

SHE MADE ME WEAR

# DRESSES FOR GOOD



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# GEMINI

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# SHE MADE ME WEAR DRESSES FOR GOOD

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

## **Chapter 1:**

**I LOSE THE BET AND HAVE TO WEAR HER DRESS AND HER UNDIES!**

I remember my first dress-up day so well. Today the memories are actually fairly pleasant and even somewhat erotic, as these days I do so love my feminine finery. However, at the time my feelings were very different, thought there was that pleasant feeling, but it was so suppressed.

So, I was so embarrassed. I was blushing all over. Yet, there I was walking down the street, out in public wearing my own wife's dress; a bright red silk affair, zipped firmly closed on me by virtue of that zipper running up the back of the dress which I just could not reach to unzip, even if that would have freed me from my embarrassment. And it would not have, as I was dressed in my wife's clothing from the skin out and of course also adorned with the appropriate make-up.

I was fitted into the dress with the aid of a tightly laced waist cincher, over which I wore a well padded all-in-one; together making breathing, at the time quite difficult, though with time and the loss of some serious weight I would get used to it, and would learn to find the tightness and support comforting.

And walking in three inch red high-heeled pumps wasn't easy either, though today it is absolutely no problem at all and having spent so much time in high heels I find flats a bit uncomfortable.

In addition to that, my embarrassment was enhanced and my feminine outfit completed by the red satin panties I wore under the all-in-one; and the red nylon stockings supported by the six garters from that very same garment.

Oh yes, my own shoulder length hair, which my wife had encourage me to grow long, was gathered in a red satin ribbon and forced into a feminine coiffeur. And my lips were made up to match my outfit with a coat of red satin lip-gloss, which I had been forced to apply myself.

And my wife was solely responsible for my transformation and my walk down the boulevard in her clothing! She had tricked, then forced and then over-powered me, and I had little choice that day, but to go out in public dressed from the skin out in her feminine finery.

What was troubling at the time was the entire situation did not bother me as much as it should have disturbed me. Yes I was terribly embarrassed walking down the road dressed in woman's clothing, but there was also a strange comfort and fun to it all... a strange sensuality to the feel of the clothing and a strange feeling that I had already experienced feminine finery. And an overriding comfort with having been ordered around and somewhat controlled by a female, my wife.

It had all started several months prior to that first of many embarrassing exposure in public in my wife's clothes. My wife had just purchased a new and rather expensive support garment, an all-in-one, and the maximum support type, with plenty of spandex, Lycra and satin panels. For some reason she had to show it off to me and tell me what a great bargain she had gotten. My wife loved to share every thing with me, especially the feminine aspects of her life. In that regard and a few others she sought of treated me more like a girl friend then her husband and a man. When we were first married I had found it interesting to hear about her day in such detail and a bit erotic when she described the more personal aspects of her day, some girlish activity. She would show off some bit of lingerie she had bought and I would find it a turn on. And knowing that she would tease me by showing off the undergarment and talking about it, and get me a bit excited, though I would hide it; but after having been so turned on I would be hurting... you know where, and that night the sex would be really hot. She did the wash in those days, so there were tell tale signs of my excitement that she would find.

At that time I had also enjoyed helping around the house and taking direction from my wife. Not quite orders, but direction. You know, it starts out with, "Honey, would you do...?" and proceeds to "Honey I need you to do..." And ends up with, "Honey do..." At the time it was fun and even a bit of a turn on. And my wife certainly loved it. She loved telling me what to do and having me help about the house and sharing every thing with me, almost as if I were another girl. I wasn't the biggest or strongest or most manly man around and I think that was exactly what my wife had been looking for when she latched on to me. In fact she had pursued me; more then I had pursued her. I had been shy and a bit afraid of the opposite sex, though highly driven by sex. But for some reason, suppressed at the time, I was unable to take an aggressive role with woman and go after one. I had just been too shy.

However, since the Halloween when the wife had actually gotten me into some of her clothes for a costume party my reactions and our relations had changed a bit. At first I had

a really good time in her things. She hadn't stinted on the dress up and had dressed me from the skin out in feminine finery. I forget the reasoning behind it or why I had agreed to let her dress me up so completely, but I had really enjoyed the feel of her clothing. All that nylon and satin even though girl's clothing felt great and even at that time I have found it some what of a turn on. She had me in her satin panties, nylon stockings, satin bra, nylon slip, a tricot dress and high heels. I loved the feel and the fact that I was dressed in her clothes, the clothing of my own wife, may have even added to the turn on. And the feel of the makeup or actually the scent of the makeup was also a turn on. I am sure my wife picked up on all of that, she made a couple of comments, but didn't press the issue at the time.

But the guys had really razed me about it, good naturedly enough, but nonetheless quite embarrassing for me. And the girls also had a good time at my expense, with the typical comments as to what a cute girl I made and how well I followed my wife's orders. After that I was troubled and not so happy viewing and talking about her clothes and feminine life in general. Not that I didn't still find it to be a turn on; but it became one I haplessly avoided, not wanting to expose myself as the butt of that joke again. Not that the guys or the galls were really cruel, but I think I was afraid that a lot of what they were joking about was true and I had difficulty admitting that to myself. And some where deep inside I felt there was more to my enjoyment of the feminine side and taking orders from the wife then I could admit to myself for some reason. In fact I started sporting a stubbly beard and drinking with boys and avoiding talk about feminine things and also avoided helping around the house with the domestic stuff just to reassert my masculinity. But the wife never gave up on trying to rekindle those times and feelings.

So instead of enjoying the discussion and having the wife show off her new girly garment I had to change the subject and instead I nagged her about the expense. When I complained about that extravagance she was quick to reply, "Better I should invest in a garment like this which allows me to squeeze into my old clothing then to be like you with your ever enlarging beer belly and having to buy new sets of clothes every season And always the most expensive as you've gotten too fat to wear the cheaper stuff."

"Oh yea", I cleverly answered in a nasty tone, and then backing down a bit, and as usual, wined, "But you didn't have to buy such an expensive one! Money doesn't grow on trees." Now despite my attempts to change my wife was still the dominant one in our relationship as she had always been, unless I had a couple of drinks in me. Again, at the beginning of our marriage that had been fine. I had liked my wife taking control, and found that a bit of a turn on also, but again, after that Halloween experience I had trouble being comfortable with the arrangement, but she did not and wasn't going to let me get in the last word. But I had really not been able to gain the upper or dominant hand in the relationship and had reverted to wining, which probably made the whole situation worse, as my wife only came on stronger and was emboldened by that weakness in me, and I always found myself backing down.

"Well look whose talking", she replied. "I earn enough money for both of us; and I'll darn well spend it any way I like...! I'm sick of your penny-pinching ways with my money while you spend all of yours on beers and drinks with the boys; because something is bothering you. May be you just can't cope with the fact that I earn more money than you

do. I ought to put you into a girdle so I don't have to buy you new clothes each season. I ought to put you in a cheep girdle and see how you like it. And I think I will! With out that beer belly of yours and alcohol puffiness you'd once again be that pretty boy I married and wearing a girdle you'd make a cute enough girl yourself. You made such an adorable girl at that Halloween Party we went to before you started with all this macho baloney and I would just love to see you like that again! It would serve you right."

"Hog wash", I said, trying to change the subject. Every time we argued, which was becoming at the time more and more often, my wife loved to bring up what a cute boy I used to be and how I used to give into all her desires and whims. Even so far as to play her girl at that Halloween party. She would never let me live that one down, or at least forget about it. And some thing about it just bothered me so. And so immediately changing the subject for which I had always found my self so mysteriously sensitive I told her, "I've put on less weight than you."

She replied, "But all yours is in the gut and it gets bigger every year; and you've lost muscle besides, which lessons your weight as it turns to fat, but still makes you look heavier. While I may have put on more weight, a lot of it is muscle, as I do most of the work around here, and I put it on uniformly so that with my support garments I haven't needed a new costly wardrobe each season, while you my fat friend have."

Happy to have gotten away from talking about my early cross dressing experience with the wife I tried to keep the discussion in the realm of weight gains. So hemming and hawing I told her, "Well", and then getting focused again I continued, "I could loose the weight anytime I wanted to; if you weren't such a nag about it! I'm just being stubborn about it because you are such a nag!"

But not to be intimidated my wife continued, "You can't lose weight. You're a beer-aholic and can't stop drinking beer or get rid of all your bloat! And it is not because I am a nag, which I am not. It's because you got some issues that are really bothering you and you don't want to discuss and instead you need to put on this macho act for some reason; probably because I earn more than you do and you can't stand it. And on top of that you're so much of a "man" that you won't help around the house and do some house work like you know you should because you earn less than I do, and I know you must feel guilty about that, because that is not who you really are and that adds to your need to drink. It would just hurt this phony baloney male pride that you developed since you started hanging with the guys at work; and so you drink instead of being the good sweet house husband you know you should and could and want to be".

Not wanting to pursue that issue for which I knew in my heart of hearts that the wife was right, I cleverly, ha- ha, changed subject and guided the conversation back to the weight thing. I told her, "Well, I can loose weight faster than you can!" She disagreed and told me, "Oh no you can't." But I wouldn't let it go, not wanting to get back to the househusband issue and told her, "I can too and I'll bet on that!" She took me at my word looking at me as a light just went off in her head, and told me, "Fine dear, let's make it a bet then, a contest to see who can loose the weight the fastest. I still have the clothing I wore when we first started dating that I can no longer get into even when I am wearing my tightest support garment. And I know you still have all your old stuff. We'll make it a

bet that in six months time the one who lost the most weight or can fit into their old clothing first, is the winner."

"What does the winner get?" I asked. She told me, "If you win I will let you manage the money and all our finances... and I will have to get your permission before buying any more expensive girdles. But I won't care any way because by that time I intend to have lost enough weight not to need them. And if I win you give me your paycheck each week; and I'll control the money; and I'll tell you what you can buy and what you can wear. And as long as I will still earn more than you, you will have to do all the housework, you know the woman's work; the cleaning the cooking, and even the sewing. And that would be for starters. And I am not kidding about that. It won't be a case of you just helping me. All of what you have labeled as so-called woman's work will be your work. You'll be the lady of the house!"

I was hesitant about making the bet, but my wife badgered starting to change the subject back to the male-female stuff that seemed to put me on edge since my wife dressed me as her girl that Halloween, and wanting to avoid that type of conversation I agreed to the bet. The next day she went so far as to bring me down to her lawyer's office, an old girl friend of hers, and a contract was drawn up for both of us to sign. My wife was certainly serious.

Serious enough that in five months my wife lost the weight and was able to fit into her old clothes. One morning she came down for breakfast in her wedding gown with out any support garment beneath it and with one of my old suits in her hand. "Well honey", she told me, "Unless you can fit into your suit I've won the bet and you know what that means." Of course I tried on the suit, just hoping I would have been able to squeeze into it. I tried it on and I couldn't even zipper the pants. I told her, "Okay you win and I will keep the agreement, but only until I can fit into this suit again."

"The heck with the suit, she said, "I get to choose your clothes from now on" she continued as she pulled a red silk dress from its dress bag. "The agreement is that as the winner of this bet I get to choose what you wear, and I choose this!" Staring at the dress, I replied, "Are you loco?" But she was adamant and told me, "No! The deal was that if you lost then I would choose your clothing. I didn't say I would choose to cloth you in pants. You lost; you're stuck with the deal. If you don't believe me then call our lawyer. And besides, your checks have already been garnished. From now on they will be sent to me. So you've got no money honey and had better do as I tell you. Just like when we were first married!"

I telephoned the attorney and all I got from her was a horselaugh. She told me that my wife had already been to her office earlier and demonstrated to her that she was the winner. Legally I had to wear what ever she told me to wear, and that my wife had been granted full control of our finances by the courts, based on that contract I had signed.

My wife seeing my expression then told me, "Now dearie, remember that Halloween Party we went to when we were first married and you would do any thing I asked you to do. We'll this dress is similar to the one your wore to that party when I fixed you up as a girl and you're going to wear it around this house until I think you've learned to be that obedient again. It's just a bit tighter, as I'm moving you up from support hose to real support garments, so nothing will show but your new female figure. And to show you that

those girdles aren't any fun to wear you'll wear that all-in -one shaper that started this whole thing until you loose enough weight to wear this dress with out any figure control garments. And I think that now you'll be glad I wasted money on a quality support garment rather than a cheep one you would have had me buy."

"I won't wear a girdle!" I emotionally yelled, as I mistakenly call that all-in-one. My wife only laughed and told me, "You certainly will, and not just a girdle; but panties, and nylons and every little thing that goes with being an obedient house husband and the new lady of the house. But it won't be for long; because you're not getting any more beer money, and I'm putting you on a strict diet, so you'll be able to fit into this dress pretty soon, with out a girdle. And think of all the money you'll save, because you will be able to wear all of my old clothes and we won't have to waste any money on buying you any new ones. And we can even make some extra money by selling all of our old male clothes...She let that sink in and continued, "I'm going to love this," she said. "My old sweet obedient husband back again, only even sweeter and more obedient and who can also be my girl friend...figuratively and literally. For you will certainly have the figure of a girl and will literally learn to be the sweet girl I know you can be."

I told her, "The hell I will!" and grabbed my clothing and wallet and left the house. I had breakfast at the dinner and as soon as the bar opened I proceeded to drink myself into oblivion. My mistake was getting that drunk at a bar where I was known and it was known where I lived. My friends dropped me off at home, in a stupor, and left me with my wife. When I awoke it was the next day and I was stark naked in my bed, with my wife standing over me.

She told me, "When your mind clears, shave off that awful stubble of yours that you like to pretend is a beard and put on this robe and come on down stairs for breakfast," as she dropped the robe across me. It was one of her satin robes and it felt pleasant on my naked flesh. But, I yelled out, "I'll be damned if I'll wear this thing!" She simply replied, "You'll not only be damned, but you will be naked, if you don't wear it, because that's all that you'll get to wear for now."

I got up to put on my own robe, but it was gone; and so were all my other cloths from my closet and my dresser drawers were empty. A chill went down my spine. But I had no choice; I felt I had to go down stairs to deal with the situation, as my wife had just left me there and in case any one was down stairs, which I would not put beyond my wife from pulling, I put on her robe. Damn, I thought at the time, it felt nice and another chill went down my spine. It was that Halloween all over again, and I had to block out the remembrance of those feelings of pleasure I had gotten from the silks, satins and nylons I had worn that night. I felt myself stiffening and to get my mind off the pleasant feel of the robe went to wash my face with cold water. I washed up and the cold water calmed me down. But feeling the beard stubble I remembered what I had been told to do and shaved off my beard, the one I had grown to annoy my wife and demonstrate my masculinity. It felt good to get it off and I enjoyed the feel of my baby smooth skin. The beard had always been annoying to me also. So beardless and in her silk robe I went down stairs.

I could see by my wife's reaction that she was really happy to see that stubbly beard gone. She smiled at me and told me, "Oh you look so much better clean shaven. Don't you just feel better?"

I did, but I wouldn't admit it and instead the master of changing subjects when they bothered me or challenged by alleged masculinity I asked, "What's the big idea?" I asked the wife. She replied, "This time around I am just making sure you keep to your part of the bet. There isn't a stitch of your clothing in the house. Most of it is gone, but what is left is all locked up in the car, and I got the keys and it's parked at the shopping mall any way. Unless you do as you are told you can go to work on Monday in this robe of mine, or deal with your buddies when I invite them over and all you have to wear is my girly robe.

I realized I had no choice and I told her, "Okay, I'll do as you say. I'll take my medicine. But just for the weekend!" She replied, "Good, that will do for now. Have your breakfast. You cook for you and me. Then do the dishes and I'll see you in the bedroom."

I did as she said, made breakfast, and reflexly brought hers to the table, serving her, where she was sitting waiting to be served. We ate and she just kept looking at me wearing that satin robe and smiling. I was too upset or perhaps frightened to say any thing. I knew I was in for it. However, that thought along with the feel of the silk also was a bit of stimulation. Afterwards she, told me to do the dishes, tying an apron around me, so I wouldn't soil the robe, and watched with apparent enjoyment as I performed that feminine task while wearing her robe and apron. Then she brought me up to our bedroom. Joan could be pretty stubborn. I figured she had the upper hand and I had lost the bet, so I'd have to appease her and spend the weekend in drag. I thought that once I had given in and she'd gotten some revenge, she would listen to reason and let things return to normal. And it wouldn't be so bad, remembering the sex we had that Halloween with me in the dress and her on top, I thought there might be a bright spot to the situation.

The remembrance was more of a flash back as I had been fighting the recollection and it was a bit sudden, as I hadn't thought about that night as a girl or really reflected on the great sex we had that night in some time. It was some thing else I was apparently blocking out of my thoughts about that night in silk and nylon. But I really wasn't prepared for what met me in the bedroom. I thought this would have been like that Halloween that I had some how blocked out all these years and was now flooding back into my memory, when I looked like a man in a dress. At that time she had me wear, and told every one she had put me into a bra stuffed with nylons, a pair of opaque heavy duty support panty hose on my hairy legs, and a dress. A little stage make-up to top that off and Walla her big bad husband was a Halloween party girl. Or so it seemed.

Our little secret was that she had also made me into wearing a pair of her panties and kept me under her control for the entire evening by threatening to tell. The panties at the time turned out to be a bit of a turn on. The nylon felt really nice against me, and I was thankful for the heavy-duty support hose, if you get my drift. Any way, my wife kept me on a short leash the entire evening doing her bidding like a proper 'maiden or maid' in front of all our friends. At first I was a bit taken aback, but every one viewed it as a joke and me as a good sport, we were young, and after a while I found myself getting off on the whole thing along with the feel of the clothing. By the end of the evening my wife was really feeling her oats and treating me like her lady and at home to top it off she bedded me down for one heck of a night with herself on top and me on the bottom.

Those memories that I had apparently been avoiding were coming back but was I wrong! This time it was a real transformation and a lot rougher for me, physically and psychologically.

The first thing she held up for me to try on was a pair of red satin panties. It was made of heavy satin and had two layers of that material. Thick elastic bands were sewn into the waste and the legs. It was a very feminine article of underwear. She held it out to me and I refused to accept it. She then told me, "Put your panties on this minute or you'll go to work in that satin robe come Monday." She said it like she meant it; and I became afraid that come Monday morning I'd be out of the house with nothing to my name but a woman's red satin robe. So I took the panties and life was never the same.

I realized or at least thought that I didn't have much choice in the matter. I was hoping



that once she demonstrated to me that she was now the boss and that I would wear what I was told to wear she would allow me to do my penance in private. So I really had no choice but to do as I was told. I took the panties, actually my panties, from her and they did feel nice to the touch. A shiver went up my spine as I slipped my legs into each leg hole and then pulled the panties up to my waste. My wife smiled as the panties settled around my waste. I can honestly say they felt nice and sexy as they caressed my loins. They felt delightful on me! It felt so soft and cool and smooth. But I turned red from embarrassment as I luxuriated in my new satin underwear. And with those feelings the thoughts and the pleasure of the last time we had played such a game started becoming even stronger, those thoughts and feelings that I had been apparently suppressing. I was so embarrassed; but that was just the beginning.

"Aren't they delightful?" my wife asked. Then she told me, "I can tell you already love these panties." I tried to deny the obvious, to myself as well as to my wife, and replied "No!" though I didn't quite really

feel that way. But she could see my false front, by looking at my front. "Ha!" she laughed, "Don't lie to me I can tell you are a bit turned on. You always loved nylon, silk and satin, and have just been lying to yourself about it! You had such fun that Halloween and made such a sweet obedient boy-girl."

I tried to deny it, but she wouldn't let me. Stammering I told her, "But on you, not me!" I said, referring to the nylon and satin female lingerie and clothes. "And you were black-mailing me that Halloween! This is embarrassing."

But she wouldn't let up and told me, "Don't lie any more. You loved it and still do. I was so foolish not to realize it and press the issue again before now. It would have saved us a lot of arguing. You loved being my cute panty slave. I should have never let you out of panties. You were so sweet and obedient that evening and so good in bed that night. But like it or not. Admit it or not. Don't worry honey, you'll get used to it. Besides I just gave you my best and favorite pair of panties, to celebrate your new status as my new little panty waste obedient husband! My Halloween sweetheart...! You just have to stop lying to yourself. Get rid of that macho image your friends fostered upon you and admit to yourself that you get turned on by wearing my panties and doing as you are told, and that you are really just a panty-waist at heart."

I denied and denied, even though I was realizing there was at least a cornel of truth to what my wife was telling me, and I was getting pleased by and found the panties a turn-on. But my wife told me, "It doesn't matter what you admit now, I am going to dress you up like a girl and I am telling you that you will enjoy it. You can fight it all you want, but until I am convinced you are not the pretty boy pantywaist that I loved you are going to stay dressed as my little obedient sweet heart only wearing feminine finery. It is the only way to save this marriage and you."

I didn't know what to say. Was that the truth? Was that why I had started drinking and stopped taking care of myself, and had started fighting with my wife. Did that Halloween reveal a part of my personality that I needed to suppress or had been suppressing? Other memories started to slowly creep back into my mind...other flashbacks. It was the memories of my babysitters, two girls, older then myself, taking care of me and telling me what a pretty boy I was and what a pretty girl I would make. Did they put me in their dresses and even worse their panties? Did they make me their pretend servant? Perhaps those dreams that started after my Halloween in fem that the drinking suppressed weren't dreams of what I feared were turn-ons and needed to suppress, but memories of which I was afraid because they were true and had become turn-ons.

But I had no time to dwell on those thoughts for my wife continued to dress me, awaking me from my self-contemplation, telling me, "Now hold up your arms." Perhaps I should have stopped her to tell her, dear, you may be right, I may have these unconscious needs.... I'm so sorry I have been taking it out on you... but I was too afraid to deal with that and make those dangerous admissions. But I thought, me, a real pantywaist sissy...? It just could not be! So I simply did as she told me. "Look up, honey." And I did. I felt more satin being placed on my body. This time a stiffer version was being wrapped around my waist and pulled tight. I looked down to see what I was being incased in and my wife kneed me in the butt. "Up!" she commanded. "Look up." And I did as I was told. I then felt the material constricting around my waste. Then she continued with, "Suck in your

gut!" and as I did the constriction got even tighter and she ordered, "Suck it in more!" as she pushed her knee further into my back and continued tightening the constriction around my ever shrinking waist line. She just pulled and pulled despite my protests. I told her, "I can't breathe!" But she told me to take shallower breathes and that I would get used to it. Finally, she told me, "Now at least we got your waste whittled down, so you can fit into your new dress! Now you can look down."

I looked down and almost collapsed as my sides began to expand against the sides of the red satin waist cincher that had just been strapped around me. My wife caught me and said, "Relax and breath easy, and you'll soon get used to this. Feel on your sides. Come over to the full-length mirror. You're just going to just love your new look, so sleek and feminine," she told me with a broad smile on her face; I imagine as she was contemplating my fate.

I made it over to the mirror and got my first look at myself in a tightly laced corset. There I was in a heavy pair of ladies quality satin panties and a genuine red satin waste cincher. Not a costume type of waste cincher, but the real thing, of heavy satin and steel stayed and laced up the back. My wife had laced me in and knotted the ties. She had tied it such a fashion and so tight that she had repositioned my belly fat down to my hips and up to my chest area and I had lost at least an impossible 10 inches off my waist and actually looked like I had slight hips and budding breasts. I didn't think it was possible to so shrink a waste, but my wife did it to me.

"How does it feel?" she asked. "Don't you like the feel of it, so satiny shinny and so tight?" I couldn't say a thing, but my eyes were fixed on my reflection in the mirror, like a deer staring at a light. She continued, "Touch the satin sweet heart, you'll love it." I hesitated and she became demanding. "Do as I say or ...!" She didn't have to finish. I have been holding myself back and with the demand I no longer had to. I ran my hands up and down the satin of the waist cincher over my newly slimed figure and was actually a bit turned on as my hands moved up and down the satin garment and curved over my newly indented waist and flared hips. But regardless of my state I replied, "Yes...but please take it off?!" But she refused and told me that, "I don't really think you want it off, you really seem to enjoy it. Your lips say no-no, but your eyes and the thing at your thighs say, yes-yes."

She smiled and she continued, "Yes I should have realized from the beginning what a panty waist you were, and perhaps you wouldn't have had to start drinking and could have faced your natural inclinations. So you'd better get used to it, because you'll be wearing it till you loose the weight I want you to and you promised to!"

I asked, "Till I can fit into my old clothes?" But she replied, "No...it's until you can fit into my old clothes!" I just couldn't believe what she was telling me, but she was serious.

She stopped for a moment as if to let that sink in and it did and I was a bit terrified but also a bit mesmerized wondering how much of a girl my wife intended to make of me and if all the female clothing was going to feel as sweet as the panties. However, she did not give me much time to think about it. She shortly continued. " Now put this on!" She handed me her old all-in-one, the good one, the one that I had called a girdle and had started the argument in the first place and that had led to the bet, that horrible bet.

But it was now padded. The breasts, hips, and derriere had all been padded out to give the wearer a shapely feminine figure, which would appear to be ever inch a woman's. And at that point realizing what it was and what it would do, I refused, and told her, "Absolutely no way – no how!" Joan laughed and told me if I remained obstinate she would have to beat me. So I called what I thought had been her bluff, but it hadn't been a bluff. She came at me and I went to defend myself and we started to tussle, and that alone almost killed me as I just could not exert myself in that ever so tightly laced corset and continue to breath. I was defenseless. It was horrible and so humiliating. I was free to move around, but still could not defend myself against my wife, a woman, as I could hardly breath when so pressed by her and I had to beg her to stop. I cried out, "I'll do anything you say!" I couldn't breathe while exerting myself with the waist cincher on; and consequently I couldn't defend myself and was the mercy of my wife. I was gasping for breath and thought I would die when my wife finally let me up; and I was totally humiliated! She then handed me the all-in-one for the second time. This time I put it on; stepping into it while I held it low, one leg then the other, as I couldn't bend I was so tightly cinched around the waste, and so it was difficult. But my wife made me put it on myself, and so pulling it up to my waist and then to my chest and placing my arms through the shoulder straps I finally got into it.

"Lovely, she said. "What a nice figure you now have." And I did. The corset had whittled my waist and had impossibly repositioned much of that fat to give me the beginnings of a female figure and the padded all in completed the change to a woman's shape and figure, giving me womanly hips, breasts and a well rounded derriere. I looked ever inch the woman; at least figure wise, and I was embarrassed as hell and blushing from my embarrassment, as I was forced to view myself in the full length mirror. My wife didn't loose the opportunity to rub it in. "Oh, what a lovely womanly figure you have and what a lovely complexion you have". She said, "You might not even need rouge."

I couldn't take it. I told her, "Oh honey, please stop it." I literally begged. But she only teased me back with my own words, "Oh honey, please stop it... No dear, not until you are completely dressed", she continued. "Now put this slip on and be quick about it, before I decide to give you a spanking for all the trouble you've given me."

I had to obey, as I knew the threat was real and constrained as I was my wife could most likely carry out such a threat and have me over her lap paddling my rump in a moment. I was pretty helpless. Strangely enough the thought of the spanking, dressed as I was, was another turn on. No sooner then she had said it then the vision of myself, dressed as I was and bent over her lap invaded my mind and I found the thought and vision pleasant... controlled by my wife with out a worry. But I quickly blocked that and cooperated as she continued to dress me. She held up the slip, all gathered up in her two hands slipped it over my head and then had me put my arms through the straps and then she pulled it down and smoothed it into place. The silk being smoothed against the satin panels of the all-in-one was beginning to stimulate me and I had to fight for control. My wife made me once again look at myself in the full-length mirror. The slip was a lovely red silk and lace affair; all silk with red lace around the bodice and hem. It didn't simply hang but was tailored and fit my new figure exactly, hugging the curves of my enforced feminine figure and showing off my hips and derriere. My wife had planned well. I was completely shocked when I saw myself. From my head to just where my then hairy legs emerged from

the slip I appeared to be a young woman with a slightly mannish face. I somehow knew this had been done to me in the past and I had eventually learned to enjoy it, though I had apparently blocked it out, even as I was fighting but beginning to enjoy the sensations I was once again feeling. Just for a moment the thought of how sweet I looked had crept into my mind, but I beat it back.

“What a lovely young lady you’ll eventually make!” my wife told me, mirroring my own thoughts. As I turned around to answer her she snapped my photograph, with an instamatic camera and then she ran down the stairs and out of the house before I could act. I followed her to the front door but was too embarrassed to go any further. By the time I put on one of her coats and gathered sufficient courage to try to regain the photo she had taken, she had returned. It happened that fast.

She explained, while showing me a copy of the photograph she had taken. She told me a duplicate photo was now with her attorney who would release it if anything happened to her. She continued, that she herself would send it to my boss and all my friends if I did not do as I was told; and she would swear I had been dressing in her clothes since that Halloween Party when I was costumed as a girl, in her clothing. And she would tell them all about the panties I had been wearing, telling them it was my idea to feel more feminine and obedient, and she had tried to argue against it, but to no avail. I stared at the photograph. It was obviously me, without my beard, in a very feminine slip which was filled out with all the proper curves. I knew I would become the laughing stock among my friends and acquaintances if not the entire town if that photograph was ever revealed, with the story my wife would tell. I would be finished with my drinking buddies. I’d be finished at my job. It was blackmail, but that didn’t matter. I was none-the-less trapped and had to do as ordered by my wife. And so I agreed to do as she ordered. However, as I gave in a strange calm overcame me. It was frightening. And there were more flashbacks of me as a young boy dressed as a young girl, with my baby sitters. But I still did not have time to dwell on those nightmares.

She smiled, knowing that she had won and was in complete control and then told me, “Fine my dear. Now we’ll just finish dressing you as is now appropriate for your new figure and role in the house. She handed me a pair of red silk stockings and instructed me as to how they should be put on, gathering the material, pointing my toes, rolling them up my legs and smoothing them out before gartering them. However, she had to put them over my pointed toes and roll them partially up each of my legs, as I could not bend over sufficiently to reach my feet. But she made me roll them up from the point I could reach; smooth them out, and had me fasten the garters, at least the front ones. I did the front ones according to her directions, but she had to help me with the ones in the back. She didn’t appear happy that I was having such trouble with the back garters. She told me, “Honey, this time I’ll help you, but in the future you will have to learn to do this on your own. After all I can’t be dressing you every day.” Then she continued with, “After all, who is the maid here?” I was terrified. That maid comment really got me thinking as to how far my wife was really planning to take this dress up game. Again I found the feel of the silk stockings worth the embarrassment of wearing them, rolling them up my thighs and smoothing them before and while attaching the garters had been frighteningly sensual. And I was getting the feeling I had done this before, and even before the Halloween I remembered so well.