girls do for fun. He only put up token resistance to sitting on a high stool in a department store cosmetic counter - and having his face made up - left there with the cosmetics still applied - and then had his ears pierced! When he was dropped off at home, Joyce opened her mouth with delight and admiration, then had him show her his purchases from that days shopping - all of the makeup items - and a nice pair of dangly earrings that his friends had bought for him, for use once his pierced ears were clear from any chance of infection.

He was spending more and more time at home now, becoming almost totally immersed in his housewife persona.. After a few gentle suggestions from her, he'd even started applying light touches of makeup - and would even use light spritzes of cologne that Joyce liked. Ellen would come by sometimes if she needed a document signed, or needed a helping hand with some measurements, etc. Both ladies were sure that one day he'd walk out of the door in his girls clothes, his makeup on, and his breasts 'in place', but he surprised them by always requesting time to effect a change back to his masculine identity - though both of them would grin at each other - his masculine identity was now so girlish that it was hard to tell exactly what he was!

Then one day, Joyce dropped a lot of the pretense about his clothes. "I want you to go to Ada's - I'm tired of looking at you in my old stuff. It's okay for any heavy work you have to do - but I want you looking nice at other times too, so it's time you bought clothes of your own."

"But Ada only sells women's clothes," he said, as if reminding her.

"Oh SISSY! Just stop it. Do you hear me? Just stop it!" she snapped.

She hadn't told him, but she'd made sure that Janice and Wanda were free to assist him. Got a tremendous kick from seeing him pale when they practically pounced on him, the second they entered the boutique. She took a piece of paper out of her handbag and held it out to Janice. "Thought this might come in handy - it's a list of everything that Sissy needs," she said.

“Oh my!” Janice said. “All of this - just for him this time, huh?” “Yes. He needs to expand his wardrobe - badly,” Joyce said. “Blouses, pants, tops, shoes, lingerie, skirts? All for him?” Janice asked after reading the list. Then she looked at the list again. “But I don't see any dresses here. Did you forget to write them down?”

Joyce shrugged. “Well, he certainly could use some - but he has this awful idiosyncrasy, just absolutely refuses to wear a dress - but if he changes his mind or finds one he really likes? It's okay, just add it to the bill.”

“Oh my Janice, isn't he a lucky sissy to have such a nice wife,” Wanda whispered, then took Bill by the arm. “Come along then Sissy. May as well get started, huh?”

“Eh... Eh... Joyce?” Bill started as he was being led away.

“Skirts? Is that the same as dresses?”

“No sweetie-of course not! Just pick nice ones that you like. I'll still consider you my man! Okay?”

But he never got the chance to respond as the two women hustled him away. She smiled at his back, then went in to Ada's office for a chat.

He was intimidated, totally, within a few minutes. Wanda and Janice shepherded him down through some racks that were used to display full evening gowns until his forward progress was stopped by a wall. He stopped and faced them, very much aware of the lustrous fabrics hemming him in at the sides and the two, rather formidable women now blocking his way. “We just thought we'd have a little chat. Get things straightened out before we start?” Janice said.

“Straightened out? I don't know what you mean,” he said weakly-

“The clothes you're buying today?” she said.

“Yes?”

“They're for you. Right?”

He couldn't meet her eyes. Blushed. “Yes. They're for me.”

“No need to be embarrassed Sissy,” Wanda cooed, stroking his arm. “We just wanted to make sure of that before

we started.” “But why?” he asked helplessly.

“For one thing? The colors that suit you won't always suit your wife - you silly sissy!” Janice snorted scornfully.

“On top of that?” Wanda added, “This time, you're not going to give us any of this horseshit about you not trying anything on, are you?”

He saw the chasm of embarrassment now stretching out before him. “But there's no real reason for me to actually try things on, is there? I mean...” he started.

“Let US be the judge of that Sissy. Let's go!” Janice interrupted firmly and, taking his arm, led him back into the main body of the store.

Actually? He found that they weren't too bad. In fact, they had been nice enough to ensure that he had been allotted a private changing room. Okay, it WAS embarrassing having lingerie fitted to him, but when he thought of the degradation of having this done in the main changing room? He shut up and did exactly as he was told. To ensure that his new tops fitted properly, he told them his breast form size and identical ones were inserted into his bra.

Yes, a few embarrassments had to be overcome that he hadn't anticipated. At one point, Janice found a price tag on a skirt hadn't been marked down properly. She took her pen and tried to alter the ticket, but the pen had gone dry. “There's a pen in my handbag,” he suggested carelessly, without thinking. “Thanks,” she said and opened it up. Paused. Smiled. Pulled out a Tampax and held it up for Wanda to see. Both women simpered at him as she put it back in the handbag and pulled out a pen. He felt like crawling under a table and staying there.

Then, standing there in full lingerie and a skirt, he felt a draft as the door opened and Ada appeared. She smiled distantly at him. “Hi Sissy? How're you doing? My ladies treating you okay?” she asked, but she paid no attention to his response, just asked Janice something about sizes, that he didn't quite hear. Whatever answer she got seemed to satisfy her and she left without another word.

After a few hours, they'd accumulated most of the items that Joyce had put on the list. After a few try-ons he, and the salesladies were well satisfied. He was standing there in full lingerie having a skirt sized to him by one of the

seamstresses when Janice left for a moment and returned - carrying the polka dotted dress! To the women's amazement - and even his own - he gave a little shriek and actually tried to run away! As he was in heels higher than he was used to, and the door was effectively guarded by Wanda, his attempt was totally crazy. When the three women burst into incredulous laughter he realized what a fool he was making of himself. "I can't put that on - won't!" he said and, though he was obviously near tears, his resolve was clearly there and impressed the women.

"Look," Janice said. "I don't know what gives here. But the last time you were in here, it was obvious that two of the dresses were for you and the polka dot was for you. At the same time, this afternoon your wife said that you had a problem with putting on dresses. True or false?"

"She bought it for me, but if I put it on ..? I don't want to go into details," he said. "I'm just not going to put that dress on!"

"Now look here!" Wanda said reasonably. "Your wife spent good money to buy you a dress. Don't you feel bad at refusing it?" "No!" he said pertly. "I don't!"

"Lookit!" Janice said. "Suppose, just suppose, you finally decide to wear it? Wouldn't you want it to look pretty on you? Make sure it fitted?"

He shook his head violently from side to side.

The three women all looked at each other, nonplussed. Then Wanda said. "Look Sissy. Try and see it from Ada's side. You put the dress on you have at home and it doesn't fit properly. Not only will your wife be kinda put out - she'll probably blame Ada for the way it looks."

"Probably. Maybe. I don't know - and I don't care! Anyway? Even if you fitted that one you have there in your hands - that wouldn't help the one at home to fit me any better, would it?"

The seamstress spoke up. "I'm getting a feeling here that you wouldn't mind trying the dress on - you just don't want your wife to find out. Is that what this is all about?"

His blush gave him away. "Yeah. Mostly."

"Well, can I make a suggestion?" she asked.

"Fire away," he said.

"Suppose we fit this one to you this afternoon. If it fits perfectly? No problem. We'll know that the one you have at home is identical, so it will fit properly too. Right?"

"Makes sense, but..."

"No. Hold on please. Let me finish. If there ARE alterations required, you can leave the dress here. Within the next few days, I'll make the necessary changes. Then, we'll have the dress delivered to your door. You give the messenger the one you bought before - and now, Ada's is off the hook. Whether you wear it or not is still up to you - but if you ever DO put it on, it'll fit perfectly!"

He thought for a moment. "But one of you guys would probably tattle and tell Joyce. Get me in trouble!"

The seamstress looked around the group. "I for one would make a promise that I wouldn't tell anyone, ever."

"Me too," said Wanda.

"Me too," said Janice.

"But what about Ada? She'd probably tell!"

Wanda simply picked up a wall phone and paged Ada. A few seconds later, she was there and the situation was explained to her. She smiled at him. "Sissy? Watch."

She took a piece of paper and wrote on it for a moment or two. When she finished, she read it to him. "This promises that if your wife ever discovers that you tried on this polka dot dress from anyone in my boutique, I will be liable for the amount of two thousand dollars - and all of these three ladies will be terminated." She looked up from the paper. "Now will you try on this silly dress? Stop making such a fuss?"

He felt his objections receding - and in all truth, wanted to see how the dress felt on him. "But what happens if she's at home when it's delivered?" He asked this very uneasily, starting to feel his tendency to do as women told him, creeping up on him.

Ada shook her head, but smiled. "Easy! We won't make the delivery until you give the all clear. Anything else?" She took the dress from Janice and held it out to him without

saying anything else.

It felt curiously heavy on him after he'd put it on. It was some sort of silk/rayon mix and felt decidedly luxurious around his body. It did require a fair amount of alteration. The skirt had to have the hem raised; the waist had to be taken in and the neckline let out a little. He had to admit that it looked lovely on him and he was very embarrassed by the erection he got immediately as he put the dress on. Janice gave it a hard flick with a fingernail and it disappeared so it wasn't much of a problem from then on.

Afterwards, he changed back into the clothes he had worn there, and had a bite of a late lunch while waiting for Joyce to come and pick her up. He was frankly ashamed to see the bags and bags of clothes that were loaded into the car trunk when Joyce finally did appear - but was very touched by the affectionate farewells from the ladies and Ada. The way Joyce beamed at him on the way home flattered him very much. When he got home, he changed into 'proper' working clothes and got happily tom in to some housework.

Billie still thought of himself as male. This seems particularly idiotic as every morning now, he'd slip out of his nightdress, perform his ablutions, shower then slip into his bra, panties, and camisole. He'd pad the bra with the forms as a matter of course, then put on a pair of knee or Thigh High stockings. Then a blouse or top over a pair of ladies slacks. He'd stand in front of a mirror and touch up his makeup, comb his hair - sometimes spritz a little perfume behind his ears, then pick out a pair of earrings for the day.

He'd make breakfast then do whatever his schedule called for - dusting, vacuuming, laundry. He started going out with Mary more often for lunch - and maybe a little shopping. There was just one little black spot in his life - the dress hanging in his closet. The 'swap' for the altered dress for the one originally purchased had gone off without a hitch and he now knew that the dress in the closet would fit him perfectly.

Sure, he had qualms about putting a skirt on, but started doing so some evenings. Admitted to himself that he enjoyed the feelings it generated in him, and gradually overcame his shyness and used the skirts more regularly. The more he did this, the more he argued with himself about not putting that dress on. Joyce had warned him what she would

do if he ever wore it - but it had felt so nice when he'd tried it on in the store so, let's face it, if Joyce never knew that he'd worn it? What harm would it do? And anyway? She'd probably exaggerated what she'd do just to tease him!

The dress drew him like a magnet. The first time he actually opened the closet door, just to touch it, he jumped as if it had scalded him. He shut the door quickly and practically ran away, swearing at himself for his foolishness. A few days later, Joyce was out for a meeting and again, he opened the closet door and looked at the dress, just sitting off to one side. So innocent looking, but SO dangerous!

He felt as if he was layered in silence. The earth seemed to have stopped turning and there was no discernible sound coming from anywhere. He reached out slowly and touched the dress again. It felt lovely. Surely it wouldn't hurt if he... and he found himself pushing his right hand up and into one of the sleeves... He had an amazing erection! Carefully, he pulled his hand from the sleeve and shut the closet door.

A half hour later he was back again. This time, he found himself trembling as he pulled the dress out, still on its hanger, then held it up against himself, admiring the way it draped itself seductively around him as he looked in the mirror. Almost as if his limbs were being physically forced, he slowly undressed, lifted the dress and in the typical 'diving' position, pushed his arms into the dress, stood up, and let the material cascade down his body. Could not help himself. Let out a tremendous sigh of contented relief. As the dress settled on and around him.

Then, totally amazed, he felt his body move - as if he was going to ejaculate! He didn't really believe it but, just in case, lifted the skirts of the dress out and away from his straining prick. By doing this, he had no chance to hold his penis closed and, seconds later, gouts of semen were being shot into his panties, soaking them and his slip. Panicked, but holding the dress as far away from his front as possible, he squirmed his way out of the dress - as he continued to shoot into his panties.

He laid the dress carefully on the bed, then undressed. Put the soiled lingerie in one of the bathroom sinks and soaked it. Climbed into the shower and relaxed under the steaming hot

water for a while, amazed at what had happened - after all he'd never even touched himself down there. He dried himself off, then frightened that he might have marked the dress, inspected it very closely. Breathed a sigh of relief when he discovered that it wasn't spotted in any way, hung it away in his closet - determined never to pull that stunt again.

Two days later, he was wearing it again. This time, he took the precaution of wearing a condom but, although he maintained a high level of excitement down there, there was no repeat of that thrilling, though frightening, sexual release. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when he put it on and, as Joyce wasn't slated to return until noon, he knew he had plenty of time. He'd put on one of his prettiest slips and pirouetted happily in front of the full length mirror. Then, amazed, looked at the clock - only about ten minutes had gone by! He had plenty of time - TONS of time!

The first time he'd put the dress on he hadn't had time to close the tiny fasteners at the back. This time, feeling delightfully 'imprisoned' he took the time to close them. It was very difficult and tedious but - Ooooh, it felt marvelous - and look! Only another ten minutes had passed. The dress must have the capability of slowing down time, he thought giddily. He walked about the bedroom, then put on a pair of his new high heels. He felt absolutely marvelous! His dress whipping delightfully around him, he hurried out of the bedroom, down the stairs and did a quick tour of the house.

Put a kettle of water on the range, then on impulse, tripped up the stairs and went into Joyce's lingerie drawer. Pulled out a petticoat and shook it out. Knew he could wash and iron it without her finding out. Felt a little twinge of guilt at borrowing her undies, but he didn't have anything as pretty. Stepped into it daintily, then after adjusting it under the skirts of his dress and practically skipping with delight, hurried downstairs to make himself a cup of tea. Sat there, like a lady, and delicately drank it - along with eating a few biscuits. Could not believe how wonderful he felt. Then he got a pang of fright when he saw the clock. Eleven fifteen? How could that be? But then he relaxed. How long could it possibly take him to change? He had LOTS of time.

Back in the bedroom again, he actually had his hands up at the back of the dress to begin the unfastening, when a

thought struck him. The stockings he was wearing. What could he possibly have been thinking of? The wrong shade. Absolutely! Now that he thought on it? He had a pair of Silk Reflections, Midnight Blue. Bet they'd look great with it, he thought. He started to turn to see what time it was, then stopped himself by intoning the fact that it would only be a minute or two, shaking his head at his silly fixation with time.

Okay, he had to rummage through his lingerie drawers before he found the stockings - and then, once he had them on realized that they had seams - and that it was a royal PAIN to get them nice and straight. But surely he couldn't have spent more than a minute or two on that little adjustment? But now he looked at himself - keeping the total picture in mind. Wasn't his lipstick a little too pale? Surely it wouldn't take a minute to see?

He was positive that he'd only spent seconds in finding the perfect shade of lipstick. Okay, he'd tried a few shades before he'd found it - and maybe, just maybe - been diverted by trying that new shade of eyeliner? But hadn't spent much time - couldn't have been more than a few seconds!

He heard the car coming into the driveway. Where WAS that ribbon for his hair? It would set the dress off perfectly! Joyce would probably fool around with mail or something. He just wanted to clip that ribbon on - if he could find it? He could get changed in SECONDS! No doubt about it! It would take Joyce much longer than that to climb the stairs!

Boy! She must have galloped into the house. That was quick! The noisy garage door opener had just finished its groaning and now she had opened the front door and was calling to him!

That couldn't possibly be the knob on the bedroom door turning? Could it? Maybe if he HURRIED real quickly...

The End