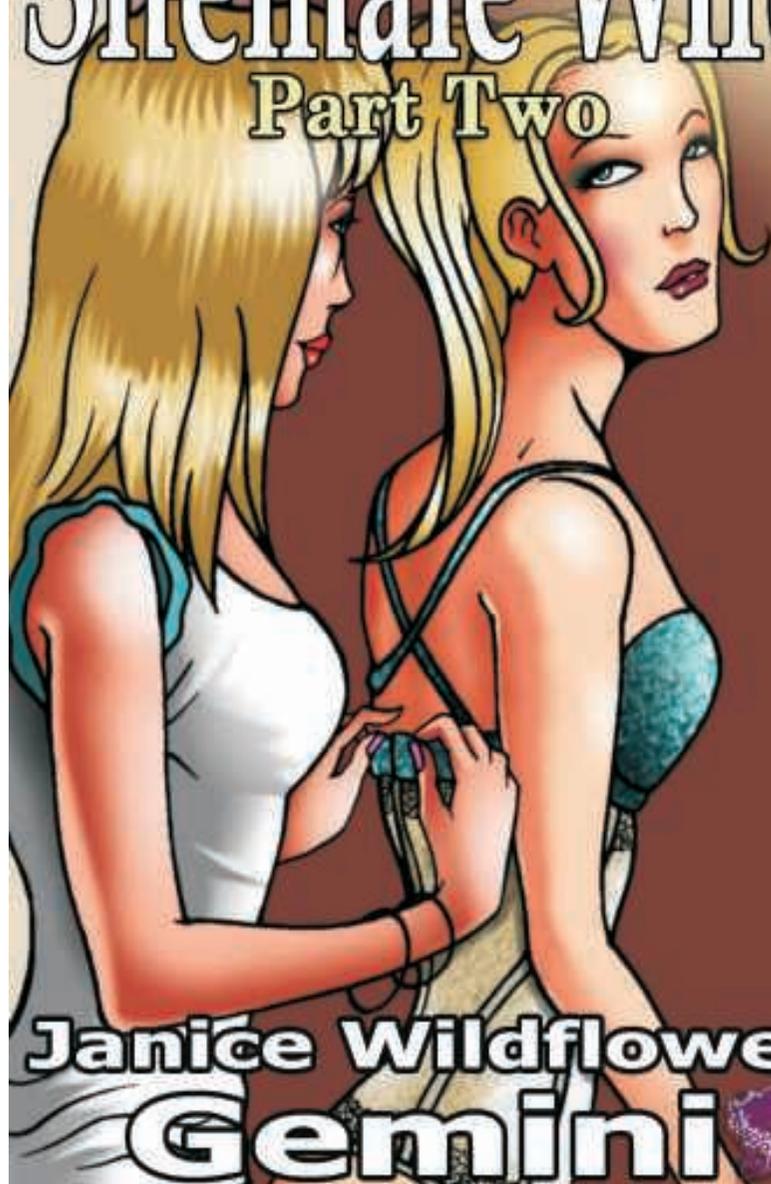


**She Made Me A
Shemale Wife
Part Two**



**Janice Wildflower
Gemini**



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SHE MADE ME A SHEMALE WIFE

Part 2

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.

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

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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 time.

I was under the control of a bunch of females who wanted nothing less of me than to turn me into a cross dressing feminized sissy boy and they were getting their way. 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. 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; 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. 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-androgens, which should have been enough, but also estrogens.

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 "horney" and somehow she could get me to perform, using me for her own sexual purposes.

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 the 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 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 the way I did 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 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.

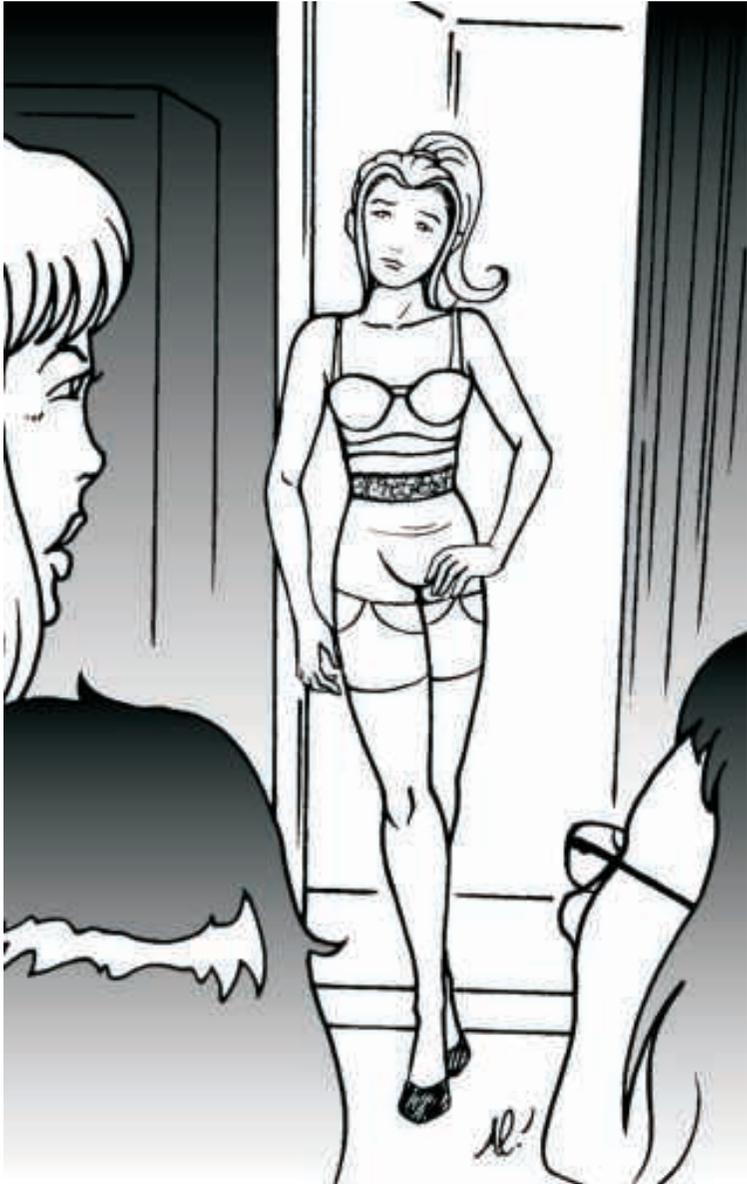
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Well Cookie was able to supply the stockings and an entire set of lingerie in satin, the panties, a girdle, a bra and a camisole in addition to the stockings, all female clothing designed to be worn by a guy. Cookie who knew I was already wearing panties 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 department 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.

Chapter XIII: Wearing and Modeling Lingerie

And so there I was all in woman's lingerie, my own, fitted for a guy, fitted for me, and each garment pink. And looking at myself in the mirror, I just looked like such an effeminate sissy I just could not believe it was me or what was happening to me. And I could not believe that there was little I could do about it but grin and bear it and perhaps enjoy it whether I wanted to or not. It all felt nice and I knew that I would much rather be wearing what I was then wearing, my own lingerie, specially designed for boys dressing as girls, bought for me by Cookie from a specialty shop; rather than



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what Ms. M had provided and I had been wearing up till then, her horribly fitted panty girdle and her sanitary panties.

As I had slipped on the pink stretch satin boy cut panties they just felt wonderful. I could not get over it. On those female hormones my skin had become just so sensitive. I had even started to get a bit hard, though I was not supposed to be able to do so; the satin was just so sensual. The stretch satin panties covering my groin and thighs and butt just felt so nice and sensual and I wanted to run my hands over it, but I resisted. Not in front of Janice, my old girlfriend who was slowing turning me into a girl...I would just have died from the embarrassment. And I was so feminine I just wanted to cry.

Then came the bra. I had been binding my size "A" breasts, the result of those female hormones I was forced into taking, and hiding them from the world. It had been uncomfortable, and my newly sensitive developing nipples were sore. The pink satin bra just felt wonderful against my freed breasts and my sensitive nipples. It was embarrassing to show my breasts, but it was such a relief to free them and the satin of my bra just felt so wonderful that it was a welcome, though a dreaded change. I did not want to believe that me a boy was wearing a bra and found it comfortable and even a bit of a sensual turn on. I found I did not want to take it off. Again I just felt like crying.

Then I stepped into and pulled the pink stretch satin and Lycra girdle into place. My testicles had already been inserted which had opened that space and so when I pulled that specially designed girdle into place it pushed my testes right inside of me and they were gone. The girdle a figure hugging support garment had large front and rear satin panels and a

stretch satin crotch, boy cut legs which were overlaid with panels which made the panty girdle look more like an open bottom girdle, very much like a skort, and it just felt wonderful. And it held my penis upright and the satin of my panties felt even nicer. Much better than wearing it down as I had to do when wearing the other female garments that had been provided to me.

It was with a high waist and tight and took two inches of my waist and moved it down to my already female hormone expanded hips and butt which made me even more feminine and shapely in appearance. And the compression felt wonderful. My butt no longer felt like it was sagging, having expanded so under the influence of the female hormones. And it was designed for a cross dressing guy and so there was a pouched area to contain my maleness and a pad to absorb the result of any excitement.

Then I pulled my lycra stockings into place and fastened them to the exposed garters of the girdle so that four exposed garters held up each stocking. Four garters were attached to the legs, one on each side of each leg, and four garters were attached to the panels, two in front and two in back. Rolling the stockings up my legs as always just felt wonderful. And my legs were still hairless and the nylon-lycra just felt wonderful to my skin as I rolled the stockings up each leg. Attaching the garters to each stocking held each stocking up and held the legs and the body of my girdle down. It all just made me feel so feminine.

Finally I slipped on my pink satin camisole. That also felt delightful as I handled it and as it slid down my shoulders and back. I could not get over how nice it felt to the touch and against my skin.

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Finally I stepped into my pink satin pants slip and pulled it up into place. It just felt wonderful against my nylon covered legs.

And there I was a guy dressed entirely in pink satin lingerie and it just felt wonderful on me and I just felt wonderful wearing the lingerie. I did not know what to do. I was happy I was wearing that girdle as it sort of hid how wonderful I was feeling. However, it was just awful how nice the lingerie felt. I uncontrollably just let out a sigh of pleasure.

Janice looking at me told me, "Why you look lovely dear. The girl's lingerie really suits you and suits your figure. And you do so seem to like it. I think you should keep it. I would think you will find it more comfortable than what you had been wearing, that old girdle of my moms and her old sanitary panty. And you did look silly in mom's old underwear. While you do look absolutely lovely in your current lingerie, more and more like a young girl. It is just wonderful.

I didn't say a word. I was just that embarrassed and that much in shock however pleasant my new attire might have been. Then Janice told me, "If you are not going to keep your new lingerie and wear it every day then you can get back into your chastity girdle and sanitary panties and binding. But if you've decided to keep your presents than you are going to wear them every day and put them on yourself and we need to go downstairs and show you off so you can make your thanks to Cookie. And you had better mean it!"

Well I just could not imagine going back to the woman's underwear that I had been forced to wear; it had just been so uncomfortable. And I could not get over how nice my new lingerie felt on me and I did not want to give it up, or at least not in exchange for the horrible woman's underwear I had just gotten out of.

And so I had to tell Janice that I did want to keep my new lingerie and that I would wear it every day.

But I begged Janice not to have me appear in just my new lingerie in front of her mom and Cookie, and to let me just thank Cookie with my clothes on, that is her mom's pants and blouse on over my new lingerie.

But Janice was adamant, no. She told me her mom had asked me to let her and Cookie see me in my new lingerie, if I was keeping it, and I should and I would make that appearance, no matter how embarrassing I might find it; if I planned on keeping and wearing my new lingerie. If not I could just get back into what I had been wearing, and return my new lingerie to Cookie, who had bought it for me.

So there was no way Janice was going to let me disappoint her mom and Cookie, who wanted to see me in the lingerie, see me a male in female lingerie. And thought I argued or tried to reason with her, Janice's mind was made up and there was no getting out of it. I just could not bring myself to get back into the other woman's underwear; it had been so uncomfortable when the new lingerie provided just felt wonderful.

She told me, "I understand this is going to be very embarrassing for you. But that is what this is all about. Embarrassing you and me watching you be embarrassed. I couldn't be more pleased with how this has all turned out. I am going to love watching you parade around in your camisole and your pants slip and your gartered stockings, and your girdle and your bra in front of two women, a guy looking just like a girl. It is simply wonderful. And I am going to keep you like this as long as I can. I love it."

She explained that this just wasn't about just embarrassing me, it was about pay back and her peace of mind, and I should save my breath and my favors as I

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was going downstairs and showing off my new lingerie to the woman or it was back into my chastity device. And that would be for the rest of my stay, if I didn't take my opportunity to get into more comfortable lingerie, though much more feminine, when I had it. I would get no second chance at this.

And then she explained that at the school the teachers always had the girls parading around in their underwear for inspections, and if she had to do it, because of me, than I needed to do it for her. And so there was really no getting out of it and I was just putting off the inevitable. And the longer I stalled the worse she was going to make it for me. Meaning the more embarrassing she was going to make it for me.

And though I still did not understand her thinking about this punishment she had me undergoing I had no choice but to have headed downstairs in my new lingerie with just Ms. M.'s translucent satin robe as a cover and just in my new lingerie. And as we walked downstairs, me in the lead, Janice behind me with my pants and blouse, she told me, "And you had better act pleased and excited and show off your new lingerie and give Cookie a big hug, just like a good sissy boy. And until you do I won't give you back your pants, you'll be standing there in your lingerie. Oh yea, and when you give Cookie her hug, kick up one of your legs, just like a girl, or no slacks for you. I want to be entertained, sweetie. And if you aren't convincing enough maybe I'll go find Pops to take a look at you too."

Well that did it. Gosh if Pops, a guy, saw me in a bra, girdle, camisole, pants slip and nylons I would just have died, at that point. So I got downstairs I opened the robe to give them a look and then I closed it and I went right up to Cookie, wearing just my new lingerie

and auntie's satin robe and gave her a big girly type hug and as instructed kicked up my leg just like a girl would do.

Cookie was obviously a bit surprised what with me actually appearing in the lingerie in front of them and then having me hug her like a girl would do to show appreciation. But Cookie hugged me back and affectionately at that, and gave me a genuine smile of pleasure.

Then I told her, "It's wonderful Cookie. I can't thank you enough. What a difference. My new lingerie is just so comfortable. I wish you would have given it to me when you first got it for me. I feel wonderful in it." And the truth be told I was not exaggerating by that much. The lingerie did feel really nice on me and I was happier to be wearing it than I had been with Ms. M's and Janice's underwear and binding myself. But still it was just so embarrassing. It was all female underwear....lingerie...and I was still a guy...and there I was in front of the two ladies just in my new lingerie!

And then Janice asked, but really told me, "Now why don't you let Cookie and mom get a really good and long look, now that the shock of seeing you like this has worn off. You really don't seem embarrassed at all to be wearing a full set of girl's lingerie. Though for some reason I don't find that so surprising. So why don't you drop the robe and step back and turn around a couple of times and walk around a bit so Cookies can really see how well all your new lingerie really fits you; she really was so thoughtful to get you such fine female type lingerie; you not really being a girl."

Janice gave me that look and I did as I was told. Dropping the robe was one of the most embarrassing things I had been forced to do, but I had to do it. And

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as I started to walk Janice told me, "Come on and give it your best cat-walk strut... like a model. You know you can do it...walk more like a girl!" And of course I did, which was most embarrassing. I turned around and walked around, just wearing my new lingerie, panties, girdle, bra, camisole, pants slip and stockings, all in pink, and gave them a good look at me.

And actually walking around like that, like a model, made the lingerie feel even nicer. I can't explain it. But it was female lingerie meant for a guy, and so it was designed to do that.

With that I thought I would die, but Janice was to make it even worse for me. She told me, "You know Timmy, you should really need to slip out of your camisole and pants slip to show Cookie how well your new girdle and bra look on you. She can't really tell with the lingerie over it. And if mom is going to purchase more girdles and bras for you she should get an idea on how they fit you."

I tried to avoid the disrobing down to my girdle and bra but the ladies would have none of that and Janice came over to assist and there was nothing I could do about it and shortly I, a guy, was standing in front of the ladies in my pink satin long line bra, pink satin girdle and gartered pink nylon-lycra stockings. I filled the cups with two size "A" breasts, and was shapely enough below the waist and flat as could be.

And then to embarrass me even further, Janice had me turn around and model my support garments; which I of course did. I did not appear happy, I was just so embarrassed. And Janice told me, "Now Tammy...Timmy, if you continue to look so serious we'll think you don't like your new lingerie and want back into the old lingerie you were wearing. And you really should smile. You do look just so lovely and

feminine in your new lingerie. And it does fit you so wonderfully and does wonders for your figure...So let's look happy dear...or..."

And so there I was modeling my new bra and girdle and smiling and looking happy to be doing so. I had no choice.

Ms. M. told us, "Why Timmy you look just adorable all in pink stretch satin. I can't get over your figure. It is a delight. You must keep this outfit....What do you think?"

And Cookie agreed. "Oh, yes he does look absolutely darling in pink satin. The girdle looks wonderful on him. And the gartered stockings on him are to die for. He looks absolutely.....well so feminine. And I can't get over his...well chest. My word he actually has some development there. He really does look like a young girl. As long as he is not embarrassed showing off his figure I would think this is the perfect lingerie for him."

And Janice gave me the look and I had to respond. And told them, "Oh yes, Cookie. I do want to keep the lingerie. Thank you for the gift. It is ever so much more comfortable than what I had been wearing." I could have died....again.

The only relief was after the admission Janice let me cover up with my camisole and pants slip. After the embarrassment of exposure in the bra and girdle I almost felt dressed. It was part of the psychological breaking of me so I would feel comfortable as a girl in any state of dress with my female companions.

And Janice had to point out, "Cookie, the lingerie really looks like it was made for him, and he does look wonderful on him. It's amazing. I think you and mom will have to get him more. One set won't be enough for him. He really does look so nice and relaxed and com-

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comfortable in this lingerie, it would be a shame not to let him wear it all the time.”

“And even better now in his new girdle for boys from the waist down he looks even more just like a girl. So mom it looks like he might as well still wear your pants. His own still aren’t going to fit him. So there is still no need to get him boy’s pants, the lady’s slacks still fit him just fine. And above the waist with his man’s bra on he no longer looks flat chested, his small breasts show and he looks like a girl with somewhat big shoulders. So it would be just silly for him to wear a man’s shirt. So mom I think your blouses still work just fine for him.”

But Janice still didn’t let me get dressed and cover my new lingerie and embarrassment. She continued to hold back her mom’s slacks and blouse. She sort of stated, “Now the only thing we need to know is if Tam...Timmy is comfortable enough in lady’s lingerie and not too embarrassed wearing it; with all the ladies of the house knowing that the boy who wore panties now not only wears panties but a complete set of girl’s underwear..., including a bra...Well Tam...Timmy, are you comfortable in panties and a girdle and a bra and stockings and all us girls knowing you are wearing such a nice set of girl’s lingerie, or do you want your old underwear back?”

But she didn’t let me answer. She told me, “Oh I forgot you were wearing panties before. So what is it...Your old panties and....what ever... let me recall....or you brand new full set of lingerie?”

Well what was I to say, the new lingerie was so much more comfortable, and my old whatever that Janice was referring to was still lingerie, and I didn’t want that shared with Cookie and then possibly with Pops. And so I told her, “I would just as soon stay with

my new lingerie if it is all right with you ladies. With my changed shape it is more comfortable than my old lingerie and fits me better than my men's underwear..."

And Janice interrupted, "Oh, you also like your female lingerie better than your old male underwear?" And of course I had to tell her yes, but with an explanation. "Well Janice, with my feminized figure, no fault of my own, and the girl's underwear does fit me better and is more comfortable. What would you expect? I am among understanding women."

Well I shouldn't have gotten testy. Janice told me, "It's not just the fit we are talking about now. It is also the style and the material. It is the feminine style and the feminine materials of your new lingerie. Your old female lingerie from mom was cotton which you didn't seem so pleased with or able to show off and parade around in the way you are showing off your new lingerie" ...she said, in front of her mom and Cookie. It was not so true, but what was I to say. And then the fact that I had been wearing woman's cotton panties was out.

I was just happy she wasn't revealing the nylon lingerie she had made me wear when she had her way with me.

And then she concluded, "...while the new lingerie is nylon and satin and the like and you seem very comfortable with that and so pleased that you had to show it off...and down to your support garments...you naught boy you!" That is what the ladies heard but I knew and she knew that she had made me show it off.

But what was I too say. I could not win. And so I told her, "Any of the lingerie is fine, but I have to admit the nylon and satin feel nicer than the cotton. You ladies are so lucky."