



Reluctant Press presents:

Proper Punishment

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Proper Punishment

By Lynn Brown

About a year ago my wife, Betty, and I returned from a trip to Sanibel Island in southern Florida where we had celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. We flew down to Tampa and drove to the island, spending three nights before returning.

Betty was twenty-five and I was thirty when we married. During our years together, we were very content with our relationship even though lately sex was limited to once or twice a month. In fact, during our vacation we indulged only once after having several drinks while dancing. We walked along the beach in our bare feet, hand in hand while the moonlight reflected upon the breaking waters.

Returning to our room, I opened the glass door so that we could hear the waves breaking along the beach. Even though the atmosphere lent itself to romance each evening, Betty was only in the mood once. Within minutes we were finished and both of us drifted off to sleep, listening to the waves as they broke along the beach. While I had hoped that this trip would be something special for us, it turned out to be disappointing, like all our other attempts over the past ten to fifteen years.

I did not know what was wrong. Betty was five foot seven and weighed about 135 pounds. At 50, she was pretty, had a very nice firm figure, a full bust, nice hips and a nearly flat stomach; she toned her body three times a week at the local spa. Her brunette hair was soft and silky and glistened in the sunlight as it tossed from side to side as she walked.

Having turning fifty-five earlier that summer, I stood five foot nine and I weighed approximately 160 pounds. While I was starting to grey at the temples (the grey would disappear when I received a haircut), I still had a full head of soft fine hair. In order to keep

trim and fit, I would walk several miles each morning before going to work as a staff sales engineer for a medium-sized chemical company. Although I shaved every day, I could sometimes skip a day without appearing too grubby. My skin was tan from being outdoors and my light body hairs would fade as the sun turned them to a golden hue during the summer.

Betty and I had no children; we never regretted that decision, as we had a good life. We were free to do as we pleased. Although we were not wealthy, we had a more-than-adequate income to enjoy life and we lived in a nice secluded neighborhood. We had, as they say in an old song, grown accustomed to each other over the years.

Several weeks after returning from our anniversary trip, Betty learned about a luncheon date I had at an intimate restaurant with an attractive female customer (pretty, young and single). It seems that one of Betty's closest friends was there and recognized me holding hands across the table with this pretty young lady. After I gave her a gift of a small gold chain with a diamond pendent, she responded by giving me a short kiss to show her appreciation.

That evening after dinner, Betty confronted me, wanting to know who I had taken to lunch and what I was doing holding hands and kissing another woman. Of course I denied that any luncheon had occurred, but after intensive questioning, I finally confessed that I had seen this young lady on several occasions. My wife was very upset and deeply hurt. She felt humiliated and betrayed by my actions. Several of her close friends had been questioning her after they had learned that I had been with another woman.

Her friends were curious; they knew that we had been married for many years. They asked Betty many questions. How long had I been dating other women? What was happening to our marriage? How was she going to handle this affair and was she considering a separation?

While her friends thought that they were being concerned for Betty's interest and feelings, Betty felt nothing but humiliation and anger.

She said to me, "If you are truly sorry, in order to be forgiven and continue with our marriage, you will have to atone for your misgivings by submitting to any punishment I deem necessary."

Deciding that it would not benefit me by arguing with Betty and sensing the need to ease her anger, I replied, "I am really sorry for the hurt, shame and embarrassment I have caused you. I shall abide by your decision as I certainly do not wish to lose you."

Several days later, on a Thursday evening, she announced that she had devised a plan that would guarantee "That I could be assured of your future fidelity and that you would cause yourself greater embarrassment should you have an affair with another woman."

She stated, "Starting this Friday evening, you will spend every evening and the entire weekend in feminine clothing from head to toe. In addition, you will be required to wear women's underwear beneath your male clothing during the week while working at the of-

fice. This will assure me that you will never be in a position to have an affair, as I believe that you would not care to expose your feminine undies by undressing in front of another woman.”

When I hesitated, she reminded me of the consequences if I did not comply with her desired method of punishment. When I agreed, she announced that the punishment would last for a period of six months or more.

Friday evening, I came home to be met at the door by my wife. Betty instructed me to go directly to the bedroom where I was to undress and take a shower. To my surprise, I was told to shave not only my face, but also my legs and under my arms. After I had dried off, my wife came into the bathroom and proceeded to shave my back, chest, and arms. Betty applied lotion to my now hairless body, as well as powder.

I was then dressed in panties, bra, waist cincher, slip, garter belt, hose, a pink shirt-waist dress and a pair of flat shoes. To fill out the bra, she inserted a pair of my socks into each of the bra cups. Betty had me sit at the vanity table where she applied makeup to my face. She fitted a long shoulder-length auburn wig on my head.

We then proceeded to the kitchen where I was instructed to cook our dinner. After serving and eating dinner, I was given the task of cleaning the kitchen. Having finishing the chores and reported to Betty in the den, I was subjected to several hours of instructions on walking, sitting and other feminine deportment.

At bedtime, I was taught how to remove the makeup, utilizing cold cream and moisturizer. For sleeping, a sheer pink full-length nightgown adorned with lace was slipped over my head and slid into place.

Saturday morning, I was awakened at seven o'clock and told to take a bath with scented lotion, and then shave my face closely. Betty took scented powder and applied it over my entire body. She told me to put on “Your new Underwear” which consisted of panties, bra, and garter belt, stocking and waist cincher.

I stepped into the slip and dress, which I had worn the previous evening, along with the shoes and the wig. Sitting at the vanity, she then applied light makeup while explaining that I needed to pay close attention to what she was doing, as it would be my responsibility to apply makeup in the future.

In the kitchen, I was given an apron, which I had to tie in the back before preparing breakfast. Afterwards, I cleared the table and cleaned up the kitchen. During the morning, Betty supervised me as I did the house cleaning: dusting, vacuuming, changing the bed linens, cleaning the bathrooms, general pickup around the house and preparing lunch.

In the early afternoon, I went to the vanity spending over 4 hours under her guidance learning to properly apply makeup, taking off the makeup, then reapplying it until Betty was satisfied that I was capable of doing this with a minimum amount of supervision.

After the makeup lessons, I prepared, served and ate dinner, afterwards cleaning the dishes and kitchen. Betty spent the balance of the evening teaching me to walk, sit and talk

as a woman. She insisted, "If you are to dress as a female, then you must have all the mannerism of a female." By bedtime, I was completely exhausted.

Sunday morning, I was awakened at eight (instead of ten o'clock as my male self would have been) and ordered to shower and dress in my feminine underwear. After the application of light makeup, I was given a tight, dark blue skirt and light blue long-sleeved ruffled blouse. Earrings, a bracelet and a woman's watch were added. Going to the kitchen, I donned the apron. After serving breakfast and cleaning up, I was shown how to sort the clothes for washing. After finishing the laundry, Betty had me clean my dresser drawers of all male attire, with the exception of socks and pajamas. These clothes were stored in a suitcase and locked in a closet.

Betty explained, "You will not be using these items for a long time." I filled the empty drawers with several pairs of female undergarments and several nightgowns. Room was made in my closet by removing all my causal clothing; they were stored in a footlocker, which Betty sealed with a combination lock. Taking the footlocker to the attic, I was left with only five dress shirts, three pair of pants and two sport coats for work attire.

Following lunch, Betty had me change my makeup and report to her. She critiqued what I had done, giving me directions on how to correct the mistakes. She insisted that I start all over with the application of the cosmetics after cleansing my face. By the third application, she was satisfied and allowed me to relax for a short time. Then we returned to the vanity where I was instructed on combing, styling, and the proper care of the wig.

After dinner, still in my white frilly apron, I was taught how to iron the clothes, which had been laundered in the morning. When the ironing was completed, all the clean clothes were put in the proper drawers and closets.

Betty suggested a break since I had finished all my tasks. Thinking that I would be able to enjoy the Sunday paper, I was surprised when she handed me several women's magazines to read as I sat down. "These are for your further education!" she remarked.

While I was reading, Betty went to our bedroom. Returning after a short time, she came to me with a determined look upon her face. In her hand she was carrying a small piece of paper.

"What is this receipt for?" she demanded. Before I could say anything, she continued, "The receipt is for a piece of jewelry you purchased last week. I certainly do not remember you giving me a present. What did you spend two hundred dollars for? I want the truth."

Realizing that it was best to confess immediately, I said, "It was for a gift I purchased for the girl I had lunch with. It was just a small token of my friendship, nothing more."

"Well, maybe it was nothing more, but I believe that you had hoped it would lead to something more. I believe you thought she would reward you for such a thoughtful pres-

ent. So, since she will not be able to provide you with her charms, I will give you a reward for such a thoughtful gift," she stated with a smirk on her lips. "That purchase will cost you an additional six months in skirts. My, wouldn't your girlfriend be impressed with you now?"

Betty added, "You better stop relaxing and start walking. I want you to become graceful as you walk. I am going to train you to comply with my every desire. I believe that you will find it better to offer me your full cooperation so as to make it easier on yourself. I intend to make you pay dearly for the humiliation you have caused me by having this affair.

"I just hope that with this punishment, you will be humiliated and embarrassed to the same extent that you caused me. I want you to feel the shame and hurt you have given me."

Came bedtime, I was completely exhausted from the additional hour of walking, sitting, and walking in the high heels. Donning the nightgown, I brushed my teeth and retired to the bed only to be informed that the makeup needed to be removed; I also had to moisturize my face and apply body lotion prior to going to bed. Although tired, I reluctantly complied with her orders.

On Monday morning after showering, Betty supervised my dressing which involved a pair of pink panties, a matching pink lacy bra, panty hose and a pink nylon camisole decorated in lace and adorned with small pink satin ribbons and bows. To complete my attire for work, I was allowed to wear male clothing consisting of shirt, tie, pants, jacket, male socks (over the panty hose) and shoes.

During work, there was a constant reminder of the feminine lingerie beneath my male outer garments. When going to the men's room, it was necessary to enter a stall to take care of business. During work, I tried to keep my sport coat buttoned so that no one could detect the bra and camisole beneath the shirt. It was difficult to concentrate during work that first day.

Arriving home immediately after work (complying with the instructions given to me in the morning dressing session), my wife led me to the bedroom where suitable feminine clothing (pink slip, waist cincher, dress and flats) were laid out on the bed for the evening dressing session. After changing and shaving my face (Betty informed me that, during the week, I was to shave in the evening as the application of makeup would look better on a smooth face rather one with beard stubble), I sat at the vanity applying makeup; then I completed my wardrobe by adding the wig, earrings and jewelry.

The procedures became routine every day. During the week, I wore lingerie to work under the supervision of my wife; evenings and the weekends, I was completely dressed as a woman.

During the evening, more lessons in applying makeup were given until I was competent at the task. Additional deportment lessons were given until Betty was satisfied with the way I handled myself in dresses and heels. When I had put on the nightgown Betty

had selected that day, I took the lingerie to the washer to be cleaned. Putting the clothes in the drier, I returned exhausted, ready for bed.

Tuesday morning, I donned my lingerie, which I had cleaned the previous night, consisting of pink panties, bra and camisole. In addition, Betty had chosen a small pink sports brief, which I pulled over the panties before slipping on the garter belt and attaching the dark nylons followed by the lace camisole. A blue Oxford cloth shirt, tie, pants and jacket completed my dressing for work.

As I was about to leave the house, Betty informed me that we were to meet at 3:00 PM at the South entrance of the mall, and she warned me not to be late.

Going to my boss shortly after getting to work, I asked if I might leave early, as it was very important that I meet with my wife that afternoon. He asked if there was anything wrong and if he could be of any assistance.

Thanking him for his concern, I said, "I certainly appreciate your asking but this is a private family matter I promised Betty that I would take care of. You know that we must keep our wives happy."

I could not tell him the humiliation I was being subjected to in order to keep her happy nor the reason for our meeting today. I was not totally sure why we were to meet at the mall, actually. I did not wish to ask her that morning.

Leaving the office, I took a bus to the mall and met Betty at the appointed place. We entered the mall.

The first stop was the jewelry store. Using the receipt she had found, Betty asked for the clerk who had sold me the necklace.

"My husband was here last week and purchased a necklace and diamond pendent. Here is the receipt. I would like to purchase another, as I was not the recipient of the necklace he bought. Would you please bring out an identical one?"

The clerk looked briefly at me, realizing the situation, as I had been very friendly with him when I brought the necklace. He could tell that I was in trouble with my wife. He quickly located the same necklace and handed it to Betty.

Betty looked carefully at the necklace before asking, "Do you have a chain that is smaller in diameter and slightly more feminine?"

The clerk took out several chains, placing them in front of Betty. "Yes, I believe this chain will be fine. Could you place the diamond pendant on the chain?"

The clerk did as requested, holding the chain before Betty.

"Yes, I believe that will be fine. We better try the chain on to make sure the length is correct." When the salesman held the chain in front of Betty, she said, "This is for him. I wish to see that the chain is the proper length so that the pendant rests properly. Charlie, put on the necklace," she ordered.

Doing as told and not saying a word, I could see a puzzled look on the clerk's face as the chain was clasped around my neck, hanging down in front of my tie.

"Take off your tie; I will put it in my purse. Now, let's see if it's the proper length." Looking at the necklace, she said in a loud demanding tone of voice, "Unbutton your shirt so I can see where the pendent will rest."

I hesitated, being afraid of reveling my pink underwear, but Betty demanded that I do as told. Not wanting to attract more attention, I unfastened the first three buttons to my shirt, reveling the lace of the camisole. Betty was not satisfied until I had undone three more buttons. She then opened my shirtfront so the clerk could see my chest encased in the pink lacy camisole decorated with ribbons and bows as well as the outline of the brasserie beneath the camisole.

Betty observed where the pendant was resting on my chest before telling the clerk, "I believe that we need the chain to be an additional two inches longer. Charlie, take off the chain and give it to the clerk. Leave your shirt unbuttoned so we can measure where the pendant will lay with the new chain."

The clerk took off the necklace, changing the pendant to a longer chain before returning to the counter. I stood there, embarrassed, with my shirt partially opened, reveling my undies to the other salespersons who had been signaled by our clerk. They were wondering what was happening. As he returned, he put the chain around my neck while getting a long look at my undies.

Betty took her time examining the pendant, which fell below the top of my bra, between the cups, resting on the lace trim of the pink camisole.

"That is perfect, we will take it." Turning to me, she said, "Button your shirt except for the top two buttons. You will wear this necklace at all times unless I tell you different. This will serve as a reminder of what you did."

Blushing, I replied, "Yes, dear."

Our next stop was at a woman's fine apparel shop specializing in lingerie. A young sales clerk approached us. "Hello, my name is Holly. How may I help you?"

Betty told the clerk, "We are here to purchase several items of underwear which will include 4 brassieres, 8 pairs of panties, a full length panty girdle in white, 3 lacy camisoles,

2 slips and several pair of stockings and garter belts as well as pantyhose. However, I am not sure of the sizes we require."

The young clerk very eagerly replied (thinking no doubt of the amount of the pending sale), "I will be glad to measure for you. If Madame would go back to the dressing room and remove her outer garments, I'll be able to obtain your correct measurements before showing you a selection of apparel to choose from."

"Oh, gracious NO!! Holly, I am afraid you misunderstood me," replied my wife. "These items are for my husband! We are here to purchase clothing for him, as he is to wear ladies' underwear at all times. This is his penance for his having an affair with another woman. He has agreed to this punishment to help erase the humiliation and deep pain he has caused me.

"His new underwear is to be as feminine as possible with frills and laces," she continued. "I want him to look dainty and sissified. The more feminine the lingerie we choose for him to wear, the greater satisfaction I will experience, in the knowledge that he shall have maximum awareness of the punishment and discipline he is receiving for his past indiscretion."

I was floored at Betty's comments; she knew that there was not a thing that I could say nor do. It became apparent that she was going to have her husband humiliated to the fullest degree during the enforced punishment. Her determination to embarrass me without consideration for my feelings was apparent.

Holly was slightly taken back at Betty's statement. She looked at me and said, "You both may go into the changing room and I will measure him as soon as he is ready."

When I had taken off my outer clothing, Holly entered the booth. She laughed at the sight of me standing in front of a mirror, wearing nothing but pink feminine lingerie. Never have I been so embarrassed; I could not say a word nor look directly at the clerk for the shame I was feeling. She proceeded to take the necessary measurements for my new underwear.

"Would your husband like to choose his purchases or will Madame make the selection?" asked the clerk.

Betty hesitated a moment, then replied, "Since he is undressed, I will choose several items so he can stay in the booth. We will bring the pretty undies to him. That way we can make sure that we have found the proper sizes for him."

It seemed like an eternity while I waited, dressed in panties, bra, garter belt, waist cincher and stocking, until the clerk and Betty returned with several garments for me to try. When I had finished donning the new bra, panties and slip, Betty and the clerk agreed they all fitted properly. Betty told me to change back into the pink undies, put my street

clothes back on and bring the new underwear to the counter. Thinking that the worst part of this ordeal was over, I completed dressing by putting my male attire back on over the pink lingerie I had been wearing all day. Little did I know that the worst was yet to come.

Reentering the store, I saw the other clerks gathered around the counter, whispering among themselves. Surely they all knew what had transpired in the dressing room. That soon became obvious as Betty and the clerk took me by the hand to the various counters in the shop, pointing out items of apparel for me to select. Handing me the garments to feel, they made a great show of pointing out all the lace and ribbons on each article of lingerie.

The clerk, now on good terms with Betty, made comments like, "These are darling and just YOUR size." "Doesn't this material feel nice and soft?" "Can you imagine how much nice it will feel when you wear them?" "What colors do you prefer?" "Which item do you like the most?" "I can hardly wait to see you in these panties and slips as they will do *so* much to bring out your feminine side." "Aren't you fortunate to have the pleasure of choosing such pretty and soft underwear for yourself?" "Don't you think that this color will go very nicely under your new dresses?"

I was so embarrassed and ashamed that I started to cry. Betty noticed and immediately took advantage of the situation so that she might embarrass me even further.

She said, "Girls, look! My husband is overwhelmed in the knowledge that all this beautiful and lovely lingerie is for HIM. He is SO thrilled at having the opportunity to wear such pretty and dainty feminine undergarments, he can't help weeping for joy." Everyone laughed.

All the clerks and customers were now fully aware that the beautiful soft ultra-feminine items being purchased were meant to be worn by me. The most embarrassing moment came as the clerk brought out a selection of girdles and I had to choose one while every one in the store watched. I was then told by the clerk (so every one could hear), "Go back to the dressing room and try on this panty girdle. Your wife and I want to make sure it fits you properly. Put the girdle on over the panties you are wearing."

All I could do was comply with her instructions, hanging my head in shame and humiliation. I walked as quickly as I could into the changing area while avoiding eye contact with anyone.

Betty and Holly came back into the changing room to inspect the fit of the girdle. Betty said, "Walk on your tip toes, pretending you are wearing heels, so we can get the full effect of your walk and figure." I did as she instructed, walking around in the small room on my toes, wearing the girdle over my panties, along with my brasserie and waist cincher. In the meantime, Holly had the sales manager come into the room to get her opinion on the fit of the girdle. While I thought the girdle was too tight, all three agreed that it fit well. I would soon become used to the tightness; I needed a figure if I was to wear dresses.

I was then instructed to keep the girdle on, put my shirt and pants back on, but leave off my socks. Complying with my wife's orders, I finished dressing before returning to the counter, carrying the socks in my jacket pocket.

When all the lingerie was packaged and paid for, Holly thanked Betty and told her that she was glad to be of help and she should return any time. To me she said, "Thank you so much. It was a pleasure helping you select your purchases. I am sure that you will enjoy and love your beautiful new undies."

As I picked up the packages containing my new lingerie, Betty said, "Thank Holly for all her help."

All I could do was whisper, "Thank you."

Betty decided we should have a sandwich for dinner at the mall food court. I was still embarrassed as everyone could see that I was carrying bags with "Memphis Ladies' Exquisite Lingerie Boutique" printed on them in large letters. I thought that everyone would know what had transpired in the shop and that the contents of the packages were mine. Fortunately no one paid any attention to my packages or us.

After eating, we went to the local department store. We reached the Misses department where I was to try on several dresses, skirts and blouses to insure a proper fit. Betty instructed me to insert my socks in the brassiere cups before trying on dresses in order to add to the fullness of the dress. We basically went through the same procedure as at the lingerie store.

Betty explained, "This way you will have your own clothing which will fit properly so you will not need to depend on my wardrobe. You are to pay for your new clothing with money from your personal savings account."

The clerks in the department store were amused and smiled when told why I was to be the purchaser of woman's clothing. Betty gave the full details, the reasons and length of time I was being subjected to this punishment. The salesladies became very involved and brought many dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters for me to model. With each outfit, I was ordered to come out of the dressing room and into the store area, where there was a three-sided mirror, to be inspected by Betty and the clerks. We repeated this ordeal until Betty had chosen 7 complete outfits.

On the way home, Betty noticed a discount shoe store and decided to stop. This time we had a male clerk. Betty cut through the chase by informing him, "We are here to purchase several pairs of high-heeled shoes for my husband. Would you please measure his feet to determine the correct size for him." As I took off my shoes (we had discarded the male socks earlier at the department store), he measured my nylon-covered feet. He returned with two boxes of black heels in different sizes, which he slipped on my feet.

Betty had me walk around the store to make sure that the heels would be comfortable. "You will be wearing these shoes most of the week," she commented to me in front of the salesman. Again, I was embarrassed but not nearly to the same degree as when we made our purchase at the lingerie store. We (I should say Betty) chose a pair of blue 2-inch heeled shoes as well as a pair of 2-inch pink heels.

She told the clerk, "He will take these two pairs. Please wrap the pink pair with his male shoes as he will wear the blue heels home."

Betty laughed as I struggled out of the shoe store and into the parking lot. Of course, she had parked the car in the furthest parking spot from the store. I did manage to get safely into the car without falling—barely.

Once we arrived home, Betty had me sort the new clothing in my dresser drawers and closet. She said, "Since you will be wearing only nightgowns, put all your pajamas in my dresser drawer; I shall wear them from now on. Take my nightgowns and put them in your empty drawer as they now belong to you."

One Friday about five weeks after the start of my ordeal, I was required to come home early. When I arrived, Betty was waiting at the door where she instructed me to take a shower, also to shave my arms, legs, and, of course, my face. After I had finished, my wife came into the room and handed me a pair of new snow-white laced nylon panties with a matching bra, a new white satin panty brief, a waist cincher, and a satin garter belt and sheer hose.

While these items were now my standard weekend attire, I was completely surprised when she handed me a pair of dark blue women's slacks and a plain light blue shirt-blouse which buttoned on the left side, rather than a dress or the blouse/skirt combination I had become accustomed to wearing. After dressing, I was given a pair of loafers to finish the "pseudo-male" outfit, although in reality, I was dressed completely in feminine clothing.

She then sprayed me liberally with perfume. When I sat at the vanity to apply makeup, Betty handed me a tube of light pink lipstick. "This is the only makeup you are to apply to your face," she said.

Having learned my lesson well, I did not question her orders, but I wondered why she just required me to wear only lipstick in a shade which was barely noticeable rather than the normal bright Cherry Red which was on the vanity alongside my other cosmetics.

I was informed that I had a four o'clock appointment to get a manicure. I was also to bring home my wig, which Betty had taken in earlier for cleaning and styling. I realized the reasoning behind the pink lipstick: for all practical appearances, I looked like a male.

Betty handed me a bottle of crimson red nail polish to be applied to my nails by the girl at the beauty shop.

I left the house thinking, "OK, you've been through worse and probably nobody will notice that you that you are dressed in women's attire. Just relax and maybe no one will think anything unusual is occurring. It's just a man receiving a manicure. Maybe no one will even notice the color of the polish."

Betty let me out to keep the appointment while she did some shopping. I met the young lady assigned to do my nails. After filing and manicuring, she proceeded to polish the nails, using first a clear coat and then two coats of the bright red polish I had given her to use. Before the application of a sealing coat of clear polish, and while the red polish was still drying, the girl asked if I would move to another chair as she needed her table for the next customer. Thinking nothing of her request, I gladly moved. She proceeded with the final clear coat.

While waiting for the nail polish to dry, the manager of the salon informed me that my wife had given her instructions earlier in the day that I was to be given a full facial. A cape was draped over my shoulders before I could protest. At that point, a beautician appeared, reclining the chair so that she could administer the facial.

When the girl had finished, my face felt clean and relaxed. Another operator came over to the chair and proceeded to completely make up my face starting with foundation, liquid makeup, powder, mascara, eye shadow, liner, and thinning out the eyebrows prior to outlining the brows with pencil. A weird looking instrument, an eyelash curler, pulled tightly on the lashes, creating a huge curl before additional mascara was added. Blush was then applied, followed by bright red lipstick (matching the nail polish) to complete the make over.

All the operators in the shop had come over to review the work done by the others. Meanwhile, the customers wanted to know who was causing all the commotion. Soon everyone had come over to the chair to see what the excitement was about. They all applauded when they viewed me, a man whose face was as feminine as possible and whose nails were colored bright red.

To add to my embarrassment, the beauty salon manager approached the chair and placed the newly styled long auburn wig upon my head. Everyone thought that I looked cute. One woman remarked that I appeared to be about 45 years old. It was a compliment as I was almost 55.

About that time, Betty entered the salon to pay for the services and review the results of the make over. Someone asked why I was being punished. Happily, Betty explained the reasoning for the punishment. Betty then led me to the car. She informed me that she had made several purchases which I was to model for her after we returned to our house.

In our bedroom under her watchful eyes, Betty had me take off the slacks and blouse I had worn to the beauty parlor. I was instructed to hang the blouse in my closet and the pants in her closet, as that would be the last time I wore pants except to work.