

She Made Me Her Shemale Wife

Part III



Janice Wildflower
Gemini 



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SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE WIFE

III

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

I am a guy named Tim, but now I am called Tammy; and I am all dressed up from the skin out like a girl, and acting like a girl and wearing makeup and jewelry like a girl and engaged in activities for a girl, and if it all hadn't become so pleasant and such a turn on I don't know what I would do for I see no rescue from all of this and I think I will be living as a girl for a long-long time.

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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 being worse than a prison girlfriend. I wound up living as the girlfriend of a dominating female 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 - long time.

I was under the control of a number of females who all seemed to want nothing less of me than to turn me into a cross dressing feminized sissy boy and they all succeeded. Each had her own reason to feminize me, and each worked it independently of the other, but all together I was overpowered and feminized. I had been a real practical joker and had ticked off just about everyone in town; and now the joke is on me.

I had barely escaped a stint in the state prison, where a guy like me would have really suffered, but thanks to a good lawyer instead I was placed under house arrest on the estate of a wealthy but cheap friend of my mother; a friend who I had always called my aunt, where I would have to work in exchange for my room and board and expenses that I would generate. And that was whatever work I was deemed fit to do. And I would be stuck there for some time.

The Judge, a female, who had an old grudge to settle with me was not happy about me having escaped prison and was just looking for an excuse to send me to prison. She convinced everyone involved that I would have to be neutered sexually for my stint at the estate and I had to agree to it, or it was prison. And so under the care of the state appointed doctor, another female with a grudge against me, I was injected with anti-an-

drogens, which should have been enough to neuter me, but then also estrogens were added.

The Judge's idea was to endow me with a nice set of size "B" hooters before I was able to get out from under my sentence. That was going to be her joke on me!

Anyway the estrogens did the job and I had developed small breasts, a shapely butt, nice feminine hips, soft sensitive skin, thick hair, and lost my male aggressive nature. However, my former girlfriend, the daughter of my benefactress had fooled with the anti-androgen, and so despite my feminine transformation I was still "horny" and somehow she could get me to perform, using me for her own sexual purposes.

And she tortured me. She insisted I call my shrinking penis, "my clitoris" as it was too small to be anything but... and she inserted my testicles into my body to complete the feminization of my groin. And so I was not reminded I was a male when I walked and my female clothing I was forced to wear fit me that much better.

So with a feminized figure and a cheap boss who wanted to avoid buying me new clothes that would fit I found myself wearing her old castoffs, woman's underwear and a woman's slacks and blouse. The underwear, an old girdle and sanitary panties also served the purpose of a chastity devise. The daughter had convinced the mom she could never be too sure or too safe.

While this was going on the daughter had been blackmailing me so that I let her mom dress me up so, and the daughter also had me read about everything female until I became an expert and she had the mom and the cook, also a female, believing that as I knew so

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much about girl things that I should have been a girl and wanting to help me to be one.

The next twist was that for me to get released I would need a job and the only job I could get looking and acting so femininely was as a swish. And so I had to learn even more about being a female to learn to pass as a swish. That meant I had to learn about makeup and female deportment. And auntie happily taught me.

Then working on female deportment was not going well and Cookie with whom I worked in the kitchen volunteered a pair of her working high heels for me to wear which were sure to make me deport myself like a female. Only I would need nylon stockings.

Well Cookie was able to supply the stockings and an entire set of lingerie in satin, the panties, a girdle, a bra and a camisole in addition to the stockings, all female clothing designed to be worn by a guy. Cookie who knew I was already wearing panties had gone to buy me panties as a gift and had wound up buying an entire set of lingerie, special lingerie designed for male sissies dressing up as girls, and then had been too embarrassed to give it to me until the feminine deportment thing came up.

Anyway then I had to try on all the lovely lingerie and finding out that it felt just wonderful on my feminized body and so much more comfortable than auntie's lingerie that I had been forced to wear. And then I had to model it for Cookie and Ms. M. It was awful. But I was stuck. I couldn't run away, not the way I looked and not the way I was dressed. I was stuck there in lingerie and having to do what the woman would have me do.

And then the final embarrassment was my makeover at the beauty parlor... a complete makeover

including the piercing of my ears. And I had to return to the estate really looking like a female!

Chapter XIII: No More Pants – I am to Wear Dresses

So I had arrived back home, or what was my home in lieu of prison, after my make-over at the beauty parlor... When Ms. M and Cookie and Janice saw me they couldn't believe the change. The work on me at the beauty parlor had been transformational and I looked pretty attractive when it was done; not just effeminate as I was looking under Ms. M. make-up guidance, but actually feminine. Any male edge to my looks which had been overlooked by Ms. M., had been corrected. I looked like a female. I felt very feminine. I was totally embarrassed.

I had a new hairdo and my face was fully made up, as if I was to have attended some sort of an affair. Most feminizing was my new feminine styled hair with my new feminine hairdo and my new feminine hair color with highlights, my long locks having been cut and styled to a more manageable length, and then into a feminine hair do with a permanent.

Though most striking were my eyes with my eyebrows which had been trimmed and then plucked and waxed to a thinness and a shape that only a woman would sport and penciled in and so then looked completely female. And complementing my totally feminized eyebrows there were my eye lashes with heavy mascara, and my eye lids with several blended shades of shadow.

Then there was my feminized face all covered with powder and femininely shaded covering any mascu-

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line attribute and my cheeks rouged as only a girl would show. And as Ms. M. had already removed all my facial hair with her electrolysis of my face there wouldn't be any shadow peeking through my makeup.

I had a manicure with nail extensions and pink polish with a pedicure with matching pink. I was fully made up, and looked ready to go out on the town or attend some sort of affair.

And then of course my ears had been pierced and I sported a pair of keeper earrings that only a female would wear.

And I absolutely then looked like a female, perhaps still a bit butch, but never the less a female. The anti-androgen medication I had been forced to take really had set me up for the effects of the estrogens that I had been given which had softened my features and rounded my face and feminized it, only offset by some few remaining masculine aspects.

The beauticians with the use of makeup had softened anything masculine about my face. And that was it, with my new hairdo, pierced ears, and professionally done makeup applied to hide any masculine features...all on top of my estrogen feminized face and figure, I would not be passing as a guy under any circumstances. And as I found out none of the woman there minded.

The judge who had brought me to the beauty parlor and then who had returned me home had told them that perhaps she had allowed the beauticians to go a bit too far, but she felt it had been a worthwhile experience all things considered. And she told them I might want to keep the look as I had been offered a job at the beauty parlor as a nail technician, if I maintained my totally feminine look. And she continued with that the

job would meet the legal requirements for my employment so she was leaving the decision up to me whether or not to maintain and keep my new look or at least a toned down version of it to be able pass myself off as a girl at the beauty parlor and accept the nail technician job. And in any case the judge thought I made a convincing girl and legally there wasn't an issue if I wished to maintain my new totally feminine look.

And she continued, that in any case I already had an appointment to return for another makeover to maintain my new further feminized appearance and I would need to keep that appointment regardless of whether or not I was to keep my new look and to except such employment, at least until that next appointment; though why the judge did not really explain.

And with that the judge left me in the care of the warden who returned me to the estate looking more woman than man with reason to maintain that look or at least that type of look.

Ms. M looking at me complemented me on how presentable I was as a female. She told me, "I really just love your new look. You made a lovely sissy and you make even a cuter looking girl. I mean you look cute as a girl when we know you are really a boy. I just love it. This really is just so much fun. You were a darling as sissy; so much more easy to deal with and so much more helpful around the house. I can't wait to see how you behave yourself now that you really look like a girl! I think it will be so much fun to help you maintain this new look. You are adorable!"

I wanted to cry. I really did not want to have to look like a girl all my waking hours. That was to look more like a girl than I already looked. I was really tired of wearing makeup and the work it took to apply it, despite the addiction I had developed to some of the

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chemicals in the make-up I had already been wearing for my sissy training.

And she continued, "But now you look too much like a real female... too much like a real woman to work the job Janice had gotten for you as an effeminate sissy. And if as the judge has told us you have to make a return trip to the beauty parlor and that you need to maintain this new look of yours until then so you will be looking more like a girl than an sissy guy for a while. And then who knows how long the judge will tell us you have to maintain this look? This presents a problem for you. That job offer is for a sissy male, not a transgender male. So if you want out of all of this on parole for good behavior before your sentence is over I guess you would have to take the job offered you as the housekeeper and maid or as a nail technician."

Ms. M let that sink in and I really did not know what to think but I feared where it was heading and then she continued with, "I am sure with a bit more training here we could turn you from a trickster into a useful member of society and we could get you ready to earn an honest living as a housekeeper and maid. And then if you can't pass as a maid or won't be happy as a maid then there is the job the judge spoke about as a nail technician. That is if you want out of here on probation."

"I think working as a maid or as a nail technician in a beauty parlor would be a wonderful lesson for you. So fortunately for you employment as either shouldn't be a problem under your current circumstances of looking more like a young woman than a sissy male, depending on what job you decide to take. And regardless of which if any that you choose I believe we here can deal with you appearing to be a female. How-

ever, I am not so sure as how your mother is going to take all of this."

And the comment about my mom seeing me looking so much like a girl really took the wind out of me. I really did not want my mom seeing me like I was then looking. But I had little control over my situation.

And Janice smiling agreed with her mom and told me she did not think me getting a job would be a problem as I looked so much like a girl, I could probably get the job as her friend's housekeeper- maid which her girlfriend had mentioned. I would not have to take the retail job as a sissy. So it would just be best if I continued to take over her work and practice being a housekeeper and a maid and she would work with Pops as needed. That way I would get all the training I needed to keep house as a servant.

And she smiled at me while she laid that on me, as if she was doing me a favor; while we both knew what she was doing to me and the fun she was having with it. And there was little I could do about it. I was trapped.

And Cookie also told me I looked wonderful and she would be happy regardless of how I looked to continue my training as a housekeeper and cook. And she told me that if it would help me in my new work persona, teaching me to behave as a household servant would behave she could treat me completely as if I were a girl and a household servant. She told me that she had absolutely no problem now just thinking of me and treating me as a girl and a servant and was planning on doing just that from then on just to make sure I was properly trained to make it on parole.

She told me, "Not to worry Tammie. All made up like this you look absolutely lovely and you certainly make a convincing girl. You absolutely don't look like

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a boy anymore. And as far as I am concerned you are now a girl, and I will absolutely not embarrass you but treating you like a guy. I will just treat you like a girl from now on... assuming that is okay with Ms. M. and the judge. And I will do my best to work with you as a housekeeper cook and as a young maid rather than a sissy guy. You can help around the kitchen and the house and no one has to know that you are really a boy, so you won't have to be embarrassed by your new look; which by the way is absolutely lovely. I just love it and would love for you to stay this way. You are absolutely adorable."

I was not happy with what was happening. I had endured enough learning to be a sissy with all they had already done feminize me without having to endure being turned completely into a girl. I made an objection, though a weak one. I was already such a sissy. Well I was hoping Ms. M in all fairness would stop the talk of me morphing over from a pretend sissy guy to a pretend girl. But too her, my objections did not make any sense and turning me into an apparent girl to her still seemed a good idea.

She told us all, "No, Timmie, I think that Cookie actually has an idea here, and we should give it a try. Cookie I agree with you. Timmie just doesn't see the entire picture and what a pretty girl he makes. Let's all just forget Tammy was ever a guy and treat Tammy just like a girl. I think that would be just wonderful and so much fun for all of us. I think that would be a wonderful experience for a trickster like him...I mean her. He has been so well behaved and helpful while he has been changing into a sissy, perhaps he would even more helpful and well behaved living as a girl for a while. And I do think he may actually have some gender problems. We should speak with the doctor. But

because of his possible gender issues until then we should all give it a try helping bring out all the girl side of our Tammie and see if that works...if he finds he is more comfortable as a girl."

I was dying. I didn't have any gender issues until I had been given estrogens, but I said nothing, I let Ms. M. have her say. And Ms. M. continued, "He is after all just adorable like this. I wish my own daughter would be or look so feminine. And after all it just seemed to have happened so naturally, it just must have been meant to happen. So I think we need to go with it, and just accept the fact that our Timmie has for all practical purposes become a girl, and is now our girl Tammie, and it is our responsibility to keep him as a girl and make him as comfortable as possible as a girl. I actually think it's wonderful."

"Though, I would think we should speak to his mom about all of this before we get too carried away with it. But I know that I have had such a wonderful time training him to be a sissy I may have gone a bit overboard and trained him more to be a girl than a sissy..., but it has all seemed to have worked itself out...and now I can just continue his training to be a girl. This is wonderful. And it is just so much fun. I feel I have a purpose again!"

Yes I thought. It was time to let my mom know what was going on, as embarrassing as it would be. Yes she would put a stop to this. She would get her lawyer involved. I would just have to stop hiding what had been done to me,...her son. She would not like it. She would stop it.

Then Janice interjected, "You know if his mom saw him in a dress and acting as feminine as he really acts, not trying to pretend to be a male, like he does when his mom visits, I am sure she will realize that her son is

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more girl than boy and Tammie should just try being a girl for a while."

"Then we could really continue with his transformation....I mean...his training in earnest. After all he is so much better behaved as a girl and so much more helpful and useful around the house. Since as Tim he never seemed to want to hold down a job and just to live off his mom I am sure if he continues to live at home with his mom his continued learning house-keeping and cooking should work out well for his mom. I am sure Timmie has it in him to be just a wonderful daughter, and as a daughter instead of a son her mom would find her such a help I am sure she would want to keep him a girl forever. And then he/she would have a reason to live at home, despite being grown. As his/her mom's only daughter she could stay at home like a good girl and care for mom."

And Janice just continued, "I think we just need to settle this by putting Tammy in a dress. I think Tammy would just look wonderful in a dress. And it would help so to feminize him. You know he is really just too girly to hold any sort of job other than as a female. And as a maid or as a nail technician he is going to have to wear a dress. And I for one would love to see 'her' in a dress. How about it ladies, why not let him wear one of mom's old dresses and teach him how to move around and handle a nice dress. I think he will look lovely in a dress. And I think once Tammy sees how lovely and convincing he looks in a dress he will want to wear dresses all the time. He really has become such a girl. And I really think he likes it!"

Well I did not really like having been turned into a sissy, though I did find I enjoyed the silks and satins and the sex. But in any case the thought of wearing a dress full time and being turned into a girl was ridicu-



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lous. I was still a guy...or so I thought. But I did not know what to do, the idea was terrifying. I was already feminine enough, without a dress and without having to wear a dress in front of my mom. But then again, the seeing of me in a dress by my mom would certainly have her end all of this. Perhaps she could deal with her son as a sissy, but never as a girl in a dress. So I was thinking perhaps I should just let them have their way with that and sort of fall into their own trap.

Janice told her mom, "Tammy still has time to go on his sentence and whatever the doctor does for him, for her that is, there won't be any immediate change. And you know as a sissy he has turned out to be so wonderful around the house and the kitchen, and he, I mean she, seems so happy in panties and now looks so wonderful in full makeup and with a wonderful hair-do... and she seems to just love serving that Tammie would make the natural maid servant."

And she continued with, "You know, I am sure he would be even happier as a girl in a dress serving your guests. We should all give it a try. I am sure he would wear a dress for you; after all you've done to help him. And if that works out then of course he could take that job as a maid with my girlfriend....or even as a nail technician at the beauty parlor. And I am sure we would all just love to see Tammie in a dress."

And Janice then finalized it with, "And mom, with Tammy passing as a girl and here to help Cookie I am sure you could have some guests over as Tammy can serve guests at your parties... I mean you haven't had any socials here since Tammy got here, for whatever reason, but why not? Now with Timmy really Tammy here as a full time maid, you can save money on the help for the party. I mean I am sure that Cookie can teach Tammy to serve and he/she would make as good

a waitress/maid as I do. I've seen his/her legs and I think he would look just fine in one of the old uniform dresses the former assistant maids have left behind. There are a number of different sizes. One should fit Tammy."

"Yes let's get Tammy into one of the old servant uniform dresses, we should have one that fits, and see how he looks in a dress. I would think it is the natural next step for him. I am sure he will look just darling, and should just love the feel of a slip. I think he really is so into lingerie, though won't admit it. And I think that I too would just love to see Tammy in a dress. And I think it will make Tammy happy to let go and really let his girl side take over. I think it would free me to be all the she he can be and really would really make him happy."

I was terrified. It was obviously the next thing for the girls to do to me. And I knew that once they got me into a dress most likely Janice would find the way to never let me back into pants...even lady's pants like I was wearing. And despite my uncontrolled love of lingerie I had developed I didn't think that a slip would be a good thing....let alone a dress.

Anyway despite my thoughts that mom would obviously stop all of this which had gone too far once she found out I had actually been put into a dress. I was by reflex still balking and raising all sorts of objections when Cookie chimed in. "You know Ms. M., if it is okay for me to again express an opinion here; I would say that despite all of Tammie's objections, some of which do make some sense, I think the way to settle all of this is for our Tammie just to slip into a dress and let's have a look and let Tammie find out how it feels to wear a dress and how she looks in a dress. Tammie may just like it. Yes I would still have to agree with

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your daughter. I too would just love to see how our Tammie would look in a dress. He is just so cute as a girl. It is the logical next step for her. You know he really knows just too much about female things not really to want to be a girl. At least we should give it a try. I think he will love dresses and becoming even more of a girl. I don't think that he/she can help himself."

"I have to agree with Janice. Tammie is just too much naturally feminine to not really have been a girl under all of his shenanigans. I think all this is doing him much good despite his protests and denials. And I think his mom should really get to see him in a dress and all made up and to see what a lovely girl her so called son makes. She should really get to make that decision whether he stays a troublesome son or a well behaved daughter."

And she offered to help me. Cookie told Ms. M., "I would really just love to take Tammy under my wing in the kitchen and teach her everything she would have to learn to help in the kitchen as a full time girl and to serve guests as a full time girl and then to get that job as a housekeeper as a full time maid. And I think Tammy would look cute in a maid's dress or a serving uniform. She really has developed such a nice feminized figure on those medications and wearing the back support. I think once I have her trained her mother can decide for her if she should remain a girl or not."

And at that point I realized me, he, the he had become a 'she'".

And in any case Cookie continued with, "It is a shame "it" happened to look like a boy, but "it" did and we all just have to live with it and make the best of it. But he was such a jokester it is sort of poetic justice. And I think Tammie was just meant to be a girl and

now we will make things right for her, despite any of her knee jerk protests to the contrary. I think that Tammie really wants to live as a girl, but is just too embarrassed to admit it. So we have to make that decision for her."

I wanted to object and tell her I was all male, but the way I looked and was dressed, all made up and wearing lingerie and lady's slacks and a blouse that would have been a difficult argument.

And then she made things worse for me with, "And as I recall when she modelled the lingerie I had gotten her that she had really feminine legs and her legs were hairless...they had to have been shaved. And I mean when someone shaves their legs that person must want to show them off.....and in a skirt or a dress I would imagine. I guess those medications do strange things to guys. And Tammy should really show those legs off...I don't think she is getting off the medications and so for the time being we might as well let him be all the girl she can be. I too think he will like it...I know that I will."

And Cookie embarrassing the heck out of me, asked me, "Tammy, do you still shave your legs?"

Well what was I to say. Janice made me keep myself hairless and in lingerie, and the sex was so good I could not help myself but to comply, but I was afraid to tell her that I had or that I did shave my legs and that I still shaved my legs. However, I was too afraid to lie. I was afraid of what Janice would tell them.

Anyway while I was stammering, Janice came around and unzipped the back of my pants, her mom's pants that I was forced to wear, and pulled them and my pants slip down, telling all, "Let's take a look at those legs. He does protest too much...he probably does keep his legs shaved," which she already knew

that I did...She made me shave them, but she wasn't sharing that bit of information and so it was all on me!

And so there I was standing with my borrowed lady's pants and pants slip around my feet and my borrowed blouse just covering the top of my body and my girdle and garters and stockings exposed. And my legs were shaved and were rather shapely. Too shaved and shapely for a guy!

And seeing was knowing and so Cookie pointed out that I was shaving my legs and to add gasoline to the fire asked why I had shaved my legs. Then of course I could not tell her that Janice was making me, which I am sure she pretty much guessed, but for some reason I did not want to admit to it or let Ms. M. know. I was too afraid of Janice and her control over me. So I thought quick and I told her, "Well because I am wearing nylons because I am wearing...have to wear... woman's shoes and I just assumed one shaves one's legs when one is wearing nylons as not to ruin the nylons."

But I did not tell them how nicer the nylons felt on shaved legs than on legs with hair. It was just too embarrassing for me to admit. Though I was then admitting it to myself. And really, despite the fact that Janice had made me initially shave my legs, once I had felt the feel of the nylons on my shaved legs when walking around, I really did want to keep my legs shaved. It was all just so sensual.

But the excuse I gave did not work and only made things worse as Janice interjected, "You know you really have come to think like a female and act more like a female than a sissy. I mean what fellow shaves his legs because he needs to wear nylon stockings. Only we girls shave our legs for stocking wearing. You must

really be thinking just like a girl. You really should try on a dress and let us all see how you look in a dress."

And she continued with, "I think Tammy would like wearing a dress. It is the next logical step for her. She really isn't much of a boy anymore. And again I have to say that I think Tammie makes a wonderful girl, and is and was more girl than he/she will admit to. The medication just allowed his girl self to appear. And it is just wonderful. We really should keep him on the medications and all feminine. Tammie will be much happier."

And then Cookie told me and Ms. M and Janice that she agreed and that I was more feminine and had always been more feminine than I would admit to and that was why she thought I kept my legs shaved. She told us, "I think he shaves his legs because he really feels feminine...and finds that he likes being feminine. That is why he knows so much about womanly things and things a male should not know about. He was probably just ashamed of his desires and hid them and pretended to be mannish and a trickster. And now with the side effects of his medications he just can't help himself but to give into his feminine side and feminine desires and to be feminine. That was most likely his problem all along. Yes for her sake we really need to continue with her full feminization. I am sure Tammie will make a wonder daughter. Her mom will be happier with her as a daughter."

And she let that sink in and she continued with, "And now he is finding that he really enjoys helping around the house doing all the female chores, and helping in the kitchen and he likes being feminine. He keeps his legs shaved because he has shapely legs and he wants to show them off like any pretty girl does and because he himself really does want to wear a dress

which is really the appropriate uniform for a person in his position and his secret feelings. And feeling so feminine and girly he wants to look nice in his dress. So regardless of what he tells us I think we should help him out and let him wear a dress and let him be as feminine as can be. He should look lovely. And I am sure it will make him happy."

And I was thinking that all of it was untrue, and I did not want to believe any of it. I did not want to wear a dress. It was all the drugs I had been forced to take. But then again I was also thinking on how nice the lingerie that I was wearing felt on me and against my skin. And also how nice it felt to walk in high heels with my butt plug and with my thighs rubbing after my testes had been inserted. Gosh they were convincing me that I wanted to be a girl or to at least that I wanted to wear a dress. I was getting brain washed.

They all let that sink in and then Janice told me, "Cookie is right. Now I think it is about time we put your male charade to rest. You really have become more of a girl than a boy. And you are more useful around here as a girl than as a boy. And you now look so much like a girl that you will have to pass as a girl to get any sort of employment."

Janice let that sink in and then she gave me the out. She told me, "And there is no need to be embarrassed. We know it is not totally your fault. It is those female hormones the Judge has you taking. Apparently you were able to hide your feminine tendencies until the female hormones brought them out and made them impossible for you to hide. But you should not be ashamed. There are lots of girls who were born boys and that can all be changed. Those hormones are helping you find your real gender. You must really be a girl underneath it all. And we accept that. It is really won-

derful. It is a shame it took so long for you to find your true self...or at least to admit you are more girl than boy."

And Janice continued to play the mind games with me. She told me, "And since we've all been so nice about putting up with your sissy feminine desires and ways I think you should really humor us and give the dress thing a try. I think you will just love wearing a dress and that you will be happier when you stop pretending you are a male! I know I would just love to forget you are a male! With all those female hormones in you it is just such a charade!?"

Janice told me, "Think of it dear Tammy. If you wear a dress we would just let you be the female you seem to be and have you helping around the kitchen like any of the other kitchen assistants Cookie has had...like a girl...in a dress. I think Cookie and you would be more comfortable with you in a dress and appearing to be the proper kitchen assistant and serving 'girl'. And you won't have to pretend that you are a guy any more. I think those female hormones have changed all of that. And you can relax and stop fighting the hormones and just be as feminine as those hormones have made you. And when the doctor gets it all reversed than you can try to be a guy again..."

And she finished with, "That is if you find that you want to be a guy ...assuming you were ever really a guy... I for one think you make a lovely girl and you might find you may want to stay a girl. You know those hormones can do funny things to a guy. You may find out that you really do want to be a girl."

I was horrified about the whole thing regardless of the fact they were going so far with me that my mom might have her lawyer step in and stop all of it. But for

the time being I found out that I was not going to have much of a choice.

Cookie then gave me a look, like the one I got before she spanked me. And gosh I could not take another spanking, and not in front of Janice and Ms. M. So when Cookie told us, "You know Tammie you do have that look like you do want to try on a dress...so why don't you do it. It will be fun. There isn't any shame in it. We all are behind you on this."

And I was thinking, fun for who....not for me.

And she brought Janice in on it. She told her, "Now Janice there are uniforms in the maid's quarters in back of the kitchen and lingerie to go with them. If it is okay with your mom why don't you take Tammy back there and see if you can find a nice uniform and slip for him to wear and let's all see how Tammy looks in a dress. I am sure she would be more comfortable doing it with you than with me. But if she is difficult about it just let me know. I would think that after his beauty parlor experience that trying on and modeling a dress for us should be his next little adventure. After all he was darling modeling the lingerie for us...and even seemed to enjoy it."

And Ms. M. then finalized it and told us, "Yes, let's give it a try. Tammy doesn't seem to be objecting that much. I think it is all just for show. I think Tammie would just love to try on and model some dresses. I know I would just love to see her in a dress and to find out how all of the training in feminine department we have given her affects how she handles herself in a dress. And I think having Tammy work here for a while as a uniformed maid and serving girl, now that she looks so much like a girl, is a wonderful idea for her. Who knows I might just hire her and keep her here dressed as a girl forever."