

TITILLATING TV TALES

HIS WIFE'S WIFE



Practice, practice, practice! Linda made Patrick constantly practice makeup techniques, always while dressed in the most feminine clothes.

TITILLATING TV TALES #20

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Volume 20

His Wife's Wife

By Alice Trail

Illustrations by Viole



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P.O. Box 2309

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"His Wife's Wife"



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Contact Sandy Thomas for Information

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

Sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com

DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:

'LOVE EDITING'

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**"Cross-dressing isn't just about sexy lingerie or wearing
sparkly dresses...it's about saying NO to society."**

His Wife's Wife

By Alice Trail

Sometimes life is crazy, and I have a perfect example. My name is Caroline, and this concerns my best friend Linda and her husband Patrick. Over the years, her life has taken some weird turns, to say the least, and outside of them, I'm the only one who can tell the whole story. In retrospect, maybe I could have done certain things to change the outcome of their lives, but who is to say. Let me just tell their story.

After graduation from high school, Linda and Patrick got jobs and continued to date. Eventually, they married, and I went to work for my father who owned a small but successful real estate brokerage and found I had a knack for the trade. When he became ill, I took over the business and never seemed to have time to get serious about marriage.

On my infrequent visits, I could see that Patrick was the obvious dominant personality in the relationship, and Linda, who loved him very much, didn't seem to mind. Financially, they weren't well off by any means, but they seemed satisfied with what they had. They counted their blessings and seemed happy to have each other.

The real test of character; however, is not when a person has nothing, but when they have everything. As fate would have it, just over two years into their marriage, they hit the lottery and the American dream.

Unfortunately for Patrick, he really failed this personality test. For starters, he abruptly quit his job in an extremely non-diplomatic manner, making enemies of

his superiors, co-workers, and clients. Then, he began spending money like a drunken sailor.

Like many apartment dwellers, he wanted a house of his own, so he bought one that was larger than he and Linda needed in a nice neighborhood. Not only that, he drove a new Porsche home and bought a full wardrobe of designer clothes. Soon afterward, he joined an expensive country club and bought new golf clubs, a golf cart, and every other exclusive accessory on the market.

I was hurt to see how Patrick was spending his money on foolish things, but it hurt even more that he was mostly spending on himself and hardly anything on my dear friend, Linda. With his head full of money, he wasn't keen on taking anyone's advice, least of all mine. Eventually though he succumbed to my incessant pleas and invested his money. However, these ventures, I considered to be extremely risky. Sure enough, it turned out that the *sensible* investments he claimed to have made were nothing more than a get-rich-quick pyramid scheme that left him not only flat broke but in huge debt to some unsavory characters as well.

By that time Patrick had changed from a charming, humble young man into an obnoxious, arrogant person. I couldn't understand how Linda could bare to stay with him. With me feeling that way, wouldn't you know it, good ol' Caroline was the one he asked for a loan to get the leg breakers off his case. On one hand I was furious that all of a sudden he expected me to help and on the other, I was glad to see him humbled after his arrogance. The cheeky bastard actually expected to hold on to his prized possessions while I paid his debts!

I was having none of that and flat out told him that I would not give him an unsecured loan under any circumstances. Since his one sound investment was to pay cash for his house, I proposed a mortgage to assure

the return of my capital. As a stipulation for even that, I insisted that he resign his country club membership and sell the all of extravagant items he bought before he went broke. Otherwise, he couldn't count on my help.

When I said they both would have to get jobs, Linda said she could probably get her old job back, but Patrick said he wasn't sure he could. Sure enough, he had burned his bridges and not only couldn't get his old job, he had been blackballed throughout the trade, leaving him without a marketable skill. To his chagrin, Linda was now the sole provider of the two, and it was up to her to bear the burden of the debt and their support.

Patrick had no choice but to accept that things would be done her way, and when he reluctantly agreed, I came up with a financial plan for them to get over the debt as quickly and painlessly as possible. While three of us were involved, only Linda and I would be contributing to the solution. To my disappointment, once Patrick realized he was at our mercy, he turned to sulking.

Without money, he found the economic situation of his household shifted in an opposite direction to his desires. With his lack of skills, the state of the job market, and the adverse reputation he earned with his departure from his old job, it was also clear he wouldn't be able to get any sort of work for the foreseeable future. The financial plan was really simple. Linda would work and Patrick would help at home. To pay as much of the debt as possible before they got drowned in interest, they would sell off all of the expensive things Patrick bought.

"I'm sorry," I said, "But I am certainly not going to jeopardize my business so you can keep your stupid sports car. Just be thankful you owe the money to me and not to those loan sharks who break your knees when you miss a payment."

Linda was less moved by his display of emotions and was already drafting a list of the things to be sold, a *big* list! Impressed by her diligence and also finding it unfair that it was she who would have to pay off what remained of the debt her husband stupidly acquired, I eased up on my position and said I wouldn't complain if they got behind a few payments on the house. When I saw Patrick's face brighten on the news, I put him back in his place before he could voice his hopes. "That doesn't mean you get to keep any of your silly and frivolous things," I admonished. "And one more thing, I'll only allow you that leeway if you contribute to the work to be done around the household."

"But I don't have any money, and I can't get a job," he whined.

"I know," I said, "By contribute I mean you should do the housework so Linda can focus on her work, maybe even get a second job. The only way she can afford to do that is if she isn't burdened by work at home. I'll rely on her reports to judge whether your efforts will be worth my sympathy."

Gloomily he contemplated the aspects of his future life from a rich man to a homemaker practically overnight. When I saw a sparking expression on his face, I caught his thoughts in mid-flight saying, "Before you try to drag Linda into your schemes and intimidate her into doing your work, let me make this absolutely clear. The debt is your fault, and I'm not going to forego any payments if you slack off while Linda works both at the office and at home. One more thing! If Linda wants a divorce, I'll hire the best attorney money can buy and make sure she walks out of this marriage without any of the debt you foolishly acquired."

More than once, he tried to say something in protest but he never got further than opening his mouth. I fixed

my eyes at him challengingly and he averted his eyes. Finally, he slumped into his chair, realizing that he was now at the mercy of his wife and her friend.

Linda seemed to be more amused than anything by our conversation, though I could tell she didn't disagree with my proposition. "Well, honey, I think you best get started earning us that extra money," she said, "Why don't you go in the kitchen and make us some coffee." Wordlessly, he went away. "Oh, and wear an apron," Linda *suggested* on a whim.

"Why?" he asked.

"So you don't get those expensive clothes dirty, you *dummy!*" she insisted with an edge in her tone.

"Who cares," he sneered, "They're *my* clothes!"

"Not for long," Linda replied and showed me the list of things to sell she composed while I was laying the law down to Patrick. The car was an obvious choice, along with the big screen TV set, the stereo, sound system, his computer, and all the rest of his electronic *toys*. I was surprised to find his clothes on the list. "They're pretty expensive, and every penny will help as you said," she explained logically. "I'll try on Ebay and some other computer sites."

I met Linda a week later for coffee. She had been busy selling Patrick's possessions and had made quite a tidy sum. The clothes were the biggest surprise as she was actually making a profit on some of them. "Designer clothes sell quite well," she said. "Since they bring such a good price, I'm planning to sell the whole lot and buy some low cost outfits for Patrick to wear around the house. When he bought his designer clothes, he

arrogantly gave all of his old things to Goodwill. As a result, he has nothing else to wear.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said. “Why waste money? You two are about the same size. Why not have him wear some of your old clothes for cleaning house? No one will see him, so why should it matter what he wears?”

She looked at me as if I had just fallen from another planet, but after a second or so she had already started making calculations of the extra money she would have if she didn’t have to buy him anything to wear.

Sure enough, the next time I visited, Patrick was wearing a pair of Linda’s old jeans and a hooded sweater of hers. The jeans were very unisex, and had I not known what to look for, I’d have never noticed. “Thanks a lot, Caroline,” he said bitterly when I commented on his new outfit.

“Just be glad she let you keep your tidy whities so you wouldn’t have to wear her panties,” I said jokingly. A moment later when I saw his red-faced expression, I knew the truth. Oh, if looks could kill!

Looking at Linda, I asked if Patrick was really wearing her panties.

Finding his embarrassment quite amusing, Linda giggled, “You should see how well designer briefs and boxers sell, leaving him to wear my old panties.”

“You didn’t have to give me the silkiest, laciest ones you have!” he wailed while continuing his bright blush.

“Those panties are yours now, and you’ll take good care of them like the other things of mine I gave you!” Linda snapped before snickering, “I prefer cotton panties that breathe. There were about a dozen pairs of silky nylon panties taking up space in my drawer. I gave them

to him so we could get the value out of them and save a few dollars.”

“You could have let me wear the cotton panties and gotten the value out of the nylon bits of fluff with you wearing them,” he scowled.

“And you know what else?” Linda chuckled while ignoring his protest. “My shoes fit him, too. I can sell all those expensive Italian shoes in his closet.” I looked down at his feet and saw that he was indeed wearing a pair of her old pink and white running shoes. I also sold his designer silk pajamas leaving him to sleep in my discarded silky nylon nightgowns and babydolls.

He didn’t have time to deny, complain, or protest because Linda quickly sent him to the kitchen again, and he hurried away with his familiar apron fluttering away while blushing brightly.

Over the next few days, I made sure to visit as often as I could. Officially it was to give Patrick advice on various household tasks, but in reality I went because I was intrigued by the effect Linda’s clothes were having on his behavior. Although they were feminine only in name, except for his unseen panties, wearing them seemed to make him very subdued, and he blushed profusely when I gave him a knowing glance. He still sulked, but he reluctantly followed Linda’s orders. When I mentioned my observations to her, she said she’d noticed the same thing.

After a while, I expected Linda to relent and buy Patrick some men’s clothes, at least cotton briefs and pajamas. However, after seeing the effect wearing her clothes had on him, I could see why she didn’t. I visited on a semi-regular basis to see if she forced Patrick to

wear even more feminine clothes, but the femininity of his outfits were roughly the same week after week.

Most of the time, he wore plain blouses, sweaters, or tee shirts with unisex loafers or sneakers, but that was it. Linda confessed that she hadn't intended on keeping him in her clothes for that long, but when she saw how obedient he was while wearing them, she couldn't bring herself to change the status quo. Then, during an argument over the feminine things he was forced to wear, she told him she wouldn't buy him any male clothes until the loan on the house was paid off, and the die was cast.

The months rolled by, and the debt was still quite hefty, so it seemed that Patrick would be wearing his wife's old jeans, panties, and nighties for quite some time. My business was consuming more of my time, so I visited them less and less.

During that period, I asked myself how I felt about Patrick's bizarre situation. On one hand I have to say I had reservations about seeing him so humiliated and effectively locked into the house as he was too embarrassed to go outside. On the other, memories of his former arrogance were still strong, and this punishment seemed to perfectly suit his crime.

I had never discussed it with Linda, but I wondered what Patrick would be like if he was forcibly immersed a bit farther into femininity. With that in mind, I said, "I realize you have only your wife's old clothes, but I wish you'd wear something a bit nicer for my visits."

"Like what?" he asked.



Deeply embarrassed to serve drinks to his wife and myself while wearing silky feminine pants, a tight fitting top, and heels, he did as Linda ordered without tripping or spilling any drink.

“Nothing much, really,” I said “However, a nicer shirt and a pair of dressy slacks instead of those ratty old jeans would be more pleasant.” I imagined Linda would be keen to take this opportunity, but the next time I came around Patrick was again wearing his standard jeans and tee shirt.

“Linda wouldn’t lend me anything nicer,” he explained when I asked him about his outfit.

“That’s not true,” Linda countered with a certain playfulness in her voice. I could tell it wasn’t quite as he said when she added, “You refused to accept my conditions before I would lend you my better clothes.

“She wants me to shave my legs, chest, and underarms and wear nylon stockings or pantyhose under her slacks and silky camisoles under her nicer blouses!” he complained. “That’s too ridiculous to consider!”

When I looked at Linda for an explanation, she countered, “I just don’t want your scraggly hair to ruin my nice clothes. My stylish things are expensive, and in case you hadn’t noticed, money is tight around here due to your extravagance.”

“But those are old things you no longer wear,” he complained. “What difference would it make what I wear under them?”

“The difference is that those things are expensive, and the fabrics are delicate,” she reasoned. “There’s a lot of wear in them, and we can save money if you don’t ruin them after wearing them only a few times.”

“But I’m a *man*!” he whined. “It would be ridiculous if I shaved my legs and wore nylon stockings and silky camisoles.”

“Look,” Linda reasoned. “If you take care of my nice things, they’ll last a long time and save us lots of money.

Anyway, what's the big deal about wearing a few silky things under your clothes? You've been wearing my panties and sleeping in my old nightgowns for the last few months. What's the difference?"

"Linda is right," I agreed, tongue in cheek. "I shave my legs regularly, and I wear nylons on them and camisoles under my blouses. Since you already wear panties and nighties, what's so ridiculous about wearing a few other silky items to protect your nice clothes?"

"But you're a *woman*, and you're supposed to wear silky things," he whined. "I'm a *man*, for Christ's sake!"

"Man indeed!" I hissed sarcastically. "You're wearing women's clothes, including silky nylon panties as we speak. The way I see it, what you wear for my visits reflects how much you value my assistance with your debt. Based on your comments, it doesn't appear that you value my presence very highly. Maybe I should just stop coming by altogether because, apparently, you only want to extend your credit and get farther behind on your payments." I felt cruel playing the money card, but it worked like a charm.

Recognizing his defeat, he sighed in a subjugated tone, "Okay, I'll do it. I'll do it! If you call my loan, I'm finished, and I'll never get out of these clothes!"

I was invited to dinner the following weekend, and sure enough, Patrick was wearing *something nice* as I requested. Under a lace-embellished apron, he wore cream colored slacks and a pale blue silk blouse with long dressy sleeves that was just sheer enough to reveal his camisole. In addition was a pair of court shoes with two inch heels, and white nylons were visible beneath the hem of his trousers. To my utter surprise, he was also wearing a strand of pearls around his neck and

matching earrings that I found out later were clip-ons. Not surprisingly, he was humiliated almost to the point of tears.

I noticed an obvious panty line at the rear of his tight fitting slacks, and I was naturally curious about his *new* feminine underwear and the state of his legs. Not wanting to embarrass him further, I waited until he was out of earshot before I asked Linda.

“His manly legs and chest are as smooth and hairless as mine, and in addition to his usual panties, he’s wearing a camisole and garter belt to support his nylons,” she chuckled. “You can see his garter straps and tabs when he sits a certain way if you know where to look. I insisted that he wear the jewelry and low heels on a whim to see if he would go along. He argued a bit at first, but when I became adamant and assumed a firm tone, he got dressed as I stipulated.”

While we had our coffee after dinner Linda and I talked about financial matters, the stock market, and home prices. Patrick knew the subject matter, but by staying home and being away from day to day events and cost fluctuations, he had become ignorant of the current status of these topics. As a result, he was unusually quiet.

After a few subsequent dinner invitations, I felt Patrick had been pushed enough, so I never again mentioned him wearing *nice clothes* for my visits. However, to my surprise, he continued to wear frilly blouses, slacks that zipped up at the back or side, shoes with a slightly raised heel, and feminine jewelry. I could tell he was embarrassed, especially when his blouse was sheer enough to show the lacy bodice and straps of his camisole. His former egotistical money fueled arrogance

was all but gone, and I was starting to feel sorry for him. Still, after the scene I made in the beginning, I didn't know how to tell him I wouldn't be angry if he wore jeans every once in a while.

Carefully, I raised the issue next time Linda and I were alone, but she replied that Patrick was no longer dressing up for me. What I was seeing him wear were now his everyday clothes. When I asked if she didn't think it a bit too extreme, she replied that since he started wearing her nicer clothes, he had never been more cooperative, helpful, and even *obedient* to her *suggestions*. With his new submissive attitude, she said she intended to keep him in her clothes at least until his debt was paid and even longer if possible.

One Saturday evening not long after that, I came by and was astounded to see Patrick looking even more feminine. To my surprise, he was wearing nice slacks with a back zipper, a feminine blouse, earrings, a necklace, bracelets, eyeliner, mascara, blush, lipstick, and matching nail polish. His lengthening hair had been brushed into the semblance of a neat feminine style, and I got a whiff of unmistakably feminine perfume.

When I asked what was going on, Linda chuckled, "One day, I was teasing him about how feminine he looked in his nice clothes, and I playfully suggested that he wear a tad of makeup to enhance his image."

"Obviously, he went for it."

"Not without a great deal of persuasion," she sighed. "At the mere mention of makeup, he regained his former macho courage, pitched a royal fit, and avowed that he would do no such thing. He had been so polite and congenial in his panties, camisoles, nylons, nice slacks, frilly blouses, and jewelry, so his refusal to wear makeup

really set me off. I know it was cruel of me, but I couldn't help seeing how far I could push him. On a whim, I demanded that he lower his slacks and lie across my lap for a spanking."

"Having no job, prospects for one, or a place to live, he knew it was my way or the highway for him. Finally, in hesitant contrition, he promised to wear makeup if only I wouldn't spank him. I knew I was on thin ice and in danger of losing my control over him, but despite that, I remained adamant. Finally, he swallowed his pride, lowered his slacks, and draped himself across my lap as I directed. Using my grandmother's wooden hairbrush, I really poured it onto his silky panties. I've spanked him several times since to keep him docile and obedient."

The look in his eyes and his beet red face confirmed what she said was true. "You do look rather nice," I admitted. "Did you put it on yourself?"

"Yes," Patrick sighed while continuing to blush. "I always thought makeup was lipstick and a little rouge, but was I ever wrong. Having to wear it is terribly embarrassing, and it makes me feel like a total sissy. I think putting it on, taking it off, putting it on, taking it off hour after hour until I get it right to Linda's standards is worse."

"Strict discipline, more than a few spankings, and hours of practice were required, but under my guidance, he learned to apply his makeup almost as well as most women," Linda beamed with obvious pride. "He now wears it as a matter of routine, and he's learning that varied shades are required for morning, evening, and special occasions. With that in mind, he wore a bit more for your visit tonight. What do you think?"

After looking him over with a critical eye, I said, "You did a very credible job. How do you like wearing makeup?"

"I'm more or less accustomed to wearing it, and I've gotten the hang of putting it all on," he admitted with his eyes glaring at Linda. I still hate wearing makeup and lipstick, but what choice do I have?"

The remainder of the evening, I watched Patrick jump whenever Linda gave an order or even made a suggestion. Apparently, the spankings had the desired effect because he was obviously afraid of her. Watching how the hierarchy of this marriage had completely reversed over the past months, I smiled at how this once conceited willful man had become meek and subservient as he dressed and appeared more and more effeminate by his wife's order.

To my surprise, Patrick wasn't there when I arrived for a visit a few weeks later. When Linda told me, I gasped, "Grocery shopping? I thought he was too embarrassed to wear feminine clothes out in public!"

"He is, but that's all he has to wear."

"Makeup too?"

"Of course."

"How did you get him to do it?"

"About a month ago, he complained about never getting out of the house. After listening to him for a while, I decided his complaints were a ploy to get me to buy him some men's clothes. To foil his scheme, I told him to go to the store and buy the groceries as that would get him out of the house and save me time. He had become mostly content to wear my old things around

the house and during your visits, but the mere mention of wearing them out in public sent him into a rage.”

“What did he do?”

“He angrily insisted that wearing my clothes had gone far enough and that, debt or no debt, he was going to dress as a man from then on. I had never seen him so irate, not even when he wore pants and flaunted his machismo. In his display, he ripped off his blouse, sending buttons flying and exposed his pink nylon camisole. Throwing his shredded blouse to the floor with a purpose, he stomped over to the mirror as resolute as one can in three inch heels and began wiping his makeup away with a vengeance.”

“How did you handle that? I mean, you obviously prevailed in this confrontation, or he wouldn’t be out shopping in your clothes now.”

“Realizing this was a critical moment if I was to maintain control over him, I made every effort to control my emotions while thinking fast. Quickly deciding to let his tantrum run its course before responding, I took my hairbrush from my vanity and sat in the chair I used for his spankings. When he turned away from the mirror, he saw me sitting demurely with my skirt high on my thighs, coolly tapping my hand with the brush, and glaring at him harshly. As he looked at me, his bravado gradually diminished, and his eyes filled with fear.”

“I can imagine.”

“My tactic worked better than I hoped. As he stood there in his exposed bra with his smeared makeup, he began to stammer apologies, excuses, and promises like a whipped puppy. I was totally thrilled with his capitulation, but I desperately tried to remain cool as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.”

“What did he do then?”

“He slowly began to cower in fear. When I still didn’t speak, he hesitantly lowered his pants while pleading for mercy and not to be sent to the grocery store dressed as he was. My poker face and calm demeanor having won out, I assaulted his exposed panties with a vengeance. It only took a few swats for him to agree to do the shopping if that’s what I wanted. After a few more, he was begging me to allow him to do it.”

“So he went from refusing to go shopping dressed as a woman to begging to go fairly easily, huh?”

“Too easy for my taste too, so easy that I figured he was up to something, buying disgusting men’s clothes with the grocery money, for example. With that in mind, I told him I had an errand to run, and he was to get dressed and repair his makeup while I was gone. I went to, Martin’s Market, where I shopped and opened an account in his name. The store is managed by, Kate and Norman Martin, a couple in their mid twenties. You should have seen their faces when I told them my husband would be dressed as a woman and wearing makeup when he arrived.”

“What did they say?”

“Kate was intrigued and asked why. I only said he was being punished for losing a bet. She was further captivated by the idea, so I told her the practice of forcing husbands to wear panties, camisoles, nylons, and the like under their everyday clothes and sleep in silky nylon nightgowns by angry wives was a rapidly growing trend. I explained that things like infidelity, neglect, laziness, excessive drinking, smoking, eating, and the like were the usual grounds for such punishment. She looked at her husband with a sly smile as he lowered his head and walked away with a bright blush.”

“Sounds like she was getting some ideas.”

“Turns out she was, but at the time, I was too busy concentrating on how to keep Patrick wearing my old clothes to notice. To set the record straight, I told that, with his clothes, hair, and makeup, most people wouldn’t recognize him as a man under normal scrutiny. When she agreed to treat him as a normal customer, and not reveal his secret to the other patrons, I couldn’t have been happier.”

“Oh boy!”

“When I returned home, I inspected him, and checked the items in his purse. After I decided he was ready for his first outing in my clothes, he nodded his head and asked for money. He stuttered and stammered and, his expression reflected utter dismay when I gave him the card and told him about the account. His plot to buy men’s clothes had been thwarted, and he couldn’t even admit his plan.”

“Lucky you saw through his scheme. This way, you still have him under your thumb. How did it go for him at the store with the owners in the know about his true gender?”

“He came home panic stricken, and his makeup was streaked from tears. I’ve never seen him so distraught as when he rushed by me on his way to the bathroom. Hearing his vomiting and moaning made me almost feel sorry for him. I put on a pot of coffee and brought the groceries in from the car, something I hadn’t done in months.”

“Boy that was sure out of character for you.”

“I know, but the poor dear was so pitiful. When he finally came out of the bathroom, his makeup was repaired, sort of. He’d used heavier than usual makeup

to cover his pale features, and he didn't need his overdone blush. Seeing his traumatized condition, I took him in my arms and gave him an affectionate hug. After I sat him at the table, I served his coffee and told him to tell me about his shopping trip. Before uttering a word, he burst into tears again. Can you believe it?"

"What I don't believe is you being so nice to him."

"I had to find out what happened, didn't I? Anyway, after a couple of stiff drinks, he was able to tell me most of what happened between his sobs. First off, Kate, outed him to the other customers as a man in a feminine top, slacks, heels, and makeup. He was naturally upset by the ridicule he received from them, but his greatest trauma came from Norman. Patrick was particularly upset when Norman scowled at him, 'It's your fault for starting *all this*!' Patrick didn't know what *all this* was, so I called Kate and asked."

"Did she know?"

"Oh yes. She said because Norman had been unfaithful to her, they bought the store and managed it together so she could keep an eye on him. Even under her watchful eye, he flirted with the female customers, causing perpetual friction in their marriage. My news about some women making their husbands wear panties and other articles of feminine apparel to keep them true gave her an idea. After I left, she exchanged her panties for his briefs and made him wear them then and there. After that, she bought him a supply of his own and, after throwing out his boxers and briefs, made him wear them exclusively. That's why he was angry with Patrick a week later."

"Can you blame him?"

"Not really, but Patrick was so embarrassed, he swore that he'd never go back to the store."

“Obviously, he changed his mind.”

“The passing of a week and the threat of another spanking changed his mind. Anyway, the second trip wasn’t as traumatic for him because Norman was dressed in a more feminine manner. He was actually wearing a pink blouse with short puffy sleeves and white women’s slacks so tight across the rear that outline and color of his pink panties were clearly visible. A closer inspection revealed that he was wearing slight makeup, mascara, eyeliner, pale pink lipstick, and nail polish. Instead of berating Patrick, he lowered his eyes and blushed when their eyes met. When they came near, Norman hissed in a whisper, ‘This is all your fault!’”

“What was going on? Why was Norman wearing more women’s clothes?”

“Kate had escalated his manner of dress from Patrick’s last trip to the store so that he wore outer garments as well. Also, the female customers liked the change in his appearance and the fact that he was too embarrassed to hit on them.”

“Sounds like Kate won on both fronts.”

“Oh, it didn’t stop there. The market is near a very diverse neighborhood, the S. B. Anthony development. When word got out about Norman’s feminine makeup and manner of dress, shoppers from the area flooded the store. So many people came in that they had to re-order three times a week to keep stock on the shelves. Many of the new female patrons were accompanied by men or boys wearing dresses, skirts, nylons, heels, makeup, etc. As you might expect, most of these males hated being so dressed, but they didn’t seem to have a choice.”

“Wow! You thought you started something by making Patrick wear your old clothes, but obviously, you didn’t.”

“Yes, but this gets better. From listening in on the conversations of her new upscale customers from S. B. Anthony, Kate overheard a common theme. Now that they had a market owned and operated by a progressive thinker like them, they wanted more stores where they could purchase female clothes designed to fit their male charges and a salon where they could do their hair in diverse feminine styles.”

“Wow!”

“This was right up Kate’s alley. She worked in a boutique as a teen and operated a salon as an adult. When she caught Norman in his last affair, she sold it and bought the grocery. She just doesn’t have a large enough site where she can consolidate and manage these businesses.”

“Being in real estate, that sounds like a job for me. I’ll go by tomorrow and find out the location and size of the facility she requires for her new venture.”

“I thought you might pick up on that. Hey look, Patrick is back. Let’s bring in the groceries. I did it last week on a whim, and he complained that standing idly and merely holding the door open while I did the physical labor made him feel weak and dependent. It was so much fun, I told him I would do it every week. Come on, it might be interesting to see how he reacts with two women doing the heavy work.”

“You don’t miss a chance to make him feel inadequate, do you?”

“Not if I can help it. I love the feeling of power, and being forced to behave in a manner less than a normal man keeps him dependent and obedient in his feminine clothes. *That* keeps me on top, so to speak. Oh look, he’s pulling in the driveway now. Watch this!”

Even though I had seen Patrick wearing Linda's clothes in the past, I was astounded by his appearance when he entered the house. He looked totally feminine in a sleeveless pink blouse that protruded naturally in front due to his padded bra, tan slacks that fitted tightly over his buttocks and were the perfect length for his four inch heels. His hair was a lighter shade than I had seen it and his makeup, that featured cherry red lipstick and matching polish on his long oval nails, was perfect. To top off his feminine image, he was carrying a brown purse with an over the shoulder strap.

After greeting me with a pained smile, he looked at Linda and asked in a contrite voice, "Will you please bring in the groceries?" I couldn't believe it. This former aggressive macho man was being forced to ask to be allowed to stand by in the feminine clothes his wife forced him to wear and watch while women did the physical labor that was once his unspoken responsibility. How totally deflated his once proud masculine pride must have been at that moment, especially the way he was dressed and with me watching!

Linda and I enjoyed a glass of wine and talked about her treatment of Patrick while he put the groceries away. When he joined us, I noticed two familiar boxes in his hand. They were panty liners and maxi pads, and he blushed when he saw me looking at them. Turning to Linda, I commented, "Had him buy your monthly supplies, huh?"

"Those are for his use," Linda chuckled. "This is the first time he's bought them himself. Under the circumstance, I thought that would be appropriate." Turning to her husband, she inquired, "Did buying your monthlies cause you any problem, Patrick?"

With a bright red face, he replied, "Kate figured out who they were for at the register. She laughed out loud

and made comments all the customers could hear and said what a great idea it would be for Norman to wear sanitary napkins in his panties a few days each month. He was wearing a skirt for the first time, and he cursed me while everyone in the store laughed at our plight.”

“Norman was wearing a skirt?” Linda gushed in disbelief. “How did he react to that, and what did the customers say?”

“Norman’s skirt was red, blue, and yellow tartan with tiny pleats like a kilt, but it was obviously a skirt,” Patrick replied in an uneasy voice. “He was also wearing pantyhose or nylons and four inch stiletto heels with open toes. His makeup was heavier than usual, and his lipstick and nail polish were darker. His toes could be seen through his nylons, and they were polished to match his fingernails. He blushed brightly when any of the women customers complimented his skirt, especially when he bent a certain way that revealed the lacy hem of his yellow nylon slip.”

As we chatted, Linda’s seemed focused on something far away, as if she had something on her mind. I think Patrick felt it too because he appeared very apprehensive. Finally, he excused himself to put his *monthlies* away. With Linda’s mind obviously on other subjects, I didn’t stay much longer.

The next day, I went by to see Kate, introduced myself, and told her what I had learned from Linda about her needs for a new location. After an hour discussing size and locality, I learned that she had grand ideas and was off on an extensive search for the perfect facility to accommodate her planned business expansion. I got extremely busy after that and found the perfect facility, a nearby vacant mini-mall with spaces for four

or five commercial businesses. Best of all, it was adjacent to the S. B. Anthony development. With plans for a grocery, a boutique, a spa with tanning services, a beauty salon, and a doctor's office, Kate rented the mall.

The details of this venture, renting, financing, equipment and stock purchasing, and moving kept me tied up for about two months. I didn't see Linda during this time. The deal finally consummated, she called and invited me to dinner with the promise that Patrick would prepare a delicious fare. Ready to kick back and be pampered, I eagerly accepted. When I arrived, Linda enthusiastically greeted me, and I found myself on a sofa in their living room cradling a glass of scotch before I set eyes on Patrick.

While Linda and I were getting reacquainted, she called out to Patrick in the kitchen with a kindness I'd rarely heard from her toward him since the debt crisis, "Please join us, sweetheart. We haven't seen Caroline for quite some time, and we have a lot catching up to do. Since you no longer drink alcohol, you can enjoy a glass of the grapefruit juice you love. If you like, you can decorate it with a cherry and a lemon slice to give you the illusion of having a drink."

"He quit drinking?" I gasped in an astounded voice while recalling his excesses of the past. "Wow, he used to...."

"Or smoke!" she scowled, cutting me off. "Remember how he used to sit around chain smoking and guzzling beer? Well, his gut was stretching the nice things of mine he was wearing out of shape, and the house smelled like an ashtray. To make things more pleasant, I stopped his smoking and alcohol consumption and put him on a strict diet that has significantly reduced his weight. With food, liquor, beer, and cigarettes being quite expensive, we save lots of money."

"You made him quit drinking and smoking?" I asked in disbelief. "How did you get him to do that?"

"Like I get him to do everything else, like wearing my clothes," she replied in a matter of fact tone. "I *ordered* him to quit. He knows better than to defy me or cheat when I'm not here because he knows from bitter experience that I can tell if he is lying. Believe me; he doesn't want to risk the consequences of that again."

I had known Patrick for years, even before he and Linda were married. He had always been headstrong, arrogant, and macho and was opposed to taking orders from anybody, especially his wife! I guess my knowledge of his penchant for alcohol and cigarettes made it hard for me to believe that he would abide by his wife's orders to give them up. Trying to get a grasp on the situation, I mused, "Well, I imagine you do save quite a bit of money by not buying alcohol and tobacco."

"I didn't say we don't buy *any* booze or smokes, like we didn't stop buying food when I ordered him to diet and exercise," she chuckled. "I still have a glass of wine with dinner and a scotch or so afterward. Also, I've come to enjoy a good cigar in the evening and on special occasions. It's a win-win scenario. I'm happy, he's lost quite a bit of weight, is getting fit and trim, and is smoke and alcohol free."

Past experience in knowing Patrick made me hesitant to believe her word on his drastic change and accept her order for him to stop drinking, smoking, and go on a strict diet. I resolved to sit quietly, observe, and make up my own mind instead of pushing the issue. When I heard his heels clicking on the tiles, I wondered how high they were.

Sure enough, when Patrick, stepped into the room, he had a glass of grapefruit juice decorated with a cherry

and lemon slice and was blushing for all he was worth. As I looked him over, I noticed that he *had* lost substantial weight. Not only that, his hair was over his ears and well down onto his neck. It was a few shades lighter, set in a very feminine style, and had almost certainly been styled by a professional.

I kept quiet as I observed that his makeup was heavier, and his nails were shaped into long ovals and polished to match his ruby red lipstick. His blouse was silky pink polyester with long billowing sleeves and was not one of the feminine styles I'd seen him wear before. I gasped in disbelief when I saw his pink pumps with at least four-inch stiletto heels and dark tan nylons over his perfectly smooth hairless legs.

All that; however, completely paled to the fact that he was wearing a *skirt*! A yellow pleated skirt that flared out attractively to about four inches above his knees! I don't know how much time passed before I realized my jaw was hanging open, but after regaining the power of speech, I gasped, "Making him wear your old pants, blouses, heels, and makeup for my visits is one thing. Isn't a skirt is a bit over the top?"

"Wearing skirts wasn't his idea, I assure you," Linda laughed while Patrick blushed brightly. "When he told me about Norman wearing skirts at the grocery, I thought it might be nice if he wore them too."

"It's not right for you to make me wear dresses and skirts ... especially in *public*!" Patrick argued in a tone rarely heard from him.

"I'm not sure I understand this," I admitted, still in awe of the sight of this once macho man's ultra effeminate manner of dress.

"She made a list of her things for me to select!" Patrick seethed angrily while pouting his full red lips. "I

had to choose three dresses, three skirts, six blouses, and an assortment of full and half slips from her things, and I have to wear them all the time! If I had known how tedious these tiny pleats are to iron, I never would have selected this skirt, you can be sure!”

“Don’t fret so, Patricia” Linda said with a laugh as she turned to her husband and kissed him gently on the cheek. “Wearing pretty dresses, skirts, silky undies, heels, and makeup are all part of being a sissy housewife.”

“I’m not a sissy!” he sobbed as tears filled his blue eyes. “At least I wasn’t before you started making me wear your clothes and spanking me if I didn’t do exactly as you said.”

“I know you’re upset at being seen in your pretty skirt and blouse by Caroline for the first time, but she’s our friend and she had to find out sooner or later,” Linda soothed in a soft, yet firm, tone. Then, patting him on his skirted rear, she added, “Be a sweet sissy. Dry up those tears before they ruin your makeup and run along to the kitchen. Put the final touch on dinner while you get your emotions under control.”

“Patricia? Sissy housewife? Dresses and skirts?” I gasped as Patrick scurried off to the kitchen in his skirt and heels. “This will take one hell of an explanation.”

Linda explained. “Kate gave me the idea when she made Norman wear skirts. In truth, I had grown to enjoy having a sweet obedient husband who did all the housework, and I gave it a lot of thought. In the end, I had no intention of letting the obnoxious person he was before all this happened re-surface. To prevent that, I took decisive measures.”

“You made him wear dresses and skirts to keep him docile, obedient, and doing the housework?”

“Well, it was partially his fault, at least, that’s what I tell myself,” she tittered. “Anyway, during a particularly heated argument one morning, he said he was tired of wearing my things and insisted that I buy him some men’s clothes. On a whim, and having no thought of pursuing the idea at the time, I said he could wear my dresses and skirts, instead of his usual blouse and slacks, if he preferred. He had become very obedient by that point, but the idea of wearing a dress or skirt was too much for him to swallow.”

“How did you get him to change his mind?”

“I had grown accustomed to him obeying me without complaint or hesitation, so his rebellion really set me off, especially since Norman was wearing skirts in public,” Linda seethed, still angry at the thought. “In a livid voice, I demanded to know what was wrong with wearing dresses and skirts. I pointed out that he slept in nylon nightgowns, and they had skirts. Pretending that I didn’t understand why he was making such a big deal out of it, I rubbed it in a bit to curb his superior attitude. I said if he would miss the silky feel of his camisoles and gowns under his clothes, he could wear full or half slips under his dresses and skirts.”

“What’s not to understand, Linda?” he shouted in a loud firm tone I had not heard from him in weeks, if not months. “I’m a *man* for God’s sake! Men don’t wear dresses, and it’s not right for you to expect me to wear them just because Norman wears them. I’ve been shaving my legs, chest, and underarms, and I wear your old pants, blouses, camisoles, panties, nylons, and nightgowns because you sold all my clothes. I won’t miss the silky feel of that stuff, and I absolutely refuse to wear your dresses and skirts!”

“Despite his refusal, I held my ground and insisted that he wear a dress with a silky nylon slip that very

day. During the course of our argument, his adamant refusal to accede to my wishes gradually diminished to little more than tearful pleas. Seeing his capitulation, my confidence zoomed to an all time high, so to show him I meant business, I pulled him across my lap and gave him a sound spanking on his panties then and there."

"When I finished, he was blubbering like a baby girl and promising to wear dresses and skirts if that was what I wanted. Since then, he's worn them full time. Of course, to enforce my order, I've had to apply several more severe spankings from time to time."

"Wow!" I gasped as I drained my scotch. "Even after he started wearing your panties, nightgowns, jeans, blouses, and shoes, I never imagined I would see him in a dress or a skirt. How did he take to them?"

"At first, he was very awkward as one would expect of a *man*," Linda sighed. "To teach him proper feminine comportment in his skirts, I insisted that he learn to manage them properly. In the days that followed, I drilled him in the art of walking, sitting, standing, bending, squatting, and so forth in skirts of all styles and lengths. I even had him walking a line in tight skirts and four-inch heels with a book on his head to give him a graceful feminine glide. Now, if I see even a hint of a masculine stride, it's back on the line with the book atop his head for a few hours."

"I even designed an obstacle course throughout the house that I change each time he walks it in five inch heels and a below-the-knee pencil skirt. He has to remain alert to avoid snagging his nylons. Sometimes, I scatter a deck of cards or a box of toothpicks along the way that he has to stoop and pick up one at a time. If he loses his book, I flip up his skirt and give him a sound spanking on his panties and make him start over with

three additional tours of the course. As you might imagine, that gives him the incentive he needs to learn to properly comport himself in his skirts and heels.”

“I didn’t notice his feminine bearing, but now that you mention it, he does have a dainty feminine gait in his heels,” I admitted in awe as I realized the success of her methods in teaching her husband to manage the skirts she forced him to wear. “Not only that, he brushes his skirt beneath him, adjusts the hem across his thighs, and sits with his knees together like a woman no matter how long or short his skirts are.”

“Wow!”

“After hours of practice and a number of punishments to keep him focused, he’s beginning to do those things from habit,” Linda conceded with a chuckle. “Shows that an arrogant, conceited, willful man can be trained to be soft and graceful if he’s given the right motivation and incentive, doesn’t it? So much for old dogs and new tricks, huh?”

“Guess so,” I agreed as I tossed my scotch down with a single gulp and held out my glass for a refill.

“As time passed, Patrick more or less accepted his dresses, skirts, and silky slips, or at least he reconciled in his mind that he had no choice but to wear them,” Linda reflected. “When His hair was long enough to style, so I took him for the feminine set he’s wearing. He said he wouldn’t sit for it, but the threat of a spanking on his panties right there in the salon changed his mind. Ever since, I’ve called him *Patricia*, and he’s worn dresses and skirts exclusively with no jeans, slacks or shorts no matter how feminine.”

As promised by Linda when she invited me, Patrick prepared a delicious roast dinner with all the trimmings, but he didn’t eat any of it. When I commented on his

green salad and glass of water, he turned red and said Linda wanted him to lose some weight, so he was on a diet. He was obviously unhappy when he served our dessert of hot apple pie topped with melting ice cream but didn't include any for himself. While she and I ate our delicious fare, he blurted out, "I don't care what you do, I'm going to find a way to get some men's clothes and stop wearing dresses."

To my surprise, Linda's only reaction was to calmly gather a small portion of the delicious dessert on her spoon and offer it to him. He looked like he wanted to die, but he accepted it. As he blushed for all he was worth, she said, "Rich high calorie desserts are definitely not on his diet, but I think it would be cruel to deny him a taste, especially since he went to all the trouble to cook and serve it."

Hearing his wife's words, Patrick abruptly leapt to his feet and lit into her with a fury I didn't know he still possessed, "You humiliated me by making me wear a skirt for Caroline's visit and giving me only a taste of dessert while she watched. Well, that was the last straw! It ends now! I will no longer wear your clothes, refrain from drinking and smoking, or stay on this starvation diet! To prove it, I'm getting some men's clothes, and to seal the deal, I'm having a drink! If you don't like it, you can go straight to hell!"

I don't know what I expected, but whatever it was, Linda surprised me by her reaction. Instead of blowing up or giving in to him, she slowly rose to her feet, looked him in the eye with a cold stare, and calmly stated, "Bring me the paddle."

They stood silently and unmoving and glared one another in the eye for more than a minute. I thought for a moment that Patrick had regained the necessary courage to stand his ground, but it was not to be. While

Linda held her unyielding posture, he slowly lowered his gaze and blinked his mascara laden lashes. I could tell she had won by the way he hung his head and nervously shuffled his feet, causing his skirt to sway adorably about his nylon clad thighs. "I...I'm sorry," he stammered in a sheepish whisper as he blushed beneath his makeup and looked down to avoid eye contact.

"So, you were going to get some men's clothes, huh?" Linda asked in a condescending tone. When he was slow to answer, she snapped, "I asked you a question, *missy*! Did you or did you not plan to defy me and buy some men's clothes?"

"Yes," he stammered with a sob as he choked back tears in obvious fear of his insistent wife. "I'm sorry. I'm just so humiliated in my dresses and skirts."

"And just what did you plan to use for money?" she demanded in the same harsh voice, cutting off his fear filled attempt to explain. "You can't buy them on your grocery account because Kate won't allow cash returns. Were you planning to steal the money from my purse ... or *Caroline's* ... to buy these disgusting men's clothes?"

"Yes, if I had to!" he shouted, his rare burst of courage returning momentarily. "It's not right for you to make me wear dresses and skirts and ... and silky panties, makeup, lipstick, high heels, and sleep in nylon nightgowns! I'm a man, and I shouldn't have to sneak around to dress like one!"

"Haven't I made it abundantly clear that drab men's clothes are no longer appropriate for you?" Linda demanded in a curt voice with a sizzling stare of in your face confrontation. "The idea of a sissy like you wearing manly pants, shirts, cotton briefs, and heavy shoes is absurd. If you had any of the dreary things, you know I wouldn't allow you to wear them!"

Seeing this previously assertive man cowering near tears before his wife while wearing a feminine blouse, skirt, heels, and makeup was a new experience for me. From past encounters with his will and temper, I would have expected him to loudly proclaim that he was a man and not a sissy and that he would no longer wear dresses and skirts. Sadly though, his bravado proved to be fleeting. Instead of standing up and demanding the return of his pants, he slowly lowered his head like the wimp he had become by his wife's hand and sighed in defeat, "I'm sorry I threatened to buy men's clothes you have forbidden me to wear."

"What about that rude tantrum in the presence of our guest? Let's hear an apology to Caroline!" Linda spat in a threatening tone. "And you had better do it properly, *Miss Priss*, or you'll be sorry!"

Dismally, Patrick walked up to face me in his skirt and heels while glancing nervously at Linda from the corner of his eye. With a bright blush beneath his makeup, and without making eye contact, he gently, almost daintily, grasped the sides of his feminine skirt in his fingertips, spread it daintily while placing his left toe behind his right foot and dipped a polite curtsy. I wondered how long he had practiced before a full length mirror to develop the skill to execute such a graceful curtsy as he fought back tears and whispered, "I'm sorry for my rude outburst. I was just so desperate to be a man and get out of the dresses, skirts, silky undies, nylons, heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, and jewelry that Linda makes me wear all the time."

I don't know why, but I suddenly felt sorry for this simpering hulk that was once a strong, assertive, confident man. No one could blame the poor dear for being willing to do whatever it took for a chance to dress as his proper gender. Still, for some strange reason, I

didn't want to undermine Linda's efforts to cure him of his former macho arrogance and total disregard for the value of money. Trying for middle ground, I said, "I forgive you, *Patricia*."

Even though I used his feminine name, he turned to his wife with a sense of relief on his made up features. His respite was brief because Linda berated, "You can wipe that smirk of your face, *Miss Priss*! Caroline may forgive you, but you should know from experience that I'm not so easy! Imagine a sissy like you planning to sneak behind my back and acquire a supply of ridiculous men's clothes. So what was that childish tantrum in the presence of my friend? In your wildest dreams did you think I would let you get away with such behavior with a mere apology? Not on your sissy life! I intend to teach you a lesson you'll remember, so bring the paddle like I said and assume the *position* for your punishment!"

"Here?" he gasped in disbelief. "Now? With Caroline watching? Please, no!"

"Of course with her watching," Linda asserted in an adamant tone. "You were planning to steal money from her to buy despicable men's clothes. Why shouldn't she watch your punishment?" When he was slow to obey, she snapped, "Don't make me come get you, sissy boy!"

Apparently she had used that tactic to make his punishment more severe because, upon hearing her words, he hurried to the kitchen, I listened to the staccato clicking of his heels on the tiles and watched his skirt swirl merrily about his smooth nylon clad thighs as he hurried to do her bidding. He returned with a thick leather paddle with holes in it and meekly handed it to his determined wife.



I was aghast to see Patrick submissively drape himself over his wife's lap and a sound spanking to his pantied bottom. Why was he so submissive? Where had his spine gone?

"I'll teach you to disobey me!" Linda growled as she landed another resounding blow to his reddening bottom.

Observing my awe and confusion, Linda explained, “I got this paddle at an adult store, and it really comes in handy at times like this.”

From past conversation, I knew she spanked him when she thought necessary, and it was obvious that she was ordering him over her knees for another. With me present, I felt sure he would finally stand up like a man and refuse to submit to her, especially dressed as he was. However, I was in for a total surprise. I watched in awe, as this once assertive macho man meekly lowered his head in submission and handed her the paddle. With tears and a foreboding expression of pending doom in his makeup enhanced blue eyes, he meekly and obediently draped himself over her knees.

Without ceremony, she lifted his skirt and lace edged nylon slip to reveal his silky pink panties. Quickly, she landed at least twenty severe swats, his thin panties offering little protection from the stinging paddle. Not surprisingly, he was soon squealing like a little girl, pleading with her to stop, and promising not to defy her in the future. When she finally stopped, he jumped to his feet and hurried to a vacant corner. I watched in awe as he pulled his skirt and slip to his waist to expose his panties and flame red backside as he stood silently and motionless with his face to the wall.

As I looked at Linda with questioning eyes, she took a leisurely drink and explained, “He used to dance about in an indecent manner, massaging his rear and squealing like a little girl following a severe spanking. I soon tired of his rowdy tantrums and decided they were inappropriate for a chastised sissy. If you remember, we used to have a grandfather clock in that corner, but I had him move it into the study. Now, I require him to stand still and silent in his corner with his skirt and slip at waist level for at least an hour after his spankings.

While there, he is to concentrate on his transgressions, the reason for his punishment, and to resolve not to repeat them in the future. He'll be quite contrite and penitent when his time is up and I allow him to leave his corner. You'll see."

"I've known Patrick since high school, and he always appeared to be macho, confident, even chauvinistic," I gasped. "I never imagined him submitting to such a humiliating punishment."

Shrugging off the bizarre situation as though nothing was out of the ordinary, Linda tossed down her drink and said, "All that was just an act, a charade, to hide his sissy personality. I don't mind telling you, I needed one after what I had just seen. "I think I'll have another drink and a cigar. Would you care to join me?"

Staring at the shamed Patrick in his corner, I knew he wanted nothing more than to change into men's clothes and join us in a smoke and a drink, but by his actions, I could tell he knew that was impossible. He could only stand like a statue with his skirt and slip at his waist and his panties and extremely red buttocks on display. I didn't smoke, but this had been one bizarre evening. "Why the hell not," I shrugged.

After serving my drink and lighting my cigar, Linda took a seat, put her feet up, and lit her own. Exhaling a plume of smoke above her head, she sighed, "I know this is upsetting for you seeing this for the first time, but believe me, it's for the best. Fortunately, I don't have to spank him much anymore. Instead, I control him with sex. I keep him kind of horny and make him use feminine wiles and charm to seduce me into bed.

"Feminine wiles? Charm?" I gasped. "What does he do?"

“Oh, for example, he’s never without his makeup and his hair neatly done when I’m around. He wears more and more provocative clothes to get my attention the raudier he gets. Not only that. He leans over when he serves me so I get a glimpse of his cleavage and a whiff of his sexy perfume. For his seduction plans, he has some really sexy lingerie that he bought at Kate’s new boutique for the purpose of seducing me. One evening, I entered our bedroom and found him on the bed wearing an ice blue teddy, dark seamed nylons, lace embellished garter belt, and four inch stiletto pumps. His hair and makeup were immaculate, and his dark red lipstick exactly matched the polish on his fingers and toes. Unable to resist his lovely image, I virtually jumped into bed with him!”

“He reads women’s magazines for tips on the latest styles, skirt lengths, makeup techniques, and suggestions on how to keep your *man* interested. I don’t know how many hours he’s practiced when he’s alone, but he’s become an expert at crossing his legs just the right way to cause his skirt to *accidentally* ride higher on his thighs. One day, I came home unexpectedly and found him with a negligee over his slip, a beauty masque on his face, and his body was plied with moisturizing cream. He was making every effort to look feminine and sexy for me when I was away and would only see the results of his beauty treatments.”

“All that to lure you into bed,” I observed with a sly grin while exhaling a column of smoke and taking another look at her once manly husband. By his bright blush, I could tell he was listening to our conversation and was greatly embarrassed for me to learn the intimate details of the rapidly increasing femininity he was eagerly implementing on himself in exchange for

sex. In that instant, I realized that Linda was smarter and more cunning than I ever imagined!

While pouring us another drink, Linda saw me eying Patrick who was blushing brightly while obediently holding his skirt and slip at his waist. Unfortunately for him, she looked up and saw him cutting his eyes my way. Slamming the bottle on the bar, she strode over to him with a purpose. Blowing cigar smoke in his face, she snapped, "When you stand in the corner, you are to keep your eyes focused on the wall and your mind on your transgressions! Once more, and you'll find yourself back across my knees for a reminder. As it is, your corner time starts over *now!*"

Immediately, his eyes focused straight ahead as directed, and he appeared to be quivering with fear as she returned to her task. For the next hour, Linda and I had a few drinks, and despite the fact that I didn't smoke, I found myself actually enjoying my cigar. Not surprisingly, our conversation centered mostly on Patrick, his enforced feminine manner of dress, and his antics designed to excite her sexually.

When she finally gave him permission to leave the corner, he lowered his skirt and slip and dutifully brushed them into place. Seeing his pitiful and miserable look, I took him in my arms and held him with his head on my shoulder until he stopped crying. When his weeping subsided, he still looked completely browbeaten, so I took him to the bathroom to wash his face and repair his makeup.

Seeing him spanked in his feminine skirt, blouse, nylons, heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, with a feminine hairdo, being made to stand in the corner like a child, and looking so helpless was making me see him from a different perspective. Through my disgust, my mind flashed back to the early years of their marriage

when he had a confident swagger and was the obvious dominant partner in the relationship. Now, he had been totally subjugated by his wife and was afraid to defy or disobey her. To enforce her dominance, she punished him in a most shameful manner. All that caused me to feel compassion for him.

“See how she treats me, Caroline?” he sniffed as he patted his face dry with a fluffy towel after washing away his tear streaked makeup. “She makes me wear dresses, and if I do the slightest thing that displeases her, or if I try to act even slightly like a man, she spanks me on my panties and makes me stand in the corner like a little girl. You’re my only hope. You have to help me get back into pants, you just have to!”

“Your only path back to pants is to stand up to Linda and act like you have a pair!” I decreed in an adamant tone that reflected the contempt I felt for him at that moment. “She’s *your* wife, not *mine*!”

“That’s just it,” he sniffed as tears filled his eyes, threatening to ruin his freshly applied mascara and eyeliner again. “She treats me like I’m *her* wife! You see how she makes me wear dresses and do all the housework and spanks me if I even think of defying her! You saw what happened when I tried to get some money to buy men’s clothes!”

“If you start crying again, you’ll never get your makeup right,” I cautioned as I watched his realistic breasts rise and fall with his rapid breathing. “If you want to wear manly pants, you have to stand up to Linda and act like a man! Look her in the eye, tell her that you are through wearing dresses, and demand the return of your masculine clothes. Stick to your guns, and don’t back down no matter what she says. Believe me, that’s the only way you’ll ever wear pants again.”

Considering my words while pressing his lips together to even out his freshly applied lipstick, he stammered, "I couldn't do that. If I tried, she would have me back across her lap with my skirt and slip at my waist before I could get the words out. You have to do something ... you just have to!"

"Nothing I can do," I reasoned. "Look, if I stood up to Linda and, by some miracle, convinced her to let you dress as a man, it still wouldn't work. Even if she allowed you to put on a pair of pants and a shirt while I watched, she would have you out of those manly pants and back in a dress, panties, nylons, and heels before I got a mile away. Admit it!"

"I suppose you're right," he sobbed in despair while trying to brush the wrinkles from his skirt from holding it bunched up at his waist while standing in the corner. "No matter how hard I try, I can't bring myself to stand up to her. If I try, I end up across her lap with my panties on fire like just now."

When Patrick and I returned, Linda was still angry, and she had a fresh scotch. Looking over her femininely dressed husband, she scowled in a virtual rage, "If you ever try to get improper men's clothes again, that little session across my lap will seem like a Sunday picnic, sissy boy! And, you should be more mindful of your nice clothes during your spankings and corner time. Your skirt is all wrinkled. Take it off and iron it this minute!"

I looked at Patrick and saw that the spark that was previously in his eyes was gone. I don't know if it was fear of another spanking, the fallout from our resent conversation, or realization that his wife would keep him in skirts regardless of my opinion that caused him to perform a polite curtsy and sigh in defeat, "Yes Linda. I'm sorry for wrinkling my skirt. I'll be more mindful in the future."

Despite her subjugated husband's capitulation, Linda wasn't about to let up on him. Further demeaning him, she ordered, "Set up the ironing board in here so I can watch. I know how you hate ironing all those tiny pleats, and I want to assure that you remain diligent while performing your sissy task."

"Yes, Linda," he sighed in a defeated tone as he dropped another submissive curtsy and hurried away in his skirt and heels to do her bidding.

When the ironing board was placed as she directed, he was about to unfasten the side fastener of his skirt when she ordered with a slight slur in her voice, "Pour us another drink. We want to relax and watch you perform your sissy task." When he hesitated as if he wanted to rebel, she inquired in a harsh tone, "Will it take another spanking to get you to perform your sissy duties ... *Patricia*?"

Hearing her threat and the emphasis on the feminine version of his name, he hurried to do her bidding. When he served us the potent liquid she had forbidden him to consume, I noticed that his face was red with anxiety and humiliation. After dutifully performing his assigned duty, he removed his skirt, leaving his pale yellow nylon slip exposed below his waist. Seeing that he was totally concentrating on his task to iron the wrinkles from his feminine skirt and not listening to our conversation, I asked Linda about his jiggling breasts, "What do you pad his bra with?"

"The latest silicone breast forms on the market," she replied. "They were designed for mastectomy patients and were my present to him when I made him wear dresses and skirts full time. He's worn them in his bra ever since, even at night. You thought they were real, didn't you?"

"Well I..." I began, "They do seem very realistic."

"That's why I bought them," Linda said. "I love my sissy husband, and I want the very best for him."

"He wasn't a sissy when you married him," I replied in a terse tone. I still wasn't completely comfortable with the idea of treating him the way she did, and now, she knew it.

"I know, but he wasn't that much of a man either," she retorted with equal venom. "As you know from his actions, he was totally irresponsible with money, and he was constantly out with his beer buddies. I strongly suspected him of having several affairs after he won the lottery, but I couldn't prove anything." After a pause, she confessed, "Okay, I admit it. I like him and our marriage better with him in skirts. The housework is always done, the meals are delicious and on time, and I know he's true to me. Having someone snap to carry out your orders and wait on you hand and foot is addictive. I don't know if you noticed, but he's kind of a bimbo most of the time. In all candor, I'm thinking of making him a blonde to better suit his personality."

After Patrick finished ironing his skirt, he replaced it fluffed it out over his slip in an overt feminine manner, and turned before his wife for her approval. Smiling as though nothing had happened, Linda took him in her arms, kissed him affectionately, and held him tightly. Looking at me with a lustful grin, she said, "Sorry to rush you, but we're off to bed." On my way out, I looked back and saw them walking closely toward the stairs. Not surprisingly, her hand was caressing his buttocks through his skirt and his head was resting on her shoulder. 'Linda may never admit it even to herself, but dominating Patrick in skirts is a huge sexual turn-on for her,' I thought as I made my exit.

After that encounter, I stayed busy finalizing my deal with Kate and helping her get relocated. Devoted to her purpose, she leased the mini-mall I found. Naming it *Kate's Korner*, she converted it into five units, the grocery store, an upscale boutique, a gym, a hairdressing salon, and a doctor's office.

The boutique featured upscale fashions for women and feminine clothing for men and feminizing paraphernalia such as breast forms and gaffes. The spa was unisex and had an exercise room for aerobics, a gym with equipment to make one strong or to melt away muscles, a steam room, and several tanning booths. The beauty parlor was run by an effeminate man named Andre who only employed men who weren't there voluntarily. To their shame, he required them to wear cute pink nylon uniform dresses with short skirts. His emporium featured feminine hairstyles for men and women, a nail salon, full and partial body waxes, and hair removal by laser electrolysis. The doctor was an OB/GYN specialist.

Kate was self-designated general manager of all four ventures with no apparent argument from Norman. In that capacity, she required him to wear stylish dresses or skirts, at least three inch heels, and full feminine makeup that included matching lipstick and nail polish for his job in the grocery store. To his ultimate shame, she had extensions affixed his short hair and dyed it a sexy red color in the salon. She also had his ears double pierced so he could wear stylish studs, hoops, and decorative pendants.

When his complaints and objections about the way he was required to dress on a daily basis fell on deaf ears, he said he needed help with the work since she was busy elsewhere. Kate realized he was right, and since this

store was larger than the last, she hired a teenage boy, Bob, the nephew of one of her new customers, as the stock boy.

Kate and I were talking one day when Norman came up and complained about the way she made him dress. In sympathy, Kate gently patted him on the rump and soothed, "Don't get your panties in a wad, sweetheart. You know our increased business is because of your pretty dresses and skirts. Besides, you know the stock, how to properly display it, which items to put on sale, and you look so customer friendly. With me providing the leadership, you and Bob will make a great team. Here he is now."

Norman was utterly astonished when he saw what appeared to be a pretty teenage girl and a woman about sixty approaching them. If this girl was Bob, he was wearing a pink and white sundress with wide lace shoulder straps and hem of the mid thigh length A-line skirt that moved alluringly about his smooth hairless thighs. His makeup was light as was appropriate for a teenage girl, and his pink lipstick was a perfect match for his dress and nail polish. Most defining was the fact that the longish hair falling down onto his neck had been dyed pink ... *pink*! Despite all that, his boyish looks made his gender in question. Looking at the elderly woman beside him, he pleaded, "Grandmother, please don't make me do this. I won't give you any more trouble, I promise!"

"You forfeited your chance for leniency when you climbed out the window and down the rose trellis to be with your rowdy friends against my orders," she retorted with an edge in her voice. "As punishment, I got rid of all your boy clothes and had that nice Mr. Andre in the salon give you that cute pink style in your rebellious long hair. Now, if you run away to be with those

hooligans again, you'll do so in a dress or skirt with a feminine hair color and style. In that vein, you'll participate in the aerobics class in the gym to lose weight and tone your body. I enrolled you in the comportment classes to teach you to sit, stand, move, and manage your skirts like a lady."

Before he could object or complain further, they were joined by Kate and Norman. Bob was surprised to see the woman in a pantsuit and Norman in a stylish dress appropriate for work as a woman ... but he was a *man*! After introductions and small talk between the two women, Kate had a chat with Bob. Looking him over with a critical eye, she said, "I expect your clothes, makeup, and hair to always be neat, and you are to be polite and helpful to the customers at all times. Do that and we'll get along superbly."

Bob was also perturbed to see Norman wearing a pink name tag inscribed in white that identified him as *Norma*. He was further repulsed when he was handed one that read *Bobbie Sue*.

The grand opening of Kate's Korner was history, and I was finally able to relax. To celebrate, and to thank Linda for giving me the lead that developed into a very lucrative real estate venture, I called and offered to take her and Patrick to dinner. From past visits, I was not surprised to find Patrick dressed and looking very feminine. For our outing, he was wearing a straight white skirt and a silky mint green polyester blouse that I hadn't seen along with three inch heels. His hair and makeup were immaculate as was now usual for him.



Patrick was practicing walking on high heels while wearing a tight fitting skirt. "Place one foot in front of the other and let your hips sway!" Linda ordered to Patrick's utter dismay, "Or I'll get the paddle out and administer a spanking on your prissy ass like you've never felt before."

I was a bit surprised by the fact that he walked exactly like a woman, placing one foot in front of the other and swaying his hips in a seductive style. A tight skirt and heels can produce that manner of walking, but his gait was more than that. He seemed to have a *practiced* style that required some effort and concentration on his part.

He was on pins and needles because Linda scolded his every misstep. In fact, before we left for the restaurant, she claimed to see him take a long masculine step. While she admonished him without mercy, I wondered how he could have taken anything resembling a masculine step in the straight pencil skirt he was wearing. Nonetheless, she insisted on him walking back and forth for at least half an hour with a book on his head while she criticized his every step.

“You’ve been working him hard to eliminate even the slightest hint of masculinity.” I observed. “You jump on his case when he makes a slight slip-up and even when I don’t see a masculine move or gesture. What gives?”

“I’m trying to keep him mindful of his feminine glide and other mannerisms until they become natural, and he no longer has to think about them,” she said as she ordered Patrick to continue walking about without the book on his head. “Kate is doing the same thing at the boutique.”

“Kate? Boutique?”

“You didn’t know Kate hired him to work in the boutique? Well, she wanted a male in a dress to sell feminine clothes to men and boys, so she offered the job to Patrick. He wasn’t too keen on the idea, but I jumped at the chance because it gave us a way for him to help pay off his debt. He needed some nice clothes for work,

so he bought that stylish skirt and blouse along with some other nice things using his employee discount.”

“Wow!” I gushed breathlessly. “I had no idea he was working for Kate. What does he think of that, and how is he reacting to a job where he has to wear dresses, skirts, heels, and makeup?”

Seeing Patrick listening in on our conversation, she turned from me and scolded, “You’re in for a sound spanking on your pretty panties before dinner, if you don’t start concentrating on walking like a proper sissy instead of eavesdropping!” She didn’t get a chance to answer me due to watching and criticizing her mortified husband as he walked about in his feminine skirt. When tears of shame and humiliation filled his eyes, she fumed, “Dry those tears before they ruin your mascara! You’ve held us up long enough without having to wait while you repair your sissy makeup.”

Patrick was extremely nervous about going out to dinner in his skirt and blouse because he was almost sure Linda would humiliate him in public. We were going to an upscale restaurant that would be filled with successful men and their elegantly dressed trophy wives. Patrick knew that if these men, some of them possibly his previous business contemporaries, found out his identity; his life would be a hell. Even so, he was helpless to alter his precarious situation.

“Get your ass in gear, *Patricia!*” Linda growled as she and I walked out the front door, not holding it open or waiting for him to catch up. We were almost to the car when Patrick got up enough courage to leave the house in his tight fitting skirt, silky long sleeved blouse, makeup, and heels. Carefully descending the steps to the walkway in his open toed sling pumps, he nearly caught

a heel and had to grasp the handrail to avoid falling. “My Gawd, Patricia!” Linda screamed. “You’ve been walking in those heels all day! You’ll be in for an all-nighter on the chalk line with a book on your head if you screw-up at the restaurant. Hurry and get into the back seat or we’ll be late for our reservations.”

After gaining his balance at the bottom of the stairs, Patrick walked to the car without further incident. He was even able to enter the car like a lady without exposing even a hint of lace on his silky slip. Linda seemed disappointed that she couldn’t find another reason to reprimand him.

Without waiting for Patrick to get settled in the back seat, I started the car and backed out of the driveway, making Patrick hurry to fasten his seatbelt. As I watched, he appeared to be disconcerted at the way the seatbelt pressed at his protruding *breasts* beneath his silky blouse.

At the restaurant, I pulled into valet parking. After I gave the keys to the attendant, he raced around the car to help Linda and Patrick make their exit from the car. Linda waited for the attendant and exited without incident, but Patrick, never having had an attendant open a door for him, attempted to exit on his own. Forgetting his tight fitting skirt, he tried to step out of the car one leg at a time, to find himself straddling the door with one foot on the ground, the other still inside the car, and his skirt riding high to expose the tops of his silky nylon stockings.

Realizing that this would never work, he returned his leg back inside the car, swung both legs out the door and placed both legs on the ground so he could stand without stretching his skirt or exposing himself. He did this successfully, but by then the damage was done. The

valet knew that this feminine appearing creature was not really *feminine*.

Not one to make a scene with paying customers, the valet remained silent about the incident, but his sneer and crooked smile showed his knowledge of the truth. Patrick blushed deep red because he knew he had revealed his secret to the valet, but even more because Linda witnessed the entire scene. Knowing his future goose was cooked; he swept wrinkles from his skirt and silently followed Linda and me into the restaurant.

“Reservations for three,” I announced to the Maître d’. As we followed him to our table, Linda made Patrick walk in front of her so she could critique his walk. In addition to her sharp eye, he knew he would be on full display to all the patrons. He was on pins and needles because he knew that if he walked like a truck driver or in any way that wasn’t feminine in his sling pumps, everyone would see, know, or at least suspect, his real gender.

The Maître d’ helped us with our chairs, and I noticed that Patrick blushed deeply as the man held his chair for him to sit. He had to sweep the back of his skirt and sit as delicately as possible, and even so, the Maître d’s smile showed that he suspected something out of the ordinary.

When the waiter came by for our drink orders, Linda and I gave him our straightaway. As he waited for the last order, Patrick looked at Linda, pleading with his eyes for her to give the waiter his order, but she remained silent on the issue. Coughing to clear his throat, he gave his best attempt to mimic a female voice. “Water only, please,” he whispered, but his attempt failed miserably, coming out as a course garble.

“Stop mumbling and give the young man your order, Patrick,” Linda growled. “He can’t understand your stammering.”

Blushing bright red at her use of his male name, Patrick said a little louder, “Water, please.” Although lighter than his normal voice, there was no pretense that he sounded anything but male.

“Yes...uh...ma’am...” the waiter smiled as he left with the order.

“I won’t have you embarrassing me with your whispering and stuttering, Patrick,” Linda stated. “You will speak your orders clearly, understand?”

“Everyone will know...” he whined.

“So?” Linda showed no mercy as she unfolded her napkin on her lap. “Maybe this will convince you to work harder on your voice lessons. Heaven knows everything else I’ve tried has failed. Now what shall we eat?” After that, we carried on small talk, mostly Linda criticizing Patrick for every little flaw, or what she perceived as a flaw as nothing he did met her strict requirements.

When the waiter returned with our drinks, he dutifully set a glass of water in front of Patrick with a smile and asked, “May I take your orders, ladies?” He put a little emphasis on his use of *ladies* to show that he knew not everyone at the table was a *lady*.

Linda and I ordered a medium rare steak with a baked potato, a side salad, and rolls. When it was Patrick’s turn, he carefully cleared his throat again and said, “I’ll have a chef’s salad with no cal dressing.”

“Yes, ma’am... Will there be anything else?” he asked while a smile played on his lips.

“Uh, no thank you,” Patrick uttered. “I’m on a diet.”

This little exchange hadn't gone unnoticed by people in the nearby tables. They were startled to hear a male voice come from such a feminine creature. More than one set of eyes stared at him after the waiter left. Patrick tried to ignore the stares, but Linda wouldn't let it go. "We must work on your voice, Patrick," she said a little louder than needed for him to hear. Her use of his male name caught the attention of more than one table of patrons.

"Excuse me, ma'am," a woman at the next table said. "I couldn't help hearing you refer to your friend as 'Patrick'. She speaks in a rather deep voice. Is she a man?"

Linda smiled, "Yes, he's my husband. I'm trying to teach him how to act like a lady, but sometimes I think my efforts are wasted. Trust me, he'll learn to speak in a feminine lilt after I take him over my lap for a few good spankings!" She gave Patrick a wicked stare, and a shiver raced up his spine because he knew it was more than a threat. It was a statement of fact.

"Why is he wearing women's clothes," her husband asked, showing Patrick contempt for degrading himself by wearing a skirt and blouse.

"He lost a lot of money, and this is his punishment until he repays his debt," Linda stated.

"He must be a real wimp to let you dress him like that!" he growled.

"Oh, he's definitely a sissy, but he didn't *let* me dress him as a woman," Linda advised. "I forced him to wear those lovely clothes."

"Forced?" the woman gasped.

"Yes," Linda smiled. "I made him wear them. He isn't happy about it, but I no longer care what he thinks. If he

doesn't do as I say, I pull him across my lap, lift his skirt, and give him a severe spanking on his panties."

"He wears *panties*?" the man gasped.

"Oh, yes, silky lacy ones!" Linda assured him.

"What a sissy!"

"Don't be harsh," the woman cautioned her husband. "If you continue to demean the poor sissy, we'll have to have another of our little talks this evening! Is that what you want?"

"No," her husband sputtered. "That won't be necessary. I'll leave the sissy alone."

"Perhaps you should start wearing silky nylon and lacy panties under your manly pants to change your attitude. I'll bet that would teach you not to demean others in situations not of your concern."

"N...no please! I'll be more considerate, indulgent, and understanding of others. I promise! Please don't make me wear panties. I'll do as you say."

"Quaint idea though," Rebecca quipped with a devious grin.

On a whim, I handed her a card, and said, "If you decide for your husband to wear panties, this is an excellent place to shop. Along with dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, and heels of all heights, they have a large supply of panties and other feminine lingerie designed to fit men. Patrick works there, and I'm sure he would be happy to help him select a supply of the prettiest, silkiest panties in the boutique. Believe me, they offer a substantial assortment and the highest quality lingerie in a variety of styles and colors."

"Kate's Boutique, huh?" the woman observed upon reading the card and placing it in her purse. "Thank you. I'll certainly give it some thought."

Upon hearing my description of the feminine clothing for men, the man, stammered with a bright blush, "But sweetheart...I don't think I...!"

"Just let me make the decisions like I always do!" she insisted in a stern tone, cutting him off and dismissing his objections with a gentle pat on the back of his hand.

At an adjacent table with only women, overheard our conversation. One said she and her friends were turned on at the mere thought of making men wear panties and asked if they could have one of Kate's cards. When I handed her several cards and told her to pass them out to her friends and neighbors, she smiled and said, "Our husbands are in for a shock when we take them to Kate's for panties!"

Our food arrived, and our conversation with the nearby tables stopped. Still, I noticed the first woman giving her husband several stern *looks* and his almost constant blush. The table of women cackled away while discussing their husbands' new panties.

As we ate, Patrick just picked at his food, making sure he didn't shovel it in like a man. Afterward, Linda stood up and said, "Let's go to the ladies' room, Patrick."

Patrick turned white as a sheet. "I can't go in there!" he whispered so as not to draw attention from the surrounding tables. "I'll be arrested."

"Don't be such a silly goose," she giggled. "You can't possibly go into the men's restroom dressed as you are. Come with me *now*!" Going with them, I noticed that Patrick was cowering to his wife's demands as he meekly stood up and followed us. Winding between tables of

patrons who had been taking in the scene at our table, we made our way to the *ladies'* room.

There were three women in the bathroom when we entered, but none of them gave us a second glance, assuming all three of us were women. Patrick entered an open stall, closed the door, and did his business as if he were a woman. Again, none of the women paid him any attention and soon left us by ourselves. Once finished, Patrick joined us at the mirror.

“Be sure to wash your hands and touch up your makeup like a good sissy, Patrick,” Linda instructed. Completely cowed, Patrick meekly did as his wife ordered, even touching up his lipstick. Upon leaving, we had to traipse through the tables of patrons back to our table, all of them knowing we had spent considerable time in the women’s restroom, a fact that embarrassed Patrick no end.

Linda kept a critical eye on her crossdressed husband the rest of the evening. She seemed to enjoy offering veiled scolding remarks whenever she perceived even the slightest masculine movement or gesture. By the time we arrived back at their home, Patrick was a mass of nerves. Never in his worst nightmares had he dreamed of enduring such a horrible encounter.

Once inside, I used the excuse of helping Patrick in the kitchen to talk with him about the turns his life had taken. He said he didn’t like wearing dresses any more than when Linda made him start wearing them. With his job at the boutique, where he had to dress as a woman every day, his hope of being allowed to return to men’s clothes was rapidly dimming. With a sad expression, he said Linda was always on him about walking, sitting, and standing in a feminine manner.

"You saw how she was on my case all night at dinner. Do you think I'll ever wear pants again?"

"Oh, I feel certain she'll allow you to wear pants after your debt is paid," I tried to assure him without believing a word I was saying. In truth, I didn't think he would ever wear pants again because Linda enjoyed dominating him too much to ever give up her power over him. Besides, he had lost his ability to defy her while wearing dresses. "The money you make working at the boutique should speed that day up quite a bit, I would think."

"What money?" he sighed. "Linda makes me buy new dresses, skirts, and blouses that are appropriate for work and shoes with extremely high heels with every dime I make and can charge. I have a drawer full of new panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, garter belts, nylons, and silky nighties that she insisted on me buying. Even with my employee discount, my account is maxed out. Why would she make me purchase all those feminine things if she planned to allow me to return to pants any time in the near future? That's the question that constantly preys on my mind."

On that note, I left Patrick puttering around in the kitchen and joined Linda in the parlor for a drink. After slugging down a stiff one, I asked Linda how his job at Kate's Korner was working out.

"Couldn't be better," she slurred, showing the effect of the alcohol she had consumed. Taking a puff of her expensive cigar, she added, "*Patricia* has a full wardrobe of women's clothes, and Kate keeps him mindful of his feminine training at work. She has a paddle like mine for Norman, and with my permission, she's used it on Patrick a few times."

“You let another woman spank your husband?” I gasped in disbelief. “Does she make him lie across her lap with his panties on display like you do?”

“Of course,” she chuckled as she crossed her legs and allowed her skirt to ride high on her thighs. Blowing a thick plume of smoke in the air, she added, “How else would you spank a sissy? Say, would you like a Cuban cigar I bought from a special source I found on the internet. They’re expensive, but worth every dime.”

Accepting a cigar and light from Linda, I envisioned Patrick lying across Kate’s lap for a severe spanking on his panties and couldn’t resist a slight smile. Curiosity overtook me and I asked, “Does Kate spank her other male employees? I’ve noticed that stock boy, Bobbie Sue, and a few other boys in dresses, jump and check their *look* whenever she comes near them.”

“Oh yes! A day doesn’t pass without her giving at least a couple of spankings to her sissy employees. I make Patrick tell me all about them. The most intriguing events are his descriptions of the males who come in to buy feminine clothes. Most are accompanied by a female, but some are forced to come in alone to buy their pretty panties. He tells me all about them, their expressions, and attitudes. A few try to act nonchalant as if buying panties is an everyday event for them. Others, especially those sent in to buy their own silky nylon panties, can’t help being embarrassed to the core.”

“I would like to be a fly on the wall and watch some of those men buying their own panties with all the employees and customers knowing they will soon be wearing them,” I giggled at the thought. “Imagine that macho bastard at the next table going in to buy panties from Patrick.”

"You'll be able to see their reaction soon," Linda smiled as she blew a large puff of smoke into the air. "Kate is having some discrete hidden cameras installed near the lingerie displays and in the dressing rooms. She will get to watch the darlings fondle the silky lingerie in the selection process and watch them model it to check the fit in the dressing rooms. She promised me CDs of the best sissy performances. When you come over, we can light up a big black stogie and have Patricia keep the stiff Scotches coming while we watch the red faced sissies squirm in their pretty panties. Should be a hoot!"

"I look forward to that," I replied while taking a deep drag of my cigar and envisioning a procession of formerly macho men with red faces selecting a silky nylon panties and trying them on in the dressing rooms. Changing the subject slightly, I said, "Has Patrick told you about any of the men and boys he's helped select their panties."

"Oh yes, and I'll have him tell you," she laughed while taking a pull on her cigar. Turning toward the kitchen, she called out, "Patricia! Pour one of your little drinks, and come in here." When he arrived with a glass of grapefruit juice decorated with an orange slice and a cherry, he was walking with a perfect feminine gait, taking short steps and swaying his hips seductively. Linda watched with a nod of approval and said with an alcohol-induced slur, "Caroline wants to know about some of the sissies you helped select silky panties and other feminine clothes. Have a seat and tell her."

Sitting on the sofa opposite us in a ladylike manner, he crossed his legs and allowed his tight white skirt to ride high on his nylon clad thighs. Looking enviously at our drinks and cigars, he took a sip of his juice, looked forlornly at the lipstick stain on his glass, and asked, "What would you like to know?"

“Oh, anything you find interesting,” I gushed. “Things like you told Linda, I guess.”

“I was surprised by the number of men who are forced to wear panties and other feminine clothes,” he sighed while looking down into his glass. “The men who are intimidated by their wives and fiancées, like me, are one thing. I suppose we could summon our courage and walk away if we weren’t such sissies. The ones I really feel sorry for are the young boys who have no say in the matter at all, especially the six teens who are home schooled together. The main reason I feel sorry for them is because they are forced to wear girl’s uniforms to class that include skirts and the appropriate lingerie, nylons, and heels. I know because I sold them these things along with other dresses and skirts to wear when not in class.”

“Do they wear dresses and skirts full time?” I asked.

“Yes, their mothers found this instructor, *Miss Vera*, who is supposed to be an expert at taming unruly boys. She has total control of them, and it was her idea to dress as girls to quell their spirits.”

“Have you seen them since you sold them their clothes and uniforms?”

“Oh yes. *Miss Vera* brings them in at least once a week to try on, select, and buy a dress or blouse and skirt with the appropriate panties, bra, slip, camisole, garter belt, shoes, purse, and jewelry. In class, instead of the three Rs, she drills them in how to select and coordinate the proper ensemble and accessories for every of occasion imaginable. For example, they’re taught what to wear for morning, daytime, evening, after five, leisure, special events, and the like.”

“I’ll bet those boys sleep through that class!”

“Oh no! To test them, she brings them in the boutique to buy the correct outfit for specific occasions. If one of them fails, she punishes him by taking him out in public and announcing that he’s a boy who likes to wear girl’s clothes. She’s even threatened to take them by their old school and expose them to their *former* friends. With that hanging over their heads, you should see these former ruffians running around in their panties and bras searching the racks for just the right *look*. This week, they had to buy outfits for a date with a *special* boy. You should have seen the short skirts, low cut crop tops, and stilt heeled boots they bought. As they were in line to check out, I heard squeals and giggles about the salon, streaked hair, waxed legs, and French manicures.”

“Sounds as though they like dressing as girls.”

“Oh no. Acting that way is part of their training. If they don’t appear to be enthusiastic and happy about their purchases and salon appointments, they face a harsh punishment. Most of the time, their punishments are reserved for later, but if Miss Vera deems them serious enough, she flips up their skirts and gives them a severe spanking on their silky panties right there in the boutique. No, these boys aren’t happy about wearing dresses. I’ve seen it in their eyes.”

“Do a lot of men and boys come in, or are brought in, for feminine clothes?”

“Oh yes. There’s an almost steady stream of them, mostly from that crazy S. B. Anthony development next door. Most of the men are like me, browbeaten husbands and fiancées, but I really feel sorry for the boys. It isn’t their fault that they’re being forced to wear dresses.”

“Are there many of these boys?”

“More than you would think.”

“Other than for home schooling, why would anyone want to force boys to wear dresses?”

“Lots of reasons. Some women convert their sons into the daughters they always wanted, some sisters make their brothers into girls for inheritance purposes, some stepmothers make their stepsons wear dresses to enhance the position of their hereditary sons, and some do it because they enjoy dominating boys into skirts. There are a few boys who enjoy wearing dresses and pretending to be girls, but not many. In the end, for whatever reason these boys dress as girls, Kate reaps the profits.”

When Patrick was in the kitchen preparing us a snack a bit later, I asked Linda if she had any trouble getting him to work in a public place in dresses and skirts. “I thought I had a rebellion on my hands that first morning,” she admitted with a sigh. “He was wearing a padded pink bra, matching half slip, four inch heels and was hesitating to get dressed.”

“I can imagine,” I gasped.

“When I came near, he pleaded with me not to make him go to work in a dress. I knew this was a pivotal point in our power struggle. If I gave in then, everything I would lose my authority over him. Placing my hands on my hips, I assumed a firm stance and ordered him to get dressed. He made up all sorts of excuses why he couldn’t wear a dress to work, but they fell on deaf ears. I even threatened to turn him across my lap for a severe spanking. Once again, he was afraid to defy me, and I prevailed. Since then, he has gotten dressed for work with a wary eye cast in my direction.”



“Please Linda, don’t make me go to work wearing a dress!” Patrick pleaded.

“Get dressed in the clothes I laid out,” Linda growled. “You will wear whatever I tell you to wear. I want no backtalk, you hear!”

Because of his purchases at the boutique, his closet is now filled with masses of skirts, dresses, blouses, and sweaters, but no pants of any kind, including shorts. His drawers contain an ample supply of bras, silky panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, nylons, and nightgowns. He still doesn't like dressing as a woman full time, but he has grudgingly accepted his fate because I allow him no other option."

"You haven't allowed him any other choice for quite some time," I concurred. "Furthermore, since he's been working at the boutique for the past couple of months, he looks and acts more femininely every time I see him."

"Something you don't know about, is that his name has been legally changed to Patricia, and he's taken my maiden name, Watson. All our assets are now in my name, so he can't squander them like he did before. I know he works full time, but our house is always spotless. He is an excellent cook, and our meals are delicious and on time. On top of that, I am a successful businesswoman partly due to Patricia's help, even though that help is not always voluntary."

"I surmised that," I smiled. "By the way, how has he accepted the fact that he must wear dresses to work since that first day when you had to spank him?"

"Like a duck to water! He seldom argues and takes pride in his feminine *look*. To make sure, he performs his beauty ritual and polishes his nails every night. Before going to bed, he lays out his dress or skirt and blouse for the next day. After getting dressed, he primps like a career girl before leaving for the boutique."



Practice, practice, practice! Linda made Patrick constantly practice makeup techniques, always while dressed in the most feminine clothes. Much to Patrick's dismay, he was starting to become quite good. What concerned him more was that he was starting to look very feminine.

One evening, a few months later, Linda and I were enjoying a drink and an intriguing Panatela at a local bar when, out of the blue she exhaled a thick plume of smoke in the air and observed, “We always go out or to my house. Why don’t we ever go to your place?”

“My house is always a mess,” I admitted. “I work all the time, and if you want to know the truth, I’m an awful housekeeper. Besides, I don’t have a built in cook and maid like you.”

“Why didn’t you say something before?” Linda queried. “If you need help cleaning your house, I could send Patsy over if you want.”

“Patsy?”

“Yes, that’s my pet name for him,” she gushed, “He has this little black minidress he could wear to make him look like a maid. With it, he could wear five-inch stilettos and a white slip adjusted just barely above the hem of his dress. If he makes a wrong move and allows it to show, you could castigate him ... maybe even pull him across your knees and give him a sound spanking on his silky nylon panties. Yeah, that’s the perfect solution!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Sex. Due to the life I imposed on Patsy, he’s smooth and hairless like a woman. Lately, I’ve found that I need a real man, a hard man with hair on his chest. Know what I mean?”

“I...I guess, but I think Patrick is sexy in his dresses. In fact, he kinda turns me on.”

“Speaking of turn-ons, there’s, this warehouse foreman in our firm that does it for me. His name is Rocky. He’s a bit older than me, and except for his head, he has lots of hair on his body. He and I have been teasing around with sexual banter for quite some time.

He's even offered to take me for a ride on his Harley Davidson."

"He has a motorcycle?"

"You know, it just hit me," she enthused while ignoring my question. "If Patsy was at your house cleaning, washing, and ironing for a weekend, I would have a chance to get it on with Rocky." When I was slow to respond due to being overwhelmed, she offered, "Since Patsy turns you on that much, feel free to take him to bed as a reward for cleaning your house if you like. That way, we all win."

The following Saturday morning, Linda dropped Patrick off at my house as planned. As discussed, he was wearing a black minidress and stilt heels. He carried an overnight case, a few hanging clothes, and a basket of cleaning supplies. Not surprisingly, he was blushing for all he was worth when he made his entrance. After he stored his things in a spare bedroom, I hesitantly showed him what to do as if he was a maid.

During a delicious dinner that Patrick prepared, we had our first chat. I asked how he felt cleaning my house in a dress. He blushed a bit as he said dresses and skirts were all he had to wear, and cleaning my house gave him something to do while Linda was away. Seemingly ignorant of her planned romantic rendezvous, he said she would be working longer hours with her promotion.

After that, he came to my place every Saturday to do my dishes, laundry, ironing, and other housework. When he finished, my house was spotless and never looked so clean and neat. The minuscule power I held over him gradually grew to the point that I knew how Linda felt when she forced him to wear dresses. Being addictive, the experience made me want more as, I suppose, it had

with her. Despite my earlier feelings about dominating him in dresses, I became more retaliatory in my orders. He sometimes resisted my *suggestions*, causing me to get harsh with him at times.

Our first serious confrontation occurred when I told him I was having his ears pierced so he could buy a varied supply of studs, hoops, and pendants for Linda's birthday. In an effort to intimidate me, he adamantly refused to have the procedure done saying, "I won't have my ears pierced, and you can't make me! If you tell Linda and get her to spank me, her surprise will be ruined, so *there!*" he boasted, confident in his victory.

With a smile that showed more self-assurance than I felt, I stood my ground and declared, "I intend to spank you myself, not call Linda."

"I refuse to let you spank me!" he asserted with all the confidence he could muster. "

I knew the moment of truth was at hand if he was to obey me like he did Linda. Taking a deep breath, I summoned all my courage, leapt to my feet, stared him in the eye, and declared in my most authoritative voice, "Who the hell are you to tell me what you will or won't do, *Patricia?* If you were any kind of a man, you wouldn't be wearing a dress, or do you think that's something real men wear? No, then, if you know what's good for you, you'll swish your sissy buns to my room and quickly return with the wooden hairbrush from my vanity!"

My abrupt words seemed to deflate his confidence like air out of a balloon. His face suddenly lost all of its color and his eyes filled with fear. I'm sorry, Caroline," he managed to stammer. "I didn't mean to be impetuous. It's just that..."

"You said you wouldn't have your ears pierced or submit to a spanking," I snapped, cutting him off in mid

sentence, taking a hint from the way Linda scolded him. "Are you refusing to get my hairbrush as well?" When he looked at me with a dumbfounded expression, unsure what to do, I spat, "You're only making your punishment worse by being argumentative and disobedient!"

He looked down past his protruding *breasts* with an expression of rebellion covering face as if he wanted to rip his feminine dress from his body. After a moment to consider his options, fear and apprehension replaced his momentary spark of courage. Without a word, he abruptly turned and hurried toward my room as fast as possible in his skirt and heels. When he returned, I told him to remove his dress to avoid wrinkles during his spanking.

"Please don't do this, Caroline," he whimpered as he lowered the zipper at the back of his dress, a royal blue polyester style with an A-line skirt that ended at mid thigh. When I stood firm, silently tapping the brush against my open palm, he blushed bright red. His bravado gone, he draped his dress over the back of a chair with tear filled eyes and stood before me in a white nylon minislip with intricate lace at the bodice and hem.

Shaking with anxiety and insecurity, I ignored his plea and nervously took a seat and motioned him across my lap. Looking as if he wanted to refuse me with every fiber of his body, he hesitantly positioned himself as I instructed. Apparently, Linda had spanked him more often than I was aware because he expertly assumed the *position*. When I hoisted his slip to his waist, I saw that he was wearing thigh high self supporting nylons and the lace on his panties matched his slip. Not wasting any time, I wielded several stinging blows in rapid succession. His thin panties offering little protection, he cried out in intense pain, "Stop, oh please stop! I'm sorry I was insolent! I'll get my ears pierced and buy pretty

earrings for Linda's birthday without complaint, I promise. I *promise!*"

Knowing this was the opportunity to control Patrick in the future like his exacting wife, I declared, "I would stop now, but you have three coming for refusing to have your ears pierced, three for saying you wouldn't allow me to spank you, and three more for not fetching my hairbrush promptly when instructed to do so. After nine of my best, he was blubbering like a little girl, and his words were incoherent. To extend my victory over this once uncontrollable man, I demanded, "Get over in that corner and reflect on your transgressions!"

To my surprise, he virtually leapt off my lap, hurried to the corner, pulled his slip to his waist, and stood there like a statue. After a full hour, I inquired in a terse voice, "Do you promise to obey me without question in the future no matter how embarrassed you might be by my request?"

"Oh yes, Caroline!" he cried as mascara laden tears streaked his makeup. "I'm sorry I was disobedient. I'll do whatever you say in the future! I promise to be the best sissy maid you ever hoped to have!" Shaking with fear, he blubbered through his tears, "I'll do whatever you say and never argue with you or refuse or hesitate to do as you say again!"

I felt I had accomplished my goal to get control of him, and I was filled with unbelievable exhilaration. "Very well," I sighed, trying to control my emotions. "Your punishment for arguing with me will be to go into the boutique, have your ears *double* pierced, and purchase six sets of studs, three pairs of hoops, and two of elaborate pendants. If I hear one word of protest or defiance, be assured this little spanking will seem like love taps! Now, get back into your dress, repair your ruined makeup, and get back to work."

To my surprise, Patrick got extremely busy after his spanking, and he became very nervous whenever I came close to inspect his work. As I watched him scurry about cleaning my house in his dress and heels, I began to understand Linda's obsession with dominating him. I had been opposed to forcing him to wear dresses in the beginning, but now, I was getting sexually aroused at the mere thought of it.

While watching him flit about in his dress, heels, and makeup, I became more and more aroused. Finally giving in to my desires, I summoned him to sit beside me on the sofa. As he sat there with his skirt riding high on his thighs, I put my arm around his shoulder, pulled him close, and kissed his forehead. He reacted hesitantly but moved closer. Taking another step forward, I caressed his exposed thighs, moved my hand higher, and slid my finger under the hem of his panties. Things moved rapidly from there. Soon, his panties lay on the floor with me assuming the top position as I took him there on the sofa.

"Thank you, that was wonderful," he sighed while trying to catch his breath. Linda hasn't allowed me to have sex for quite some time. I promise to always do as you say, especially if that's the reward."

Shrugging off his remark, I said, "Put on something pretty, and let's go shopping for Linda's gift.

"I didn't bring many clothes, but I have this lavender dress with matching panties, bra, slip, and pumps. Of course, I'll have to change my makeup and nail polish."

"That sounds perfect," I smiled. "Do it."

Smug in my victory, I wanted him to look more feminine than me on our trip. While he dressed and changed his makeup, I slipped into a pair of tan slacks

and flats and toned down my makeup to almost nonexistent. When I finished, I looked very plain.

Since Linda didn't allow Patrick to drive, and he no longer had a driver's license, I drove to the boutique. On our trip, I noticed how primly he sat with his knees together and his skirt adjusted properly across his nylon clad thighs with not a hint of slip lace showing. Very apprehensive about having to have his ears pierced, a procedure he knew to be a permanent mark of femininity, he was nervously wringing his hands. I could tell he wanted to protest, to beg me to relent, but he was afraid to do so for fear of another spanking. As a tribute to Linda's training, he took his compact out of his purse, refreshed his makeup and applied a fresh coat of lipstick before exiting the car.

Patricia was a bundle of nerves as we strolled into the boutique where he worked. As instructed, he found Kate and, with a very red face, told her that he wanted to have his ears double pierced and purchase a nice selection of studs, hoops and pendants as a present for Linda's birthday.

Seeing me behind him with my arms folded in a resolute stance, Kate smiled deviously and said, "If you are doing this for Linda, why don't you go blonde like she suggested a couple of weeks ago?"

"But..." he stammered.

"Your account is maxed out, but since this is for Linda, I'll let you go over a bit this time."

"No," Patrick wailed in obvious panic. "I'm not worried about my account. I don't want to be a blonde!"

"I'm sure your customers will like you better as a blonde and buy more feminine clothes," Kate assured him. "Just think how that will increase your

commissions. By the way, a man was in here today who wanted to punch you in the nose after you helped him select a supply of panties. He said his wife got the idea to make him wear panties when she saw you in a dress at a restaurant. Caroline, I understand that you gave her my card. Thanks.”

“Why did he want to punch me?” Patrick inquired. “I didn’t do anything to him! Linda made me wear that dress...”

“Come to the salon,” Kate insisted while ignoring his protest. I’m sure Mr. Andre can work you into his schedule and pierce your ears while you’re there. You’ll be killing two birds with one stone.”

Having no choice, Patrick dejectedly followed Kate into the salon. Knowing that I had nothing to do for the next couple of hours, I told Kate to call me on my cell when he was ready and went to a local bar for a drink and a good cigar. I didn’t smoke until Linda got me started. Now, I was hooked.

When I saw Patrick after returning to the boutique, he sported gold keepers in the four new holes in his lobes, and his hair was California blonde. “Beautiful!” I exclaimed. “Linda will be so pleased with her present.”

With tears in his blue eyes, he carried a small shopping bag that contained his purchases. In the bag were six sets of studs, three pairs of hoops in varying diameters, and three sets of elaborate pendants. “It’ll take forever get my account paid off, not to mention my debt,” he sobbed. “How can I ever wear pants again?”

As I expected, Linda was thrilled with her present. “Oh, why didn’t I see how beautiful he would be as a blonde with pierced ears?” she lamented.

"I got him to pierce his ears as a reward for cleaning my house so well, but it was Kate's idea for him to go blonde," I admitted.

"Well, you both get an A+ in my book!" she enthused. "Tell me about your day."

While Patrick made us a drink and lit our cigars, I told Linda about him cleaning my house spic and span. She listened intently as I described our confrontation and his spanking. I thought it best to omit the part about us having sex. Not surprisingly, she was overjoyed with the news of his spanking and pledged to obey me in the future.

After a few stiff drinks, I was feeling no pain when I heard the roar of a motorcycle in the driveway. "'Oh, there's Rocky!" Linda gushed. "He's here for our *date*." A few seconds later a huge man with a hairy body came through the door and slammed it behind him. "Patricia!" Linda called out. "Get a beer from the refrigerator for Rocky! He's always ready for one."

"We don't keep beer," Patrick said. "You don't like it, and you won't let me drink it."

"Rocky likes beer so I bought some for him," Linda replied in a stern voice. "Now, get your buns in there and get him one before he gets angry with me."

Hearing her words, Patrick hurried toward the kitchen with his heels clicking on the tiles and his full skirt swirling about his nylon clad thighs. When he handed the open bottle to Rocky, he asked politely, "Would you like a glass?"

"Looking Patrick over as he accepted the beer, Rocky turned to Linda and demanded, "Who the hell is this sissy?"



"Rocky, meet my husband, Patty," Linda smiled. "Patricia, meet my lover, Rocky."
"You mean you sleep with him," Patrick pointed to the burly man.
"Of course, you ninny," Linda laughed. "I need a real man in my bed, not a whimpering sissy like you."

“My husband, Patricia.” Then, indicating me, “My good friend, Caroline. Patricia and Caroline, Rocky.”

“Why is the son of a bitch wearing a dress?”

“He likes to wear dresses and soft silky feminine clothes,” Linda explained. “That’s why I need a real man in my bed.”

“You go to bed with him?” Patrick stammered.

“Of course I go to bed with him, you ninny!” Linda snapped. “I need a hard man in my bed, not a soft smooth sissy in a silky gown.”

“But, you made me that way,” Patrick sniveled.

“Get that sniveling sissy out of here!” Rocky demanded. “Either he goes or I go!”

With a smile on her face, Linda said, “I’m afraid you’ll have to leave, Patsy.”

An expression of abject fear covered Patrick’s features as he stammered, “Where will I go, and how will I get there? I don’t have a car or a driver’s license.”

“I don’t care where you go or how you get there as long as it’s not here!” Rocky insisted.

“Out!” Linda insisted with a devious grin while assuming a firm stance.

As Patrick covered his face with his hands and shook with sobs, I took him by the arm and led him to my car. When he finally gained control of his emotions, I told him he could stay at my house if he would do the cooking and housework. He nodded in agreement but said, “What about my clothes? I have to work Monday.”

Patting him affectionately on the hand, I told him I would call Linda. We could get his things when she and Rocky weren’t home and bring them to my house. After

that, he was submissive and obedient to me as promised. I guess what they say about power corrupting is true because I find an excuse to spank him on his silky nylon panties at least once a week.

He still makes occasional veiled complaints about being denied his rightful men's clothes, but seldom dares to push it beyond that. If he does, he quickly finds himself across my lap with his skirt and slip at his waist and his panties on fire. He has more or less accepted his life as a sissy housewife and a clerk in a boutique in dresses and skirts. I think he is happy for the most part anyway. I never thought of having a wife, but I suppose I have one in my house and in my bed.

The End



Epilogue:

BANG! BANG! Bang...Bang.

There had never been such an easy case for a prosecutor. It was such an outrageous case, it was "tried in the press" months before the Jury was ever handpicked; most by the prosecutor. The defense lawyer actually napped during Jury selection.

The prosecutor started with ten expert DNA witnesses, and then went on to show the high-definition, security video from four different camera angles...each in both normal and slow motion. Large, life-sized pictures of the perpetrator were posted.

It was 1080p resolution clear that the suspect was somewhat petite with ample breasts that were hardly hidden under a tight, pink angora sweater. The video showed the perpetrator wearing a fitted, black leather mini-skirt. It was obvious the suspect had beautiful legs that were perched in five-inch stiletto pumps.

In the video, the jury saw the blonde hair and bright blue eyes, confident, almost flamboyant. The lipstick and makeup were perfect, almost like the perpetrator knew they were being videoed. The face and lips were suggestive and striking without looking cheap.

The tight angora sweater was a designer brand and had no less than a four-figure price tag. There were only 20 made in the pink champagne color. All were accounted for except two. A salesgirl pointed out to the suspect as a buyer of one. When questioned about what else the suspect bought, the salesgirl said, "Panties, lots of pink panties...oh, and stockings."

It was the color of pink that was so vivid in the video. Bright red lips would have made the suspect look too sexy; pushing the realm of slutty.

While the experts were being presented, the defendant often touched up those most suggestive pink lips for emphasis and enhancement. It was pointed out that the defendant was wearing that same color of pink as the person in the video. Just to make sure, the prosecution had experts come show that shade of pink lipstick in various light, including the crime scene's lighting.

With each witness, the defense had no cross-examination.

Wanting to nail down the case, the prosecutor brought in expert witnesses to testify that the perpetrator's rear end was a size six and exactly the defendant's panty size and exactly the panty size bought with the angora sweater.

Also shown was the suspect's booking video, nearly naked, stripped down to only the designer pink panties and still wearing the exact same five-inch designer stilettos in the video. The same shapely legs....

The police detective testified that the search at the defendant's house recovered a small .25 caliber "ladies" gun; chrome with pink handles. "Barely enough to stop a charging squirrel," he testified, "but did the trick here." Ballistics matched the gun to the killing....

The prosecutor asked "What else did you find in the drawer with the murder weapon?"

"Lots of pink panties, dresses, garter belts and female unmentionables. Oh and a big black rubber sex toy and many bras. Lot's of them, too."

The bras were proven to be the defendant's cup size, and witnesses were brought in to prove that they were the breast size and bra style in the video.

The defense had no questions for any witness.

After six weeks of prosecution testimony; they rested.

The next morning, the defense stood up and referred to their client, Patrick. He was dressed in a tight pink Angora sweater; his nipples were erotically alert beneath the light delicate fabric. He was wearing an equally body-hugging, black leather skirt that showed off a lot of leg. Like the killer; the skirt was beautifully

fitted to Patrick's hips with the same small, walking slit at the back. The lacy hem of a pink slip could occasionally be seen.

The twelve members of the jury's eyes were riveted on Patrick. His long blonde hair worn down and curled at his shoulders; exactly like what was seen in the video.

Did they even hear the defense lawyer say, "The prosecution has not proved their case. My client has no ability to defend against these charges. We rest our case your honor." He sat down.

The "jury of peers" was out only two hours. The prosecution was all smiles when they filed in. A quick verdict was good. The Jury rubbernecked to see Patrick's legs as if to check their decision-making.

When they prepared to read the verdict, Patrick stood, the prominent points of his nipples pressed outward against the thin angora sweater. He smoothed his skirt down and waited for his fate....

"NOT GUILTY!" the foreman of the all male jury announced."

Patrick kissed and hugged Caroline passionately, their identical pink lipstick blending. Then the male Jury lined up for their hugs....

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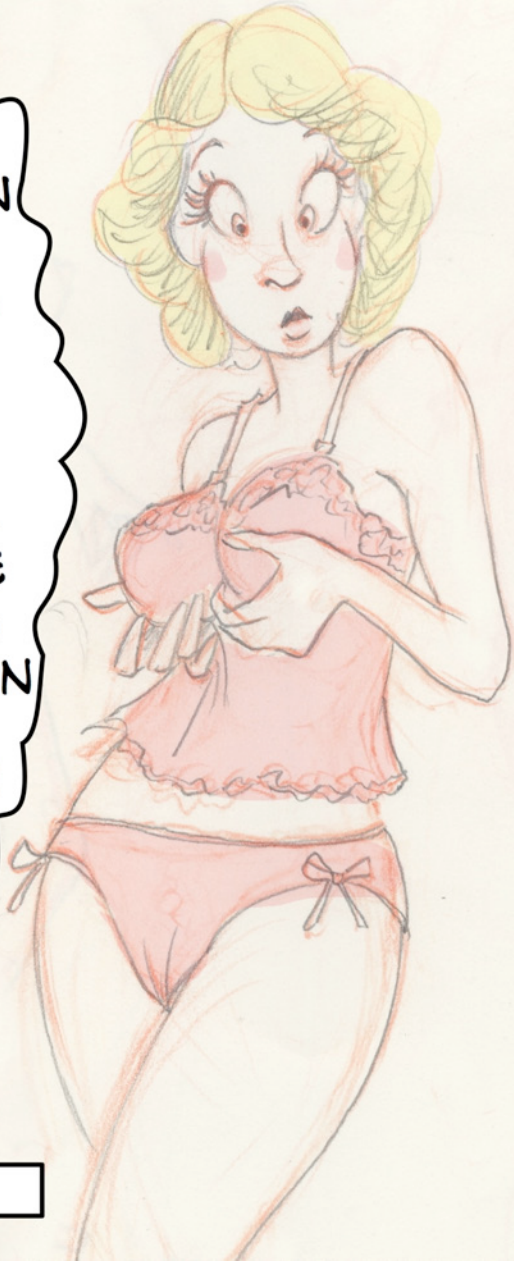
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