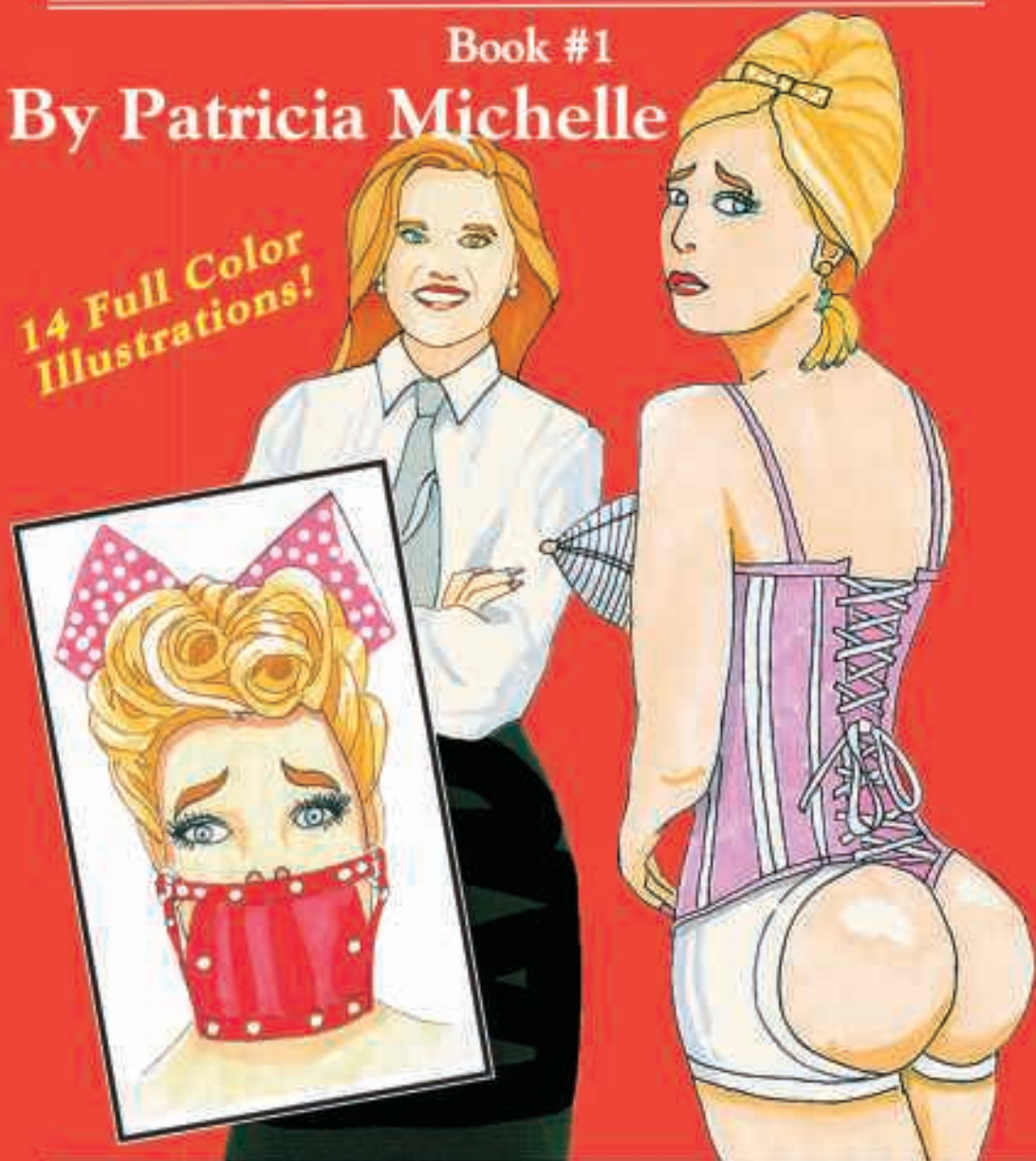


The Perfect Wife

Book #1

By Patricia Michelle

14 Full Color
Illustrations!





Copyright © 2018

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

The Perfect Wife

Book One

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter -1 A proposal he couldn't resist.

Unfortunately, I learned of my husband's secret fantasy after we were married. What he finally confessed was that when I was away on business he loved dressing up as a woman. I was flabbergasted and angry.

Discussing it with best friend, Pam, she said, "Give him a real fill of it. Insist that if he wanted to dress and act like a woman he had to do it full time."

Well, I thought about it and frankly didn't know what to do, really. But an invitation to neighbors down the street to a dinner party gave me an idea. Bob and Betsy Sue had the type of marriage I couldn't ever conceive of having. They

2 The Perfect Wife

were strict fundamentalists. Meaning the husband was the lord and master in all things. Betsy Sue was expected to be totally submissive and subservient to him. He made all the decisions large and small down to telling her what she was to do each day and what she was to wear. He expected her to be perfectly made up and immaculately dressed in the frilliest of clothes that I wouldn't be caught dead wearing.

I hated the way she blindly obeyed him and how he referred to her as, "The little woman."

In front of guests he was always criticizing her and all she would do was to hang her head, curtsy, of all things, and say, "Yes Dearest, you're right."

When we got home I sat John down and said, "This addiction you have for dressing up we have to confront. When I'm gone you dress up like a woman, then when I come home you're back dressing as a man. So what I've decided is to give you an opportunity to fulfill your fantasy. I'm going to give you the opportunity to live and dress full time like a woman for the next year. What do you say?" I asked.

"R-Really, I can't believe how understanding you're being. Of course, I'd love to," He said, really excited. Well, I thought, hopefully that wouldn't last long.

Lying through my teeth I said, "I've always admired the marriage Bob and Betsy Sue have. Don't you love how she dresses, always so feminine, her hair and makeup always so perfect."

"Well yes I think she dresses very nice and her makeup and hair always does look perfect," he agreed.

"So here's your opportunity to dress just like her, want to take it?" I asked.

"For a whole year I'll be like your wife and you'd be the husband? Sure I'd love to give it a try," He said, trying to hide his excitement.

"Just a word of caution. They're religious and are strictly fundamentalist. They believe the husband is the lord and master of the house in all things. He makes all the decisions however minor and it's Betsy Sue's duty to be submissive and totally obedient to Bob. Whatever he decides she must agree with as the husband always knows best. Betsy Sue is never expected to question, con-

tradict or debate any decision he makes. Which will be my role as your husband. Yours will be to devote yourself completely to your husband and to his wishes. I will decide what you will do, how you will act and even how you will dress. I will expect you to conduct yourself in a totally feminine manner at all times. To be impeccably made up and immaculately dressed from morning till night. I just want to be clear on these points,” I declared, setting the ground rules as a test.

“You’ll decide what I’m going to wear?” was all he was concerned about. I couldn’t believe it.

Chapter -2 No time like right now.

“When do we, ah, start?” He asked, not able to hide his excitement.

“We’ll start right now. Here’s some boxes. I want you to put every stitch of men’s clothing, shoes, socks, underwear in them. After which you’ll dress in what I lay out for you. Then seal them and I’ll take them to storage. You won’t need them for the next year,” I said, curious to see if he’d actually do it. I hoped he won’t, but he did, putting all the boxes in my SUV.

Although he was obviously self-conscious being seen outside wearing a pair of my old pink jeans, which he couldn’t zip up, a white tank top with ‘Princess’ in pink sequins on the front, that was much too small for him, and white, open toed sandals with three inch heels, that he walked all too naturally in, well, that I grinned to myself, was about to change.

When he complained that the jeans and top were too small I said, “Not to worry, you’ll be going on a strict diet and figure training until you look like the woman you’re going to become.”

“Now this will be a test of your commitment. These are papers for you to sign. Then put all the money you have in my name. All our joint accounts you’ll transfer to me, and you’re going to cancel all your credit cards. I had a long talk with Bob about their marriage. In it all the finances are in his name. If Betsy Sue needs money Bob provides it, but only if he agrees with why she needs it.

4 The Perfect Wife

She also gets a weekly allowance and a budget for household needs and grocery shopping,” I said, again hoping this would be a stopper for him.

I couldn’t believe it but he actually signed all the papers, albeit with a noticeable gulp. He was now virtually penniless.

“Now then you’ll need a women’s name, of course. Do you have one in mind?” I asked.

“Well, I always thought of myself as a, “Melissa,” He said.

“Oh my no, that’s hardly feminine enough. The name I’ve picked for you is Sophie Jane Johnson, my mother’s maiden name. Do you like it?” I asked.

“Sorta, I-I’m sure I’ll get used to it,” He said uncertainly.

“Excellent. So all you need to do is sign this legal name change,” I said, surely he wouldn’t sign that I thought.

“Y-You want me to legally change my name? Why do I need to do that?” He asked.

“So that you can get a driver’s license dummy. Unless you’d like to go a whole year stuck in the house. At the end of the year we’ll simply change it back,” I said, smirking as he signed.

“Now what do we do?”

“Tomorrow you have an appointment with Janet, my beautician, for a total make over. Body wax, make up, hair, pierced ears, glamour nail. And don’t worry I’ve told her all about our experiment and she’s very understanding. When she finishes she promises you’ll fool even your best friends,” I said, giggling to myself. If he only knew.

“It, It sounds exciting,” He said, barely able to contain himself.

“She’s really going to make me up like a real woman?” He asked.

“Oh absolutely. Janet promises a complete make over head to toe,” I assured him, chuckling to myself, I couldn’t wait to get him in Janet’s hands.

Chapter -3 Head to toe.

When we arrived the next day Janet had “her” disrobe and put on the frilliest, shortest, little smock sans panties and sit in her chair.

She winked at me and said, “Sophie Jane will be here all day for her complete make over. Why don’t you come by around four and we’ll attach her final item?”

When Sophie Jane a bit nervously asked what all Janet was going to do, she said, “We’ll start with an avocado mudpack which will have a mild defoliant to help retard your facial hair. While that’s working Jill will be giving you an ears to toes body waxing. After which Diane will be doing your nails and toes. Monica will be piercing your ears and Marie will be doing your hair, then I’ll do your make-up and then we’ll put your breasts on.”

“P-Put my breasts on?”

“Of course. You’re going to be a woman so naturally you’ll need breasts. You’ll fall in love with the ones Grace has picked out, you’ll see,” She said, barely able to hold back a chuckle.

Sophie Jane spent hours in the chair being worked on having no idea what she’d end up looking like.

Janet took special pleasure gluing on her overly large d-cup breasts. Rather than mellon shaped hey were quite firm jutting up and out. Sophie Jane with her head back had no idea what her new breasts looked like.

Chapter -4 All made up, head to toe.

Hours later when she was finally turned to a mirror and saw herself she couldn’t believe she was actually looking at herself. Her brown hair, with extensions permanently weaved in now came down to her shoulders, was now a luscious, honey blonde styled in a dated 50’s styled flip pageboy with a pink bow on top. Her bushy brows had been dramatically thinned and arched. Huge, curled eyelashes had been added as well as eyeliner, heavy mascara and bright,

6 The Perfect Wife



blue eyeshadow. Her lips had been made much fuller and pouty with the shiniest red lips. That matched her toes and nails which now extended by three-quarters of an inch past her finger tips.

“I-I look so different,” was all she could say staring at her new self.

“Of course, you’re the woman you always dreamed of, well almost,” Janet said, giggling to herself.

“My breasts a-and nipples are awfully large,” She commented.

“Yes, Grace thought they’d really make you feel all woman,” She said, which was about when I arrived and gushed about how fabulous she looked.

Chapter -5 One last thing to make you all woman.

“Just one last thing. Put your feet into these stirrups, Sophie Jane,” Janet said, and when she did strapped her feet in and spreading her legs out as far as they would go.

“Now the final addition to make you all woman, a pussy,” I proclaimed.

“What? How can you give me a pussy?” she asked in alarm.

“All women have a pussy. And as you’ll be my wife you’ll have a pretend pussy and as your husband I’ll have a pretend cock,” I stated.

What I had found on the internet was something called an Instant Pussy. What a lot of female impersonators wore, some more or less all the time. It took a bit of figuring out to get it on Sophie Jane. First we inserted her dick into a tube fixed to the inside. The entire tube was lined with stiff, rubber nubs. Next we peeled off the adhesive backing and pressed it on, hard. The instructions said that the harder and longer you pressed the longer it would stay on. It warned not to press more than two minutes as it would be almost impossible to get off. So we pressed for five minutes. Once on, with the curly blonde bush, it looked absolutely real.

Chapter -6 Now let's get you dressed.

“Well, Sophie Jane you now have a pussy. Now let's get you dressed, starting with a corset,” I said.

“A c-corset, you want me to wear a corset? She asked, obviously not liking the thought.

“You hardly have a womanly figure. This at least will start to give you one,” I stated as Janet and I gleefully started tightening the laces on the hour glass corset. Eventually getting her twenty-nine inch waist laced down four inches.

“It-It's really awfully tight,” She gasped.

“Don't be such a baby. Of course it fits tightly, a corset is meant to. Even with this modest tightening you hardly have a girlish figure and you look way too overweight. Which is why you'll immediately start on a diet. Now your bra, which I'm sure you know how to put on,” I said, as Janet and I giggled silently to each other. For her bra was an old fashioned, fiftie's stiffly underwired bra forcing her tits up and out dramatically exaggerating them.

Chapter -7 All dressed up

The dress we put her in had an all too tight, pink sleeveless top that really made her torpedo tits stick out. The wide, white patent leather belt showed off her barely girlish figure. The just over her knees, swirling, taffeta skirt was floral pattered which we made even more ridiculous by adding no less than three petticoats, all hemmed four inches below the skirt's hem.

On her feet we put pink, four inch high heeled, sling backs with flowers on each toe.

An inch higher than I know she'd ever worn before.

For finishing touches we added pearl, dew drop, dangling earrings, a pearl necklace, tight elbow length white gloves and gold bracelets on each wrist.

She couldn't help admiring herself totally unaware of just how ridiculously out of fashion she looked. A perfect throwback o the 50's. Actually she almost looked just like Betsy Sue.

Chapter -8 Out to dinner.

Standing side by side there couldn't be a greater difference. When I'd returned it was obvious Sophie Jane was surprised by my new look. Naturally as the husband I wore pants with a smartly tailored black suit and I'd had my hair cut short in an almost mannish bob. The only concession were the four inch heels I wore. At five-foot-nine inches and in heels I towered over Sophie Jane.

"Well, let's go," I said and when she asked where I told her we were going out to dinner to celebrate.

"Out? I-I've never been out in public before," She said nervously.

"Trust me, nobody will ever think that you don't look all woman," I said, hiding my giggle.

As we walked thru the elegant restaurant I was aware of all the stares we were getting, or rather that Sophie Jane was getting. From the women gasps and titters at how out of fashioned she looked. From the men, well they couldn't take their eyes off her thrust out tits.

During dinner I kept up a constant stream of kindly criticism. Starting with ordering, which she tried to do.

"Now, now Sophie Jane the husband always orders for the wife," I said, ordering a steak for me and a salad for her.

"Let's keep your knees together Sophie Jane, you won't want to be showing all the men your panties, do you, do try to keep your ankles daintily crossed and for goodness sake stop slouching, shoulder back and sit up straight in your seat," I instructed, ensuring that her tits stood straight out.

"You need to speak more softly and raise your voice, more like a girlish squeak. And as you've finished your salad it's time to check your makeup. Pow-

der your nose, freshen your lipstick, and check your hair. All things women do all the time,” I told her.

“This is more nerve wracking than I imagined. A lot to remember,” She admitted.

“Now don’t worry I’ve signed you up for a class that will teach you precisely how to act and look at all times. Bob had Betsy Sue take it and he highly recommends it for newly married brides which you’ll pretend to be. In a sense you are a new bride, aren’t you?” I said, gloating to myself.

Chapter -9 Poor Sophie Jane she had no idea what she was in for.

Bob had been much more descriptive in referring to the class taught by Anita Morgan. “She trains them in their expected behavior towards their husbands. Training new wives precisely how to stand, sit and walk. Conditions them to be submissive at all times. Structures their daily lives and activities. Teaches them what they are allowed to do and most importantly what they’re not allowed to do. Here’s her number, your friend might give her a call,” He said, referring to a non-existent male friend I said was getting married.

So using my most masculine voice I called the woman. Explaining that my new wife would like to join her class in the morning. When she asked if I had any particular concerns I said, “ Well, I’m afraid Sophie Jane is a bit overweight, I prefer my women more on the dainty side with a very alluring figure. I have her in a corset but it’s not much improvement. Also, and I hate to sound vulgar, but there’s nothing I like better on a woman than a nice ass, and I’m afraid she’s sadly lacking in that area.”

“Yes, many husbands do prefer a fine ass or a well endowed set of tits.”

“Oh Sophie Jane’s tits are quite ample,” I said, grinning to myself.

Chapter -10 Sophie Jane's first night as a woman.

When we got home I presented her with the shortest, see thru. pink nightie that didn't even cover her matching panties and a pair of pink mules with four inch heels and powder puffs on each toe.

I was dressed in a white man's t-shirt and boxer shorts.

Once in bed I'm afraid I shocked her when I said, "It's time to do your wifely duties and suck my dick, Sophie Jane."

"S-Suck y-y-your dick, b-but you don't have one," She protested.

"You have a pretend pussy, my pussy is now a pretend cock. So start licking and sucking my dick unless you want to suck and lick a real one," I threatened in a suddenly stern voice that obviously left her wondering if I was serious or not.

Going down on me had never been one of his favorite things which is why I so enjoyed her efforts. So I decided to add an incentive. I started stroking her pussy. She gasped in total surprise. In less than a minute I had her moaning and wriggling, urging my fingers on when I suddenly stopped.

"You're forgetting your wifely duties, if you want me to play with your pussy you'd better try harder to please me." I said.

Well that did it, she redoubled her efforts and in turn I rewarded her with a thundering orgasm.

"Did you enjoy your first orgasm?" I asked.

Still gasping she said, "Oh God, I don't believe it, but y-yes."

"Well, you'd better get a lot better pleasing your husband if you want another," I warned.

Chapter -11 Boot camp for new wives and Ms. Morgan.

Early the next morning I drove her to Ms. Morgan's class for new brides. I was surprised that it was only two blocks from Janet's salon. At the top of a

12 The Perfect Wife

steep set of stairs we entered a large, mostly bare room with just a desk and four chairs. There were two other nervous looking new brides there. And turning to where they were looking I understood their nervousness.

Anita Morgan was a most intimidating sight. Well over six feet in her heels she was dressed most severely with a stern, forbidding look on her face. But I'm sure it was the wicked looking wooden cane she held in one hand that their eyes were fixed on.

I introduced myself as a friend of Sophie Jane's pretend husband. Saying that he was out of town on business and I had agreed to bring her as she didn't know how to drive.

"Get over to the other girls and line up," She ordered Sophie Jane.

Chapter -12 Close inspection.

"My name is Ms. Morgan. You have been sent here by your husbands to become model wives for them. I will train and condition you to be two things. Totally submissive to your husbands and instantly obedient to anything he tells you or tells you to do.

"Now strip down to your panties and bras so that my assistant, Ms. Green, and I can inspect you. Now!" she shouted, slapping the cane with a crack on the desk.

In no time she had three terrified new brides standing in only their bras and panties.

"Hands at your sides. Don't move as we inspect you. Look straight ahead," She ordered.

Too scared to move a muscle they were pinched and prodded with her assistant taking notes on each new bride's deficiencies and assets.

When she got to Sophie Jane she said, "Well this one's face is moderately attractive, nice lips and eyes although to bring them out put down longer lashes, more mascara and eyeshadow. Hair is acceptable. On the plus side are her tits.