

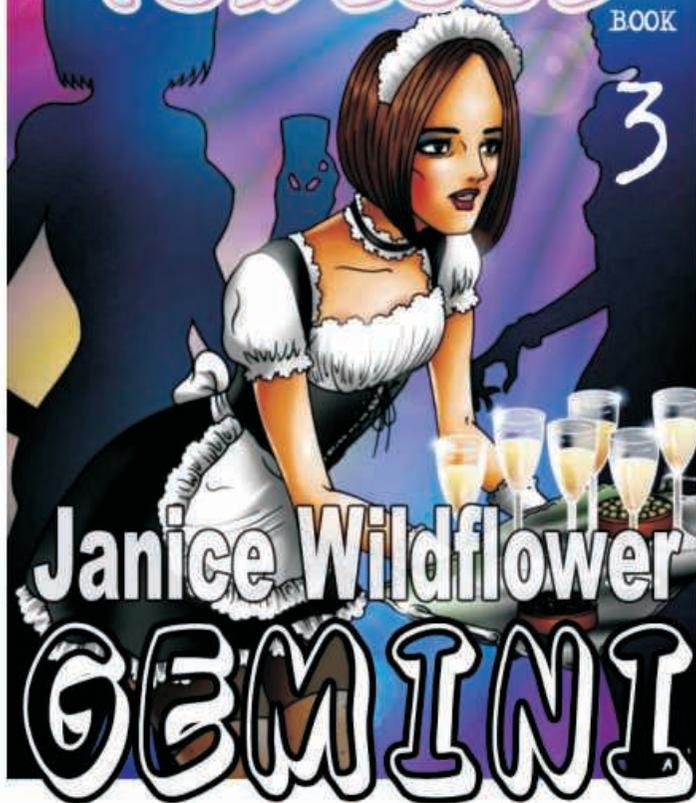
SHE MADE ME WEAR

DRESSES

FOR GOOD

BOOK

3



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

Copyright © 2011, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

She Made Me Wear Dresses For Good

Part 3

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Background:

This story is the third part of the series about John's transformation to Janice. His change from a typical macho drink too much demanding guy to a cross dressed dominated feminized obedient husband; and finds aspects of that which he enjoys.

In book one, John had lost a bet in a weight loss contest with his wife, and as a result was supposed to have voluntarily, as a good loser, have spent some time on week ends and evenings paying off the bet dressed in his wife's clothing, in her girth reducing support garments, lingerie, and all the rest, taking care of the house work and generally doing as he was told and learning what it was like to be a woman and the wife of a demanding unreasonable partner. He tried to get out of the agreement, refusing to dress as his wife and do her woman's work, and follow her orders. The result of which was he was forced into the terms of his bet, and far worse, by his wife Joan, her girlfriend and beautician Doris, and the proprietor of the local ladies Queen Size clothing store, Mabel. And his wife and the girls just found it great fun to change John, some times call Jan by his wife, into Janice a cute boy-girl, and dress him up completely as a girl, make him up as a girl, have him act as a girl and even have him work as a girl. So he was totally under their control, only had his wife's clothes to wear, and was pretty much looking at being a full time cross dressed house servant, with no relief.

In book two John's changes of course continue. John, now Janice, experiences employment as a waitress and then as a cocktail waitress before becoming his wife's sissy she male wife. And there is more training for the new sissy male in the arts of passing as a girl, being taught more than he ever wanted to know about female cosmetics and their application; and being trained more than he ever could imagine in feminine deportment, in order to pass as a female. And oddly enough he finds himself becoming even more addicted to the pleasures of his new status and attire. Still he hopes that if he is completely obedient and just

goes along with the program that after a few days of the total feminine immersion the wife will relent and let him go back to the original terms of the bet. But he was, of course, wrong!

In this book three, rescue is not yet, if ever, at hand. His full time life in fem and feminizing continues at the hands of his three mistresses, and then others. He continues to learn feminine deportment and makeup skills. He gets to go shopping for his maid's uniforms. He is tutored in house keeping and cooking. When ready the wife presents him as her sissy boy maid to all her girl friends. He does return work, but not in his old male job as a male but as an office girl as Janice finds his place in life at his old office as the new girl office assistant. The female office manager finds that John who was a difficult male friend makes a wonderful girl friend as she assists in his transformation to a full time she-male, feminizing his life and activities even beyond his wife's intentions. And worse yet for the feminized fellow are the hormone treatments the company nurse kindly provides for the budding female under the impression that he is a candidate for sexual reassignment, and she finds it rewarding helping this male find his true female identity. That is whether he wants to or not. And even the wife's boss help out arranging for the facial surgery needed for John to easily pass as Janice.

Along the way he shamefully finds out that he enjoys his changing body, new clothing and female life style which he finds as some what of a turn on for the new sissy. Although he does not give up the hope of some male existence to relieve his constant shame and embarrassment as a fully feminized guy he does finally realize that perhaps he does not want to totally give up his changes, his sensuous female clothing and new life style.

And his wife find's her self standing by and letting her husband be transformed way beyond her original intent while she also finds herself helping with the feminization of her boss's husband, helping to create a new feminized boy girl friend for her own husband.

Introduction:

Under the control of the girls, I was totally dressed as a female from the skin out, gaffed, and sporting glued on feminine curves and breast augmentation, and under the authority of my wife and her girl friends. The only good news was that after dinner I had learned I was not going to be my wife's feminized male maid, I was just going to be my wife's feminized male wife. I had gone a step up in my new life as a dominated and cross-dressed guy, a result of cooperating with my domination by my wife and her girl friends and their transformation of me into a feminized obedient play thing. Okay, I had been forced to realize that the thing here was to cooperate and hopefully there would be some forgiveness and I would at least be allowed to return to work as a guy, as would have been the case, or was supposed to have been the case, if I had stuck with the original agreement. So no matter how humiliating it would be I would take the medicine and be cooperative and be pleasant. After all, weekends and evenings as a girl wouldn't be so bad and there were pluses. After all, after experiencing full time life as a feminized male, I knew that things could get worse, really worse. There was the pleasure of it all and the great sex. I just needed a break from the humiliation, and some time in male attire acting as a male to reaffirm I was still a guy. Other wise I could wind up forgetting I was a guy and not a gal. I didn't know how long I

could continue to maintain any male thoughts the way the girls were breaking me and introducing me to the pleasures of female clothing and things, and not allowing me any thing male. So there I was at home with the wife, my wife's fully cross-dressed and obedient sissy husband, having made dinner and cleaned up, I was ready to spend the rest of the evening catering to my wife as her feminized sissy husband.

Chapter XI: More humiliating practice learning to be female

So the rest of that evening went like the one before, the wife kept me totally feminine and under her thumb and had her way with me multiple times and then kept me in bed playing with myself while I was forced to say out loud how happy I was to be feminized and cross dressed and learning to be the wife of my wife, until I was allowed to fall asleep. And then in the morning I was released to make us breakfast and was reminded of how I was to pass the day. And she reminded me that I would partially be on my honor and it was my last chance to prove I could be trusted. She told me, "Maid or wife, the choice is yours!" The threat was obvious and in my mind so was the implication. Keep to the deal and perhaps returning to work and pants would be in the bargain. Break the deal, again, and totally in my wife's power, I would be relegated to a serving girl's life... perhaps for ever. And altered and dressed as I was there was absolutely no place to escape and absolutely no escape my wife's total domination of me.

So the wife instructed me that after cleaning up after breakfast I was to go back to our bedroom, turn on the computer, and follow the directions. I was to follow both those directions written and those directions spoken. And that I would be monitored thought she expected I had learned my lesson and would now do as I had been told to do. And she explained that things would be timed, so I should not get the idea that I could stall and avoid the training or be a disobedient girl and fool around.

When the wife left, she gave me a dominantly passionate kiss on the lips to which I found myself surprisingly responding too and taking the submissive role. And she told me, "You had better be a 'good girl'. And I mean girl. As much as I love you I only have so much patients with you. As you've been a bad boy and when pay back came for that, you couldn't even be manly about it, you now need to prove you can at least be a 'good girl'. Learn your lessons well and prove you can be a good girl, and your punishment should go a lot easier for both of us. And you may even find it fun. I will keep you to the terms of our bet, and worse if you continue to try to get out of those terms. Make my life difficult by being difficult about this and you will be the 'maid', full time until the payback is over."

Then she gave me a dominating look in the eye and I couldn't meet her stare and looked down, and she knew she was winning the war of domination. And she gave me another kiss, and look, and admonished me to be a 'good girl', once more before she left.

Foolishly not taking her at her word and still pressing at the boundaries, one of the first things I tried to do after left alone was to try to sneak some food. The strict feminizing diet I was on left me hungry and week all the

time. So I went to the frig to sneak a bit of food and as soon as I touched it a voice told me I had just earned myself one demerit. I couldn't believe it. Real life or computerized or mechanical I was under some sort of monitoring system. And then with one demerit already and the fact most likely then known that I had tried to sneak food I could not afford another mistake. I had to be a "good girl." My maleness, what was left of it, depended on me towing the line. So I immediately returned to my domestic chores, my only thought of doing them as well as I could, to try to make up for my transgression.

Then lapsing a again, as it was taking me a long time to learn, to really learn that I was stuck as a girl, and really fearing the unknown, my upcoming training session, and knowing my feminine regime was not planned as a fun thing; I stalled with the clean up as long as I could, but eventually had to return to the bedroom and my days activities. I turned on the computer, signing on as I had been instructed, and a pleasant female voice, my instructress for the day, got me started.

"Good morning Janice. You are late! You should have been here to get started with your program 15 minutes ago! I don't think your wife will be happy about this and you had best not continue in this fashion or we won't have enough time together for all of your instruction. You are a sissy. And if you not already come to realize your true nature, a sissy, you will by the end of your training."

To myself I was saying I was not a sissy. But I was no longer so sure. After all, look what a bunch of woman had done to me, a man, turned me into a cross dresser and obedient feminized male maid at the least... Yep, at the least. But I still fought that idea.

And the computer continued to break me with, “Yes Janice is a sissy. And you will become passable as a girl. And you will become an obedient sissy, proud of passing as a woman and proud of living as a girl!”

Things just didn’t get better. Every one and now every thing were telling me I was a sissy, and that I would shortly be a girl, and could intimidate the sissy me. And I was so intimidated that I even apologized to the computer. Well, the program was interactive or I was being monitored, so after I reflexly apologized, she, the computer, told me, “Sorry doesn’t cut it, dear. You had better get with the program or you will be one sorry sissy girl. Understand?”

I was so startled I didn’t reply and the computer again asked, “Understand?” I realized I had to reply to move on with it and told her, “Yes, ma’am.” And we then moved along. And, “Yes, ma’am” became my standard reply to move things along. I couldn’t believe it. I was so under the female thumb that I was subservient and taking orders from a female voiced computer. And that voice and some others guided me through my day of femininity and feminization training, all of which I was humiliatingly forced to do to myself.

I was instructed to strip, run a scented bubble bath for myself, soak for a time while reading several magazine articles on hair removal, and was told that I would be tested on what ever I read. So I did just that. I had already earned at least one demerit, and perhaps two, and although not knowing what that portended did not wish to add to my list of transgressions. The bath was quite relaxing and against my inner fears of my situation I actually enjoyed the feminine soak. That was just another frightening realization that I might actually re-

ally be a sissy, which was frightening for me to realize, but the realization was uncontrollable.

What was interesting was my electronically controlled corset, which I could not typically get off, came off and then after bathing I was able to get it back on after which it adjusted to the tight fit I was forced to wear, and I could not readjust it or get it off again. But I get ahead of what happened.

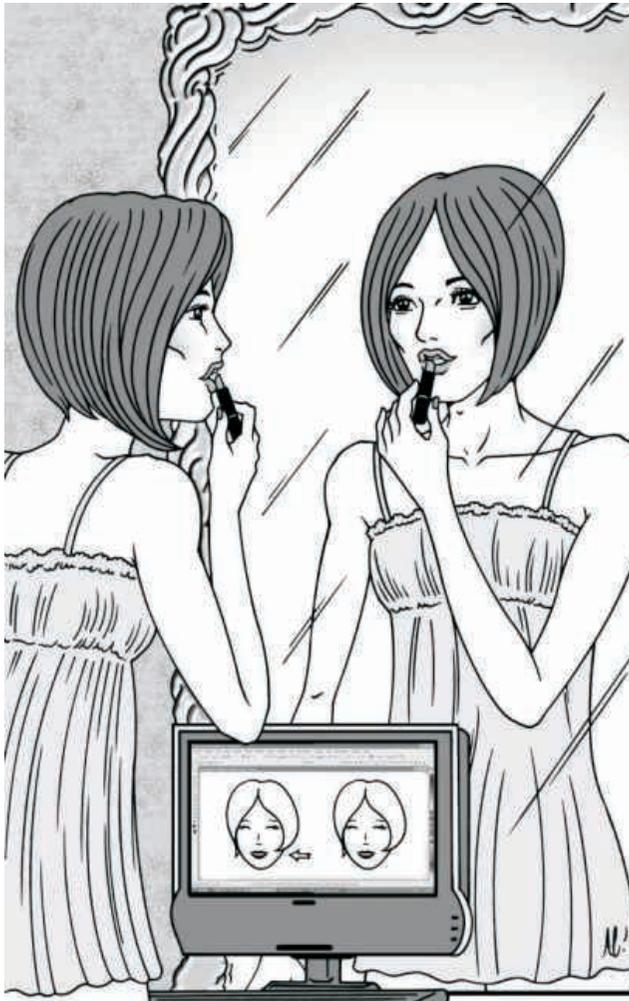
After a time the voice gave me further instructions. I was told to empty the bath and then remove all the hairy stubble that had returned to my body with chemical depilatory as I had read. I did my body and my face. That was followed by a warm shower and topped off after patting myself dry as instructed, by a liberal dosing of fragrant bath powder. Again my sissy character was showing through. I actually enjoyed the smooth feel of my skin with out my hair and the feel the fragrant powder on my smooth skin.

Then back in the bedroom I followed the instructions to re-tuck my male equipment, gaff myself and slip back into my corset. Then the corset, once in position seemingly self adjusted to its former restricting tight fit. Again that feminization was no longer physically horrible and instead was, as I found myself getting used to the restriction, felt good and supportive for my body and was also becoming a bit of a turn on. The satin backing of the gaff was beginning to feel just wonderful against my now hairless and thus newly sensitive maleness and the tightness of the corset, while uncomfortable also offered a support for my gut that was on the other hand comfortable. However, it was totally humiliating to have been free of all that feminizing restriction and then to have put it all back on following the directions of a femininely voiced computer.

But also, I knew there was always the collar. I was afraid it could be, as threatened, remotely activated. So against the threat of a tightening collar around my neck, what could I have done and where could I have gone. Also, with my figure feminized with glued on hips, and breasts, and my appearance feminized with my own long hair in a popular female hair style, and my eyebrows thinly plucked, and my ears pierced and sporting earrings, and only female clothing available to me, where could I have gone. I mean the transformation was just too much to have to explain, to any buddy from who I might have thought of seeking rescue. No, I was stuck with the program and would have to cooperate with my training at least for the time being, until I could figure a way out of all of this.

So next I dressed for the day as instructed. I slipped into a fresh baby doll nightgown, top and panties, very similar to the one I had been wearing, of heavy satin. Next I put on a stretch satin girdle type carter belt with six garters which got threaded through my panties and attached to my silky nylons, and finally 3 inch closed toed, shiny patent leather pumps. Again it was frightening for me, but I found the feel of the satin and nylon against my skin, my shaved skin, was becoming more and more of a sensual turn on, and that the resultant feel of the satin backed gaff against my hardening maleness was also quite sensual. I once again feared that before my wife was done with me I might not want to wear my male clothes again. And I continued with that recurring feeling that I had been through this or some thing like it but just could not recall. However, I slowly pushed those thoughts out of my mind and did my best not to enjoy the sensual feel of my female silks and satins. But it was a losing battle.

And so dressed, I spent the day being tutored and bossed around by a female computer. I was thus learning to respond to orders from a feminine voice while practicing makeup, my feminine voice and feminine deportment for the entire day and being humiliated by having to perform the cross dressing version of “I enjoy being a girl!” over and over again. All of which served to lock in my lessons from the prior days, and my femininity.



Once I was dressed I was directed to sit down at my vanity in front of my computer and put on my lipstick. The voice told me exactly what to do, and as I applied the lipstick, my face appeared on the computer live. When I was done the screen split and on one side of the screen my face appeared as it was and on the other side of the screen my face appeared as it should be, as the lipstick should be. The voice told me how to correct my look and continued to do so until both faces matched. Then I did it again, and again, and again. Next I had to pluck my eyebrows, with the split screen showing me what I had missed. Afterwards I was returned to make-up. The same system occurred for foundation, blush, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara and even perfume. And as with the clothing I found the feel and the smell of the makeup was becoming sensual in nature to me. So there was a deep pleasure awakening in me with the continued application and wearing of my makeup, which excited me and reinforced the sensuality of it all, as my maleness pressed against its satin confines.

When the make up session was done the scene from "Flower Drum Song" came on, with Nancy Quan portraying the most feminine of girls, femininely performing while singing I enjoy being a girl. That image morphed over to a more masculine beauty, apparently a very feminine female impersonator, doing a similar performance, though with slightly different lyrics, more attuned to my situation. The lyrics for which then came on the screen and I had to memorize those lyrics. Once I had memorized the lyrics the performing female impersonator reappeared I had to watch, over and over, that female impersonator's slowed and repeated performance, which I then had to emulate.

So there I was, alone dressed in my nighty, stockings and heels which I had voluntarily put on myself and wearing full makeup which I had also voluntarily applied to myself and doing a cross dressed version of one of the most feminine performances ever recorded, and having to do it with “feeling”. And, I didn’t know at the time, I was being taped and recorded, and my humiliating performance would be played back to me, and to others.

And so I learned to sing with feelings and emotions and perform while singing:

I’m a sissy learning to be a girl, and by me that’s only great! I am happy that my silhouette is now curvy, and that I am now walking with a sweet and girlish gait, with my hips all swivelly and swervy.

I now adore being dressed in something frilly when my mistress comes to get me at my place. Out I go with my Joan or Jan or Billie, like a filly who is ready for the race!

When I have a brand new hairdo, with my eyelashes all in curl, I float as the clouds on air do, I so enjoy becoming a girl!

When my mistress says I’m cute and funny, and my teeth aren’t teeth, but pearl, I just lap it up like honey, I so enjoy becoming a girl!

I flip when my mistress sends me flowers, I drool over dresses made of lace, I talk on the telephone for hours, with a pound and a half of cream upon my face!

Naughty girl!

I’m strictly a female she male. And my future I hope will be, in the home of a dominating female. Who’ll enjoy being a gal having a guy girl... like... me?

When my mistress says I’m sweet as candy as around in a dance we whirl,
It goes to my head like brandy. I enjoy becoming a girl!

When someone with eyes that smolder. Says she loves ev'ry silken curl that falls on my iv'ry shoulder. I enjoy becoming a girl! When I hear the compliment'ry whistle, That greets me tucked in a bikini by the sea, I turn and I glower and I bristle, But I happy to know the whistle's meant for me!

I'm strictly a female she male. And my future I hope will be, in the home of a dominating female. Who'll enjoy being a gal having a girlish boy... like... me.

And the computer would instruct me as I went along, correcting each and every intonation of the voice or movement that was not feminine enough. Most likely some human was watching, but the voice came through as the computer. And I knew I had to learn or I would be doing it all day, and dancing in high heels was killing me.

Once I had mastered that performance I only had to do it again, about once an hour. The music would come on and I would be told to perform and I would.

In between performing I was instructed to and did practice feminine voice, and my feminine deportment, especially my walk and sitting down and getting up. And just to let me know I was being monitored, every once in a while Mabel would appear on the computer screen, telling me what I had done wrong, watch me practice it again over the web cam and then have me continue. As I didn't know when she was watching and when she wasn't I was terrified into doing the best I could and gave my practice the best I could, fearing additional demerits and what ever that would entail.

It was devilish. The thing about mastering the performance was, as a guy I did have to start feeling like a girl to perform the song and gestures while emoting the

feelings needed to please my mistresses via the computer monitor. And I had to let myself go and really start feeling I was that girl in order to do that. So I was feeling more and more like a girl learning to do that performance that I was feeling like a guy forced to perform as a girl. It was crazy, but true.

I continued like that for the day, horrified with myself for being in such a position but terrified to do any thing but what I was told to do; which I did until it was time to make dinner. So when the wife came home I had dinner ready and of course met her at the door with a cocktail, all as directed by my female computer. The wife took a sip and then gave me a big hug, telling me how wonderful I had behaved, and that she was happy I could be trusted, though be it with some monitoring to keep me on the straight and narrow.

She then complimented me on my makeup, telling me, and with a look of some surprise on her face, "Honey, you look absolutely wonderful. I can't get over how good your makeup looks. If I didn't know you had no help I wouldn't believe you had applied it all yourself. You look stunning. I am really happy tht you are at least giving in and keeping your part of our little bet." And of course, to my continued embarrassment, after a compliment like that, I had to thank her, which was just another embarrassment. And her compliment seemed genuine as even she seemed a bit surprise about how well I had done my face. Looking at myself in the mirror after I had completed that final application I was a bit surprised as to how good it was, how much I looked like a woman with well applied makeup and that I had done it myself and how much I had learned that day. Yes, under that training regime I had become quite competent making myself up and making my male face into a passable female face. It was awful. And little did I

know at the time how used to applying my makeup I would get!

Then sitting down, and crossing her legs to show her thighs to me in a seductive fashion, her sissy husband who couldn't do any thing about it; though relaxing with her drink, the one her sissy husband had made her, which seemed to make it taste even better for her; she told me she wanted to see my "little skit." When I balked over the embarrassment of it, she told me, "Sweet heart, you really need to get used to being embarrassed, especially in front of me and the girls. It is your lot, your punishment for now. Expect a lot more of it as part of your punishment. Accept it and it will be less embarrassing for you. And any way, nothing I have you do in front of me should any longer be embarrassing for you to do. You should not have a second thought about any thing I ask or I tell you to do in front of me."

Then looking at me she asked, "Is that understood?" And I could only reply with a, "Yes dear," and a reflex courtesy, that came with the yes dear. I was realizing that I would just have to get used to, as a sissy husband, doing what I was told to do and to live with the embarrassment. I just had to please my wife and keep to the new agreement or I would be in fem full time and for life. And as pleasing as some aspects of the feminine life for an apparent sissy guy might be or become the thought of an existence as an obedient cross dressed sissy with no end in sight was not that pleasant, even for me and even for me with all the changes that had occurred to me.

Any way, that answer did apparently please the wife. She then let me know she knew about my little demerits and if I performed well she could forget my

one demerit, but other wise I would go with out my dinner, what little dinner I got. So when she played the music on the iPOD I went into my little performance with out another objection. She absolutely loved it, and gave me a round of applause and then had me do it again, and then again. After a while my wife's enthusiasm must have been contagious, as I found my self getting more and more into my little act, and putting more and more emotions into it, until by the time she let me finish or stop, with a rousing round of applause, I was believing my little song and was enjoying being her feminized sissy. It was horrible.

After that the evening was much like the previous ones. I served dinner, which my wife ate with relish, complimenting my on my wonderful cooking, and telling me how I made a much better cook than she; which was quickly becoming the case. But again, better the compliment than a demerit and a punishment. Dinner was followed by sex, lots of sex. And then I, my wife's play thing, was put away for the night. Again she tied down in bed and I was forced to play with myself though my nylon and satin garments while reciting my mantra about enjoying being feminized. And I had to had to that how wonderful my silks and satins and makeup felt. And I didn't know how it was working but the more I recited and played with myself the more I felt that what I was telling myself was true. And I was not allowed to stop, that is, until I fell asleep.

Chapter XII: A Day out Shopping as a Girl

The next day I was to go shopping for my uniforms with Mabel. I got up early and took care of my new wifely duties. Over breakfast the wife reminded me about my day with Mabel. Then she explained what I would need to do to prepare. And she expected that I

would do so, for at that point, only a few short days after I had been over whelmed by the wife and her girl friends and transformed into a cross dressed sissy I was already at the point of obedience where my wife expected I would do as I was told and could be trusted not to try to escape, for there wasn't any escape. Outwardly completely feminized and collared, there was no escape. Also, it seemed that at some level mentally that I was accepting of my new situation, and even found some pleasure in it. But at that time I could still shake off those emotions. Any way, I was to prepare myself for an outing with Mabel, I was told, "make myself beautiful" and be ready when she called.

As I showered, dressed and applied my makeup I realized I was moving as a girl would move, and not as a guy would move. And that was with out any of my mistresses present to keep me in line. And I just felt oh so very feminine and very relaxed about that. And I felt I had some how been through some thing quite similar in my past, but could just not recall what or imagine when. The realization that I was moving like a female with out any effort was horrifying for me. My body, via muscle memory I had build up in a very short time, or so I had thought, was over coming any masculine inclination I had, and I moved femininely and from the hips. And just in general, all my motions were feminine, not effeminate, but actually feminine.

And at that point I did not even try to fight that, as I realized the girls had every intention of parading me around in public, and so appearing and actually being feminine was my only real protection against any humiliating exposure. Yes, in a very short time I was totally subjugated and sissified and I realized that I had no choice but to continue learn all my lessons on behaving as a girl so I could pass as a girl, at least to the point of

not bringing attention to my self. As with any male there were telltale giveaways as to my true gender, so I did not want people to be taking a second look at me, I needed to pass on first glance, and so I was forced to learn and to act as femininely as I could. It was humiliating. And it was like picking up speed traveling down hill, the more feminine I became the easier it was to become more feminine.

When Mabel arrived I was ready, skirt and blouse with my appropriate under garments and my high heels and my makeup. Unfortunately I honestly felt very comfortable in my outfit and very turned on by the sensuous feel of my lingerie against my skin and against itself, one sensuous garment sliding along another sensuous garment. It was unhappily for me, a delightful feeling. Fortunately the gaff and padding glued to my groin were so designed as to hide that fact.

As Mabel wanted to get me used to being cross dressed and passing in public with out shocking me, she took me out for coffee at the local dinner before our shopping expedition. At the dinner I didn't find any indication that the waitress realized I was any thing but what I appeared to be. Mabel had pancakes and I had coffee, Mabel knew the waitress and apparently the waitress knew about Mabel's special projects. When Mabel let on that I was one of them, the waitress seemed surprised. But my turning red with embarrassment, once my true gender was revealed was the real give away. Once informed the waitress gave me a closer look and I could see her focusing on my masculine aspects that couldn't be covered. But she was quite complimentary, telling me, "You know dear I just love working with Mabel's boys, they are just so much fun to be around. And you are just absolutely lovely as a girl. I would never have guessed. You just pull it off

so well. Any time you need to pick up a little extra cash, just drop by and I am sure if you can wait tables the boss would hire you. You'd look good in a uniform. You have that look about you. No one would guess."

And then Mabel chimed in, "And 'she' already does her own makeup! Would you believe it? Why 'she' is just the most natural fem of all the boys I have ever trained. He has a real talent for being a girl. I personally don't think his wife should ever let him out of dresses, though she says she will, if he is a good girl and learns his lesson." And as I listened to this I was just so embarrassed. And of course there was that encouragement that if I played along the wife would let me out of dresses.

The waitress agreed with Mabel, "Yes, he is certainly too cute to be let out of dresses on any permanent basis. But I guess being a good girl will have its rewards. And then again a cutie like this may not want to go back to plain boring male clothes. He seems to have a flare for this sort of thing. I am sure that after a while he would come to miss his feminine finery once he gets spoiled." And with that the waitress left to get us our orders, but I saw her talking with the other waitresses and motioning to me and the girls looked at me with disbelief. It was humiliating. And I was left wondering if the effect the female clothing, my silks and satins, were having on me were apparent to a woman. If the girls could tell how much I uncontrollably found myself actually enjoying the feel of dressing in female finery I would die. Or so I thought at the time.

When Mabel's breakfast was served, Mabel, telling me I had been such a "good girl" gave me a taste, and I was in heaven. And she promised me that if I remained a "good girl for the duration" that she would speak with

the wife about loosening up on my diet.” Much to my shame I actually thanked her and told her that I had fully accepted my punishment. After all, I really could not see at way out, on my own at that time. And humil-atingly I told her that I would be a “good girl!” until told otherwise. That seemed to please her and the break-fast was other wise uneventful.

