

SHE MADE A SWEET

**SHEMALE**  
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



Janice Wildflower

**GEMINI**



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## She Made A Sweet Shemale Daughter-in-Law Book 5

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

### Chapter 57: My Training in Femaleness Continues and Is Completed

While all that hair removal was going on other things were happening. Physically, my body continued to change under the influence of the female hormones and selected diet. Eventually, I had a figure quite like Mona's. My breast reached a full "C" cup and my hips and behind continued to widen to womanly proportions, quite the same as Mona's womanly proportions. Eventually, with the aid of my support garments I had a figure to match Mona's. This pleased her to no end. She loved sharing clothes with me and lending me her jewelry. In that respect we were just like two teenage girls.

Maria's training of me in the female trades and in female deportment continued and intensified. I sewed and sewed and sewed until I could work a sewing machine or sew by hand blindfolded, and learned everything there was to know about making and repairing woman's clothing, though nothing about male clothing. She also helped me with my makeup teaching me all she knew about cosmetology.

While that training was going on, Maria as Mona was doing, also totally feminized my deportment and my thought processes. I was instructed on feminine deportment and made to practice moving and acting as a woman would. Then during the course of the day, if I slipped up, if I dared to show a hint of a masculine movement I would be severely punished and to add to the embarrassment I would always have to sincerely thank Maria for that punishment and apologize for being so dense. Typically, depending on the violation, I would be laced into a tight corset to remind me of my status and/or placed in a little girl's dress so that having to move in those short fluffy dresses would act as an aid to my learning of feminine deportment.

Additionally, I was not allowed a male thought. I was given tons of woman's magazines that I had to read and study at home and at work any time I had a break. Magazines on clothing, makeup, housekeeping, gossip and on every possible concern and interest a woman might have. Maria had read all of them and constantly discussed them with me. It was the only subject matter I was allowed to talk about with anyone, Maria, Mona, Melissa and any of the girls or woman I met or worked on at Mona's shop or the Beauty School at which I continued to work at a couple of evenings a week. After months of that it was the only subject matter I thought about or could talk about. And I was actually encouraged by the girls in my discussion of these girlish matters. When we had a little discussions and I spoke about these feminine topics I was always intently listened to, which made me feel good and encouraged me to keep to such topics.

Maria missed nothing. She was demonic in her work of transforming me, and seemed to enjoy every minute of it, especially the punishments. However, where she may have been a bit weak or had some mercy for me Melissa would fill in and correct the slightest error. She kept a careful eye on her Susie and made sure I remained feminine at all times. And of course she continued my training with makeup and made sure I always used it as heavily as was still in good taste for a girl engaged in the beauty trades.

She was very happy with my work at a nail technician and all around assistant as were the woman who frequented her beauty school and shop. As I had been even before my feminine mindset I had always been courteous and a hard worker in the old fashioned way, which impressed the clientele. Now, with all my newly acquired female knowledge not only could I listen politely to my clients' problems or points but also I could make polite and helpful hints based upon all the magazines I was forced to read and assimilate. If there was a problem with baking, I had the answer. If there was a cleaning situation I might be able to solve that also. Even a matrimonial or problems with a boy was something I might be able to offer some intelligent comments on. Melissa was so happy with me that she made sure I also learned about hair care so that I became a passable hairdresser.

## Chapter 58: A Fun Incident That Convinces Mona I Am Happy As Her Girl

So after a number of months, under the tutelage of Mona, Maria and Melissa I was completely a girl. Completely a girl in dress, in deportment, and in thoughts, and I was actually very happy and care

free in that state. And what was more important Mona believed I was happy and contented and willing to stay a girl. My training was for the most part complete. At that time she began to give me some freedom, to test my commitment so to speak. I think she was reaching the point where she no longer wanted to feel she was forcing me, but wanted to believe she had completely won and that I had no masculine thoughts or any desire to ever leave her or return to my former life. Frighteningly enough, at the time she was totally correct.



At that time Mona decided I had to acquire more feminine social skills so that I could get by in the world as a female, and interact properly with other girls not just her and her friends. That way when and if anything happened to her there would be less chance of me returning to by male self even after she was done with me.

To that end, Mona had decided she wanted me to spend even more time with Maria, time outside of our work environment, learning to interact with Maria's friends as a girl. I did everything as a girl and

could by then pass as a girl; there was no question of that. Also, I had become so fluent in Spanish, gabbing away with Maria so often in that language that I could pass as a light skinned Hispanic woman, albeit a large one. So to get me out of the house and away from Mary and supposedly socialized as a girl, Mona arranged for me to spend social time with Maria on Sundays; which consisted of me attending church with her in the afternoon and participating in the after churches social activities.

Mona would drop me off at Maria's apartment and leave me there for the day. I wasn't given any money and so was pretty much stuck where I had been left. I was usually dressed in my Sunday best, usually a skirt suit and heels along with my finest lingerie. Maria and I would walk to church, which was within walking distance from her home, for all appearances two young woman, cousins or friends, attending church together. Maria introduced me as her distant cousin and told people we worked in the same shop, but that I also did domestic work for the dress shop's owner and lived with our employer, as I did not have any papers, but was now spending Sundays with her.

We would attend whatever social function was being held at the church after the service. For that I would usually have a change of clothes which varied depending on what was planned for the afternoon. The activities would usually start off with a sewing circle for the woman and girls, while the men did other things, and after that there would be a potluck dinner followed by a mixed social function, often a dance. Because of my size and the small size of most of the single Hispanic males who attended the church I was pretty much left alone by the men, though treated like a lady.

Maria was popular with the woman because of her expertise as a seamstress and the fact that she would often help with the making of dresses for sweet 16 birthday parties, which were very important in this culture, and the helping with the creating of such dresses was one sewing circle activity.

Of course I would help her and was by that time quite the seamstress myself, and as a result I soon gained many girl friends at the church and in her community, with many of the young girls addressing me as Tia Susie or Aunt Susie. They were very happy with the work I did. For some reason, I imagine there was still some underlying man thoughts in me, I just loved making party dresses and watching the young girls just entering womanhood strip down to slips or bras and panties to try on the dresses I had created for them. I guess it showed in my work. I did very nice work for the girls. I didn't get hard watching the girls but I did enjoy looking at them. I knew that despite my life as

a girl, at that time my chosen and preferred life as a girl, I had once been a male, though I did not think about that much - it seemed to upset me if I did, so that fact that I took this pleasure did not upset me.

As I said I had no desire to do anything with these girls. I just took pleasure in looking at them. I was once asked about it, I think when my gaze was a bit too long and I was more careful about it after that. At the time I simply replied that I was so happy for the girls and always felt a bit melancholic at these times because I had been born so large, more like a man than a woman. The young girl I had been wistfully gazing at came over and gave me a hug and a kiss on my cheek and told me, "Aunt Susie, you were born so large to hold your large heart, you are so kind. But the great one gave you small lovely hands so that you could make such beautiful dresses. Please don't be sad. All the young girls appreciate you so." After that I was more careful. Her reaction made me feel more like a woman than ever before and more like all these girls were my nieces and I really was an Aunt. So the girls became less of an object at which to stare.

There were also dances, different types. I had not been, as a guy, a graceful dancer, though I always liked dancing and had done a lot and was familiar with many styles, so naturally I found myself being pulled into the festivities especially since the young girls for whom I had made dresses or the mothers of these girls were very happy to include me.

One type of dance was the folk dance and every one came dressed in or changed into peasant outfits. Maria had such an outfit for me. So over the specially designed satin panties and girdle that I still wore, designed by Mona to stimulate me and then keep the results of that stimulation well hidden, I wore my peasant outfit. I wore a peasant blouse and wide elastic belt and a wide flounced skirt over a number of petticoats, and panties all covered with flounces. I knew what the effect would be when I whirled but had no intention of dancing. Maria, I realized, on the other hand had every intention that I participate.

In addition to my outfit she had provided me with dancer's specialty panty hose to give my legs a uniform and natural complexion but with that sexy shinny look. Over those I wore my socks, so that the appearance was that I only wore socks over very sensually shining legs. Additionally, although many of the women wore flats, Maria had provided me with the type of heeled shoes similar to the heeled shoes worn by dancers, and typical of those worn by the young girls who danced up a storm. The pumps strapped on and the high heels, though stubby to support the weight of a dancer, were at least two inches. My hair was worn wild, my lips and nails painted hot red, and

each ear held a large looped earring. I looked like a gypsy and felt I was all women.

When the dancing started I held back, though I must have looked wistful, as I did like to dance. I was self-conscious enough about dancing the girls part, in any type of dress and heels, in front of an audience and on top of that, I knew that these folk dances would have required me to show my legs and panties and I was still somewhat self-conscious in that regard, even though the design of the outer panties that I wore, dancers panties, were for viewing.

When a dance came up in which the woman dance by themselves, a sort of circular line dance done in front of the men in which the ladies were to show off their legs, two of my "nieces" came up to me and tried without any luck to get me to dance with the other women. They would not give up and eventually their mothers came over to find out what was happening. I told them I had never learned to dance, again because of my size, and was embarrassed. Maria much to my relief helped me out by confirming embarrassment being the cause of my failure to learn these dances. However, she then told me, in front of these women, that I was old enough to get over any embarrassment, and as I was here with friends, it was about time I did learn to dance. Dancing was a lot of fun and I should not miss out on it because of some silly fears. After all I was here with friends.

That absolutely prevented me from putting off the girls and their mothers in their mission to have me up on the dance floor...dancing. They told me that I was no longer living in the village where a woman had to hide herself at social functions if a bit different. They told me dancing was too much fun for a girl to miss and they could tell just by looking at me and the way my feet tapped that I wanted to get up there and dance and that I was just too shy. Besides, if I really did not want to learn to dance I would not have shown up in such lovely dancing shoes. All I needed was some courage to start and I would dance the night away. They told me I was too well liked to be allowed not to have a good time at a dance and they were going to make sure I did, because they now realized why I did not show up at the Sweet 16 parties I had been invited to attend and they were not going to let my embarrassment about my large size stop me from having what they thought would be a good time.