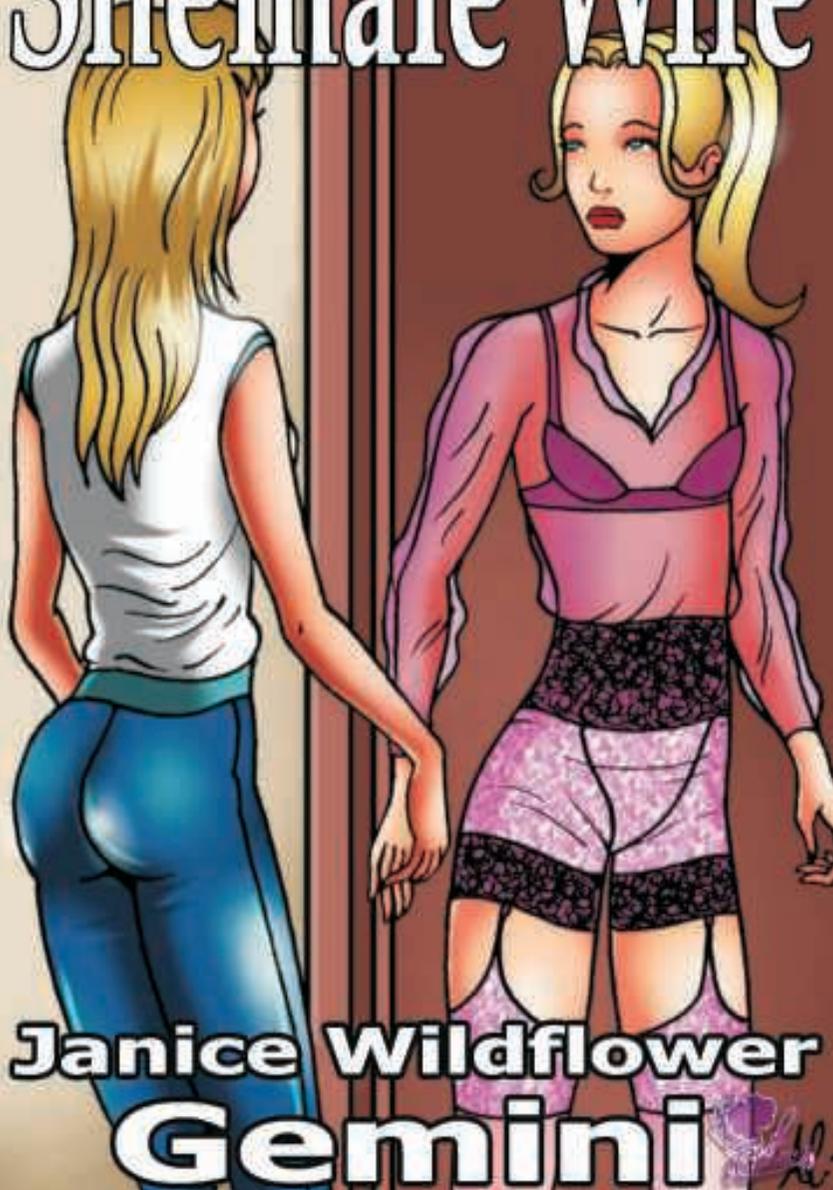


She Made Me A

Shemale Wife



Janice Wildflower

Gemini



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SHE MADE ME A SHEMALE WIFE

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

After having avoided a prison term from the fear of winding up as some tough guy's girlfriend, I still wound up a girlfriend. And I wound up worse than a prison girl friend. I wound up living as the girlfriend of a dominating woman as a completely feminized cross dressed guy for all outward appearances a female, and then I became her wife and a mother; for what most likely is going to be a long time.

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That is if the women in my life have anything to say about it. And I am sure that they will have their say for as a cross dressed feminized sissy I am completely under their control. My girlfriend who turned me into her cross dressed dominated sissy in revenge now finds out she likes me this way and wants to keep me this way. The staff that I work with loves the arrangement. I have become the daughter she never had. I have a wealthy mother in law who is more than happy with that arrangement. She loves having a feminine daughter, even if it is a guy. My mother seems okay with this new arrangement. She wanted me married, even if I was the bride. My other girlfriend is happy, as she found she still enjoys my company and even more as a girl, and maybe even more knowing that her former boyfriend is now a feminized sissy boy girl. My girlie daughter just loves playing dress up and doing girlie things with me which her mom was not fond of and regardless of my true gender she wants me as her mother.

And the judge who had started the whole feminization thing has every intention of letting me stay this way for as long as she can. So there isn't much chance for me to be a guy again for a long time.

The only saving grace is that I am the partner to a tough woman rather than a tough guy. I am the wife of my former girlfriend and the mother of her/our daughter. So I have become a guy living as a girl with my old girlfriend who finds that she is happy with that arrangement and with me as her feminized sissy obedient boy girl-friend and that our relation now works with me as her completely feminized sissy-husband wife. But gosh I do want to be a guy again.....I think.

Chapter I: Feminized By Court Order and Trickery

It started when I had gotten into trouble again with my practical jokes and in my mid-thirties and I was going to go to jail, which with my looks and lack of fighting ability depending on where I was sent would have insured I would have wound up some ones prison babe. I lived in a relatively small town and as the local judge wasn't too pleased with me and it was clear she would have done her worst by me. One, I had been great friends with her daughter and for some reason the judge had not been happy about that. But aside from that, two was my spat of practical jokes, which hadn't even spared the judge. So the judge once she had actually gotten me into court wanted to throw the book at me, and was set to do so with a nice time at the state prison. At least that was the plea-deal which as offered.

However, my mom's lawyer friend was able to wangle a house arrest deal. Only it couldn't be at my house that is my mom's, as she traveled too much and didn't have much control over me any way. So it was agreed I would be restricted to an estate owned by one of my mom's girlfriends, who had been like an aunt to me, and who was home much of the time and had staff who could keep an eye on me, and was already trusted by the courts as she just happened to have a daughter in a similar situation.

That friend of my moms, a beautician, had married very well and her husband had passed leaving her every thing, which included a large and some what isolated estate. The deal was that I would be stuck working there for at least a year, perhaps two or three and couldn't leave until the judge felt I had learned my les-

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son. And if at any time I left the estate or even worse wore out my welcome it would be prison for me...state prison. The judge figured it was only a matter of time before I would wear out my welcome.

I had known her as "auntie" and had spent time at the estate as a playmate for her daughter, who had always been a bit on the tomboyish side. Auntie had liked me then and still like me, but I had driven her a bit to distraction with my getting into mischief and my joking around and dragging her daughter along. And on top of that when we got older I had a thing with her daughter many years ago of which she had not approved but did not try to stop. Actually the daughter had the thing with me, but neither her nor her mom thought about it that way, and so it was all me. So I took the restriction to that estate as the lesser of the evils. I really didn't have much of a choice.

But it got more complicated. As I mentioned there was the daughter living on the estate again and also restricted to the estate. After the fling with me her mom had sent her daughter to a private school which had been pretty tough and after leaving there she had gotten into trouble and was also under some sort of house arrest and living on the estate working for her mom as a housekeeper in some sort of deal, with that same judge.

So thought auntie felt sorry for me and did not want to see me go to prison she could be tough and needed to make sure I did not start up where I had left off with her daughter. I didn't know at the time that I had fathered a daughter with her daughter and auntie did not want that happening again, as much as she wanted to keep me from going to prison. She also knew I would not do well in prison, and wasn't out to get that

much revenge. The special school hadn't worked for her daughter so why would prison work for me.

So there was an arrangement, which the judge had suggested; and the arrangement was tough. It included I be chemically treated to prevent any hanky panky between me and her daughter, chemically castrated so to speak. So I had to agree to be injected with some anti-androgen and then if necessary some estrogen to keep me unable to hanky panky and to also sufficient to block my desire to hanky panky. I would be monitored through urine samples and the doctor would change doses as warranted.

I was hesitant. I offered a number of alternatives which were all turned down. So faced with prison I didn't have much choice and so I agreed. I figured better a sissy on an estate with women than a prison sissy among guys. Besides I figured why worry, the girl had it with me and I didn't need a year of wet dreams. So the neutering chemicals might just be a blessing. After all I wasn't going any where for a year or so, so who would know?

The judge thought it was a great deal and would serve me right and had some practical jokes of her own to play on me. My mom agreed to any thing that would keep her son out of prison and out of the hands ofwell you know what.

It was an old estate, pretty much self contained, and not much had changed since I had been there. There was the care taker, we all called Pops, even years ago; the cook, Carolyn, his wife, who we all called Cookie and a housekeeper, that position filled by auntie's daughter; relegated to that position as part of a bargain to keep her out of trouble; along with a service or two that took care of the gardening and some miscellaneous chores when it got to be too much for Pops.

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I was to be trained by the care taker to run the place so he and his wife, Cookie, could take a long overdo vacation. Running the place pretty much meant keeping the old things running, and I was handy to begin with. I was a technical type guy who didn't want to do that type of work and so kept getting into trouble. The old girl was wary of being taken advantage of or having some one take liberties with her daughter and so I would be perfect, as she trusted me with the estate, especially as I would be restricted to the estate and she wouldn't have to worry about her daughter as I would be chemically neutered.

So I was injected and left at the local jail until the medications took affect. Basically after a week or so I just didn't desire woman and if I did I found there wasn't much I could do about it, and I was really anxious to get out of jail and definitely to stay out of prison after my jail experience. And let's not go there.

The doctor explained the lack of desire would happen and that the drugs just might also feminize me, but only some what, softening my body with feminine fat replacing muscle and some of that new fat could take on feminine proportions. The doctor told me that my doses would be adjusted to prevent any dramatic changes in my appearance, as long as those changed dosages still kept me passive. But again, I had to expect to soften up a bit and become a bit chesty and hippy, as the doctor described it.

And so the judge read me the riot act, I was fitted with an electronic bracelet and I was delivered to the estate along with my medications and arrangements for my urine samples with the follow up medications to be delivered in the appropriate dosages. The cook would make sure I took my medications with my

meals and if I gave her or anyone any problems it would be off to prison for me.

The arrangements with auntie, Mrs. Mason, or Ms. M, as she told me were similar to those she had with her daughter. I was staff during the week and would take orders and not cause any trouble, or else all deals were off. On Sundays I could unless there was some sort of problem be considered a family member and would take meals with the family, her and her daughter, and any guests, and participate in any of the family activities. I would be provided with some sort of salary, taking into account room and board, and uniforms or clothing as needed. And if I kept myself busy and out of trouble I could get a day off.

Things went along smoothly at first and I learned what I had to learn and could pretty much run the estate and repair any thing that needed repair. The daughter, Ms Mason, Janice was distant and avoided me and didn't seem to want to take up where we had left off or I had left her. She was cold to say the least, but in my condition that was fine, and those Sunday dinners didn't happen at first.

Boring as life on the "farm" was it seemed that things were working out. The problem which arose was that I wound up with five females, each with a different reason, contributing to my feminization, each sort of working independently of the other and each not knowing what the other was doing and not realizing the combined effect of what they each were doing independently to me. And through the combined effects I just became just so much of a girl that I have reached a point where there is almost no going back to living my life as a guy. None of them really expected to take me so far along the road to femininity.

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Three people fooled around with my medication. So the medication which was supposedly just to keep me under control, soft and passive; was changed so I changed and was feminized. And though one just wanted to embarrass me, one wanted me sissified, and one actually wanted me looking like a girl, I wound up more of a girl than a boy. And then there were two others who just enjoyed my company as the girl I had become and were happy to help keep me that way and help me transition, thinking they were helping me.

It started with the judge who decided to play her own joke on me and had the doctor raise my estrogen levels so that I would develop small breasts. They didn't have to be large, just large enough so they could not be hidden, and there had to be nipples that only a girl could sport. The judge would have a good laugh at me when I got out, letting me know what she had done to me but knowing there was no proof it had been intentional and there was nothing I could do about it.

Also the judge wanted to ensure that her daughter would no longer be attracted to me. She didn't think her daughter would have much interest in the pretty boy after the pretty boy had developed breasts.

And as the doctor had her own bad experiences with me the judge had not trouble bringing her in on the joke.

Janice, Auntie's daughter, my first girlfriend, had her own ideas to get her revenge on me. She was to keep me feminine and horny. She was going to use me to satisfy her sexual needs and also to take over her work as the housekeeper...the maid. She had spent some time in a girl's school...more like a girl's reformatory and she blamed me for that, wrongfully of course, and in her mind she would get her revenge

and her fun, by feminizing me and putting me through all she had been through at that school.

Her idea was to fool with my urine samples as to get a drop in the dosage of the anti-androgen I was taking so I could get horny and she would get me horny and being horny under her control as the only source of satisfying that urge. And she could use me to satisfy herself and take over most of her work once she had me under her control.

And she figured to get the estrogens raised a bit so that under that feminizing effect she could extract some revenge. Just for the fun of it as my figure changed, and she was sure that over the period of my confinement that it would, she was going to get me into as much of the girl's clothes as she could to fit my new figure. She planned to turn me into her pretty sissy, and a maid, and embarrass me and make me suffer all she could.

And then Cookie found that she actually enjoyed the feminized girly me, helping her in the kitchen, that Janice had created. So she decided to make sure I stayed that way and to take it further so that she decided to turn me into as much of a girl as she could, and planned to keep me that way. She had control of my estrogen dosage and even when the judge realized she had gone too far, Cookie did not think it was far enough.

And then there was Ms. M. who had wanted to share so much of her feminine skills with her daughter Janice who wanted none of it, instead found me to instruct in all the girlish things. And I had no choice but to learn them, to learn how to purport myself as a female, to speak like a female, and to wear makeup. So I would become Auntie's substitute daughter.

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And then the judges daughter, my old girl friend just found me even more wonderful as a girl than she found me as a boy and was happy to offer me a job as a girl at her beauty parlor, which I had not choice but to accept.

And finally as it turned out my daughter, who I did not know I had fathered, needed a mother, and it turned out to be me. She just fell in love with me, her dad, playing full time dress up as her mom, in dresses.

So early on as promised by the doctor I had lost interest in girls and my body had feminized, but only a little more than the doctor had advised. I had originally just lost some muscle and gained a layer of feminine proportioned fat and looked soft and somewhat shapely, which was as promised, that wasn't enough, and it got worse for me.

So that feminized I still hadn't yet developed those breasts the judge wanted me to sport. So the judge just kept having my dosage of estrogens increased. Now eventually as the judge had the dosages of estrogen increased I did develop small female breasts, but I unfortunately for me I kept them bound and flat out of embarrassment and so the judge could not see that development, and kept having my dosage of estrogen increased. And I kept getting more and more feminine.

And while that was going on Janice was playing with my urine samples so the anti-androgen was decreased and the estrogen increased even more.

Then later when I started helping the cook she add more estrogen to my dosage than I was supposed to get as she also wanted to keep me girlie and in the kitchen. And then the cook put me on these fat building feminizing diets and my body was gaining the

new fat as would a female rather than a male, and I really started to get shapely. But I get ahead of the story.

Chapter II: Janice Sets Me Up and Has Me in a Bikini and Then in Her Panties

Feminization and control and then punishment is what Janice had planned for me. She was going to make me her sissy servant.

Initially on the beginning dosage of the anti-androgens and the female hormones I had developed a nice even thick femininely distributed layer of fat softening my look and giving me a some what feminine shape with shapely hips and butt and a feminine feel to the touch. I think that my self image was such that I hadn't realized to what extent I had softened and changed in shape and had lost muscle. And as the clothes I had brought with me to the estate had been some what loose, as my shape changed it was not brought home, through any major change in the way my clothes had fit nor my appearance to my self.

Any way regardless of my developing softer look and changing shape from the effect of the female hormones, Janice had fooled with my urine samples and the anti-androgen had been decrease and after a while at the estate I was starting to feel very attracted to Ms. Mason, Janice. I mean I had been getting a bit horny, didn't have any magazines, and didn't have much of an imagination in that regard and so Janice was the only thing I could think of in that regard.

And I guess in my free time I was following her around, almost stalking her and fantasizing a bit about our past romance. I found myself getting a bit stiff, but not much, thought it was an encouragement. So when

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I caught her bathing in the nude instead of walking away, which would have been the operative thing to have done, I just stayed and stared and got closer and wouldn't you know it I got caught.

So I had followed Janice and watched her bath in the nude. The girl still turned me on. And despite my inability to do anything much it was still enjoyable watching her. And of course she eventually caught me and she wasn't happy about it. Or at least she acted if she wasn't happy. I still have my doubts. After some debate and threats to scream rape and thereby have me sent to prison if I did not do exactly as she told me I pretty much agreed to do just that. I tried to explain that I couldn't do a thing even if I wanted to, but no excuse would soften her stance. She claimed I had embarrassed her terribly and needed to be punished.

So she had me take off my clothes so we would be on an even plane and so she could get a look at me like I was getting a good look at her. Well we had been lovers and had of course seen each other nude so I didn't quite see the point, but I did as I was told and shed my clothes. Well once I was also sans clothes she carried my clothes off into the woods so I was pretty much stuck there. I mean there were security cameras all around the house and it wouldn't have done me any good to be caught on film undressed or with some sort of makeshift cover up. So I waited there as instructed.

When she returned she took a good look at me and my shrunken male parts and budding female shape and told me, "Why Timmy you look just like a prepubescent boy...almost like a girl. When did you decide to become a girl? Does your mother know about your changes?" I thought, why was she embarrassing me by assuming I had brought this on myself? I told her,

"Janice, I didn't opt for this. It's the side effects of the medication I am taking."

And she smiled and asked me, "Oh are you taking medication to become a girl?...How nice for you. No wonder you don't like doing girls. I wish you would have told me!" Well I told her, "No I am not taking medication to be a girl. I am taking medication for other reasons and it has had that affect on me....softening me a bit and....well you can see. I don't want it. I have no choice. It's the medication or prison."

But Janice continued, "Well you could have gone to prison with the real men and avoided all of this. But I just guess you prefer to look like a girl and take you medicine to make you look like a girl, than face your punishment and go to prison like a real man. So I guess you certainly aren't a real man, and the way you look it is more like you are a sissy boy, and that's okay as I would just love to help you become all the sissy boy you can be...I mean looking at you I just think you would make a lovely sweet obedient sissy boy. I think it would just serve you right and be your just desserts. And that's okay. It is just I don't know what I ever could have seen in you as a boy friend, with that little thing of yours!" And she told me that what ever she had seen in me it wasn't there any longer, and laughed at her joke. It was really embarrassing as I had really shrunk. ..at least to outward appearances.

When I had first started the medications I had just gotten soft down there and just couldn't get erect and then after a while I just didn't care about it. Then at about that time, I stopped caring, my body had softened all over as I held onto more and more fat and my shaped had changed. Along with that I got a bit chesty and my nipples had thickened and were sensitive. And as if to compensate for the feminine growth my

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masculine growth had started and continued to shrink. But more than that was that was with the added fat the shape of my groin had changed and the fat was sort of encasing me and making me look much smaller than I actually was. Much of my manhood was now inside of me, rather than hanging. And of course it was soft.

And so my shape had changed. I had tried to bring it up as an issue, but the doctor told me I was still healthy enough and the dose of hormones was the lowest she could give and so she told me she would bring it up with the judge when she got the chance, but she could not lower the dosage without taking to the judge.

I tried to contact the judge first and I could never get through to the judge and so I was waiting for my mom to visit so she could contact the judge. But she had been away and so there was little I was able to do about it.

I was afraid to refuse the medication. And so I had been ignoring the feminization of my body. There wasn't much I could have done.

Janice told me, "You know you really don't make much of a man any more, if you ever did. Thought interestingly enough you might make an interesting girl as you are just so soft and sort of pretty." And as I did by then, under the influence of the increased estrogens already have the makings of a pretty prepubescent boy and almost a passable girl I just feared she was a bit right.

I said something in my defense and then she told me, "Let's just see if you are more of a boy or more of a girl so I can tell if you can be useful as my boyfriend again, or if you can only be my girlfriend."