

She Made Me Her Obedient Cross Dressed Husband

Volume III



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Gemini



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By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Summary of Volumes I & II

Robin was fooled into believing the only way to save his marriage was to have allowed his wife and sister to feminize him. And he had to save his marriage, at least for the time being, in order to gain his inheritance. And so his sister had convinced him to have explained away his chauvinist behaviors as a reaction to having been sissified as a child by his mother. And then he found that he had to prove he had been a sissy; none of which was true...it was just an excuse. It was

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an excuse thought up by his sister to trick Robin into allowing himself to be completely feminized, a plot in which Robin's wife was a willing partner. And for the foolish Robin once caught in the feminization trap he found it was one that was just wonderful. And no matter how hard he planned to escape, there was no escape. His sister was just that much smarter than Robin and smart enough to make him just love being feminine and want to live his life in lingerie and dresses as an obedient house husband and wife.

In book one Robin had first put on his wife's panties to prove he was not a chauvinist and that he had been a panty wearing sissy. Then he half agreed to and was half forced into allowing himself to be cross-dressed in lingerie and a dress and absolutely feminized. First thing he was brought to lingerie shop which had a male clientele and his male underwear was taken away by his wife and the sales girl and replaced with lingerie. He found it sort of nice... the feel of the nylon and satin. Then he was brought to the beauty parlor and he was made-up to appear a female. And finally he was dressed up as a beautician. He was taken out in public dressed from the skin out as a female and fully made-up as a female and had to pass as a female. And the new girlie Robin was re-introduced to his sister while dressed as a female and forced to act as a female. He found that it was all so humiliating... but a strange turn on.

In book II Robin agrees to psychotherapy for his problem. So under directions from his therapist and in order to regain his repressed memories of life with his mother as her obedient cross dressed sissy daughter he agrees to wear lingerie all the time and to wear dresses and use cosmetics most of the time. He is only allowed to wear male outer clothing at work and the pants and shirt have been somewhat feminized. He is

trained to become his wife's feminized lover and household male-maid as he undergoes therapy which consists of cross dressing, feminizing psychotherapy and female hormones, and continued public exposure. He hates it as it is all so humiliating, but also finds out he is very turned on by it all as it makes him feel so sensual and so relaxed and even happy. His wife seems to enjoy his and her new roles in the marriage, while his sister is not helpful at all with getting him out of his fix that she created for him and she even supports the therapy.

In book three, this book, Robin, an adult married man, is convinced by his sister that he needs to become even more feminine and even more comfortable crossdressed and playing the role of a female, in order that his wife does not realize the whole thing has been a sham. His sister forces him to experience life as a high school girl, life as a transgender boy learning to become a girl. Once again half he agrees and is half forced by his sister to take another step towards the feminine. He is convinced it is the only way to save his marriage. His sister convinces him that he needs to gain a more feminine aura and all the feminine skills in order to convince his wife that he was really brought up as a sissy. Despite, up to now, through his current feminization, his wife had not been completely convinced that his excuse for having acted the chauvinist, that he was rebelling against his upbringing, rebelling that his mother had made him her daughter, is completely authentic. It is just that Robin does not seem to his wife to be comfortable enough as a female despite his wife's obvious attraction to her feminized husband. His sister convinced him that he must learn to naturally behave and act like a female and he must learn all the things a girl would have learned from her mother about cooking and cleaning and maintaining a

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house or his wife will just not continue to believe his mother had done all that to him.

And so attending high school as a girl he spends each day totally dressed from the skin out as a high school girl in the typical high school uniform for girls, his hair long and styled and in makeup having to live and to act as a girl...or a boy learning to be a girl. Course work consists of all the courses he will need for his future life as working female and wife. He will learn to cook and clean and mend and sew. He will learn modeling and feminine deportment and female voice. He will learn office skills and beautician skills. And he finds a group of high school friends which support him and make sure he learns his lessons and with whom he interacts as a transgender boy learning to be a girl. Robin will learn to be the girl that he was supposed to have been growing up and he will forget how to be a male. Acting the girl will just become his natural way to act and it will become difficult for Robin to act masculine. He will have forgotten how to speak and move and act like a man. Robin will have become Robyn a female in thoughts and actions.

His wife is very pleased with his new skill set and that he is starting to recall his younger years dressed and living as a daughter. In concert with his sister his wife is keeping Robin as female as possible. She seems to adore him that way.

His wife and his sister along with Robin's therapist continue to support the fantasy that this is what Robin wants for himself and continue to keep him so entrapped. After a while fighting it, Robin can no longer resist and starts to believe the implanted memories that his mother had dressed him as a girl when he was a child and he begins to accept his cross dressing and his wifely duties. Robin just finds his new life, with his new lingerie and his new clothes just so sensual, that

he finds himself learning all he is being taught about becoming a female. He is finding fulfillment living and learning to live as a girl. Robin forgets how to be a man. Robin begins to find happiness and a sense of accomplishment being a wife.

And it does not appear that Robin will ever regain his manhood and return to living as a man and a husband. His future appears to be one in which he is dressed as a female and living the life of a female, while remaining a man underneath it all and all of it is beyond his control. And thanks to his therapy, he finds that he is completely turned on by his fate and just finds that he loves all that has happened to him and he is finding more and more that he likes nothing more in life than to be obedient and to please his wife and to be his wife's obedient cross dressed sissy husband.

Chapter XVI – A Lingerie Wearing Fully Feminized Obedient Sissy Husband

I was unable to hold my old job due to my obvious feminization. It was just too embarrassing. I was acting more and more effeminate as my forced feminization took a greater and greater hold on me. And I was terrified the people at work would eventually realize I was wearing woman's lingerie under my suite and was acting very effeminate. My wife had taken a job and became the main breadwinner and so I could find another less well-paying job.

I took a leave of absence and took a job my sister had offered me, at the firm at which she was employed, where I could be as effeminate as could be and wear lingerie and even a dress if I wanted to and none

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of that would present a problem for me. I was well liked from when I had interned there and the firm itself was an artsy type of business and very accepting.

So I went back to work at a firm at which my sister was a manager, where I had interned years ago. I had gotten a job filling in for staff on vacation. A much lower paying job than the one I had left, but one at which my emerging femininity would be less embarrassing for me. The wife would drop me off in the morning and pick me up at night or my sister would get me home. I wasn't allowed any time on my own. I was given very little money. I had no identification. There was no escape from my new life in lingerie and female work. If I left my wife to escape the trap in which I had become ensnared, I would never get my inheritance. I figured I could put up with just about anything to get that inheritance. Well I did put up with a lotbut....

Then when summer vacations were over and my services as a fill-in were not so much needed at work it served as the time during which my sister could intensify my feminization. She explained to me that it would be for my own good as my wife was, according to my sister, becoming somewhat suspect of my cover story since my feminine talents were not getting beyond what the wife had been teaching me. I did not seem to remember anything my mother had supposedly taught me.

Meanwhile I had been, and continued to be, trapped in lingerie at work and at home, trapped in lingerie and dresses and learning how to carry myself as a female and perform the household chores which typically would have been done by the woman of the house. My wife was my teacher and task master and kept me in lingerie 24/7 and in my beautician's dress at home and while at home engaged in my domestic

work. She would constantly check up on me as I went through the assigned household tasks which she had taught me to do and while remaining in lingerie and dresses, having to deport myself as a girl. I endured this all so I could convince the wife I was not a chauvinist, so I could stay married and hopefully get my inheritance.

So trapped, my sister was going to up the ante. For so trapped, the plan not known to me was that I would eventually be completely feminized and completely under the control of my wife, my sister, and my aunt; with no chance of ever returning to my male clothing and male habits. That's where this whole game was heading. I was unable to realize that just as I was unable to prevent it. I was so comfortable and relaxed and happy in my lingerie that I am not sure that I could have prevented it even if I had known about that plan. I was happily trapped in a satin cage of my sisters making, while aided in her endeavors to feminize me by my wife who also happily cooperated and found the game much to her own liking.

Every morning was the same for me as I dressed in my lingerie and engaged in my female morning rituals every day since this horror had all started. I got up early to get ready so I could prepare breakfast for the wife and I, as a dutiful feminized house husband should do. I was finding that more and more pleasant and more and more of a turn on. And I was greeted by my wife and given my orders.

I showered my hairless feminized body, which I was forced to keep hairless with constant shaving and depilatory use and the use of some new home use electronic hair removal system. I washed with a feminine sweet smelling soap and washed out my hair with a feminine sweet smelling shampoo. The scents and the feel against my shaved hairless body were sensual and

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enjoyable I could not believe it. Then I would pat myself dry like any girl and then like any girl I would powder myself with some sweet smelling feminine body powder. No one could mistake the aroma as manly. I smelled like a sissy. And that is how the wife insisted I smell. I learned to enjoy that smell as smelling feminine became more and more sensual to me. I became addicted to my powders and perfumes.

Next I would step into my lingerie which I also found to be a tremendous turn on and had quickly become my favorite part of my forced feminization. I was not even sure I could ever give up wearing lingerie it had become such a turn on for me. It just made me feel so nice, so relaxed, so comfortable and so turned on. I was hoping that once freed from having to wear lingerie I could reserve the wearing of lingerie for times when wearing loving soft caressing satin would not be so public and would not be such an embarrassment.

So I slipped into my panties, one pair which was cut to allowed access to my rear and a cut out for my penis to exit, but cradled my testicles, the satin of which just felt wonderful on my hairless scrotum, and was the satin against my body which I was not supposed to pull down at all. Then I slipped on the second pair of stretch satin panties, a boys cut double layers panty that just felt wonderful, as I slid them up my hairless legs and pulled them into place over my smooth hairless groin and rear. Between the layers of satin was a special absorbent lining so as I would periodically get really turned on by all my satin lingerie and leak a bit, the leakage would get absorbed and not show through my pants. The wife likes to call these panties my modes pad sanitary panties, which strangely enough when she did so I found a bit of a turn on to think to myself that I was wearing such an ultra-female type

garment...even more female than lingerie. And she would laugh at me when she talked about her husband's modes panties them and the fact that I was turned on by wearing the lingerie and that I also found the way she talked to me to be a turn on. It was crazy and I imagined all the results of a hypnotic suggestion which had built on a childhood panty fetish.

Then I had to pull into place my specially designed high wasted stretch satin girdle. Once in place my testicles were forced into my body for the day and my penis was forced flat against my groin, and my frontage looked flat and more female than male. The waist of the girdle was high and tight and took about one inch off my torso up where a woman's waist would be and created a female looking waist and a female shape to that part of my body.

At first the insertion of my testicles into my body had been difficult and somewhat painful. But as I repeatedly was forced to insert them into my body the passageway stretched and it became easier and easier, and since the time I had changed jobs, they pretty much just slid right in and stayed there for the day without any issues. Typically after a day in lingerie they were sort of full and a bit painful and did not really descend on their own; and I had to wait for my wife to relieve me in order to stop that pain. And as the wife would tell me I needed to be a good girl, well behaved and feminine to get that relief. Woe be it to me if the wife found I had taken matters into my own hands. I was stuck and obedient and feminine.

It was strange but after a while I found the compression and support of the panty girdle very comfortable once I had gotten used to it. I wasn't too sure that I could get along without one, and as I continued to wear it my waist was trained to accommodate the shaping powers of that girdle.

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Next I stepped into and pulled into place my stretch satin shaping support camisole which further feminized my body. It took off another inch from my waist and it created a sort of breast tissue for me. It was designed as a support garment and to hold in a woman's waist and it did so with my waist. Then there was a cut out in the chest area allowing for the wearing of a brassiere and the compression of the garment against my body forced my loose flesh and fat into that area creating small breasts for me. Strangely enough I found the affect pleasant and the mounded flesh a bit sensual.

I then put on my satin brassiere. I was still turning red when I put it on as I had been taught by my wife, it was just so embarrassing having to wear a brassiere and just so embarrassing realizing that I just about almost needed to wear a brassiere. So I, a guy, put on my brassiere sliding my arms through the shoulder straps and then leaning forward so my breast tissue would hang into the cups, the way the wife had taught me to do it and insisted that I do it, and then clipping it closed and making sure my breasts were properly positioned. It was satin and felt wonderful. And it was stretchy and sort of contained the flesh making my breasts less obvious to everyone but me.

Once in my support garments and my brassiere I really felt as if I had grown breasts. And the really awful part of it was that after a while my flesh was getting trained and even without the brassiere and camisole my chest remained... let's say fleshy. And my wife also picked up on that and played with my breasts and had me sleeping in a sleep bra. She told me she thought it was all so cute...the way my body was developing and that I should not let it bother me.

Then I put on a delightful satin camisole. And finally my Lycra tights which just felt wonderful as I

pulled them up my shaved legs and smoothed them over my hairless skin.

So dressed I would then have to look at myself in the mirror as I would blow dry my longish hair and brushed my hair into a gender neutral but more feminine than masculine hair style.

And so there I would be looking at my feminized self in the mirror while I femininely would blow dry my hair, all dressed up in my female lingerie, my testicles neatly tucked away and my penis hard in its satin confines and me looking more like a girl than a boy with my slightly defined female waist and small breasts and dressed all in female lingerie with my longish hair.

Despite the horror of it all I just felt wonderful and all turned on. But I hated it. I wanted to be a real man again. However this was part of my therapy and there was no getting out of it. So I would look at myself and feel turned on and not wanting to take off my lingerie, despite the horror, it just felt so wonderful. But it was not like I had a choice. This was my only underwear. This is how my wife insisted I dress. And my wife was the boss. I had no choice in the matter.

I would return to the bedroom to finish dressing and my wife would be waiting to use the bathroom. She would see me in my lingerie and come over and hug me and rub me through my lingerie while giving me a morning kiss and tell me, "Darling you do look so cute in female lingerie. And you do feel so wonderful. I can't believe it. This isn't as really bad as I thought it would be. You look so darling I am not sure that you really need to be cured of anything. Lingerie and femininity really seem to agree with you. And now that I am working it does not seem to bother me so much. I strangely find that I am liking having an obedient

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swishy feminine husband. In fact I find I am quite enjoying it. Now get dressed and put on a bit of makeup...would you. Your skin looks dry."

And that would be the order that I would be wearing some makeup that day. First I would pull on my male pants and shirt, which more or less hid my lingerie. However the pants were cut tight and was somewhat revealing of my flat crotch, shrunken waste, and spreading butt. Fortunate the shirt was loose enough to hide my small breasts.

And as instructed I would moisturize my face and arms. Then I would use a bit of clear lipstick on my lips, which would make them shiny so it was obvious that I was applying something to my lips. And I did not make it an issue of it as when I finally did eventually the wife just upped the 'ante' and had me using and wearing more obvious makeup. Yes I did just about everything the wife told me to do or she could and would make things worse and more embarrassing for me. Finally I would be ready to prepare breakfast.

I prepared breakfast, a small one for me as the wife counseled that I had to watch my weight or my girdle would really kill me while I would make a larger breakfast for the wife who could eat normal man sized breakfast. Then the wife would take me to work. And just like every day since my so called therapy had started I felt just wonderful and completely turned on but totally embarrassed and did not want to leave the house exposed to the world as some sort of sissy.

Chapter XVII: Preparing to Enroll in the LGBT High School

Now if things had not been bad enough for me at that stage my feminization was to actually be increased and made even more permanent. My sister, in a bid to intensify my feminization, and embed it in me to make it as permanent as she could, was going to send me to school during the time I was supposed to be working with her and I would get the training I needed to learn all I had to in order to become completely effeminate and to learn to behave and to carry myself like a real woman and to learn all the skills I would need to perform all the womanly chores around the house and to even hold down a job as if I were a woman, to hold a job as a secretary or a beautician or to just be a housewife.

The rationale for the schooling as my sister explained it to me was twofold. One with my work hours being cut she needed something to do with me during the day, unless I wanted to stay home all day involved in my womanly chores. She explained that I actually needed to learn more feminine skills than the ones my wife had taught me or the wife would just get more suspicious and more suspect.

So it was to appear as I learned these skills for the first time and really learned them and then put them to use at home, with my wife, that I was recalling all the feminine skills I had supposedly learned and then repressed. That way I could keep the charade going delaying or preventing the divorce and the loss of my inheritance. My wife had been getting impatient that I was only able to perform as a woman as she had taught me and I was not recalling any of the skills my

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mother had taught me, or as she was beginning to mumble had 'supposedly' taught me.

My sister told me that she would help me out financially so the wife would not see a diminishment in my salary. It was important for the charade that my wife would think that I was coming to terms with my past feminized life and that I was recalling all I had learned when I had been feminized. It was important that my wife did not realize that I was not recalling all the feminine skills but that I was actually learning to be feminine and to acquire feminine knowledge at school. And I could repay sis from my inheritance. Theoretically it sounded okay...., and that my sister was supporting my effort to collect my inheritance. But this stint as a high school co-ed, for me, a guy, was going to be awful and would just force me to become even more of a girl, which was my sister's plan.

The type of school I had been enrolled in which would help me, a male, with housekeeping skills and further develop my femininity I could not fathom, but I was to find out. Sis told me she had a uniform for me to try on and I needed to get out of my outer clothes. I asked about a change of underwear, to male underwear, but I was told that would not be necessary. I was not thinking why not at the time as I was so used to wearing the lingerie under male clothes and was so happy with my lingerie despite all I had been through I did not press the issue. But the why turned out to be not good.

After I disobeyed, sis gave me a package containing the school uniform and as I was opening it she took my outer clothing, my male clothing, and walked it out of the room. Opening the box I found it contained a pleated skirt, a white blouse, knee socks, and penny loafers, and in terms of lingerie a half slip and a cami-sole. It was a typical school girl outfit.