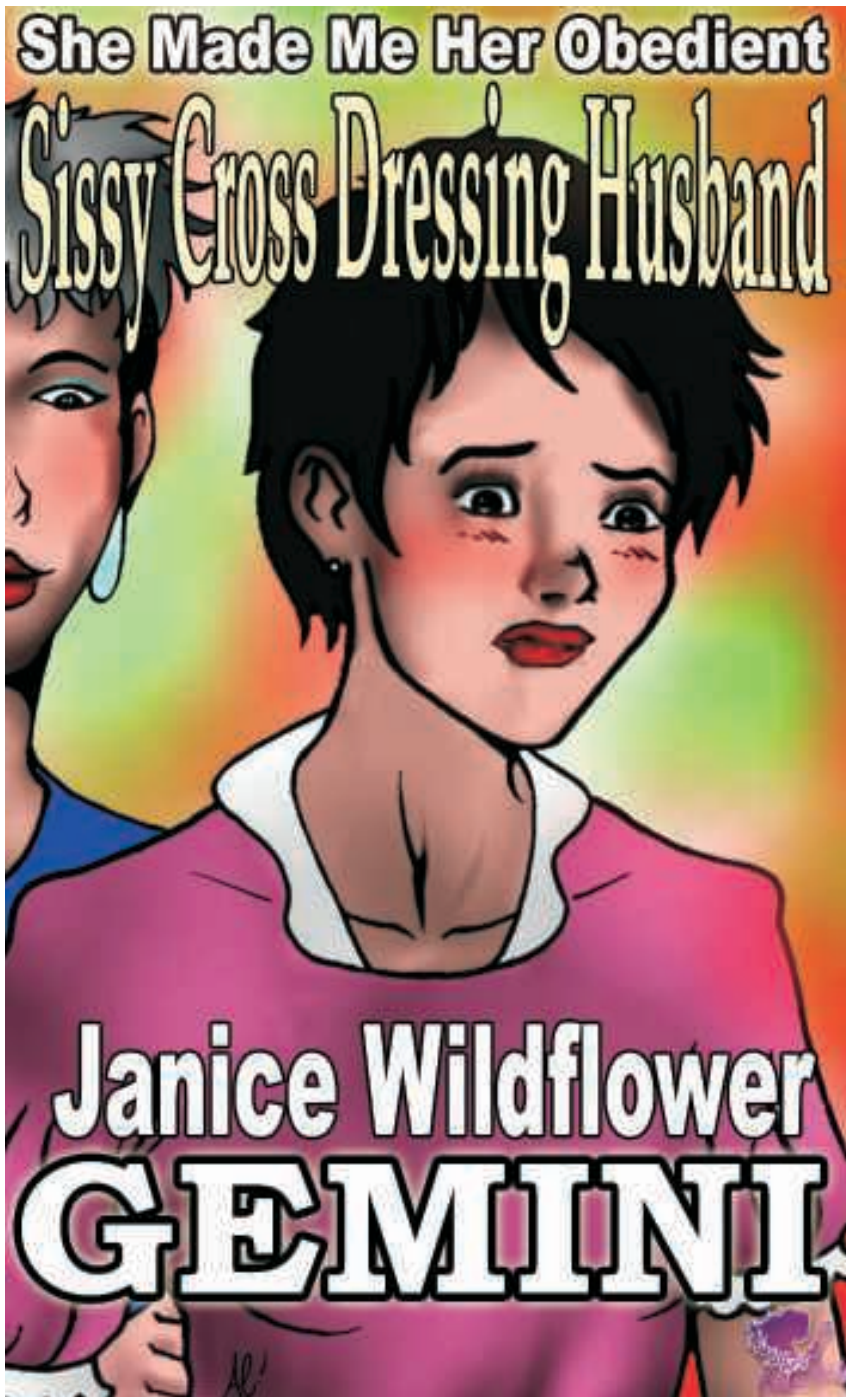


She Made Me Her Obedient

Sissy Cross Dressing Husband

Janice Wildflower  
**GEMINI**





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She Made Me Her Obedient  
Sissy Cross Dressing  
Husband

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

**Chapter I – Tricked into Lingerie and Obedience**

I am a guy wearing lingerie and dominated by my wife and occupying myself with woman's work. And I find that I just enjoy all of it so much I cannot give it up and be a real man again. But deep down in my psyche I know that I have been tricked into this life but I have not been able to do a thing to get myself out of it. As

the expression goes I am trapped in lingerie and lace and living the life of a gurl.

I had a major situation involving an inheritance, which would have prevented me from collecting it, and I was willing to do just about anything to solve it. Little did I realize the problems caused by the solution would turn out to be worse than the problem of losing that inheritance which though I sort of got I do not control.

Little did I realize that when agreeing to certain solutions to solve it that I was being tricked and that I would lose access to my inheritance and wind up allowing myself to become an obedient sissy cross dresser with little chance of escape from lingerie and woman's work, and eventually I would have little desire to escape as somehow I have come to so enjoy my submissive feminine life style and my mostly female wardrobe. And now since I have been somewhat physically altered there is little chance of an escape. I am trapped as an obedient husband and much of the time as a cross dressed male living as a sissy. And despite myself I am terribly turned on by it all and don't think I could give up my feminine life style and feminine mode of dress. I don't know what I am to do about all of this.

I have become my wife's obedient sissy cross dressing husband at her beck and call and I have to do what she tells me to do and dress the way she has me dressing which most of the time is like a girl. She seems to just love the control over me. I have to do just what she tells me and dress just the way she tells me to dress...just like a girl. I have become my aunt's part time cross dressed maid spending many weekends cleaning her house and serving her and her friends while dressed as a maid and acting as feminine as I

can, which is very feminine. And all her guests know I am her nephew dressed up as her maid and acting out the role of a maid. And during the week I am frequently employed as my sisters cross dressed secretary. I dress and act like a female secretary, very helpful and somewhat sexy and all the staff know that I am her kid brother dressed up and acting like a female secretary.

All this is pretty awful but I have sort of accepted my fate and sort of enjoy most of the aspects of being an obedient sissy cross dresser. Now I am just so embarrassed by it all but I am so trained that I don't think that I can ever give up my feminine finery and my feminine life. I have learned to love being cross dressed, even in public, despite the embarrassment of it. The whole thing is just a tremendous turn on for me, though I was never that attracted to the feminine side of life. Due to an experimental drug and hypnotism I acquired my lingerie fetish. And that fetish put me under my wife's control.

The post hypnotic suggestions and drugs which fostered my obedience and the sensual effect of the lingerie and all things feminine on me might be cured...or reversed, but my wife and aunt and sister won't let me get to my therapist. So I am stuck with these uncontrollable and unwanted desires and attraction for lingerie and the feminine. And despite the embarrassment of it all I find that I just love wearing my feminine finery and being forced to cross dress and being forced to engage in woman's occupations, and just being so obedient.

I had been scheduled to inherit a sizable sum but only on the condition that by a certain birthday I would have been happily married for the specified time. I had been a bit of a softie, brought up by my

mother with a dad who was absent on business much of the time. He was none the less a loving dad and was worried about me and my future and had wanted to make sure I would marry and so my inheritance, controlled by his sister, my aunt, was predicated on a minimum of a year of blissful marriage by a certain age. Getting additional monies was predicated on other things but I never really got that far.

I was, I have to admit, a mama's boy and not very masculine or tuff and really too shy for courting a wife, and I thought of purchasing a mail order bride, which as it turns out would have probably served me better. At least I would still be a male and would have never gotten hooked on lingerie and woman's work...at least with a different wife I don't think that would have happened to me.

However my sister did not think that was a good idea, as she explained my aunt might not authorize the inheritance if she thought the marriage was a sham. She instead set me up with a number of her girlfriends, and one strangely enough seemed attracted to me. Little did I realize this was all part of my sister's and my auntie's plan to control me and control my inheritance. It was not that my sister and aunt wished me any harm or where not affectionate. It was just they wanted the majority of the monies my father had left for his son. So my aunt devised a plan with which my sister went along, which involved me marrying a girl who would cooperate with auntie in controlling me. My sister introduced me to a girl who appeared nice and we dated and we hit it off. She apparently liked me as when we started to date she was a bit boyish and head strong but as we dated she changed and became very feminine and accommodating to me and very sweet and girlish and let me become the dominant demanding

partner. And it was almost as if she asked me to marry her, and so delighted with that arrangement and the chance of coming into my inheritance I married the girl.

After we were married she seemed not to be able to make any of her own decisions and drew me into all her decision making until I was just about running her life. And that was to the point of even helping her with all her purchases including her clothes and makeup and just about everything. We spent all our time together. As she had been so very accommodating I had fallen into a bit of an overbearing role which she at first pandered to and I found it nice to have my woman obedient and feminine and I eventually became very bossy and demanding....in a nice way....but none the less bossy and demanding. And I sort of insisted we maintain those roles. I think I was afraid of her finding out what a mama's boy she had married.

Well in sight of my inheritance out of nowhere she let me know it was over. The wife was fed up with my bossiness and the enforced femininity. I couldn't understand that as the wife seemed to have thrived in that environment. But none the less she was threatening to leave me and it she left that meant I would not get my inheritance.

## **Chapter II – Panty Therapy:**

The wife threatening divorce was part of the plan for the woman to control me. Sis knew the situation and I thought she was trying to help when she convince me that we should convince the wife to try marriage counselling and convinced me that I would have to mend my ways and give my wife more of a say in our lives if the councilor could convince the wife to

give me a second chance. And I had better do whatever I could to gain her forgiveness or I could kiss my inheritance good bye.

We were to go at first separately and then as a couple. The idea in my mind, despite my love for my wife, was if I could just stall the split I could grab my inheritance and afterwards it wouldn't matter, though I would still try to keep the marriage together. I could have tried to bribe her with my inheritance, but sis warned me she wasn't the type and if she thought I had married her just for the inheritance it would not bode well for me. And I did sort of love her and did not want to insult her.

After the wife had gone to a couple of sessions it was portrayed to me by the therapist and my sister, who was trying to mediate, that the wife for some unexplained reason had suffered a change in her personality and had inexplicably gotten resentful of my overbearing demanding ways and unexplainably no longer wanted to present herself as this perfect feminine 1950's type always accommodating wife; and pretty much nothing I could do would mitigate her somewhat irrational anger and her unreasonable disappointment in me.

She just felt I was an overbearing macho type who treated woman poorly and would never change. This was despite the fact that in my mind that is what she had turned me into. Little did I know at the time that this was all part of the plan to turn me into an obedient sissy cross dresser so that my sister, and my aunt could control my inheritance; and that the wife was in league with them and had been promised a sizable sum if she could, with their assistance, turn me into that cross dressing sissy they envisioned for me, a person totally under their control with little chance to escape.



My sister approached me with an idea,, a scam explanation for my wife as to my actions, and our therapist, a friend of my sister who was in on what I thought was our scam and in truth was in on the scam that was being played on me, agreed that the plan presented by my sister was most likely the only explanation that would mitigate my behavior in the mind of my wife and get her to give me another chance. The therapist explained that the wife would probably reverse back to her ultra-feminine ways shortly and I really only needed to humor her and deal with her inexplicable anger for a short time and then everything would be back to the way it had been.

And all I needed was a relatively short time longer together and I would be set. So I really was ready to do whatever I had to do to stop the separation. Little did I realize at the time that I was not being presented with a solution to my problem but a solution to my sister's and my aunt's problem and a solution that would change me into a cross dressing sissy who found enjoyment in his lingerie and feminine life style and would be stuck with both.

The psychologist told us that I could not pretend to be a macho guy who was ready to change because the wife did not believe any change would last. So sis came up with the idea that I could pretend to be an effeminate who had pretended to be a macho guy so that the wife would not realize I was really an effeminate and a bit of a sissy, and that I wanted her to be so feminine all the time because that was what I really wanted for myself and I was just living my fantasy life through her. And after all since I really was a bit of an effeminate momma's boy the scam should work. I just had to give into my own inclinations.

However, the ploy took that aspect to an extreme. The ploy was that I was really effeminate and had been dressed as girl by my mother and by my sister when I was a kid, which my sister supposable knew and could swear to. Then the ploy went that as a result of the forced cross dressing and enforced feminization I was a bit of a sissy and was attracted to lingerie and particularly panties. And so I was just really living my panty fetish and lingerie desires through my wife and trying to hide my submissiveness by being bossy.

However, in truth I did have a bit of a panty fetish, not from any relationship with my mother, but from lack of girlfriends and having had to find release elsewhere and I wasn't so up for that as a ploy. I wasn't sure where that could lead or what it would reveal about me. So I told sis and the psychologist that despite my soft side I did not think I could pull off being effeminate and certainly could not pull off that fact that I had any desire to be as effeminate as my wife had become or that I had any sort of fetish for lady's lingerie. I told them that if proof was needed that I did not think I could get myself to put on a pair of panties...and if I did not think I could prove I was such a sissy.

Well my sister knew about my feminine side and had shared that with the psychologist. So the psychologist claimed that she could tell that I did have a feminine streak...like it or not, and that she could work with me and bring that out of me so that I could act feminine and pass myself off as somewhat of a sissy. That went back and forth and she told me that under hypnotism we could find out how feminine I would allow myself to become. I was balking, but sis insisted I give it a try and said she would be there to watch over me and make sure nothing untoward happened. And the therapist explained that anything she

did to me or convinced me of could be reversed. She would implant a word that when I heard it I would forget all of the hypnotic suggestion and return to my current mental state.

And anyway the ploy was just to convince my wife and once she was convinced the therapist would bring me back to normal. And since no other plausible plan arose I agreed. I figured the worst case scenario would be I would wind up wearing panties and I would get to enjoy that until the wife got me cured. And anyway by that time in my life I found that real sex with the wife was nicer than panty sex and didn't think I would get hooked again on lingerie regardless of the hypnotic suggestion.

Well despite her best efforts I was told that I was resisting being hypnotized. The thought was that I was finding the entire scam just too embarrassing despite the potential loss if I could not pull it off, and so I was resisting the hypnotism and the hypnotic suggestion. The therapist told me she had some medicine that was experimental that we could try that might allow for the hypnotism even if the suggestion was contrary to my wishes. So the doctor injected me with the medication which she explained were a bit experimental but in some subjects would allow for hypnotic suggestions to overcome all but the strongest resistance. The injection would make me drowsy and more susceptible to the hypnosis and allow for the hypnotism.

So I allowed the therapist to inject me and shortly afterwards I was under. What the doctor had not told me, but she and my sister and my wife knew was that the medicine would really break down my resistance and make me open to suggestions that I would normally without the drug be totally resistant to. The drug really released all inhibitions and would allow

me to be convinced to do things that I might not otherwise allow myself to do, but might under the right circumstances be convinced to do. And even worse it would allow the therapist to implant false memories in me which I would eventually believe to be real memories.

And the horror of it all was that I would remember everything that I had been told I should or would do and feel and I would be just about be helpless not to do it. The directions would become a compulsion. It would be a wonderful torture. I could not want to do something...would feel compelled to do it anyway....and would still enjoy doing it.

So once under the effect of the drug and the hypnosis I was told, "Now Robin stop pretending you are manly and want to dress and act like a male. You know that you are really a sissy who just enjoys being feminine and following his wife's orders and wearing woman's lingerie and woman's clothing. You know that you are and want to be a sissy and you need to give into those desires and share them with your wife to be happy and relaxed. You want to be an obedient husband who gets all his pleasure by pleasing his wife and doing as he is told to do and being as feminine as possible. You just love wearing your panties and your stockings and your bra and your slip...the satin and nylon just feels so wonderful against your skin."

And that mantra went on and on until I found I was believing it. Then she implanted the memories. The therapist told me, "Now Robin you need to remember the times your mother dressed you as a girl because she thought you looked so pretty as a girl and that you made a better girl than a boy. Remember that your mother dressed you and was so happy with you dressed as a girl and you found that you loved it. You



need to remember her putting you into panties and a slip and stocking and a dress just like a little girl that your mother wanted you to be for her and how happy that made her. Just think of all the love your mother felt for you when she dressed you as a girl. And just think of how wonderful all those soft silky clothes felt on you. And think about how wonderful all her love and those clothes made you feel; and how you want to feel like that again."

However, even under I was fighting those suggestions but the hypnotic suggestions continued and then I heard my sister tell me, "Robin mother did dress you as a girl. You are blocking it. And you did so love your girl clothes and being a little girl for mother. You wore panties and stockings and slippers and dresses and makeup and acted just like a little girl. You were so obedient. Why you loved it. You told mother that you wanted to dress as a girl for her forever and be her sweet obedient little girl forever. And you know you did love panties so."

Well the embarrassing truth about my panty fetish started making me believe all the rest was also true. They kept me under for hours and told me story after story of my mother dressing me up as a girl and having me behave as a girl and me loving it all and then blocking it out after my mom had passed. And they worked on me until I was sort of doubting myself and was believing that those things might have really happened to me and that I had so liked being dressed as my mother's little girl and having been so obedient to her and having helped out around the house with the womanly chores.

Then I was told how much I still really just loved wearing lingerie and how it excited me and how the lingerie made me feel loved and warm and all sensual

and how I had loved being dressed up as a girl...and now I loved being dressed up as a woman...and how I loved just doing all the things a woman would do and helping woman around the house...and how I just loved being obedient to my wife and doing what I was told to do...how much of a turn on it all was to me and how I could not help but be turned on by it all no matter how much I might try to resist that pleasure and the desire to wear lingerie.

I fought believing for a while but after a while I started to believe those desires where true. After all I had liked panties. And after a while I was telling them how much I did love lingerie and how it would be nice to dress up as a girl again...if not for my mother...perhaps for my wife. And the therapist started to rub me down with panties and a slip and telling me how wonderful the sensations were and how excited that feeling would make me. And then after a while I found out that I was getting excited and the feel of the lingerie was just wonderful. And I was remembering how nice it was when my mother had dressed me up as a girl and how much my mother had loved me that way and how much I had loved dressing up as a girl and helping my mother around the house.

These changes had not occurred quickly. It took a number of sessions. I had wanted to stop but my sister insisted it was the only way and for some reason, probably part of the suggestions I did want to continue and I continued. I went under a number of such therapy sessions, they got even longer and I found I was recalling less and less of the sessions and being told to remember what had never happened to me and was just actually remembering the false memories as real and was feeling more and more of the emotions I was

being told that existed in me. Then at some point the suggestions started to stick.

Now I knew mom had never dressed me as a girl but somehow I began to believe that she had. And then I did find I was getting turned on by lingerie and had some thoughts of trying on my wife's panties. At that point the therapist told me I was ready. So if the wife questioned my ploy of femininity I would actually be able to pull it off. I would like lingerie and it would get me excited and I would be somewhat submissive and I would like engaging in woman's type work. But once the wife was convinced that was the cause of our discord the therapist would explain to the wife I could be cured and once cured I would no longer be attracted to lingerie and woman's chores but I would not be so overbearing or dominating. Then the therapist would wipe out all the implanted memories and new compulsions.

The problem was the wife never allowed me back to the therapist for reprogramming. She was happy with a sissy husband, and once it had been admitted to and once I was under her control she did not want to give up that control. And that had been the plan all along. And so my sister and my aunt gained control over me and my inheritance.

So we had our first therapy session together. The therapist explained to my wife that under hypnosis she had found my repressed memories and that my mother had dressed me as a girl and treated me as a girl and I had repressed the memories but acted upon them. Under hypnosis the therapist had brought the memories up and I was ready to deal with those memories and the effect of those memories. The effect of all of that was that in order to feel loved by my wife I needed her to dress me as a girl and have her let me



help with the house work. Fighting those urges I had done to her what I had wanted her to do to me...that is I had dressed her up femininely as I could, had her do all the house work and had her acting as femininely as I could have her behave. Now that the root cause had been uncovered, with therapy I could be cured. I would not bully her and I would in turn not want to be dominated nor would I be attracted to girlish clothing or lingerie.

The wife seemed skeptic and that discussion went back and forth for a while. Finally the wife asked the therapist, "You mean that if I told my husband to put on my panties....not only would he do it....but he would like it....and then he would help me with the house work?"

The therapist told her that under regression hypnosis that I would....but that it would not help me get cured.

The wife asked for a demonstration and the therapist did put me under hypnosis and told me that my wife was helping out my mother and that it would please my mother if I let my wife help her to dress me as a girl and help me with my housework and that it was okay to act out my fantasies with my wife and I should not be embarrassed with the wife that I had been dressed as a little girl and that I got a thrill out of dressing that way and wanted to dress that way and help my wife with the housework like I had helped my mother.

Then once released under hypnotism I admitted to everything. The therapist then wanted to place a hypnotic suggestion that I did not have to feel that way and told my wife that it would be the first step to a cure.