

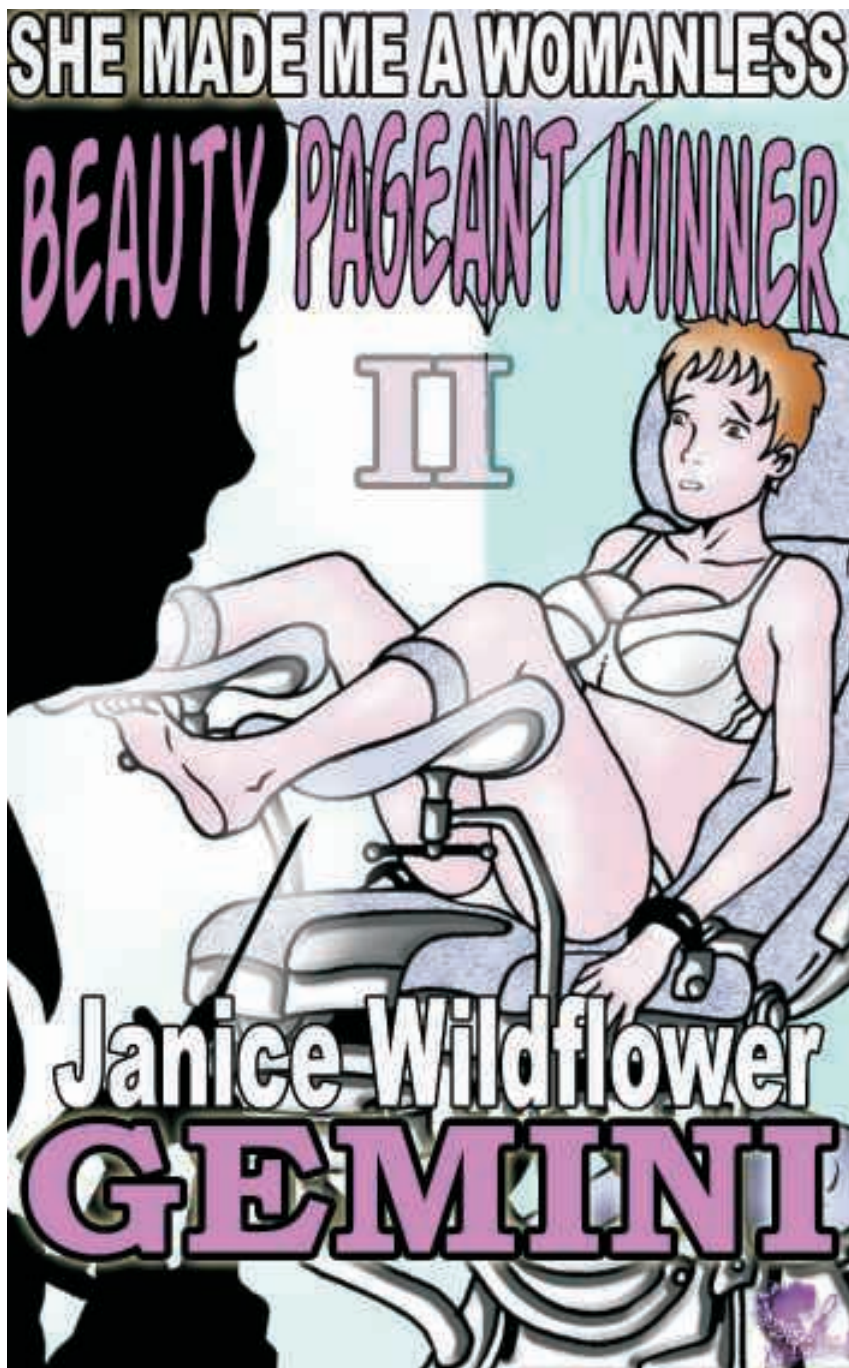
SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS

BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER

II

Janice Wildflower

GEMINI





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SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER



By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 11: All My Male Clothes Are Gone & Mother Wants to Keep Me in Dresses

Laura and Robin finally let me leave the dinner and took me home where my mom was waiting for me. She had a happy look on her face. She gave me a big hug and told me, "Why Caroline I am just so proud of you. You looked wonderful tonight as a girl and really carried yourself so well as a girl that I just couldn't believe it. And I can't tell you how happy you've made me by getting us reconnected to the Rotary, even if it is just so you can be trained in housekeeping and in

house work, even if it is as a girl. And I am just so happy that you were actually offered a job, even if it was as a waitress... again as a girl so to speak. So I am beginning to think this thing about you entering the Womanless Beauty Pageant may actually be working out for us. And I think I may just hold you to that bet of yours... And the way people are talking about you and wanting to help us, it is absolutely wonderful. And with that help you may actually win the contest and then be back in college. That would be wonderful."

Well I wasn't really paying attention to my mom. I was happy that she was happy, but I did not want to hear that she thought I should continue in my role as a pretend girl, as so I was blocking that out. Yea I was turned on by the lingerie, but the whole girl thing in public was just too embarrassing. I told her something about all that was nice but I had had enough of 'these girl things' and I was going up to change out of them. I wasn't even thinking about my glued on female figure. As typical of my male self, back in those days I was not paying attention to my mom and I did not really understand what she had told me as I did not want to understand. So then I did not listen to her reply before taking off upstairs to change, or so I thought, so anxious was I to end the horrors of that night dressing completely as a female and completely in public, and being exposed as a guy dressed completely as a girl.

So I just negotiated my way upstairs in my high heels and locked myself in my room, hoping to be free of my situation. Now much of it had been a turn on, but it was just too much, too much girl stuff and too much in public. I figured by the experience of the evening I was permanently cured of ever wanting to com-

pletely cross dress and cured of my lingerie fetish..., well for at least a while.

I stripped down to my panties and bra and then realized I was going to have problems. I still needed my bra for support as my glued on breasts were substantial and weren't easily coming off; and then I still had the rest of my girl figure "add-ons" and my male parts were still locked away. However, anyway I wanted some male outer clothing on to feel like a guy again. I was just really beginning to feel more and more like a girl and though surprisingly turned on by it all I was still not accepting it and I was bummed out about it. It had all just been to public and too long.

Any way I went to my closet to get a change of clothes and there was nothing there, and likewise my drawers were just the same. All my male clothes were gone. And then I saw hanging on the bathroom door a short satin nightgown and a short satin robe to match. I was about to go nuts. What was that lingerie doing in my room? It could not have been for me, or so I thought. Anyway there was a knock on my door and it as mom. I told her I was already undressed and asked where my clothes were.

Mom told me that my only clothing was what I had on or worn that night and the nightgown and robe along with a sleep bra and panties on the bathroom door, and that if I put on my robe and opened the door she would explain all. And so I put on the robe over what I was still wearing, a bra and panties. After all I was a boy and it was my mother and I needed to be covered. It was an expensive satin robe and fit my new figure rather well and likewise the panties and the bra fit well enough and all felt wonderful on me. So despite all I had been through that evening the satin panties and satin bra and the satin robe still felt rather

nice on my skin and had me stiffening. Fortunately or unfortunately bound as I was down there nothing showed to give my feelings of pleasure away.

I let my mom into the room and she let down the boom. She sat me down on the bed and then sitting next to me and holding my hands in her hands she explained how things were going to be, at least for the short term and until she had sorted some things out and that I had just better except the situation. And the situation was I was going to keep to my bet and that my mom wanted me to and that I would be playing at being a girl at least for a while... or else. So I would not have any need for my boy clothes.

She told me that she had decided to keep me to my bet. She told me that she had decided that I did make a passable girl. She told me that as by the agreement it was up to her if I passed as a girl and was a candidate for the Pageant that as far as she was concerned I had passed wonderfully as a girl and she was exercising the Pageant option for me. She explained that in her mind I had more than passed as a girl and by the terms of the agreement there was no reason why I shouldn't be entered in the Womanless Beauty Pageant.

However, she explained that she wasn't keeping me to the agreement of the bet just because she had found that I had unexpectedly made such a passable female and not just to teach me a lesson about making foolish bets. And it was not just as a punishment, though a well-deserved one, at least in her mind. She was keeping me a girl because I was better behaved as a girl and if I wanted out I had better learn my lesson....to behave and to be an obedient child...girl or boy, or I could stay a girl.

However all that aside mom explained that the overriding reason that she was going to keep me a girl

for a while was that because by my past behavior I had ruined her social life and most of my chances to hold down a job and now dressed as a girl and a possible Pageant entry it seemed I had reopened her social life and had gotten me a job offer. So I would stay a girl until I could parlay all of that into my boy side.

So it was her intent to keep me an apparent candidate for the Pageant, and a boy learning to be a girl and have us, through me, reactivate her participation in the Rotary and have me working, even if it was as a waitress, and bringing in some money into the house. And the fact that I might actually win something at the Pageant was just an added bonus. But in any case she wasn't letting me out of my deal and she was going to keep me dressed as a female and only dressed as a female for the time being, so that I could not back out of the deal. And she was going to keep me as technically a Pageant Girl until she had things figured out. And if I didn't like that I could leave at any time with whatever clothes I was wearing, and that was that. So for all appearances if I left I was leaving appearing to be a girl.

And telling me of my fate she actually seemed happy. She seemed to be getting a kick out of it all, controlling me and keeping me in panties. And despite my fear of it all I wasn't sure that I wasn't a bit turned on by it all. The thought of the lingerie was nice, but the having to stay dressed totally as a girl was not so nice a thought. But I could tell by that time that my mother was getting a kick out of my predicament and was not letting up on me. I was to stay for all appearances a girl.

So I was to stay a full time girl because she needed me as a Pageant contestant for at least the short term, and she could not trust me to return to practicing for the Pageant, to return to prancing around as a girl,

once she had let me return to being a boy. I had to be a full time girl as she could not trust me to be a part time girl and part time boy. So I could just forget about being a boy for the time being. But once she thought she could trust me I might return to being a part time boy. And if things worked themselves out and the Pageant was no longer necessary than I could return to being a boy. That is, if she thought I had learned my lesson. Otherwise I was just staying for all appearances a girl.

Meanwhile if I was staying at home I was staying in training for the Pageant, or so it had to appear, which meant I was staying as a full time girl, because she could not trust me as a boy. And that was that. The only clothes for me were those I had worn that evening and the night clothes my mom had picked up on her way beating me home. She had gotten home earlier and had tossed all my other clothes.

I begged and pleaded and even cried, an effect of the female hormones, but to no avail. Mom insisted that I give appearing to be a girl full time a try, or simply leave. I was terrified of being out and alone in my condition in any state of dress or undress at the time and so I knew I would be appearing to be a girl for a while. So the only way to keep face or to have a chance of escaping as a male was to play along and to get mom's guard lowered and to do that I had to pretend to give in to it all.

So I told her, "Okay mom, you win. It is whatever you want me to do mom....whatever makes you happy. And if you need me to dress up and play girl for a while that is okay with me." Well it wasn't really okay with me at that time but what else was I too say. And I guess that somewhere in the back of my mind it was okay to play the girl for a while as I really just loved the lingerie I was getting to wear. And on the



bright side with all that I didn't have to be worried any more about getting caught wearing it.

And so my mom got really happy, and gave me a big mother to daughter, girl to girl hug; and told me that she was happy. Then she told me, that she hoped if things continued she would eventually be able to treat me just like a daughter, but for now she still could not help but think of me as her son. So Robin would come up and show me what I had to know about cleaning myself up, my feminine hygiene, she smiled, while glued into my female parts. Wonderful I thought, but there was nothing to do about that.

So my mom left for the time being and Robin came in. She was all apologetic and all for the trouble she had caused for me, but based on all she had revealed earlier I am sure it was all pretend. But in any case, she explained my mother hadn't quite accepted me as a girl and so my mom found that she could not treat me as a daughter and help me out with my makeup removal and hygiene. But Robin assured me all that would change. She explained that if I didn't do exactly as she wanted me to do I would be a girl for so long that Robin wouldn't be able to get me out of the situation for my mom would eventually start thinking of me as a girl. My mom would start relating to me as a daughter and would slowly start instructing me herself in the finer parts of being female. And by then I would be stuck as a living as a girl. But for now it was up to Robin. I could have died. That was all I needed, my mom to accept me as a girl and forget that I was a boy.

Robin told me...a lie.... "If you do as I say and remain my sissy I will do what I can to free you from full time girl-hood. So think about it....you can be my sissy ...or you can be your mom's daughter." And I had to

think about that. I didn't trust Robin, as she was having too much fun with all of this. I could tell she was turned on having me dressing as a girl and appearing to be a girl. She just loved it. It seemed the deeper she 'dragged' me into all of this the more excitement and fun she was having with it and with me.

Anyway, Robin explained to me that I needed to remove the hair piece and that I had to remove my makeup as it would not be healthy for my scalp and for my skin if I didn't take the hair piece and the makeup off and take it off the correct way. And she told me that as she couldn't locate the solvents for my female add-ons and so I would be stuck with them for at least a while and so I needed to learn how to clean myself up; and besides my mom wanted me to remain a boy-girl for a while so the add-ons were not coming off anyway. At least not right away.

And so she brought me into the bathroom to show me and help me. And it was humiliating. She took off my hairpiece leaving me with my more boyish length hair. Then I learned to remove makeup, to douche myself like a girl, to put in a special type of boy-girl tampon like a girl and to wear boy-girl a sanitary belt like a girl. I just felt so humiliated. I did not feel I could hold up my head as a guy anymore. And what was worst of all was the tampon felt pretty nice in me! Robin was humiliating me so, but I did not have the audacity to stand up to her. And it all just felt so nice.

Robin had sort of a kit with her with my girl cleaning and sanitary stuff. The first thing that came out was the makeup removal cream. With that she showed me how to cream off my makeup. We worked on that for a while until my skin was free of makeup but saturated with the skin softening cream along with the fe-

male hormones with which all the creams for my use were saturated.

Then Robin had made me strip off my robe and panties. . It wasn't even embarrassing, as the privates showing weren't my privates and anyway I was already used to being exposed in front of Robin. I mean I just looked like a girl down there as my male parts were so well hidden. So it was almost as if I was wearing a cup. Then she had me sit on the toilet and take a position different from the one I had to take to urinate. In one position the plumbing was set down for urinating and in another position my plumbing was set up for cleaning, what the woman call douching. I can't figure out how it works like that but it does; a marvel of modern plumbing so to speak.

Then Robin introduced me to "Summer's Eve" a disposable douche for young girls. Any way she really pushed it into my attached feminine opening of my attached female looking covering and squeezed out the contents of that container. The rush of warm liquid actually felt nice. As instructed I sort of held it in for a while and then relaxed to let it flow out. Don't know how that works but it did and does. Then she had me do one on my own and I did it so she knew that I knew how to douche myself.

Robin seemed really turned on by it all. She smiled and I could tell she was turned-on. She told me. "Oh this is delightful. My Caroline's first feminine douche and now Caroline knows how to clean her girlish parts. Now you really are a girl! Just think about that Caroline. You are douching yourself. How much girlish could a boy get."

There was no retort and I kept silent. I noticed the smell about me was different. I had smelled a bit rancid, but after douching the smell about me was pleas-

ant and kind of floral. It was a horrible realization but I realized I would have to douche or I would stink like an old j-o rag. I guess despite any attempts on my part not to be turned on I was turned on and was leaking. And the leakage had to be cleaned or by the next day it would be foul and I would smell bad.

Next she had me shower. So off came my bra. It was funny but it really felt funny with my glued on breasts hanging down and pulling on me, and it was a bit uncomfortable. I really wanted to get a bra back on. But I wasn't admitting that to Robin. Anyway I washed down with a sweet smelling creamy soap and when finished Robin showed me how to pat myself dry with a fluffy towel, no rubbing for a girl, and then how to powder myself. Now that wasn't bad.

The next humiliation was that I had to wear a tampon and a type of modes pad and there was no getting out of having to wear either one.

The tampon was special for boy-girls like me. It was much larger than the typical tampon. It came in a round tube just like any other tampon. But when inserted it opened along the middle and wrapped my male appendage in a silky like embrace that was just like being in a tight young girl. It felt really nice. And it was only partially absorbent so if I leaked at night I would eventually slide along it. It was a nice feeling. Robin explained that without the tampon my small male appendage being stuck inside of me like it was would get even smaller. The tampon would help stretch it out each night and keep it from disappearing. It sounded a bit impossible, but Robin really had me. It was my choice she told me, but sort of believing her what choice did I really have. And besides, when I was in bed it felt really nice against me. But it did, as promised, keep me stiff, and I did leak a bit. And without it I

was soft and I did feel as if it was getting smaller and so I used the tampon, but it kept me excited and I did leak.

So to catch any potential leakage I needed to wear a modes pad. And just in case I thought to take it off, if I did I would be de- masculinizing myself. Robin explained that as my orbs were inside of me, the inside body temperature over a 24 hour period, day after day, would just destroy them. So the modes pad was set up with a miniaturized cooling system, inside the pad. I would wear the pad at night and that would cool me off down there and keep me a male. And in fact I should wear the pad on occasion during the day if I wanted to be sure about remaining a male. She explained, "On your heavy days you would need to wear the pad," and she laughed. She explained that if I didn't want to wear my modes pad I would be a real girl in no time. So there I was putting on my modes pad. I felt totally emasculated and humiliated learning how to and actually inserting a tampon into me and then learning how to use and then actually wearing a modes belt and modes pad.

And then finally she explained I would have to douche every morning as she had already taught me. Well after all that I wasn't really feeling much like a guy any more. But if I wanted to remain a male I had better use my tampon and modes pad! So what choice did I have?!

So there wasn't any problem when she had me dress in my new panties and shorty nightgown and sleep-bra; especially since they were all top quality and felt very nice on my skin. Then she actually tucked me into bed. She gave me a kiss on my forehead and told me like I was a kid, "Now don't you worry. You make a lovely girl, at least for the time being. And I am

sure you will get used to doing all this girlish stuff. You may even forget that you are a boy. But I will try to get you out of all of this as it is partially my fault. But I think until we can figure a way out for you that you had best just play along and pretend it is not so bad. Otherwise who knows what your mom may do to you, as she seems to want to keep you her girl, at least for a little while."

And she told me, "So now between becoming a girl, your mother's daughter, or just being a sissy, my sissy boyfriend, you need to decide. It will be one or the other. So just make up your mind." And she gave me a kiss on the forehead and told me, "Sleep tight my little sissy princess... you do make such a sweet princess. It would almost be a shame to let you be a boy again." And I slept at first a fitful sleep worrying about having to pass as a girl or be humiliated which eventually turned into a more relaxing sleep as the tampon took affect and then I was having a wonderful dream about lingerie. It was all maddening for me.

Chapter 12: I Am the Daughter of the House

I had a wonderful time in bed that night. It was like a fantasy come true. The night gown and panties just felt so wonderful, and my special tampon kept me stiff and dripping all night. And I had such sensual dreams. I woke up with a bang and consequently a very wet modes. After that of course I just wanted to get back to being a guy. Satisfied I had enough of the panties and nightgown. I wanted my jeans and boxers back on. The problem was it wasn't a dream. Getting up the next day to the feel of my glued on breasts and my other changes made me realize as much as I felt

satisfied and no longer interested in satin and nylon clothes I was stuck a girl and there was no easily getting out of my new boy-girl mode that morning.

Mom came in to wake me up and bring me downstairs and I had to tell her in a roundabout way that I first had to clean myself. She actually smiled and gave me a hug and told me, "Not to worry dear. Nice to know you are still functioning and all this has not made you uncomfortable as you seem too have indicated. Now even young girls sometimes get these night time emissions, so I imagine we can deal with this...boy or girl-boy. I am sure nothing is wrong...but I'll get you an appointment with my doctor just in case. Now go douche and freshen up and come down for breakfast, you adorable sweet thing."

And she continued, "Now that you are easier to deal with in your new persona you will be helping out around the house more. No more macho attitude from you dressed the way you are dressed. Like it or not you need to be feminine and helpful and just sweet. And I am finding that I like that. So I need to explain to you your new chores now that I have decided you will be preparing for this Womanless Beauty Pageant. You really need to start acting just like a daughter so you will be feeling like a girl so you can appear to be a girl."

And mom explained, "Laura told me she believes that if a boy feels feminine he would always do better in such pageants. So I think in addition to keeping you dressed as a girl you will need to continue helping out with the feminine chores around the house. Gosh knows you weren't helping out with the manly responsibilities. And on the other hand for a while dear you were really a help with the household chores and a pleasure to have around. So I think you need to get back to vacuuming and dusting and cleaning dishes.