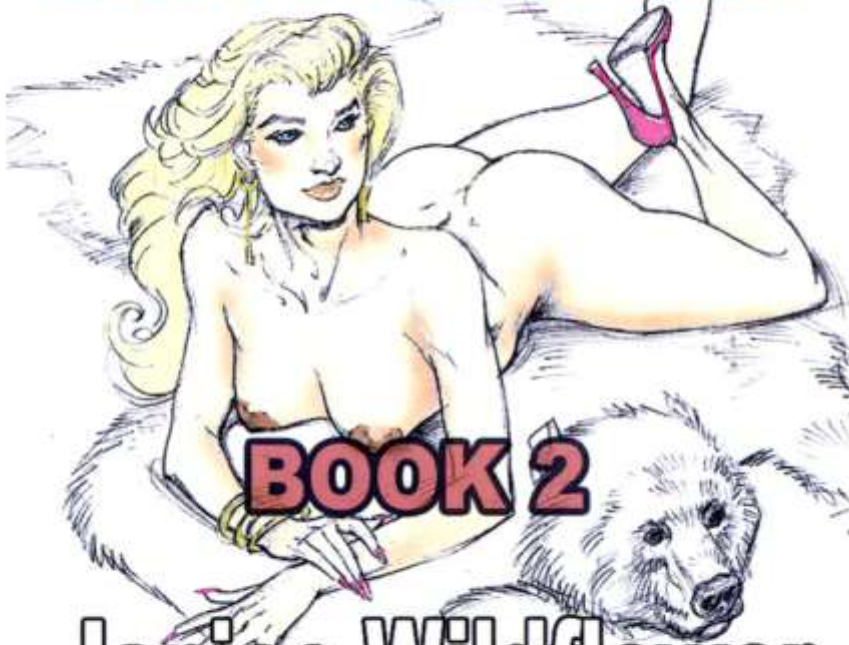


SHE MADE A SWEET
SHEMALE
DAUGHTER-IN LAW



BOOK 2

Janice Wildflower
GEMINI



Copyright (c) 2007

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

MAGS, INC
COPYRIGHT (c) 2007

She Made A Sweet Shemale Daughter-In-Law

Book 2

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 15: Getting into culottes

After breakfast was over and Mary had gone off to work, I cleaned up after that meal, cleaning the table and washing the dishes, as had become my customary chore. I did so a bit day dreamingly, as I couldn't get my thoughts off the occurrences of last night. I always felt good the morning after sex, and despite my role in it last evening I was still enjoying the warm glow of its aftermath. I may have even hummed a bit as I went about my early morning duties sort of waltzing around in my nightgown and robe.

I guess I must have been fairly obvious or perhaps Mona had picked up on some of the noises that must have emanated from the bedroom last night, or she was just looking to stick it to me a bit more, but in any case she commented that I seemed very happy and even radiant that morning.

"Luis darling," she called out, "You're so delightfully happy this morning. I guess you're getting used to being a homebody, and maybe even enjoying it. I'm so happy for you. You are just behaving so girlish and beginning to look so girlish in my clothes, that despite my knowing your supposed gender, by the way you look and are dressed one would guess you're pregnant, or that you really got it on last night, despite your little problem. You mustn't be so transparent, it can get to be embarrassing, you know. Now stop waltzing around and go get dressed. I have a busy day planned for us. I want to continue with your lessons; after all you are doing so well, and if this morning is any sign, you did seem to be enjoying yourself in this career change. May be we should make it permanent? It seems that would be okay with you?"

I replied, "I don't mind helping out at all, but I'm not sure I'm looking for this situation to be permanent. But thank you for asking." I really didn't know what else to say.

So I returned to my bedroom to dress for the day. Once again, as I was becoming accustomed to doing, I dressed in the clothing that Mona had already provided, panties, camisole, and stockings; then the girdle, then the blouse and pants, and finally, of course, the high heeled pumps.



Only this time the feel of the nylon against my skin, and especially against my newly shaved pubic area was absolutely delightfully sensual, and reminiscent of the adventures and pleasure of the night before. The pleasures of wearing such silky feminine finery were becoming ingrained, and I stopped resisting it. If it weren't for the

problems I was having getting erect, I think the feel of the silky camisole against my emerging and increasingly sensitive nipples and breast area and the feel of the silky panties against my newly shaved pubic area, pressed home by the tight panty girdle with its own silky satin panels, would have been enough to keep me erect and leaking.

The only relief was having my testicles tucked and taped, as much as I hate to admit it. It was a relief not having to dread and fear the pain involved in having them drop and not having to walk with my thighs pressed so tightly together as to prevent that possibility and all that pain from occurring. The relief was both physical and mental. So even though I continued to walk thigh against thigh, heel to toe, hips swaying, I did that so Mona would not suspect my new adaptation to her tortures.

My only concern was the tightness of my pants against my femininely expanding hips and rear. As I awkwardly turned my head and looked at my backside in the mirror I could see the spreading seam, holding the two halves of my pants together, and could see the color of my underwear through the spreading seam. The pants would split eventually, and unless I managed to force Mona into providing me with culottes, I would be in skirts. So I made up mind to do as planned and force the issue today, by splitting the pair of pants I was now wearing, before Mona recalled the culottes in her closet and could dispose of them.

Mona kept me fairly busy most of that morning and kept finding reasons for me to walk and bend, which in heels would have been tiring in itself, but as I had to move pressing my thighs together, would have eventually exhausted me. However, since I was taped and that was holding me in, I did not have to exert the same exhausting effort that would have otherwise been necessary. But as far as Mona knew, I was still tucked and the only thing preventing my testicles from dropping, and the terrible pain resulting from that, was me keeping my thighs pressed tightly together. She had no idea that I was taped. I was fairly certain that the pants would give way with the paces she was putting me through. And she must have been fairly certain that she would exhaust me and I would drop one and through the pain beg to give up her pants for one of her skirts. However, neither situation occurred. It was approaching lunchtime and I was getting anxious about the situation, when I realized that, as planned, I would have to sort of force the situation. I had been making myself appear much more tired than I actually was, and mentioned a couple of times that working in the high heels with my thighs pressed together was exhausting me that day. Mona just told me that it was something that I would just have to get used to, and that I would, if I kept practicing.

She had sent me upstairs a number of times on various pretexts. When doing the steps I obviously had the most difficult times keeping my thighs together, and she was really pressing me to have a little accident. Of course, being taped there wasn't any danger, but Mona didn't know that. So as I proceeded downstairs that last time, maintaining my new walk, under the watchful eye of Mona, who was waiting for me and hoping I would slip. As I reached the landing I intentionally came down heavy on one heel, twisting my ankle and collapsing downward to the floor but keeping my thighs tightly pressed together. Without the tape that act would have been to no avail, but with the tape I was safe and to Mona it appeared as if my closely pressed thighs had saved me. However, the force of the collapse not only split the seat of my pants, but also ripped the edges, through which the threads passed, so badly that the two halves could not be repaired even with major patching.

Mona examined my ankle and me. She told me nothing was broken and helped me up and had me walk around a bit to test it. I pretended it was sore, but that I could manage. Mona then told me, as I already suspected, that the pants I was wearing had ripped apart in the seat and appeared to be pretty much not repairable, without some major sewing, which she was not prepared to do at this time. I would have to pick out something else from her closet.

We went upstairs, and I went directly to her closet, rather than letting her bring things out to me that she had selected. Much to her chagrin I found the culottes and grabbed them. They were large on me, so I also was able to shed the waist restraining girdle I was wearing, though Mona did convince me to exchange it for another, a less constraining one, as she explained panties by themselves were not enough to support a fellow. I changed in my bedroom and while there I also had the chance to release my testicles. I met up with Mona downstairs feeling much more comfortable than I had in some time.

I felt I had finally put one over on Auntie Mona. Little did I know how wrong a fellow could be! I may have won a battle, but it was only one, and there were many more to be lost!

Chapter 16: My first manicure and pedicure

Mona suggested that we take it easy for the rest of the day. I thought my phony collapse must have scared her, that she was pushing me too far and too hard, or that since I had wound up in culottes, albeit very feminine ones, rather than a skirt, she was taking a step back and rethinking her strategy. Or then again maybe me in the culottes

was enough for her to prove her point to Mary. Well I was wrong on all account and by the late afternoon I would be wearing worse than skirts. I'd be in a dress, and evening gown in fact; and fully made up, both hair and make-up; with my wife's approval; and with the fact that I would continue to wear skirts for at least the next week assured.

Mona suggested that we go down to the kitchen and she would make me a nice hot cup of tea to help me relax. She had me sit down, much to my surprise, and she did just that. As I sat down, I carefully smoothed my culottes underneath me with my hands as I did sit so they wouldn't bunch, just as Mona had shown me; and sat in the feminine fashion that Mona had been enforcing, as if it had been a reflex. I could see this pleased her. I would make it a game I thought, just like Mary had suggested. Anything to get me through the next week until Mary would bring me some pants and get me to a doctor.

The tea was dark and strong and very sweet and laced with a drug that would make me sort of indifferent to what was going to be happening to me, and even a bit euphoric. As I drank my tea, she stared at my hands and commented how dry and rough my hands were.

"You're helping out with all of the woman's work, but you not taking care of your hands as well as we woman do. Something really has to be done for you."

She took my free hand in hers and started to massage it. I must confess it felt great and very relaxing, especially as the sedative in the tea began entering my system. I was startled at how good the massage actually felt, and let her continue without any objection. I let out an audible sigh as the drug was kicking in. She did one hand, and then had me switch the hand holding the teacup so she could do the other hand. I closed my eyes, sipped my tea, and on occasion would let out an audible sigh. Next she retrieved some hand cream and continued the massage only this time massaging in the hand cream, all around my hands; but giving special attention to my cuticles.

After a while she told me how bad my cuticles were and that she would have to do something about them. I didn't object because I really needed the time away from housework, and I just felt so relaxed and happy - the drug. So Mona brought out a manicure kit and started to clean up my cuticles. She had a number of tools and had me watch her work and explained to me how each one was used. When she took out an emery board and started filing my nails, the transition was so subtle and seemed so natural that I didn't even question it. I was having my hands massaged, then my cuticles done and the next natural thing to do was my nails!

She took off the edges of each nail as to give them a feminine shape. She explained what she was doing and the effect and I really didn't seem to have a problem with it.

Mona told me, "Your nails have gotten really long. I don't know why I hadn't noticed it before, or why they haven't been cut; but as long as they're this long I might as well shape them properly. They shouldn't be cut square like a man's because square edges catch nylon materials and put runs in them. So while you're dressed such dainty clothes, your nails should really be rounded like a girl's nails are. It will protect my clothing that you're wearing, so that you won't tear it. We round of the edges of the nails with the emery board and then follow through by rounding of the entire nail; just like this." And she proceeded to demonstrate on my nails how it was done. One after the other she filed them round and feminine in shape. She told me, "Your nails aren't long enough to be fashionable; but as you're a working girl," she laughed, "these are really long enough. Otherwise they have a tendency to break. And this shape really protects ones fine clothing. I hope you don't mind. I just love doing a friend's nails; it's such a girlish thing"

I did mind. Somewhere deep inside of me I did not want my nails filed at all, let alone to a feminine shape; but it just didn't seem to bother me enough to wake me from the totally relaxed state I was in.

When she had finished with the filing she spoke to me about polishing them. "You know," she said, with all the time your hands are in water and with all the cleaning you do, we really should cover those nails with polish, to protect them. Unfortunately I don't have any clear, but I do have a very light pink, almost a clear. Let's try that on you dear."

Again, I could not find it in myself to object. So Mona proceeded to polish my nails in a soft light pink, but none-the-less, a visibly pink nail-polish.

After the polish had dried, Mona had me reciprocate. She had me massage her hands, and do her cuticles and then her nails. Only hers I polished a bright red. It took me a while and I didn't master the job but I made a serviceable manicurist.

It didn't end there. Mona kept me sipping on that tea. I got a foot massage and pedicure next. Only this time she painted my toenails a bright red. She explained it was a joke she was playing on Mary. What an expression Mary would have on her face when I hopped into bed with red polished toenails. I didn't quite get how this was a joke on Mary; but in my drugged state it seemed to make some sense.

Again, I reciprocated and did Mona's toenails, following her instructions.

So we sat there for a while admiring each other's nails and handiwork. Mona couldn't stop complimenting my work and how artistic I was. "Why, I could always get you a job at the beauty parlor in town as a manicurist, if things don't work out for you and Mary."

She continued, "This has really been so much fun today with you, I think I'll be sorry to go back to work tomorrow and be without your company."

I was relieved. That's it I thought, she got me in the culottes and now she is going to leave me alone. Not being smart enough to let well enough alone I had to put my foot in my mouth. "Gee, I'll miss having your company also. And I could certainly use some more practice doing nails, to reinforce what I learned today. I'd really like to do Mary's nails. I think she would enjoy it."

"The problem is," Mona told me, "that I have to get a dress ready for myself before this weekend and my assistant and my dress dummy are at work; and that is where I will have to go tomorrow. I have to at least hem it, if nothing else."

"Well couldn't I help?" I said, figuring I could learn to pin the hem of a dress if I could learn to give a manicure. I was really trying to butter Mona up, as Mary had suggested, and the drugged tea just made me so happy I just wanted to help. However, I didn't really think that Mona was going to accept the offer.

But, Mona accepted right away. I realized I had been set up again. "Oh how nice of you. I can't believe you would do that for me. Now I can spend another day or two with you, and I have so much more to show you. The dress is in the closet upstairs. Come on up. We can work in my room and then come back down here to the sewing room when were ready to pin the hem."

Chapter 17: I get to beg to be allowed to wear my first dress

....