

**SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS
BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER**



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Introduction:

I guess I was fated to be a sissy and there wasn't much of a chance of avoiding it. First of all I was given the name Karol when I was a guy, having been named Karol after a relative from the old country where the name was a regular for guys. Then I spent my formative years growing up with my neighbor and best friend as girl. So from the get go things did not look good for me to become much of a guy.

And then this neighbor, my so-called girlfriend, put me in situations where I had to play a lot of girl games. And with that I got to like certain girl things... if you get my drift. I mean like I had developed some fetishes. It wasn't good. When she moved away I thought things would get better for me, but that did not happen. Things sort of stayed the same for a while even without her there. And then things did change a bit, they got worse for me as I got older.

So as a young adult the words, "Now you would make a convincing girl, and even pretty looking girl with the right foundation and makeup" thought a turn on for me when I first heard them came back to haunt me. Gosh, if I knew what was going to happen to me I would have run away. I should have just run away and avoided all that I was forced to go through. But it is too late now, especially after spending all that time preparing for the pageant entry in that Womanless Beauty Pageant and preparing for it for real and to win and preparing for it as if I were really a girl and then winning the pageant; and then afterwards sort of being forced to live as a girl, while everyone knows that I am a guy. If it hadn't become such a turn on for me I don't know what I would do!

I suppose for the average guy, being told that he would make a convincing girl

isn't what any guy would want to hear; nor hearing those words should those words be a turn on for a guy. But at the time I was told that I might just make a pretty girl those words were a turn on for me. And so I was offered a spot as a contestant in that Womanless Beauty Pageant. And as it turned out I did and I do make a fairly nice appearing girl, and in general make a nicer person as a girl than I did a boy. That is for a boy I make a fairly well behaved and nice looking girl. And having had a lingerie fetish almost on the verge of being a cross dresser, it was such a turn on at the time hearing that I would make a lovely girl. At least it was a pleasant turn on at the time I was told that I would make a nice looking girl. At least it was a pleasant thought at first. That really changed. And now I just don't know what I can do about it. I am just so much of a girl. It is embarrassing.

And my current situation having to be a girl 24/7 is not welcome even though I do make a pretty girl at that. Now at the time I was told I could probably pass as a girl I couldn't admit to it; admit to my own thoughts at that time that I might make a pretty girl. And I certainly could not admit that I just might really like to have a try at passing as a girl. Nor could I admit that the thought of entering that sort of pageant and so being allowed, without outing my secret, to wear all the female attire and makeup needed for such a contest might just be wonderful and a dream come true. But the thought of having to publicly appear as a girl was not so wonderful to me. Gosh, I just thought it could be a dream come true if I just could avoid public exposure. But I wasn't able to avoid going out dressed and acting like a girl. And gosh was I wrong about the whole thing!

And when I was finally forced, thought secretly willingly, to give it a try, it was just too extreme. I can't describe the changes forced on me from my very first outing as a girl. I admit despite all of that in the back of my mind I thought at first it was just wonderful...for a single outing, despite the public

exposure and despite the lengths my mentor went in having me pass as a girl. Then once I did get used to it all, it was just wonderful getting to wear all those nice girly things and learning to use makeup properly and learning to move and talk and act like a female, so I could perform on stage in the pageant. It was just such a turn on beyond my control. And it was wonderful doing so with the help of females and not in secret; and just having the girls, my girlfriend's mom and my girlfriend, with my mom's blessing and help, turn me into a viable contestant in a Womanless Beauty Pageant. But going out in public as a boy dressed and acting like a girl is just still awful. And that is despite how accepting all the women are with it and how they all just love to help me be all the girl I can become.

Little did I realize my girlfriend's true intent when she dragged me into participating as a contestant in such a pageant was to make me as feminine and girly as possible and then to keep me that way as long as she could. And little did I realize that would also come to be my mother's intent. And little did I realize how serious these women would be about my preparation for the pageant. Little did I realize what I would have to do and how much of it I would have to do in order to keep those ladies happy with me and convinced that I was doing my best to win that pageant. And little did I realize they would then expect me to stay in character as a girl so to then to win other such pageants that followed.

And little did I realize just how much time I would have to spend living as a female in order to learn my best to pass as a female, so that I was and am now actually living pretty much as if I were a female, with the excuse my mother gives that it is to keep me prepared for the so called next Womanless Beauty Pageant in which I will compete.

And I am really living much as if I were a girl. I am a member of the Ladies Auxiliary. I attend meetings with those ladies and I do charity work with those

ladies. And those ladies treat me just as if I were a real girl. And the ladies have taught me everything I need to keep my mother's house as if I were a real daughter. So now I can cook, and clean, and sew, and just tend to my mom's house and wellbeing. And my mother loves it. And thought she says she may allow me to live as a boy again if I am good and well behaved as a girl and seem to learn my lesson; I am pretty sure she is never going to allow me back to being a boy. She just enjoys having me as her daughter too much.

And I attend school as a girl, and take courses that only a girl would take; while everyone knows that I am a boy and that I won the Womanless Beauty Pageant. And everyone accepts my situation as living as a girl in practice to defend my title at the next Womanless Beauty Pageant.

And I have several part time jobs as a girl, where most of the customers know that I am really a guy dressed and acting as a girl, though most treat me as a girl anyway. Again, it is just accepted that I am practicing to defend my title and the honor of our town in that Womanless Beauty Pageant.

Now even though by my late twenties I had become hopelessly addicted to wearing satiny lingerie which had just become such a turn on for me, that was not the same as having to wear girl's clothing 24/7. And now having to always act as a girl all the time I find is a bit much. I mean I had loved getting off with woman's stuff and playing at being a girl, but to have to do it seriously and correctly and all the time and in public just took so much of the sensual enjoyment and the fun away; though to be honest...not all of it. And at times it is very relaxing and somewhat fun for me getting lost in being a girl.

And even more embarrassing for me was that the whole town knows what I was doing and undergoing when I was preparing for the first pageant and knows what I am now doing or undergoing as I supposedly keep in practice for the next pageant. The pageant was pretty popular with everyone, surprisingly enough. It was popular with the girls, and lots of them just loved

to get their boyfriends and husbands involved and pretty much forced a lot of guys into dressing up for it. It was a thing of the typical local bets. You were a guy and you lost a bet with your wife or girlfriend and you would wind up competing in the pageant. And every fraternity and men's club would have initiates competing. Though I am sure even some of those guys got a kick out of parading around as girls and were happier with the arrangement than they would let on. But that aside, the fact was that just about everyone I knew in town knew that I was participating for real and that I was out and about as a girl as part of my sponsors training of me to pass for as much of a girl as a boy possibly could.

And my girlfriend and even my mother had done her best to make my situation known. I mean I really felt so embarrassed to have everyone see me dressed and acting like a girl in public and then just being treated like a girl by everyone while everyone knew and now knows that I was, I mean that I am, a guy. It was humiliating...though I have to admit at times a bit of a turn on, a bit titillating shall we say. And so many of the women and girls just seemed to have such a great time treating me as a girl and joking about me really being a boy that I just didn't know what to do about it.

And then after I had paraded about on stage in front of everyone as if I was a female contestant in a real beauty contest and had won the pageant, everyone, that is all the ladies and girls, were so convinced that I made such a lovely girl that the general consensus was that it would be a shame if I went right back to being a guy and that it would be okay if I should stay a girl for a while and get ready for another pageant, that was to defend my title at the next pageant. So my mom and girlfriend's mom along with the sponsor were able to arrange that the only way I could collect most of my prize was to continue to pass as a female and to live as if I were some sort of female for the year in which I reigned as the Pageant Queen. And since everyone in town was pretty much

familiar with the pageant, just about everyone knew that I was stuck living as a female for the year I was the Queen.

And so the announcement was made that in defense of my title and as the most convincing and prettiest contestant in the pageant to date that I would remain in dresses and start to actually live as a girl in order to make even a better and more convincing presentation defending my crown at the next Womanless Beauty Pageant. And so I was stuck presenting myself as a girl and living as a girl 24/7 for at least another year. And there was no way out of it for me.

And after a while people just accepted me as a girl, and so life became easier for me as a girl, and it was just easier to stay a girl. And that had been the plan of my girlfriend and then my mother all along, to turn her difficult son into a sweet obedient daughter. And it worked as I am now sweet and obedient and oh so girlish. I had just become so much of a girl there was really no quick going back to living as a guy.

And in general the woman folk just told me I make a sweet and lovely girl and it serves me right for having been such a troublemaker. The feeling was and is that petty coat punishment still worked, in whatever form it took.

I guess with a first name like Karol I should have been prepared for some sort of gender problems.

Chapter 1: My Current Condition

I was a closet cross dresser living at my parent's home, that is my mom's home, with really no place to go; and wearing my lady's stuff, my lingerie and whatever other articles of lady's clothes that I had collected, whenever I could. That is whenever privacy allowed. And I was totally embarrassed about it, or rather felt guilty about it; but just could not help myself. I so loved my lingerie and wearing it was such a joy. I just felt so nice when I wore it, and it felt so nice on me. And of course I often finished off with a bang. And so I was in the

typical enjoy and purge cycles, and could not help myself. And I was too embarrassed to ask for help or talk about it. And so I had become somewhat a bit bitter with my condition.

And in my late twenties I was still stuck living at home. I was only part time employed, a college dropout, and living at home and sponging off my mother. And I was not really much help around the house, which wasn't making my mother happy. I guess I was angry.

When I was younger I used to help her out a lot more and she really appreciated it. I would help out with all the feminine chores and at that time I would feel good about it. It was fun and enjoyable for me. I would always be wearing some article or articles of female clothing, at least panties and typically a girdle. And when courageous and privacy allowed I would even be wearing more. I would have on nylons and a bra and even a camisole and a pant slip; while I did those female chores. And it would be a real turn on. So I really enjoyed helping out like that.

And even when I did my male type chores I sometimes wore panties and hose, but I didn't get the same kick out of it. So I liked doing the housework for my mom. So wearing my feminine stuff under my outer male clothes I would cook and clean; do the wash, including her things, and even press the clothes, both mine and hers. Mom used to tell me I was better than a daughter which would always get me a bit excited.

But as I struggled with my cross dressing and part time problems with depression over the situation I sort of rebelled from doing anything associated with "woman's work". And after a while my mom was getting a bit tired of my change in character, my not helping around the house and my moodiness. Mom was getting a bit fed up with me and did not know what to do about it.

My attraction to girl's lingerie, panties and slips, had been as a result of games I had played, as a teenager entering puberty, with my former best friend, a girl

Robin. She was gone as she had long since moved away, but the attractions for feminine lingerie that she had fostered in me remained. And I hadn't heard from her though her family still owned the house next to us. Our families had been close and we had done a lot together. In fact for a while in her tom boy stage she had been my best buddy, and then when she realized that she was a girl and wanted to do some girl things I sort of become her girlfriend. She had force me into that relationship and my attraction to lingerie dates from that experience and those days.

Once on a picnic after I had fallen in the lake she had leant me some of her clothes; which my parents made me wear to teach me a lesson for having fallen in the lake. Being a girl she had brought a change of clothes, which strangely enough fit me well enough. And as I would think back upon it I couldn't help but think she had some involvement in my soaking, having convinced me to walk along a rotting log on the lake side. Any way it was either wear her clothes or the blanket. And I really didn't want to spend the rest of the day in a blanket with nothing else to wear and nothing else to do. So I spent a good part of the day in her spare shorts and her spare blouse underneath which I was wearing a pair of her cotton underwear, her cotton socks and a pair of her tennis shoes. All of it girl's clothing, but not very girly; but girly enough to be blackmailed about.

Somehow she got a photograph of me in her outfit, dressed from head to toe in girl's clothing, and a few weeks after the incident she showed it to me. In those days it took a while to get photographs developed. Well she told me it could be our little secret, but only if I sort of spent more time with her wearing that outfit and sort of became her girl-friend. She thought that I looked wonderful in her clothes and wanted me to spend more time with her wearing that outfit and with us doing more girl things together. Otherwise she would out me. Well in those days being the smaller fellow that I was, and already known as

having a best friend who was a girl and one who was tougher than most of the guys, I would not have survived the after school beatings or for that matter the in school embarrassment of it all.

And like most people under black-mail I just got into the situation deeper and deeper and there was no getting out.

Robin was a tom-boy and most of the girls in the neighborhood sort of ignored her, and so she was pretty much stuck hanging out with the guys, but with the less athletic ones like me, and was sort of stuck with me, a guy, for a best friend. We lived next store to each other, our parents were close, and on Sundays after Church we often did something together as families. I really liked her so it wasn't that bad for me. But I did have other friends, guy friends, with who I spent most of my time and when I was with Robin, at least in the beginning we typically did a lot of boy things.

Well Robin was also entering puberty and although a tom boy and rather tough, wanted to do some girl things; and as she had ruined her chances to get in with the girls she figured that she could try to do the girl things with her best friend, under the circumstances a boy, which was me. So in exchange for her silence Robin just wanted me to spend more time with her, and doing things that a girl would like to do. And that picture was her ticket for that.

So on Sundays when our parents were out and about I would have to come over to her house and change into that outfit, her clothing that I had worn at the picnic, and we would do girl things together. And that was that, and it was, and that was exactly what I did. And the longer I did it the deeper I got into it and the deeper she got into the game and the more girlish I had to be to play the game. And then as the game progressed she decided at times that one of us needed to be the man of the house and for starters she would give it a try. And she liked it. And so after a while in our games I got to play the lady of the house. Where the sense of that was, as her original premise in getting me into

all of it was she wanted to do girl things together.

So in stages she introduced me to more and more feminine female clothing until she had me in nylon panties and camisole, pantyhose, and a blouse and girl's loose shorts which looked and felt pretty much like a dress; and of course an apron. And we played house together. And after a while it went from two girls to a girl and her bow, only I was the girl and Robin was my boyfriend or my husband, depending on the game we played.

Now during the rest of the week I did my guy things, except after a while she wanted to make sure I didn't forget I was still her "girlfriend" and so she had me wearing her panties and camisole instead of my briefs and a tee shirt just to keep me honest. Well things being what they are after a while the nylon felt pretty nice and then when I started getting those teenage stiffness and wet dreams the nylon and satin sort of made it nicer and before I knew it I enjoyed wearing her nylon panties and nylon camisole. And then after a while of that I really got hooked on female lingerie.

Then one day her family moved away, her dad got transferred; but they kept the house and relatives used it. I was sort of happy not to be under the beck and call of Robin, but missed her and our escapades. For all she had put me through I had really liked her and enjoyed my time with her. But unfortunately for me the pleasure of her panties and lingerie remained with me and caused me problems.

Chapter 2: My Bossy Girl Friend Returns

But one day my girlfriend and her mom moved back next door and everything began to change for me, back to the way it was when Robin was my boss and I was her girlfriend. I=day when I came home early my mom had a surprise for me and it was Robin and her mom sitting in our living room having drinks. They had returned to stay for a while and get Robin back on track while her dad was doing foreign travel for business for what promised to be quite a

while.

I found Robin was still attractive to me and still attractive, though in a butch sort of way; though I did not want to admit that to her not wanting to return to my former submissive relationship with her and hoping she had forgotten all about that and about me. As we had not kept in touch, despite our relationship I was sure that she had forgotten me, and figured that was for the best. But seeing her, even butch, I was getting ideas.

Robin had not lived up to her academic promises, having gotten into some sort of trouble at college and had returned home, what was her parents new home that is, to have become a beautician and had worked that job a number of years. Then apparently having sown her wild oats or having come to deal with her demons she was wanting to get back on track and pursue her academic interests and she was returning to college. Apparently despite her age her parents still had some control over her, a court ordered as it turned out as a result of the trouble she had gotten into. And so her mom wanting to keep an eye on her due to the last fiasco at college and as there wasn't any "safe" colleges around their new home and with the dad out of the country her mom decided on what she thought to be a safe alternative. She had returned to this quite area. So mom had enrolled her in our local bucolic college where she thought there was little real trouble for anyone to get into and they were moving back into their old home, next door to us.

Mom had me take Robin around to re-familiarize her with the area and the town while she and Laura got reacquainted, Though unlike Robin and me they had kept in contact, which is why I imagine Laura had stopped in the way she had and gotten so a warm welcome. My mom must have known the family was returning, at least Robin and Laura were returning, and at least for a while, so I guess she had just wanted to surprise me.

Any way I did as I was told and in the car, my mom's car, I drove Robin

around and showed her around reacquainting her with her home town. We exchanged pleasantries and she updated me on her life and I did the same for her on my life. Well neither of us had done particularly well, but she seemed to have gotten her act together and was giving it another try, while I was stuck in neutral.

Then invariably she asked me the big question that I was dreading. She asked me if I was still wearing her panties. I denied it all, explaining as soon as she had left I had stopped. She told me that she had felt guilty about the whole thing and that is why she hadn't kept in touch. But seeing me again she found that she had that old desire to put me into panties and whatever and just be "girl-friends" again, and would I like to give it a try. She told me that seeing me again she found that she had really missed me and the games we had played.

Well I denied everything and probably denied more than I should have denied, things she would not even have suspected if I had not denied I was doing such things. And I told her sorry but no, though I thought it would be nice to have someone with whom to share my fetish.

But she wasn't giving up and told me, "Playing hard to get? You know I sort of like that in my sassies."

So that was the scenario, she was insisting and I was denying and at some point she had gotten me so distracted that I had to stop the car. At that point Robin sort of, for lack of a better phrase, forced herself on me and throwing her arm around me, brought me over to her and started kissing me.

Well I wasn't too sure which way to go with it. I mean I was the guy; she shouldn't be forcing herself on me. I struggled with it at first, but as unbelievable as it was for me she was stronger than I and I really couldn't easily put her off. And then gosh with that first kiss it was just wonderful kissing her I didn't want to stop. I guess I had always had a thing for her,

despite the games we had played and the role I had been forced to play.

And so I relaxed and let her kiss me. I guess I just in her presence once again and out of habit adapted back to my feminine and passive role wither. It was almost by reflex. And then she got really aggressive. Her hand went to my crotch, and then to my fly and I just couldn't stop her as she unzipped me and pulled me out. Well she mentioned something about me not wearing my panties and that I was a bad boy, and then the next thing I felt was her rubbing a pair of nylon panties on my shaft. Again I struggled a bit for proprieties sake, but it did little good, and after a while it really was feeling so good that I stopped struggling and just went with it. And of course she kept at it, literally whispering sweet nothings in my ear, telling me how she remembered how cute I looked in her panties and how I had finally really enjoyed wearing them until I released. And gosh did I release. I have to admit that it was just wonderful.

I mean it was nothing that I hadn't done with myself since she had gotten me hooked on panties, but it was so nice to do it with a girl, that is to have it done to me with a girl. I mean it was almost like legitimate sex.

Robin made me a present of the soiled panties. As it turned out those were her actually panties. She told me I needed to wash them and then start wearing them...or else. She told me she still liked her sissies in panties. I didn't get into an argument about it in the car. But as much as I was attracted to her that is still attracted to her, I did not want to get back into that girlfriend relationship with her, I feared where she would take it at this stage of the game, and how upset it might make my mother. But as it appeared that Robin was still stronger than I was I did not want to get into an argument with her in the car. We got back home and Robin told my mother what a nice time I had shown. Robin asked, almost if I were the girl, if she could come by to get reacquainted. Well my mom was happy with the idea of me actually dating even if the girl

seemed to be pursuing it rather than her son doing the pursuing. I mean my life in my mom's eyes was pretty much at a standstill at that time.

Well Robin would show up on occasion and we would spend some time together. She would always try to check if I was wearing the panties for her, and even when had been wearing them I would change out of her panties as soon as I realized she was in the house. And I always denied that I was or had been wearing her panties. She would ask why I hadn't returned them and I would tell her I had thrown them out and she would bring over other pairs. But I was just too afraid to admit to my attraction for her panties. And I had worn them frequently as the feeling of those panties was a delight. But I did not want her to know.

After a couple of tries she got upset. She told me, "Carole I am pretty sure you still like me, and I am pretty sure you still like my panties. And I am pretty sure you've been wearing my panties and just won't let on. I just can't figure out why you are being so difficult about this. But even if you haven't gotten back into my panties, you will...and you will be my sissy girlfriend...or else. If you think that you won't like it, rest assured that you will love wearing my panties and being my sissy boyfriend. I can tell that you will." And she let that sink in.

Then she continued with, "Now we can do this the easier way and start you off back on panties and spend more time together and find out if the magic is still there, give it a try and if it doesn't work out then we can end it...or we can do this the hard way. You should remember I am really devious, and will do just about anything to get my way. Even push a guy into the lake and then have a change into girl's clothes ready for him, and also a camera."

And with that admission she was really scaring me.

She told me, "So here is the deal, voluntarily wear the panties and be sweet with me and the perhaps wear some more of my lingerie as you get used to it

or be prepared for worse than panties. You are really in a funk here and going nowhere. You need a strong willed girl friend to straighten you out and get you back on track. And that girl friend is me. And you will be my sissy boyfriend again. I won't feel guilty about it this time. Now if panties and perhaps some assorted girl's lingerie wearing on occasion to keep me happy doesn't work for you than I tell you that you will wind up my real full time girlfriend and I will have you dressed as a girl totally from the skin out and on display dressed and acting as a girl, with everyone knowing it."

Well as much as a turn on the wearing of Robin's panties etc. would have been for me, I just could not admit to it and I could not just let it happen that easy. I figured let her woo me a bit more, like a guy would have to woo a girl, if she was so insistent that I was a sissy and should be wearing her panties.

So I told her, "As much as I do like you Robin, I just can't go back to wearing your lingerie and being your girlfriend. I am a guy, and an adult guy. I just can't do it. You wouldn't respect me. My mother wouldn't allow it or it would break her heart."

Well Robin told me, "I am happy that you do like me. But regardless of how you think you feel about wearing my panties I know you need to be in lingerie and that you belong in lingerie. So have no doubt about it, you will be wearing lingerie. But since you are being so difficult about it I will just have to teach you a real lesson and really put you in your place. So I will just have to be a little harder on you to teach you a lesson so you will learn to do as I tell you without questioning. So prepare yourself. You think you aren't comfortable in panties....you'll be begging to wear just panties without having to wear and do everything else a girl wears and does. I am going to have you dressed from the skin out and from head to toe in just female clothing and dressed that way for a while and in front of your mother. If you don't put these panties on right now I will have you spending so much time dressed and acting like a girl you

will be begging to get back into just panties and lingerie. And then if you have learned your lesson, I may let you back into pants again....maybe.

Well I did not put on those panties and as it turned out I should have. It would have been a lot easier on me.

Chapter 3: The Plan to Feminize Karol to Caroline Gets Started.

(continued in full version)