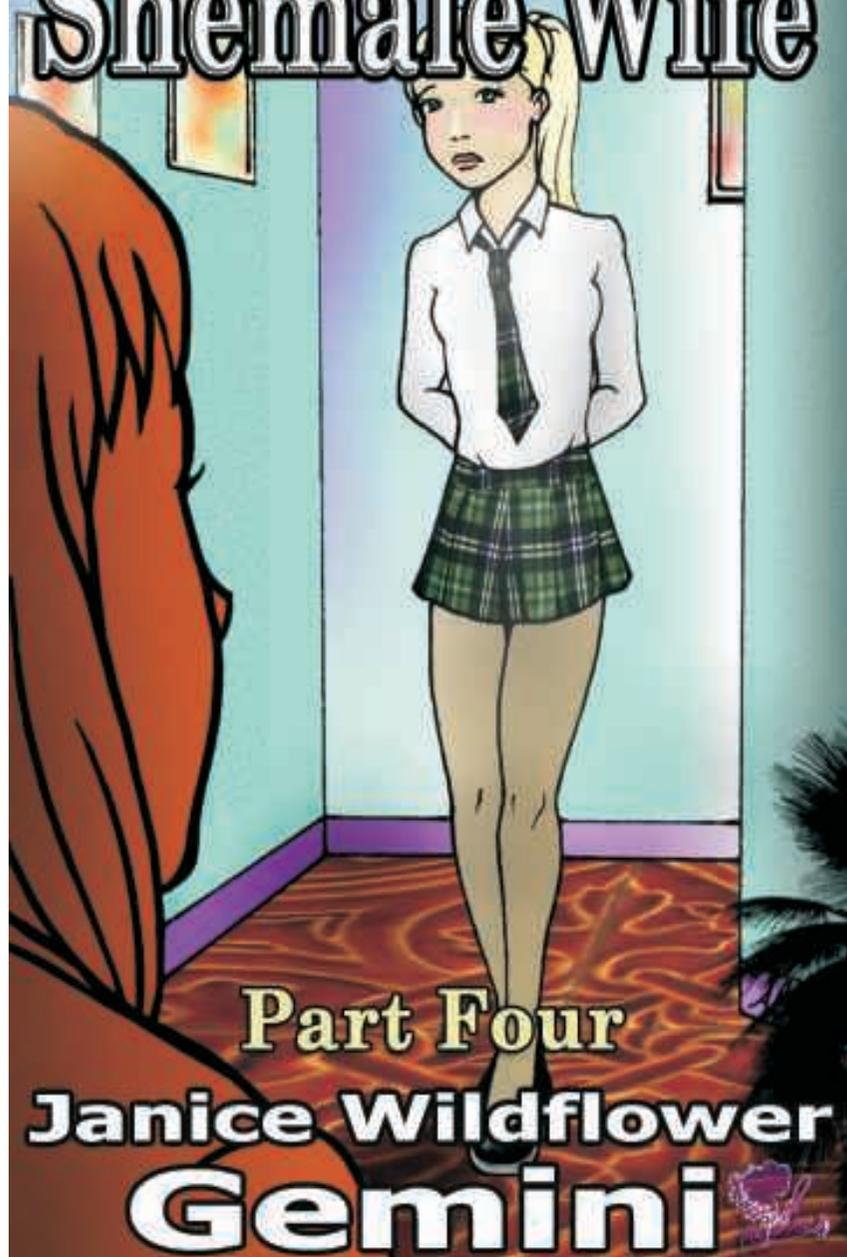


She Made Me Her
Shemale Wife



Part Four

Janice Wildflower

Gemini



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SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE WIFE - IV

Introduction:

So now I am a girlfriend, and a daughter and a wife....and a mother. All of which is strange as I am a guy named Tim, but now I am called Tammy. And I am always all dressed up from the skin out like a girl, and always naturally acting like a girl and always wearing makeup and jewelry like a girl and constantly engaged in activities for a girl. And I really look like a girl, thanks to some feminizing plastic surgery that left me looking more like a girl than a guy....everywhere; though nothing was cut off.

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 res-

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cue from all of this and I think I will be living as a girl for a long - long time.

And to think this all happened because I avoided a prison term from the fear of winding up as some tough guy's girlfriend...And instead wound up 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-androgens, 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 much about girl things that I should have been a girl and wanting to help me to become 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

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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 brassiere 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!

When my mom surprised me and found the feminized me she pretended to be sympathetic, but really wanted me as her daughter. I was wearing dresses and she had at least gotten some masculine woman's

clothes to wear and some real men's clothes which she would not yet let me have. First we had a meeting with one of the woman who was feminizing me and I needed to dress appropriately. But I never got my men's clothing. After the meeting everything mom did to help me just further feminized me.

Chapter XX - Mother gets Convinced I want to become a Woman and it is okay with her:

So we were off to meet Ms. M. at one of the local diners. I was happy to be wearing pants and a shirt again, even if it were lady's pants and a blouse, as in my mind it was better than the dresses I had been forced to wear. Of course underneath it all I was still wearing female lingerie, but my figure was less feminine than when I had on my prosthetic padding. And then I was wearing high heel boots, but the footwear was boots and not pumps. And I was wearing jewelry, but it was western jewelry. So I was feeling as masculine as I had felt in a while, despite the fact that my hair was permed and I was in full makeup and I automatically held myself and moved like a female. And none the less I was happy as I was thinking about the set of men's clothing I had convinced my mother to buy for me, that was waiting for me at her home and which I believed was my ticket out of this situation. Regardless of how I now looked, I felt dressed as a guy I would have been more comfortable escaping.

Ms. M. was waiting for us at the dinner sitting at a table; and next to her was Cookie...and I knew I was in for it. Ms. M. looked pleased to see me with my mother. Cookie on the other had did not look so pleased and gave me a look that told me I was in for it.

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Ms. M. was drinking a vodka martini while Cookie was drinking a scotch on the rocks. Ms. M., had taken the liberty to order drinks for mother and me, a vodka martini for my mother and some sweet white wine for me. I would have preferred a scotch myself, but I was happy I hadn't been stuck with something like a Shirley-Temple.

Then after greeting my mom and some small talk and over drinks, Mrs. M. told me, "You know Tammy you do look very nice in that outfit, but you also know you are not supposed to be wearing pants...even lady's slacks. Didn't you tell your mother about the agreement that you are restricted to dresses and skirts and blouses, and you are to act feminine at all times. You know that you agreed to pass yourself off as a female and as a maid in order to get gainful employment and thereby shorten your confinement. And if you backslide I just don't know how long you will be staying at the estate and remaining on those crazy medications."

I didn't really know how to reply...that is what my mother would support, and I was afraid of what would happen to me if I got Ms. M. angry with me and she sent me to prison, and so I had to watch myself...and Cookie was there and I was a bit afraid of her, I could not bear another of her spankings, though I had no plan on returning to the estate.

And so I kept a civil tongue as I did not want to aggravate Ms. M. or Cookie, that is until I knew how my mother was going to react once she was really confronted with my situation. But I was thinking of making a run for it. I was comfortable enough in my masculine female clothing and I knew I had real male clothing back at home, and all sort of schemes ran through my mind.

And so I had to literally apologize to Ms. M. for wearing slacks....even though lady's slacks. And I explained that it was a slip...I just was afraid to have to tell my mother of the agreement I had made and then I sort of wanted to find out how it felt to get back into slacks again. I did not tell her about the men's clothing I had waiting for me once I got back to my mom's place.

Mom seemed taken with my contrition. It was something with which she was not familiar. She smiled and told Ms. M. and Cookie, "Well whatever that medication has done to him and whatever you've done for to him he has certainly developed some manners. This is a bit of a shock. I tell you perhaps the side effects of those hormones and this dressing and acting like a maid has done my son some good. Tell me more about what has happened to him. I don't think Tim has been totally honest with me at any of our meetings nor has been totally honest with me now!" And she gave me a look, the intensity of which was a bit unnerving.

Dinner was ordered and over drinks Ms. M. explained my situation, as she saw it, to my mother. She explained the side effects of the drugs, my changing figure, my changing personality, my seeming entrancement with all things feminine, my training to be feminine and girlish and how well I did with that and how I seemed to enjoy it so, my slow transition to being more of a girl than a boy, the tucking away of my male parts, my wearing of female lingerie, than female outer clothes, than dresses as my only outer clothing, and my agreement to become a maid so that I could obtain a full time job.

My mother seemed entranced and she asked questions over dinner. She had already seen me as a maid and acting subservient so seeing was believing and so there was not a lot of convincing that had to be done.

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The overriding question in her mind at the time was how much of all of this I actually accepted; though perhaps she did not really care as the thought of keeping me a girl had definitely established itself in her thoughts.

Ms. M. introduced Cookie as my mentor around the estate who along with her daughter had taught me all about cooking and cleaning and keeping house. She explained she had brought Cookie along as I always seemed more comfortable in my role as a female and a maid when Cookie was present, and a little more honest about my thoughts on such matters.

Then Cookie told her how fond she was of me and what a wonderful maid I had become and what a wonderful help I was in the kitchen and around the house...just like a girl, and better than some girls. And she told mom, "And it is amazing but he really seems very content and happy as a woman and engaged in woman's work. When he arrived at the estate he already knew so much about woman's issues and things it really wasn't natural. So sort of becoming a woman seems to be a logical step for him. And he is so naturally feminine. One would have never thought."

Mom seemed pleased but a bit confused. She asked me if I had really freely agreed to wear dresses and skirts and if so why I had asked for the men's clothing. Then she completely changed the subject and let out about my desire to spend the night and the fact that she had in fact purchased some men's clothing for me. At that point I was going to confess to my mom that I wanted out and for her to take me home and get her lawyers involved, so that I could get out of there and make my escape; but before I could Ms. M. came over.

As she got up she told us, "Oh I almost forgot. Fortunately this talk of a sleep over with your mom re-

minded me. I had promised the judge to give this to you just in case you did want to spend some time with your mother....sort of girl to girl time so your mom could get used to having a son who is more of a daughter, before we took you back to the estate. And per the judge this is really not open for discussion if you are spending the night with your mom. And it is such a lovely chocker anyway."

And she continued, "But let me explain. When I told the judge about this incident with your mother calling me, the judge thought you might be asking to spend the night so that your mom could get used to the new you. But, for that you would have to wear a tracking device. And fortunate for you as you need to wear one when you start working as a maid the judge already had one specially made for you. And since you are a special case she had it made to look like a chocker. It is in the shape of a lovely chocker so not to embarrass you and the authorities will know exactly where you are at all times so you can have a bit of freedom. And of course dear no leaving town as the chocker gives off a nasty shock if you do....oh...and also if you try to take it off."

I couldn't believe it...but I had to believe it. She had slipped it on me before I knew what it was or could stop her and I was stuck. There was not use. I could not run away. My words just changed in my mouth. What was I to say? There was no escaping. I could not get difficult with Ms. M and Cookie. I could not upset either of them. I could no longer escape. And I did not want Ms. M to send me to prison. And with escape seemingly impossible, once back at the estate I did not want a spanking from Cookie.

So I had to tell my mom that I had agreed to only wear dresses and skirts for the duration. But I told them all that I had just been too embarrassed to admit

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that to my mom. And so I had asked for men's clothing not to embarrass myself any more than I was already embarrassed having my mother find me dressed as a maid; and to not embarrass my mother by having her think that her son preferred to wear dresses or skirts rather than pants and that he preferred to work as a maid.

And then Cookie looked at me and asked or said, "But Tammy dear haven't you found that you actually prefer lingerie and dresses and working as a maid to your former pants and life in trouble? Or were you not being completely honest with me when you told me how happy you were helping me and Janice out around the house and keeping house for Ms. M. and dressing and behaving as a maid. I thought you told me you found it relaxed you and calmed you down and was actually in that sense enjoyable?"

Mom looked at me and asked or said, "Is it Tammy now?" And Cookie gave me a look.

There wasn't much I could do. I was wearing a tracking device. I could not escape. I would eventually be going back to the estate. Cookie would have me under her control. I was afraid of what she might do. I knew what she had already done to me when I had angered her and denied my femininity. And if I now made an issue of all this with my mother, now that there was no immediate escape, Ms. M. might just have me carted right off to prison. I was really trapped and afraid of the consequences of any rebellion or perceived rebellion.

And so I had to lie and pretend to admit to my own mother, much to my shame, "Yes mom. I did not want to admit it to you, but I find that I am more comfortable dressing up completely as a maid and working as

a maid....then....then...." ...and I wanted to die, but there was no getting out of it... "then as a man."

And I wanted to die, but continued, "It is my only way of dealing with the side effects of those awful medications. I think that once I am off those darn drugs things will be different. But for now I just feel so girlish and I do really feel more comfortable in lingerie and dresses and makeup, and acting the role of a maid and working as a maid."

And I continued with, "I just find it very calming." I did not tell her what a turn on it had become for me...one that I did not like but could not control.

I expected my mother to go through the ceiling, but no. She actually seemed to accept the situation. I think she was thinking along the lines that she had lost a son but she had gained a daughter, and not just a daughter but also a maid...and a wonderful obedient maid at that.

She told me, "Well dear... as you say I am sure it is just the side effects of those drugs you have agreed to take to stay out of jail. But for now you are stuck with those medications and with all of this an all it entails so I imagine it is better for everyone that you are accepting your situation as I don't think there is any easy way of getting you out of it."

And then to my horror she laughed and I wanted to die, as she told me, "And heaven knows dear that you do make a wonderful maid. And heaven only knows how long you will have to remain on those drugs if you don't get some sort of job. And you seem perfectly suited for the job as a maid...so you might as well work as a maid. Those drugs and the work as a maid appear to have done you some good I would think. You have certainly calmed down, have learned a trade and can now work to support yourself. And you actu-

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ally look sort of pretty as a girl....Who would have guessed."

And she continued, "And then am I correct to assume that your request for men's clothes was just bravado....and that you would prefer a dress or skirt and blouse to this slacks outfit I purchased for you?"

I didn't know what to say, but my mother was waiting and Cookie and Ms. M. were there, and I wasn't leaving town and so I had to tell my mom, "Yes mom....it was just that I did not want you to know.....that I prefer woman's clothing....and that I agreed to wear only dresses and skirts. I mean with my changed figure the men's clothing doesn't really fit me well and I find the men's underwear too rough on my skin. .., and I've lost a lot of my strength and so real men's work is difficult for me..."

Then Ms. M. chimed in, "It's a bit complicated but as I explained earlier, perhaps too briefly, it is just that after the side effects of the drugs the only job we could find him required him to pass as a sissy. And so we gave him some training to pass as a sissy. You know sissy deportment lessons and sissy makeup lessons, and all the while he had become such a darling and was helping out around the house and learning how to cook and clean and so and just about doing everything a female would do."

" And before we knew it, what with the effects of the medications, he looked more like a girl than a boy and was acting more like a girl than a boy, And then after his makeover at the beauty parlor...sort of a joke gone bad...with his permanent and pierced ears and professional makeup....Why he really looked more like a girl than a guy. Then the idea of the job as a maid came up and he sort of accepted become a girl and working as a maid."