

**She Made Me
Auntie's Sissy
Cross Dressed Maid**



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Gemini**



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Auntie's Sissy Cross Dressed Maid

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

So I finally was working full time....but not at the employment I had been seeking, not the employment suited for a guy; but instead I was employed as a maid and to all outwardly appearances a female maid, secretary and traveling companion to a wealthy woman, who knew I was a guy, her niece's husband.

I had been trained to pass as a female, as a maid; while working as a maid, and as a secretary companion to this wealthy woman. I had hoped....planned to pander to her, to my wife's Auntie, so she would help me get a job in my field....a job for a guy....her favorite niece's husband. But it had not worked out that way. Instead she had given me a job as her maid and her traveling companion and secretary. A job for which I had to pass as a female servant and for which Auntie

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had no issues with having me dressed, made-up and trained to so pass.

And it was so embarrassingly for me, a male, to be dressed as a female and to have to act and pass as a female. And even more embarrassing for me was that to a degree I was enjoying it....it was a turn on. But I did want to have some time off from appearing female and acting female...and in fact living as a female; and that I was not permitted to do.

And my wife seemed to just love having a cross dressed feminized partner at her back and call and seemed to just love being the dominant partner in all thing, and thought I really looked cute dressed and passing as a female. She had absolutely no intention of ever letting me returning to my former life as her husband... that is as a male husband. She had promised that once I had learned my lesson she would let me return to pants and more masculine activities....if I were good....but I was still waiting.

So there I was a guy, but for all appearances a female, and employed as a maid and as a secretary and traveling companion to a very wealthy woman. And my wife felt it served me right. But not only that, she found it a turn on to have forced me to wear lingerie and obediently take directions and to have made me the submissive partner in our sex lives and in our lives. She was never going to let me out of lingerie and dresses. She said that she would, but I was fairly certain that she was not going to. And the deeper I had gotten into the game the harder it is to get out of it. As I do so love my lingerie.

It was the lingerie and my love of lingerie which had gotten me into this mess. And I did not know if there was any getting out of it; though it was sort of a delightful mess.

And this is how I became a maid.

Chapter 1 – Forced to Wear Lingerie for the First Time

The wife had again visited her well connected aunt, and this time she had me tag along, despite the fact that at the time her aunt was not particularly fond of me. The aunt had never married, and the wife was her favorite niece and they had spent a lot of time together and even had written and then e-mailed extensively. However once the wife married and was working full time she had been spending less time with and communicating with her aunt. I think at the time the aunt felt I was the blame for that and there was some animosity over it. So she had not taken well to me.

Then for that last visit before this had all started, the wife had taken me along, hoping the aunt would get to know me a bit better. Instead I had actually gotten to know the aunt a bit better and I had gotten a better understanding as to how connected was the aunt and whom her aunt knew.

As usual the wife left with a gift. We got home and the wife would not even bother to open the present. However, that last time, unlike the other times, I insisted she open it and send a thank you note to her aunt, and tell the aunt how much her husband liked the gift, whatever it was, on her...assuming it was some bit of clothing... me wanting to pander to Auntie and hopefully get an introduction from her that would land me a full time job.

The wife again explained that her aunt despite her wealth and her generosity was never-the-less "thrifty" and Auntie typically re-gifted and nothing in the way

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of clothing she had ever got from her Aunt had ever fitted her. Most of it had wound up with "Good Will" or the likes when we needed a tax deduction, and so why even bother to open the gift. She was tired and couldn't be bothered. It could wait.

I knew the wife had received other gifts of clothing and even jewelry from Auntie and they had not fit, and she had never bothered to return them explaining the items were re-gifted. And so then I understood, as Auntie was a big woman and those were, re-gifted items, clothes or jewelry which had originally been meant for her aunt and so they were always too large for my wife, and typically not what she would wear even if any of the clothing had fitted her. However I still had asked to wife to write some sort of thank you note and to mention how much I liked seeing her in...whatever the gift happened to be.... hoping to make friends with her aunt and to eventually get a job, and hopefully some plum job, via an introduction through her aunt.

The wife did not want to send a thank you. She warned me that her aunt was a bit obsessive especially if one got too friendly with her and could also get quite angry and vindictive over nonsense. And since the wife knew whatever it was it would not fit her she did not want to start, let alone mention me, despite her understanding of my reasons. And the wife warned that no pandering on her part would really do me any good, that is get me an introduction, as the aunt was not especially fond of men....which included me.

Regardless of the warning, I moved ahead on my own. I hadn't got a look at the contents, but none the less I got into the wife's e-mail and I wrote a thank you e-mail, telling Auntie how pleased I was....that is my wife was...with the gift. I couldn't believe that her aunt, if the wife again started to pay a bit more atten-

tion to her and then if asked, would not help out the husband of her favorite niece. And that was the beginning of when things went all feminine for me.

Unplanned for on my part, her aunt wrote back and the wife of course got the e-mail and then came to me wanting to know what I must have done. I told her and she told me that now her aunt expected an answer to her questions and that she could get really persistent and annoying when it came to something like this, as when she had the time for her aunt the writing had been very time consuming and now that she was married and working full time she no longer had such time to devote to her aunt; as regrettable to her as it was.

The wife explained it had taken her a long time to cut down on all the e-mails with her aunt without hurting her aunt's feelings and she did not have the time to do so again. After all as the wife was working full time she no longer had the time. And so as I was only working part time, if I wanted to play this little game and to pander to her aunt I could and so but it would be up to me to reply; which I would have to do in my wife's name, but the wife did not have the time to get involved with these e-mails with her aunt.

Then the wife told me that based on the e-mail response from her aunt that her aunt must have given her some sort of lingerie and some sort of pajama set and the wife told me that the only way I could answer those questions was to actually wear the garments and not just once but for a while.

I told the wife that she could not be serious and she laughed and told me that she was serious and that it would serve me right for having opened up this Pandora's Box, so to speak, that is the gift box..., and now I was stuck with the contents. I could not afford, if I wanted help from her aunt to ignore that e-mail, and it

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was up to me to respond as the wife was not getting any further involved; and when I responded the response had to have a basis of truth to it. And the only way for it to be truthful was for me to wear the lingerie and the sleep set. And as far as the wife was concerned I was going to just have to wear it and write back to her aunt. And that was that. She did not want her aunt ignored and her feelings hurt.

And looking at her she seemed to get a kick out of that thought, that I was going to be wearing lingerie, and she would for all affects be the one to make her husband wear lingerie. I think it was turning her on a bit. I should have stopped it right there and saved myself a lot of embarrassment. But honestly there was a thought in the back of my mind that wearing the lingerie, if it included panties, might just be nice. And with that in the back of my mind I discussed the issue with the wife when I should have just told the wife she was right about her aunt and let the entire thing go so that it would have been over.

Instead I made it a conversation, I told her that was ridiculous and that she must be joking. And I told her nicely and there was no way I was going to do that, to wear woman's lingerie. And in any case the pajamas were not going to fit me, as they had been a gift for her, who was smaller than me.

The wife told me again, that her Aunt typically re-gifted and since her aunt was of a large size for a woman, and significantly larger than my wife; and I was on the moderate size for a man, that there was a greater chance the re-gifted gift from my aunt would fit me more than the chances of the outfit fitting the wife. And in fact the gift may have even been big for her aunt which would be why it got re-gifted, and in that case the outfit would then fit me just fine. I told the wife it had most likely been small for her aunt and that

was why it had been given to her and whatever it was should fit her just fine.

That went back and forth for a while and my wife finally told me for the last time that she knew that whatever was in the box would not fit her so she was not going to get involved with discussing it with her aunt. I whined that if I wrote back her aunt would most likely figure it out, there was only so far I could carry such a charade, and then I would not get her assistance with finding that full time job.

The wife told me, enough already and that she didn't need me to have a full time job. It would be better if I would just now just deal with her aunt and in the future just do a better job around the house with the house work that my part time job would do just fine. She in fact was finding she liked having a career.

That also went back and forth until the wife finally told me again, not said ...but told me, that the item would not fit her but would probably fit me better than it would fit her as I was closer to the size of her aunt. And she told me, so the deal would be that if she opened the box and the item fit her she would wear it and write back to auntie. However, if it did not fit, if it was too large, then I would have to try it on... and if it was a reasonable fit for me, then I would then have to wear it for as long as she thought I needed to in order to learn a lesson. And then I could write auntie all I liked, as her; and make her aunt and myself happy. But, and she emphasized again, then I would have to wear it until she thought I had learned my lesson. And she wouldn't want to hear me slacking or with or complaining about helping out with the house work.

I thought the wife was nutsy. Whatever was in the box would certainly fit my wife better than it would fit me, especially if it was a pajama set of sorts, as after all

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her aunt had gotten it for her. I just could not believe that her rich aunt would re-gift something that had been meant for her and that would most likely not have fit the wife.

So I agreed and we opened the gift box. It contained a satin pajama set consisting of: pajama pants, a satin camisole, and a pull over top with a matching satin panty, and a matching stretch satin support panty, and a matching satin sleep bra. The style was a bit dated. But it appeared of the finest quality and expensive. It was really nice and for some reason took my breath away. I felt a shiver of fear and of delight going up my back.

The wife stripped down to her panties and her bra, which turned me on, and tried on the lingerie set. However, it was not the wife's size. It was closer to her aunt's size and too large for my wife and I feared close enough to my size to fit me or at least fit me better than it had fitted my wife. I felt a mild trepidation; but, I terrifyingly enough, I also felt a mild desire to actually wear the satiny garments.

The wife told me, "Strip down dear and let's see how this fits you. One of us has to wear it and it won't be me as it obviously does not fit me. And as I thought and told you it was meant for auntie and so it should fit you. So if it fits you....and I think it will... then as agreed I expect that you will wear it until I think you have learned your lesson."

So apparently the gift I had thanked her aunt for was an expensive satin pajama set and lingerie set with panties and a sleep bra and the Aunt had all sorts of questions about the set and the wife told me as I had started the conversation with her aunt I would have to continue it. She did not want to hurt her aunt's feelings, as the wife again told me that she did not have



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the time or the inclination to keep up such a correspondence and so as I had started it then I would have to keep it going, at least long enough not to hurt her aunt's feelings. And since I wanted to be friends with Auntie I could be her e-mail pen pal.

The wife told me we'd take a look and if the garments fit me I had just better wear them and then I would be able to answer Auntie's questions. And hopefully it would teach me a lesson. Though, a lesson in what she didn't say.

Well I was close to Auntie's size and the pajamas apparently were bit off size for her and having seen them on the wife they appeared that they would fit me. I was tempted to wear them. I had always been fond of satin and nylon and as a kid had done you know what with you know what. However, once I had gotten into girls and real sex that stuff I left behind me. But then there were those sex games with the wife, when we were dating, when she had me wearing her panties....and that had also been nice.

But I found that it had been too nice and so worrying about my manliness after our marriage I had slowly stopped that. And also I thought that the wife seemed to have been enjoying her games with me a bit much and back then that had me a bit worried. And so I had put a stop to those panty wearing games....though I have to admit....a bit reluctantly.

So again worrying about my manliness, though really tempted to put on the lingerie, I refused to put on the gifted lingerie. I told her it would be too humiliating to wear a woman's pajamas and undergarments and that they would not fit me in any case. I was a man and Auntie was a woman and there was no way we could wear the same size clothes.....that we could be the same size.

The wife sort of wistfully reminded me about those panty wearing days and I turned red and felt a bit turned on, but I still hesitated. It was sort of surprise, but she smiled pleasantly when she brought that up and seemed lost in thought about it. I wasn't answering, but I was thinking about those days and the pleasure of wearing the wife's panties and the sex that always followed.

I guess if one tack doesn't work...then try another. So the wife then got angry or probably just pretended to be so. She told me I had made a bet and I had lost it and I had just better stick to my agreement or that was it for us....she was that angry, or made it appear that she was angry.

The wife, told me, "I am going to be more upset with you if you don't keep your word to me than if I see you in a bra and panties and a lingerie pajama set. So....just slip on the pajamas....they are only pajamas....ladies or men's pajamas are about the same. And if they real don't' fit you at all, then that is the end of it....But if they fit you, and the fit does not have to be perfect; then you put on the panties and the sleep bra and give the outfit a try for the night...or... or it is over for us. And I am not joking about this. I want you to keep your word. And anyway I am tired of your macho nonsense. I work full time and you work part time and you aren't pulling your weight around the house....and.... and I think you'd look cute in this outfit. You know you looked cute in my panties....and you really didn't mind wearing them, despite all your later macho nonsense about it!"

The wife a clinical psychologist, then backed off a bit and started talking to me to relax me and under some excuse had me take a pill to relax and then before I realized it she had me under, a bit hypnotized and at least in a somewhat suggestible state as the medication

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was an experimental one and as I found out later, that under its influence a person under certain circumstances could be hypnotized to do certain things they might not allow themselves to do. So under deep hypnosis and the drug she implanted other emotions in me. She was really ticked and was going to teach me a real lesson. And she was sort of tired of being the main bread winner and me not pulling what she thought was my weight at home.

So she told me, "Now dear, there isn't any reason to be difficult about all of this. I am sure you will find that you really do want to try on the lingerie, and that once you do you will find that you like wearing lingerie and woman's clothing. You will find to your surprise that it is a real turn on for you. It will excite you. It will be embarrassing for you, but you will not be able to help yourself and you will find that it will still excite you and turn you on sexually. You will find the panties and the bra delightful on your skin and will just love wearing the woman's pajamas. You won't want to take them off."

And she told me in such a way that she wasn't telling me that was how I would feel, but she told me that was how I actually felt...and it was more true than false...though I am not certain the wife knew that at the time. But in any case it relaxed me enough....

So she brought me out from under the trance and I sort of remembered everything she had told me though it seemed like it was my own ideas, I did not think she had convinced me to try on the lingerie. Anyway, she brought out the packages and held up the satin pajamas and then the panties and then the sleep bra and I just had a tremendous urge to try them on to make up for having been so foolish and difficult.

Then despite the fact that I was still verbally resisting, to protect my manliness, she really had me ready to try on the lingerie. And she had suggested strongly that I might even enjoy it and enjoy having my wife see me wearing it. However, I could not admit that I was actually finding the idea of dressing up in the lingerie interesting and of course I was then still being a bit difficult about it.

And it was a losing argument being difficult about it, as under her influence it seemed that I was finding that I really did want to try on the lingerie and especially the panties. I was feeling it would so nice and silky and sexy on my body, but continued to be difficult...at least for a while. But slowly she broke down my resistance as I actually again went under for a while and I found when I came to my senses that I found myself agreeing to try on at least the bottoms, and thinking that this might be fun and feel nice to wear. And then with some trepidation I was just wondering slightly in the back of my mind what else the wife had 'suggested' while I might have been under.

So I did strip down and she helped me into the female sleepwear, which was to become my sleepwear. She had me, as agreed to try on the bottoms first and surprisingly enough to me, they fit me well enough. A bit tight around the waist and loose around the butt and hips but they fit. So that was it. According to the terms of our bet, which the wife expected me to keep-too, I was stuck wearing the lingerie set.

The wife told me, "Why dear the bottoms do fit you. And actually they look quite nice on you, very sexy, and much better than the raggedy pajamas you now wear. They are a bit lite, but they should be fine for you to sleep in. And with the panties for support to keep everything supported, the outfit should be fine for you to walk around in. It is really a very nice sleepwear, a

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well-known brand and very expensive. And now that we've opened it and you've worn it, we can't really give it away. So it would be a shame to not use it; especially since you've already thanked Auntie for the gift."

And with the wife having told me that, I took the bottoms off to try on the entire outfit, as agreed. I found that surprisingly enough I sort of found that I was wondering how the panties would feel against my skin and how the camisole would feel. Would the panties feel as nice as my wife's panties had felt when I had let her make me wear panties? I sort of was feeling that I would like to try on the outfit. Then I thought, of course I should keep my word. The wife won't really make me sleep in the outfit. I just need to show her that I can keep my word...no matter how embarrassing the consequences. I rationalized that my wife couldn't really want her husband to be wearing woman's lingerie. What sort of wife would want her husband to wear lingerie?

I then began to dress again, to put on the complete outfit: the complete set of lingerie, the panties and a bra and the sleep wear. So I stepped into the pajama satin panties. A chill went up my spine. I found the feel wonderful...as my wife had suggested. Strangely enough I found that I was really enjoying the feel of the satiny panties and that I was feeling rather liberated and not worrying so much about wearing woman's underwear. And I was getting a bit stiff. I was trying not to think about it and thus trying to get un-stiff. But though it wasn't getting any worse....it wasn't getting any better...softer that is.

And then I put on the stretch satin panties, which I found provided all the support I would need and also felt just wonderful. I wanted to run my hands along them but hesitated as my wife was intently watching,

with a strange smile on her face. And apparently my reactions to all of this, to being forced, so to speak, to wear ladies lingerie, including panties and shortly a bra, was giving her some sense of enjoyment and perhaps a sense of power, similar to what she had over me when we were dating and when we were first married and she had me on occasion wearing her panties.

And strangely enough the support panties also fit well enough and they felt wonderful and I felt myself being turned on again by that lady's garment. Fortunately they hid, held in against my fatty groin area flesh, my hardening but still soft member.

Next she held up the bra for me obviously to put my arms through. I once again hesitated. However, I found surprisingly enough that I really wanted to try it on, to keep my word and to please my wife. But it was a bra... a bit of clothing meant only for a female and so I told her or really begged her, "Not the bra dear. I will wear everything you ask, but please not the bra." I felt that once I wore a bra all would be lost; my ability to resist the wife and my masculinity.

The wife told me, "Sorry dear but you agreed to wear everything that we found in the gift box and that fit you. The bra is part of the present and you need to at least try it on for size. Get those arms up, or I will know the reason why not."

And I found myself obeying her. I found that once I was wearing the satin panties in front of my wife I was so embarrassed that I had no will of my own. I raised my arms and she slipped the bra straps over them and placed it on my chest and then she stepped behind me and fastened the satin sleep bra on me. And that also fit me...a bit tight, but it fit and so I would have to wear it. That is if I kept my word... and the wife was going to make sure that I did...or else!