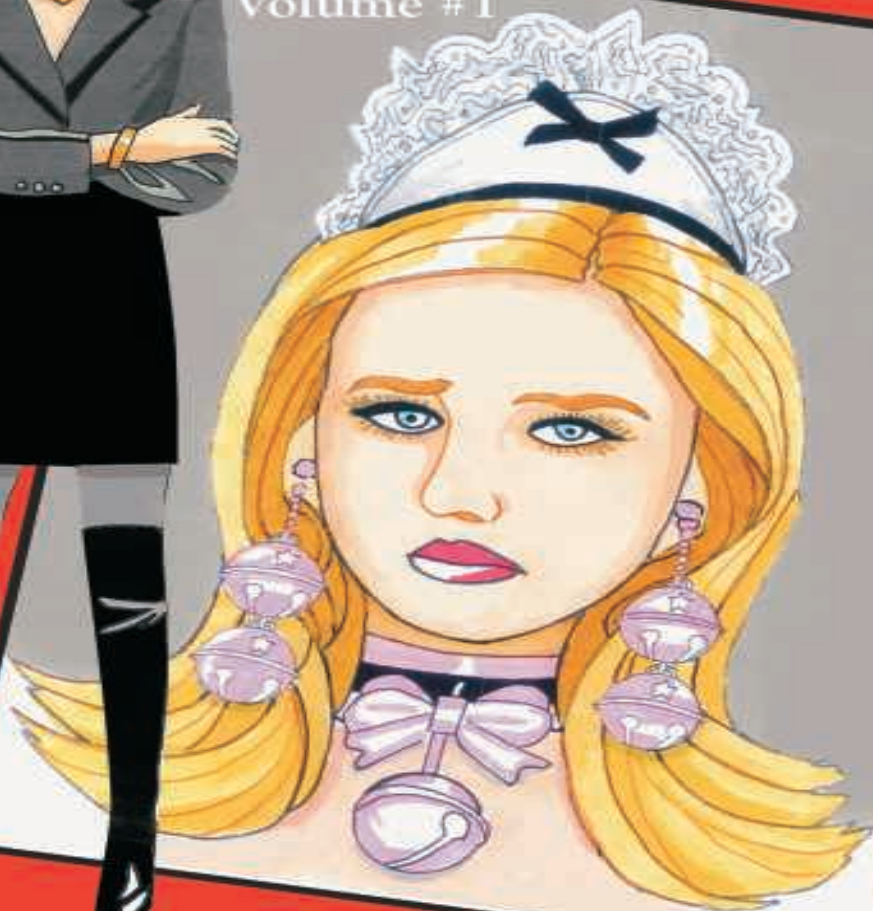


Dominant Women & Their Sissies.

By Patricia Michelle

15 Full Color Illustrations!

Volume #1





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Turned Into A Maid By His Wife

by Patricia Michelle

Chapter -1 What to do with a fat, cheating husband?

When I first married Glen he was good looking, slim and fit. That all changed after we were married. He turned into a fat slob. Not only that I eventually discovered he was having an affair with his bimbo secretary.

In tears I confessed everything to my best friend, Grace, who was also a doctor. She looked at me for a moment, then with a twinkle in her eye said, "If you interested I know just what to do with him." When she explained I almost died laughing, it was perfect.

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At home I informed Glen that he either drop all that flab or I'd divorce him, and until he did there's be no sex. "I've enrolled you in a special weight reduction and fitness program at my health club. You'll be assigned a personal trainer and you'll go every day or you go out the door," I firmly told him.

At the club the owner, Cleo Yates, explained to him that the special program he'd be on consisted not only of sessions at the club with a personal trainer, but a strict diet, supplemented with vitamins. His first dose of humiliation was when he was introduced to his trainer. A young, athletic girl named Rebecca Moss.

"I understand that you're not here of your own accord Glen, but rather your wife has given you the ultimatum that you either lose all that flab or she's going to divorce you, does that sum it up?" Cleo asked.

"Y-Yes..." was all he stammered out, burning with shame.

Turning to Rebecca she said, "You will expect Glen to be totally co-operative, and do everything you tell him to. When he doesn't please inform me so I can tell his wife. You won't give Ms. Moss any trouble will you Glen?" She asked in a threatening tone.

"No, I-I won't." He cringed, and even more when Rebecca handed him the special exercise suit he was to wear. It was an all in one outfit with zips at the wrists, ankles sand high collar so skin tight he had a real problem getting into it. With the zippers closed he was virtually sealed into it. What made it special was that it was made of heavy gauge rubber, and even worse in was pink.

"I didn't realize you were so short," Rebecca said of Glen who stood all of five foot, six inches. "This is a small women's size but it fits you perfectly, and basically the men's and women's exercise outfits are all the same," She lied, ignoring the color, as she strapped two-and-a-half pound weights to each ankle and wrist. Then noting his small feet she produced a pair of pink sneakers that surprisingly fit him purposely. That's because, of course, I bought them for Rebecca to have him wear.

She then fastened his pony tail with a matching, pink scrunchie to, "keep his hair out of his eyes."

Chapter -2 Glen's humiliating workout.

The next hour left Glen exhausted and panting for breath as he tried to keep up in what he was told was the only available class at the time. A women's aerobics class.

Mistakenly he thought he was finished, but Rebecca had barely started on him. After some grueling exercises, "to work the flab off your waist," she repeatedly dropped a twenty-pound medicine ball on him until he begged her to stop.

"You have thirty more to do before we get to a hundred, however I can finish up with the ball we use for women, it only weighs half as much," She said scornfully.

"Yes, please, I really don't think I can take much more of this one," He was forced to admit.

Finished with the medicine ball she led him over to a treadmill saying, "I can set it for the faster speed men use, or the slower one for women. You're so out of shape you might have a heart attack, so we'll use the setting for women."

Humiliating as that was he actually had to ask her if he could stop and rest after just twenty minutes.

"After just twenty minutes? Go another ten minutes, it won't kill you, or you're so out of shape it just may," She ordered.

After a shower she ordered him to take off his towel and stand against a wall, naked. Which was when another girl came in and started setting up a tri-pod and camera. Seeing him grabbing for a towel she said, "Leave it on the chair. We always take before and after photos once a week to gauge your progress. Just do what Ann tells you to do."

"Stand with your back against the wall, spread your arms and legs and look into the camera," Ann directed, and then as if he wasn't in the room commented, "Jesus, he has such flabby tits it's a wonder his wife doesn't have him in a bra."

"I know, same thing with his ass. He can't even get it and his shoulders against the wall," Rebecca added, to Glen's undying shame.

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Humiliating as their caustic remarks were the photo session was equally so. "Do you think he can spread his legs any and do a squat for me?" the photographer asked.

"Face the wall and try to see if you can squat even a little for Ann. We want to see if there's any muscle definition anywhere under all that fat." Rebecca said. After several just as humiliating poses she told him he could get dressed. "Don't forget to pick up your, ah, vitamins at the front desk. Two of each every day. And here's your diet menu day by day. I'll call your wife and ask her to see that you're taking them and keeping to your diet. Also here's a list of exercise you're to do every night in your workout suit and weights.

Chapter -3 Brow beaten at home and the club.

Glen could barely move a muscle when he go home, and when it came time for his nightly exercises, the wimp he as, he pleaded, "Really I don't think I can move Jill, I think I'll be able to do them tomorrow."

"Get in your workout suit and get out here so I can make sure my wimpy husband does them all, or would you prefer to start packing your things," I asked sternly.

So, as I sat leisurely on the sofa with a drink reading the paper Glen labored and sweated away doing his exercises. Whining and complaining all the while.

"Christ, what a sissy you are. I can do 50 sit-ups without breaking a sweat. You can't even get to fifteen. Ten more or else you start packing," I ordered.

Six days a week he was brow-beaten at the club, then later at night by me. Put on a near starvation diet, and of course taking his vitamins. On Saturday his workout varied, a subtle variation that never-the-less crushed his already abused ego.

Instead of the treadmill Rebecca said, "On Saturdays I take our members out for a nice jog in the park. I could put you with the men but you can barely do two miles on the treadmill so you'd never keep up with them on

their ten mile run. So you'll join the women's group, they only go five miles, try to keep up,"

Which his ego valiantly forced him to do. Dressed so girlishly in a pink workout suit, pink sneakers and a pink scrunchie in his ponytail he had to see the odd looks he was getting. As expected he collapsed after just barely two miles. Which was no wonder as he was the only one wearing weights on his ankles and wrists. Condescendingly she said, "Well, you did manage almost two miles so I suppose you could call that progress. You can walk back if you really can't keep up with the rest of the girls."

Chapter -4 Three months later, the fit's all wrong.

Threes months later, tortured six days a week and strictly kept to his diet he was finally back to what he weighed when we were married, as was his waist. Mistakenly he thought it was finally over.

"Yes, you're back to where you started, but you can still improve by at least another ten pounds and another inch in your waist," I said, and before he could protest I added, "If you don't argue with me Glen as a reward I've decided to fuck you tonight after we go out and celebrate. And since your old clothes no longer fit you I've bought you a beautiful new suit to wear tonight. And when you lose that extra ten pounds and that inch in your waist you'll get another reward."

With no sex for the past three months any protesting he was about to put up died on his lips.

It was a beautiful suit that I'd gotten him, which he was most thankful to me for.

There was only one problem, he had a really hard time getting the pants up over his hips. "I don't know why," I lied, "I had the seat altered to the exact same measurement as it was when we got married. If anything after all these months your hips should actually be slimmer, don't you think?"

Which he logically agreed with. Still it was a struggle getting them over his hips and when he finally did they fit absolutely skin tight.

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"Something just has to be wrong, they should fit looser, not tighter. I'm sorry, I don't want to be mean, but your cheeks stick out of your pants like a girl's. Obviously the tailor made a mistake, let me get a tape measure.," I offered.

"This is so weird. I don't believe it but your ass is actually two inches bigger than when I first met you. What on earth could have caused that?" I wondered innocently.

"Does your rear end feel bigger?" I asked.

"Yes, actually it does," He admitted, as I tried not to giggle.

At the table I was all cuddly and romantic. Then came the moment when I put my arm around his shoulder and down his shirt.

"What on earth? Where did these come from?" I exclaimed, fondly and pinching his, by now, quite prominent breasts and nipples.

"I-I've never been able to lose any weight there. My trainer said not to worry about it, that it was one of the last areas I would lose in," He said, or rather his ego did. Continuing to fondle including his nipples. And I wasn't at all surprised when he suddenly couldn't help moaning in pleasure.

"Good grief, are they that sensitive too?" I asked.

"T-they've been getting more and more sensitive," He admitted.

"There's something very strange going on here. Tomorrow we go to see my doctor and get you checked out," I declared.

Later in bed he had a hard time, pardon the pun, getting it up, and an even harder time keeping it up. When he came it was more a dribble than anything else.

Chapter -5 The awful truth.

Naturally the doctor I took him to was mine, and his embarrassment was just starting when she told him to get undressed. After closely examining his titties and ass Grace said, "Well, it's obvious what's causing this, although I can't imagine why you'd ever want to take female hormones."

"W-what, f-female hormones, but I haven't, why on earth would I do that?" He asked in shock.

"Well, somehow you've been getting them. That isn't flab, those are women's breasts and nipples. And your ass isn't flat anymore like a man's, it more rounded and plumper just like a woman's. Have you been taking any medication?" Grace asked, winking at me.

"Just some vitamins they've been giving me at the fitness club," He replied.

Let me check and see what kind you've been taking," She said, reaching for the phone.

A few minutes later she exclaimed, "Oh no, please tell me that's not what he's been taking. Yes, well, thank you, and I'll be sure to tell him how sorry you are."

Putting the phone down Grace said, "Well, I'm afraid it's a bit of a disaster. It appears there was a member named Glenda Robins who had a hormone imbalance. So besides the various vitamins she was also getting doses of female hormones to correct her deficiency. She mistook Glen Robins for Glenda Robins."

"For Christ's sake, can't she tell the difference?" He asked in panic.

"It appears to be an honest mistake. You always wear a pink women's exercise suit, pink sneakers and a pink scrunchie in your ponytail ..."

"They're the only ones they had in my size," His ego forced him to say.

"Plus she always saw you exercising in classes for women and even jogging with them. And on several occasions she distinctly remembers calling you Glenda."

"I remember, but I always corrected her," He said, trying desperately to defend himself.

"Apparently not forcefully enough, so you really can't fault her that much. Frankly Mr. Robins you should have said something weeks ago," She said, beginning to shift the blame to him.

"On such a vigorous exercise program and diet you should have known something was wrong when you felt your rear-end getting bigger and heavier when it should have been doing the opposite. And weeks ago when

your breasts and nipples started getting bigger and more and more sensitive you should have known that was all wrong as well. I have a hard time believing you can't tell the difference between flabby breasts and women's breasts. Which is what we're looking at," She declared.

Chapter -6 But you can reverse it, right?

Hanging his head, now that the blame had expertly been shifted to him, in a frightened voice he asked, "How can you reverse it? I mean they'll go away won't they?"

"Well, I'm afraid there's nothing I can give you to , as you ask reverse things. Eventually they will generally disappear, but you not only have been taking female hormones twice a day for three months, you've been taking very high doses," Grace said, with a straight face.

"My goodness doctor, what do you see is going to happen?" I asked, trying to sound concerned.

"Even taking him off the hormones his body is still so loaded with them that it'll take, on average, twice as long before they gradually start wearing off, compared to how long he's been taking them," She said in her best clinical voice.

"You don't mean that for six months his breasts and nipples are going to continue to grow and his rear-end is going to keep getting bigger and bigger?" I exclaimed, sounding horrified.

"I'm afraid so. Eventually it will all stabilize and remain as they are for lord knows how long, probably months at least, until you see any diminishment," Grace said.

"Oh God, n-nooo," He moaned, this time in horror, but there was worse to come.

"However what I'm really afraid of are the secondary effects you'll undoubtedly begin to see. For example, do you notice that you're shaving less?" She asked.

"Actually you're right, I wondered why I'm only having to shave every couple of days," He admitted.

"And every so often does your voice unexpectedly change, get higher?"

"Y-Yes t-to that too," He groaned.

"And how are you doing in the sex area? Are you still as stiff as you always were when your penis is fully erect?" She asked.

"Actually doctor I can answer that as we had sex just last night. I did notice that his erection, when he finally achieved one, was not as stiff as it usually is, and I had to ask him if he'd ejaculated when I normally know when he does, isn't that right, honey?" I asked.

"Y-Yes, b-but I think I was really just tired," His ego made him reply.

"Are these areas he's going to start having problems in? Oh my, that would really be a disaster, won't it?" I asked, directing the question to him. God, how wonderfully crushing.

"Please tell me I'm not going to start having t-these problems," He begged.

Chapter -7 A crushing exam.

"Unfortunately I can't do that. You have such a high build-up over such a lengthy period that you're bound to start having just these problems. The only way to determine if you're already suffering some damage is through a thorough exam and a series of tests. Which I suggest I administer immediately. Don't you agree," She asked, and when he did she had him get up on the exam table, and spread his legs. The she had him lift up so she could put a hard pillow under him which raised his ass up a good twelve inches.

"Now let me just secure this strap to make sure you don't make any sudden movement that might cause me to slip and accidentally hurt you," She said, buckling a wide canvas belt over his waist and arms pinning them to the table.

"Please relax your legs Mr. Robins so I can fit your feet into there stirrups," she instructed, laughing to me silently as she fastened each foot into a stirrup which were attached to metal rods. Once strapped into them she first swung them out, really spreading his legs, and then elevated them back towards his head.